Surge de Hydra
by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

Harry Potter was not having a good day. In fact it was very bad. He had two dilemmas and couldn't possibly discern which was worse. One; he had awoken in a forest with no recollection of how he got there and two; he was seeing the forest from seven different angles and was getting a splitting headache because of it. A/N: BEWARE! SLASH! HARRY/TOM. Creature Harry.

Notes


My Parseltongue has extra sssss in the words.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Harry Potter was not having a good day. In fact it was a very bad day compared to many other he'd had. He had two dilemmas and couldn't possibly discern which was worse. One, he had awoken in a forest with no recollection of how he got there and two, he was seeing the forest from seven different angles and was getting a splitting headache because of it.

Harry couldn't make heads or tails of the situation. It was like he had seven pairs of eyes and it was driving him mad! That wasn't possible!

He heard a rustling nearby and suddenly, he was clearly gazing upon a tiny, thin garden snake in a nice shade of green. He was seeing the snake from mostly the same angle and he sighed in relief. The vision was shaking and he could feel the headache subsiding very slowly. He raised his head and glanced around to see several snakes beside him, but for some reason they weren't looking at him. They were still staring at the little snake on the ground. He looked down, only to see scales as black as the midnight hour.
Gaze returning to the foreign snake, he hissed, *You there, tell me what I look like.*

The Parseltongue practically rolled out of his mouth with an exaggerated hiss.

The snake's eyes widened. *You have seven heads, Lord Hydra. You're black as night with bright green eyes. It is an honor to meet an ancient,* it answered, bowing its small head.

Harry's mind was in a whirl. Hydra? As in a multiple headed snake that whenever a head was cut off, two more would grow back? The mythological creature said to have acidic blood and great speed? He was a Hydra? Meaning they actually existed?!

That would explain the seven different angles. Suddenly he was feeling a lot better about that now that there was an explanation for it.

*Why do you call me Lord?* he asked the small snake. He wasn't a lord as far as he knew, and he certainly did around telling people to call him a lord when he literally wasn't one! Not like some snake-faced twats he knew of.

*The great Hydras are considered better than even the Basilisks. They are rare and are very powerful. Only the most powerful can attain a human form. The larger they are, the more powerful they are and you are quite large, my Lord,* the snake explained.

*But I was born human,* Harry stated in confusion. He was certain he would have been told if his mum had somehow pushed out a snake instead of a human babe.

The snake's head tilted. *That rarely ever happens, my Lord, unless you are a wizard?*

Harry nodded. *I am,* he confirmed.

*You have come into your inheritance then. Was the anniversary of your hatch day recently?*

Harry nodded and his vision swam as the other heads nodded with him, blurring his sight. He'd need to learn hot to control that because it was going to get old quick. It was his sixteenth birthday the last time he'd been aware.

*If I might suggest, you should close your other eyes and just focus on one head, my Lord.*

Harry shot the little snake a confused look, before closing his eyes - all of them - and concentrating. He could feel his consciousness as it was connected to his other heads. The strange thing was that only *his* head had a brain. The others were just empty shells that he could use to scout for reasons he didn't even know yet. Still, he could manipulate his will through them because they were a part of him. Their lack of soul and brain made him the main head. He could see through the eyes and probably taste the food he'd eat with the other heads too, but it wouldn't benefit any of them.

He opened his eyes and was relieved to only see one angle of the little snake before him.

*Is there any way I can return to my human form?* he asked the snake who seemed to know everything about everything.

*Possibly, my Lord. If you concentrated your magic, maybe you could.*

Harry tried to envision himself as a human and growled in annoyance when nothing happened. This was going to be annoying. Could he even access his magic in this form? Didn't he need a wand to
do magic at all?

But he'd done all sorts of magic without a wand for years so he should be able to do something!

He looked at a nearby tree and thought of cutting it in half. He was shocked when a bluish light appeared and the tree was split in two, the top half crashing to the forest floor with a loud thud that disrupted the roots and leaves below.

Okay, so he could use magic in this form. Could he possibly join all of his heads together to make just one head to deal with? That would be much more preferable for the time being.

The little snake watched as his seven heads glowed green before they clumped together and only one head remained. Harry was relieved that he could finally see clearly once again. That whole seven head thing was uncomfortable and he didn't feel like learning how to use them at the moment. He wanted to get out of the blood forest and find somewhere warm!

He looked at the helpful little snake. §Thanks.§

It bowed once more. §Anything for, my Lord.§

Harry glanced back at his body to see it spread about the forest floor, curling around the trunks of the trees. He was huge! A small bit of pride hit him then. Even though he was the shortest out of all of his friends - hell, even Ginny was taller than him - he wasn't small when he was a snake! He had issues with his height as it was a sore subject for him, but at the moment he was content to know that he was enormous and content to know that he wasn't the smallest anymore.

Harry moved forward, trying to get used to the feeling of his body slithering across the ground. It was certainly an odd experience and unlike anything he had ever felt before. Though he could feel the lumps of the rocks beneath him, he felt no pain. It as like his scales were armor, protecting him from the dangers around him.

He lifted his large head and stuck his tongue out, remembering that that was how snakes scented the air to find out what was going on. He could scent exhaust not too far away and knew that that was a heavily populated area and that he couldn't go in that direction for fear of capture. Muggles were terrified of everything and wizards would see him as some object to be won. He had read once that Hydra's were rare and if someone did a blood test on him and found out what he was, he'd be screwed.

The little snake followed him as he traversed the unknown forest.

§Do you know where you are going, my Lord?§ it asked.

Harry paused and looked at the little thing. §Far away from people. Do you have a name?§ he asked, suddenly remembering how rude he'd been to just order the little snake around and not even ask for its name.

The snake nodded enthusiastically, §I am known as Sylvanus, my Lord. My last master named me such before he left me.§

Harry nodded, disliking the mention of his former master. §You can call me Septimus for now.§ It sounded like a name a snake would have. The exaggerated S sound at the beginning and end was cool.

Harry continued on, moving away from the humans and deeper into the forest. He'd find a way to
change back somehow and his new comrade was going to be a great help to him he was certain.

A/N: First chapter is finished!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics.

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR.

Chapter End Notes

CHECK OUT MY MANY OTHER HARRYMORT/TOMARRY FICS! ^-^
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Harry meets Nagini and her master.

Chapter Notes

-Harry's body is about as big as the Basilisk was, maybe larger. Longer of course and with more heads. Currently his heads have morphed together to form one head.

-This chapter was revised on December 8th 2018.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON.

Nagini was a very special snake. She was very intelