Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU Full Summary Inside

Notes

This story is complete. All that's left to update is the epilogue!
Big thanks to SSDSnape for being so encouraging with this story!

See the end of the work for more notes
“No” Severus Snape said, shaking his head as he looked at Albus in disgust.
“No Albus, you cannot ask me to do this” He said, his greasy hair drifting lightly around his face as he once again shook his head.
“Please Severus, you’re the only one that I can think of who can properly protect him” Albus said gently, “Harry needs the protection this year with Professor Umbridge teaching here” He said, leaning forward slightly, hands perched on his desk. In the corner Fawkes trilled softly, causing Severus to shudder as he regarded the Head Master.
“But why me Albus? Why can’t Minerva do it?” He wheedled, looking desperately at the wise man.
“Because Minerva has enough to do as it is, you are the only one Severus” Albus said again, looking at the man he considered to be one of his closest friends.
“I-” Seveus cut off, seeing the desperation in Albus’ eyes.
“Fine, I’ll do it” Severus said, slumping forward as Albus sighed in relief.
“Thank you Severus” He said gently, before letting the miserable potions Professor head out of his office.
Fawkes trilled again and Albus nodded, “Indeed old friend, Severus will be the right one for this job, even if he doesn’t know it yet”

HP/SS

Harry Potter sighed, kicking the door to the cupboard under the stairs with a dejected expression on his face. Once again he was locked back in the dank, tiny room, only this time, he was alright with it. Being locked in here meant that he wasn’t subjected to his Uncle’s treatments of him, and he was able to lick his wounds in private and try and heal as best as he could. His entire back ached, but that was nothing in comparison to the fierce burning he felt from ‘down there’. He had come home from his fourth year at Hogwarts utterly defeated by Cedric’s death and the return of the Dark Lord and Vernon had taken advantage of that. Harry was his new favorite thing, his toy if you will. He couldn’t wait to go back to Hogwarts, even if it meant facing the drama of the wizarding world. Anything was better then staying here.

He shifted, hissing in pain as he looked around, wondering vaguely what time it was. He had received a letter from Dumbledore last night, stating that he would be coming to the school early and he’d been sending someone to pick him up at noon today. The Dursley’s were gone for the day, something for Vernon’s work, which meant Harry would hopefully be gone when they returned. He couldn’t wait to get to Hogwarts, even if it was nearly a month early and he had no idea why.

The sound of the front door opening had Harry tensing rather badly as he waited with baited breath to see if it was either someone to rescue him, or the Dursley’s back early.
“Mr Potter?” Snape’s sickly voice sounded, causing Harry to breathe in relief. Who knew he’d ever be relieved to hear the snarky potion Professor’s voice.
“In here Professor” He croaked out, wincing as he heard the sharp intake of breath and the loud bang as the cupboard door was blown off its hinges.
“What are you doing in here Potter?” Snape hissed, though instead of looking angry at Harry, the Professor actually looked concerned.
“They lock me in here when they’re gone so I can’t mess up the house or steal food” Harry answered, he and Snape had come to a bit of an agreement last year when Severus had discovered Harry didn’t lead the blessed life that everyone assumed he did. He and Snape had never been friends, but the Potions Master had tuned down his treatment of Harry once he had discovered the well kept secret.
“Well come on then Potter, we need to get to Hogwarts” Snape said, summoning Harry’s trunk and
school items as he looked the young, raven-haired teen over. Potter looked smaller then he had when he had left Hogwarts at the end of the school year. Vivid brusies stood out on his stark white skin, and Severus suspected the rest of his body looked just as bad.
“Poppy will heal you as best she can once we’re at school” He said, taking the boy’s arm and placing his shrunk trunk and items in his pocket before letting Harry’s owl go, she was clever and would meet them at the school.

Gingerly he took the boy’s arm, before disapperating the pair of them to Hogwarts.

HP/SS

“What happened to him?” Severus croaked from his place between Albus and Minerva, neither of them seemed able to speak.
“He was raped, repeatedly” Poppy said in a detached voice, the one she used when speaking of patients who were injured or abused and she had to deal with it in order to heal them.
“Oh gods” Albus said, his gnarled hands gripping Severus’ hand tightly.
“How can we help him?” Minerva asked, tears running openly down her face.
“Well Albus’ plan for Harry’s year might actually be extremely helpful” Poppy said, “Harry can heal and be kept away from the general population of students, it should help him. Provided Severus is still willing?” She looked at the Potions Professor.
“Yes, of course” Severus said, looking at the boy with sad eyes. He knew Har-Potter’s life had been bad, but not this bad.
“When he awakes, we’ll fill him in on the plan and set things in motion” Albus said, looking one last time at Harry before slipping from the room, followed by Minerva and finally Severus.

HP/SS

Harry was sitting up in the hospital bed, propped up by numerous pillows as Poppy cast a few more diagnostic spells, trying to be as quick as possible.
“He started this summer?” She asked Harry, who nodded distantly, there was a remarkable amount of damage done to Harry due to his Uncle’s brutality, and she had thought due to the severity that he had been abused sexually for far longer then just two months. It disturbed the Healer greatly to know that Harry had been subjected to this kind of treatment.
“Professor Dumbledore and Professor Snape would like to talk to you, is that alright?” She asked gently, not wanting to pressure the poor boy in any way right now.
“Yea” Harry said, shifting to look at the door as Poppy went to get the two men. He was in a seperate room, even though it was summer and no one, except a few teachers were in the school.

“Hello Harry” Professor Dumbledore said gently, sitting down in a conjured chair, Severus sitting next to him.
“Harry, Professor Snape and I have come up with a plan that we think should help you this semester at school” Dumbledore started softly, “In order to help you heal, as well as a precaution for this semester. A woman from the ministry will be teaching here this year, due to insistence from the Minister, and we know she’ll cause you harm of some kind. So, we’ve come up with a plan” Dumbledore continued.
“What plan?” Harry asked, looking at the two men with glassy eyes.

“Well Mr. Potter, Albus and I have decided to send Harry Potter to a special training institute in the Americas” Snape started, raising a hand when Harry began to protest, “However, I will also aquire myself a new familiar this year, a Geoffroy's Cat” He looked pointedly at Harry, who at least had the grace to blush. The boy had achieved animagus form last semester by accident, a traumatic experience, seeing Sirius for the first time, had trigged the inate ability, and Harry had achieved animagus form, a small Geoffroy's Cat- a type of wild cat, about the size of a small house cat native
to South America.

“So, I’ll be staying with Professor Snape?” Harry asked, looking confused.
“Yes Mr. Potter, you will become my new familiar for this year” Snape said, an unreadable expression on his face.
“We think this will help you recover from your ordeals at the hands of your...family, as well as avoid the Ministry” Snape said, looking at Harry.
“You mean I don’t have to go back?” Harry asked, looking beyond hopeful. It pained Severus to see the boy so hopeful over something so small.
“No Harry, you’ll never have to return to them” Albus said gently, “Professor Snape will also take custody of you. You’ll live with him during the summers from now on” Albus added, Harry looked at Professor Snape, fear on his face.
“Its fine Harry, I’d be happy to have you” Severus said gently, wondering vaguely when the broken boy in front of him had become Harry as opposed to Potter.

HP/SS

A few days later Harry was released from the hospital wing to Snape’s quarters where he’d be living from now on. No was to be told, besides a few members of the staff, that Harry was indeed at the school and not training. Not even Harry’s friends were allowed to know. Once they would have bothered Harry immensely, now he was a bit relieved.

“So Harry, in order for you to maintain your form, Minerva has given me a collar that will trap you in your animagus form during the day. I’ll release you in the evening once my office hours are done, in order for you to become human if you choose” Snape explained, showing Harry the intricate leather collar with silver inlay.
“Okay” Harry murmured softly, trying to seem at ease with Snape.
He’d already been shown around, he even had his own room in the quarters, though he’d only use them as a human boy occasionally.
“Professor Dumbledore and I think you should get used to being in your form now Harry, just in case someone comes to the Castle, and Umbridge will be here tomorrow, she can’t see Harry Potter here, only my new familiar” Snape said gently.
“Do you have a name you wish to go by?” He asked curiously, wondering if the boy, like the blasted Maruaders had given himself a nickname.
“You can name my form sir, I haven’t given it much thought” Harry said softly, smiling at the Professor.
“Alright Harry, I shall do so once you’re in your form and I have a better oppertunity to see you” He nodded, and within moments, a small grey furred cat with black spots was sitting on the floor where Harry had been standing.
“Beautiful” Severus said softly, uable to contain himself as he knelt in front of Harry, attatching the collar to the tiny, furred neck.
“Silver?” He suggested, “It matches your fur” He said gently. Harry let out a small chirping noise, and Severus took it to him agreeing.
“From now on, when you’re in this form, I’ll refer to you as Silver and I will be introducing you to others as such” He reminded the cat, gently picking him up and raking his fingers through the soft fur. Harry was a kitten, not a full grown Geoffroy's Cat, and was way underweight as both a boy and a kitten.

Sev couldn’t describe what he felt when he saw Harry in this form. He was adorable, though he was loath to admit it, and he immediately felt protective over the tiny bundle.
“Well Silver, shall we go get some supper?” He asked, tickling the kitten’s chin. Harry mewed, butting his head against Severus hand, enjoying the attention. In this form, Harry had much lowered inhibitions and lived mainly off of his instincts, and instincts told him that Sev was safe. He began to
purr softly, cuddling closer to Sev’s warm chest, ignoring the fact that the man’s breath hitched.

Severus grinned softly, already attached to the small kitten curled in his arms, he wasn’t about to let him go. He walked towards the great hall, smirking as Har-Silver he corrected himself, climbed into his robes, curling up and promptly going to sleep.

HP/SS

“Ah Severus, is this your new familiar?” Albus asked, drawing Severus attention to the head table. He frowned, realizing Umbridge was there a day early and seated next to the Head Master wearing an awful pink concoction. He sneered, sitting down and settling Silver in his lap.

“Yes Albus, this is Silver” He poked the kitten gently, who glanced up, yawning a bit. Minerva and Poppy, unable to resist, both began to coo.

“What type of cat is that?” Umbridge asked, leaning across Albus in order to see.

“He’s a Geoffroy’s cat, native to South America. I found him in an exotic animal store just outside of Diagon Alley” Severus explained, petting the kitten some more. They had found the shop, him and Albus and implanted memories of the sale of Silver to Severus in case Umbridge decided to enquire.

“Well he’s darling” Minerva declared, resisting the urge to cuddle Ha-Silver, she couldn’t believe how adorable the boy was.

Severus ate slowly, occasionally feeding scrapes of meat to Silver who was sitting attentively in his lap now. He’d feed the kitten properly back in his quarters, but a small treat was okay now and then. Throughout dinner, Umbridge continued to pepper Severus with questions, all which he answered thanks to the research he and Albus had done in the previous weeks before obtaining Silver. The woman was a cat enthusiast, which would hopefully go far in protecting Harry from the witch, as long as he maintained his form. Severus silently thanked the gods for the collar, maintaining an animagus form for a long time was difficult for fully trained animagus’ but for one so new, with no training, it would be near impossible. He scratched Silver’s ears, looking over the empty hall with a bored expression, in a few short weeks the students would be back, and he was not looking forward to that at all. Yes, he enjoyed his students in Slytherin House, but the other little brats, he had no desire to be around, nor teach.

“Come on Silver, dinner’s over” Sev finally murmured, scooping up the sleepy kitten and heading towards the dungeons.

“Good thing we were prepared, the toad’s a day early” He explained to the kitten, resisting the urge to laugh as Silver batted at his robes playfully.

“Now you’re awake” He teased, whispering the password for his chambers and stepped inside, making sure the wards on the door set behind him.

“Here you go” He put Silver down and conjured a few toys, watching with amusement as the small kitten began to play with a feathered ball, batting it about as if it were a mouse.

“Little hunter” He teased, sitting down on the couch and summoning one of his potions manuals for him to read.

Calling an elf, he had the small creature bring a bowl of fish flavoured kitten food for the cat. He knew that Silver would need meat, mainly hare, but he didn’t want to upset the delicate kitten’s digestive system just yet. He looked at Silver with a small smile, already enamored with the kitten, even though as a teen, Harry wasn’t his favorite person and the son of his enemy, in this form, he had no animosity for the boy turned kitten.

HP/SS

Time flew by at Hogwarts, and soon it was the night of the opening feast. Harry had settled into his
role as Silver with ease and seemed indeed happier was a kitten then he had been as a boy. He had
grown attached to Severus almost extremely so, and was often distraught if the man left him alone for
extended periods of time. Severus had even taken to bringing Silver with him everywhere, and the
kitten was often seen curled in the dour Professor’s arms as the man went about his business.
Thankfully, the staff, including Umbridge were enamored with the little kitten and no one minded
him and often he was fed treats when Severus wasn’t watching him like a hawk.

HP/SS

The Great Hall was filled with students, three of the tables were animated, chatting with friends and
catching up on the summer. The Gryffindor table was rather subdued however, talking in low
whispers and sending glances at the head table often as well as around the other tables.

Once the first years had been sorted, and Dumbledore had said the customary greeting, everyone sat
down to the feast and began to dig into the delicious Hogwarts food prepared by the house elves.

Silver climbed up onto the head table, trying to sneak pieces of meat when Severus wasn’t looking.
Few students noticed the kitten at first, but soon a familiar hush fell over the hall as everyone
watched the tiny kitten, a few girls cooing or giggling at his behaviour. A surprised gasp escaped
numerous students as Severus plucked the kitten off the table, trying to frown at his behaviour
though everyone could see a tiny smile playing over Severus’ features.

“I see you have all noticed our newest addition” Albus said, rising to his feet and rising a hand for
silence.
“First off, I’d like to introduce you all to Professor Snape’s new familiar, Silver. I ask you all to treat
him with the same respect you’d treat anyone else at this school’s familiar” Dumbledore murmured,
though his voice carried through to everyone in the hall.
“I’d also like to take a moment to introduce out newest Defense teacher, Professor Umbridge” A
scattered applause sounded through the hall, though it seemed half hearted as the pink clad professor
waved.
“As I’m sure most you have noticed, Harry Potter is not seated amongst us. We have deemed it
necessary to protect Mr. Potter by moving him to a private training facility in the Americas, any mail
you wish to send Harry can be given to your head of house, who will see that he receives it”
Dumbledore added, ignoring the murmur that broke out amongst the students, particularly the
Gryffindors who immediately began to try and get information out of a confused Ron and Hermione.
“I wish to inform you that the Forbidden Forest is out of bounds to all students, and Mr. Filch has
asked me to tell you all that fanged frisbees, dung bombs and numerous other objects are forbidden
and use will result in detention with Mr. Filch. A full list can be found inside his office and I invite
you all to take a look at it in order to avoid detention” Dumbledore said, ignoring the twin boos from
the Weasley Twins.
“Lastly, I ask that you all take care this year, remember that old dangers have returned and I advise
you all not to do anything foolish” He smiled, “With that being said, good night”

Students began to rise, a long with Professors when Umbridge rose, her pink outfit clashing horribly
with Dumbledore’s purple robes.
“Hem Hem” She coughed, catching the attention of confused students and Professors alike.
“Yes?” Dumbledore asked, gesturing for everyone to sit back down.

“I’d like to thank you, Professor Dumbledore for those kind words” Umbridge began, before
launching into one of the dreariest speeches Severus was subjected to. Instead of listening, he played
with Silver, entertaining the kitten with his fingers and a conjured toy.

When Dumbledore rose again, he scooped up Silver, smirking as the kitten yowled in annoyance and
tried to bat at the toy again. He kept the toy just out of reach, making sure that Silver was entertained as he followed his students out of the hall. The prefects would get them settled and then he’d come in and give his first day of the school year speech, as well as introduce the Snakes to his new familiar and make sure they understood that he was to be protected, especially from the Lions. He knew any familiar he had would be a target for the other houses, but particularly the Lions who detested him.
Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Draco Malfoy and Pansy Parkinson were the current fifth year prefects for Slytherin House. Markus Flint and Angela Burner the seventh year prefects and Edward Worthington and Katie Morson the sixth year ones. Severus gave these six time to introduce the first years to the personal rules of Slytherin house, show them the dorms and generally get them used to the house before he entered.

He waited perhaps half an hour before scooping up the sleeping kitten and heading for the Slytherin Common Room. Coming to the brick wall, he murmured the password he had set at the night before and stepped inside. Despite being situated under the lake, the Common Room was well lit, decorated sedately in green and silver, the house colours and filled with fire places and comfortable leather couches and chairs. Nothing like the gaudy, over decorated Gryffindor house.

As per usual, the prefects had gotten the whole house sitting comfortably in the Common Room, all over the couches and on the floors.

“Greetings” He murmured, moving to stand in front of the large, main fire place.

“Welcome to Slytherin House, I am Professor Snape, the Head of Slytherin House and Potion’s Master for Hogwarts” He said for the benefit of those who did not know him.

“Your prefects have introduced you to the rules of our house and understand how we present ourselves to the rest of the school” He said, stroking Silver absentmindedly.

“I ask that you abide by those rules religiously in your time at Hogwarts, Slytherins are not well liked, and house unity is one of the few things we have to protect ourselves against the other houses” He explained.

“If you have inter-house problems, I ask that you speak to a prefect or if that is not an option myself. My door is always open to you, though I do hold office hours and spend one evening a week in the Common Room in order to help with homework, answer questions or give advice” He said, continuing to stroke the sleeping cat.

“This year, Slytherin has a new addition, this is my familiar Silver” He lifted the kitten sightly.

“I ask that you treat him as the mascot of this house, though he is not a snake” This caused a few of the younger years to giggle.

“Watch out for him, he is a curious little kitten and often wanders into trouble” This caused some more laughter.

“We’ll protect him Professor” Flint said, grinning lightly at the small cat.

“Do you have any questions?” Severus asked, looking over the students.

“What kind of cat is he?” A brave little firstie asked, his blue eyes sparkling.

“He’s a Geoffroy cat, normally a wild cat, native to South America” Severus explained, “He’s a kitten, so just a baby” He added, wanting to impress upon the snakes that Silver needed looking after.
“When are Quidditch Tryouts?” A second year asked, Luke Dante if Severus remembered correctly. “I believe we decided on the second weekend of September, so two weeks” Severus said, looking at Flint for conformation. The Captain nodded, and Severus looked around, offering to answer any more questions.

“When do we get our schedules?” Another firstie asked, this time a female with brown curly hair. “Tomorrow morning after breakfast, I will be handing them out, if you have any questions or concerns you can talk to me then” Severus said, glancing down as Silver woke up and squirmed out of his lap. He sighed, smirking a bit as the little kitten bounced around the room, exploring everything curiously as only a kitten can do.

“He’s adorable” Pansy said, wiggling her fingers at the kitten as Silver crawled onto Blaise Zabini’s lap and batted at the Italian boy’s robes.

“He sure is” Blaise said, smiling softly at Silver’s antics.

Severus still couldn’t believe that this kitten was Harry Potter. He and Harry had had a few conversations, but it was much safer to have Harry remain as Silver, and the more Harry remained as Silver the more carefree and happy the boy seemed. He sighed, watching Silver played with the Italian’s fingers and Pansy cooed. It was almost hysterically funny seeing Harry Potter play in the laps of his enemies, but Sev was learning a lot about Harry this little while. Harry presented the ‘Golden Boy’ persona, but it wasn’t him. He didn’t detest Slytherin, just pretended to because the perfect Gryffindor didn’t like Slytherins. He was good at Quidditch and pretended to love the sports because his father loved the sport. But Harry was a lot more complex, a lot more deep and broken then that. Silver gave Harry a chance to escape being Harry Potter-Golden Boy, and Sev was fine with giving him that opportunity.

Shaking himself from his musings, he realized that the entire house had gathered around Blaise to look at their new mascot. He smiled, watching as Silver adored the attention. Harry hated attention, and people touching him, which Sev had learned the hard way, but Silver adored it, and Sev knew it was helping him, which he was thankful for. Harry had a lot of issues, many of the revolving around the years of abuse he had suffered at the hands of his Uncle, but being Silver helped him realize that the Dursleys weren’t normal, families weren’t like that, and that this, what he was experiencing with the students, was normal, not rare. If anyone could heal the broken boy turned kitten, it was Slytherin house.

“Come on then” He finally said, gently moving his students aside to claim the kitten.

“I’ll see you all tomorrow morning. I suggest you all get to bed, classes begin early” He said, picking up Silver and cuddling him lightly, though if anyone accused him of it, he would deny it vehemently. He smiled lightly, bidding his students good night and carrying Silver back to their rooms.

HP/SS

Once inside he removed the small collar from Harry, but the kitten didn’t turn back for a few moments.

Finally Harry appeared, stretching lightly and looking at Severus with a small smile. “Who knew Slytherins could be so nice” He mused, sitting down next to Severus and curling up. He’d grown to accept Severus as a father figure in the month they’d spent together and he felt safe with the man. Even as Silver he didn’t generally trust many people, especially men or older men. Umbridge also terrified him, but she tended to cuddle the life out of the poor kitten and he avoided her like the plague.

“Behind closed doors, we are just like everyone else Harry, the preconceived notions of the rest of the world have made Slytherins behave in a certain manner outside of the safety of their house” He explained, letting the boy cuddle against him.
“So have you thought about it?” He asked, looking at Harry curiously.
“The adoption?” Harry asked, arching an eyebrow at Severus.
“Yes, so that you don’t have to return to the Dursleys” Sev said cautiously, Harry still refused to
discuss what had happened to him at their house, but most of it he could piece together.
“Ye-yes I have” Harry said, pulling his knees to his chest, “I’d like you to adopt me Sev, but I want
to stay as Silver this year, like we planned. I don’t want to be-be around the Gryffindors right now”
He said, looking pleadingly at his soon-to-be guardian.
“Of course Harry, you can stay Silver as long as you need to” Severus said, hugging the boy lightly.
Who knew that in only a month, Severus Snape would be willingly adopting Harry Potter, but he
knew the boy needed to be adopted, needed him. And in some strange way, Severus Snape needed
Harry Potter.

HP/SS

Breakfast the next morning was the usual chaotic affair, students rushing about, eating quickly,
receiving and bickering over their schedules.

Sev glanced down at his list of classes for the day, he had double potions first with his fifth year
Slytherins and unfortunately the Gryffindors. Potions for the Slytherins were always taken with the
Lions, but the fifth years were by far Sev’s worst class. He sighed, rubbing a hand over his forehead
before rising and going down the table handing out timetables.
“Any problems please come and see me during office hours” He said to the students, ignoring the
complaints about who they were paired with.
“Sir, where’s Silver?” Draco asked, looking over his Head of House which normally had a familiar
furry head peeking about.
“In my quarters for now, he should be in the classroom during Class, but I thought the Great Hall
would be a bit chaotic today for him” He said, smiling at his students curiosity over his familiar. He
smirked, wondering how Draco would react if he knew that Silver was really Harry Potter.

HP/SS

Severus swept into class as he normally did, robes billowing behind him, though the effect was
ruined due to a small kitten poking its head out of one of his sleeves. He stopped at the front of the
room, turning and letting his black gaze sweep over the students, especially the Gryffs.
“Today we will be brewing the Blood Replenishing Potion for the Hospital Wing. Those that are
brewed correctly will be used, un-usable potions will be vanished and result in a mark of zero for the
class. Instructions are on the board” He tapped the black board with his wand, and spidery script
appeared, outlining the instructions on how to make the potion.
“You may begin” He said, setting Silver on his desk while he waited for the mad scramble for
ingredients to end. Once the students had started, he’d stalk the classroom as he normally did,
making sure that nothing to disastrous happened.

Stalking through the aisles, Sev’s attention was focused on the miscreants brewing potions and not
on his familiar who had wandered close to the Gryffindor side of the room as he followed different
scents. Tail flicking, the little cat moved about, weaving carefully around peoples feet and under
tables as he explored.

“Everyone DOWN!” Severus shouted after examining Neville Longbottom’s cauldron. His potion
was bubbling violently and one look was all Sev needed to know that the potion was a bout to
explode. Students and Professor alike flung themselves to the ground as a bang sounded and the
boiling, bubbling mess flung itself upward, out of the cauldron and all over the nearest furniture. Due
to Sev’s warning, students had managed to hide under desks, and no one was badly hurt, except
Neville who was shaking from fear more then anything. As Severus rose, banishing the remainder of
the potion and carefully glanced around the classroom before motioning for students to get up. A loud yowling spit the air, causing Severus’ heart to jump into his chest.

“Silver?” He glanced around, noting the kitten lying in a heap near Longbottom’s cauldron, his fur patchy as he was covered in the potion. He whimpered as Severus cursed, kneeling down next to the kitten.

“Shh” He murmured, summoning a wet rag and carefully wiping away the excessive potion, a small sigh escaping him. The poor kitten was covered in burns and looked to be in a lot of pain. He gently scooped him up, going to his desk and digging around for a pain numbing potion. Taking an eyedropper, he measured out the perfect amount of potion before coercing Silver’s mouth open and getting him to swallow the potion.

“Shh little one, you’ll be fine” Severus said, summoning a burn cream and carefully rubbing it over Silver’s burns. When his familiar was taken care of and spelled asleep, he glanced around the classroom.

“Those of you who finished the potion, bottle it and put it on my desk, everyone else banish your potion and write me a ten inch essay on why Unicorn Blood should not be added to a blood replenishing potion” He snarled, his worry over Silver making him more annoyed then before.

“Thirty Points from Gryffindor for endangering lives by not paying attention to the instructions” He snarled at Neville.

He went back to his desk, looking at the sleeping kitten with a sad smile. poor Harry, nothing ever seemed to go right for him. He knew the boy couldn’t shift back tonight, injured in his animagus form meant he needed to heal and recover in the same form, shifting bodies would be detrimental to his health. To prevent shifting he’d leave the collar on, it would be best.

Scooping the kitten up, he wrapped him in a soft blanket, he needed to dress the wounds, but he’d do that in his private chambers, not out here. Walking into the hallway, he heard crude giggling and paused, glancing around he noted the Weasley boy standing not far off with Longbottom, and Granger. He frowned, stepping forward a bit in order to overhear the conversation. He was a spy for a reason after all.

“Good one Nev, you got Snape’s little rat” Ron was saying, Neville was shaking his head. “It was an accident Ron, I’d never hurt an animal” Neville protested, “I don’t even know how Unicorn’s Blood got on my desk, I didn’t grab it” Neville was saying softly, looking distraught. “I hope Silver’s alright” He added, his cheeks reddening a bit.

“Who cares?” Ron said, shrugging dismissively, “He’s just a stupid cat, Snape’s cat” He added, pulling a face. “Hope it dies, anything that likes Snape has to be evil” He said, shuddering dramatically.

“Ronald” Hermione huffed, “Silver doesn’t deserve that, he’s just an innocent little cat” She said, “A rare kind of cat actually” She had immediately begun researching all about Geoffroy’s cats, curious about Snape’s new familiar.

“Who cares” Ron said again, “Cat’s just another snake, which means its our enemy” He said, before striding away from the others, leaving them to follow in his wake.

Severus sighed, he’d have to keep poor Silver close, it seemed the Lions were targeting his familiar, he had suspected it, but now it seemed they were willing to sabotage their own classmates potions in order to get that done.

Sighing, he cuddled Silver closer and walked towards his rooms, thinking about what he could do to protect Silver. He knew the little kitten would be upset to know that his friends were willing to harm him just because he was Sev’s familiar. He always knew Weasley had a temper, and now that Harry Potter was gone, Weasley had stepped into his role as ring-leader of the trio with relish. He’d always suspected Weasley was using Harry, now he just needed to prove it.
A knock on the door caused Severus to glance up, he had finally gotten Harry all treated, and the poor kitten was more bandage then kitten at the moment. He sighed, shifting lightly and glancing back at Silver before opening the door.

“Yes?” He asked, rather surprised to see Draco, Pansy and Blaise standing there.

“Hello Sir, we were just wondering how Silver was doing” Pansy said, peeking into Snape’s quarters.

“Ah, he’s resting now, would you like to come in and see him?” He asked, stepping aside as the three students rushed into the room, nearly flattening him. Smirking he followed them back, rolling his eyes as Pansy’s cooing woke the kitten. Silver glanced around, mainly aware of how bloody sore he was, though the pain numbing potion was still working though beginning to wear off.

“Poor kitty” Pansy said, looking curiously at Severus, when he nodded, she scooped up the kitten, gently stroking his patchy fur, avoiding the bandages.

“Do you really think Longbottom screwed up the potion that bad sir?” Draco asked, sitting next to Pansy and smiling lightly as Silver stretched out between them, his head resting on Draco’s lap.

“No, I think someone added the blood to the potion. Longbottom would never know the difference and he generally messes up potions” He said as Blaise sat near Pansy’s feet, stroking one of Silver’s paws.

“So you think someone did this deliberately?” Draco asked, scowling, “Someone will have to keep a closer eye on him” He nodded at the now purring kitten.

“I know” Sev said, “Would you three be willing to help? Make sure when I’m not around someone keeps an eye on him?” He asked curiously.

“Of course” Blaise said, “We can keep an eye on him” He glanced at the Professor. “Are you still coming to the Common Room tonight?” He asked, Sev sighed, “Yes I suppose so, would you keep an eye on him while I help the first years?” He asked the trio.

“Of course” Pansy said, still carefully stroking Silver’s fur, “He’ll be safe with us, or anytime he’s in the Snake Pit” She winked at him, “No one would mess with our mascot in our own dorm” She added, scooping the cat up as Sev gestured for them to leave.

“Alright, come on then” Severus said, ushering them out of the room. He let Pansy carry his familiar, though he grabbed a bottle of milk, one of Silver’s favorite treats, laced with pain potion and Silver’s blanket, in case the kitten got tired or cranky.

Walking into the Common Room, he watched in awe as the Snakes converged on Silver, cooing and generally mother henning. He smirked, no one hurt a snake and got away with it.

Sitting down one one of the couches, he handed off the items he had grabbed to Blaise and made himself comfortable, keeping a careful eye on his familiar, though he trusted his Snakes not to hurt the little kitten.

“Does anyone need any help with homework?” He asked curiously, smiling at the firsties, “Or have any questions about anything?” He added, not many teachers assigned homework on the first day.

“Sir?” Millicent Bulstrode approached, setting an example for the firsties.

“I have a question” She said, sitting down and showing him the Transfiguration homework she had been trying to do. Soon two heads were bent over it, and the first years felt much better about approaching their Head.

HP/SS

Pansy was reigning supreme on the other side of the Common Room, Draco and Blaise sat with her, though she was the center of attention with the adorable kitten wrapped in a blanket nursing on the potion laced bottle.
“He’s so cute” Daphne Greengrass, Pansy’s best female friend cooed as she rubbed Silver’s stomach through the blanket. “Who knew Professor Snape would get such a sweet familiar” She added, chuckling at the sleepy yawn the kitten gave. Though the girls were the most vocal in commenting on the cat’s cuteness, the boys were not above noticing it.

“So, Professor Snape thinks the attack on Silver was deliberate. The Lions hate Snakes, it stands to reason that they would try and hurt our new mascot and Head’s familiar” Draco was murmuring to the group of guys standing around them. “We need to keep him safe, he’s as much of a snake as we are” Blaise said, nodding at the kitten who had fallen asleep and was purring softly. “We keep an eye on, just like we would any younger student” Markus Flint said, glancing at the kitten, “He’s our responsibility as much as he’s the Professors” Adrian Pucey, Chaser on the Quidditch Team and a sixth year added. “So we’re agreed. We keep an eye on Silver and protect him” Draco said, “Professor Snape already asked us too, he doesn’t want anyone else thinking they can get away with attacking our mascot” Draco murmured, glancing at the kitten with a soft smile that was alien outside of the Slytherin Common Room. “Agreed” Echoed from the group and then the chatter fell into different subjects, mainly Quidditch and the Lions.

HP/SS

Eventually Severus finished helping students and spent a few minutes just talking with his oldest prefects before collecting a very sleepy kitten and bidding his students good night. “Come on Silver” He murmured, cuddling the kitten for a moment once he was in his rooms, before setting him in the cat bed he had transfigured out of an old pillow. The bed was set up in his room, in case the kitten needed anything, and with him being so beaten up, Sev wanted him nearby. “Sleep well brat” Sev murmured, scratching him lightly behind the ears before ‘noxing’ the lights and settling into bed himself.
Silver woke slowly, his body still throbbed from the abuse it had undergone yesterday. He stretched, whimpered and tried to get out of his way to warm, far to comfortable bed. His whining must have woken Severus or brought the man into the room, because in a matter of seconds he was being scooped up and shushed. He shifted, glancing up at the man he had come to think of as his protector and batted playfully at his long, beak like nose. Once upon a time, Sev might have got angry, now he just gave a suffering sigh and caught the tiny paw before mock glowering at the kitten in his hands. “Brat” He muttered, carrying Silver into the small kitchen and setting him on the table.

“Stay still now, I need to change your bandages and re-apply this salve to your wounds” He warned, hoping Harry’s instincts didn’t take over to much. Carefully he pulled of the bandages from yesterday and applied the burn cream as quickly as possible. Already the wounds were healing and Harry was re-growing some of his burnt off fur. Finally, after a tug-a-war with the bandages and much mewing, he got the wounds re-dressed and went about feeding the annoying, impertinent kitten. Summoning his bag, he showed Silver the modifications he had made, instead of a leather book bag, the bag had been transfigured into the perfect kitten carrying case, while on the outside still looking like an innocent book bag. As a professor, Snape didn’t need one, but he often used one to carry his students essays or random texts he was reading, besides, he couldn’t allow Silver to wander during his classes now, and the kitten detested being made to stay alone.

“Come on then” He murmured, lowering the kitten into the bag and tossing in one of his favorite toys. He hoped this would distract the Geoffroy’s cat, at least for a little while. He had a break after his first class today, which was first year Gryffindors and Slytherins, and he would let Silver out in that time, in the safety of his office. But first he had to go to breakfast and keep an eye on the little hooligans that Dumbledore so cherished.

HP/SS

Dolores Umbridge sat in her classroom with a smug expression. Students with their heads down, reading the first chapter in their textbook. The Minister would be so happy, Cornelius had never appreciated her, but now she would have him in the palm of her hand. He was so paranoid about Dumbledore training students for combat, not that she blamed him, the old coot still believed He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named had returned and had gone so far as to send the insufferable Potter brat to the Americas. So now she was teaching at Hogwarts, making sure students learned Ministry approved lessons and preformed no magic in her classroom. Cornelius was even making it so she’d have control over what was taught in other classes as well, and she couldn’t wait to observe her fellow teachers in their own settings. A few she wasn’t worried about, Professors Snape, Flitwick and Sprout didn’t seem to weird, and Severus did have that adorable kitten. Minerva, the half-giant and the Divination teacher all seemed threatening though, Minerva was a good teacher, but she worshiped Dumbledore, and that was dangerous. She sniffed lightly, looking around the classroom again, she could see how agitated the Gryffindors were, she herself had been a Ravenclaw, and
could never abide by the shoot first, ask questions later mentality of the Gryffindors. She liked the Slytherins better, they all seemed well behaved and polite, especially that Malfoy boy, and his father was such a generous donator to the Ministry.

“That will do for today class” She said as their time was drawing to a close, “Please finish the chapter for next class and write me a two inch summary on what you’ve learned” She said, watching them pack away their things.

“Yes Miss Granger?” She asked, seeing the girl staring at her. “Professor, I was just wondering when we’d be practicing spells?” Hermione asked, shifting unconsciously from foot to foot.

“You’re learning the theory behind spells Miss Granger. There’s no need to practice them if you know the theory” Dolores said, gritting her teeth in what felt like a smile, the damn know-it-all, couldn’t she just read and be quiet like the rest of them?

“But Professor, our OWLs are this year, and-” She waved her hand, cutting Hermione off.

“You will be prepared sufficiently for your OWLs Miss Granger, now off to class before I take points” She hissed, watching in satisfaction as the girl scampered off.

“Brats” She muttered, shaking her head as she headed down to the Great Hall for lunch.

HP/SS

Severus sat in the hall for lunch, Silver once again in his lap, though still bandaged rather heavily. Dumbledore wasn’t there, leaving only him, Minerva, Dolores, Pomona and Hagrid at the table to keep an eye on students. Staff weren’t required to have Lunch in the hall, especially since some of them had classes during this time. However, a minimum of four Professors must be present at lunch times, just to be on the safe time.

“My word Severus, what happened to Silver?” Dolores asked, looking at the kitten with wide eyes. “Exploding blood replenishing potion. Longbottom managed to once again completely destroy half my class room and a good cauldron. The little scamp got caught up in it’ Severus said, letting the woman examen the kitten, knowing he needed to keep Dolores Umbridge on his side, in spite of the fact that her very presence made his skin crawl.

Silver glanced up, eyeing Umbridge warily, but Severus had cautioned him against reacting negatively to her, so instead of hissing and hiding which was what he wanted to do, he mewed softly and curled into a smaller ball, enticing a coo from the woman.

“Oh the poor dear, he must feel just awful” She said, stroking the tiny head before removing her hand.

“If you ever need someone to watch him while you teach Severus, my classroom is always open, and probably much safer” She said, she wouldn’t mind taking care of the tiny kitten, besides she had some darling cat outfits that he would look devastatingly handsome in. Her own cat, Mittens didn’t seem to fond of the clothes, though she couldn’t understand why.

“Perhaps Dolores, I have devised a way of keeping him safe, but if I ever need a hand, I shall let you know” Severus replied, ignoring Minerva’s glare. He couldn’t risk angering Umbridge, though he was not about to let her babysit Silver, especially not when he was injured.

HP/SS

Draco suppressed a chuckle as Silver’s head popped out of his bag. The kitten was currently with him, Blaise and Pansy in the library since Professor Snape was in a staff meeting and had asked them to entertain the little miscreant.

Currently the group was sitting in the library, trying desperately to keep Madame Pince from noticing the kitten. She’d have kittens herself if she saw ‘a wild animal’ in her library. Silver was currently wiggling out of Draco’s bag and heading across the table towards Blaise. The Geoffroy’s kitten had taken and instant liking to Blaise and seemed to spend most of his time with the trio around the Italian. Blaise, likewise was taken with the kitten which warmed Draco’s heart, Blaise was a bit of a
loner within Slytherin house, preferring to spend time with his few close friends or be alone, and Draco was glad to see him interacting freely and happily with Sev’s new familiar.

“Silver” Blaise groaned, his deep blue eyes flashing in amusement as the kitten batted at the tip of his quill. It was an adorable sight, the kitten was rolling all over Blaise’s parchment, which just so happened to be his newly finished Transfiguration essay with still wet ink. Needless to say, the kitten was covered in ink and Blaise’s essay was completely ruined, though it seemed like the tall Italian didn’t care. Blaise may have been withdrawn and quiet, but he wasn’t one to be messed with, he was well respected within his own house and by the other houses. Blaise was also easy on the eyes, he was tall, standing at about six feet, still growing being only fifteen years old. He had wavy, dark hair like most Italians and startling deep blue eyes. His body was well defined thanks to a regimented work out routine, and his skin was a gorgeous olive tone, very Mediterranean. Blaise had carved out his own reputation within Hogwarts, trying to get out from the reputation his mother had created which seemed to follow him everywhere.

Silver glanced at Blaise, still rolling playfully on the parchment, batting Blaise’s quill some more, watching the Italian with a very familiar mischievous expression.

“You need a hand?” Draco asked, catching his friend before he left the library.

“Nah I got this, can you guys fix my essay?” Blaise asked, still holding the now content and sleepy kitten.

“Yea, I got it” Pansy said, “See you in the Common Room later?” She asked, pulling Blaise’s essay over to her.

“Yea, I’ll be there” Blaise said, heading out of the room and straight towards the dungeons.

Silver curled up in the Italian’s arms, he rather enjoyed being with Blaise, much more so then anyone else besides Severus. He yawned, squirming around until he was comfortable, getting Blaise covered with still wet ink in the process.

“Sit still goof” Blaise said, smirking at the kitten as he glanced up at Blaise, looking affronted, “You’re getting me just as dirty as you” Blaise said, he’d have to shower now as well, he was sure he had ink on his face.

Approaching the brick wall, Blaise murmured the password ‘Snake Pride’ and slipped inside. He ignored a few calls from fellow house mates, nodding in response instead of bothering to answer.

Silver was intrigued by Blaise’s personality, he felt the quiet strength that exuded off of Blaise, and he liked being around the Italian, but Blaise interacted differently with him then he did with even his own house mates, and Silver was interested in finding out who the real Blaise was.

“What are you doing?” Theodore Nott, better known as Theo asked as Blaise came into the fifth year boys dorm room.

“Giving Silver a bath, little brat ruined my essay” Blaise said holding up the kitten so that his dorm mate could see. “Oh wow” Theo snickered, “Good luck, I hear cats aren’t big water fans” He teased, stretching back out on his bed as Blaise disappeared into the washroom.

“Thanks” Blaise said in a sarcastic tone, though the Italian’s eyes sparkled in amusement.

“C’mon kitten” Blaise said, turning on the rather expansive bath tub that graced the corner of the room, beside the four showers. In the cold dungeons, occasionally the snakes needed a hot bath, so each washroom was equipped with a large, miniature swimming pool. Turning on the water, Blaise tested the temperature before filling it about half way.

He slipped off his robe and rolled up his sleeves, making sure that he was prepared for the inevitable splashing.
“Okay Silver” Blaise said, very aware that he was talking to himself more so then the kitten. Putting some shampoo on the ledge of the tub, he carefully placed the kitten on the floor, kneeling next to the tub and setting out a few towels, he glanced at Silver who was regarding him with bright green eyes. “S’okay kit, you’ll be fine” Blaise said, the kitten was shaking with fear, and Blaise felt his heart beginning to break.

“Fine, fine” Blaise said, standing up and stripping off his own clothes, “I’ll go with you, brat” He muttered, filling the tub more so then he intended to before he planned on getting in. Carefully he scooped up Silver, cradling him to his bare chest, feeling how tense the poor cat was.

“Shh, you’ll be fine” Blaise said, stepping into the tub, wincing as Silver’s claws dug into his chest. Hissing in pain, he stroked the cat’s head, trying to calm him as he lowered himself into the warm water.

“See, not so bad” Blaise forced out, trying to detach the sharp clothes from his skin. Silver was still shaking rather badly, and he hated scaring the kitten. Eventually soothing words and kind hands got the kitten to relax, and Blaise was able to enjoy the hot bath while watching the kitten gambol about in the ink stained water.

“C’mere” He sighed, scooping Silver up while he was splashing about and beginning to gently scrub him with shampoo. Thankfully the burns had all but healed, though the bare skin on the kitten was still tender. Loud purring ensued as Blaise washed the kitten, and about twenty minutes later, Blaise was re-dressed and Silver was wrapped in a towel getting vigorously dried off while sitting on Blaise’s green bed.

“You’re bleeding” Theo commented noticing the red stains all over the front of Blaise’s white dress shirt.

“No shit” Blaise deadpanned, “You were right, cats hate water” He smirked, “Until they get used to it, then they become furry fish” He pulled his fingers away as Silver nipped at them, as if to tell him he was no fish.

“Brat” Blaise said, resuming drying the kitten off before removing him from the towel and suppressing a giggle at the little puff ball seated on his bed. Theo snorted, “Who knew Slytherin’s mascot would be so bloody cute” The brown haired teen said, ignoring Blaise’s snort of amusement.

“Well then Silver, shall we head to the Common Room and wait for Professor Snape?” Blaise asked, smiling softly as the kitten chirped and scrambled into Blaise’s arms.

“He really likes you” Theo commented, noting the odd gleam in his dorm mates eye.

“I like him too” Blaise responded quietly, heading out of the room, Silver wrapped in the blanket Sev had left with them. Silver had a whole whack of belongings that Sev insisted they keep with them whenever babysitting the kitten, not that any of them minded, whatever made the little mascot happy made them happy.

**HP/SS**

Ronald Weasley looked around the Gryffindor Common Room, a bored expression on his face as he stared into the flames of the crackling fire. He was thinking about the new slytherin ‘mascot’ again. He had rigged Neville’s cauldron to explode injuring the kitten, but it hadn’t been enough, the snakes were more united in protecting the little rat then ever. He needed something else, he needed to destroy the house unity that the kitten had created, and he had to do it soon. No stupid snake deserved to be happy, and by destroying the stupid cat, he’d make them all miserable. If he was lucky, maybe Snape, the oversized bat, would be so upset he’d retire, and then no Gryffindor would ever be subject to his torture ever again. He’d be a hero, the hero of Gryffindor. Who needed Harry when they had Ron? He smirked, nodding his head, a happy smile playing over his lips. He could do this, he’d just need to work out the perfect plan, maybe he could trick Hermione into helping him. She seemed to like the little devil creature, but she always had her nose stuck in a book, and he was sure he could fool her into helping as long as he phrased the question right.
Yes, Hermione would help, and then maybe he could convince others, no one in his year of course, they all were to loyal to Harry and liked the stupid kitten. But a few younger years he could help, he was sure. Maybe even some of the upper years would help. He just had to be clever about this. Yes, he would destroy the snakes by taking away their mascot, and then Gryffindor would be the best house in school, they’d have no competition, and of course no one would care. Who cared about the stupid snakes anyway? The world would be better without the evil house in it anyway.

HP/SS

Days seemed to fly by and soon winter holidays were coming up. It seemed very few students were staying at the school this semester, Severus was staying because two members of his house were staying, Pansy Parkinson and Blaise Zabini. He knew also that the Weasleys in Gryffindor were staying, along with Lovegood from Ravenclaw, but that was it.

“I never had a real christmas before coming to Hogwarts” Harry said, he was curled up in Sev’s private quarters, sipping hot chocolate as he looked at his guardian. Severus had officially adopted him a few days previous, Dumbledore had arranged the whole thing, and now it was official, no one could take him away from Sev now, not even the Minister of Magic.

“Really?” Severus looked up from his book, it was a rare evening where Harry had chosen to become a boy, the first since the potion incident.

“Yea, the Dursleys never let me celebrate it, instead they locked me in my cupboard and made me listen to Dudley open his gifts” Harry murmured in the monotone voice he adopted whenever speaking about the Dursleys. He still hadn’t spoke about any of the abuse he had endured at the hands of the Dursleys, but he was slowly opening up about little things. Sev had learned not to push him when he chose to spoke, though Dumbledore was pushing for Harry seeing a mind healer. Sev knew better though and refused, Harry was terrified of strangers, and he doubted Harry could handle someone routing around in his head trying to heal him. He finally understood why Dumbledore had pushed him to take care of Harry at the beginning of the summer. Harry needed him, needed someone who understood some of what he had endured, and Harry needed the snakes. No group was more misunderstood and protective then the snakes. Gryffindors were loyal yes, but they wouldn’t be able to handle their hero being broken, being hurt, nor would they tolerate Harry’s relationship with Severus. Silver allowed Harry to get to know the snakes, realize that they weren’t dangerous and mean, just misunderstood and portraying a very specific image to the rest of the school.

“You’ve been getting rather comfortable with Mr. Zabini, or rather Silver has been” Severus said suddenly, knowing it was time to change the conversation.

“Yea, Blaise is nice, I like the side he shows Silver instead of the one he shows to the rest of the snakes and the school” Harry said, his cheeks colouring slightly.

“Ah, yes, Blaise is a very closed off young man” Sev murmured, glancing at Harry out of the corner of his eye.

“I like him” Harry said, his tone stubborn, and Sev knew it was true. Blaise would always be important to the young man seated before him, and he was fine with that. Both Blaise and Harry needed someone to trust that was their own age, even if Blaise found that someone in the form of a small kitten.

“Any idea of what you want for Christmas?” Sev asked, nodding at the tree they had set up in the quarters.

“N-no” Harry stuttered, looking surprised and worried.

“Should I know?” Harry asked, he was used to receiving the typical gifts from his friends and Mr and Mrs. Weasley, but he had never actively asked for something before.

“No, no Harry” Sev reassured quickly, “Don’t fret over it, I’m sure we’ll find you some very good presents” Severus said. Secretly the man adored christmas, though he’d never admit that to anyone. Most assumed the ‘Dungeon Bat’ hated the holiday, but that was just part of the image Sev
portrayed, and he personally couldn’t wait to give Harry the perfect Christmas. “We’ll spend the
day with Blaise and Pansy if that’s alright, you’ll have to be Silver, but we can have our own little
christmas after the feast that evening” Sev said, looking curiously at Harry.

“That’s fine” Harry said, smiling lightly, “I want to spend the day with your snakes” Sev grinned,
more like Harry wanted to spend the day with Blaise.

“You know Severus, Snakes aren’t as Slimy as everyone says they are” Harry murmured, looking at
his guardian with a small smile. “No Harry, snakes are deceiving that way, they look slimy, but
they’re really not” Severus said, “It’s a defense mechanism, not many people would want to touch
something slimy. It’s a lot like Slytherin house, we show a certain image to the world and the rest of
the school, but its a defense mechanism to protect ourselves. Even though the snake is our house
animal because of Salazar Slytherin and his abilities, the snake is also apt because of what it
represents for us, as members of Slytherin house” Sev explained, grinning at Harry.

“I like snakes” Harry said softly, his cheeks tingling pink again. Severus just grinned, biting back the
comment that he wished to utter, Harry was being remarkably open for a change, and he didn’t want
to make the boy clam up again.

HP/SS

The last day of term rolled around and the school was remarkably quiet as the students had all left
that morning, it was five days till Christmas, and Severus had finally managed to find the perfect
christmas present for the child he was quickly beginning to as his own.

He looked down, Silver was curled in his lap as he ate his lunch. Few students were seated in the
hall, and even fewer teachers. Albus, Minerva, Dolores and himself were the only teachers remaining
at the school. Lovegood had been moved into Gryffindor tower for the holidays, since Filius was
going home. He glanced down at his own snakes who had remained behind, Pansy and Blaise were
huddled at one end of the single table that remained in the hall, The Gryffindors and Lovegood were
at the other end, talking in hushed tones as they ate.

Silver peeked up, ignoring the coo that escaped Umbridge as he peeked around and looked over the
hall. Seeing the snakes, the small kitten broke away from Sev’s hands and made his way towards the
table. Sev suppressed a laugh as Silver hopped onto the table, ignoring Weasley’s screech of
annoyance and complaints about ‘the filthy animal contaminating his food’. Blaise grinned, picking
Silver up and letting him curl up in his lap.

“Shut it Weasel” Pansy snapped, “You’re giving me a headache” She growled, leveling the youngest
Weasley male with a glare.

“Problem Mr. Weasley?” Professor McGonagall asked, descending on the table and looking at the
group of students.

“That cat was on the table Professor, its unsanitary” Ron said, pointing at Blaise and Pansy, Silver’s
head had popped up and was staring at the red head with bright green eyes.

“Its fine Mr. Weasley, cats are very clean creatures and he hasn’t come near any of your food. He’s
down by Mr. Zabini and Miss. Parkinson, if they have no complaints, neither should you” Minerva
said with an exasperated sigh.

“But Professor.” Ron started again when Hermione elbowed him in the ribs.

“Hush before you lose us points” She said, shaking her head at her red headed friend.

“Fine” Ron said, a pout prominent on his face as he glared in the direction of the Slytherins.

“I trust that will be all Mr. Weasley? I don’t want to hear any more disturbances during meal times”
She said, before stalking back to the head table.

Ron muttered under his breath, but didn’t fuss anymore during lunch, though he did continue to glare
at the snakes.

Severus noted this, though he didn’t comment. Weasley would need watching, that was for sure, but
until his fears were truly founded, he wouldn’t mention anything to anyone. Besides, he needed to
keep an eye on Dolores, she was beginning to pester him even more about watching Silver, and
pester Albus on the whereabouts of one Harry Potter. Thankfully, Albus had been able to put her off for now, but Severus didn’t want her to suspect anything, especially not the little kitten.
Blaise sighed, re-reading the letter from his mother with a bored expression on his face. Thankfully she didn’t care to much about his life about Hogwarts nor his life after Hogwarts, not as long as he maintained the family name on some level. No, she hadn’t written to enquire about him or his daily activities, besides the cursory ‘how are you’ he got nothing. Instead he got a four page letter on her latest husband, one Duke William of Kennsington, a pureblood wizard who happened to be a Duke. Not that he cared, he doubted he’d be home in time to meet the Duke, especially since the moron planned to marry his mother of all people. Lady Zabini had an interesting reputation in the wizarding world. She had had eight extremely wealthy husbands, all of them dying rather interesting deaths after leaving their entire fortune to her. Law enforcement could never prove she had anything to do with the accidental deaths, and she’d mourn for a time, which was proper and then marry again. It probably helped that his mother was gorgeous, but having seven step-fathers was bad for a teenage boys psyche, and he really detested dealing with any of them. Honestly he didn’t even bother to remember names anymore, and secretly referred to them by their number, Duke William would be known as Idiot Number Nine to Blaise and anyone he bothered to share that information with.

He glanced around the empty common room, it was Christmas eve and the only Slytherin remaining at Hogwarts besides himself was Pansy. He hadn’t seen her yet, but figured she was off reading or doing something feminine and boring, not that Blaise minded being alone, just today he was feeling a bit saddened, and wanted some company. Standing up, he tossed the letter in the fire, he’d send his mother a congratulations note tomorrow or something along with a Happy Christmas. It wasn’t as if his mother didn’t love him, Blaise knew she cared, but she just got so caught up in the moment that her son didn’t really register on her internal radar when he was away at school. He knew he’d get showered with Christmas presents, that was normal, and when he went home for the summer she’d be happy to see him, but sometimes he wished she noticed him while he was away. Most kids parents wrote them weekly, asking about grades and other stuff, showing interest in their lives, his mother wrote maybe once a month and only filled him in on need-to-know information, rarely asking him about his own life.

He sighed, debating on where to head, he didn’t want to sit in the Common Room all day, nor did he really feel like going to the Hall or anything. Standing, he went into his room, digging out his scarf, gloves and warm winter coat before he braved the snow covered grounds for a walk. Leaving the warm Common Room, he made his way out of the dungeon, heading past the great hall towards the main doors.

“Where are you off to Mr. Zabini?” A voice sounded behind him, and Blaise turned to find Professor Snape standing at the foot of the stairway, Silver sitting in his arms watching him.

“Just for a walk, need some fresh air” Blaise replied, smiling at his head of house. Silver perked at this and mewed softly, looking from Severus to Blaise with pleading green eyes.

“It seems my familiar wishes to join you Mr. Zabini, is that acceptable?” Sev asked, resisting the urge to roll his eyes at Silver’s actions. Silly kitten.

“No, I don’t mind at all” Blaise said, grinning. He loved spending time with the imp of a kitten, and
playing with him in the snow might be fun.

“All right then, bring him to my quarters when you’re ready, I’ll expect you before supper” Severus said, pulling out a tiny green sweater and putting it on the kitten. Silver’s species was used designed for the warm weather of South America and the kitten’s coat was not thick enough to handle the frigid winter of Scotland. Blaise accepted the squirming kitten from his head, resisting the urge to chuckle at the poor creature who looked miserable at being wrapped up in the sweater.

“See that he keeps that on, he hates them, but no one wants to deal with a cat with a head cold” Severus said, his black eyes dancing with amusement.

“Sure thing, I’ll make sure he stays warm” Blaise said with a grin, carrying the kitten out the door and towards the lake.

The lake was covered in a thick ice, though a few places were broken near the shallows by either the giant squid or students tossing rocks at it. Blaise loved coming down here, the scenery was gorgeous and generally the Gryffindors avoided this place, preferring to have snowball fights over on the Quidditch Pitch.

“Here you go” Blaise murmured, setting the kitten down on the snowy path and watching in amusement as Silver began to bounce about, playing in the deep snow beside the path. Blaise found a nearby rock, casting a drying charm and heating charm on the small boulder, he sat down, keeping a close watch on the tiny kitten.

Eventually Silver seemed to run himself down and crawled over, curling up in a ball on Blaise’s lap, enjoying the warmth.

“Worn out huh?” Blaise teased, the kitten had been goofing around for about an hour and it made sense that he was finally tired. Silver nudged Blaise’s hand lightly, his tiny pink tongue flicking out to lick Blaise’s finger for a second before he curled up even tighter and went to sleep. Blaise smiled, rubbing Silver’s head softly as he continued to stare out at the lake.

“Well what do we have here?” A voice sounded behind Blaise, making him turn and bit back a groan.

“Afternoon Weasley” The tall Italian murmured, picking up Silver and standing up. The movement must have woken the kitten because a sleepy head rose, looking around questioningly.

“What are you doing here Zabini?” Ron asked, glowering at the Slytherin.

“Enjoying the view, why?” Blaise said, rolling his eyes. Ronald Weasley truly was an idiot.

“Snakes don’t enjoy views, you’re probably plotting something” Ron said, his tone accusatory.

“Not every Slytherin is out to get you and your bloody house Weasley. I just came out here to enjoy the view and play with Silver. Not that that’s any of your business” Blaise said, fingering his wand lightly.

“Bullshit, you’re all evil and liars Zabini, no one good ever came out of your house. Everyone knows Slytherin breeds dark wizards” Ron scoffed, “Why would you want to play with that anyway? It’s a diseased little rat” Blaise’s normally hard to rouse temper took offense at the remark on the kitten, more so then the slander against his house. Attacking Slytherin was normal for Gryffindors, but to accuse a defenseless kitten was low.

“Leave him alone Weasley, he’s never done anything to you” Blaise finally said, his tone as

“Should he be drowned, probably spies for your house and feeds everything he learns to his master. That giant dungeon bat you call the head of your house” Ron taunted. “Enough Weasley” Blaise hissed, resisting the urge to hex the little worm. No wonder Draco was so mean to the Weasley family, the red head had a gift for getting under peoples’ skin.

“Can’t handle the truth Zabini? Hate admitting that I’m right?” Ron taunted, ignoring the warning signs of Blaise’s anger. The big Italian boy took a deep breath, counting to ten first in english and then italian, doing his best not to lose his cool.

“You have no idea what you’re talking about Weasley, leave us be” Blaise finally said, his tone as
calm as he could get it. Stepping away from the lake, he pushed past Ron, holding tightly to Silver who was shaking slightly from fear.

“Don’t you dare turn your back on me snake!” Ron shouted, temper getting the best of him. Grabbing his wand, he shouted a spell, causing Blaise to whirl around, ducking just in time as the red jet of light shot over his head. In his haste he dropped Silver, pulling his own wand and casting a shield charm around himself.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Blaise yelled, staring at the pissed off red head with narrowed blue eyes.

“I said don’t turn your back on me” Ron hissed, sending another hex at the brunette, growling in frustration as it bounced off of Blaise’s shield.

Meanwhile, Silver had frantically been trying to get away, his fear of shouting and Ron’s anger was giving him miniature flashbacks of his time at the Dursleys and every instinct in his body screamed run. Struggling through the snow, the scared kitten paid no mind to where he was going, only his desperate attempts to get away when he slammed into something. Dazed, he glanced up, cowering in fear as Ron’s large hand reached down, grabbing him harshly by the collar around his neck. “Lose something Zabini?” Ron teased, holding Silver up for the Italian boy to see.

“Drop him Weasley” Blaise hissed, eyes wide as he took in the terrified kitten.

“Fine then” Ron said, tightening his grip for a moment before flinging Silver as hard as he could towards the lake. Blaise’s shout of denial and anger ripped through the air and a stunning spell was sent at Ronald. The red head crumpled as Blaise took off towards the lake, watching in horror as Silver’s tiny body struck the ice, skittering across it before slipping in to a hole created by the squid.

“Shit” Blaise cursed as he neared the water’s edge, desperately trying to figure out how to reach the kitten. He knew a summoning spell, but he wasn’t sure if it would work on the little creature.

“Try it Blaise, damn it” He ordered himself.

“Accio Silver” He said, pointing his wand at the lake and praying this worked, otherwise he’d have to go into the lake and rescue the little kitten. Seconds passed agonizingly slow before Blaise was rewarded by the sight of a sopping wet kitten flying limply through the air. Catching Silver with ease, Blaise immediately cast a heating charm on the kitten, drying him off as best he could. He could feel sticky blood under the kitten’s sweater and his right front paw was bent at a horrible angle, broken from the impact of hitting the ice.

Ignoring the stunned Weasley, Blaise bolted for the castle, carrying the whimpering kitten carefully in his arms as he crooned apologies to the little creature. Silver nestled against him, clearly not blaming Blaise for whatever had happened. Instead the kitten seemed to be as close as humanly possible, whimpering and whining softly which broke Blaise’s heart.

Heading for Snape’s quarters, Blaise thundered down the hallway, ignoring the paintings that shouted out for him to stop running. Nothing short of You-Know-Who himself would get Blaise to stop running though, he was too worried about the now still kitten in his arms.

“Professor” He cried, pounding on Snape’s door since he didn’t know the password. After what felt like hours, the door was ripped open and an irritated Professor Snape stood in the entrance way, glowering at his student. “What?” He hissed before he noticed Blaise’s disheveled appearance and heard the whimpering. Glancing down he noticed the wet, still lump in Blaise’s arms and cursed. “Get inside” He said, no longer angry though worry laced his tone. “What happened?” He demanded, relieving Blaise of the bundle and listening intently to the young man as he carefully stripped the wet sweater off of Silver.

“I’ll see to it that the boy is punished Mr. Zabini, thank you for rescuing my familiar” Sev said in a shaking voice. He was so bloody angry at the youngest male Weasley that he could barely see straight. He sucked in a breath as he observed the damaged little kitten, Silver’s leg was most definitely broken, and he was positive a few ribs were as well. He had cuts from the sharp ice and was probably suffering from hypothermia as well. Summoning a pain potion, he coaxed the kitten
into drinking a eyedropper full, before he carefully cleaned and dressed his wounds. Healing spells wouldn’t work on the kitten, and he couldn’t let Silver turn back while injured. Cursing mentally, he carefully splint Silver’s leg, wrapping it as tightly as he could, though was careful not to prevent circulation. He then carefully wrapped the kitten in a spell-heated blanket, making sure to keep him tightly bundled before pointing his wand at the fire place and lighting a large fire.

Blaise watched Severus work in awe, he stood uselessly by, watching his Professor carefully fix up the kitten, bandaging and tending to his wounds before starting a fire and gesturing for Blaise to sit in front of it.

“I need to go change Mr. Zabini, you need to keep him wrapped in this blanket and close to the fire, he’s hypothermic and we need to warm up his core temperature” Severus explained, waiting for Blaise to remove his snow things before settling down. Blaise stroked Silver’s head, mentally kicking himself for allowing something like this to happen, thought it seemed neither the kitten nor the Professor blamed him.

“I just flooed Professor Dumbledore from the other room, he’s sent out Minerva to collect Mr. Weasley” Severus said as he came back into the room wearing a clean shirt. Carefully taking the kitten, he sat down opposite Blaise and sighed.

“Thank you again Mr. Zabini, you probably saved his life” Sev said, trying to ignore the emotion clogging his throat.

“You’re welcome Professor, I’d hate to see anything happen to him, he’s sorta grown on me” Blaise admitted, blushing lightly.

“I think, under the circumstances you’ve earned the right to call me Severus, in private” Severus murmured, “After all, you saved my familiars life, and kept your head in a difficult situation” Sev murmured.

“Then you must call me Blaise” The Italian said with a smile, he knew Draco called Severus by his first name when in private, but he had never expected to be granted the privilege. The two talked for what seemed like another hour or so before Blaise slipped out of the room, heading for the Common Room after a long, exhausting day. Severus said that Dumbledore would most likely call upon him to give his account of what had occurred that afternoon, and he was not looking forward to another encounter with the red head.

HP/SS

Silver worked slowly, his body felt sore, but really, compared to some of the injuries he had endured in the past, it was tolerable. He shifted, poking his head free from the rather thick blanket that was surrounding him and mewed softly. In an instant, Severus was at his side, gently extracting him from the thick material. His mind was too fuddled to actually comprehend what the man was saying, but the tone of his voice was soothing, and Silver was easily lulled back to a sort of zoned out, sleepy state.

Severus heaved a sigh of relief as Silver finally woke up, he’d been asleep for quite some time, and Sev had been beginning to worry.

Sighing, the dark-haired man began to attempt to coax another pain numbing draught down Silver’s throat, it was rather difficult, since the kitten was still sleepy and was reluctant to really wake up. After finally succeeding, Sev checked the wrapped leg, making sure the bone was healing properly, he didn’t want Silver to suffer a deformity, nor did he want the injury to effect Harry.

HP/SS

“Silly kitten” Sev muttered, ignoring the put out expression on the sleepy face. The kitten twitched his tail and struggled free of the blanket. It had been about half an hour since Severus had finally managed to get him to take the numbing potion and the kitten was much more active now.

“I have to go speak to the Headmaster brat, you must stay here for now” Severus murmured, looking at the kitten with a bit of a worried expression. He didn’t want to leave Silver, especially not while
injured, but he also didn’t want to bring the kitten close to Weasley, who the meeting was about and Severus assumed the boy would be present. Silver shuddered, making a pitiful mewing noise, he didn’t want to be alone, especially not while injured.

Sev sighed, looking down at the kitten who painted a picture of abject misery and rubbed his brow. “I’ll see if I can find someone to take care of you” He said softly, “Miss Parkinson should be in the Common Room, I’ll take you over there when I go to collect Mr. Zabini” He said, checking the time and bundling the kitten up again.

“Come on brat” He said, though Severus was secretly pleased to see how much Silver, aka Harry needed him and relied on him.

Severus walked slowly down the stone corridor that lead to Slytherin Common Rooms. He had no desire to jostle the kitten who was purring contently in his warm, fleece blanket. Whispering the password, lest someone be listening in, though the hallway was deserted, Severus stepped inside, immediately spotting his two snakes sitting on a large couch near the fire.

“Hello” He said, catching their attention as he walked silently into the room.

“Professor” Pansy murmured as Blaise rose.

“Are you ready Mr. Zabini? The Headmaster will probably require your memories of the event” Severus murmured, Blaise nodded, paling slightly but still prepared.

“Miss Parkinson, will you please keep an eye on Silver until I return?” Severus asked, turning to the dark haired girl. “Of course sir, Blaise filled me in” She said, gently accepting the bundled up kitten from the Potion’s Master.

“Thank you, hopefully this won’t take to long. He just had some pain potion, so he shouldn’t need anymore, if he begins to fuss or anything, please contact me in the Headmaster’s office” He added, handing Pansy Silver’s toys, though he doubted the kitten could play with them, and a small food and water dish.

“Will do Professor” Pansy said, stroking the furred head that had emerged from the blanket and was looking around the room before looking at Severus.

“I’ll be back soon” Sev said again, looking directly at the green-eyed kitten. Silver yawned, nodding his head before burrowing back down inside the warm blanket.

HP/SS

Albus Dumbledore sat in his large office sucking on a small, tart candy better known as a lemon drop. He was staring down at his desk unseeingly, ignoring the large stacks of paper that littered the surface. He glanced up as Minerva came in, closely followed by a red-faced Ronald Weasley. Albus sighed, now all they needed was for Severus and Mr. Zabini to arrive and then this charade could begin.

“Minerva, Ronald, please take a seat” He said, indicating the squishy, oddly coloured chairs he had conjured specifically for this meeting. Minerva sniffed disdainfully at the chairs, though she settled herself down, jerking her head at Ronald with a clearly displeased expression. The boy settled himself slowly, looking around anxiously.

“Lemon drop?” Albus offered, holding the yellow coloured tin out to the pair.

“No thank you” Minerva said stiffly, she wasn’t fond of the sour sweet, though Albus continued to offer them to her, if just for the sake of having something to say.

Ronald also declined by a shake of his head, clearly an indication of how dire the situation was, the boy was always hungry.

“Tea then?” Albus murmured, trying to ignore the suffocating silence.

“No thank you” Minerva said with a shake of her head, she wasn’t one to refuse tea. Albus sighed, relieved to have something to do as he summoned Minerva’s favorite black tea and glanced at Ronald, who once again declined with a shake of his head.

A knock on his office door announced the arrival of Severus and Mr. Zabini. Albus watched with hooded eyes as his Potions’s Master swept into the room, his normal black robes billowing out
behind him, his student following closely on his heels. Albus was always amazed with the stoic face that those of Slytherin house managed to hold outside their own house.

“Severus, Mr. Zabini” Albus said, offering the same things he had offered the Gryffindors with even less luck. Severus glanced at the chairs Albus had summoned and draw his own wand, transfiguring the chairs into basic black, leather ones. Albus rolled his eyes, but accepted the change good naturally, Severus often changed his transfigured objects.

Blaise seated himself next to his house head, looking around the Headmaster’s office with bored interest. He hadn’t spent much time inside the grand room, not having any reason to be called to see the Headmaster. He glanced at Weasley next, noting with interest the red shading of his skin, and wondered if he was embarrassed or worried or even angry. He bit his lip, the only sign of his own nervousness. Severus was sitting stiff backed, staring with black eyes at Dumbledore, clearly indicating he wanted to get this over with. Blaise agreed, he had no wish to spend much more of his christmas eve around Gryffindors.

“Well then” Albus murmured, looking dejected at the hostility between the two groups.

“Earlier this afternoon, an altercation resulted between Mr. Weasley and Mr. Zabini, unfortunately it seems that Professor Snape’s familiar, Silver was involved” Albus said, looking at the two house heads.

Minerva looked unnerved, she glanced at Ron, her eyes narrowing for a moment.

“Care to explain to me, Mr. Weasley, how Professor Snape’s familiar was involved in what you called, ‘a little argument between me and that Zabini prat?’” She said, arching an eyebrow.

“Well, err, you see...” Ron trailed off, his ears beginning to redden in anger.

“It wasn’t my FAULT” He bellowed suddenly, “Zabini was being an arse and that stupid cat got in my way” Ron seethed, his eyes flashing.

“Thats a lie” Blaise snapped, “I was outside by the lake with Silver when Weasley came up and started harassing me” Blaise said, struggling to keep his voice calm.

“He was extremely ill mannered, and then when I tried to leave he stopped me. I shouted at him and I can only assume that our loud voices frightened Silver. I thought he was standing next to me, but next thing I knew, Weasley had grabbed the kitten and was throwing him at the lake” Blaise’s voice had gone soft, his heart thumping unevenly as he remembered the fear he had felt seeing the kitten shooting through the air.

“Silver hit a weak patch of ice, and after bouncing a few times broke through, I managed to use a summoning charm to get him back, and then took him to Professor Snape’s to be treated”

“How did Mr. Weasley end up stunned?” Albus asked, looking at Blaise who flushed lightly.

“I stunned him after he threw Silver, I didn’t want him to run off and get away with what he’d done” Blaise admitted.

“Ah, well, now we have two very different versions of the same incident” Albus said, “Would you boys consent to allowing myself, and your House Heads to examine your memories?”

Blaise nodded, “Of course Headmaster” The Italian boy said, sitting up a bit straighter in his chair. Weasley flushed an ugly red colour, looking torn for a moment.

“But” He caught the dangerous expression on Professor McGonagall’s face and sighed, “Fine” He huffed, looking put out. Severus smirked, before putting his wand to Blaise’s temple and extracting the aforementioned memory. Blaise shuddered, rubbing the spot where the wand had been as Sev placed the memory in Dumbledore’s Pensive which was sitting on the desk in front of the Headmaster.

“First we examine Mr. Zabini’s, then Mr. Weasley’s” Albus said as Minerva collected Ron’s memory, placing it in a crystal glass bottle which she placed on the desk. The three Professor’s rose as one and one after the other entered the memory.

Silence reigned in the office as Ron and Blaise waited for their Professor’s to return. Blaise seemed comfortable, though a slight chewing on his lip gave way his nervousness. Neither boy spoke, the
silence was preferred as they watched the large silver bowl with the swirling mass of silver smoke inside. Finally what seemed like decades later, the Professors emerged, “Now Mr. Weasley’s” Professor Dumbledore murmured, not speaking about Blaise’s memory until Ron’s was viewed.

The wait was much shorter this time, and in moments the Professor’s had returned, Severus with an ugly sneer on his face.

“Mr. Weasley’s memory is tampered with” He growled, “What are you trying to hide from us?” He snarled at the red haired boy.

“I’m afraid Ronald, that by attempting to hide the truth, you paint yourself as the guilty party in this incident” Professor Dumbledore said softly, looking at Ron over his half-moon spectacles with a small frown.

Ron sighed, though the boy didn’t say anything, just looked away was the Professor’s talked in hushed tones.

“You are free to go Mr. Zabini, though I do have to take ten points from Slytherin house for stunning another student” Dumbledore finally said. Blaise sighed gratefully and slipped out of the office, immediately heading for the Common Room to talk to Pansy and check on Silver.

Back in the office, six pairs of eyes had turned to look at one Ronald Weasley.

“Your animosity towards Professor Snape’s familiar is troubling Ronald” Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling softly, though he looked sad.

“I regret that I must suspend you for two weeks, once your suspension is up, you will be required to serve a month’s detention with Professor Snape” He glanced at Minerva.

“Also, you are banned from the Quidditch team, I know you have just made Keeper” He said, holding up his hand as Ron opened his mouth to protest, “But you have to realize that attacking a helpless animal is a very unethical thing to do Mr. Weasley” He sighed, “I shall floo your mother, she’ll be here to collect you immediately. Minerva can you collect Ronald’s things from the tower?” He asked, the witch nodded, rising and using the floo in Albus’ office to head to the Tower.

“If you don’t need me Headmaster, I must go check on my familiar” Severus said, sneering at Weasley again. The threat of his mother had seemed to shut the boy up.

“Go ahead Severus, let me know how Silver is doing” Albus said, watching Snape leave as Minerva reappeared, closely followed by a house elf with Ron’s things.

Moments later the floo flared to life again and the Weasley Matriarch busted through, already ranting at her son.

Severus made his way towards the Slytherin Common Room hoping sincerely that Weasley had learned his lesson. Opening the hidden doorway, he had to resist the urge to smile at the sight before him. Pansy had left it seemed, but Blaise was dozing lightly on the leather couch nearest the fire a blanket nestled in his lap with Silver, lying on his back, sprawled out on top of it, dozing as well. He stepped into the room, clearing his throat quietly in order to rouse the two sleepers, he made his way over to the couch.

“What happened to Weasley?” Blaise asked, rubbing sleep from his eyes and looking anxiously at Severus.

“Two week suspension, month long detention served with me and a ban on Quidditch, though I’m sure his mother will come up with much more” Severus replied, reaching over to stroke Silver’s head.

“How was he?” He asked, nodding at the kitten who was just waking up as well.

“He seems fine, Pansy said he slept most of the time he was with her. He was playing a bit when I came down” Blaise said, stretching lightly, “He favours his leg quite a bit, but I figure that’s normal, and he won’t jump up or off anything” Severus nodded, “His leg’s fractured, so he won’t be jumping about for awhile” He explained, “But
I’m glad he was up and about” He added as Blaise looked distressed, as if he should have kept the kitten calm. Silver stretched, making a soft, distressed noise as he looked from Severus to Blaise, his emerald green eyes looking pained as he looked at his mentor. Sev sighed, “Time for some more pain potion little one” He said, gently scooping up the distressed kitten and picking up his things before nodding his thanks to Blaise.

“Thank you again Blaise, I don’t know what would have happened to Silver if you hadn’t rescued him” He shuddered, showing seldom seen emotion to the teen.

“No problem Severus, the little brat’s growing on me” Blaise responded, watching the two leave with mixed emotions. It couldn’t be normal to be this attached to your Professor’s familiar, but he felt drawn to the odd little kitten with green eyes that reminded him of Harry Potter’s eyes. Unlike Draco and many in Slytherin House, Blaise held no real contempt for the Gryffindor golden boy, instead he ignored the other teen, content to focus on his own problems rather then get drawn into the inter-house drama between the snakes and lions.
Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Christmas morning dawned with a fresh snow fall and no sunlight. The sky was grey with lots of cloud cover, but instead of seeming dreary and foreboding, the sensation was cozy and comforting.

Severus yawned, rubbing a hand across his eyes as he glanced at the green pine tree which graced the corner of his quarters. The elves had set it up the previous day during the drama with the red headed demon as Sev secretly called Weasley. There was a small pile of presents under the tree, most for Harry from himself, though his colleagues had sent him the usual gifts. He sighed, wondering if Harry would be able to shift back later this evening after they spent the day with Blaise and Miss. Parkinson. A small mewing noise grabbed his attention and he glanced over at the couch, seeing Silver’s head pop up from the comfortable cat bed that had been the first present opened from the night before. He smiled softly, “Ready?” He tease, watching the young cat vigorously nod his head as he looked expectantly at his mentor. Sev walked over, scooping up Silver along with his new cat bed and cozy blanket, which he had also received.

Blaise glanced up as Severus and Silver came into the Common Room. It was decided that the three Slytherins and their mascot would spend the day together, as was tradition for Severus when any of his snakes remained behind for Holidays.

“Merry Christmas Professor” Pansy said, from where she was curled on the couch, near the roaring fire and tree decorated in mainly silver and green.

“Merry Christmas” Severus responded, glancing at the piles of wrapping paper which indicated that both students had received and opened numerous gifts. Silver squirmed free of Severus’ arms once the man was seated and carefully limped his way over to Blaise. Smiling the Italian Slytherin carefully picked the kitten up, laughing as Silver licked his fingers and purred softly.

“I think Silver says ‘Merry Christmas’ as well” Sev said with a grin.

“We got you and Silver some presents Professor” Pansy said with a small smile.

“Oh?” Severus asked, arching an eyebrow at the brunette haired girl, his cheeks colouring lightly.

“Yea” Blaise nodded, using his wand to summon three packages from under the tree. Each was wrapped in emerald green wrapping paper with a silver bow.

“Here you go Professor” Pansy said, handing him two of the three packages while Blaise placed the other one on his lap for Silver to bat at.

Snape smiled softly, carefully unwrapping the gifts, both were, unsurprisingly books, though he was touched at the thoughtfulness.

“Thank you” He murmured, eyeing the potion’s text he had received from Pansy with interest. Blaise had gotten him a book on rare ingredients and their effects in specific potions, it was also a fascinating present. Silver had been playfully batting at the bow of his present, but once he realized Sev was done, he quickly shredded the paper that matched his eyes with his sharp claws. Soon enough a box was revealed, and with the help of Blaise, a emerald green colour with a silver name tag was revealed. Sev looked at the leather collar with interest, it was well made, he could see the protection spells woven into the leather, and the silver tagged looked like a porkey of some kind.

“All of us in Slytherin chipped in and got this for him, I know he already has a collar, but we figured
this could go over top?” Blaise suggested, “It has protection against most spells and hexes woven right into the leather, and the tag’s a portkey. If he’s ever in any danger it will immediately transport him to you Professor. You can add anyone to the list of protection, and he’ll portkey to whichever one of the people is the least busy” Blaise explained. Silver mewed softly, touched that those in Slytherin, the house he once had despised, cared so much about him. Severus leaned forward, picking up the collar and touching the portkey were he immediately added Blaise and Pansy’s name to the list.

“Thank you both” Severus murmured, attaching the delicate instrument to Silver’s thin neck and smirking.

“Thank you for trusting us” Pansy said, awed that their Head of House had trusted her and Blaise with what she was beginning to see as his most important possession.

Severus looked troubled for a minute, as did Silver.

“I think we have something to tell you” He finally said, both students had done so much for him and Silver, he felt as if they deserved to be let in on the secret.

“What?” Blaise asked, watching as the kitten limped off his lap, looking distraught. Severus sighed, he felt as if they owed them this, Blaise especially. He carefully unhooked the anti-shifting collar from Silver’s form and waited with baited breath as Silver shifted, turning into the hated enemy of Slytherin house.

“Wh-what the hell?” Blaise finally gasped, staring at Harry with confusion. “Hey” Harry croaked, cheeks flushing, his arm held awkwardly in front of him.

“Potter?” Pansy spat, looking between her head of house and the Gryffindor golden boy with confused eyes.

“We didn’t mean to trick you” Harry murmured, “Dumbledore thought it would be safest for me to hide in my animagus form with Umbridge at school. Severus offered to take me in” He said, knowing the explanation lacked many things, but it was the truth.

“Why?” Blaise asked his Professor, “You’ve always hated Potter”

“I used to, until I looked past the spitting image of James Potter and realized Harry here wasn’t treated like a spoiled brat that I assumed he was. I’ve trusted you both with this secret since I believe you both deserve the truth, especially after yesterday. I hope you can understand that we meant you no harm in this, nor the house at all. This was purely to protect Harry”

Blaise was looking at Harry with mixed emotions, he finally understood why he was drawn to the little cat now, but he was hurt that he had been lied to.

“Why?” He directed the question at Harry this time, knowing his forgiveness and acceptance was hinged on the answer.

Harry shuddered, still standing awkwardly in the middle of the floor, his mop of black hair falling into emerald eyes, the green collar still attached to his neck.

“I needed to hide, still do” Harry murmured, “Not for safety, but for my sanity” He looked up finally, meeting both Blaise’s dark eyes and Pansy’s angry ones.

“I-I had a really bad summer. My Uncle abused me...” Harry trailed off, sniffling lightly as tears began to fall.

“Please don’t be mad” Harry whimpered, looking up to meet Blaise’s eyes. Pansy, he would be hurt if she was mad at him and wouldn’t forgive him, but it would destroy him if Blaise was. In the last few months he had fallen hard for the quiet Slytherin boy, and was desperate for forgiveness.

Blaise’s breath hitched and he looked torn, his mind wandered back to everything that had happened in the last few months. He had grown so attached to the kitten, and even knowing it was Harry bloody Potter didn’t upset him. The boy clearly wasn’t who they thought he was, he was an abused, terrified child, no wonder he had hidden in his animagus form.
“Of course I forgive you” Blaise breathed suddenly, stepping forward, moving from his perch on the couch and pulling the slight teen into his arms. Sobs broke free of Harry at this point, soaking Blaise’s fine robes, though the Italian didn’t care.

“Shh” He soothed, careful of the injured arm as he rubbed his back. Pansy watched this all with calculating eyes before standing and approaching the pair, Severus’ watching her apprehensively as she did so.

“I suppose you’ll always be our mascot Po-Harry” Pansy murmured, hugging the teen as well, surprised to find that he was also shorter then her. She noticed that Harry stiffened at the contact and her cunning mind began to whirl, when Harry said he had been abused, she hadn’t really processed it, but now she could see the subtle signs and mental scars that had been left on his psyche.

“Are you going to stay Silver?” Blaise asked, releasing the still crying teen, though his sobs had subsided.

“Until Umbridge is gone, its safest since the Ministry is out to get me” Harry murmured, looking at Severus who came to stand beside him.

“We ask that you don’t tell anyone, even your friends. I’m not sure if the others will be as accepting of Harry as we are” Severus murmured, looking seriously down at his two snakes.

“Of course Sir. Like I said, Silver will always be our mascot, and that makes Harry a Slytherin in my eyes” Pansy said, while Blaise nodded, smiling at the small teen.

“Always”

HP/SS

Severus smiled, looking reassured as Harry shifted back into his animagus form, just to be on the safe side since they were heading to the Great Hall for lunch soon. He was sitting contently on Blaise’s lap, enjoying the tummy rub the Italian boy was giving him. Pansy was penning a thank you note to some great aunt of her’s for her gifts and he was currently reading the potions text the girl had gotten for him.

“As much as I hate to break up this cosy scene” Sev drawled sarcastically, “We must, unfortunately join the others in the Hall for lunch. Remember to keep an eye out for the Gryffindors, Weasley’s family is still here despite Ronald being sent home” He said, standing and gesturing for his students to follow him.

“Umbridge is also here, and though she is attached to Silver, I doubt she’d be as fond of him if she knew who he was” He reminded, both snakes nodding seriously at his warnings.

HP/SS

Severus sat in his quarters sipping a cup of hot tea and attempting to relax. Lunch had been a harrowing affair, though both Pansy and Blaise had done wonderful jobs of keeping quiet about Harry being Silver. No, it had been Umbridge who had caused the issues. Seeing Silver injured again had set the woman off on some sort of ‘protect the kitten’ crusade, which had her lecturing Severus on the proper care of his own familiar, and then suggesting that instead of entrusting the kitten to students, he would be better off just giving him to her where he’d always be safe. Of course Sev had refused, stating both Pansy and Blaise, as well as any of his snakes were fine babysitters. Dolores was persistent though, it was odd, since she was so against magical creatures and drafted most of the legislation in place that made the lives of so many, such as Lupin miserable, that the woman would be so protective of a kitten. It had taken a lot on Severus’ part to remain calm, and carefully explain that he was not about to give up his familiar and that the kitten was safest with himself and the snakes. Harry was currently off with Pansy and Blaise, safe in the Common Rooms, though he had yet to revert back to his human form. Severus knew that Harry was using his animagus form to hide his emotion, preferring the simpler life of the Geoffroy’s cat that he turned into. Sev also knew Harry would have to deal with what had happened to him eventually, but at the moment he was reluctant to hurt the young teen again, and he was hopeful the budding relationship with Blaise would help Harry open up.
That evening came slowly, darkness creeping into the castle and causing the magical torches that lined the hallways to flare into existence as it became to dark to see easily. Harry was sitting in his favorite chair in Sev’s quarters, watching the man carefully as Severus fussed over the tree and the small pile of presents under it. They were doing their presents this evening, since the day had been spent out and about, and despite Pansy and Blaise knowing who he was, Severus still wanted this to be between the two of them.

“You ready for presents?” He asked Harry curiously. The dark haired teen was bundled up on the couch, his limbs were still weak, though being in human form had allowed Severus to give him a few healing potions. Harry nodded, smiling contently at Severus as he sipped his rapidly cooling tea.

“Good” Sev teased, “So it seems we have presents for both Silver and you, since many students and staff like my little familiar” He explained, waving his wand and separating the gifts into three piles; his presents, Harry’s presents and Silver’s presents.

“Alright” Harry murmured, sitting forward a bit, though he was fairly well wrapped up, Severus was a bit of a mother hen it seemed.

Waving his wand again, Severus sent a present from the ‘Harry’ pile to his young charge and the controlled chaos ensued. In the end, Harry received numerous books, mostly on potions, from himself. Candy and various other things, and a journal that was leather bound and spelled to only open for the boy. Severus thought it’d be good for Harry to write things down, especially any emotions he had about his incident that summer.

Silver received tons of treats, cat toys, comfortable blankets and Sev’s personal favorite, a kitten sized sweater from Minerva. It seemed the woman did have a thing for cats. Dolores had also sent cat clothes, but they were in an awful shade of pink and he intended to ‘accidentally’ burn them.

He received the usual, books from Minerva, awful socks from Albus; they were silver with actually moving and hissing snakes for Merlin’s sake!. Fudge from Pomona, and a new stirring rod from Filius. He was rather pleased, but what really touched him was the gift from Harry. It was a wooden replica of Silver, with tiny emeralds for eyes and darker wood to indicate his spotted fur. It was beautifully done, and the man immediately placed it on the mantel in a place of prominence.

“Thanks Sev. This was my best christmas ever” Harry murmured, still eyeing Umbridge’s pile of kitten clothes with a level of apprehensiveness. He knew Silver would have to wear it at least once so the woman was placated, and then they could have the ‘accidental’ burning.

“No problem Harry, I only intend to give you what you deserve. For every Holiday, not just Christmas” Sev said, moving over to the young man and offering him a hug. The boy immediately folded into his arms, burrowing into the comfort and security they offered. And they sat like that for a long time, one relishing the feeling of having someone special in his arms again. And the other feeling safe and happy for the first time in his short life.

Harry was currently stretched out on Sev’s couch, lying carefully on his side, as his arm was still tender and sore. He looked at his mentor, the man who had willingly adopted him, cared for him and protected him and smiled sadly.

“Something wrong?” Severus asked, closing his book and giving the too-small teen his full attention. “Its just...” Harry trailed off, trying to find the right wording for what he wanted to say. “I’m confused I guess. Ron’s supposed to be my best friend, but he attacked me. I know I was Silver at the time, but why does Ron hate me so much? Is it really just animosity between Slytherin and Gryffindor?” Harry muttered, “How can you hate something so strongly that you willingly attack a kitten Sev?” His green eyes were filling with tears as he thought about the abuse he had endured at
the hands of one whom he had once called best friend.

“Oh Harry” Severus murmured, moving so he could sit next to the teen and gathered him into his arms. He hated seeing how distraught this was making the boy, though he knew until Harry was able to deal with all his problems, he’d be emotional and upset easily.

“Ronald’s hatred of Slytherin is deep-rooted” He explained softly. “His entire family is firmly in ‘the light’ and he sees Slytherin as the epitome of all things evil or dark” He murmured, rubbing Harry’s back lightly.

“To him, Silver is my familiar, making you-the kitten-inherently evil by association. It wouldn’t bother him to strike out at Silver because he sees Silver as evil, if you were posing as Professor McGonagall’s kitten, he’d defend you fiercely. Mr. Weasley sees things in black and white, Gryffindor and Slytherin. Gryffindor embodies, to him, all that is good and righteous, whereas Slytherin is evil, dark and twisted. You being Slytherin’s mascot makes you a prime target for his hatred. It wouldn’t occur to him that as an animal, Silver wouldn’t share the so-called house values and is only an animal. In his mind, you are Slytherin and therefore dark” Severus said, knowing it would hurt Harry to hear just how closed minded his friend was.

“S’ stupid” Harry muttered, burrowing closer to Sev, “That’s like saying all werewolves are evil like Greyback when he’s friend’s with Remus” Harry muttered.

“Ronald wouldn’t see it like that though, Remus is Gryffindor, and Dumbledore supports him, that makes him safe in Ronald’s eyes”

“I didn’t really think that Ron was that bad, I mean he’s always hated Slytherin, but...” He trailed off, and Severus nodded in understanding.

“You didn’t think the animosity would be so deep?”

“No, I mean, to attack a defenseless animal, just because of its owner? Its just wrong” Harry said, shaking his head as he re-evaluated his entire relationship with one Ronald Weasley.

“How will he react when he finds out who I am Sev? Will he hate me?” Harry asked softly. Would Ron hate him because of who he had be-friended? Who had adopted him? He wanted to say no, Ron would always support him, but evidence was pointing to yes, Ron would despise Harry, see him as a traitor to Gryffindor and to Dumbledore, see him as evil. He sighed, looking miserable as Severus did his best to comfort him with soothing motions and nonsensical words.
Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Dolores Umbridge was frustrated. She had been at Hogwarts for just over four months and nothing the Ministry wanted to come to fruition had happened yet. Harry Potter was training in some American facility and Dumbledore refused to give her the name of it, even though she’d demanded it. She needed to get control of Potter, Cornelius had practically demanded it of her, and who was she to refuse the Minister of Magic. She knew what Cornelius’ plan was, and she had to admit she agreed with it. He wanted to prove that Harry had suffered abuse at the hands of those damn Muggles that Dumbledore had insisted placing the boy with, then once this was proven, Potter would become a ward of the Ministry and they could place him in whatever home they deemed fit. Of course, Cornelius had worked out who Potter would be placed with and subsequently married off to. The crux was, this whole plan only worked if they got ahold of Potter before he was of age, which was just two years away, less then that actually. If he hit seventeen without being under Ministry control, there was nothing they could do.

HP/SS

Harry and Severus had spent the remainder of the Holidays cooped up in Severus’ chambers, except for times when they had to leave for lunch or to visit with the remaining Slytherins. However, now that students were returning from the Holidays, Severus had to resume his more normal duties and Harry had immediately -and gratefully- reverted back to his animagus form. Severus was still worried that Harry really wasn’t coping with what had happened to him and his issues, though he wasn’t willing to push the child just yet. Despite being fifteen years old, mentally Harry was much younger due to lack of affection and gross negligence and abuse growing up. Blaise had helped tons with Harry, spending time with the boy, talking to him. Harry still hadn’t fully explained everything to his two new Slytherin friends, but Severus knew his snakes suspected how deep the abuse ran.

Severus was relieved that Harry did have Blaise, he knew there was something beyond friendship occurring between the two boys, but Severus wasn’t sure what. On some level Blaise was like Harry’s over protective older brother, but that analogy just wouldn’t work when he saw that simple affection went a lot deeper between the two boys. Either way, Severus was just relieved that Harry had someone to talk to and to take care of him that wasn’t just Severus. Not that Severus resented Harry needing him quite the opposite actually, but Harry needed someone else as well.

“Doing your rounds Severus?” Pomona’s voice sounded from behind him. Turning the ‘dungeon bat’ nodded his head.

“As is my duty as a house head” He drawled, eyeing the dumpy woman before offering her a small smile.

“Ah yes, the duties of being a house head” The woman mused, returning the smile lightly. “Albus asked me to relieve you, he mentioned something about your familiar being ill still and that you didn’t like being away from him long” She said when Severus arched an eyebrow, a silent hint to ‘get on with it’.
“Ah, yes he’s still a bit out of it from his little dip in the lake” Severus felt his lips twist into a sneer.
“Poor dear, well I’m here now Severus. You best keep an eye on that little kitten. Minerva was telling me that she overheard Dolores was going on about his safety again”
“Lovely” Severus muttered, nodding his head in thanks to Pomona before heading back towards the Slytherin Common room where he knew Silver was playing with Blaise.

HP/SS

Severus walked into the common room, instantly noticing his group of Slytherin fifth years sprawled over the furniture in front of the main fire place. He could hear Draco’s soft laughter paired with Pansy’s giggles and Blaise’s much more deep chuckle. Obviously something had amused the group immensely. Theodore Nott was nearby, along with Crabbe, Goyle and Daphne Greengrass. He was happy to see the tight knit group though, especially being so relaxed. It was inside the safety of the common room that his students could truly relax and become themselves, and it was rather enjoyable to see. He watched as Blaise shifted, the tall Italian teen was lying on his side in front of the fire, giving him his first view of his little familiar. The little kitten was bouncing around, playfully attacking Blaise’s fingers along with a few conjured toys it seemed. The dark haired teen was laughing as Silver batted at his hands and it seemed the others were laughing at Silver’s antics.

“Hello Professor” A voice sounded from beside his elbow and he glanced down, smiling lightly as he saw a second year by the name of Michelle Canterbury. Her older brother had graduated in a few years previous and he had always liked the children of the Canterbury family.

“Hello Miss Canterbury” Severus responded, flicking his eyes up from the girl to the group of fifth years.

“What are you doing here Professor? I thought you were coming by for weekly discussions tomorrow night” The girl mused.

“I am coming tomorrow night as well Miss Canterbury, I’m just here to collect my wayward familiar” He nodded at the playful silver coated kitten.

“Oh” The girl grinned suddenly. “He cuddled with me today Professor” She confined. “Everyone says he only really likes the fifth years, especially Blaise. But while I was sitting doing my Transfiguration homework he came over and crawled in my lap” The girl’s blue eyes were dancing with delight at her statement, and Severus grinned in return.

“I’m happy he’s branching out. I’m sure he’ll play with you much more now that he knows you better” He said, smiling as the girl waved and bounced away to join her friends. Yes this was why he liked the common room so much, it was the one place his snakes could be normal, happy children as opposed to the masks they presented the rest of the school. Walking over to the fifth years he seated himself next to Draco, nodding his greetings to his students.

“Hello Professor” Pansy greeted from where she was seated across from him.

“Miss Parkinson” The dark haired man intoned, turning his eyes to watch Silver and Blaise. The kitten was clearly worn out as he had curled up on Blaise’s stomach and was sound asleep. Blaise had rolled onto his back a few minutes before when Silver had started using his lanky frame as a playground.

“I guess he wore himself out” Severus mused, watching as Blaise rubbed behind the small ears with a grin.

“He was rather rambunctious Professor” Blaise murmured, “He’s still favoring his leg a bit though” The teen added, knowing his Professor would want to know that Silver was still in a bit of pain.

“I’ll give him some mild pain potion later, hopefully that will help a bit” Severus murmured lightly, he despised how long it seemed to take his adopted son to heal. All the abuse Harry had suffered previously added up, and it seemed even with the help of spells and potions Harry’s accumulated abuse led to longer healing periods since the potions and spells targeted everything as opposed to the immediate injury. Blaise nodded in understanding, knowing that the injury went beyond Silver and into Harry.

“I’ll take him now Blaise, he should get some rest in our chambers” The Potion’s Master murmured.
The teen nodded, carefully lifting the kitten and handing him to his house head.
“Can I come by your office later Professor? I’ve been having some trouble with the latest
Transfiguration assignment and I’d like to discuss it with you” Blaise asked.
“Of course, come by in about half an hour, that should give us enough time to talk before curfew” Severus murmured, cradling Silver to his chest as the kitten mewed in sleepy protest at the
movement.
“See you then Professor” Blaise murmured, watching as the man left along with Silver.
“I didn’t know you were having problems with Transfiguration Blaise” Draco murmured, giving his
friend a look.
“Not a lot of trouble, I just have a question about McGonagall’s essay and I have no desire to brave
the Lion’s den in order to speak with her” Blaise said, shrugging his shoulders as he stood up and
stretched.
“I’d better gather my stuff, Professor Snape hates waiting” Blaise added, heading towards the shared
fifth year boys dorm room.
“Right” Draco murmured, his eyebrows furrowing. The blonde was confused, Blaise was an
awesome student and rarely needed help. Plus McGonagall’s essay was fairly simple, so why would
Blaise need help with it? Shrugging, the blonde pushed the questions to the back of his mind for now
and turned his attention to the conversation going on between Pansy and Daphne about the latest
fashions for the coming spring.

HP/SS

Severus sighed as he poured himself a cup of tea. He had finally gotten Harry to shift back to his
human form and the small teen was curled up on the couch in a thick blanket, also sipping a cup of
tea. Severus had needed him to shift back to he could try to alleviate the pain that the boy was
obviously feeling.
“Blaise is stopping by in a few minutes” Severus finally murmured, Harry hadn’t spoken much since
he had shifted back, though he perked up at the mention of Blaise.
“Yea?” Harry shifted, moving as much as he could with the restrictions of the blankets, he seemed
reluctant to lose the warmth. One thing Severus had noticed about Harry was his hoarding. The boy
tended to keep hold of anything given to him and often was reluctant to lose stuff given to him. For
example, the blanket the boy was wrapped up in was a gift from Severus and Harry often wrapped
himself in the blanket, reluctant to let it go or even move far from it, as if he thought he’d turn around
and it would be gone. Severus knew that this was a very visible reminder of the abuse Harry had
suffered at the hands of the Dursleys. When he had asked Harry about it, the boy had admitted that
his relatives would often taunt him with things that he needed, like food or warm blankets and
clothing, only to take them away almost immediately. Harry knew he shouldn’t accept, but often he
was desperate and logics didn’t fit in with survival.

A knock on the door roused Severus from his rather depressing thoughts and he rose to answer the
door to his chambers.
“Hello Blaise” He murmured, stepping inside as the tall teen stepped inside, his bag slung over his
shoulder, which he deposited beside the door as he wouldn’t need it.
“Hello Pr-Severus” Blaise corrected himself when Severus raised an eyebrow.
“Hey Harry” Blaise loped over to the couch, sitting down next to Harry and carefully tugging the
teen into his arms. Harry snuggled closer, smiling softly at Blaise.
“Hey” Harry murmured, his voice soft and hoarse from disuse.
“You feeling okay?” Blaise asked, his voice low as his arms slid around Harry’s nearly skeletal
frame.
“Yea, ‘m just tired” Harry murmured, his head resting lightly on Blaise’s shoulder.
“I bet” Blaise said, chuckling softly as he glanced at Severus.
Severus was always amazed with how Harry interacted with Blaise, he’d never seen the teen so
comfortable and relaxed and he was rather pleased to see how close the two boys were. He watched as the two boys murmured back and forth, further solidifying his belief that the two were engaged in an romantic relationship over a brotherly one. He was happy about that, many would think that after everything Harry went through Severus would want to prevent any blossoming relationships with his adopted son, but Severus was happy. He was happy to see that despite everything Harry was able to be in a normal, teen-age relationship. Though he suspected that due to Harry’s situation he would never engage in a frivolous teen-age relationship like most of the students at Hogwarts. He knew Harry was in this for life, and he only hoped Mr. Zabini realized that.

Despite Severus’ fears, Blaise was very aware that his and Harry’s relationship wasn’t a short one. Even though Blaise’s mother was known as a ‘player’ in some sense, Blaise was very much the opposite. He had no desire to date or be with multiple people, he wanted that one special person, someone he loved enough to spend the rest of his hopefully long life with. He glanced down at the raven-haired teen who had fallen asleep in his arms and smiled. It seemed, despite the odds, he had found that person, and he couldn’t be happier. Oh he knew Harry had a lot of issues to work through, not to mention the fact that the Dark Lord wanted his head on a pike, but still, he was happy. He could handle all of that as long as Harry was with him. Leaning down, he brushed his lips over the dark hair, smiling as Harry wrinkled his nose and burrowed deeper into the blankets, cuddling against Blaise.

HP/SS

Harry woke later that evening tucked into his bed, his blanket that Severus had given him wrapped tightly around him. He yawned, sitting up a bit as he rubbed his eyes and reached for the ever present glass of water on the bedside table next to him. He frowned slightly, the last thing that he remembered was falling asleep against Blaise’s chest. A goofy grinned touched his features as a light blush worked its way into his cheeks. He still couldn’t believe that Blaise Zabini, noted by much of the student body to be one of the most handsome boys in school, wanted to be with him. He sighed, cuddling his blanket again, he knew it was ridiculously childish to have a blanket that offered comforts, but he’d never had one before and when Severus had presented it to him ‘just because’ he had fallen in love with the fleecy creation. He figured he could be forgiven for his childishness just this once, since he’d never had a ‘blankly’ as child like most kids had. Yawning again, Harry curled up in his bed, a small smile on his features as he drifted off thinking about everything Severus had done for him in the last few months. Besides taking over his guardianship and adopting him, the man had given him a home. His own home with his own bedroom, his own books, his own things. He’d never just had things before, little knick knacks or a soft blanket. He still couldn’t believe it. As he drifted off, his thoughts turned to Blaise and the day Blaise had asked him out.

-Flash Back-

Harry was curled up on the couch in Severus’ quarters. It was a few days after Christmas and he and Blaise had been spending nearly every moment together. Blaise told Harry everything about his life and Harry slowly opened up and told him a few things about his own, omitting a few deeper secrets for the time being. The more time the boys spent together the more they seemed to connect.

“Hey Harry?” Blaise asked, catching the smaller teen’s attention from where he’d been reading. Yea Blaise?” Harry asked, closing his book, though he kept his finger on the page he’d been reading.

“I was wondering..” Blaise trailed off, blushing lightly. Harry had never seen Blaise this flustered before and he was intrigued.

“Well, these last few days we’ve gotten pretty close right?” Blaise asked, blushing lightly.

“Well, I mean I feel pretty close to you” Harry admitted.

“Good” Blaise said, a bit of his ego returning at Harry’s admission.
“What are you getting at?” Harry asked, punching the other boy lightly in the shoulder.
“I’m just wondering if you’ll go out with me? I mean be my boyfriend” Blaise stuttered out, immediately looking away in fear of rejection. Harry didn’t respond for a moment, a stunned expression dominating his sharp features.
“O-of course I’ll be your boyfriend” Harry finally managed to spit out, his face flaming red as Blaise suddenly enveloped him in a hug, pulling him tight against his chest.
“Good” Blaise whispered in his ear, before carefully leaning down and kissing him gently. He had no desire to frighten Harry, and though no one had told him about Harry’s summer and the rapes, he knew that the small teen would respond negatively to moving too quickly. This would be a very slow moving relationship, but worth every minute of it.

-End Flash Back-

HP/SS

Severus sighed, resisting the urge to rub his aching forehead. He had a pounding headache and this was only his second class of the day. Of course it was his fifth year Gryffindors and Slytherins and that class was always the most stressful, and not just because of Longbottom’s amazing ability to explore even the least volatile of potions.
“Today you will be brewing a relatively simple potion, I imagine even you can’t mess it up” He leveled a familiar glare at the class, smirking as many of the Gryffindors flinched and Longbottom even released a squeak.
“Today we shall be brewing a Strengthening Solution” Severus murmured, tapping the board behind him with his wand in order to magically transcribe the instructions.
“As this potion takes a few days to brew, we will be brewing the base today and allowing the mixture to mature over the next two days” Severus murmured.
“Can anyone tell me why we must allow the base to mature over the next couple days?” He asked, arching an eyebrow and studiously ignoring Granger’s hand as it shot into the air.
“Miss Greengrass?” He asked, surprised to see the girl’s hand in the air as she wasn’t overly vocal in classes.
“Because the Salamander blood is explosive when mixed with Pomegranate juice unless the blood is allowed to dissolve into the rest of the potion over a two day period” The girl responded.
“Correct Miss Greengrass. Five points to Slytherin” Severus said with a nod.
“You have your instructions you may begin” The Potion’s Master said, stepping over to his desk as the students converged on the ingredients cabinet. Once the class was situated at their desks, he began his customary walk around the classroom, prowling amongst the desks as he surveyed the students.
“You should be adding the mandrake root within the next five minutes, if you have yet to reach that step, you are behind” Severus growled about half an hour later, “You need five minutes of stirring after you add the Salamander blood, this is a crucial step, so you need to be on time with your brewing” He growled, watching as many frantic students, all Gryffindors hastily began adding roots to their potions.
“Miss Granger you are brewing this potion individually stop helping Longbottom” He snarled as he stalked past the Gryffindors.
“He is perfectly capable of following directions on his own, or do you believe that I am incapable of teaching and you are a better teacher then I am?” He asked, stopping in front of the girl’s desk.
“No Professor” Granger stuttered, looking up at him for a moment before dropping her gaze to her potion again.
“I thought not” Severus sneered before returning his stalking.
“Ten points from Gryffindor Mr. Weasley” He snapped, “For speaking ill of your Professor” He added as Weasley opened his mouth to backtalk him.
He had, of course, heard Weasley hissing under his breath about ‘the greasy git’ and had of course
Sighing, Severus cast a silent ‘Tempus’ spell. “You should be done your stirring now” He said finally, “Collect your cauldrons and place them along the back counter. Then tidy your stations” He said, watching as they scrambled to do as he ordered.

Once the stations were cleaned to his specifications he dismissed the class, rolling his eyes at the antics of the Gryffindor students as they all attempted to escape his classroom. The Slytherins were much more composed and a few bid him good afternoon. Once the classroom was clear he cast a spell on the cauldrons, ensuring nothing happened to them until they were needed again. He didn’t put it past any of his students to try and added things to the cauldrons, it seemed to be a favorite prank of a few students.

Severus sighed softly as he entered his chambers later that evening. Silver was curled up on the couch, sound asleep in front of the fire. He grinned lightly, amazed that despite his awful day, Silver was always able to cheer him slightly, as was Harry of course. He set down the rather large stack of seventh year essays down on the table before he made his way over to the couch, scooping up the kitten as he sat down and tried to relax. He was due in the Slytherin Common Room in about half an hour, but he wanted to relax for a bit first. Dinner had been its usual chaotic affair, amplified by the Weasley twins who had decided it’d be funny to put something in Dolores’ pumpkin juice. The woman hadn’t been able to speak after she took a sip, only able to croak, which had been rather amusing, except now he had to find an antidote for whatever the terrible twosome had drugged her with. Not to mention the woman’s incessant croaking as she seemed to believe that if she persisted in talking she’d someone how revert back to English as opposed to toad.

Silver yawned, rolling over on Severus’ lap and looking up at the man with his typical brilliant emerald coloured eyes. “Brat” Severus muttered, stroking Silver’s pale furred stomach affectionately as he looked over at the pile of essays. “I’m going to the Common Room for a while this evening, would you care to come?” Severus asked, slightly amused by the fact that he was having a rational discussion with a kitten, even if said kitten was an animagus. Silver sat up, nodding lightly before meowing and batting at Severus’ nose playfully. “Hey” Severus growled, catching the tiny paw, though he was careful not to squish it. “My nose is not a toy” He said, though he had to admit it was adorable, though he’d never admit that to anyone except perhaps himself.

Sitting in the Common Room once a week was normal for Severus. He liked to spend time with his snakes, not only to address personal issues they might be having, but also to help with homework or answer generally education related questions. He knew Filius did the same thing, though Pomona and Minerva did not. He thought it was his duty, not only as a Professor, but as a head of house to make himself available to his students beyond his normal office hours, well at least the students in his own house.

“Excuse me Professor?” Mr. Nott murmured as he approached the chair the Professor generally set himself up in. “Yes Mr. Nott?” Severus shifted, conjuring a chair for the young man to sit in. “I wanted to speak to you about my Ancient Ruins” Nott drew out the appropriate homework, showing his Professor where they were having trouble.

Across the room, Blaise was seated with Pansy, Daphne, Draco and the usual body guards, in front
of a smaller fire books open in front of them. Silver was situated in Blaise’s lap, looking down at the textbook Blaise had spread on the table in front of them. The kitten batted at the pages every time Blaise tried to turn them, causing the Slytherin to groan in mock annoyance and catch the little paw to turn each page. It was a great game for Silver, though it definitely was making Blaise’s charms homework take longer then normal.

“Little pain in the arse” Blaise growled, trying his hardest not to laugh as Silver shifted in his lap, rolling onto his back and began batting at Blaise’s tie.

“I’d say the little bugger really likes you Blaise. I’ve never seen him play so much with someone” Draco mused, reaching over to rub Silver’s stomach and earning himself a playful growl from the kitten before he began to purr.

“I’m glad, I rather like him” Blaise murmured, poking Silver’s nose teasingly.

“We can tell” Pansy chirped from her seat next to Daphne as Millicent walked over and joined them.

“What can ‘we’ tell?” The girl asked as she claimed Theo’s empty seat.

“That Blaise likes Silver and vice versa” Daphne supplied, smiling at the third girl of the little group.

“Ah” Millicent nodded, digging her own books out of her bag and beginning her Herbology essay. Rolling his eyes, Blaise returned his attention to Silver, amazed at this feat of magic his boyfriend had managed. Harry had explained that he had practiced all through his third year in order to obtain his form, but he’d only been able to hold it for a few minutes at a time. That was one of the main reasons for the collar Severus insisted he wore, though Blaise was relieved. He couldn’t imagine that the rest of the school, let alone Gryffindor and most of Slytherin would not be impressed to find out Harry had been hiding out in the form of the much loved and hated Slytherin mascot.

HP/SS

Ronald Weasley sighed, it was his first day back at Hogwarts since his suspension and he had just finished his detention with the dungeon bat. He hated the man for making his serve this stupid detention and making him lose his spot on the team. He scowled, stupid Snape and his bloody familiar. This was all their fault, he hadn’t really even done anything wrong. Sure the cat had gotten hurt a bit, but it was a cat, who cared? He sighed, he knew Hermione did, once he had returned, just that morning, he’d been treated to a long, long lecture about animal rights and other nonsense. On top of that he’d had to make that stupid potion and lost points.

He shoved his book away, shutting it violently before storming off to the dormitories. He ignored Hermione’s scathing remark on the treatment of books as he strode up the stairs, ignoring the catcalls from the twins and their friends as he slunk into the dormitory. Drawing the hangings around his bed he threw himself down, thoughts consumed with Snape’s stupid pet and everyone else defending it. He couldn’t understand everyone being so attached to the creature, it was a Slytherin familiar after all. Shaking his head he sat up, changing into his violent orange Chudley Cannons pajamas and climbed into bed, banishing thoughts of anything Slytherin related, he fell into a deep sleep, relieved to be away from his mother and her form of punishments for the foreseeable feature.

HP/SS

Blaise groaned, shifting his bag higher on his shoulder as he headed for Herbology. It was the last day of classes before the weekend and this was his second last class of the day, potions being the last where they’d be finishing the Strengthening Solution. He hated Herbology, but not for the reasons most expected. He had hay fever which always acted up whenever he was in the greenhouses, despite the potions Professor Snape supplied him with. Most thought, like Draco, he hated herbology because he got dirty, honestly he couldn’t be fussed about getting dirty, he rather enjoyed some activities that involved dirt and grime. Pansy laughed as she overheard his grumbling as she tossed her dark hair over her shoulder.

“Did you take your potion?” She asked, arching an eyebrow at the dark haired teen.

“Yes I did, doesn’t mean I dislike Herbology any less” Blaise responded, hitching his bag up again.
“Did Professor Snape say if he’d be bringing Silver to class?” Theo asked on Blaise’s other side.

“He mentioned he might, seems the little guy’s been getting into his ink if he doesn’t keep an eye on him. Paw prints all over the seventh years’ essays” Theo chuckled. “What a brat, guess we all better watch our ink and essays from now on” Blaise said, smirking as he imagined Severus’ face when he discovered that little present. It amazed him how adventurous Harry was when he was in his animagus form, Silver was outgoing and attention seeking in a good way, whereas Harry was shy, withdrawn and despised being the center of attention. Blaise rather enjoyed both sides of Harry, but the human one was nicer on most occasions, especially for conversations and other things.

“We’ll be working in Green House three today” Professor Sprout called over the assembled group of students.

“We’re going to be re-potting the Fanged Geraniums” The stout woman said, dusting her dirty hands over her apron.

“Dragon hide gloves will need to be worn, these plants do bite” She laughed, ignoring the slightly horrified expressions of a few of the students.

“Come on then, get your aprons on and we’ll begin” She said leading the students into the aforementioned greenhouse.

“Biting plants” Draco moaned next to them, “Seriously, biting plants. Who comes up with this stuff? What self-respecting wizard would have biting plants in their gardens?” Blaise laughed, “Maybe you can plant them in entrances and they keep people out. Like attack plants?” He suggested, laughing at the incredulous look on Draco’s face.

“When I inherit the Manor I’m going to ban any biting plants” The blonde said, sticking his nose in the air playfully.

“Worried your own plants would attack your ugly face Malfoy?” Ron Weasley’s voice drawled from behind the group of Slytherins.

“Go away Weasel” Malfoy groaned, throwing a look at his friends.

“At least I can afford biting plants if I want them. What does your family have in your garden again? Or do you even have space for a garden around your hovel?”

“Shut up” Ron growled, shaking of Seamus’ hand as it was placed placatingly on his shoulder.

“I’m only asking you a question Weasel, you could be polite and answer” Draco said, arching an eyebrow at the redhead.

“Screw you Ferret” Ron hissed, hands plunging into his pocket as he searched for his wand.

“What seems to be the problem?” Professor Sprout asked as she approached the group.

“Mr. Longbottom has already succeeded in potting his first Geranium, you all need to get started” She leveled the group with a glare, watching as the all broke off into threesomes. Blaise, Theo, Draco in one and Pansy, Millicent and Daphne in the other.

Pulling on their gloves, the boys turned their attention to the ‘biting plants’ and began the aggravating process of digging them out and trying to put them into the larger pots next to them.

“Ouch” Blaise hissed, pulling back from the plant and grabbing his arm where his robes had been rolled up and gloves had slipped down.

He stared down at the angry, red bite mark, watching in annoyance as blood welled up where the fangs had punctured his skin.

“Off to the Hospital Wing Mr. Zabini, Madame Pomfrey will be able to heal that bite in a matter of seconds” Professor Sprout said as she examined the injury.

“Yes Professor” Blaise said, grabbing his bag and heading out of the greenhouse and towards the castle.

“Aren’t you supposed to be in Herbology Mr. Zabini?” Severus asked as he stumbled across the teen as he entered the main doors. Thankfully Severus had a break this period, and was going on his rounds while accompanied by Silver who was riding on his shoulder.

“Yes Professor. I was bitten by a fanged geranium and Professor Sprout sent me to the infirmary, I’m
heading there now” Blaise said, holding out his injured arm for inspection. Silver mewed softly, climbing down Severus’ arm and onto Blaise’s good one.
“I can heal this, come with me” Severus murmured, laughing quietly as Silver wrapped himself around Blaise’s neck. “Okay sir. Thank you” Blaise said, following after his Professor towards the potion’s classroom.

HP/SS

“Hem Hem” A sickeningly familiar voice sounded from the doorway of the Potion’s room. Glancing up from his healing, Severus resisted the urge to groan as he saw Dolores Umbridge dressed in violent pink dress.
“Yes?” He asked curiously, arching an eyebrow at her as he rubbed salve into Blaise’s arm.
“I thought you were patrolling during your free period Severus” The woman said in her overly sweet voice.
“I was, when I stumbled across Mr. Zabini on his way to the infirmary after sustaining a bit from a fanged plant” Severus responded.
“Ah, and why is Mr. Zabini not in the hospital wing then?”
“Because the salve Madame Pomfrey would need is one I make” Severus said, showing her the jar of blue cream.
“Ah, well carry on then” She said, patting Silver’s head rather roughly before sweeping out of the room in what she assumed was an elegant manner. It was rather distasteful. Rolling his eyes, Severus continued the application of cream, carefully rubbing it in before wrapping Blaise’s arm tight with gauze.
Silver whined, batting at his own ears now, looking sickened.
“She is rather awful” Blaise agreed, flexing his fingers once his hand was free.
“He’s not a fan of her, at all” Severus murmured, putting the salve away along with bandages.
“You might as well prepare for class Mr. Zabini, it begins in ten minutes” Severus added as Blaise set Silver down on the desk and moved to his work station, beginning to set out the rest of the ingredients for the Strengthening Solution.

The rest of the day went fairly well, it was the weekend so the students were rather anxious to get out Potions which resulted in a lot of botched potions, especially from certain Gryffindor students. Once the bottles were on his desk, Severus placed them carefully in a box before carrying them to his chambers. On fridays he had no office hours, and with Silver situated comfortably in his bag, he was able to head back to his rooms and relax without worrying about being bothered.
“You going to help me mark instead of ruin essays?” Severus asked as he put the crate down and freed Silver from his carrying case. The kitten mewed in a cheeky manner before rushing around the room to release the pent up energy he had accumulated from his stint in the case that Severus kept in him during potions.
Groaning playfully, Severus settled down at his desk, a sheet of parchment with students names and a quill sitting next to the box as he removed the potions and set about marking them. First he looked at colour and texture, if those were up to standards he’d actually test the potion, if they weren’t, he wouldn’t risk it.
Once the potion was tested, he’d mark based on the effectiveness of the brew. If the potions didn’t pass the visual test, it was a fail grade.

Pushing the parchment away and moving the crate to the potions’ cabinet in his personal chambers to deal with later, Severus stretched stiffly, relieved to have no more marking to do for the weekend. Now he could relax and enjoying himself, perhaps take Harry to Diagon Alley for some supplies the boy needed. Of course he’d need to be glamoured, but it might be fun for the boy. He might even ask Albus if Blaise could accompany them, it might be nice for the boys to get out and be around one another outside of his chambers.
It’d be nice for the boys, not to mention himself. Hogwarts had been extremely stressful as of late,
and not just because of the ruse of having Harry as Silver, but OWLs were in four months, which caused many students, like Miss Granger, to panic. Not to mention the annoyance that was Dolores Umbridge and her habit of popping into his class nearly everyday to ‘check on Silver’. Yes Hogwarts was indeed stressful and a day in Diagon Alley would do them wonders. Decided, he’d speak to Albus in the morning and hopefully take the boys on Sunday, it would be less crowded then.
Braving the Alley

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Severus sighed as he poured himself a cup of tea as he waited for Harry to emerge from his room to join him. He had received permission to take Harry and Blaise to Diagon Alley for the day. Harry would be glamoured as a transfer student joining Slytherin House and Blaise and Severus would be escorting him around Diagon Alley in order to purchase his supplies. Of course, in the mean time they’d visit all sorts of shops and eat lunch at one of Severus’ favorite cafes. He was anticipating the freedom of getting out of Hogwarts, but he was also a bit concerned at what the large shopping crowds of the Alley would do to Harry. The teen still shied away from most contact and was terrified at the idea of being stuck in a crowd of people. Severus hoped that having Blaise along with reassure the young teen, but if Harry really couldn’t handle it, he could revert back to his animagus form and they’d continue their shopping that way.

Harry stumbled out of his bedroom, rubbing his eyes vigorously as he made his way towards the kitchen table, where Severus was seated. The too-small teen was wearing a pair of flannel sleep pants that were a many sizes to large for him and they slid precariously low on his bony hips. His feet were hidden as the pants covered them, even dragging out behind him a bit. He also had on a large t-shirt with the name of some muggle amusement park, which was stained and torn in far too many places to be effective in keeping the boy warm. Seeing Harry like this only solidified Severus’ belief that the boy needed new clothing, and desperately.

“Ready for today?” Severus asked once Harry was seated and quietly sipping his tea as he surveyed the food in front of him.

“I guess” Was the quiet reply as Harry carefully selected the food he wanted. It was a bit of a ritual for the teen. It had taken a few days for Severus to convince Harry that he was allowed to eat and eat whatever he chose. Now that Harry was convinced, he always selected different food each time he ate, as if he were savoring the choice, which Severus knew he was. Of course like any teenager he had a few favorites, though he never requested them, as if he were scared of asking.

“Just let Blaise or myself know if anything becomes to stressful for you Harry. we won’t force you to do anything” Severus reassured the boy, once again. He had told Harry the same thing every day since Harry had been informed about the trip.

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“I need some potions ingredients and I’m sure Blaise has things he needs as well” He smiled at the boy in a kind manner. “I also figured we could go for lunch at a favorite cafe of mine”

Harry seemed to mull this news over as he chewed thoughtfully on a slice of strawberry, a favorite fruit of his. Finally the teen inclined his head, offering Severus a shy smile as he did so. Severus resisted the urge to sigh in relief, he had been worried for a moment that Harry would panic and refuse, and he had no desire to force the boy, even if the trip was needed.

Pushing his plate away, Harry rose and headed back to his room to shower and dress for the day, once he was presentable, Sev would glamour him and they would go and collect Blaise. Harry was
torn, he was excited at the prospect of going out with his boyfriend, in public! and shopping in Diagon Alley. But he was downright terrified that someone would recognize him or that he’d get lost in the crowds and separated from Blaise and Sev. That thought was the worst and set his heart racing, the idea of being alone in the semi-large crowds of Sunday shoppers.

HP/SS

Severus walked down the dungeon corridor to the Common Room, Harry, now disguised as a young man named Edward Flintlock, was trailing behind him. “Wait for me here” The dark haired professor intoned, watching the now blonde Harry press himself against the wall outside the entrance to the Common Room. Satisfied Harry was safe and out of the way, Severus entered the Common Room, immediately spotting Blaise standing by the entrance to the dorm rooms, a black leather jacket slung over one arm. “Are you ready Mr. Zabini?” Severus asked, gaining the young man’s attention. “Yes Professor” Blaise said, calling out a goodbye to his friends as he shrugged into his jacket and followed Severus out of the room. “Where’s Harry?” Blaise asked once they were clear of the room. “Right here” Harry’s voice sounded from the small alcove he had hid in either. Blaise’s eyes grew wide as he took in the glamoured teen. He was still Harry’s size, though with blonde hair and bright blue eyes. His skin was also a bit darker, and his scar was gone. “Woah” Blaise murmured, looking over his boyfriend curiously. “What?” Harry asked nervously, twisting the hem of his too-large t-shirt. “Nothing, you just look different” Blaise reassured quickly, “What am I calling you?” He added, realizing he couldn’t refer to his boyfriend as ‘Harry’ in Diagon Alley. “Edward Flintlock is the name Sev gave me’ Harry said with a shrug. “Edward it is then” Blaise smiled reassuringly at the young teen. “Shall we be off then?” Severus drawled from behind Blaise. “Of course, how are we getting there?” Blaise said, falling into step beside his Professor as they headed towards the Great Hall. “Portkey” Severus murmured, showing the two teens a scrap piece of paper. Harry blanched, his face paling a bit. “P-portkey?” He shuddered, pressing himself closer to Blaise. Both men look confused for a moment before Severus clued into what had scared the boy. Stopping, Sev immediately knelt in front of the shaking teen. “Harry, I promise it will be fine. I made this portkey myself, nothing will happen” He said, keeping his voice low. Harry was still shaking rather badly but he finally nodded. His trust for Professor Snape was solid, if Severus said he made the portkey and nothing would happen he believed the man.

Blaise had finally realized why Harry was so scared and sighed softly, mentally kicking himself for being so oblivious. He wrapped his arm around Harry, pulling him into his side and brushing his lips to the blonde hair. “We’ll be with you the whole time, Professor Snape and I. We won’t let anything happen to you” He added his own reassurance. Harry looked at Blaise, blue eyes shining with fear though it was coupled with admiration. “O-okay” The teen murmured, though he was still far more pale then Severus or Blaise would have liked.

Once they reached the entrance hall, Severus pulled out the paper and tapped it, murmuring the activation code ‘potion pride’ distastefully. “Hurry now” He murmured as the boys each pressed a finger to the piece of scrap paper. “3-2-1” Severus counted for Harry’s benefit before the familiar sensation of a hook behind his navel struck and he found himself jerked forward, landing moments later in the portkey arrival area of
Diagon Alley. Once he was oriented, Severus glanced at the boys, pleased to see that Blaise had landed on his feet, though Harry was sprawled in the dirt, breathing harshly, Biting back a sigh, Severus carefully helped the shaking boy to his feet and gave him a brief yet reassuring hug. Blaise also hugged the teen, though like Severus it was quick.

“Where to first?” Blaise asked after he released Harry.

“Well Edward needs new clothes, and also some more books. I also need to stop by Flourish and Blotts as well as the Apothecary” Severus murmured, “Do you have any place you need to stop?”

“I need a few new books, just for extra reading material and I was hoping to stop by Quality Quidditch Supplies to get a new broom servicing kit” Blaise replied, shrugging his shoulders a bit.

“Well we can start with Flourish and Blotts then” Severus murmured, subsequently taking ‘Edward’s’ hand in order to lead him through the semi-crowded streets to the bookstore.

HP/SS

“What a zoo” Blaise muttered once they had stepped free of Diagon Alley’s most famous bookstore, bags of books shrunk in their pockets. ‘Edward’ was rather pale and pressed tightly against Severus’ side, the bookstore had been rather busy due to some author of some wizarding Harlequin novel doing a signing. The place had been filled with older witches, the line had been ridiculous, and poor ‘Edward’ had nearly succumbed to a panic attack at least once.

HP/SS

The rest of the shopping trip passed in a bit of a blur for Harry who had spent most of the time plastered to Severus’ side. Finally they were settled into a small booth in the corner of Severus’ favorite cafe. Harry was between Severus and the wall, with Blaise sitting opposite of Harry, their coats in the space across from Severus. Once Harry was completely shielded from the wandering eyes of the patrons of the cafe, most of whom were curious about why the child-hating Hogwarts Potions Professor was having lunch with not one, but two students, he was able to relax and look over the menu as the professor ordered tea for himself and butter beer for the two boys.

“After lunch we will be returning to school, is that acceptable? Or is there another place you wish to visit?” Severus murmured as the waitress left with their food orders after depositing their drinks on the table.

“I’m ready to go when you are” Harry’s soft voice sounded from the corner where the boy was leaning comfortably against the wall his eyes half closed, clearly exhausted. Noting this, Blaise nodded his agreement, having no desire to prolong Harry’s suffering. Severus sighed, rubbing a hand over Harry’s back to reassure the young teen.

“We’ll go after we eat” He said with a more definitive tone, though his eyes twinkled. He had a feeling Harry would definitely be reverting back to his animagus form as soon as he could. Despite knowing this, Severus felt as if he had managed to overcome a barrier with Harry today. It was clear the boy trusted him and Blaise enough to venture out of the safety of Hogwarts and his quarters in order to brave the scariness that was Diagon Alley. A warm rush of pride and love swept through him as he realized that Harry trusted him. Biting his inner cheek to keep from smiling, he settled for a smirk, it wouldn’t do for the terrifying and dour Hogwarts Professor to be seen smiling in public at a cafe in Diagon Alley of all places.

HP/SS

Severus sighed as he picked Harry up into his arms, frowning at how light the boy still was.

“I’m not surprised he fell asleep” Blaise murmured, “He was in a heightened state of anxiety all day, that was bound to wear him out” He was resisting the urge to smirk as Severus settled the petite blonde child on his hip, carefully walking down towards his quarters in the dungeon. Thankfully they had taken the portkey right into the entrance hall and he only had to carry the still glamoured Harry to his quarters. The boy had fallen asleep in the booth at the restaurant after eating
about half of his meal. A bit of jostling had woken him enough to get him outside and able to portkey, but Severus doubted he’d be able to make it all the way to the shared chambers without falling asleep.

“We’ll see you later Blaise, I’m sure he wouldn’t mind a visit later, hopefully he’ll talk a bit about how he’s feeling” Severus murmured as the Italian Slytherin made his way towards the Common Room.

“Bye Professor, thank you” Blaise murmured, nodding in agreement, “I’ll stop by later” He said as he parted company with the pair.

HP/SS

Harry woke slowly, wrapped in a familiar blanket on Severus’ couch. His sleep-addled mind took a moment to piece things together and he realized he must have fallen asleep once they left the cafe in Diagon Alley. A light flush coloured the boy’s cheeks as he realized his Professor or Blaise would have had to carry him here, though he was touched that they had obviously carried him as opposed to waking him and forcing him to walk or something.

“Awake now?” An amused voice sounded from the chair beside the couch and Harry glanced up, his flushed cheeks deepening in colour from pink to red as he realized Severus had been sitting there the whole time.

“Er, yea” Harry mumbled, scrubbing at his eyes hastily to clear away the remaining evidence of his nap.

Severus sighed, he could tell the child was embarrassed about falling asleep like that, but really he had nothing to be ashamed of.

Pinching the bridge of his nose between his fingers he mentally began naming potions ingredients alphabetically in his mind.

“Harry, you have nothing to be worried about. You did very well today and its only understandable that this ordeal has worn you out” He finally murmured, having gotten his own annoyance under control. He wasn’t annoyed at the boy, no he was annoyed at those sorry excuses of meat that called themselves Dursleys. Harry shouldn’t have such anxiety related to simply going to Diagon Alley and shopping, but prolonged exposure to the muggles had left him filled with insecurities and anxieties, not to mention a healthy dose of fear. If Severus ever managed to get his hands on them he’d use their parts for potions’ ingredients.

Harry blushed again, though he was reassured by Sev’s words and nodded, burrowing deeper in his blanket for a moment before suddenly shifting shapes and emerging as Silver.

Severus honestly couldn’t say he was surprised, he had expected the boy to shift first chance he got.

Biting back a grin, he watched the little kitten wiggle free of the blanket and glance around, as if getting his bearings.

Silver yawned, slipping off of the couch and landing noiselessly on the floor before making his way over to Severus. While Harry was terrified of people touching him, residual fear left over from years of physical abuse and then more recently rape, Silver was fine with the action and seemed to crave it. The kitten mewed lightly, looking at Severus imploringly with overlarge emerald eyes. If anyone had been watching, they would have seen a small smile grace the mouth of Severus Snape and then an even bigger surprise as the dour man reached down and carefully scooped up the small Geoffrey’s kitten and cuddle him into his lap. Of course, Severus would protest, saying he had only held the creature to stop its inane mewing, but this would all be said with lips tilted upwards and a happy gleam in normally dark, angry eyes.
Reality Rears its Ugly Head

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

While Harry was dealing with emotionally scaring issues, Lord Voldemort was seated comfortably on a tall, black thrown. Wrapped around his person was a large snake, the species wasn’t known as it was magical creature, influenced strongly by the black magic that Voldemort wielded. The snake’s head was resting contently on the man’s shoulder, her head positioned closely to his ear as the two conversed in the nearly lost talent of parseltongue, discussing something secretly while in the presence of the self-proclaimed Dark Lord’s minions, better known to the rest of the Wizarding World as Death Eaters.

Shifting uncomfortably, Severus glanced around at his masked companions, though he kept his emotions off of his face to be on the safe side. It had been months since the Dark Lord had called a meeting and Severus was at a loss for why he had called one now and so suddenly. It had been perhaps an hour ago he had responded to the burning in his left forearm, he had left Silver with Blaise and flooed immediately to Albus’ office and apperated from there. Thankfully the headmaster had the ability to dispel the anti-apperation wards around his office, making it much easier for Severus to apperate to wherever the Dark Lord was summoning them too.

Ever since he had arrived along with the other members if the Inner Circle as well as a few members of the lower orders, Voldemort had been speaking with Nagini. It was typical for Voldemort to put on a show like this, however he didn’t generally speak for an hour, making them stand there and listen to the eerie hissing noises seeping from Voldemort’s non-existent lips.

Caught in his musings, it took a moment for Severus to realize that Voldemort had finally stopped talking to the snake and was now rising from his chair. Shifting, Severus adopted the appropriate form of fear and reverence, along with the others.

“My Death Eaters” The deranged man purred as he began to walk amongst them, his long, pale fingers curled around his wand. “It has come to my realization that Harry Potter is missing from Hogwarts” He snapped his snake-like eyes to Severus, a twisted smirk curling on his face as the Potions’ Master winced slightly.

“I want to know where Harry Potter is” Voldemort hissed out resuming his stalking, Nagini trailing in the wake of his billowing robes.

“My Lord” Lucius Malfoy spoke up, despite the mask supposedly hiding his identity the blonde hair was a trademark.

“Yes Lucius?” The Dark Lord said pausing in front of the aristocratic blonde.

“My son, Draco, has reported to me that Dumbledore announced at the beginning of the year that Potter was being sent to a private training facility in the United States” The Malfoy patriarch reported. “Though none of us have been able to locate this facility. Fudge has placed Dolores Umbridge in Hogwarts in order to get more information on the location of the Potter boy. Though she was initially placed there to spy on Potter and Dumbledore” Voldemort nodded, twirling his wand lightly as he contemplated this news.

“Severus?” He asked, turning quickly to look at the Potions’ Master.

“Yes My Lord?” Severus murmured, rising his eyes for a second to meet the eyes of the insane man.
“Why did you not tell me this news? You are, after all, within Dumbledore’s order as well as school” Voldemort murmured, his tone deceptively calm.

“My Lord, Dumbledore has not told any of us the location of Harry Potter. Even the boy’s dogfather and werewolf are completely in the dark” Severus hastened to explained, immediately strengthening his occlumency shields to protect against any mind probing the Dark Lord may attempt.

Narrowing his eyes, Voldemort probed Severus’ mind, though he only found the planted memories of Dumbledore informing the order of Harry’s departure to the United States, along with the appropriate reactions of one Sirius Black. Seemingly satisfied the Dark Lord slipped free of Severus’ mind and looked appraisingly at the man.

“I see” He mused, “You have no knowledge of where Harry Potter was sent” The Dark Lord agreed, “However you should have informed me immediately, not Lucius’ son” He added, smirking sadistically at Severus as he pointed his wand at the man, “Crucio” He said, watching Severus fall to the ground screaming.

HP/SS

Meanwhile back in Slytherin Common Room, Blaise was trying to do his homework, though it was proving difficult thanks to the silver kitten trying to attack the pages of his Transfiguration textbook.

“Silver” Blaise muttered in an aggravated yet affectionate tone.

The kitten glanced up at the Italian, his green eyes sparkling in amusement as he rolled onto his back in the middle of the text. Sighing softly, Blaise gave into the begging and scooped up the kitten, plopping him into his lap and closing the book.

“You win brat” He growled, rubbing Silver’s lightly-coloured stomach gently. If Silver could talk (in this form) he would have been gloating. Squirming free of Blaise’s hands and lap, the kitten jumped onto the floor, beginning to walk across the Common Room towards the small gathering of students sitting by the fire. Pausing to check if Blaise was following him -which he was- the kitten threw himself into the center of the group, landing contently on Draco’s stomach as the blonde was sprawled inelegantly in front of the fire.

“Oof” Draco gasped, opening his eyes and glancing around quickly before looking down into the innocent emerald eyes of Silver. “Brat” Draco growled, though he was smiling lightly as Silver rubbed his face against his chin.

“He seems rather playful tonight” Blaise said with a soft grin as Draco scooped up the kitten and set him on the floor in order to sit up.

“I wonder why, he was so exhausted earlier” Pansy mused, sharing a secret look with Blaise.

“He’s a kitten, they’re like puppies” Blaise said with a shrug, “Sleep for hours and then suddenly their bundles of energy” Draco nodded in agreement, watching the kitten attack the quill Theo was swishing for him.

A few hours later Blaise was getting ready for bed, Silver was still with him. He sighed softly, watching the kitten curl up on his pillow looking dejected.

“He’ll be back soon” He tried to reassure Silver softly as the kitten glanced up at him with pathetic green eyes. “These meetings can go late, Draco’s dad told us that the Dark Lord likes to ramble” He murmured as he pulled on a pair of sleep pants. He knew Harry hadn’t spent a night without Severus yet and this was probably stressing him. Silver nodded lightly, though he just curled in on himself tighter, ears lying flat against his skull.

Blaise sighed, sending a silent prayer to whomever lived in the heaven above that Severus returned to Hogwarts soon. Pulling on his sleep pants he slid into the bed, gathering Silver up and settling him on his chest. He gently kissed the furry head of his boyfriend and sighed again, wishing Severus would hurry up. Silver mewed softly and curled up on Blaise’s chest, his head resting in the hollow of Blaise’s throat.

Once Draco was in bed on the other side of the room and had extinguished the candles, Blaise curled his arms around himself and Silver, trying to reassure the kitten silently.
He didn’t like this, Severus being back so late from the meeting and Harry being so depressed, it worried him. Harry was lost without Sev around, he could function for a couple hours without him, but he needed the reassurance his adopted parent offered, and without Sev here, Harry’s mental state was slipping back towards depression. Closing his eyes, he began his attempt to doze off, though he doubted he’d sleep tonight, or at least until Sev returned, he was to worried.

HP/SS

“I have to go Albus, I’ve told you everything” Severus hissed in annoyance as he glowered at the headmaster from his seat in the ostentatious chair that Albus had forced him into when he returned from the meeting. After taking a pain potion and one to counteract the effects of the Cruciaturs curse, Albus had forced him into the chair and was grilling him for information on the meeting.

“Are you sure Severus?” The annoying man asked, his blue eyes twinkling intently.

“Yes, I’ve told you what happened and shown you the bloody memories. I have to go now Albus, I still have to collect Silver from the Slytherin dorms and reassure him that I’m back, I also have classes tomorrow that I must prepare for. Now if you no longer need me, I shall be off” He growled, standing briskly and stalking out of the room, black robes billowing behind him as he walked.

Smiling benignly, Albus watched his Potions’ Master leave, his blue eyes twinkling the entire time.

Severus Snape did not rush, however if anyone had seen the man at that moment they would have swore they saw him running towards the Hogwarts dungeon.

Spitting out the password as he came to the entrance of the dorms he entered rapidly, not at all surprised to see that no one was sitting in the Common Room. Sighing he moderated his pace as he approached the fifth year boys dorm, well the one that housed Blaise, and opened the door. Peering inside he noticed wand light flickering dimly from behind a pair of curtains and slowly approached the bed.

“Mr. Zabini?” He murmured hopefully, mentally kicking himself for not knowing which bed belong to Blaise. The curtain rustled and Blaise poked his head out, sighing in relief.

“Thank god your back Professor” The Italian boy breathed, making sure to keep his voice low as to not wake the other boys. Disappearing behind the curtain for a moment he reappeared with Silver cradled in his arms. The kitten was blinking his eyes tiredly, though when he spotted Sev he lunged free from Blaise’s arms and launched himself at Severus, landing on the man, claws sinking into his robes.

“I’m sorry” Severus murmured, stroking the kitten’s head, “Dumbledore wanted to talk and wouldn’t let me go” He explained to the pair.

Blaise nodded sleepily, “Thanks Professor. I’ll see you in potions tomorrow” Severus nodded, gathering Silver in his arms and wishing the boy a good night.

Walking back to his room he continued to reassure Silver through gentle touches and reassuring words. Finally back in his quarters the man headed tiredly towards his room, kicking off his dragon-hide boots in the process. Settling Silver in his bed, he disappeared into the washroom to prepare for bed, before reappearing a little while later and crawling into bed. Despite the anti-Cruciaturs potion sleep was the best remedy for the nerve-damaging effects of the unforgivable curse.

Silver watched through half-closed eyes as Sev crawled shakily into bed. Mewing in concern, the tiny kitten slipped free from his bed and clambered across Sev’s mattress to the man and climbed over him in order to curl up against his stomach.

“Silly cat” Severus muttered tiredly, though he made no move to make Silver go away. He knew Harry had had a harrowing night when he hadn’t returned earlier and he was willing to let the boy in cat form take reassurance from the closeness right now.

HP/SS
“Mr. Zabini” Umbridge’s voice rang out from the front of the Defense class room, startling the bored boy rather badly.
“Yes Professor?” He asked, dragging his eyes to the badly dressed woman standing by his desk.
“Would you care to explain what’s wriggling about in your bag?” She asked in her too-sweet voice as she stared down at the moving bag.
Surprised, Blaise glanced down at his bag, frowning as he saw it move. Hesitantly he carefully opened it up, biting back a grin as he noted the startling green eyes staring up at him imploringly.
“It seems Professor Snape’s familiar hitched a ride in my bag Professor. He likes playing with my quills” Blaise murmured, fishing Silver free, the kitten clutching an eagle feather quill in his paws.
“Ah” Umbridge tutted, though her gaze softened as she saw the kitten. “I suppose he can stay, he doesn’t seem to be bothering anyone” She said with a smile before returning to the front of the room.

An ugly noise sounded from the Gryffindor side of the classroom at Umbridge’s statement, causing everyone to look over at a red faced Hermione Granger whom was seated next to a scowling Ronald Weasley.
“Is there a problem Mr. Weasley?” Umbridge asked, arching an eyebrow at the red-head.
“Why does that rat get to stay?” Ron growled, ignoring the groans from his own classmates.
“Professor Snape’s familiar is a kitten Mr. Weasley, he is not causing any harm and was merely playing. You cannot fault an animal for stowing away in a familiar play place. In this case being Mr. Zabini’s bag” Umbridge snapped. “He is welcome in my classroom anytime” She leveled a glare at the Gryffindor. “Now, if we have no more distractions or questions, you may resume your reading” She said before settling down behind her desk and picking up a pile of essays and her favorite acid green quill.

Blaise heaved a sigh of relief as Umbridge basically praised him for bringing the kitten.
“Brat” He muttered as Silver curled up in his lap, chewing on the tip of the eagle feather quill. He hadn’t brought Silver with him deliberately, but he wasn’t surprised to see the kitten in his bag.
Lately Silver had taken to hiding in his bag and seemed to fall asleep whenever Blaise walked around with the bag. Professor Snape didn’t seem to mind Silver traveling around with Blaise, as long as he didn’t distract the boy or get into any trouble. Silver glanced up at Blaise, his wide green eyes far to innocent as he continued to mutilate the quill. Rolling his eyes, Blaise picked up the boring book Umbridge had assigned and continuing his reading.

HP/SS

Severus opened the door to his quarters after supper, not at all surprised to see Blaise standing there holding a ‘grinning’ kitten in one hand and a completely destroyed quill in the other.
“He joined me for the day, stowed away in my bag” The tall teen explained with a grin. Severus took Silver, giving the kitten a glare, though it was half-hearted.
“Thank you for returning him Mr. Zabini, I hope he didn’t distract you from your studies our cause you any trouble today” The dour Professor said with a small chuckle.
“No Professor, he was fine” Blaise reassured, shoving the chewed quill back in his bag.
“I’ll replace your quills, or at least provide you with some toys for the little monster” Sev added as he set Silver down and rolled his eyes as the kitten ran off to wreak havoc on his quarters.
“Thank you sir, I’ll see you in the morning. I have quite a bit of homework tonight” Blaise murmured lightly before heading back down the hall towards the Common Room.
“Goodnight Blaise” Severus murmured gently before shutting the door and going in search of the bratty kitten.
“I thought I told you to stay away from Umbridge” He mused allowed once he found Silver curled up in front of the fire playing with a ball of yarn. Silver glanced up, his eyes wide.
“She is, after all, the reason why you are currently in your animagus form, taking private classes with myself and Professor Dumbledore in order to ensure that you pass your OWLs” He said, snatching the yarn. “Don’t give me that look” He growled, though he was smiling affectionately. Silver
mewed, walking over to Severus and pawing at his leg in an attempt to placate him.
“Fine brat, you’re forgiven. I don’t mind you going with Blaise, but I’d prefer you tried to avoid
Dolores Umbridge and not seek her out” He added, scooping Silver up and stroking his head.
Silver mewed again, curling up against Sev’s chest and yawning, clearly worn out from his day of
battling Blaise’s quill.
Sev chuckled and headed to his favorite chair, settling down with Silver in his lap while he pulled
out the latest ‘Potions Across Britain’ magazine and flipping it open. He was mildly concerned that
Silver had yet to shift back to Harry, even with the removal of the special collar, but he also knew
that his being late after the Death Eater meeting a few days pervious Harry was dealing with some
rather personal emotions. Abandonment was one of the things Harry feared quite a bit, he had told
Sev that, after explaining what he had felt at the end of third year when he had finally discovered
Sirius only to subsequently lose him. Sev knew that his being late had dredged up all those emotions
and he also knew that Harry was remaining in his animagus form in order to numb those emotions
and put off dealing with them. He sighed, Harry would have to deal with all this emotional trauma
eventually, especially with Lord Voldemort on the move again, but right at this moment Sev didn’t
have the energy to dredge that up. Instead he allowed himself to enjoy the moment, flipping through
his magazine in front of the fire with a sleepy boy-turned-kitten lying in his lap. It was a nice feeling
to just relax, to avoid the drama that existed beyond the door to his quarters. Instead he chose to exist
in the moment, letting Harry relax while he did the same for himself.
Two Steps Forward One Step Back

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

The next few weeks flew by, it seemed as the school year neared a close, the time was going by quicker. It was the last week of February, and amazingly things had been going relatively well. Of course, when things are going well, disaster always seems to strike.

Severus read over the letter that had been delivered that morning via a large, official looking owl. The edges of the parchment were wrinkled were his fingers had bit into paper, and a frown creased his features. It seemed the Ministry was calling for a trial of the Dursley family and Harry would be required to testify. The trial was set for the middle of March, giving them plenty of time to ‘fetch Harry from the United States’ as the letter read. Cursing, Severus shoved the letter away, wondering what to do. Harry had to testify, Cornelius was insisting upon it, and Severus knew the boy was not ready for that. He raked his fingers through his greasy hair, waiting for the inevitable flaring of his floo as Albus came through. He wasn’t required to wait long, soon the Headmaster was seated across from him, sipping tea and looking troubled.

“Have you spoken to Harry yet?” Albus asked, his blue eyes tired as he regarded the young potions’ master.
“No, not yet” Severus murmured, sipping his own tea. Silver was off with Blaise and the other fifth year Slytherins in the Common Room. It was saturday and the kids were all celebrating after a hard week.
“He has to testify” Albus murmured, “The whole case relies on him talking and telling what happened. Poppy will also testify, as well as myself and you” The old man twirled his wand in his bent fingers absentmindedly. Severus nodded, a small frown on his face, though he understood the necessity of him speaking.
“The trial will be closed, correct?” Severus clarified, the trial needed to be closed for safety circumstances. He, himself, could only testify as long as the Dark Lord didn’t find out. And the guise of Harry being in the US also needed to be maintained.
“Yes, not only for safety, but because Harry is underage and this is a sexual assault and abuse trial” Albus explained, fingers cradling the fragile tea cup.
“I don’t know if Harry can handle this Albus, he hasn’t really acknowledge what happened. He hides in his animagus form” The dark-haired man sighed, “I can’t blame him for that though, he is so young, and suffered so much” He looked down into the dregs of his mug, before returning his gaze to Albus.
“Harry is strong Severus, he will do this” Albus murmured, “In the meantime, I will make the necessary steps to ‘bring him home’ from the US, no one must know what is going on. Unfortunately, Dolores has been informed and is hounding me about bringing Harry to Hogwarts” He sighed, “We have to keep him hidden, only appearing for the trial” The elderly man said with a miserable expression.
“Could Blaise perhaps come?” Severus asked suddenly, “Under a glamour charm or Polyjuice of course” He added quickly.
“Blaise Zabini? Why?” Albus asked curiously, wondering why Severus would want one of his
snakes to attend the Dursleys trial.
“Blaise and Harry are a couple. You recall that Harry revealed himself to Pansy and Blaise on
christmas. Well, Blaise has been extremely supportive of Harry and the two have formed a very deep
connection. Blaise might be able to help Harry cope with the stress and emotions of the trial” Sev
explained, re-filling his mug and taking a deep sip of the steaming liquid.
“Perhaps, we will have to come up with an excuse as to why Mr. Zabini is gone during the trial
however” Albus murmured, “I shall think of something” He set his empty mug on the table.
“Sirius is insisting that Harry stay at Grimmauld place for the duration of the trial. How he found out
about it, is beyond me” Albus murmured, “However, Harry will need to stay somewhere during this
time, as the school will not be safe for him” He looked at Severus with a pained expression, knowing
the relationship between the two men.
“I suppose, Harry would enjoy seeing his godfather and the werewolf, but I don’t know how they’ll
react to Blaise. Black is extremely opposed to all things Slytherin”
“I’ll handle that Severus, in the meantime, perhaps you need to talk to Harry, prepare him for what is
coming. He will need all the support he can get” Albus murmured, rising slowly from his chair and
heading to the floo. He had no desire to walk to his room from Severus’ dungeon quarters.
“I shall, thank you Albus” Severus murmured, watching the old man leave before scowling
miserable at the tea still residing on the table.
“Damn” He groaned, just when things were going alright too.

HP/SS

Silver squirmed about on Blaise’s bed, staring down at the floor as he contemplated leaping down,
just to see what would happen.
“Don’t” Blaise growled playfully from where he sprawled next to the kitten. The fifth year boys had
all congregated in the dorm, as the seventh years had taken over the Common Room for some
DADA project and were chasing anyone who tried to enter out.
Silver glanced at Blaise, mewing quietly before wriggling towards the end of the bed again. His toys
were spread out on the floor and a familiar ball of yarn was tempting him.
“Can he jump down?” Draco asked curiously from his position on a desk chair. He had attempted to
begin his Charms Essay, however he had given up once they had begun discussing more important
things, such as quidditch and girls (or in Blaise’s case, boys).
“No, his leg’s still too weak” Blaise said, reaching over and tugging Silver back from the edge of the
bed.
“Ah right, I thought he’d be fine by now” Draco mused.
“He is, fine I mean, but his bone’s still a bit brittle. Professor Snape doesn’t want him taking any
unnecessary risks, especially leaping off tall things” Blaise said, remembering what the Professor had
told him a few days previous.
Draco snorted, “I’ve never seen Professor Snape worry so much” He chuckled. “He is pretty
protective over Silver” Blaise agreed, chuckling as the kitten struggled against his hand.
“Fine brat” Blaise muttered, keeping Silver pressed against his chest as he leaned over the side of the
bed and scooped up the toys the kitten had been so anxious to get out. Sitting back up, he positioned
himself against the head of the bed, seated now, and scattered the toys in front of him.
“Professor Snape’s not the only one who’s worried” Theo commented dryly from his own bed while
he observed Blaise and Silver.
“Shut up” Blaise growled, though he was smiling lightly, knowing he was a giant worry-wort when
it came to his boyfriend, whether he was in kitten form or human.
“He’s right Blaise, I’ve never seen you mother something so much” Draco drawled, ducking as
Blaise chuckled a pillow at his head.
“Watch the hair” Draco barked, hands going up protectively while Theo dissolved in giggles on the
other bed.
“Speaking of mothering...” Blaise trailed off, smirking in Draco’s direction as the blonde anxiously
tried to fix his disheveled hair.

“Just because I care about my appearance” Draco muttered as he finally let his hands fall back into his lap.

“I swear Pansy spends less time on her appearance then you” Theo teased, while Blaise jerked a piece of yarn back and forth for Silver to bat at.

Draco looked at Theo, affronted, “Bite your tongue Nott” The blonde said, while the other boys all chuckled. It was well known that Pansy Parkinson spent hours a day on her appearance.

Silver continued to try and attack the piece of thread Blaise was taunting him with. The conversation flowed easily around him and he was, once again, struck by how relaxed Slytherins were in their own environment. The thought passed quickly though, as Blaise dragged the yarn over his back, causing him to twitch and flip over, trying to grab the offending string. Blaise chuckled, his voice deep and reassuring to the tiny kitten, who clambered onto Blaise’s legs, still trying to attack the string.

HP/SS

The fifth year Slytherins walked into the great hall, their masks firmly in place, though the imposing effect was lost due to the Silver kitten riding contently on Blaise’s shoulder. Severus watched his students settle themselves at the Slytherin table, a small smirk on his face as he watched his familiar scramble down from Blaise’s shoulder and onto the table. The Slytherin students ignored the kitten who was picking his way amongst the dishes, pausing to grab certain items whether off plates or platters, before he made his way back to Blaise and was placed in the teens lap.

“Thats so unsanitary” Ronald Weasley shouted from the opposite side of the hall, his half-chewed food on display for everyone to see. Hermione groaned, kicking Ron hard under the table, causing the teen to yelp and spew food all over the table, drawing disgusted groans from his table mates.

“Speaking of unsanitary” Draco muttered under his breath, drawing laughs from the snake table. The red-head’s face darkened, giving his hair a run for its money as he glowered at the Slytherins. Silver poked his head up from Blaise’s lap, he had been dozing since his little meal but the laughter had awoken him. Blaise chuckled as the kitten mewed quietly, pawing at the table lightly. Blaise looked at his plate, looking to see what the kitten was interested in. Rolling his eyes, Blaise picked up a delicate piece of steak and held it out to the tiny kitten. Mewing contently, Silver took the meat in his teeth, and inhaled it quickly.

“Mine was just so much better looking eh?” Blaise teased as he watched the kitten eat the food and then begin to clean his paws.

Severus smirked again, causing many students at the Hufflepuff table to flinch, as he watched Blaise and Silver. He sincerely hoped the Italian teen would be able to accompany them to the trial. Harry was so much more comfortable around Blaise and the Italian had a way of keeping Harry calm. He glanced down the staff table, noticing Albus watching the pair, as well as Dolores, though he knew she was watching due to the kitten, and not admiring the relationship between the pair.

Albus glanced up, meeting Severus’ eye before inclining his head lightly. Clearly Harry would need Blaise to help him cope with this new drama. He could see, clear as day, how close the two boys were, even when Harry was masquerading as Silver.

HP/SS

Later that evening, Severus waited for Harry to get out of the shower. He had been stunned when the boy had willingly reverted back into his human form, though happy. He knew he’d have to tell Harry what was happening, but tonight he wanted to enjoy having Harry as Harry. He’d tell him
tomorrow, he knew Harry would immediately revert back to Silver, at the very least, he also knew how awful it would be for the teen to be faced with the very real reality of having to see the Dursleys again. Shaking his head, he watched as Harry walked back into the living room, wearing a pair of his new pajama bottoms and a large t-shirt that belonged to Blaise. His hair was dripping wet and his eyes were bright as he shuffled along. Severus resisted the urge to snicker, he looked much younger then his fifteen, but Severus knew that on some level, Harry was a lot younger then fifteen. Blaise was helping him overcome his emotional deficiencies, and Severus was filling the role of parent, especially since the only example of authority figures were those god-forsaken Dursleys.

“Would you like something to eat?” Severus asked curiously, watching the young man with a small smile.

“I’m okay” Harry murmured, moving to sit on the couch next to the man he considered to be his father. He curled up instantly, a habit he had developed since the break, and pulled his blanket around him. Severus smiled, letting Harry rest against his side, he didn’t speak however, not wanting to ruin the moment, instead he cleared his throat and began to read aloud from his potions’ journal. He was adamant that Harry would improve in Potions if it killed him. The boy was not a natural, but he was a bit better then Severus had initially given him credit for.

His voice faltered lightly as Harry snuggled up against him, his head resting on his shoulder, wet hair still dripping lightly though Severus didn’t mind. It was rare that Harry cuddled with him while in human form, he was still sensitive to touches from older men. Blaise was unique in that sense, Harry was fine with touches from Blaise, though he was getting better with others.

Severus continued to read, finally closing the book a few hours later and stretching carefully. Harry had fallen asleep against him, not that Sev was surprised, the boy tended to doze off quite frequently, just like his cat form. Setting aside the journal, Severus carefully scooped Harry up, trying not to wake him, and carried him down the hall to his bedroom. Tucking the boy in he cast a drying charm on his still slightly damp hair before leaving the room to head to his own. He made sure to leave his door cracked so Harry could come in, if he needed him. Climbing into bed, Severus tried to keep away the depressing thoughts of the conversation he would have to have with his young charge tomorrow. For now, he wanted to dwell on the content feelings left over from the few hours he had just spent with human Harry.

HP/SS

Morning dawned bright and early, though Severus could only tell due to the enchanted windows that resided in his dungeon rooms. Stretching lightly, he slipped into the washroom to shower and tidy up for the day, mildly surprised Harry hadn’t joined him in the night, it was rare that Harry managed a night in his own bed, especially in human form. The boy still had rather vivid nightmares about what had happened to him, as well as nightmares connected to his curse scar.

Walking into the kitchen, he opted to order breakfast from the elves as it was Sunday and he had no desire to brave the great hall. He needed to speak to Harry anyway, and he figured sticking around his chambers would be the best.

A few moments later a still sleepy Harry stumbled into the kitchen, falling into his seat at the table, and loading his plate with bacon and eggs as well as pouring himself a large glass of pumpkin juice.

“Morning” Severus said with a small chuckle, the teen was barely awake, his eyes were sleep ridden and his hair tousled.

“M’rning” Harry muttered, yawning widely before digging into his breakfast. Severus sighed, he’d have to wait until Harry was much more awake for this conversation. Yes, that was it, Harry needed to be awake, it had nothing to do with him not wanting to have the conversation at all.
Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

As Severus predicted, Harry hadn’t taken the news about the Dursley’s impending trial (and his subsequent involvement) horribly. He shuddered as he peeked under the couch, he was searching for Silver, since he hadn’t seen the kitten in two days. As he searched, his mind wandered back to the conversation he had had with Harry that faithful afternoon.

-Flash Back-

“Harry” Severus murmured softly, looking up at his adopted son worriedly, “I need to talk to you, please have a seat” He gestured at the couch, which was already adorned with Harry’s blanket. “Sure Sev” Harry flopped down, grinning contently, he had had a great morning playing with Blaise and exploring the castle. As Silver, everything was so different, so much more fun.

Taking a breath, Severus pulled out the letter he had received the previous evening and began his explanation. Harry’s face had gone from shock, to fear, to anger, and then finally stopped on sheer, undiluted terror. Before Severus had even had a chance to speak, Harry had shifted into Silver and had bolted from the room, disappearing into god only knows what part of the school. Severus had sat there, stunned and staring at the space that his son had disappeared from. After a moment, Severus shot up and immediately began searching the quarters for his son, there was no sign of him. As time passed, Severus became more and more frantic, asking Blaise to help him look, and eventually dragging the rest of Slytherin house in.

-End Flash Back-

“Any sign?” Blaise asked worriedly as Severus came into the Common Room, a bit of dust smudging his normally immaculate black robes.

“None” Severus said, sinking into a chair. The students rallied around him, Silver had become a favorite of the Snakes (their mascot) and he was worried sick (as were they all) about the small kitten.

“The trial’s in two days” Blaise murmured, wincing at the sharp look in Sev’s eye.

“I don’t give a damn about the trial Blaise, I want him back” Sev hissed, making sure his voice was low so no one overheard.

“I know Sev, I’m just worried” Blaise murmured, “I want him to testify, I want those bastards to go to Azkaban and suffer for what they did to him. They get away scott free if he doesn’t talk. It sucks, he shouldn’t have to confront them, but unless he does, he’ll never face his fear, never get over what happened” The Italian hissed passionately. Sev’s eyes grew wide as he stared at his student, before he nodded dumbly. Blaise made sense, as much as it was horrid for Harry have to do this, in order for him to heal and move on with his life, he had to confront the Dursleys.

“We need to find him first” Severus murmured, eyes downcast. Blaise had already been asked, prior to them telling Harry about the trial, if he’d accompany them to the trial (disguised of course) and the Italian had immediately agreed.

“We’ll find him Sev” Blaise said, though his voice caught a bit in his throat, he was worried about
his boyfriend and he wanted nothing more than to gather him into his arms and protect him from everything.

HP/SS

Silver watched Severus and Blaise from the small hole that Hogwarts had created for him in Slytherin Common Room. His green eyes were wide, sad as he listened to the two most important people in his life grieve for him. He wanted to go to them, desperately but he couldn’t make himself come out of the safe place that was just his. He knew he needed to deal with the Dursleys, knew he had to deal with what had happened to him. But it was so much easier not to deal with it, to shove it aside and just be happy the way he was.

He shivered lightly, in the two days he had been missing, he had hidden in the hole, not coming out at all. He hadn’t eaten, his once glossy coat was covered in dust and patchy. He knew he needed to come out if he wanted to survive, but he was absolutely terrified of confronting the Dursleys. He knew he’d have Blaise and Sev there to support him, but he was still scared.

Mentally, he scoffed. He was supposed to be the Boy-Who-Lived, supposed to defeat Voldemort, but he couldn’t even confront a few muggles? He shook his head in disgust, large ears flapping against his small skull. He needed to -to coin a phrase- man up. Shaking slightly from effort, he carefully slipped from the hole, glancing over his shoulder as the castle sealed up behind him, ready for whenever he needed it again.

Walking on shaky legs, he slunk worriedly towards his father and boyfriend, both of whom were sitting in the deserted Common Room, other students having gone to bed. As he moved closer, his movement must have caught Sev’s eye, because a look of shock came over the dark-haired man’s face before he suddenly threw himself at Silver, immediately scooping up the shaking kitten. Blaise, shocked by his Professor’s actions, immediately turned, staring happily at the kitten in Sev’s arms. Both men immediately began cooing over him, checking for injuries and commenting on his dusty fur and too-thin body.

Holding Silver tightly, Sev gestured for Blaise to follow and the two Slytherins made their way to the Potion Master’s quarters in order to speak more openly and fuss more noticeably over Silver.

HP/SS

Once inside, Sev got a warm, slightly damp cloth and carefully began to wipe Silver off, cleaning him up. Once the dust was off the kitten, both Sev and Blaise could better examine the effects his two days of solitude had had on him. For a human, not eating for two days might only result in some bad hunger pains, and maybe falling unconscious. For a kitten, especially a tiny one like Silver, it could have devastating effects. They were able to see most of Silver’s bones through his taunt skin, and his fur was hanging off of him, patchy in places. Sev sighed, “You’ll have to go on nutrients potion” He grumbled softly, though his tone was affectionate.

Silver glanced up at Severus, mewing softly, his green eyes sad, apologetic.

“You’re forgiven” Severus murmured, “But we need to talk Harry” He said softly, using his human name, reminding him that this wasn’t an issue he could hide from.

Silver nodded, squirming away from his caregivers and shifting back into human form. He staggered slightly, hands gripping the table as Severus rose quickly and tried to support him. Carefully he and Blaise settled Harry on the couch, Blaise wrapping Harry’s blanket around his too-thin shoulders.

“I-I wanna testify” Harry stammered, looking at the two men with sad green eyes. Sev sucked in a breath.

“I want too” Harry murmured, looking from Sev to Blaise, “If you both will be there”

“Of course Harry” Sev murmured, while Blaise drew him into a tight hug, “We’ll both be there for you” Harry nodded, tears slipping down his cheeks and onto Blaise’s shirt.
Sev sighed, thankful Harry had finally agreed to testify, but he also wanted to lighten the mood. “Come on Harry, let’s get you something to eat” He murmured, breaking the tension. Harry sniffled once or twice before turning his attention to his Dad.

“O-okay” He mumbled tiredly, letting Blaise hold him while Sev went to make some soup. Harry already had nutrient problems from his suffering at the hands of the Dursleys, and Sev wasn’t going to give him anything to challenging to eat yet.

Coming back with a steaming bowl of chicken broth, Sev settled himself down next to Harry and carefully handed him the bowl. He was ready to snatch it back as he saw his son’s hands tremble noticeably, though Harry managed to keep the bowl steady, though Harry managed to keep the bowl steady.

After Harry had eaten, he had dozed off almost immediately against Blaise. Smiling, Blaise raked his fingers through the messy raven-hair, glancing up at Severus occasionally.

“You think he’ll be okay?” He asked, keeping his voice low.

“No, I think this is just the tip of the iceberg” Sev said, shaking his head sadly.

“He’ll testify, but he’s doing it for us, to reassure us. He still hasn’t fully accepted what happened to him. This case is only going to make this harder. He’s going to suffer immensely Blaise, and there’s not a damn thing either of us can do to stop it” The potion’s master growled.

“We can be there for him Sev. We can be there to pick up the pieces when he finally confronts this, we can love him and protect him, but we have to let him do this” Blaise murmured. Sev nodded softly, running his fingers through his own hair.

“This is going to be bad Blaise, but you’re right, we’ll get him through this” Sev couldn’t be more thankful that Harry had managed to latch onto Blaise. The Italian was extremely level-headed, and Sev was remarkably happy that he could rely on the young man.

HP/SS

Silver shifted, pawing at the soft blanket he was lying on in the box Sev had placed him in for Potion’s class. He was on the desk, where Sev could keep an eye on him. Ever since he had gone missing, Sev had become remarkably over protective and insisted on taking Silver with him everywhere.

The night he had returned from being missing, was also the night that Dumbledore had announced Harry Potter’s arrival at the school for the trial. He was, of course, staying in Dumbledore’s quarters under Auror protection and no one as allowed to see him. So, now he stayed in Silver form until after the trial, unless he was posing as himself for the trial and occasional meals. Silver and Harry Potter couldn’t be related to one another, not could Harry be seen anywhere besides with Dumbledore, which was why he was once again posing continually as a cat. He was fine with that though, he felt much better as Silver, safer.

He sighed, tomorrow was the trial and he was not looking forward to it at all. He knew and Sev had told him that it would a long, drawn out process and that he would have to confront a lot of things he had been hiding from. So for now, he was going to enjoy just being Silver even though he was trapped in a box that was far to large for him to jump out. He mewed, chewing on a piece of yarn from one of the many toys Sev had dumped in the box in order to distract him. He couldn’t see what was going on, but he knew from his own experiences that the Slytherins were trying to mess up the Gryffindors potions, that Neville was just about at the end of his rope and was probably adding the wrong ingredients. He also knew Draco was probably overly focused on his potion, and Blaise was sneaking worried glances at his box. Sev was stalking the aisle, deliberately making Neville nervous and Hermione was trying her best to prevent Ron and Neville from leveling the potion’s lab without Snape noticing her. He glanced up as a shadow loomed over head, and a hand reached down to scoop him up. Twisting, he tried to see he was holding him, and let out a pleased squeak as he saw Draco’s face as he was pulled into the Blonde’s chest. As much as Harry used to hate Draco Malfoy, with his induction into Slytherin, he had realized that the blonde was a nice, kind person and under a lot of pressure from his father to join the Dark Lord. He also knew Draco had no desire to join the
dark, nor did many Slytherin students, they were just under pressure from their parents. He snuggled against Draco, purring as the blonde stroked him. It seemed Dray had finished his potion early (which was typical) and had gotten Sev’s permission to play with him. Once Draco’s work space was clean, he was able to set the kitten down and play with him, enchanting his ball of yarn to roll around the desk. Squeaking happily again, Silver dove after the ball, ignoring the blonde teen laughing at his antics. The ball was enchanted to stay at Draco’s station, so Silver had to stay there as well.

Predictably, towards the end of class, a small -boom- sounded and Neville’s cauldron was in pieces, a thick goop sliding around the floor. Resisting the urge to groan, Severus banished the potion, shooting a glare at Longbottom, who was quaking. “That cat probably sabotaged it” Ron hissed loudly, drawing everyone’s attention to the Gryffindor side of the room. “And pray tell how a kitten could sabotage a potion Mr. Weasley?” Severus drawled. Silver was looking at Ron intently, curious as to how he’d somehow screwed this up. Draco was stroking his back, muttering clever comments under his breath directed at Weasley. “He probably sheds all over the place, he contaminated Nev’s potion with his fur” Ron said triumphantly. Severus rolled his eyes, clearly praying for some strength from whomever controlled the afterlife. “If you had read about the potion before you showed up in my classroom Weasley. You’d realize that animal fur would have no negative effects on the potion” He drawled, “So therefore, it is impossible that his fur would have sabotaged Mr. Longbottom’s potion. No, unfortunately it is just Longbottom’s incompetence that destroyed yet another cauldron” “Sure” Ron snorted, glowering in the direction of Silver and Draco, ignoring Hermione and the rest of the Gryffindor’s frantic attempts to shut him up. “Are you suggesting Mr. Weasley that I would allow my familiar to come to this class if I knew his fur would have negative effects on the potion? Are you suggesting I am as dunderheaded as you are?” He growled at the quaking red-headed teen. “N-no sir” Ron stammered, wincing as Hermione kicked him in the shins. Sev just rolled his eyes again, before turning to address the rest of the class. “Please bottle your potions and deposit them on my desk. For next class, I want a six inch essay on the effect or lack thereof that Geoffrey’s cat hair will have on a boil lancing potion” He said, his eyes turning on Ron again. The class groaned, but soon students were filing out, and Draco was handing the Slytherin Head of House his kitten back. “Thank you Mr. Malfoy” Sev murmured, stroking Silver’s ears lightly before putting him back in his box and gathering up the potions. Checking the time, he realized that he only had a few minutes before his first year Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws came in. With Silver safely deposited back in his box, he began setting up for the first years, casting protective enchantments over the box that held his familiar, as well as over the room itself. First years (even those of Hufflepuff and Ravenclaws) were capable of blowing up even the easiest potions with the least volatile ingredients.

HP/SS

Harry Potter ducked his head as he walked into the Ministry of Magic. Professors Dumbledore and Snape walked beside him, along with Poppy Pomfrey. Blaise, disguised by polyjuice potion was standing behind Harry, lending his support. Inside the Ministry Atrium stood an entire hoard of reporters, all of them clamoring for Harry’s attention. However, the Aurors and the group with Harry escorted the young teen through the crowd, making sure no one bothered him too much. “Courtroom six Mr. Potter” A Ministry official murmured, pointing the group towards the newest lift. This was a closed case, yet it was high profile, so of course there were leaks, hence the reporters. Harry shuddered, pressing unconsciously closer to Sev’s side while Blaise placed a comforting hand
on his lower back. The raven-haired teen shuddered softly, accepting the comfort as he was lead into the large court room. The room was circular, the center of the floor was depressed with a chair situated in the middle. Directly in front of the chair was a tall podium, where the judge would sit. Around the room were rows and rows of chairs, in the lowest circle was where the jury would sit. Up from that was where anyone invited to watch the case would be seated. Harry and his supporters were seated to the right of the judge, and on the left would be the Dursley’s and their lawyer, whom had been assigned by the court.

Once Harry was seated, Sev on one side, Blaise on the other, the Dursley’s were brought in.

Harry sucked in a painful breath as he watched the three people who had tortured him for the majority of his life. Blaise discreetly wrapped an arm around Harry, rubbing his side softly as he watched the Dursley’s for the first time. It physically hurt to see the two obese men, literally resembling waddling walrus’ while Harry was nearly emaciated. Sev seemed pretty pissed off as well it seemed, he was cursing under his breath.

Once everyone was seated, the Judge cast an enchantment which prevented anyone from discussing the case beyond the court room, as well as a charm that stopped any magical listening devices from working within the court room.

“We will now begin with opening statements from both sides” The Judge, Amelia Bones, said, gesturing for Harry’s lawyer, which was a friend of Dumbledore, to begin.

The man rose, smiling reassuringly at his client before heading down to the center of the floor and beginning his statement.

Harry didn’t remember anything the man said, he was absolutely terrified. When Vernon had walked in the room, he had very deliberately looked at Harry and licked his lips. As if he knew this was a large joke and that the boy would be coming back to his home eventually. While Harry knew that wasn’t true, because Sev had adopted him, and he was, in essence a Snape, he was still terrified that that would happen.

Then, Harry’s lawyer took his seat and the Dursley’s lawyer rose. Harry shook as the man painted a picture of an ungrateful child, taking advantage of his kind Aunt and Uncle, not pulling his weight in the home and making up horrific stories just to punish the muggle family. Harry’s breath came in shallow gasps as the man told the ‘horror’ stories about his accidental magic, terrorizing the family and how he used to lord it over them as he was magical and they were not. Harry felt dizzy, he felt hands on his back, rubbing it, though he couldn’t hear what was being said. Finally he felt someone push him forward, positioning his head down by his knees and whispering frantically in his ear for him to breathing. After what felt like forever, the ringing in Harry’s ears subsided and he was able to sit up. The first thing he was aware of was Sev looking at him worriedly, along with Blaise.

“Is Mr. Potter well enough to continue?” Judge Bones asked, looking concerned at the young man with the pale face. Severus glanced at Harry’s lawyer and nodded.

“Yes your honor” The man said gently, glowering pointedly at the Dursley’s lawyer, who looked unapologetic before he launched right back into his spiel.

“We will break for a short recess” Bones called, having heard both opening statements. “The jury will examine this evidence and we will meet back here to begin with presenting evidence at two” She glanced at the wall clock, it was nearing noon, so that would give everyone enough time to eat lunch and deal with whatever needed to be dealt with. Banging her gavel, she rose, sweeping out of the room which was an indication that they were all allowed to leave.

HP/SS

Severus immediately lead Harry and Blaise to a quite table in the ministry cafeteria, making sure
Harry was shielded by him and Blaise, much like when they had gone to Diagon Alley a few weeks earlier.

By agreement, no one talked about the case, instead Severus told funny stories about what happened in his Potion’s classes and Blaise tried to teach Harry how to speak Italian. They both knew their distraction techniques weren’t really working, but Harry seemed to appreciate the effort, and neither man was willing to stop trying.

As two o’clock inevitably rolled around, Severus lead an anxious Harry and protective Blaise back towards the court room. Primary evidence was to be presented and the following day interviews would begin. On Harry’s behalf, Poppy would be presenting her evidence as well as conducting an interview the following day. Her testimony would be crucial to the case. Also up for interviews was himself, Minerva and Albus and finally Harry himself. Odds were Harry wouldn’t be interviewed until the last day of the trial, before closing statements.

Settling in his chair, Severus turned his attention to the Dursley’s lawyer as he began to present bank statements ‘clearly showing how much money the Dursley’s dished out on that ungrateful Potter boy’.

Harry looked horrified, the evidence was completely fabricated, the Dursley’s probably saved money on him, since they never clothed him, properly fed him or even allowed him a bedroom. He even earned them money when Vernon loaned him to neighbours to do their chores and took the money from him. Severus was fuming, though he knew Albus could completely destroy this testimony, since it was common knowledge that the Dursley’s had received an allowance from the Potter vaults to pay for Harry’s upkeep, obviously they hadn’t used it on the boy. Sev was willing to bet money that the allowance had all gone towards taking care of their whale of a son.

“Madame Pomfrey you’ll be presenting evidence on behalf of Mr. Potter. Will you please take the stand?” Bones asked. Poppy nodded, rising from her seat and ascending the stairs towards the middle of the room. Once seated, she pulled a large file from her bag and began to discuss Harry’s grievous injuries she had treated every time he had returned from Hogwarts from the summer. She started with the starvation, then moved onto the physical injuries, finally ending in the rape. With all of this she had picture documentation and reports to back it up. It took Poppy well over an hour to get everything out, and by the end there were very few dry eyes in the court room. Many people were absolutely horrified, as sexual abuse in the wizarding world was extremely rare.

After ten long hours the day finally came to a close.

“Court will continue tomorrow morning at nine am with testimony by Professor Albus Dumbledore” Amelia Bones called out. “For now, court is adjourned” She added, dismissing everyone. With a weary sigh, Severus and Albus shepherded Harry and Blaise to the nearest floo where they immediately flooed to Severus’ rooms. Once inside, Harry shifted into Silver immediately and Blaise took a potion to dispel the effects of the long-lasting polyjuice he had taken that morning.

“Can I stay here tonight Professor?” Blaise asked, cradling Silver tiredly.

“Of course Blaise, we have an early start tomorrow anyway, and I’m sure Harry could use the support” Sev said, gesturing towards the couch. Blaise sat, wrapping Harry’s blanket around the kitten and watched as Severus ordered a later dinner from the kitchens. Today had been a lot more trying then he had expected and he was sure Sev felt the same way. He glanced up as Sev appeared, handing him a cup of tea and sitting down opposite while they waited for the elves to appear with food. Neither man spoke, to caught up in their own thoughts about what had happened and mulling over how they could help the young man, currently kitten, curled up in Blaise’s lap.

As an elf appeared with food, both men dug in, though the food tasted like ash in their mouths.

Blaise was horrified to finally learn the extent of everything that Harry had been through and Severus was completely devastated by what his son had gone through at the hands of those monsters.

It was late before either Blaise or Severus was able to go to bed, both caught up in their own
thoughts, and when sleep did come, it was restless and nightmare filled.
Trials and Errors

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

“Your Mum still sick Blaise?” Theo Nott asked his roommate and fellow Slytherin curiously. The boy had been missing from Hogwarts periodically over the last few days, his mother was apparently ill, and as the heir of the Zabini family, he needed to be there. Or at least that was the excuse Blaise and Severus were using in order for Blaise to attend the Dursleys trial with Harry.

“Yea, I have to go again this weekend” Blaise murmured, the end of a trial was coming up, supposedly, and the next few days would be extremely difficult on Harry since he was going to be testifying, as well as listening to the Dursleys and other important witnesses.

“Thats too bad” Draco murmured, glancing down at the Daily Prophet, reading the scarce news that they were able to report about the Potter-Dursley trial.

“Yea, I think she’ll be fine though, but no one trusts her current husband to actually do anything useful, so I need to be around once in awhile” The Italian said, flicking his bangs from his eyes.

He glanced up at the head table where Severus was seated, Silver curled in his lap. The trial had been rather exhausting and it still wasn’t over.

HP/SS

Harry sighed, feeling Sev’s hand tighten reassuringly on his shoulder as they stood outside of the far too familiar courtroom six.

“You’ll be fine” Sev murmured in his ear, casting a glance at Blaise, who was standing nearby, polyjuiced with the hair from a random muggle that Severus’ had ‘borrowed’. Due to the longness of the court hours, Severus was allowing Blaise to use some of his un-patented, long lasting polyjuice potion. Severus had made it, initially, for Lord Voldemort and his death eaters to use for their daily interactions, since most of them were supposed to be on the run from Azkaban, yet they still needed to go out and do errands for their master. The potion lasted up to twelve hours though Severus had created an antidote as well, just to be on the safe side.

Blaise smiled at Harry reassuringly, he had been presented to the court as Harry’s mind healer from the training facility in the USA. It was a shaky story at best, but everyone was hoping that the trial would cause to large of a distraction for the court to properly check out Blaise’s faked credentials.

Harry sucked in a breath, nodding lightly as Severus and Albus went ahead of him and Blaise into the court room. Once again everyone was seated as they had been before. Though today the Harry would be testifying in the morning, and Vernon Dursley would be questioned in the afternoon. This marked the final day of interviews, evidence had been reviewed, mostly medical files and pictures taken from Poppy Pomfrey during Harry’s exams at Hogwarts. Of course the fudged bank records had also been reviewed, along with picture evidence taken from the Dursley’s home. Harry settled in his chair, a small frown on his face as he listened to the opening statements from both lawyers.

Harry shudderingly took the stand, wincing as the chains attached to the chair rattled threateningly, though did nothing.
“Please administer the Veritaserum” Madame Bones said, watching closely as the bailiff administered three precise drops of the clear potion to Harry.

Giving the potion a moment to work, the questioner waited until Harry’s green eyes took on a familiar glazed sheen.

“I’ll just ask a test question and then we can begin” The man said, looking at the judge for conformation. Bones nodded, peering over her spectacles at the young man.

“Is your full name Harry James Potter?” The man asked, keeping a close eye on Harry.

“Yes” Harry said, his words coming out in a familiar, dull monotone.

“He’s ready” The man said, stepping back to allow the Dursleys’ lawyer to approach.

“Is it true that you have lived with Petunia, Vernon and Dudley Dursley from just after your first birthday?” The lawyer asked, looking down at a piece of parchment with the questions he was to ask.

“Yes” Harry responded dully.

“And is it also true that Mr and Mrs. Dursley have supported you since that time?”

“Yes” Harry responded, gasps sounding from around the courtroom. The questions asked by the lawyer were designed just so that they were broad enough for Harry to answer them with seemingly honest answers however without specifying certain things that painted the Dursleys in a bad light.

“So the Dursleys cared for you?”

“Yes”

“And they provided you with a proper education?”

“Yes”

“Did the Dursleys take you into their home, despite the obvious financial drain it would have on them?”

“Yes” Harry mumbled.

“Did you have dangerous bouts of accidental magic?”

“Yes”

“So, the Dursleys provided a home for Mr. Potter, sent him to school and supported him while enduring dangerous bouts of underage magic in which they could not protect themselves” The man said, addressing the jury now.

“Would a family doing that abuse their only charge?” He added, before sitting down again, clearly done his questions for the moment.

“And would Mr. Potter’s lawyer please commence with their questions” Madame Bones asked.

The man nodded, moving to stand in front of Harry. The glazed eyes indicated that the boy was still under the influence of the truth potion.

“Mr Potter, while you say the Dursley’s provided you, would you say that your childhood was similar to your cousin’s only childhood?” The man asked.

“No” Harry answered in the dull tone, his posture slack.

“How did your childhood differ?”

“Dudley was always bigger then me, he was fed more. He had two bedrooms, and never did any chores. I slept in a cupboard under the stairs, did chores and rarely was fed, unless Aunt Petunia was worried that I would collapse before finishing my chores” Harry responded.

“What kind of chores were you expected to do in the household Mr. Potter?”

“Cook breakfast, lunch and dinner. Mow the lawn, weed the garden, wash Uncle Vernon’s car, wash the windows, dust, vacuum and mop. Do the dishes, clean gutters, clean Dudley’s bedrooms, and do the shopping” Harry said.

“Did your cousin do chores Mr. Potter?”

“No”

“How old were you when you started doing chores?”

“The first time I remember cooking breakfast I was five” Harry responded.

“You were cooking at five years old?” The lawyer asked, aghast.

“Yes”
“Has Vernon Dursley ever struck you Mr. Potter?” The lawyer asked, moving into the more difficult question.
“Yes”
“Lies” Roared Vernon Dursley from the other side of the courtroom.
“Quiet” Madame Bones called, pinning Vernon with a glare.
“Please continue” She gestured to the lawyer, shaking her head tiredly.
“When was the first time Vernon Dursley struck you?” The lawyer asked, shooting a furious glance at Vernon.
“I was seven” Harry responded.
“Why did he strike you?”
“I was running away from Dudley and his gang, and accidentally ended up on the roof of my school”
“You were running from your cousin? Why?”
“Yes. Because he and his friends were playing ‘Harry Hunting’ their favorite game”
“Harry Hunting?” The lawyer asked, stunned.
“Yes” Harry responded.
Visibly composing himself, the lawyer glanced down at the paper clutched in his hands.
“Was that the only time Vernon Dursley struck you?”
“No”
“Were you physically abused by Vernon Dursley?”
“Yes” Harry responded, sweat shining on his brow now.
“Has Vernon Dursley ever sexually abused you Mr. Potter?” The lawyer asked, his voice low.
“Y-yes” Harry stammered, though still under the influence of Veritaserum, the question was still hard to answer. The lawyer sighed, shaking lightly, rape was always a difficult topic.
“Where you regularly sexually abused by Vernon Dursley”
“No”
“When was the first time you were sexually abused by Mr. Dursley”
“This summer” Harry responded.
“Was that the only time Vernon Dursley sexually abused you?”
“Yes” Harry responded.
“Do you think he would have continued to sexually abuse you if you had remained at the Dursley household?” The lawyer asked.
“Yes”
“Why?”
“Because he said he would” Harry responded, face pale.
“Vernon Dursley said he would continue to sexually abuse you?”
“Yes”
The lawyer sighed, turning to address the jury now.
“While under the Dursleys care, Harry Potter was denied basic amenities of a safe place to sleep, denied food, forced to do copious amounts of chores that were far out of his age range. His accidental magic resulted in him being abused by his caretakers and this last summer he was sexually abused by his Uncle with threats for the abuse to continue” The lawyer said with a hard expression.
“Are you done with your questions now?” Madame Bones asked curiously.
“Yes, your honor” The lawyer said taking a seat as the court appointed potions’ master came forward, administrating the antidote for the Veritaserum. Once three drops of the potion had been administrated, Harry was led, shaking, back to his seat next to Severus.
“I’m calling a recess for lunch now, the questioning of Mr. Dursley will take place in the afternoon. Please be back here for two” Madame Bones said, banging her gavel loudly.
Severus immediately wrapped his arms around Harry, ignoring the odd looks he was getting by showing affection to the boy-who-lived. Harry’s green eyes were no longer glazed, however they were filled with tears.
“Come on” Severus murmured, leading Harry and Blaise towards the cafeteria and settling the pair at
a table in the corner. He quickly went to the cafeteria lined, getting food for himself and Blaise and a small bowl of soup for Harry. He knew the boy wouldn’t be able to stomach much, but Severus knew that he needed something to sustain himself for the afternoon.

Sitting back down, Severus placed the bowl of chicken broth in front of Harry. The raven-haired teen shook his head, moving to push the soup away, though Severus stopped him.

“Eat it please Harry. I know you don’t want to, but you need to” Severus murmured, as Blaise nodded encouragingly, taking a large bite of his own sandwich.

Harry gave a defeated sigh, both his father and boyfriend were hovering over him anxiously, not that he could blame them. Lifting the spoon, the boy took a small sip of the warm broth, feeling mildly revived as the warmth seeped into his stomach.

HP/SS

Harry was seated protectively between Blaise and Severus, staring down into the center of the courtroom where his Uncle was being given a muggle-safe dose of Veritaserum. He shivered lightly, wrapping his arms around himself as he stared down at the large, whale-like muggle. Vernon had already turned that unflattering puce colour that only occurred when he was angry, and Harry just knew it was directed at him.

The standard questions were asked, and Vernon’s lawyer came up, beginning to question Vernon, though as before his questions were tailored to show Vernon in a good light, while demonizing Harry.

“Did you and your family fear your nephew’s accidental magic Mr. Dursley?”

“Yes”

“Your nephew was left on your doorstep by one Albus Dumbledore. Did you feel like you were required to care for your nephew?”

“Yes”

“Why?”

“Because he was left on our doorstep. We couldn’t very well take him back where he’d come from” Vernon answered in the same dull voice as Harry had used earlier. Harry shuddered, despite Dumbledore being helpful now, Harry wouldn’t be able to ever get over the fact that the man had just left him on a doorstep somewhere.

“Do you feel that you gave Mr. Potter a good life?”

“Yes” Vernon said, his tone almost smug.

“Was Mr. Potter treated well in your household?”

“Yes” Vernon said, he firmly believed that they had given ‘the freak’ a good life, the only kind of life he deserved.

“Do you feel that your family gave Mr. Potter a proper childhood?”

“Yes”

“Allowing him all the amenities that any child deserves”

“No” Vernon ground out, a vein pulsing unpleasantly in his forehead.

“No you did not” Vernon spat.

“Why not?”

“Because he’s a freak” Vernon spat.

“A freak?”

“Unnatural, he doesn’t deserve to live with good, normal people like my family” Vernon hissed.

Harry winced noticeably next to Severus, whose arm tightened lightly around his shoulders. Severus tensed slightly, glowering at Vernon with an expression that would terrify most Hogwarts students.

The questioning continued in much the same manner, Harry getting more and more nervous until they finally hit the question he was terrified of hearing.

“Did you rape Mr. Potter?”
“Yes”
The court stilled, they’d already heard the same statement from Harry, but reality really hit as the
word was spit from the purple-faced man’s mouth.

“That’s it for today” Madame Bones said in a stilted voice.
“We will resume tomorrow for final statements and finally sentencing” She said, shaking her head.
Slowly Severus lead Harry and Blaise from courtroom six, quickly ushering the boys back to
Hogwarts. Harry had been numb, silent since his questioning. After the admission of rape from
Vernon, the questions had gotten much more violent and graphic, going into detail about how
Vernon had done the deed, and even his plans to continue the sexual abuse with his nephew.

Severus watched Harry shift into Silver and streak into Sev’s room. After giving Blaise the the
antidote for the long lasting polyjuice, he sent the Slytherin back to his Common Room. He normally
wouldn’t let Blaise just leave after what he had overheard, but Severus needed to calm down, and for
that he needed to be alone. Silver was curled up in his blankets, seemingly asleep but he knew that
his adopted son was trying to cope. Damn Severus was happy that tomorrow would be the last day
of the trial, especially since he wasn’t sure Harry could handle anymore. Slipping into his favorite
chair, Severus cradled a tumbler of brandy, sipping it steadily, the whiteness of his knuckles slowly
lessening as the alcohol took effect.
Tomorrow was going to be a long, long day.
Severus' Story

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Sipping his brandy, Severus stared deep into the fire, watching the flames lick the blackened brick as he contemplated everything he had heard today coupled with everything he knew about Harry. His mind wandered back to that faithful day in Albus’ office where the man had asked him to take in the battered Potter teen as his own. He knew Albus had been surprised with his easy acceptance of the situation, but Albus was unaware that he and Harry had made peace during the first task of the Triwizard tournament when Severus had realized what the first task was and his fear for Lily’s son had outweighed his anger at the James Potter look-alike that had haunted Hogwarts halls for the last three years.

It hadn’t been a burden for Severus to let Harry into his life and subsequently into his heart. He had been apprehensive at first, while he liked the teen, he hadn’t been sure he was father material, not by a long shot. But after seeing Harry lying in the Hospital wing, his thin body dwarfed by the large bed, his dark bruises standing out against his pale skin. It had literally touched and then broken his cold heart as he learned of the trauma that the teen suffered at the hands of his relatives. Watching the trial and overhearing everything had totally stunned him and horrified him and now he was more worried about Harry then ever.

Sighing, Severus took a sip of his brandy relishing the liquid burning down his throat as he continued to stare into the flames, thinking back to Harry’s fourth year.

-Flash Back-

Severus stalked down the cobbled hallways of Hogwarts, resisting the urge to laugh as students and visitors alike immediately cleared a path for the ‘dungeon bat’. His dragon-hide boots made no noise on the stones of the corridor which he enjoyed immensely because it gave him an added advantage when sneaking up on students. Minerva thought he was ridiculous, but he enjoyed the little things in life, such as terrifying students.

Walking rapidly, he frowned as he heard quiet sobbing coming from an empty classroom. Intent on going in and punishing whatever student was inside. Not that there was anything against being inside an empty classroom, students often used them for studying. Severus just wanted to take out his aggression on someone, the added stress of this bloody tournament was wearing his already limited patience thin.

Shoving the door open, he was more the surprised to be greeted with the tear streaked face of one Harry Potter.

“Mr. Potter what are you doing in here?” Severus asked his tone dry, yet not as scathing as it normally was when addressing the teen. He had never seen the Potter boy so upset and he was intrigued.

“N-Nothing Professor” The dark haired teen stammered hastily scrubbing at his eyes and trying to stem the flow of tears, his nose dripped slightly as he sniffled, causing Severus to arch an eyebrow
and transfigure a piece of scrap paper into a handkerchief.

“Here” He said, thrusting the piece of fabric at the teen, a frown on his face.

“Th-thanks” Potter murmured, blowing his nose lightly and mopping up his face, trying to remove all evidence of his tears.

“Now Mr. Potter perhaps you would like to tell me what has you so upset” Severus said, sitting down and gesturing for Harry to do the same.

Harry’s dark eyebrows rose in surprise, he had obviously expected to be ridiculed or tossed in detention by his least favorite professor.

“It’s nothing Professor” Harry murmured in a subdued voice. He clearly had no desire to discuss what was bothering him.

“Mr. Potter, something has clearly upset you enough to seek out an abandoned classroom in order to vent your feelings” Severus said with in a silky tone.

Harry let out a sigh, and Severus was struck by how much, in that moment, the teen reminded him of Lily. He remembered comforting Lily in the same classroom years ago, her green eyes had sparkled with tears and her cheeks had been flushed with embarrassment, exactly like Harry looked at that moment. It was like the realization hit him all at once, Harry Potter was not James Potter nor was he Lily, though he, in that moment resembled her. Harry was his own person, a young boy thrust into a far to dangerous life, who was clearly upset about something and had no one to talk too.

“Mr. Potter, Harry” He said, his tone suddenly soft and kind, “Please tell me what’s bothering you” He said, watching with mild amusement as Harry’s green eyes shot open as he looked at Severus in shock.

“I-I just found out what the first task is” Harry murmured, “Dragons” He shuddered, “How can I fight a dragon?” He sighed exhaustedly, looking a lot more beaten then a fourteen year old should ever look. “Ron’s mad at me, he won’t even look at me since he thinks I entered myself in this stupid tournament and Hermione only tells me to study and I’ll be fine” The teen said, more tears rolling down his cheeks as he began to feel the stress again. Suddenly Harry looked terrified, his green eyes staring at Snape with fear. Severus could tell exactly what the teen was thinking, Harry had just spilled his heart out to his most hated Professor, the man who had made his life miserable for three years. The teen paled, his breath beginning to come out in short gasps as the horror and fear of what he’d just said caught up with him. Severus immediately leapt up, gently tilting Harry forward and rubbing his back.

“Breath Harry, its fine, breath” He said, trying to keep his tone light and soothing. After a few moments, Harry began to calm, his breath evening out as he looked at Severus, still shocked.

“P-Professor?” He mumbled, looking confused.

“It’s fine Harry, relax” Severus said, still rubbing the boy’s back. He sighed, having realized that he’d nearly alienated the last living link to Lily that he had. He had nearly destroyed her son with his cruelty and he wasn’t going to do that. He was going to fix his relationship with Harry, he couldn’t let his prejudice for James Potter ruin his remaining link with Lily.

“Sir?”Harry’s tone was surprised though he seemed pleased.

-End Flash Back-

From that moment on Severus and Harry had been on civil terms, though of course Severus had to maintain his normal attitude to the boy in public, particularly around his Slytherins. His budding relationship with Harry had made it easy for Severus to take Harry in during the summer and subsequently adopt the teen he now saw as his son. Once he had realized that Harry was his own person on top of realizing Harry was Lily’s son, not just James’ he had begun seeing the teen in a whole new light.

Glancing up he smiled lightly finishing off his drink as Silver came out of his room and hopped onto Sev’s lap.

“Feeling better?” He asked lightly, rubbing the kitten behind his ears. He knew that once everything
was sorted with the Dursleys, they’d have to deal with the abuse -both physical and mental- that Harry had undergone. He knew he’d been avoiding dealing with it, as had Harry, it was just unhealthy. He knew that Blaise and Harry, while in a relationship he knew the two had not been intimate beyond a few shy touches, which was alright with him. Blaise was good for Harry, willing to wait for him, but Harry also needed to deal with the stuff that had happened to him. The kitten purred softly, rubbing his head against Sev’s fingers, enjoying the attention.

“What am I going to do with you?” Severus murmured softly, he knew that Harry enjoyed being in his animagus form and that the form shielded him from dealing with his more painful emotions, but he also knew that the form was going to cause long term issues for Harry if he continued to use it as a coping mechanism. Damn. He rubbed a hand over his face, he really needed to deal with this stuff, as soon as the trial with the Dursleys was settled. He scratched the kitten behind the ears, enjoying the moment for right now since he knew they’d be few and far between in the following months.

Silver yawned, curling up on Severus’ lap, enjoying the attention from the man as Severus soaked up the affection.

-HP/SS

Severus sighed as he walked out of the courtroom, Harry had already returned to his training facility in the states, or so Albus had told the press, and Blaise had gone back to school with Poppy, having pretended to be sick that morning and had flooed to the trial from the hospital wing and was returning there to keep up the pretense that he had been ill all day.

Severus stepped out of the floo, removing the silver kitten from inside his robes and settled him on the ground. Harry was shaken, the sentencing had gone well, or so everyone thought, but seeing his relatives again had shaken Harry.

“Relax” Severus murmured, rubbing the kitten’s head carefully, he figured he’d let Harry relax for the evening before they talked about what had happened. The kitten mewed softly, curling up on Sev’s chair which he had jumped up on the first chance he got.

“Blaise will be down in a bit, after he checks in with the Common Room” He said, heading to the kitchen to make himself some tea.

“You should shift back Harry” He added, watching as the kitten sighed dejectedly, but did as Severus bid.

“Want some tea?” Sev asked, his tone light and soothing, not wanting to upset the still shaken boy.

“Please” The meek voice responded as Harry settled himself at the table.

HP/SS

Blaise sighed, accepting the Pepper-Up potion from Poppy exhaustedly.

“So how did the sentencing go?” The medi-witch asked curiously. She hadn’t been in the room for the sentencing, she had just gone for moral and emotional support for Harry.

“Good I guess, Vernon Dursley was sentenced to The Kiss” Blaise explained with a small sigh.

“Petunia Dursley was sentenced to twenty years in a medium security cell in Azkaban, and Dudley is going to a muggle correctional facility for teens before being released into his aunt’s care” Blaise explained. “It’s what we wanted of course, but Harry’s pretty shook up still” He murmured to the medi-witch.

“Well at least those monsters can’t get near him again” Poppy said soothingly, seeing how aggravated Blaise was. “When you see him, please give him this” She said, handing Blaise a calming draught for the teen.

“Thanks Madame Pomfrey” Blaise said with a small smile.

“See you later Blaise” She said, watching the Italian teen saunter out of the Hospital Wing, a sad smile on her face.
Blaise walked down the hallway, ignoring the students crowding certain areas as dinner finished and people filtered out. He made his way down into the dungeon, intent on heading down to the Slytherin Common Room and seeing everyone before going to visit Harry and Sev. Whispering the password, he stepped into the dimly lit room, basking in the calmness of the Slytherin Common Room, it was a nice change from the crowded hallways or courtroom.

“Hey Blaise, feeling better?” Draco asked curiously from his spot next to the main fire.

“Yea, Madame Pomfrey fixed me all up” Blaise said, flopping down on the couch next to his friends.

“Good, you missed a whole lot of nothing today” Pansy muttered, chuckling softly as she ran her fingers through Theo’s hair absentmindedly.

“I figured, everyone’s focused on the trial, and half the teachers were testifying over the last few days” Blaise said, grinning at the girl. Out of all the Slytherins, Pansy knew where Blaise had actually been, since she also knew Harry’s secret.

“At least its over” Draco muttered, “I had no idea Potter’s life had been so bad, I always thought he was a spoiled little brat” The blond said, shaking his head softly.

“Everyone did Dray” Pansy murmured, “I think thats what Dumbledore and them wanted us to believe” She shrugged, “Either way, I have a new found respect for Potter” She murmured, “He’s put up with a whole hell of a lot over the last few years, on top of his relatives” She said, shuddering. Draco nodded in agreement, as did Theo, Vince and Greg.

“If he comes back to school next year, we’ll have to be nicer to him, the last thing he needs is shit from us” Theo said, causing Blaise to smile slightly. The Italian wanted his friends to get along with his boyfriend, to treat him with respect and vice versa, and it seemed that his friends were on the right track. Pansy would make sure they kept on the right track, she could be very persuasive, and she had taken a liking to Harry (and Silver) since she had found out about the brunette teen hiding out as their Professor’s familiar.

Sighing tiredly, Blaise made his way down towards Sev’s quarters, having told his friends that he was worn out and had to speak to their house head.

“Come in” Sev called once Blaise knocked on the portrait guarding the door.

“Hey” Blaise murmured, slightly surprised to see Harry in his human form, it was rare these days.

“Hey” Harry grinned, smiling from behind a large mug of tea.

“Madame Pomfrey gave me this, in case you need it” Blaise said, handing Sev the vial of Calming draught.

“Oh good” Sev murmured, offering Blaise a cup of tea, which the Italian gratefully accepted. The three men sat contently around the fire, just soaking up one another’s company contently for the evening. Both Blaise and Sev knew that the peace couldn’t last, and they were enjoying it while it lasted. Harry was content to ignore the large elephant in the room that was the trial, instead he soaked up the comfort offered by the two men he cared about. He knew Sev wasn’t going to let everything go but right now it seemed that Sev wasn’t going to bring it up right now, which suited him just fine. Instead, he closed his eyes and snuggled into Blaise’s side, letting out a small, happy sigh. He knew more stuff would happen tomorrow, he knew tomorrow would be awful and probably emotionally draining but he could ignore that for now.
Changing Times

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Blaise sighed, rubbing his fingers through his dark hair as he stared down at the Charms essay lying abandoned in front of him. He sighed tiredly, he couldn’t focus on his homework at all, he was far too distracted with thoughts about his boyfriend and the meeting he was currently in. It had taken some work for Severus and himself in order to convince Harry to begin meeting with a mind healer. Of course, the woman, a Madame Karissa Wentworth, had been sworn to secrecy by Dumbledore and Severus on the fact that the boy she was helping to overcome his abuse was, in fact, one Harry Potter.

“You alright?” Draco’s voice shook him out of his thoughts and the Italian teen glanced up at his friend.

“Just worn out” Blaise said with a small shrug, though he attempted to offer Draco what he hoped was a reassuring smile.

“I can imagine, what with your Mother being sick and all. How is she doing?” Draco asked, the Slytherins having been fed a story about Blaise’s mother being ill in order for the Italian to attend the trial.

“She’s a lot better” Blaise said with a small smile. He closed his Charms book, having no drive to continue the essay.

“That’s good” Draco murmured eyeing his weary friend, Blaise looked worn out and exhausted, he hadn’t seen the Italian boy like this in awhile.

“It is” Blaise murmured, ignoring Draco’s raised eyebrow at his lack of response.

“You alright Blaise?” Draco asked, sitting down next to his friend and tugging the essay away from Blaise, before his friend spilt his ink on it in his absentmindedness.

“Yea Dray, just really worn out” Blaise said, trying to pull himself together. He was worn out, the trial had worn him out, and now he was all stressed about Harry and this damn meeting. Gods, he wished he could be there, be supportive, but the mind healer had requested that the first few sessions were between her and Harry, and she may bring himself and Severus in later, depending on his progress.

“I can tell” Draco chuckled, glancing up as Pansy and Daphne came into the Common Room having been in the library. They were closely followed by Theo, Greg and Vince who had been god knows where.

“That obvious huh?” Blaise asked as Theo flopped down onto the chair across from the other two boys.

“What’s obvious?” The light haired teen asked.

“Blaise’s exhaustion” Draco said, smiling lightly at Theo.

“Ahh” Theo glanced at Blaise critically for a minute, “You do look really worn out” He said, his tone turning concerned.

“M’fine” Blaise grumbled, waving off his friends concern. He knew they were worried about him, and he understood the concern, but he wasn’t really one to let others worry about him.

“Sure you are” Draco snorted, Blaise was pretty much ready to fall asleep at the table.

“Go to bed” Theo said, nudging Blaise and beginning to pack away his friend’s belongings in
Blaise’s leather bag.
Blaise glanced at the time, it was really early, only eight in the evening, but gods he really was tired.
“Fine” He murmured, rubbing his eyes lightly, acknowledging his tiredness finally.
“G’d night” He called as he slunk out of the Common Room towards the dormitories, his bag slung tiredly over his shoulder.

HP/SS

Severus deftly stirred the contents in his cauldron as he closely examined the potion itself. Sighing, he tried to focus on the task at hand. He, like Blaise, was extremely distracted by the fact that Harry was in a meeting with a mind healer. Madam Wentworth was highly recommended and had a great reputation, but he was still extremely anxious. He knew that Harry needed this, needed the help this woman could offer, but it was still hard knowing that he wasn’t the one helping the young man he now thought of as his surrogate son.

Checking the time, he realized it was ten minutes after eight and that Harry’s first session had finished. He cast a Stasis charm on the potion, before heading into his living chambers to await the teen. Bustling about, Severus made a pot of tea, needing to do something while he waited. He caught himself glancing at the clock every few seconds, though he knew it would take Harry a little while to traverse the castle in Silver’s form, particularly since he needed to dodge angry Gryffindors. Well, one angry Gryffindor, surprisingly the rest of the lion house had reacted well to Silver and negatively towards Ronald Weasley for his angry remarks and treatment of the kitten. It had been rather surprising, in the aftermath of the incident with Silver and Weasley, how many Gryffindors had hesitantly approached him, asking if the kitten was alright. He never thought he’d see the day where Gryffindors would willingly approach him, though he realized it was mainly due to their concern for the kitten, not so much as a willingness to be near the ‘Dungeon bat’.

The portrait door suddenly swung forward, startling Severus from his thoughts. He smiled lightly as he saw the silver-coloured kitten scrambled inside, mewing miserably at Severus. Frowning, Severus carefully leaned down and scooped up the distressed boy turned animal. Making a shushing noise, he cuddled the kitten against his chest, swishing his wand in order to levitate the tea set after him as he headed into the sitting room and straight to his favorite chair. Cuddling Silver still, Severus wondered what had upset the young animagus so bad, but he assumed that the session had probably been rather difficult and emotional and Harry needed some reassurance. He sighed, sipping his tea as he continued petting the kitten. He had spoken to Karissa Wentworth the day before, about Harry and his use of his animagus form. Well she was worried about him using the form to avoid dealing with the mental and emotional trauma the Dursleys had inflicted on him while also avoiding dealing with the emotions associated with the physical abuse. However, she was willing to let Harry use the form after sessions since it was also a comfort thing for the young teen. The goal of these sessions was in order to help Harry cope healthily with his emotions as well as how to move on from the abuse of the Dursleys and grow into a healthy young adult.

Severus sighed, continuing to sip his tea and let the kitten cuddle against him. He very much wanted to ask Harry why he was so upset, but he figured that the boy wouldn’t be willing to change back for a little while. He rubbed the soft spot between Silver’s ears, smiling as the kitten began to purr and snuggled against his chest even more. Despite Severus wanting to speak to Harry about pretty much everything, he loved moments like these, letting the boy-turned-kitten cuddling against him, letting him offer reassurance. Settling the kitten in his lap, he picked up a potions’ manual and began to read, his deep voice soft as he lulled the kitten to sleep. He’d figure out what was wrong in the morning, for now he was content to let Harry use Silver to recover.

-Flash Back-
Harry looked at Severus and Blaise, shock stamped on his features.
“What?” He asked, his voice going high and breathy with nervous gasp escaping him. Severus moved, kneeling down next to the panicking teen and rubbing the teen’s back reassuringly.
“I want you to talk to a mind healer” Severus said gently, watching as the teen’s emerald eyes grew wider in fear and worry.
“I can’t” Harry said, shaking his head vehemently and looking at Blaise as if for help. His boyfriend sighed, looking sadly at the smaller teen.
“You need to speak to her love” Blaise murmured, “I know you don’t want to, but it’ll help you Harry” He said, the corners of his lips turning up slightly. Harry shook his head furiously, he didn’t need a damn mind healer, he was perfectly content to carry on as they were.
“I don’t need a mind healer” Harry protested, his messy curls still flying around his face. “They’ll make talk about everything that happened with them” He said, “I don’t want to talk about that, I don’t even want to think about that” Harry added, “I just want to forget” He said miserably, pulling his knees to his chest and hiding his face against them. He didn’t want Sev or Blaise to see how scared he was.
Severus sighed, still kneeling next to Harry, who was now curled on the couch. He could tell how terrified the boy was about all this, not that he blamed him, but he really did need to talk about it.
“Harry” The dark-haired man murmured, “I know you don’t want to talk to the Healer, I understand, but they’re only here to help you” Severus murmured. “I know you don’t want to talk about the Dursleys and forget everything, but you’ll never be able to forget and move past if you don’t speak to someone who can help you deal with everything that they did” Severus said gently, trying to keep his voice low and soothing.
“I don’t wanna talk about it Sev” Harry protested, his voice muffled by his knees.
“I know Harry, I wish I could fix everything, make it all go away, but unfortunately no amount of magic can do that. Believe me Harry, this is all very scary now and you don’t want to do it, but in the long run it will help you, a lot. You might even begin to enjoy it, having someone to talk to about everything going on in your life, it can be very therapeutic” Severus murmured softly.
“I have you and Blaise” Harry muttered into his knees.
“And Blaise and I both love talk to you” Severus murmured, Blaise nodding his agreement, “But Blaise and I can only help you so much. A mind healer is a third party, who can look at things objectively and her only concern is to help you” The potions’ master said softly.
Harry took a shuddering breath before removing himself from his knees and looking up at the two people who he cared loads about.
He really had no idea what to say, Severus made a good argument and he knew the man really wanted him to go to this healer, as did Blaise but Harry really didn’t want to go spill his guts to someone woman he didn’t know. Sighing, he chewed on his lip pensively as he stared at the carpeted floor, trying to ignore the two men watching him attentively.
“I’ll go” Harry murmured, “But I want to stop if I choose too” He added quickly, “I’ll see what its like” He murmured, “And if I don’t like it, I want to be allowed to stop” He said, looking at Severus closely.
“I want you to try at least three sessions before you decide to quit” Severus said gently, “If, after three sessions you don’t feel like there’s the potential for help and you’re still uncomfortable with Madame Wentworth then we can discuss you quitting and what other options we should look into” He said seriously. He was not about to just give this up, but he was willing to give a little in order to get Harry to agree.
The raven-haired teen chewed his lip again, looking thoughtful.
“Fine Sev” He murmured, “Three sessions and then we’ll talk” He said, for clarification sake.
“Deal” The black-haired man said with a small grin. “Now, how about we have some hot chocolate?” He asked, smirking at the surprised looks on both boys faces. While they were used to Severus being a lot kinder when he wasn’t teaching potions and putting on his ‘Dungeon Bat’ persona, hearing the man offer hot chocolate was just weird.
“Sure” Harry answered, beaming at the prospect of the chocolatey treat. Severus chuckled, as did
Blaise and the man bustled out of the room. He could have had an elf make the drinks, but he felt the need to do something with his hands, and give Harry and Blaise a few moments of privacy.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” Blaise asked Harry, settling next to him on the couch and pulling Harry into his arms. He liked holding the boy, cuddling with him and he knew Harry enjoyed it too. This far, their relationship had been fairly tame and stagnant, though he wasn’t complaining, he hoped the mind healer would help Harry work on his intimacy problems. Not that Blaise was rushed, he truly did care about the raven-haired teen, but he wouldn’t mind being able to take their relationship to a new level. He knew sex was off the table for now, he hoped one day it would be a regular part of their lives, but he wasn’t naïve enough to hope that day would be soon. No, he knew they’d start slow, and work their way up, and he hoped the healer would be able to help them start on that path.

“I’m not sure about it” Harry murmured, “But I also know how important it is to you and Sev that I try” He said, snuggling against Blaise’s chest, letting the Italian teen wrap his arms around him.

“We do want you to try love, but I want you to be comfortable and happy as well” Blaise murmured, “I think you should give this healer a shot though” He added, “At least for the three sessions” He added, kissing Harry’s soft hair and smiling.

“I’ll try” Harry murmured, content to snuggle with his boyfriend.

“Good” Blaise grinned, glancing up as Severus came into the room, three steaming mugs balanced on a tray.

“Thanks Sev” Harry murmured, taking the cup that was offered to him. He still wasn’t alright with this whole mind healer thing, but he was willing to concede for Severus and Blaise’s sake. Sipping the warm liquid, he let himself bask in the moment, ignoring the gnawing nervousness that was pooling in his stomach. He was not going to enjoy this.

-End Flash Back-

Severus sighed, shaking his head lightly to banish the thoughts of that lovely discussion. It had been rather difficult breaking the news to the boy, and convincing him to agree to the sessions. It had been even more difficult to get Harry to go to the first session. He had had to go alone, of course, in his animagus form since Severus couldn’t accompany him to the office that Albus had set aside for the meeting. Severus had wished to accompany him of course, but it was a bit to obvious if Severus walked through the halls with his familiar in an area of the school he rarely frequented. The last thing they wanted was to alert Umbridge of anything suspicious happening in Hogwarts.

Yawning, the man closed his potions’ manual and set his empty mug aside, he’d deal with it in the morning, if the house elves didn’t get to it first. Putting the book aside, he rose carefully, holding the kitten against his chest. Silver had fallen asleep hours ago, having been lulled to sleep by Sev’s reading awhile ago. Smiling contently, Severus lay the kitten down on his bed and went into his washroom to get ready for bed.

Half an hour later, after a much desired shower, Severus was sliding into bed, Silver curled up on the other pillow in his large bed.

“Brat” Severus grumbled tiredly, his eyes flickering shut as he drifted off.

HP/SS

“Longbottom” Severus hissed, wincing as yet another cauldron met its unfortunate demise at the hands of the Gryffindor dunderhead.

Neville’s hands shook as he stepped away from the melted metal and hissing potion. He looked horrified as his gaze flickered between his Professor and the mess. Sighing in annoyance, Severus brandished his wand and banished the mess.

“Twenty points from Gryffindor and detention Longbottom for sheer stupidity” He growled, stalking away from the Gryffindor side of the room to check on Blaise and Draco’s potions.
Silver, meanwhile, was sitting on Sev’s desk, observing the class with amusement. It was a rather fun experience being on this side of Sev’s wrath, watching him terrorize Gryffindors and blatantly favor Slytherins was just amusing. Of course, initially, he had been rather indignant at his favoritism, but after trips with Blaise to different classes, he became aware of how much other teachers mistreated Slytherins and he found it rather difficult to keep being annoyed with Sev. Yawning, the kitten hopped down from the desk, landing noiselessly on the floor, a feat that had taken him awhile to master. His first attempts at jumping had been clumsy and rather dangerous, so much so that until he had learned properly, Severus had kept him in that damn cat carrier, which was gone now, but only as long as he promised to remain at the front of the room and far away from potions (which was the original reasoning behind the carrier).

Making his way to the back, Silver curled on the blanket that Severus had set back there for him to sleep on, as well as play. A few scattered toys were on the mat, along with a large pillow and a stuffed lion which he enjoyed pouncing on when he wasn’t sleepy. Yawning again, the kitten curled up, his tail setting over his nose as his green eyes closed and he relaxed. He knew that Severus wanted to discuss his session with Madame Wentworth that evening, but for now he was going to ignore that impending disaster and just relax. That was why he loved his animagus form, it was impossible to dwell on anything with his cat instincts always on the forefront of his mind, preventing him from worrying or stressing and instead he was simply able to enjoy things for the time being.
Calm Before the Storm

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Karissa Wentworth sighed as she folded up her notebook and placed it a warded and locked drawer in her desk. She had just finished reviewing her notes from her first session with one Mr. Harry Potter and she was shocked. Harry was a very sweet, gentle young man, but he was so emotionally damaged. It hurt her to see, to hear everything that had been done to him was just shocking. She raked her fingers through her short, cropped blonde hair, a nervous habit she had had since childhood. She knew she needed to speak to Professors’ Dumbledore and Snape about everything she had learned. Yes what she discussed with Harry was between her and her patient, however they needed to know how affected he was due to his experiences and how to respond to the emotional roller coaster which would be the next few months. Thankfully summer vacation would be arriving in a few short months and Severus could focus more of his attention on his young charge. She was very unsure of what to make of Harry’s relationship with fellow fifth year student Blaise Zabini and she knew she needed to speak to both young men. From the way Harry discussed the Zabini Lord, the emotional connection between the two was very deep and if it was healthy she would definitely encourage the budding romance. However, she was concerned that Harry’s past experiences would cause issues in the relationship and Blaise was particularly capable of dealing with those issues, not that he wouldn’t try, he just wasn’t trained to handle them. Hopefully everything would just work out, Harry really needed things to be fine, but she was realistic enough to realize that things never went how you hoped they would. Checking her planner she marked the date for her next appointment, adding a side note to meet with Dumbledore, Snape and Mr. Zabini under the hopes of sussing out what they wanted from this experience with Harry. She wasn’t naive enough to think that all Albus Dumbledore wanted was for Harry to be happy and healthy, she knew what the young teen’s role was in the coming war and how Dumbledore encouraged Harry to see himself as the only way to defeat He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Harry had told her as much, told her the massive amount of pressure on the young man’s shoulders and she was not impressed. As far as she was concerned Harry need a lot of support to come through this healthy and whole and not to just heal to undertake the task of killing someone, that would destroy the young teen, utterly and completely. She sure as hell wasn’t about to let Harry get wrecked emotionally all over again, in just one session the lithe, green-eyed boy had wormed his way into her heart and when he had showed her his animagus alter-ego she had been smitten. No wonder this young teen had managed to crack and destroy the icy cold walls which surrounded Severus Snape’s heart. She had known of Severus while she had been at Hogwarts (a Ravenclaw) he had been nearly five years below her, but even then she had heard whisperings about the cold young boy who had turned into an incredible potions’ master with an absolutely horrid reputation as a teacher. However, just speaking to Harry she had felt her own walls shaking slightly, her desire to help this young man had been more powerful then her standard patient-healer relationship. Shaking her head, she closer her planner and shouldered her bag, she needed to go home, focus on the here and now and worry more about her newest patient tomorrow.

HP/SS

Albus Dumbledore placed his quill down on his desk, unceremoniously shoving the large stack of
parchment away from himself with a satisfied smirk. Despite the relief that he felt with being done with his paperwork, he was still reeling from his last meeting with one Dolores Umbridge. She and the Minister were still harrying him about the whereabouts of Harry. Well they both bought the story about Harry being away in a training facility and in hiding, Fudge still believed that he had the right to know where Harry was, and well on some level as the British Minister of Magic, the man had some legal right, but Albus couldn’t let them know where the boy really was. So under the guise of protecting Harry, Albus refused to reveal the location of where Harry was or where he really was. Standing, the Headmaster stretched languidly, chuckling as Fawkes made a soft trilling sound before lifting off from his perch and setting down on Albus’ shoulder.

“What shall we do with them Fawkes?” Albus asked softly, rubbing the soft feathers of the phoenix. The bird didn’t respond but he did rub his head against Albus’ cheek trilling lightly in a reassuring manner. Albus chuckled despite the fact that Fawkes couldn’t really help him with his problems he very much believed that the bird understood exactly what he was saying. “Hopefully Madame Wentworth can help Harry overcome his emotional trauma about what happened to him. He needs to be mentally stable for the coming battles” The old man mused to his bird. Fawkes trilled again, but the noise wasn’t a reassuring one like normal, instead it was a rather disappointed noise which took Albus by surprise.

“Fawkes, Harry is the only one who can defeat Tom, he is currently not in a sound mental state to do so. I realize that is a lot of responsibility to put on a young man, but alas it is what he needs to do” The man chide the bird gently. Fawkes shook his head, leaving Albus’ shoulder to settle back on his perch and hid his head under his wing, clearly not impressed. Albus huffed in annoyance, why did no one understand what he was doing? He wished he could help Harry to live a normal life, but the boy could never have that, not after that faithful night in which Lord Voldemort had marked Harry as his equal and as the only one who could kill him. He understood that Harry was suffering and he felt sympathy for the boy but life was hard and unfortunately for Harry he needed to get over his problems and deal with the hand that life had dealt him. Yes it sounded cruel but Albus couldn’t help that. He would do his best to make sure Harry survived and once Tom was defeated he would also support Harry living a normal life. Ignoring his pouting familiar Albus settled himself back down at his desk, popping a lemon drop into his mouth, enjoying the tangy, almost bitter flavor. Summoning a house elf and ordering some tea and cakes, Albus decided to focus on just getting Harry better and try not to worry about the inevitable battle at least not until he knew how far Harry was in his healing process. Content with that plan, the elderly wizard popped another sweet in his mouth, allowing himself to hum contently for a moment before picking up sheet of parchment and beginning to read.

HP/SS

Silver was sitting anxiously on the couch waiting for Blaise to return from the library. He was planning on spending the night in the Slytherin Common Room as Silver since Severus had some major brewing to do and he wasn’t comfortable spending the night alone in the shared quarters. Twitching his tail anxiously he glanced at his guardian who was reading a potions’ manual though he chuckled in amusement at Silver’s antics. As soon as Blaise and his friends arrived, Severus would be heading into his lab for a long, challenging night of brewing. He needed to complete potions not only for the Hospital Wing, but also for a private client who wanted a fairly difficult order and Severus knew he’d be working through the night. He had asked Blaise to take Silver for the night, telling the Italian boy who had been in the vicinity of his friends that the kitten was still too young to be on his own completely for at least twelve hours. It was also an excuse for Blaise and Harry to have some time together though Harry would need to remain in his animagus form. A knock on the door had him closing his book and calling from the group to enter. Blaise came inside smiling, followed closely by Draco and Pansy, it seemed any others were remaining in the hall to wait for the three friends. “Thank you for doing this” Severus murmured to Blaise after inclining his head in greeting to the others. “Anytime Professor, we don’t mind the company” Blaise responded, grinning as Severus handed him a small bag filled with Silver’s food, bed and toys. Pansy cooed
softly as she scooped up the kitten, immediately hugging him against her. Silver purred contently, butting his head against Pansy’s chin as he demanded her attention. Severus grinned, beyond relieved to see Silver acting so contently with his snakes. He had been worried that with the mind healer session and everything that Silver would be clingy and unwilling to be separated from him. However the fact that Blaise would be there probably made the transition a lot easier for the boy-turned-cat, since Blaise was one of the few people Harry actually felt completely safe with.

“Shall we be off then?” Draco asked curiously.

“See you tomorrow, I shall collect him from you in Potions’ class before noon” Severus murmured, reaching out to gently stroke the kitten’s ears in farewell before the trio left through the portrait hole, calling out their goodbyes as they went.

Severus watched the group leave before he headed to his lab, deliberately ignoring the sharp pang in his chest as he saw his kitten leave. Chuckling at his own reaction to Harry leaving, he set the proper wards around the private potions lab and began the arduous process of brewing his required potions.

HP/SS

Silver sat contently in Pansy’s arms as they left Sev’s quarters and headed for the Common Room. Outside they joined up with Greg, Vince and Theo and then made their way deeper into the dungeon towards the stone wall that hidden Slytherin Common Room. Pansy giggled softly as Silver’s head swiveled around as the kitten tried to see everything. It always amazed her how different Silver was from Harry Potter. She barely remembered the fact that the kitten was actually the animagus form of the Boy-Who-Lived, which was actually probably a good thing. If someone who knew the secret could barely remember then she figured anyone outside the loop would never put two and two together. As Draco whispered the password to the stone wall, the group hurried inside and headed straight for their favorite grouping of chairs. Blaise immediately set up Silver’s things and soon they were all settled with the small kitten bouncing around between the group members attacking his toys or lounging in Blaise’s lap.

“So” Draco drawled as he twitched a piece of enchanted yarn for the cat.

“So what?” Theo asked curiously, glancing up from his Defense book which none of the group could believe he was willingly reading. Theo was like the Hermione Granger of Slytherin house, except he was male, a pureblood and no where near as bloody annoying.

“I dunno” Draco admitted, “I’m just bored” The blond added, shrugging his shoulders in a very unMalfoy-like gesture.

“You could do your homework” Theo suggested, ignoring Blaise’s soft chuckles.

“We could, but that’s not exactly something fun or amusing to do” The Italian said, answering for his blond friend. Draco nodded empathetically.

“I’m bored Nott, not that bored” Draco said with playfully arrogant sniff.

“It was just a suggestion” Theo said, rolling his eyes before returning to his book. Draco huffed in annoyance before turning a pleading gaze on the rest of his friends.

“I have no suggestions” Pansy said, tugging lightly on Silver’s tail in order to distract the kitten. “Me neither, it’s almost curfew anyway and the last thing any of us need is Granger or Weasley catching us out after curfew. They’d dock us some serious points” Blaise said, chuckling as Silver began to chase his tail. The small kitten continued to run in a circle before he overbalanced and fell off the couch, landing with a gentle thud. As soon as he fell Pansy let out a worried squeak and immediately scooped up the dazed hairball. Silver mewed softly, shaking his head as he tried to figure out what happened. Letting out a very undignified noise as Pansy grabbed him, he immediately sank his claws into her hand as the disorientation of going from the ground to air struck him. Pansy hissed in pain, nearly dropping the kitten before Blaise grabbed him and cradled the small cat to his chest. Wincing in sympathy, Draco cast a quick healing charm on Pansy’s clawed hands while Blaise fussed over Silver, who still looked very confused.

“You alright Pans?” Draco asked once she was healed.
“Fine, I didn’t mean to startle him” Pansy murmured, smiling thankfully at the blond. She knew the kitten hadn’t meant to hurt her, he’d just been a bit freaked out. “How is he?” She added, hoping he was fine since she had no desire (along with the others) to face the wrath of Professor Snape.

“He’s alright, just a bit dazed” Blaise murmured, “He made himself dizzy chasing his tail and then falling sort of confused him. When you grabbed him he was probably even more confused and sort of panicked. He’s not hurt though” Blaise added to reassure his friends. Well the fall might have been a bit scary for the small cat, it wasn’t far enough down to hurt him.

“And here I thought cats always landed on their feet” Draco teased, chuckling as the kitten burrowed into Blaise’s chest, seeking comfort.

“Well most can, but when they’re kittens they’re still figuring things out, its a learned thing, they have the instincts for it, they just need practice” The Italian teen explained.

“What are you? A cat expert?” Draco asked, arching an eyebrow. Blaise had never displayed this sort of knowledge about cats before.

“I did some research when Professor Snape told us he had gotten a new familiar that was a cat” Blaise said with a grin. “Wanted to know my stuff in case something like this happened” He said, meaning the babysitting.

“Good plan” Theo murmured, joining in the conversation again after finally putting down his book. “One of us should know something about cats, especially if we’re going to be looking after Silver for the Professor. We can’t always go and ask him questions” The book-smart boy said with a firm nod. Draco and Pansy nodded, realizing the advantage that Blaise’s knowledge would in getting ahead with their house head.

“Still bored?” Theo suddenly asked Draco, causing the blond to jerk slightly and chuckle.

“Well Silver’s little tumble sort of shocked me, but I could still do something” Draco murmured with a small smile. “Especially since I don’t think he’s going to be offering us much entertainment now” He nodded at the kitten who was still pressed up against Blaise, biting lightly at his fingers.

Silver spent the rest of the evening curled contently in Blaise’s lap while the others played cards and chess. He occasionally would watch the moving pieces on the board but he had no desire to attack them like he normally would. Instead he cuddled against his boyfriend, taking comfort from the tall Italian teen, he was still a bit shaken from his fall from earlier and so instead of playing around, he chose to cuddle with Blaise. He was happy about spending time with the Slytherins he just sincerely hoped that when he decided to show them all who he really was that they stood by him. He wasn’t sure if he could take them all turning away from him (besides Blaise and Pansy of course). He knew Ron was done with him, plus he couldn’t forgive the red-headed teen for how he had treated him as Snape’s familiar. Hermione he was really unsure of, he hadn’t seen her except when he went to classes with Blaise or was in the potions’ room and she hadn’t really acknowledge him. He just really had no idea how she felt but he supposed when everything came out he would know who were his real friends. He was just beyond relieved that he had Blaise, Sev and Pansy. Having the three Slytherins (or in Sev’s case former Slytherin) would be an asset in how the other Slytherins took the news. He knew they’d all be hurt and angry at first but he could hope that over time they’d forgive him. He wanted to be friends with Theo and Draco as well as some of Pansy’s female friends like Millicent and Daphne. He already felt like he was friends with them now, but he knew that they only saw him as Severus’ familiar and Slytherin mascot, though they all treated him really well. Giving a small kittenish sigh, he curled back up in Blaise’s lap, covering his nose with the tip of his tail.

“I think we wore him out” Pansy commented with a small smile. Blaise nodded in agreement, pulling his wand out and casting a general accio charm, summoning all of Silver’s belongings which had inadvertently been spread across the room.

“Should we head to bed soon?” Theo asked, glancing at the large clock above the fire, “It’s getting late and we all have class tomorrow”

“ Probably” Draco murmured as he put his cards down and rose slowly, stretching out stiff muscles as he did so. “C’mon then”
The others all rose, Blaise cradling Silver and headed to their respective dormitories after they had all bade one another good night.

Setting Silver on his bed, Blaise immediately began his night time routine which was nowhere near as in-depth as Draco’s though it wasn’t short by any means. Stepping out of the shower, Blaise quickly wrapped a towel around his waist before heading into the dorm to find his pajamas and settle into bed. Pulling the silk, black sleep pants on, Blaise carefully shifted the lightly dosing Silver to one of his pillows and scrambled inside the blankets. The lights were still on in the room, but Draco was still in the washroom doing some skin-care ritual thingy and would turn them off when he was done. Chuckling at his friend’s odd behaviour, Blaise stroked Silver’s soft fur before giving the furry head a light kiss.

“Night love” He murmured softly, pitching his voice low so only the kitten would hear. Opening a sleepy, green eye, Silver mewed lightly and licked Blaise’s nose before curling back up and falling into an easy sleep. Blaise grinned, pulling the cover’s over himself and shutting the hangings around his bed with a wave of his wand. Tonight had gone surprisingly well and Blaise was beyond pleased that Silver had remained calm and content all evening, maybe with luck his boyfriend-turned-cat would be spending more nights in the dorm, though he wasn’t going to push Harry or anything. Blaise yawned again as sleep overtook him and the tall Italian fell asleep with a small smile on his lips.
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The Dark Lord growled softly as he stared out at the bowed heads before him. All his followers were here, all paying him homage, yet the useless idiots couldn’t do the one thing he asked. He wanted to know where Potter was. How was it that he had spies in every single part of the Ministry, at Hogwarts and even in some places around the world and not one of those highly influential characters were able to report to him the whereabouts of one, single teenaged boy. Growling again, he glanced around at his minions, eyes searching for a familiar wisp of blond hair.

“Ah Lucius” He purred softly, “Care to report on your latest attempts to find Potter?” His calm, almost friendly voice was enough to make the unshakable Malfoy Lord blanche noticeably.

“Y-Yes My Lord” Lucius said, fighting to keep his voice clam. “I have been speaking to the Minister and neither he nor Madame Umbridge have been able to find out Potter’s whereabouts from Dumbledore. All that the old fool is saying is that Potter is safe at a private training facility in the United States” Lucius said, already prepared for the pain curse he was sure to receive for delivering bad news. Instead, the Dark Lord looked thoughtful, his long, pale fingers stroking over Nagini’s diamond patterned head.

“I don’t believe that Potter is in the States” The snake-faced man said, drawing surprised gasps from many of his followers. “Dumbledore has been repeating that story for the last few months, yet none of the Order, nor Potter’s friends have made moves to visit him. While I understand that those fools who follow the light have great respect for their leader, I find it hard to believe that his godfather and little werewolf friend have made no move to visit Mr. Potter, particularly during Yule” The insane man mused. “What are you saying Master?” Bellatrix called out, ignoring the frightened faces around her as the other Death Eaters subtly shifted away from her, lest she was targeted for speaking out of turn.

“I’m saying, my dear Bella, that I don’t think Potter is hidden in the States. No, Potter is much closer, where, I don’t know, but Dumbledore wouldn’t send his little weapon out to the United States, alone, with no protection. He must be keeping him in the castle or somewhere nearby” He turned his attention back to the majority of the Death Eaters. “I want updates on anything new, anything odd in that school. Ask your children, ask anyone, find out” He ordered, before sending a general cruciatus at the group as a reminder. Glancing around, his eyes landed on Severus Snape.

“Have you noticed anything unusual at Hogwarts Severus?” He breathed, emphasizing the ‘s’ much like a snake would.

“No My Lord” Snape said softly, “I have been rather caught up with the students lately, and my new familiar”

“New familiar Severus? I was unaware that you had gotten yourself a companion” The Dark Lord said, his interest peaked.

“I never had any desire to find myself a familiar My Lord. It happened by accident this last summer, I was in Knockturn Alley buying Ingredients and I ran across a small Geoffrey’s cat, a rare creature from South American Jungles. He was just a kitten, I took him to the vet and found he’d been badly abused. He is by no means magical, but he became rather attached to me, and myself to him. He has become a bit of a mascot for Slytherin house” Severus lied smoothly, working on the story he and
Albus had perfected. Voldemort looked mildly interested, though not overly so. The kitten had been found in Knockturn Alley, precious Potter would never enter such a dark place, nor did the teen have the ability to become an animagus at fifteen. While Severus having a familiar was something to take note of, it didn’t help him get any closer to discovering Potter’s actual whereabouts.

“Interesting. I am pleased to hear that you have gotten yourself someone to talk to Severus, even if it is just a kitten, I would like to meet this familiar one day. Perhaps our next meeting?” He requested, which everyone knew was an order. Severus inclined his head.

“Of course My Lord, I shall bring him for our next meeting” Severus murmured before falling back to his place in line. Taking a deep breath, he quickly reinforced his Occlumency shields, lest the Dark Lord decided to try and check his memories of Silver and Hogwarts.

HP/SS

Silver was curled up in none other than Draco Malfoy’s lap, the warmth from the large, main fire in Slytherin Common Room lulling him to sleep. Severus had been summoned for a Death Eater meeting during a private potions’ session with Draco. So Silver had been unceremoniously shoved into Draco’s hands before the greasy-haired man hand rushed off, leaving Draco with strict instructions to watch him. Blaise, unfortunately, had a detention with McGonagall for antagonizing Gryffindors in her class, and was currently writing lines or something similar for the next hour. It was a bit weird for Silver to be in Slytherin Common Room without Blaise, however he was enjoying the attention being lavished on him by the blond and his friends. Rolling onto his back, he stretched languidly, toes stretching up towards Draco’s face. The blond laughed, capturing his tiny leg and wiggling it lightly, causing Silver to make a slight squeaking noise.

“Blaise is right, you’re adorable” The blond grumbled at the kitten. Silver would have laughed if he could have in this form. Lately he and Sev had been discussing perhaps ‘coming out’ to the Slytherins, letting them know who he was. He had been seeing them all at their most vulnerable moments, behind their masks and he felt he owed them at least some level of honesty. However, that was all pushed aside for the moment because that bloody fire felt lovely and all he wanted to do was lounge on Draco’s lap and soak it up.

Pansy laughed as she settled down next to Draco on the couch, stretching her own slightly numb fingers towards the fire.

“Babysitting Draco?” She teased, reaching out to stroke Silver’s soft and very warm fur. “He’s boiling” She commented, withdrawing her hand.

“Yes, A you-know-what meeting for Sev and of course he is, he’s been roasting himself in front of the fire for the last hour” He said, rubbing the kitten’s exposed tummy.

“Poor Sev” Pansy said, chucking at Silver’s stretched toes as the kitten purred happily. Draco nodded in agreement, continuing to rub Silver’s exposed, light furred stomach.

Later that evening Blaise entered the Common Room, a slight scowl on his face.

“Hey” He groaned, flopping into the chair recently abandoned by Pansy.

“Long detention?” Draco asked, smirking as Blaise immediately scooped up Silver and began cuddling the warm little ball of fluff.

“Yupp” Blaise mumbled, “My hand is so stiff” He complained, stroking Silver’s fur carefully.

“Lines?” Draco asked curiously, though he already knew the answer. Lines were a typical detention with McGonagall unless she was mad enough to reassign the detention to Filch.

“What else?” Blaise asked, slanting his eyes at friend and chuckling. Draco shrugged sheepishly, reaching out to scratch the kitten’s ears as he purred in Blaise’s arms.

“Where’s Severus?” The Italian asked curiously.

“D.E Meeting” Draco said, keeping his voice low so only Blaise could hear him.

“Aah fun” Blaise said sarcastically, turning his attention to the kitten who was now pawing at his lips as he talked. “Stop that” He said in a mock stern voice. It was hard to stay annoyed at the kitten, especially when he managed to look so darn adorable.
Severus eased himself onto his bed, Silver cuddled against his chest as he let out a soft groan. Damn the Dark Lord and his bloody curses, he had just been glad he had a special pain potion designed to counteract and soothe the damage of the Crucius curse. As soon as he had returned to the castle and collected Silver he had been able to douse himself with the potion as well as a dreamless sleep, since he had no desire to have dreams this night, meetings always left him with awful nightmares. Cuddling the kitten closer, he allowed his eyes to flickered closed for what would hopefully be a good night sleep.

Silver curled up against his neck, purring deeply, fur still warmed from his long nap in front of the main fire in Slytherin Common Room. He was relieved that Sev was back and okay, he had been worried sick when the man had shoved him into Draco’s arms and had taken off running towards the apparition point. Snuffling slightly, the kitten curled up tighter, seeking the comfort of Sev’s scent and once again pushing all his feelings aside to try and get some rest.

Karissa Wentworth settled on the comfortable chair opposite the couch in her office. Sitting on it currently were one Severus Snape and one Blaise Zabini. She was here to discuss her desires for Harry as well as some things she wished to try. After this meeting, she had another scheduled with Professor Dumbledore because the man wanted to hear her ‘diagnosis’ but her intentions were to basically yell at the man.

“Madame Wentworth?” Severus asked when she didn’t speak for sometime.

“Oh, sorry” She flushed and mentally gave her head a shake. “I guess I called you here to discuss Harry’s issues as well as talk about what we can do besides these sessions to help him cope. I understand the necessity of his animagus form to hide from You-Know-Who as well as the Ministry, but my main concern with the form is that he is using it to avoid dealing with his experiences at the hands of the Dursleys” She said, jumping right to the point.

“That has been a concern of mine as well” Severus said with a soft sigh. “But how can we prevent him using the form?”

“We don’t prevent him from using it, we just need to give him proper tools for coping, whether its writing, talking, painting, listening to music, etcetera. There are a number of methods that don’t result in bottling up or shoving said emotions away” The blonde woman said with a small smile. “Maybe even a pet? Many patients I have had in the past found having a friend to talk to, a nonjudgmental friend, is extremely helpful to the healing process” Severus nodded, looking thoughtful as he processed everything she said.

“And in your sessions you’ll teach him or encourage him to seek out these healthier means of dealing with his trauma?” He asked curiously. Karissa nodded, of course that was what she was here for.

“He’ll need encouragement for you two as well though, when you see him begin to panic, tell him you’re open for him to talk to, or for him to perhaps pursue his chosen method. If its painting, suggest he paints what he’s currently feeling, what is stressing him out. Then ask him to describe what he’s done, if it’s art based. If he opts to use a journal just leave it be” She added sternly. Blaise and Severus nodded, both absorbing the information the woman was offering them.

Next Karissa turned to Blaise, looking appraisingly over the young man, she had to admit he was a fairly good looking young man.

“From what I understand, Harry’s relationship with you runs fairly deep, he is very emotionally attached to you” She murmured.

“I’m very attached to him as well” Blaise responded, his voice slightly rough and defensive.

“I understand that and I fully encourage the relationship flourishing between you two” Karissa said quickly. “Just as long as you continue as you are. I understand that you are a hotblooded young male and have certain...needs. Harry, however, is wired completely differently due to his abuse and sexual assault. Until he’s worked through what happened to him, I must discourage a sexual relationship,
“unless he initiates it, at least for the time being” She said softly. Blaise gaped at the woman.
“If you are suggesting that I would force myself on Harry, you are sorely mistaken. I love him for
how he is now. If that means I have to put off the physical aspects of relationship for now, so be it”
He snapped, growling as Severus lay a calming hand on his shoulder.
“I’m not suggesting that Mr. Zabini, just cautioning you” She said, raising her hands in an apologetic
gesture.
“Good” Blaise said, leaning back against the couch, arms crossed as he continued to regard the
woman.
“I believe we are all on the same page now. Harry has a long way to go in his healing process, but in
time I can see him leading a full, happy normal life. Unfortunately with this war looming over us, I
can’t see the happy and normal coming for a little while. I will do my utmost to help Harry, to give
him the tools to cope with what happened to him” She said softly.
“I appreciate that Madame Wentworth, and if I have my way, Harry will be as far away from this
war as I can take him” Severus said, his tone dangerous.
“I am pleased to hear that Professor. Harry is in good hands with you and I know you’ll both help
him through the next trying couple months” The blonde woman said with a soft smile. “Now
gentleman, tell Harry I shall see him at our next session. I have another appointment with a certain
headmaster” She scowled. “Of course, thank you” Severus said, shaking her hand smoothly as he
rose and led Blaise from the room. Karissa sucked in a breath and gathered up her things. “Two
down…” She murmured as she headed out of the room and towards the Headmaster’s office.

HP/SS

“Come in, Come in” The Headmaster’s sing song voice rang out, causing Karissa to cringe in
annoyance as she strode into the office.
“Ah Karissa, welcome” Albus said, gesturing for her to make herself comfortable in a rather
flamboyant purple chair. Settling herself in the chair, she resisted the urge to Transfigure the chair
into something more appropriate looking and coloured black.
“I trust you’re here to discuss our young Mr. Potter” The man asked over steepled fingers, blue eyes
twinkling merrily.
“I am” She agreed, shifting slightly. “I know that you and many others feel that Harry is vital to the
current war” She murmured. “I also know that the Ministry along with many others are trying to
convince the public that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named has not returned and that you are crazy” She
added.
“Right to the point then? I was going to offer you a lemon drop” The man said, looking disheartened.
“Professor Dumbledore, this is important” Karissa said, resisting the urge to stomp her foot. “I
understand Harry’s role, however due to recent events coming to light, you have to understand it
would be absolutely detrimental to his health to allow him to even consider participating in a battle of
any sort”
“With all due respect Madame, you do not know anything about the role Harry must play in the
upcoming battles. If he were able to hide away from everything, I would be the first to encourage it,
however he is not. Like it or not, the Wizarding World needs Harry Potter to survive the curse that is
Lord Voldemort” Albus said, looking disheartened.
“You cannot be serious” Karissa hissed, “Do you have any idea how stressed that poor little boy is?
He feels as if the entire fate of the world is resting on his shoulders. It is killing him!” She said with a
scowl, resisting the urge to shout at the infuriating man.
Albus just shook his head, ever the picture of the sad grandfather figure.
“There is nothing that can be done about Harry’s role in the war Madame. I urge you to help him as
best you can for now” He said, his tone light and almost airy. “If that is everything Madame, I will
see you for Harry’s next appointment” He gestured towards the floo in the office.
“You don’t know what you’re doing Dumbledore” Karissa hissed, turning and stalking towards the
floo, her fists were clenched so badly that she had to wait a moment before she was capable of
opening them to grab some floo powder. Damn Albus Dumbledore anyway.
Meetings and Mishaps

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Harry frowned as Severus once again explained what had happened at the last Death Eater meeting. “He wants to meet Silver?” The raven-haired teen asked, eyes going wide. “He’ll recognize me! He’ll know its me” He said, eyes worried as his hand reached up to lightly touch the lightning-bolt scar adorning his forehead.

“No he won’t” Severus murmured. “He’s not aware of the connection you two have through the scar, nor does he believe that my familiar has anything to do with Harry Potter. If anything this will turn the pressure of his search elsewhere” The man murmured.

“Unless he casts a spell to force a change from animagus to person, he couldn’t tell. And the collar will cancel any spells such as that out. He’ll believe you’re just a run of the mill familiar, my familiar. He’s only curious because I’ve never expressed an interest in having any animals around, especially not a small, cuddly one. The Dark Lord likes knowing things about his servants, likes to make sure he knows all our secrets. He wants to assure himself that he still knows who I am. If I refuse to show you to him, he’ll begin to suspect something, then we’ll be in even more danger” The dark haired man sighed, “This really is the only option we have Harry. You know I’ll keep you safe and I will never, ever let anything happen to you. If I believed we had another option, I would take it in a second” The tall man murmured. “Unfortunately, we don’t and we have to work with what we have” He pleaded. Harry sighed, nibbling his lower lip as his hands twisted anxiously in the hem of his oversized jumper.

“Fine” He murmured, “If you think its the right thing to do, then I’ll do it” He shuddered, he hoped being in animal form would create a barrier between him and the Dark Lord, he had no desire to be near the man, but maybe Silver could handle it.

“Thank you” Severus murmured softly, offering his young charge a small smile before summoning tea for the pair of them.

“Have you decided if you wish to reveal your identity to any more of the Slytherins?” He asked curiously. He knew Harry had been debating the topic for awhile, especially since he had been spending more time around Draco, Theo and Daphne, in his animagus form of course.

“I think I want to tell Draco, Theo and Daphne” The teen murmured, “But I’m worried that they’ll spill the secret or something” He added. “We can always cast secrecy spells, preventing them from telling anyone who already doesn’t know. Both Pansy and Blaise submitted to the spells, and if they choose not to, we can always obliterate them for safety sake” Severus offered. He was loath wipe the memory of any of his snakes, but he needed to do what was necessary to ensure Harry’s safety. After a few moments of quiet contemplation, the teen nodded in agreement.

“Okay, I’ll tell them” He said, his voice a mere whisper. It was a big deal for Harry, to reveal himself to these three new Slytherins. Pansy and Blaise had been easy, but Draco and Theo who’s fathers were known inner circle members were a bit more daunting.

“It will be fine” Severus murmured, pleased that Harry trusted some of his snakes enough to entrust his secret. He knew that they would easily accept the challenge and shoulder the burden, all three were good people and Draco was his godson, he knew he could trust them.
Draco glanced around Severus’ office curiously. Blaise, Pansy, Theo and Daphne were all seated next to him on a long couch that had been transfigured from the normal, straight backed, wooden chair that sat opposite the potion master’s imposing desk.

“Only two of you know why you are here today” Severus drawled, standing up from his rather comfortable desk chair. Setting Silver down on the desk, he regarded three of his snakes seriously. He and Harry had spoken to Blaise and Pansy the day before, telling them what they planned and asking them to be there for moral support. Draco looked around once again, Theo and Daphne looked as confused as he did whereas Blaise and Pansy seemed comfortable, if a bit nervous. Frowning, he returned his attention to his House Head and godfather intently.

“All of you were extremely curious when you returned vacation to see that I, Severus Snape, had a familiar. It was not something that I had ever planned on, however, circumstances changed this summer. Another thing that everyone was curious about upon their return was the fact that Harry Potter was missing. According to Professor Dumbledore, Mr. Potter is in America at a private training facility. That is a lie” Severus said, ignoring Draco’s muttered ‘I knew it’.

“This summer, Mr. Potter was returned to the school in very bad condition. He, like every other summer, was returned to his muggle relatives house. Unbeknownst to the majority of the Wizarding World, myself included. Mr. Potter was not well treated by his muggle relatives. He was badly abused, malnourished, and...” Here he trailed off, looking pained. “Sexually assaulted this summer” He sighed, looking intently at his snakes. Blaise looked angry, like he always did when this subject was brought up. Pansy looked ready to cry, as did Daphne, though Pansy had been aware. Draco and Theo looked angry and shocked. Abuse of a child was not something taken lightly in the Wizarding World.

“We know, now, that this was not the first time Mr. Potter was treated this way, but this summer we, meaning myself and the staff, did something. Mr. Potter was removed from his relatives and given into the custody of a staff member. Due to the trauma he suffered and the threat of the Ministry and the Dark Lord, Mr. Potter was removed from the Hogwarts general population and put into hiding where he could work on healing himself both mentally and physically” Now Draco and his year mates were looking at Silver intently, Severus didn’t blame them, they were clever.

“I am going to reveal something to you, afterwards you will have the choice to whether to be obliterated or have a secrecy spell cast on you” Severus murmured. “I understand how scary that is, however it is necessary to ensure the safety of Harry Potter and yourselves” The man added. “By now, you’ve all deduced what is going on, if you haven’t, perhaps we should have you resorted” Nodding to Silver, he watched the tiny kitten hop off the desk and regard each Slytherin intently. Finally, after a few moments, he shifted back, Harry standing in front of the five snakes, shaking in fear. Blaise and Pansy immediately rose to stand next to him, Blaise pulling the young man into a hug. A moment later Daphne leapt up and dragged Harry into a hug, cooing softly at the young man.

“I always knew you were attached to that cat” Theo murmured, rising and gently clapping Harry on the back. All eyes landed on Draco now, the blond looked contemplative as he regarded Harry.

“Welcome to Slytherin” Draco murmured, shaking Harry’s hand firmly before pulling him into a brief hug. There was a collective sigh of relief as Harry fell back into Blaise’s arms, emotionally drained. Severus grinned, casting the secrecy spell on the group, renewing the spell already cast on Blaise and Pansy as he did so.

“So you’re the staff member that took Pot-Harry in?” Draco asked, correcting himself.

“Yes, I am” Severus murmured, “Not only would I be the last one anyone expected to house Harry Potter, but I have experience with abuse” The man murmured, glancing carefully at Harry as the teen was settled on the couch, squished between Daphne and Pansy, both whom were mothering him.

“Is this just a temporary thing?” Draco asked curiously, glancing at Harry again, damn it if he already didn’t feel rather protective of the teen. No wonder Blaise was so drawn to him, nothing needed to
be said, all of them saw that the pair were together.

“No” Severus shook his head empathetically. “I adopted him, legally, just a few months ago. We needed to make sure he never had to return to his muggle relatives house” Severus explained. Draco glanced at Harry again, Severus had adopted Potter? That was startling, but he understood Severus’ reasons, and damn if that didn’t make Harry family. Grinning, Draco nodded slightly, he was shocked to learn that the Gryffindor Golden Boy had such an awful home life, but he knew he’d never have to go through any of that again. He did have questions and concerns, but those could wait until he had Severus alone, right now seemed to be a time for celebrating.

-HP/SS-

Harry was grinning from ear to ear as he, Blaise and Severus settled down in Severus’ private quarters.

“I can’t believe they just accepted me” Harry bubbled for the fourth time since they had left the office and made their way to the private quarters for tea.

“Of course they did” Blaise murmured, pulling Harry against his side and lightly kissing his temple. He knew his friends and year mates would easily accept Harry, most had probably suspected something, but he knew Harry had automatically assumed they’d all hate him.

“They understand Harry. None of them want to be Death Eaters” Severus murmured, “They accept you for you, they’ve gotten to know you as Silver and now they realize that the ‘Golden Boy’ persona is just that, a persona, a mask that you wear, just like the ones they wear” Severus explained, a small grin on his face. Harry just shook his head and beamed. He had grown close to Draco, Daphne and Theo in his animagus form, and he had been really worried they’d feel lied to and reject him, but instead, they’d totally surprised him and had easily accepted him as a member of Slytherin house. He felt, for the first time in a very long time, he had people he could rely on. He had just never expected it to be Slytherins. Maybe that was a lesson in of itself. He should have listened to that damn hat in his first year, Hagrid and Ron had really influenced his decision, as had his run in with Draco. He sighed, no sense on dwelling on the ‘what ifs’ this was his life and he just had to roll with it. At least things were finally beginning to look up.

-HP/SS-

Silver clung to Severus’ black robes with a vengeance. The kitten was shaking in terror as they slowly approached the large, dark manor that Lord Voldemort currently used as Death Eater headquarters. Just half an hour ago Severus had received a summons, and after a frantic running around, the pair had apperated via the Dark Mark to headquarters.

“Calm down” Severus murmured, rubbing that special spot between the kitten’s ears as he walked inside the large manor. He pointedly ignored the looks from other Death Eaters as they all stared at Silver intently, gossiping amongst themselves.

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Striding into the grand ballroom that the Dark Lord used to host these meetings, Severus took his customary spot between Lucius and the Sr. Nott, falling to his knees as the Dark Lord swept into the room, settling himself on the large, ostentatious throne that was positioned at the center of the back wall to the ballroom.

“Ahhhh Severus, I see you complied with my request and have brought your familiar to meet us” The snake-faced man said with a hiss.

“Yes My Lord, I knew you were curious about him, as were many others” Severus murmured, feeling Silver press further into his robes, only his green eyes peeking out. Severus could only be thankful that green eyes were common in cats, if not that exact shade. At least it would seem excusable, and not something to really pay attention to.

“Yes, we were all curious when we heard that our potion’s master had gotten himself something soft and cuddly” The Dark Lord mused, ignoring Bellatrix’s insane laughing at the comment.
“Like I told you My Lord, he grew on me” Severus murmured, shrugging his shoulders lightly.

After that the meeting continued as it usually did, lots of ridiculous plotting and crucios being tossed about like candy. Finally the meeting was called to a close, however Severus and a few inner circle members were asked to remain behind. Thankfully Severus had expected that, the Dark Lord had wanted to meet Silver and this was the only time he could, after the meeting.

“Come here Severus” The Dark Lord beckoned, Severus rose, still holding the shivering kitten and approached the snake faced man, ignoring Nagini who was winding her way around the throne, hissing softly to the man.

“So this is your new familiar Severus?” The Dark Lord asked, looking at the shaking kitten. “He’s not very remarkable, is he?” The man asked, looking at Silver curiously.

“He’s just a kitten My Lord, he’s rather clever however, and in time he should be a bit more accustomed to things. He was badly abused, as I told you last time” Severus murmured, gently moving the kitten away from Bella, who was trying to entice him into scratching her.

“Ah” Lord Voldemort tutted, reaching out long, fingered hands and gently rubbing Silver’s face, smirking as the kitten went cross-eyed in an attempt to watch his fingers.

“He’s rather charming, and a mascot for Slytherin as you said last time” The man murmured.

“Rather ironic when you think about it, a kitten the mascot of the snake house” Severus said, settling Silver on the couch, chuckling as the kitten immediately began washing himself, as if to get the touch of the Dark Lord off of him.

“A rather intriguing name, Silver, if I may ask” Lord Voldemort murmured, rubbing behind the cat’s ears, it was a rather soothing action.

“I am pleased to meet your familiar Severus, feel free to continue to bring him to meetings” The man murmured before rising and dismissing them all. He had much to think on, most of it revolving around the odd little cat.

-HP/SS-

“Ah well” Severus said smugly as he sat down and summoned a bottle of Fire Whisky. Pouring himself a small glass, he sighed contentedly. It wasn’t often one escaped a meeting without getting cursed at least once, and he was content with how the evening had gone, as well as relieved to be out of that situation.

Silver ignored Severus as he continued to frantically wash his fur, he could still feel that snake face bastards hands on him. Shuddering, he began to roll around on the floor, ignoring Severus’ smug chuckling. He had to get the feeling off of himself. He heard what the man said, understood that they were for now safe, but he wasn’t going to calm down until he got the touch of Voldemort’s fingers off of him.

A knock on the door stopped both Silver and Severus’ actions. Frowning, the man rose and opened the door to his quarters, not at all surprised to find Albus standing there, smiling benevolently.

“Severus” The man beamed, “The wards just alerted me that you had returned, how did the meeting go?” He asked as he brushed into Severus’ rooms and settled himself on the couch.

“The meeting went as they always do Albus” Severus growled, he hadn’t informed the Head Master
that he was taking Silver to the meeting and he had no intention of letting the man known. Harry was his child, adopted yes, but he didn’t need to inform Albus of his actions.

“Details Severus, details” Albus prodded as the younger man settled himself in his chair, taking up his glass once again. Albus frowned disapprovingly but didn’t comment, Severus was a grown man after all. Silver rubbed against the head master’s legs once before disappearing down the hallway towards Severus’ room to let the men talk and to get some sleep.

“Like I said Albus, it was the same as they usually are. The Dark Lord demanded to know the whereabouts of Potter and when no one could tell him, he tossed around some curses like usual. Then he discussed his spies in the Ministry and abroad and finalized some raids, the ones I already informed you about” Severus murmured. “He asked a few inner circle members to remain behind, I was not one of them”

“Ah well at least he has no new plans” Albus said, slightly disheartened. “I shall see you for classes tomorrow Severus, rest well and tell young Harry he has an appointment with Madame Wentworth on Thursday” Albus said, sweeping out of the room, brow furrowed as he mused over the information Severus had given him. Why wasn’t Tom plotting anything new, it was the same things just over and over. The man had to be scheming, doing something but he just wasn’t. Frustrated, Albus returned to his office, intent on spending the remainder of the evening sucking on lemon drops and thinking about the war.

-Silver sat in the Slytherin Common Room, watching the door intently. He knew the others should be returning from dinner anytime now and he couldn’t wait. He flicked his tail anxiously, he hadn’t gone to classes that day, choosing to remain in his rooms and think over the meeting with Voldemort. It hadn’t gone nearly as bad as he had thought it would go, but it still had been down right awful.

The sound of the stone wall sliding open had the kitten’s ears perking up as he waited intently for his friends. As soon as he saw Draco’s blond hair, the kitten leapt off the couch and ran over to the fifth year Snakes, immediately leaping up and into Draco’s arms, nuzzling the blond happily. Chuckling Draco gently hugged the kitten and let him climb onto his shoulder.

“Looks like someone missed us” Draco said as Blaise plucked the kitten from his shoulder and cuddled him happily.

“Was probably bored, he didn’t follow any of us around today or go to Sev’s classes” Blaise murmured, rubbing Silver’s ears as the kitten wiggled happily and was let down. Running around, Silver searched for something to play with, exceedingly happy to be around his friends again. Ignoring the happy chatter of the younger students, Draco and the other fifth years settled down on the couches, charming different items to fly around the room for the kitten to play with.

The five friends watched Silver, the three new to the secret watching the kitten with curiosity.

“He’s so different” Daphne murmured, “When he’s in his animagus form” She added for clarification.

“Well his emotions are dulled” Blaise murmured, “That’s why wizards and witches have to be so careful the transformation. Its easy to lose yourself in it, if you don’t pay attention”

“Ah, so as Silver, he’s more cat, his human emotions are dulled so he’s not as aware of them” Daphne mused. Blaise nodded, it was easier for Harry to be Silver, it was a coping thing.

“Its a coping mechanism for him. Severus told you what he’s been through and while he is going to therapy, this is how he handles it. Its not exactly healthy, but it’s the only option we really have at the moment” Blaise explained.

“I still can’t believe how badly he was treated. We all thought he was such a spoiled prat” Draco murmured, still aghast at the realization that Harry had been treated worse then a house elf.

“Thinking back, we should have known something was off. He was so little, looked way younger then eleven, and all the flinching? He had no idea how to act in public. I saw him at Madame Malkins, and he was so scared, but I didn’t care” Draco sighed, he should have seen the signs.
“We all thought he was fine” Blaise murmured, Theo nodding in agreement. “He hid it well and no one wanted to see, wanted to admit that they knew, how badly treated he was. You can’t have a broken saviour” Blaise spat contemptuously, forcing a smile onto his face as Silver came bounding back to them, a small ball of yarn clutched in his jaws. The others grinned, it was safe to say that Harry (Silver) was fully accepted by the fifth year Slytherins and Silver was accepted by the entire house, perhaps one day the secret could be shared with all, but for now it was only a trusted few. Grinning, Blaise pulled the ball free of Silver’s mouth and tossed it again, watching the kitten run after it.

“He’s adorable” Pansy said with a shake of her head, watching the kitten weave between students, stopping to greet a few favourites before he returned to Blaise and the others. This time he clambered up into Blaise’s lap and flopped down, rolling onto his back and demanding belly rubs. Draco leaned over and rubbed Silver’s stomach, smiling as the little cat squirmed happily. It warmed his heart to see Silver so happy, now they just needed to make sure Harry was equally as happy. He knew it would be a process, but he knew that he and the others would help Blaise and Severus as much as possible. Harry was a snake now, and snakes looked after their own.
Hidden Ambitions

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

In the months that followed the meeting with Voldemort, Harry continued to meet with Karissa. Each meeting seemed to help the young teen, however the Healer left each meeting with a scowl on her face as she went to report to Dumbledore, the old git. Karissa Wentworth was beginning to truly fear that as Harry improved, Dumbledore plotted to toss him back into the proverbial ring with He Who Must Not Be Named, he’d spoken about it enough. Trying to coax Karissa into signing the papers that would state Harry had finished treatment. As far as Karissa was concerned, Harry Potter would be in therapy for a very long time, however Albus didn’t need him healed or whole once again, he just needed him mentally competent to take on the Dark Lord. Karissa suspected Albus didn’t intend for Harry to survive his encounter with You-Know-Who, and she had shared these fears with Severus. Until the end of the school year though, neither Severus nor Karissa could do anything more then prolong the therapy to keep Harry safe. Harry of course, was completely unaware of the fears of both his father-figure and his Healer and continued to attend therapy, no longer reluctant to speak to the woman.

HP/SS

Silver yawned and stretched out on Severus’ couch, his green eyes flickering upwards as the tall man paced the room. As exams approached, Severus had gotten more and more frantic, muttering about incompetent dunderheads and preparing his exams for his younger years. As Severus continued to mutter, Silver let his mind wander to earlier that day when he had joined the fifth year Slytherins for their frantic OWL study session, they had nothing on Hermione of course, but Draco tended towards obsessive about his grades, especially his OWLs. A knock on Severus’ hidden doorway startled both man and kitten out of their musings and mutterings and Severus hastily opened the door, revealing a beaming Albus Dumbledore. Quickly schooling his face into the typical Snape sneer, Severus allowed Dumbledore to enter his quarters, one didn’t refuse entrance to the headmaster of the school, even though Severus wanted nothing more then to slam the door in Albus’ face.

“Yes?” He asked, raising an eyebrow as Albus settled himself on the couch next to Silver. Albus, knowing better then to beat around the bush with Severus, immediately launched into his speech (well prepared obviously).

“I have just been speaking to Madame Wentworth” Albus said, summoning his personal house elf and asking the squeaking creature for tea. Silver was fascinated by the elf and attempted to pounce on it, only for it to disappear and leave the poor kitten tumbling to the ground in confusion. “Oh?” Severus asked, eyebrow arching impossibly higher as he waited for Albus to reveal his hand.

“Yes and she mentioned how far Harry has come since we began this treatment just months ago” He said, twinkling eyes landing on the kitten, whom was rolling around on the floor now. “Yes he has progressed well, however we both know he still has a long way to go before he recovers” Severus said, his tone stern. He now knew what this visit was about and he would not allow Albus to force Harry into anything.

“Yes yes” Albus said, waving his hand carelessly, “I understand he does have some way to go before he is truly healed, but his growth in such a short period is remarkable, is it not?” The man
asked, eyes twinkling like mad at the dark-haired potions’ master.
“Perhaps” Severus allowed, “But we can’t assume he is better, the human mind is a fragile thing
Albus, you should know this” Severus reprimanded the man.
“Relax Severus, we are just speaking after all. I am, after all, the Headmaster of this school and have
a vested interest in the health and wellbeing of all my students” Albus chided lightly. “Harry has been
through so much and I just want to make sure he is doing better”
“More like want to see if he’s on track to fight the Dark Lord” Severus hissed, hands clenching into
fists.
“My word Severus, what sort of monster do you take me for?” Albus asked, looking faintly upset,
though Severus could see through his mask, “I am merely the Headmaster of a school who is
concerned for one of his students, a student who has been through far too much in his young life”
Albus added.
“Harry will be fine Headmaster, I will make sure of it. He has me now, and his animagus form and
Slytherin house and we will make sure that he recovers at his own pace. Make sure that he is not
forced to do anything that will cause him harm” Severus hissed, hands still clenched into fists.
“Oh Severus, working for that madman has truly warped your mind if you think that I only see
young Harry as a means to an end. Perhaps I was a bit remiss in allowing you to adopt Harry” Albus
said, slowly rising from his seat, as if his joints were bothering him in his old age. “Goodnight Severus,
Silver. I shall see you both later” He said, inclining his head and disappearing out the door.
Severus gaped for a moment, before scooping up his son-turned-cat and cuddling him to his chest.
He just needed to finish the school year and then he could take Harry and run, protect the lad and
continue allowing him to heal, away from Hogwarts, away from everything. Blaise and his mother
had extended an invitation for Harry and Severus to spend the summer with them in Italy, which
Severus was very keen to accept. As much as he wanted to keep Harry for himself and get to know
the intriguing young man better over the summer, he was not a wealthy man and couldn’t afford to
flee the country. He also needed to speak to Lucius, if his conversations with Draco were anything to
go by, Lucius may see the benefit in breaking away from the Dark Lord, if only to save his own hide
(and that of his family).

Stroking Silver, he smiled as the kitten drifted to sleep against his chest, thankfully Albus had visited
while Harry still was in his animagus form, he doubted Harry could have handled that visit and all
that it implied. Despite Albus’ threat, Severus knew that his adoption of Harry was ironclad and
nothing could tear them apart, not even Albus, the meddling old coot.
Sighing, Severus headed to bed, needing to catch some shut eye before exams began. Setting Silver
in his bed, he didn’t bother asking him to change back to Harry, not tonight.

HP/SS

Blaise leaned back on the couch tiredly. He had just finished his Ancient Runes exam and man had it
been rough. He had been prepared and he knew he had done well, but it had mentally wrung him
out. Thankfully he had a day of rest between his Ruins exam that afternoon and his next exam,
which was Defense. He knew Draco would rally the troops and all fifth year Slytherins would spend
the next day studying under the blond’s watchful eye. A small paw patting his nose had him popping
his eyes open rather comically (eyes he hadn’t known he closed).
“What?” He grumbled at his boyfriend-turned kitten, resisting the urge to smile at the adorable face
which was inches from his own.
“I know you don’t have exams yet, not until this summer, but the rest of us have them” Blaise
muttered, “And I was just killed by my damn exam and need some time to rest before Draco forces
us all to study again” Blaise added, dropping a kiss on the furry head. Silver made an adorable
chirping noise and nuzzled Blaise lightly, his green eyes shining playfully. He had had another bored
day in Severus’ quarters what with exams going on and all and now he wanted to play with his
friends and Blaise. Wiggling his tail, he launched off of Blaise and landed on a sprawled out Draco’s
stomach, startling the dazed blond into a state of wakefulness.

“Little beast” Draco grumbled, snatching up the kitten and holding him eye level.

“As Blaise said, we just wrote a grueling exam and would like the chance to allow our brains to melt before we have to begin studying for our other exams” The blond stated, taking on what Blaise and the others dubbed his ‘Malfoy’ voice. It was the voice that all Malfoys used when dealing with those beneath them or those that they considered undesirable. Instead of cowering like any sane being would do, Silver sneezed, his paws coming up to scrub at his little nose. Blaise snorted before breaking into peals of laughter.

“I’ve seen people wet themselves when your father uses that voice, but sneeze? That’s a first” Blaise giggled (something he would later deny).

“Stuff it Zabini” Draco growled, though he was unable to keep the small smile off of his face as he regarded Silver. The kitten mewed apologetically and patted Draco’s face with his tiny paws, whining when Draco caught them up and glowered at him, though once again the blond was fighting a smile.

“Poor thing” Pansy cooed from her seat next to the fire, “He’s probably bored being cooped up in Professor Snape’s quarters all day” She said, watching Silver continue wiggle in Draco’s hands.

“We’re all so busy with exams and so is the Professor with overseeing exams, he’s probably not getting as much attention as he’s used to” She added, charming a piece of scrap paper to fly around the room for the kitten’s enjoyment. Freeing himself from Draco, Silver took after the paper, leaping with paws outstretched to try and catch it. Small mews of enjoyment escaped the kitten as he bounded around the Common Room, launching himself off of furniture and people alike in his haste to try and catch the fluttering parchment. Most Slytherins dropped what they were doing to watch their small mascot, some adding their own bits of paper or different rubbish to the game, sending the kitten all over the room until he flopped, panting hard, on Blaise’s chest.

“Guess we finally wore him out” Blaise commented, summoning a house elf and asking for a dish of water. Once the creature returned, Blaise set the bowl down on the table and plopped the still panting kitten down next to it.

“Drink, we don’t need you dying of dehydration, or the Professor will chop us into pieces to use in his potions” Blaise commanded, his tone serious though his eyes sparkled with mirth. Once the kitten had drank his fill, Blaise gathered him up and wandered down the hall towards Severus’ quarters, needing to return the kitten before curfew.

“Normally I’d stay and chat” Blaise told Severus while he handed Silver over, “But with exams and what not I’m just as worn out as he is” He added, nodding at the sleeping kitten. Silver had fallen asleep on the walk over, lulled by the beat of Blaise’s heart, it was his favourite napping position, ear pressed firmly down on the chest of the one he was sleeping on.

“I understand Blaise, thank-you for returning him. I’m sure he’ll be just as relieved as we are once exams are over” Severus mused, knowing Silver missed spending time with his friends, boyfriend and surrogate father, however, until exams were done, it was difficult for any of them to sit down and just relax.

“No kidding, my mother wrote me and said you had responded to our invitation to stay at the Manor” The Italian teen said softly, he was beyond excited at the prospect, he often spent holidays completely alone due to the fact that his mother was often off with one of her...suitors. Just the thought of having company over and someone to spend time with was a dream come true for the tall teen.

“Oh yes, we have, in fact, accepted the offer. We both look forward to spending the summer with you Blaise, and I’m sure Harry will be out and about much more then normal with the safety afforded to him within your Manor walls” The snarky man added, a small smile curling on his lips. Blaise grinned, the thought of spending the summer with his boyfriend was an exciting one, even if his boyfriend’s father was to be around the majority of the time.

“I look forward to it sir, just another week before we can be off” Blaise added, biding the man goodbye before returning to the Common Room and his dorm for some much needed sleep.
Harry sighed as he sipped the tea that Madame Wentworth had ordered for him. It was nearing the end of their last session before summer holidays and Harry was beyond excited. He and Severus were spending a fair chunk of the summer with Blaise and his mother, though Blaise had already confined in him that his mother wouldn’t be there very often, if at all.

Grinning at the teen in front of her, Karissa sipped her own tea and relaxed. This had been a particularly tough session, talking about Harry’s earliest memories with the Dursleys and it had taken all of her willpower to keep her in her seat and not going after the atrocious muggles. Despite how hard the session had been, Harry had come through it beautifully and was now returning her soft smile.

“Just remember to keep writing and I’ll see you at our next session” Karissa said, closing her notebook. Harry had taken to journal writing and it seemed to be a good way for him to vent his emotions. He shared with her at each session and they discussed the writing, it was healthy for Harry and it gave Karissa a deeper insight into his mind.

“Yupp” Harry grinned at her, Karissa was going to keep seeing Harry over the summer time, flooing to Zabini Manor for the sessions. She was taking a two week vacation in August however, but she knew Harry would be fine with one missed session.

“Have fun in Italy with Blaise and Severus and try to stay in human form, just like we talked about’” She added, a small smile on her face as she set down her empty tea cup.

“I will” Harry said, though he looked a bit nervous. He hadn’t spent a lot of time as Harry this year and Karissa wanted him to try, he needed to adjust to being human, to dealing with his emotions and problems. Silver was a good coping technique but the animagus form never forced Harry to deal with his problems. She knew that at this point in his therapy, Harry needed to start working through his problems and trying to overcome or at the very least accept them.

“Bye” Harry said, before shifting back into his animagus form and allowing her to attach his collar to him before she opened the door and let the small kitten out into the empty hallway.

“Bye” She said softly, before shutting the door and gathering her things. Steeling herself, she headed to Dumbledore’s office to floo back to her main office in Diagon Alley, she had asked the man to set up a floo between this office in Hogwarts and her main office, but he had refused. Now she understood why, Dumbledore liked to ambush her after her sessions with Harry, drilling her about Harry’s mental health, trying to figure out when he would be ‘better’, of course they had differing definitions of what ‘better’ truly was. Stepping into Albus’ study, she politely greeted the man, smiling inwardly when she saw his mountain of paperwork.

“Karissa” He greeted, blue eyes twinkling at her. “How was your session” She mentally groaned, despite his mountain of paperwork, Albus still intended to interrogate her.

“It was fine” Karissa responded, fighting to keep her annoyance in check. “Now if you don’t mind Albus I have things to do in my own office. I’ll see you again in the fall” She added, stepping towards the floo.

“Hopefully we won’t. I expect Harry to be better by fall and you to have signed off on his papers” Albus spoke up.

“I doubt it Albus, Harry is a troubled young man, he won’t be better for a very long time and their is a good chance he will need therapy on and off through out the rest of his life” Karissa said stiffly.

“I understand that Karissa” Albus said, looking at her over steepled fingers. “However, we have talked about this before and Harry is needed for the final battle, as soon as you sign off on those papers declaring him mentally competent, Harry can return to classes, return to Hogwarts as an actual student and should be ready to take on his role as our saviour once again” Albus said.

“He is not mentally incompetent Albus, those papers merely state that my time with Harry has ended and he is either voluntarily ending his therapy or I have decided that he’s ready to move on” Karissa said, grabbing a handful of floo powder.

“Until that time, Harry will remain in therapy and Severus, as his guardian, will make decisions for him based on his welfare. You are just the Headmaster of this school, you are not a parent or
guardian and you have no rights to Harry” She said, tossing the powder into the fire and calling out her destination. Damn she hated that man.

Albus watched the flames of his fire for a time before glancing at his Fawkes, the bird was staring diligently at the wall, not even looking at Albus. Popping a lemon drop in his mouth, Albus turned to his paperwork. Harry would be ready in time to take on Tom, Albus would make sure of it, with or without Severus and Karissa Wentworth’s help if need be.

HP/SS

Silver walked into Severus’ classroom, his tail twitching madly as he headed straight towards the dour man. “There you are” Severus said with a grin, scooping up the kitten and rubbing his furry ears. “I take it your session went well?” He asked, the kitten made a soft chirping noise, one Severus took to mean agreement. “Just think brat, in only two more days and we’ll be in lovely Italy” The only downfall is Blaise had yet to tell them which part of Italy his family Manor was in, wanting it to be a surprise, or so he said. The only information he gave away was that it was on the beach and to pack swimwear. Of course Severus’ own swimwear was horribly outdated and Harry didn’t own any, so a shopping trip was needed, of course Severus needed to wait until the end of school before visiting Diagon Alley or another wizarding shopping district. Silver wanted to ride on the train with Blaise, which left Severus ample time to shop for the pair of them, something which was easier without a small, meowing tagalong.

Silver chirped again at the idea, he couldn’t wait to explore Italy, he knew he was supposed to avoid his animagus form, but his cat side was anxious to check out the Manor from a cat’s perspective. Twitching his tail again, he crawled into Severus’ robes, making himself comfortable while the man walked back to their shared quarters.

Once inside, Severus set Silver down and laughed as he watched the kitten immediately pounce on one of his mouse toys. “I’ve never seen you come back from a session in such high spirits” The man mused as he hustled about the kitchen, preparing a pot of tea for himself, though he made enough for Harry in case he chose to appear, though he doubted it. Karissa had a habit of drowning Harry, and herself, in tea during their sessions. Picking up a potions’ magazine, he settled himself in his chair and began to relax, tomorrow was the last day of exams, and then their was one final day of school, in which students were encouraged to pack and get ready to return home, before the final feast and train ride home. He couldn’t wait to get away from here, from Albus and from the school itself, both he and Harry needed a vacation and to get out from under Albus’ thumb and watchful gaze. Silver continued to play for a time before the kitten crawled into Severus’ lap, nudging the man with his cold little nose until he started to read out loud, his deep, smooth voice lulling the kitten into a purring, gelatinous mass on his lap.

“You little suck” Severus teased before continuing to read his article, “There are multiple different ways of properly storing Unicorn blood (freely given), the first being…” He continued on, his reading occasionally accented by a particularly loud purr from the mass in his lap.

Just another typical night in the Snape-Potter household.
Zabini Manor

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Severus watched the train pull out of Hogsmead station, his heart pulling just slightly as he watched the train that bore his son and the other Slytherins away.

Silver was riding the train with Blaise to Kings Cross since Severus had to finish packing up his lab and securing his chambers before he headed to Zabini Manor for the summer. Also he didn’t want to draw any unnecessary attention to himself or to Harry since he knew Albus was paying particularly close attention to his movements.

Allowing him the small pleasure of an annoyed sigh, Severus spun on his heel and turned to walk back down the path that lead back towards Hogwarts. He knew Silver would have much more fun on the train with Blaise and the others, however Severus was selfish and he wanted to have his son with him as much as possible. Shaking his head from the morose thoughts, he walked through the gates, feeling the wards that surrounded the school settle in around him as he continued on his rapid journey back to the dungeons.

HP/SS

Silver was curled up contently on Blaise’s lap as the train pulled out of the station, the gleaming scarlet engine heading through the countryside at the perfect pace to lull the kitten to sleep. He wasn’t able to turn back into Harry yet, not until he and Severus were safely encased in Zabini Manor. Blaise had said his Mother wouldn’t be there for a few days, which was a good thing since it gave both Harry and Severus time to settle in before meeting the imposing Zabini Lady.

“Ready to be home?” Draco asked as he settled into a seat next to Blaise, Pansy and Theo were sitting opposite the pair.

“Yes” Blaise breathed, rubbing behind Silver’s ears and turning the kitten further into a pile of content, purring goo. “I can’t wait to have a summer with Harry, not worrying about Dumbledore or him having to hide himself. It will be pleasant”

“Indeed, I am looking forward to being home” Draco said with a grin, “You must invite me over one day though, I would like to get to know Harry a bit better myself” The blond said, glancing down at the small kitten in Blaise’s lap. The Italian nodded in agreement, he would love for his best friend to get to know his boyfriend better, for all of his friends to get to know Harry better.

Lapsing into silence the group all drifted off into their own activities. Draco reading a potions manual, of all things. Pansy and Theo a chess game and Blaise staring out the window watching the green countryside pass him by with a purring kitten in his lap. If someone had told him at the beginning of the year he would be Harry Potter’s boyfriend and said boyfriend was an animagus and the adopted son of Severus Snape, he would have had them committed, possibly would have had himself committed for listening to such nonsense, however now? Now he couldn’t imagine his life any differently.

As the train pulled into Kings Cross station, Blaise picked up the still sleepy kitten and slipped him
into a special pocket he had had a house elf sew into his casual robes. Making sure Silver was comfortable, he gathered his belongings and followed his friends out of the compartment, like many students they didn’t worry about their trunks, knowing a family house elf would take care of that.

“See you in a few weeks” Draco said, clapping Blaise gently on the shoulder as he walked past him to where his Father was standing nearby. Pansy and Theo also bid him farewell before heading off with their own family members. Blaise sighed and headed towards the back wall of the hidden platform where dozens of large fireplaces were situated. Unlike his friends, he had no one meeting him at the platform beyond a house elf who had come to gather his belongings, he would have to floo home, it wasn’t a surprise to Blaise however, he had been flooing home by himself since his third year.

Stepping into the green flames, he called out the name of the Manor, feeling the slight pinch of the wards as they recognized him and allowed him to enter the house instead of rejecting him and sending him back to Kings Cross.

Stepping out of the fire and into the private sitting room that only members of the Zabini family could floo into, anyone else was sent to the greeting room fire, he let out a small, happy sigh. Blaise may not have the best relationship with his Mother nor did he see her often, but he absolutely loved being home.

A small mewing noise drew his attention as Silver’s head poked out of his robes. The kitten yawned hugely and continued to battle his way free of the robes before finally scrambling up to sit on Blaise’s shoulders and take everything in.

“Welcome to Zabini Manor” Blaise told his boyfriend turned kitten, a relaxed grin on his features that Silver very rarely got to see. Chirping in what Blaise thought was approval the Zabini heir continued on the impromptu tour of the Manor, though it was only a small portion as he was just heading to his own bedroom which was also near the guest rooms.

HP/SS

Severus finished securing his lab and stood with a sigh.

“Off for the summer then Severus?” A voice sounded from the doorway causing Severus to stiffen slightly as he turned.

“Just finishing securing my lab Headmaster” Severus said with a sneer.

“And Silver has left with Zabini, is that wise Severus?”

“They are just visiting, safer for him to be with Blaise then mucking about in here while I secure the lab” Severus responded quickly, “But I must be off Albus, I need to collect my son so that we may begin our own vacation”

“Ah, well do keep me informed of things Severus, you know how important Harry is to the war effort, it would not do for him to disappear” Severus just barely resisted the urge to curse the man with every foul curse he knew, inclining his head sharply, he gathered up a few items and hastily shoved them in his nearby bag. Most of his other personal items had been sent ahead. Albus watched Severus for a moment before turning and walking out of the classroom, leaving the man to think that things were fine. He would get Harry back, he had had him placed with Severus because never, in a hundred years, had he thought that Severus would develop such parental feelings for the boy. He needed Harry healthy yes, and Severus had done that, but he also needed Harry alone, angry, angry enough to fight the Voldemort, as long as Harry had Severus, Blaise and the damn mind healer he would never face Voldemort and that was not an option.

Severus watched the Headmaster leave thoughts racing through his mind as he finished gathering his
things. Finally he stepped out of the lab, sealing it behind him lest someone come in mess things up.

Clearing his mind, Severus swept down the hallway and up into the courtyard, walking briskly but not frantically as he headed for the nearest apperation point, just on the other side of the wards. He was apperating back to his own home (Spinners End) and from there would be flooing to Zabini Manor, most would call him paranoid but Severus knew that being paranoid was what had kept him alive for the majority of his adult life.

HP/SS

“You’ve never been swimming before?” Blaise asked Harry incredulously as he stared down at his boyfriend who was staring awe-struck at the ocean. Zabini Manor was located on the Mediterranean Coast, Harry wasn’t sure where exactly, having never been to Italy before, but it was gorgeous.

“Well, there was that one time in the tri-wizard tournament, but I don’t really count that as having done swimming”

“No I don’t imagine it would count” Blaise said, wrinkling his nose at the memory, he couldn’t imagine going swimming in the Black Lake, especially not in frigid temperatures no-less.

“Well I suppose I must teach you” Blaise said dramatically, scooping Harry into his arms, ignoring the small squeak the shorter teen let out as he was pressed against Blaise’s bare, firm chest. “We’ll start slow” The Italian teen said as Harry’s arms wound around his neck and Blaise begin to wade into the warm, clear water.

Severus was sitting on the beach nearby, his own skinny chest bare and a pair of black swim shorts adorning his lower half. He would, of course, deny this to his dying day, but he was rather enjoying himself, especially since Harry seemed to relaxed.

Shaking his head, he turned his attention back to the potions manual he had brought outside to read with him while the boys horsed around. Lady Zabini was supposed to be returning tonight and Severus wasn’t sure if her arrival would effect the tranquil atmosphere he and Blaise had fought to create so that Harry might enjoy himself.

Glancing up as he heard happy shrieking, Severus grinned as he saw Blaise wading into the water, Harry firmly clutched in his arms. The Zabini Manor was located on a cliff bluff with a large amount of private land surrounding the Manor not to mention a winding, rocky stair case which lead down to the a secluded, hidden beach which also belonged to the Zabini family. The extensive wards that protected the area fascinated Severus and assured him that Harry would be kept safe here.

Watching the boys, he smirked as he saw Blaise lowering Harry into the water, the smaller teen shrieking in glee. Severus knew that this was Harry’s first time on a beach and the first vacation that he had ever had and Severus was going to make sure he damn well enjoyed it.

“Careful!” Severus called, eyes crinkling in amusement, “Don’t want to get scratched Blaise” He added with a chuckle. Harry stuck his tongue out at his Father figure, he would never scratch Blaise, plus he wasn’t in cat form right now anyway.

“Let me down?” He begged Blaise, letting his arms fall from around his neck. Smiling, Blaise nodded, carefully setting Harry down, the water lapping gently at his waist.

“Do you know how to swim? I know you did in the lake but you had help, the gilly weed”

“I sort of know how” Harry said, letting his hands run through the water, grinning at the sensation.

“But the gilly weed helped since it gave me webbed hands and feet. But that was my only time ever swimming” Harry said.

“Ah, well I shall have to teach you without the aid of Severus’ ingredients” Blaise said with a grin, moving out into the water so it was now chest deep.

“Okay, don’t let me drowned though” Harry said, following after Blaise, completely enthralled by the feeling of weightlessness while he moved through the water. He hadn’t had time to experience the water when he had been in the lake task so this was all new to him. He turned slightly, waving at Severus who was seated on the beach reading, the boring man. He beamed as his father-figure returned his wave, albite not as enthusiastically.
“Show me then” Harry commanded with a grin, he was much more relaxed here in Italy, even though he had only been there a few days. He didn’t feel any of the stress he had at Hogwarts, he didn’t have to look over his shoulder waiting for attacks, he didn’t have to worry about Voldemort or Dumbledore, though he knew Severus could be summoned at a moments notice for a Death Eater meeting, despite that however, this was the first time Harry had ever felt this relaxed and he thoroughly enjoyed it.

“Alright” Blaise said, taking Harry’s hands and leading him into slightly deeper water. Blaise could still touch but Harry couldn’t. Supporting his boyfriend, he encouraged to kick his legs as he moved through the water. He kept hold of Harry’s hands, they’d incorporate that later.

The swimming lessons continued for a good hour before Severus summoned the boys out of the sea deciding that his son had had enough sun for one day, not to mentioned they needed to eat lunch. “We can come back out after you eat” Severus promised as Blaise led them inside and Harry chatted animatedly about swimming and how much fun it was. He couldn’t wait to continue the lesson later.

“After lunch” Blaise admonished playfully as they sat down in an informal sitting room, a house elf popping in with a tray of sandwiches and a pitcher of cold, fresh juice. There was also a tray of fruit and veggies, the perfect light lunch for a warm, summers day.

“Mmm” Harry mumbled appreciatively as he carefully placed various food items on a plate and poured himself a glass of juice.

“Looks delicious indeed” Severus said, serving himself before adding a few more slices of pineapple to Harry’s plate. The teen hadn’t had a lot of this type of fruit and Severus knew it was good for him. Snorting in amusement at Harry’s expression, Severus just gestured for him to eat before beginning a conversation with Blaise about when his mother would be returning. Harry listened quietly as they spoke, not caring to interject as he nibbled on the stuff Severus had put on his plate. He had had pineapple before, but just the canned stuff and he wasn’t overly fond of it. This however was fresh and amazing and he may have just found a new favourite food. Licking his sticky fingers, he grinned and continued to eat, having a better appetite here in Italy then he had had this last term at Hogwarts.

SS/HP

Lady Marina Zabini sighed in relief as she walked into the informal dining room she had had the house elves set up for this evenings meal. Her son, his lover and Severus Snape were waiting for her and she was very anxious to meet the young man dating her son. Oh she knew who he was, she wouldn’t invite just anyone to seek solitude in her Manor, but she also figured there was another side to what was going on and Blaise did not care easily. Her fault of course, she and her...tendencies had forced Blaise to have a very cold heart lest he be hurt to often.

“Mother” Blaise greeted as she entered the room, her tall, handsome son was just rising to greet her, Severus Snape sat on her son’s right and a small, dark-haired teen (Harry Potter) was sitting on Blaise’s left, looking down at his plate.

“Blaise, Professor Snape” She greeted, inclining her head towards the dour looking man.

“Madame Zabini thank you for allowing my son and I to stay here for the summer” The man said seating himself once she was settled in her usual chair, opposite Blaise.

“It wasn’t a problem Professor Snape, Blaise wrote me and informed of how dire the situation was. I know my son doesn’t care or trust lightly” She said, gesturing for an elf to begin serving the evening meal. “Also I know I am not home often, hopefully you and your son’s presence helps alleviate Blaise from his usually summer boredom and loneliness”

“Severus, please call me Severus I am going to be living in your home”

“Then you and Mr. Potter must call me Marina” The gorgeous woman said with a grin, Severus felt his breath catch slightly in his throat. He now knew how so many men were captivated by this woman. Giving his head a shake to clear his thoughts he nodded towards the dark haired teen sitting
next to Blaise.
“Marina I would like to introduce you to my son, you know him as Harry Potter” Severus said in his
typical no-nonsense way.
“Ah yes young Mister Potter” Marina nodded, “You are welcome in my home” She said, turning her
attention to the young man. Her eyes widened slightly as Harry’s eyes rose from where they had
firmly been glued to his plate.
“Please call me Harry” He said softly, the woman grinned as she observed her son’s boyfriend. She
had seen pictures of Harry Potter in newspapers but none had done him justice, the young teen was
gorgeous.
“Nice to meet you Harry” She said with a small smile. “Now, please eat. We will have plenty of time
to chat after our meal” She said as her and Severus started a light conversation on Hogwarts and
Blaise captured his boyfriend’s attention by pointing out various foods he thought Harry might like.
HP/SS

Silver lay sprawled on Severus’ lap as the man rubbed him behind his ears. It had been a good dinner
if a bit intimidating meeting Blaise’s mother, but after tea, juice and coffee in yet another sitting
room, Harry felt much more at ease around the woman. Now he and Severus were relaxing in their
guest quarters which boasted a shared washroom, two bedrooms and a small sitting area, while
Blaise and his mother chatted, catching up since they hadn’t seen one another since the fall.

Grabbing his book from earlier, Severus continued the tradition that he and Silver had started early
on in their relationship.
“Salamanders blood has many different priorities when it comes to brewing potions. Used primarily
in healing potions it can also be used in different types of poisons..”

HP/SS

Blaise sat opposite his mother, his eyes calculating as he regarded her.
“So you and...” He sighed, “Whatever his name is are done? You’re currently single?” Blaise asked,
he couldn’t even remember the name of his mother’s last three conquests.
“Yes...done” Marina grinned. “You will find that our vaults have expanded once again however, the
only positive in this tragedy”
Blaise rolled his eyes, he didn’t want to know the details of his mother’s...hobby.
“How long will you be here? Or are you going back to your place in France?” He asked her
curiously.
“I will remain here for a few days, maybe a week. I do want to spend some time with you Blaise and
I do want to get to know this young man you are so taken with” She grinned at the colour staining
her son’s cheeks.
“Please mother” Blaise said, “I’m sure you will get to know Harry over the next few days, he is very
shy however” he cautioned her, he knew his mother could come on very strong.
“I’m not going to scare him away Blaise, I know you care for this boy” She said with a laugh,
sipping her wine. “Don’t you trust me”
“No” Blaise said with a snort, “You aren’t exactly trustworthy mother” He added with an arched
eyebrow.
“Ah” She clutched her chest in mock injury, “You wound me Blaise, am I not your mother?” She
said though she was smiling. Blaise and his mother had a tendency towards this sort of dramatic,
playful behaviour when they were around one another. Ignoring her dramatics, Blaise sipped his
mango juice, she had offered him a glass of wine but Blaise had no desire to drink this evening and
settled in for a comfortable chat about the school year and what she had been up to.
The Beginning of the End

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Draco stepped through the floo from his own home into the lavish entry hall of Zabini Manor. “Draco” Blaise’s shout drew his attention and he whirled around to see his best friend rushing towards him a small, silver blur at his side.

“Blaise” Draco said grinning as his friend embraced him. Outside of school Blaise was a very physical, affectionate individual and Draco had gotten used to ‘attacks’ like this over the years. Silver was soon clambering for attention and with a laugh Draco bent and scooped up the cat. He was a bit surprised to see Silver here, he had figured with the safety of the Manor Harry would have been running around as Harry but he wasn’t arguing.

“He’s bigger?” Draco commented as he looked at the cat. He was definitely a bit bigger, not huge but not as small as he had been at Hogwarts.

“Italian food” Blaise said with a smirk, “It’s good for the soul” Draco rolled his eyes though he was grinning as he gently set Silver back on the floor.

“Where’s Sev?” The blond asked curiously, it was only during the school year that he referred to the Slytherin head of house as Professor Snape.

“On the beach” Blaise said, “Which is where we’re headed. Someone as swimming lessons” Here he looked pointedly at the innocent looking kitten on the ground. Draco also glanced down at Silver.

“He can’t swim? What about the fourth task?” Draco said as they headed outside, the blond was relieved he had brought his swim trunks, though he always did when he went to Blaise’s place.

“Gilly weed” Blaise responded, “So he knows how to swim just not well” “Ah” Draco said as they rounded the corner and he felt the hot, Italian sun on his face for the first time in a long time. Once outside, Silver slipped away and a few moments later a grinning, tanned Harry Potter walked around the corner wearing a pair of green swim trunks.

“Draco” Harry said with a grin, looking much better then the Malfoy heir had ever seen him.

“Potter” Draco replied with a smirk, though his eyes twinkled happily. “So Sev’s on the beach? I just can’t picture it” “He spends a lot of time there. I think he likes the sun” Harry piped up. Draco goggled at Harry, he’d known Severus for a long time but he still couldn’t picture the man relaxing on the beach it just wasn’t something he could understand.

The three boys continued on their way laughing and talking as they headed down the rocky stairs towards the beach.

HP/SS

Lord Voldemort frowned as paced quietly in front of the fire. He was in his personal chambers of Riddle Manor, many of his followers, especially those who were on the run, staying in different rooms of the large, muggle house. The last year had been odd for him, Dumbledore hadn’t made any moves against the Dark beyond his usual speaking out against it. Potter was gone, training apparently, though he didn’t believe it and weirdest of all Severus had a familiar. He knew he was
missing something important, a big, glaring clue as to what was off about this year but for the life of him he couldn’t make the connections between these seemingly innocent, if not odd, events.

As he made another turn he became aware of a large presence in the room, it seemed Nagini had decided to join him. He wasn’t sure where she had been but judging by her hissing of rats and men she had been terrorizing Wormtail again, a favourite hobby of hers.

Nagini the man greeted as the large snake made herself comfortable in his abandoned armchair, roasting herself in front of the fire.

Master the snake returned, you seem troubled this evening the snake said as she watched him continue to pace.

I’m trying to work out a mystery Nagini, about this year. Do you remember Severus, my potion’s master? Voldemort asked. He spoke to his snake frequently, bouncing ideas off of her. Nagini was incredibly intelligent for a snake.

The dark man? Who smells of herbs and burning? Yes I know him. The snake said, raising her head to watch her Master.

He has a familiar now, a kitten. Voldemort said with a sneer though he secretly liked Severus’ new familiar.

I remember. The small grey creature. He doesn’t smell like a kitten though Master, he smells like the rat man. Man and animal. The snake said looking at her Master with some confusion, hadn’t he known the kitten of the dark man wasn’t just a kitten?

Man and animal? Like Wormtail….Voldemort trailed off his mind firing rapidly as he began to put two and two together.

“Potter is the kitten. He didn’t go away for training, he went into hiding, but why? Why would Albus hide him?” The man said, red eyes wide as he stared at Nagini. How the hell had he missed that and why was Severus hiding Potter? Something had happened, something had changed Potter, had changed Snape and had possibly changed his odds in this war. He needed to know what happened.

Slamming out of his rooms he went to find Lucius, he needed to know what had happened to Potter. Whatever had happened had happened last summer when Potter had been with his muggle relatives.

HP/SS

Severus glanced up from his potion’s journal as Maria sat down next to him in the lovely Zabini garden.

“I have to leave for Paris this evening” The Zabini woman said, “I don’t know when I’ll be able to return if at all but I know you will look after Blaise for me” She stated, she didn’t bother asking as it was not in her nature.

“Yes I will, thank you once again for letting Harry and myself stay here” Severus said as he closed his book.

“Anytime, it has been a long time since I have seen Blaise this happy” The gorgeous lady said as she rose. “Thank you Severus” She said leaning to brush a gentle kiss against his cheek. As she swept away she left the dour man stunned, one hand pressed carefully against his cheek as stared off into nothingness.

Blaise and Harry were seated in the family room playing chess when Maria came in. She playfully kissed the top of Harry’s head, laughing musically as the dark-haired teen immediately blushed and ducked his head. Over the week she had discovered just how shy the teen was and loved to tease him, albite gently as Blaise was very protective of his young lover.

“You’re leaving” Blaise stated as he took in her dress, made up face and carefully styled hair. “Paris. I have plans” She responded as she kissed her son’s cheek and gently hugged him. “Severus will keep an eye on you and I’m just a floo call away” She added. She often left her son unattended for large periods of time, when he had been younger she had relied on her friends to take care of him but once he was about thirteen she had trusted him on his own, with house elves of course. Blaise
just nodded, returning her hug and kiss as Harry bid her a soft goodbye. After a few moments Blaise encouraged his boyfriend to return to the game, not at all perturbed by his mother leaving.

As they played Severus came in and settled in a chair, he still had a slightly dazed look on his face though neither boy commented. The evening continued on in quiet contentedness until a gasp from Severus had both boys turning and staring at him.

“Summons” Severus gasped out as pain continued to radiated from his mark as he rose, book falling carelessly to the floor as he headed for the nearest apparition point.

Harry slid into Blaise’s arms as he watched his adopted father disappear, they had known this would happen eventually but it didn’t make it any easier for the teen to see his mentor, his father, heading off into the night towards a mad man.

HP/SS

Severus landed heavily on the driveway that lead to Riddle Manor. Shaking his head he took a moment to compose himself before he headed inside. He made sure to shore up his mental defenses before he headed inside. He was rather shocked to see no other death eaters beyond the few that he knew were living here. Walking down the hallway towards the meeting room he pushed inside hiding his surprise as he saw The Dark Lord seated on his throne-like chair in a completely empty room. Falling to his knees, he prostrated himself in front of the man before he rose and greeted him.

“My lord” He greeted refraining from glancing around.

“Severus” The Dark Lord returned in greeting. “I imagine you’re wondering why I’ve called you here”

“Yes” Snape knew lying at the moment wasn’t exactly intelligent so he was honest with the man. “Nagini told me something interesting the other day” Voldemort started, this tangent completely confused Severus and he had to work once again to hide his surprise.

“She told me that your familiar, Silver was it? Anyway she told me he smells like Wormtail” Severus paled dramatically. He knew! Voldemort knew about Harry, knew about his son! Mentally preparing himself for battle he was not ready for what happened next.

“Bring him to me Severus. I would like to make a deal with Mr. Potter” Snape gaped, doing a lovely impression of a fish.

“Deal? You don’t want to kill him?” The man gasped out.

“No. I want him to stay out of this war, I don’t care if he has to leave England to achieve that, but I want him gone. I know what happened to him, I know that Dumbledore would use him as cannon fodder and I know that you’ve adopted him. Yes Severus I know he’s your son” The man grinned dangerously, watching as Snape fell to pieces in front of him.

“You don’t want to kill him” Severus said again, completely shocked by what he was hearing. Wasn’t this man supposed to be insane? Hell bent on death and destruction?

“No and you know I don’t like repeating myself Severus. I want to win this war, I want Dumbledore dead and gone and I don’t care about Harry Potter as long as he agrees to stay out of my way” Voldemort hissed, eyes flashing red. Snape shook his head and refocused on the task at hand.

“I will speak to him My Lord” Severus said softly, this was wonderful. He could move Harry out of England and away from the Dursleys, Voldemort and Dumbledore. Harry seemed to like Italy, maybe he could buy them a house there, he didn’t have to return to Hogwarts, he would be free. Resisting the urge to grin he bowed his head to Voldemort not bothering to question why the man had changed his mind. He had learned quickly not to question the man and one learned not to look a gift horse in the mouth.

“Thank you” He added, Voldemort inclined his head as he watched Severus leave before he too swept from the room and towards his sitting room., Lucius, his resourceful slytherin, had found out about the Dursley’s trial and Voldemort being the brilliant, if insane being he was, had managed to figure out what was going on. Muggles weren’t often put on trial in the wizarding world without
reason and those reasons generally involved abuse if not something worse.
Severus walked in a daze out of Riddle Manor before apparating back to Zabini Manor. Still dazed
and lucky that he hadn’t splinched himself Severus went off to find Harry and Blaise and tell them
the good news. Now all he had to figure out was how to get Harry away from Dumbledore who
wouldn’t let his weapon just quit the war, but he had a sneaking suspicion that Karissa would help
them if need be.

Stumbling through the Manor he happened upon the boys in the family room. Harry was curled into
Blaise both of them dozing lightly on the couch. Once he stepped into the room both boys jolted
awake and Harry was across the room arms wrapped tightly around his middle as the young teen
squeezed the life out of him.
“I’m fine” Severus reassured as he ran up and down Harry’s back as he felt the young man quiver
against him.
“Scared” Harry warbled out, arms still tight around Severus. It took a few more minutes of coaxing
before everyone was seated again and Severus was filling the boys in on what happened. Unlike
Dumbledore he didn’t keep anything from his son and by extension Blaise because he knew the
value of having all the information even if it was a bit too ‘grown up’ for children, Harry hadn’t been
a child in a long time and he deserved to know what was happening, what was going to happen.
“What if it’s a trap?” Blaise asked after a few moments of quiet contemplation. “What if he’s telling
you he’s willing to let Harry drop out of the war and wants to meet him to discuss terms when really
he’s trying to lure him in to kill him?”
“If the Dark Lord wanted to kill Harry he would have used me. I was there tonight, he would have
killed me or incapacitated me and used me as a way to get Harry to come to him. If he wasn’t serious
about this then I wouldn’t have walked out of there tonight” Severus explained. “The Dark Lord is
flashy, he likes torturing people, if he was still trying to kill Harry he would have dragged it out,
tortured him in every conceivable way, not offered him a deal” The man added. Blaise nodded but
still didn’t look convinced, the idea of Harry going to meet that madman terrified him.
“Can I think about it?” Harry asked, he had a lot to mull over, he had his friends to think about, his
family and he knew whatever he chose not only effected him but everyone he held or had once held
dear.
“Of course” Severus agreed quietly. “Take your time, he didn’t mention when he would need a
decision by though I’m sure he’ll let us know one way or another” The man sighed softly. “I think
the reason he’s made this decision is he uncovered the trial with the Dursleys. Voldemort may be
insane but he has never condoned what happened to you Harry, not for wizarding children” He said
softly.
“So he feels sorry for me?” Harry laughed semi-hysterically. “The man tries to kill me but he draws
the line at r-rape?” Severus flinched, as did Blaise, they both knew Harry wasn’t reacting well to this.
“He is still insane Harry, I just think he sees a way to win this war and he’s taking it. You aren’t
responsible for the wizarding world. You are one person and a child at that. I do not care what you
decide but I want you to be happy, to make this decision for yourself, not for anyone else. It’s your
life and you should be allowed to live it” Severus said softly. He knew his son, he knew that Harry
would think of everyone from his former friends to his god awful godfather and would decided to go
to war, decide that fighting Voldemort was the best for everyone but himself and Severus wouldn’t
allow that. The wizarding world of Britain had allowed Harry to shoulder their burdens for far too
long, the young man deserved a chance at life and a full and happy one at that.
“I agree with him Harry” Blaise said, “Hang the rest of the world, if they can’t fight their battles now
then they deserve to lose to that madman. Be happy for once”
Harry sucked in a breath, his semi-hysterical laughter dying as he looked from his father to his
boyfriend. Sighing softly he nodded, he would think on it and really think on it.

HP/SS
Harry sat on the beach, the sun was rising and sending brilliant hues over the water. Staring out at the waves the young teen contemplated his fate and the fate of his world. He had snuck out early that morning while both Blaise and Severus had still been asleep and had been sitting on the sand staring at the water ever since. He needed quiet to think and ever since Blaise and shown him the beach he had been in love with it.

He still wasn’t sure what to do about this whole Voldemort thing but he also knew he was tired, tired of fighting, of being put on a pedestal while being simultaneously knocked down, tired of hiding. He knew if he chose not to fight he wouldn’t be able to return to England but was that so bad? What did he have there really? Friends? Most had abandoned him or most would if he chose to sit the war out, family? Dead well except for Severus who would go with him anywhere. In actuality England had nothing to offer him except ghosts and sadness, everything he needed he had right here with Blaise and Severus, his new friends tended to visit and anyone else who really cared for him would support his decision. Sighing he raked his fingers through the sand, his thoughts going around and around inside his mind in a tangled jumble. He knew what he wanted but could he really act on it?

A hand falling on his shoulder caused Harry to tense and jump before Severus’ smooth voice relaxed him.

“You’re burning” The man commented dryly, “How long have you been sitting out here?” Harry shook his head and glanced around, the sun was much higher in the sky now and he suddenly felt the heat.

“Hours” He admitted while he stiffly rose to his feet, following his father towards the house.

“Thinking?” Severus asked softly, “Did you come to a conclusion?” He asked as he ushered Harry inside before summoning a house elf to grab him a mild burn salve.

“Yea, I think so” Harry said raising his arms slightly as Severus began to apply the salve on his reddened skin. Severus didn’t comment letting his son tell him what he had chosen in his own time. As he worked on Harry’s skin he kept an ear out for his son’s soft voice and when Harry finally spoke he found himself relieved and happy with what he said.

“I want out” Harry finally breathed softly. “I want out of this war and I don’t care how I have to do it” He finally said. Severus grinned before crushing Harry to his chest in a tight hug ignoring the sunburn for a moment. He was so relieved that his son had made this decision, made the decision for himself.

“I still don’t want to meet him just yet” Harry said, he still wasn’t sure about that.

“That’s fine. We can wait” Severus said softly. “If you’re worried about anyone you can tell them ahead of time, tell them to leave the country” He added knowing that was something that would bother his son. Harry nodded as Severus went back to applying the salve tsking softly over the burn as he did so.

HP/SS

Blaise brushed shoulders gently with Harry as they sat down to dinner. All in all it had been a very relaxed day after Harry had spoken to Severus and Blaise about his decision. In some form of silent agreement Blaise and Severus had gone out of their way to keep the raven-haired teen from thinking too much about the future and had endeavored to give Harry another lovely day in Zabini Manor if not on the beach. The sunburn from the morning had long since been cured but Severus’ over protective nature had demanded that his son stay in the shade for the remainder of the day. That hadn’t hindered the fun however and now at dinner time both teens were breathless with laughter and pink cheeked.

“Good day then?” Severus asked as placed some asparagus on his plate and pointedly watched Harry do the same.

“It was fun” Harry said though the shadow in his eyes told Severus that he hadn’t forgotten what was going on, he’d just pushed it aside for the moment.
“Good” the dour potion’s master murmured, “Any plans for this evening?” He asked curiously.
“Draco owled earlier he was wondering if he and Theo could come over for the night, I told them I would ask you’ Blaise said.
“I don’t see a problem with that” Severus said glancing at Harry for confirmation. The younger teen shrugged he didn’t mind the other Slytherins coming for a visit.
“Floo Malfoy Manor and let them know an owl would take to long” Severus told Blaise, “After dinner of course” When the Italian teen made to get up from the table, sheepishly Blaise settled back down and quickly finished his dinner. An hour later Blaise, Draco and Theo were outside in the gardens talking. Harry had been invited to join them but he was tired from his early wake up call and was still feeling out of sorts from what had happened over the past few days, so instead of goofing around with the other boys he was curled up in Severus’ lap as Silver, purring contently as Severus read from a potion’s manual.

“So how’s your summer been so far?” Theo asked from where he was sprawled on the grass.
“Great” Blaise grinned as he nibbled on some snacks the elves had brought out. “It’s been different with Harry and Severus’ here but I really like it” He confined quietly in his friends. “Normally its so lonely because Mum’s off doing...well you know” He added. Draco nodded in understanding in the past few summers Blaise had spent tons of time at Both Nott and Malfoy Manor but they had seen less of him this summer.
“I’m happy for you” Draco said while Theo hummed in agreement, neither had liked seeing Blaise lonely in the past. Theo suddenly let out a yelp as a small, silver blur came galloping over and leapt on him. The kitten nipped playfully at Theo’s fingers as the other teen tried to pet the squirming mass.
“Someone’s playful” Theo said as he picked up the kitten, “He’s bigger” He’d seen Harry earlier of course, when he’d arrived but the change was more noticeable in the kitten, you could tell he was growing a bit and had put on weight which was incredible since Harry had never really been big, or even normal-sized for that matter.
“Yea” Blaise agreed, “Italian food...”
“...It’s good for the soul” Both Draco and Theo finished for him. The three teens shared a look before cracking up with a confused looking Silver looking up at them, big, green eyes blinking as he tried to understand what was so funny.
The Great Escape

Chapter Summary

Harry has a disastrous Summer with the Dursleys and is brought to Hogwarts early. In order to protect him, drastic measures are taken and Harry finds himself living with one Severus Snape. AU

Chapter Notes

This is the final chapter of Silver Lining. All that's left to post is the epilogue, so keep an eye out for that! Hope you guys all enjoyed this story!!

Harry fiddled nervously with the cuff on his brand new, rather fancy, dress shirt. He felt Severus’ calming hand on his shoulder but even the man’s presence wasn’t enough to completely stop the small tremors that were over taking Harry’s still thin limbs.

“It will be fine” Severus said, his voice low and soothing as if he were speaking to a spooked kitten, which in some ways he was.

“Fine?” Harry’s voice took on the high pitched tone of hysteria as he stared up at his adoptive father.

“You call going to meet Voldemort fine?” He hissed. “He’s gonna kill me, he’s gonna kill you, he’s...mph” Harry cut off as Blaise very gently clapped a hand over his mouth, stifling his panicking.

“It will be fine. Severus knows what he’s doing” Blaise said though the Italian teen was scowling slightly. Severus had informed him that he would not be joining the pair in their meeting with The Dark Lord and he was not pleased about that fact.

Harry made a muffled noise of disagreement though he still couldn’t speak because of Blaise’s hand.

“Harry” Severus crouched slightly so he was looking straight into Harry’s emerald eyes. “Everything will be fine. Yes this is a scary moment, for all of us, but I have the utmost faith that things are going to work out. I will be with you and I won’t let anything happen to you. Nor will anything happen to me. While he may be insane, The Dark Lord sees the advantage in making this agreement with you. He will not kill you nor me if it means he jeopardizes his chances of winning this war” Severus explained softly. He had said the same thing repeatedly over the last few days as they prepared for this meeting but it seemed Harry needed to hear it one more time. Finally Blaise’s hand fell away and Harry tossed his arms around his Father’s neck, seeking comfort one last time before the meeting.

Blaise stepped back, allowing the two a private moment before coming forward and hugging Harry tightly.

“I’ll see you two when you get back” Blaise said, kissing Harry’s brow before moving away and letting the two men finish their preparations.

“I’ll have hot chocolate waiting for when you get back” Blaise said, needing to offer something and even though it was the height of summer comfort food and drink would be needed and what was more comforting then hot chocolate? Severus shot Blaise a grateful look as he rose to his full height hand still resting on Harry’s shoulder.

“Ready?” He asked his son, taking the small squeak Harry made as a yes. Pinching the bridge of his nose, Severus took a moment to compose himself before leading Harry outside past the anti-apparition wards. The only way to get to The Dark Lord was via apperation through the dark mark.
“Turn into Silver” Severus told Harry, his tone soft. “It will make this a lot easier” He added. Apparition was generally uncomfortable but when it was directed through the mark it was excruciating. He couldn’t imagine doing it side long with a worried Harry. Silver would be much more cooperative, just like the first time they had gone to see the Dark Lord.

Nodding in understanding Harry quickly donned the guise of the silver Geoffroy’s kitten slowly turning cat and waited patiently for Severus to scoop him up. Chirping contently as he was deposited inside Severus’ pocket, specially designed for him though he was getting far to large for it. Shaking his head at the antics of the kitten, Severus took a moment to focus and then, suddenly, with a loud crack, he was gone, leaving just the warm summer evening and a worried Italian teen behind.

Landing with another loud crack, Severus took a moment to school his features before he slowly let Silver free, placing the kitten on the ground.

“Change back” He ordered softly. After a moment’s hesitation, Harry soon stood where Silver had, his hair slightly disheveled and his collar askew but besides that, the boy was fine. Taking a moment to straighten the teen up, Severus made sure they were both composed before he stepped forward, a hand on Harry’s arm as he lead him through the ominous front door and inside the foreboding Manor that the Dark Lord inhabited.

“Master is waiting in the meeting room” A squeaky voice sounded to Severus’ left causing him to tense slightly and causing Harry to let out a shriek and jump half a foot in the air. Mentally cursing house elves, Severus tried to calm Harry down before he nodded to the elf, indicating that they would be there in a moment. Once again taking a moment to compose himself and make sure Harry was doing alright, he was doing better then what Severus had expected, the pair made their way down the quiet, dark hallway towards the meeting room. It was odd, being here without death eaters, without the normal screams and chaos that filled these hallways. Sometimes blood would be spattered about but today none of that was visible, no jeering Bellatrix Lestrange, no bloodied muggles or muggle borns, and no noise. It was eerie and Severus drew Harry closer to himself as they continued to walk down the hallway.

Finally after what felt like an eternity to Harry, Severus was knocking rather politely on a black, polished wooden door. Harry had a moment of wild hysteria as he pondered the polite knocking, who would have thought one had to knock politely to greet the Dark Lord. It seemed odd to Harry, like one was going to meet the Head Master or a lawyer or something normal like that. Not that Dumbledore was normal but the action was. Shaking his head to clear the thoughts, he returned his attention to the matter at hand just as a serpentine voice called out for them to enter and the large, double doors creaked open. This was more what Harry had expected as they walked into the room. When he had been here before as Silver he hadn’t paid much attention to his surroundings, having spent the majority of time in Severus’ robes. The room was bleak looking, large and black with what appeared to be old blood on the floors and walls. It was a circular room with no chairs beyond on large, throne like monstrosity placed on a dais in the middle of the floor. That was where Voldemort was seated, his feet bare, peeking out from beneath his black robes.

“As Harry, Severus welcome” The man rose, arms spread wide in greeting. “Have a seat” He gestured in front of him where two thin, wooden chairs popped up along with a table. Harry goggled for a moment before he was steered into his seat by Severus’ strong hand.

“My Lord” Severus inclined his head, knowing he didn’t need to prostrate himself as he normally would, they were here as equals, well as equal as one could be with the dark lord.

Once everyone was settled and Voldemort had called for tea, all of which was serving to confuse and bother Harry even more. The Dark Lord drank tea? Harry had always just assumed he drank, well he wasn’t sure what he drank but it wasn’t as normal as tea. Sipping his own tea, which had been throughly checked by Severus much to Voldemort’s amusement, “I like the killing curse Severus, not poison” Harry settled into the completely surreal experience his mind still not fully processing what was happening.
“Shall we begin? I have extremely simple terms” Voldemort finally said, setting his own thin, china mug down. “All I require is for you, Harry, to leave England. I want to win this war and I know Dumbledore has plans for you, plans to use you against me. I am not, despite what some may say, insane enough to believe that killing you would win me the war. It would rally your friends, this country against me. Instead I want you to walk away, abandoned England and any who remain, and let me win” The man’s eyes flashed red as he spoke dreaming of the world he would build. Harry bit his lip, he wanted to leave wanted to be free but could he abandoned everyone to Voldemort? “What will you do? Kill everyone?” Harry whispered, he was scared but determined which made Severus rather proud as he looked at his son. “No” Voldemort hissed, Harry half expected a forked tongue to snake between his dry lips. “I do not intend to kill everyone. Just those who stand against me. This who cannot accept the new world I intend to create. I will not lie to you Harry, people will die but not everyone and you will be far away, free, living the life that you deserve to live” The man said a slightly sadistic grin on his face. Harry looked at Severus, contemplating his options as the man he regarded as his Father, his mentor, looked back at him with nothing but love in his eyes. Heaving a small sigh Harry nodded. “I’ll leave. But if anyone else wants to leave, anyone” He pinned Voldemort with a look, reminding the man remarkably of James Potter in that moment, “You let them go” He said sternly. “I don’t care what you do to British Wizarding World, they shouldn’t have turned me into a saviour, but if people want to leave, start new lives or whatever, you let them” He explained. Voldemort looked at the small teen, contemplating his actions. “I agree to those terms. You may leave Harry Potter, this once. Do not come back” He added. Harry nodded, taking a shuddering sigh as he realized he had basically just signed Wizarding Britain over to Voldemort but he couldn’t bring himself to care. “You have to leave me alone, me, Severus, Blaise anyone else who leaves you can’t hunt down, nor can your Death Eaters” The teen suddenly spoke. “If they do consider our deal null and void” He added bravely. Voldemort cracked a smile, it was frightening, terrifying to anyone who saw it, the teen was brave, Voldemort would give him that. “Deal” He hissed, his voice taking on a more snake like quality. “You can’t come back though, not to save people who choose not to leave. Friends, lovers, enemies, you cannot return” Harry contemplated that, he knew Hermione, the Weasleys they wouldn’t leave England they would stay, Dumbledore would make sure, they would stay and fight and his friends, former friends, would die. Sighing again, a sigh of one who had seen to much, knew to much, Harry nodded. “Fine” He breathed, looking at Severus for approval and once again seeing no judgement in the man’s eyes. Voldemort clapped his hands gleefully, it would be hard to reign in his more...volatile death eaters but he would manage it. He needed to for Harry Potter had just handed him everything he wanted on a silver platter. “Good bye Harry Potter. I sincerely hope we do not meet again” The man said as he rose gesturing grandly for Severus and Harry to leave. Gathering their wits Severus and Harry quickly left the grand room, neither of them speaking as they quickly escaped from the dark Manor. Once outside Harry shrank down into Silver once more and Severus gathered him quickly though carefully and apperated them back to Zabini Manor. Hitting the ground, Severus inhaled deeply letting the soothing tang of sea air fill his lungs as he freed Silver from his pocket. “We did it” The man breathed, crushing the kitten to his chest. Now they only had to avoid Dumbledore and his plans. An unfamiliar tingling ran up Severus’ arm and he quickly rolled up his sleeve watching in awe as his Dark Mark writhed on his arm before disappearing. “What in Merlin’s name?” He breathed reaching down to touch his unblemished skin. Sliver’s cold, wet nose touched the skin and his green eyes turned to look up at Severus’ awe written all over his kittenish features. Walking inside both man and cat still in shock, neither seemed to notice the anxious Blaise bouncing about settling them in the study, pushing a mug of hot chocolate (with a
little extra kick) into Severus’ hands while simultaneously taking the kitten and beginning to cuddle it.

After a few minutes of awkward silence, Blaise finally coughed, drawing his professor’s attention to him.
“What happened?” Blaise asked softly still cuddling the kitten on his lap. Taking a steadying sip of his drink, eyebrows rising when he tasted the familiar liquid lurking beneath the chocolate, Severus launched into his tale.

HP/SS

“So we just stay here” Blaise said, gesturing grandly to the Manor surrounding them. “We’re not in England anymore” He added “And Hogwarts is located in Scotland if we choose to return. Though I think since we’re going into our final years we may be able to get away with home schooling. I’m sure a number of other students will be withdrawing over the next few months, especially with what I’m sure will be happening” He raised an eyebrow significantly. Severus nodded.
“I agree” Severus murmured, “But Harry and I will not be returning to Hogwarts” He added, “We both have a chance at a clean slate. Dumbledore knows we’re staying here” Severus explained. “We have a few weeks before Hogwarts starts up again and in that time I intend to find us a home, somewhere on the Ocean and somewhere Dumbledore cannot find us”
“Ah” Blaise nodded in understanding. “What about me? Dumbledore knows I’m involved with Harry, or he sort of does. You are, after all, hiding out in my Manor”
“Yes I know. I’d invite you to come live with us but I think that would be pushing it. I shall speak to your mother and have her remove you from Hogwarts. I shall continue yours and Harry’s education with us flooing here or you flooing to our home. Of course I will extend this courtesy to any Slytherin students who decide not to return to Hogwarts”
“Of course” Blaise grinned softly, he may care deeply for Harry but he wasn’t sure he was ready to live with him and Severus. Granted he was doing that right now but in his own home, he wasn’t moving in with someone else.

The evening devolved into a quiet, comfortable silence as Blaise and Severus drank their respective drinks and Silver purred contentedly on Blaise’s lap. The only movement had occurred when an owl had found its way into the sitting room startling both men. Accepting the parchment, Severus flicked it open, eyes going wide as he saw what was written. Just one line, red ink that stated Show of good faith. Do not Return
It was from the Dark Lord, explaining why he had seen fit to remove Severus’ mark. Ignoring Blaise’s questioning look he returned to his quiet, contemplative silence the letter clutched firmly in his hands.

HP/SS

“It’s really ours?” Harry breathed as he stared at the quaint cottage nestled in the crags above the ocean on the southern Grecian sea.
“Yes” Severus responded with a grin his arm wound comfortably around Harry’s shoulders a pleased smile gracing his features. He handed the old fashioned key to his son, it was all symbolic of course, when he bought the property Severus had hired a ward wizard to put protective wards all around the house. Only he, Harry and those that they invited in could even enter the property.
“All of it?” Harry asked glancing around noting with pleasure the small path that lead down to the a little cove, their own private slice of the ocean. “All of it” Severus confirmed, it had taken a month for him to find, purchase and have the house made ready. Grinning Harry rushed up the path intent on seeing the house and leaving a laughing Severus to follow after him.
Entering the house Harry beamed, it was everything he had imagined it being. It was small, perfect really for him and Severus since it was only the two of the. The kitchen was quaint, done up in bright
colours with a big bay window facing down the cliff and out to the ocean. A door stood off to one side and Harry could feel the wards around it.

“Potions’ lab” Severus explained, even though he had resigned from Hogwarts (not that Albus knew that yet) he still loved potions and was looking forward to having time to work, to create again, especially without a bunch of dunderheaded students underfoot.

“Ah” Harry nodded and was off exploring again. A small living area branched off from the kitchen, like the living room it was painted in warm, bright colours with a small fireplace, large windows and a cat tree in one corner.

“Bedrooms are upstairs, yours is the door on the right, across from the washroom and mine is at the end of the hall” Severus explained. The house was bright, inviting and everything that someone would expect the potions’ master to hate. However Severus knew it was what Harry needed and for that he would put up with the warm blues, oranges and yellows that covered his house. His room, of course, was near identical to the one at Hogwarts with Slytherin silver, green and black covering it. Harry’s he left up to the young teen to decide knowing a few well placed spells would have everything sorted in no time.

“Where are you going to teach us?” Harry asked, knowing about the tutoring that Severus would be doing for him, Blaise and a few others.

“Blaise’s Manor. We’ll floo there four times a week along with the others. This place, this is for us. For you” Severus said softly. “A home”

Harry beamed and found his way into the arms of his Father feeling for the first time in a long while that he was safe and everything was right in the world.

HP/SS

Dumbledore gaped openly as he read the missive a handsome eagle owl had dropped off. Severus had quit? He was resigning and he was taking Harry with him? Oh no no no this would not do. He needed Harry, needed his weapon. In a fit of unusual temper Albus burned the letter glowering darkly into the flames as he contemplated his next move. He had to locate Harry, had to get him back. He never should have removed him from the Dursleys, or barring that he should have let Molly have her way. She would have raised a good little light following hero. Glowering he popped a lemon drop into his mouth as he settled into his chair. Visibly working to calm himself he finally summoned Minerva, informing her that they needed to find a substitute Potions Professor. At least for the time being. Ignoring her questions he dismissed the woman rather abruptly before he turned his mind back to the problem at hand. Ah yes, Karissa. She would know where Severus and Harry were. He wasn’t naïve enough to think they remained at Zabini Manor not that he had any power there. The Italian government weren’t huge fans of his nor was Madame Zabini.

Gathering himself, Albus made plans to summon The Order. He needed to talk to everyone, tell them what was happening, his version of course, and make sure they understood how important it was to get Harry back. Of course they all believed that he was away training but he’d come up with something. Perhaps some letters written by Ronald, Ginevra and Hermione would be able to entice the lad? Humming to himself and feeling a bit better it was a rather startling blow to see more owls flying in, far to many to be from the Minister asking for advice. Looking at the post he noticed that they almost all belonged to the parents of Slytherin students. Opening them, his bushy eyebrows rose high into his hairline as he saw all of them were letters from the parents pulling their students out of Hogwarts. Zabini, Parkinson, Nott, Goyle, Malfoy and Crabbe all had been removed. All of these students, barring Zabini, were followers of Tom. Frowning he wondered if this was some sort of precursor to an attack. Tom wouldn’t want to risk the children of his high up followers. Shaking his head Albus realized he had even more to contemplate as he let the letters fall back onto his desk.

HP/SS

Severus stepped through the floo into Zabini Manor. Already waiting for him and Harry were Blaise,
Draco and Theo; Pansy had been sent to Beauxbatons by her Parents as they thought it was a more well rounded education for their daughter and Crabbe and Goyle would be stopping by for occasional tutoring though not as much as Draco, Theo and Blaise.

“I know term has yet to begin” Severus began once everyone was seated, “But I wanted to give you your book lists as well as list of supplies. Since I am a Potions Master and have a mastery in Defense I am able to teach you those subjects as well as Herbology since it plays a role in potions. As for other NEWT subjects I’ve spoken to some friends of mine who will be able to teach you Transfiguration, Runes and Arithmancy as well as History if you need it” He explained handing out pieces of parchment.

“Which friends?” Blaise asked as he looked over the list. Harry began to giggle, he was well aware of who the ‘friends’ were and vividly remembered the conversation that had ensued.

“I use the term ‘friends’ lightly” Severus groused, “But I believe you are all familiar with former Professor Lupin and the mass murdered Sirius Black?”

Three pairs of eyes widened as they took in the giggling Harry and pained looking Severus.

“Mass murderer?” Theo whispered just as Draco asked “The werewolf?”

“No and Yes” Severus sighed, “Sirius Black was framed, it is a long, annoying tale and I just ask that you take my word on it. If it helps he is Harry’s godfather and despite his eccentricities he is wonderful at Transfiguration. As for Lupin yes, he is a werewolf but it is a manageable condition and he is a wonderful professor though it pains me to admit it”

After a few more moments of discussion, Severus left leaving Harry with the three other boys knowing they had plans to go swimming and goof around as boys their age were wont to do. He, on the other hand, had to plan lessons with the dogs and he was not looking forward to it.

Back when he had been planning on tutoring the boys Harry had pointed out he couldn’t teach them everything. Panic had seized Severus but his wonderful son had suggested not one but two people who would be more then willing and able to help out. Of course Severus had rallied, shouted, complained and cursed the suggestions but they were the only two people Severus could think of that would both teach the boys and keep his son safe. Shaking his head he flooed back to his own house having reluctantly given Sirius and Remus access. It was remarkable that one young teen had managed to repair the relationship between the three men. No they would never be best friends but they could tolerate one another especially if it made Harry happy. Severus never thought he could love again, not after Lily. But he loved that boy, he lived to make Harry smile, to make him happy and to make sure he was safe and he knew that Sirius and Remus felt the same way.

Bustling about the kitchen he began making tea.

“Snape” Sirius voice laughed as he stepped through the floo. “You’ve become domestic” He teased. “Sirius” Remus admonished, “Just because you could burn water doesn’t mean you can tease Severus. He was kind enough to invite us here and now he’s playing host. You could learn from him” And with that Remus sat down at the table pulling out books and parchment, ever the professor as he and Severus began talking lesson plans. Sirius watched the scene for a moment before he joined in, occasionally offering his own input.

For once, everything was looking up and Severus couldn’t wait to see what the future held for him and Harry.
Moving Forward

Chapter Summary

The long awaited epilogue to Silver Lining.
Please note, this chapter isn't beta'd. I wanted to get this posted ASAP for you guys!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sun filtered through the open sitting room window, Daily Prophets were spread across the large coffee table being pursed intently by the rooms only occupant. Severus’ head was bent over the latest copy of the British rag, his lanky hair hanging over him as he read, a rapidly cooling mug of tea by his elbow.

“Anything interesting?” A voice sounded from behind him, causing the former spy to jump slightly at the sudden intrusion. Standing in the doorway was one Sirius Black, the once gaunt man had filled out nicely, his black hair hung down to his shoulders, shining and healthy. It seemed getting Harry out of England had not only benefitted his adopted son, but his godfather as well. Though Remus and Sirius still technically lived at Grimmauld Place, they spent most of their time at Severus’ small cottage in Greece, not that Albus knew that of course.

Since making the deal with Voldemort all those months ago, Severus’ life couldn’t be better. Harry was so much happier and was excelling in his home schooling. He still saw his mind healer, but only once a month instead of every two weeks. Karissa had recommended a new mind healer, a colleague of her’s in Greece, fearing that Dumbledore would try and track Harry down using her. He wasn’t above using such methods and had tried to find Harry numerous times, going so far as to try and break into both Zabini and Malfoy Manor.

Of course without Harry in England, the British witches and wizards had lost their rallying point, their symbol and the world was in complete shambles. Voldemort was quite clearly winning the war, his methods were less violent however, and true to his word, he had let those who wanted to leave, leave. Of course, certain factions were unable to leave the country permanently, like Remus and Sirius, but it wasn’t from lack of trying. As members of the Order, however reluctantly, they weren’t able to just up and disappear, no matter how much they wished they could.

Severus closed the Prophet and shrugged in response to Sirius’ question. He had relaxed exponentially since moving to Greece and escaping from under both his masters.

“Nothing really, just speculation on where Harry is and how many people are leaving the country. Hogwarts is going to be a very empty school come September” Severus said casting a heating charm on his now cold tea.

“No kidding, Albus was talking about it at the last order meeting. He’s quite disappointed in how many children have been withdrawn. He seems to believe that everyone should trust he is able to protect their children while they’re at school” Sirius said, flopping onto the lovely, cushy couch Severus’ had purchased a few months previous.

“He would believe that” Severus said with a snort. “And maybe once upon a time he could, but the Death Eaters are targeting prominent light families everyday and the Ministry is in complete shambles. Everyone with half a brain can see Albus isn’t able to protect them, he can’t even protect
his own followers” Severus said softly, speaking of both Kingsley Shacklebolt and Alastor ‘Mad Eye’ Moody who had both been killed in a raid a few weeks previous. Both were well known Order members as well as aurors and Voldemort, along with a few favoured followers, had dispatched them with ease.

Sirius made a noncommittal noise in the back of his throat, he had liked both men and had mourned for them but he also understood war and knew with the way things were going, neither Kingsley or Alastor would have had a place in Voldemort’s new regime.

“When are you and Remus going to leave? You know Harry worries every time you two leave” Severus finally asked after a moment of silence, Remus and Sirius would have to leave England soon or they would be involved in the final battle and there was no guarantee they would survive that.

“Soon” Sirius said, raking his fingers through his dark hair and sitting upright on the couch. “Albus has been watching us closer, I think he suspects something but he hasn’t been around enough to actually speak with us beyond the usual weekly meetings. I have a feeling our departure is going to be a very clandestine middle of the night type thing” Sirius added. He wanted out of England, he wanted to be here, in Greece, with Harry and shockingly even Severus. The two were getting on much better and Sirius had proved to be a valuable asset in Harry’s education. His grasp of Transfiguration was something to be marveled and he was able to explain the concepts in a way that the younger teen understood.

“Any news on the Weasley family yet? Have they left? Has Grainger?” Severus asked as he sipped his tea.

“The twins, Bill and Charlie have all declared themselves neutral. Charlie has returned to Romania and Bill to Egypt. The twins have their delightful shop in Diagon Alley that they are reluctant to leave but they have left the Order, quiet noticeably might I add, so the Death Eaters seem to be leaving them alone. Voldemort has really held up his end of the bargain he made with Harry. He’s still a psychopath but he’s not attacking innocents, just those who oppose him. Not that I want to live under his rule of course” Sirius added hastily.

“Stupid” Severus grunted. “She should leave, they all should” Sirius just shrugged. He had nothing else to add on the matter. Ron, Hermione and Ginny were basically lost to them, caught up so strongly in their beliefs.

“Harry still asleep then?” Sirius asked curiously, he had flooed in that morning and had yet to see his godson, not that he had ventured further then the sitting room where he had discovered Severus.

“Yes. He’s not really one for mornings. I do believe this is the first summer in his entire life where he’s been able to sleep in” Severus said with a sneer. Despite the Dursleys having been tried and sentenced, Severus still wished he had been able to deliver his own personal brand of justice. Sirius’ expression turned dark, like Severus, he wished he’d been able to get his hands on the Dursleys.

“When is he taking his exams? I know they were scheduled for some time this summer” He, Remus and Severus had all been helping Harry prep for his OWL exams which he had missed taking with his classmates.

“Next week on Monday. We’re going to the Greek Ministry for testing” Severus responded. “He’ll do fine, though he’s nervous about it. Blaise and Draco have been immeasurably helpful since they’ve already taken the exams” Sirius was about to respond when a grey blur came rushing into the room and launched itself into the
air, landing heavily on Sirius’ lap.
“Ooof” The dog animagus huffed as the large kitten landed on his stomach. “Good morning to you too Silver” Sirius said as he lifted the kitten into the air and grinned. He had been completely shocked when he had been let in on the secret of Harry/Silver. He was so proud of his godson for achieving the transformation but hearing the reason why had almost destroyed him. It was one of the reasons he had accepted Severus’ and his role in Harry’s life so easily. The trial had opened his eyes to the truth and there was no way he could hate the man that had saved his godson.
“Seems someone is awake” Severus said with an amused drawl, his dark eyes glittering as he watched the pair in amusement.
“He’s getting so much bigger” Sirius said, his tone pleased, as he looked at the kitten currently cuddling against him.
“He is, he’s a lot healthier out here, being away from all the pressure of Hogwarts and Britain” Severus said as Harry stretched out on Sirius’ lap, his paws extended in the air lazily.
“I can tell” Sirius said rubbing lazy circles on Silver’s tummy. “Not to mention his summer has been filled with normal teenage activities such as swimming, flying and hanging out with his friends” The two men and one kitten lapsed into a comfortable silence all three enjoying each others company,
HP/SS

Albus Dumbledore sat at the head of the table in the dingy dining room of Grimmauld Place. His gnarled fingers steepled as he surveyed his rag-tag team of light fighters. Minerva was seated at his right, Remus and Sirius were in a corner conversing quietly, the few members of the Weasley family present were also seated together though Molly was in and out of the kitchen making tea and serving food.
“When are you going to bring Harry back from the Americas Albus, he needs to be here!” Molly said as she set a mug of tea in front of her husband and pinned the aged Headmaster with a glare. Albus still hadn’t told the Order about Harry and Severus. He wasn’t sure how they’d react but he was willing to bet his wand arm it wouldn’t be good.
Sighing he surveyed the weary faces before him and realized he’d have to tell.
“Well, erm” He had the good grace to blush, “Harry never was sent to America” He paused letting the surprised and angry exclamations wash over him. Sirius was particularly vocal in his displeasure at hearing the man had lied.
“When are you going to bring Harry back from the Americas Albus, he needs to be here!” Molly said as she set a mug of tea in front of her husband and pinned the aged Headmaster with a glare. Albus still hadn’t told the Order about Harry and Severus. He wasn’t sure how they’d react but he was willing to bet his wand arm it wouldn’t be good.
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“You see, the summer before fifth year I discovered something horrible...” Albus launched into the whole tale, telling them everything from the abuse to the animagus form to the adoption by Severus. As he spoke, horror slowly began to dawn on the faces of those around him. Molly looked livid and Ron’s face had taken on an interesting shade of red.
“Y-you mean that cat was Harry?” The red head whispered in horror. He had tortured that damn cat, he had hated him, and the entire time it had been his best friend. Revulsion rose through him and a hand clamped over his mouth to keep himself from retching.
“Harry was adopted by Snape?” Sirius’ strident voice rang out horrified. “You let that slimy snake adopt my godson? Have you lost your mind?” The animagus roared. Remus ducked his head, Sirius was a fantastic actor when he chose to be and no one would guess that he was already well aware of what had happened.
“It was the only option I had” Albus said, “However that is not the issue right now. Severus has resigned his position at Hogwarts, taken Harry and disappeared” Once again chaos reigned as soon as he had finished speaking. Instead of trying to regain control Albus let them rant while he thought about what to do. He knew the final showdown was coming, he knew Voldemort even knew was seeking him out for battle but he was not yet ready for that. He needed Harry back, he was the only one who could defeat Voldemort, though Albus was sure he could give the man a run for his money. He didn’t want to risk it however, Harry had been the perfect little solider and he would have done
exactly what Albus needed him to do but then Dursley had almost killed the boy and he had had to step in. What he hadn’t bargained on was Severus caring about Harry, adopting him and then taking the boy and running. He had asked Severus to take Harry because he knew the man would protect him but he had also hoped that Severus’ hate of James Potter would prevent him from truly caring for the boy. Clearly he had over played his hand and now he had lost his weapon.

He had planned everything so perfectly and now it was all falling to bits. Harry would have either killed Voldemort or weakened him enough for Albus to step in and finish the job. Albus would have been a hero and people would once again place their trust in the wise Headmaster of Hogwarts as they had when he had beaten Grindelwald.

As people continued to bicker and argue Remus and Sirius slowly slipped out of the room. It was time, they knew what Albus was plotting now and they had to make their escape. Sirius planned to lock up the house once he and Remus were safe, denying Albus and the order the use of the house as well as keeping them from being able to follow him or Remus.

SS/HP

As the former Marauders snuck away, Ron and Hermione continued to reel at the news that Harry had been at Hogwarts. Both were horrified to realize that Harry had been the kitten Ron had so unfairly treated and damn near killed. It was Hermione who voiced the harsh realization first. “We’ve lost him” She murmured softly, “He’ll never be our friend again Ron. Not after what we did” She pinned Ron with an accusing stare, “After what you did” She added. Ron’s shoulders slumped and he nodded, he had lost Harry. He knew he wouldn’t be forgiven this latest transgression. However another realization slammed into Ron as he thought about the tiny kitten he had so tormented.

“He’s Snape’s now anyway” He hissed, his famous temper sparking as he thought about the last year. “He’s a Slytherin now Hermione. He was there damn mascot. He doesn’t care about us or this war” He sneered, a poor impression of Snape’s but his message was still delivered. As much as he regretted hurting Harry, he wouldn’t apologize for hurting a Slytherin and that was what Harry was now. A slimy snake, Snape’s adopted son and damn if that didn’t make him shudder. Hermione regarded Ron with sad eyes, she wasn’t completely blameless in this mess but she still understood that what she had done was wrong and she wouldn’t hold Snape against Harry. Looking around the table at the angry faces and the slight insanity in Dumbledore’s eyes, Hermione realized that the war had already been lost. Voldemort had won and she honestly couldn’t say if she was upset about that. Harry had already suffered enough and this group would have turned him into a murderer or a sacrifice. Biting her lip, Hermione felt silent and slowly began to think of her own escape from this madness.

-One Year Later-

Harry leaned contently against Severus’ side as he stared out across the water the pair were having a quiet moment away from the group currently taking over their kitchen. The sun was setting slowly seemingly disappearing into the ocean and Harry was entranced by it. Severus’ arm was placed comfortably around Harry’s shoulders and the pair just watched the sun sink contently. The war had been won by Voldemort, not that anyone was surprised, Albus Dumbledore was dead having died during the battle of Hogwarts where the last stand of the ‘light’ had taken place. McGonagall was alive and the new Headmistress of Hogwarts, she had sworn not to fight Lord Voldemort after he had beaten Dumbledore but she had also sworn to give children the best education she could as well as protect them. Voldemort had agreed to that, while he may not be a fan of Gryffindors he knew what a powerful witch Minerva was and he was pleased she’d be around to teach future generations.

Flitwick, Sprout and most of Hogwarts staff had remained, choosing to keep teaching students as
well as protecting Hogwarts. Many had returned to Hogwarts with the end of the war and the death of Dumbledore though Harry, Blaise and their Slytherin friends had remained withdrawn, choosing rather to continue with home schooling.

“It’s been a long year hasn’t it?” Severus said softly, breaking the comfortable silence. “It has” Harry agreed, he was still small for his age, but he had put on some much needed weight and had some nice muscles from all the outdoor activities he had engaged in over the year. “But I wouldn’t change it for a thing” He added. Severus glanced at Harry surprised stamped on his features. “You wouldn’t?” Severus asked his tone surprised. “No” Harry said, “Because if I did, I wouldn’t have you or Blaise or anyone. I’d be alone or dead” He explained. It was such a simple response but the emotions involved were anything but simple. Severus’ arm tightened and soon he was crushing Harry against him. “I love you” He told his son. “And I am so glad you are part of my life” Harry snuggled closer and nodded, a muffled ‘love you too’ coming from the teen.

“Alright you two, enough of the mushy stuff” Sirius said as he approached the pair a chef hat perched precariously on his head. “Dinner is ready” He added. Chuckling both Severus and Harry rose following the excited animagus inside where Blaise, Draco, Theo, Remus and Pansy were all awaiting them. Having escaped Dumbledore and England, Remus and Sirius had moved to Greece to be near Harry and Severus. Using Black funds, Sirius had purchased a small chalet nearby the pair, though with enough distance to allow everyone their much needed privacy. With Voldemort winning the war, Pettigrew had been captured and the new Minister, one Lucius Malfoy had pardoned Sirius, allowing the man his freedom though Sirius still refused to return to England.

Sliding into the kitchen, Harry sat down next to Blaise at the table and slipped his hand into his boyfriend’s, grinning as he felt Blaise stroke his thumb softly. The pair were still going strong but slow and neither could be happier. Draco and Pansy had begun dating a few months previous much to the pleasure of both their families and Theo was currently courting Daphne Greengrass. They were all beginning to grow up much to their parents despair. “So is anyone returning to Hogwarts in September?” Remus asked as he began to place large platters of food on the table. Sirius was bouncing about wearing the chef hat, not that he could cook in the least, but he still liked the hat.

“I think the Greengrasses are going back” Draco said looking at Theo for confirmation. “Yes, and most of the Ravenclaws are returning as are the ‘Puffs and Gryfffindors” “Not to many Slytherins though?” Sirius asked curiously. “No, most of us are homeschooling though a fair few went to Durmstrang” Blaise responded still cuddling Harry into his side.

Dinner conversation was quiet and content and after a delicious dinner, everyone was flooing back to their respective homes with promises to see one another over the next few days. “Goodnight love” Blaise said kissing Harry tenderly before he stepped into the fire and flooed back to his home in Italy. His mother was introducing her to her newest husband later and Blaise wanted some time to prepare before that happened. “See you tomorrow!” Harry cried as Blaise disappeared into the green flames, leaving Harry, Severus and the marauders at the house.

HP/SS

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY HARRY”
The brunette teen took a step back and let out an involuntary squeak as he saw the large group of people awaiting him in Blaise’s sitting room. The once tiny teen had grown into a lovely young man, he still wasn’t tall but he had filled out nicely and no longer looked like he was starving. As he stared
out at the large group of people awaiting him, an easy smile slid onto his face. “I can’t believe you’re seventeen” Severus moaned playfully as he pulled his son into a tight hug. “Me neither” Sirius agreed from where he was stationed near a large, chocolate cake shaped like a snitch.

Soon Harry was socializing with his friends, Blaise’s arm wrapped around his waist as he laughed uproariously at something Fred, or was it George, Weasley had said. Severus, Remus and Sirius were all standing nearby each of them watching the young man they regarded as theirs laugh. “I can’t believe how far he’s come in two years” Severus said sipping his wine. Madame Zabini had provided them with the wine since she couldn’t be there for Harry’s party. “Me neither. You’ve done amazing Severus. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him so happy” Remus said his warm eyes crinkled in happiness. Sirius just beamed, his face flushed happily from all the wine he had enjoyed.

Harry stood on tiptoe and pecked Blaise on the cheek. His lover had gotten them tickets to the Quidditch World Cup, held in Ireland that year, for his birthday present. The two would go for a week and enjoy the sights of Ireland as well as the match. “Thank you” The emerald green teen said softly. “You’re welcome” Blaise said with a grin as he sipped his own wine. Harry wrinkled his nose at that, much preferring butterbeer to wine or most liquors.

The pair continued to wander about stopping to chat with all their friends though they studiously ignored the corner that Daphne and Theo had hidden themselves in, there were some things they just did not need to see. “Are you surprised that Grainger has returned to Hogwarts?” Blaise asked Harry curiously, they had received some tidbits of news from the twins and he was curious about Harry’s reaction. “No, she’d want to finish her education, no matter what” Harry said, “I am surprised that Ron’s going back. I didn’t think he’d want anything to do with a Voldemort controlled Hogwarts” Blaise just snorted. “He’ll probably try and rally some sort of school children army. You know how he is” The tall Italian teen muttered. Harry snorted, probably. Ron wasn’t exactly bright. “I just hope he leaves Neville and Luna alone. They’re going back this year as well” He glanced up, finding the gleaming blonde hair of his friend standing not far off. She was wearing her radish earrings and chatting amicably with a bemused looking Draco. “He will. Neville has grown up a lot, he won’t let the likes of Ronald Weasley bully him” Blaise said watching Draco and Luna converse with a smirk. Luna had fit in amazingly with their group of friends, paving the way for Neville who had struck up an easy friendship with Theo and Blaise though he and Draco still weren’t close.

Harry leaned against Severus’ shoulder, the pair standing at the back of the room watching everyone mingle and talk. “Happy Birthday” Severus said softly nudging his son lightly. “Thanks...Dad” Harry responded with a grin, ignoring the way Severus’ breath caught in his throat. Though Harry had mentally referred to Severus’ as his Dad, or described him that way to other people, he had never actually called Severus the name. A huge grin broke out on the former dungeon bat’s face and he pulled his son into a hug. “You brat” He muttered affectionately into Harry’s ear ignoring the teen’s chuckle. That title made everything he had done worth it. He knew James and Lily would always be Harry’s parents, but to know Harry truly felt that way for him was awe inspiring. “Go party” He ordered roughly ignoring the imp’s roughish grin as he went to rejoin his friends. Watching Harry socialize, Severus grinned. He had come a long way from that poor, broken little kitten that had wormed his way into Severus’ once cold heart. Silver had saved both him and Harry and for that he would always be thankful. Who knew that all it would take was a silver kitten
animagus form to make Harry and Severus into a family and to grant Harry the life he truly deserved? Chuckling at the thought Severus eyed his wine glass, perhaps he had had to much to drink. Shaking his head he went back to join the party a small smile playing over his features. Life was good.

-End-

Chapter End Notes

That's it! Hope you guys enjoyed the ride! I will definitely be coming back to this 'Verse with some one-shots and maybe another chaptered story.
Thanks for all the support.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Remember this story is complete! Just waiting to post the epilogue

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!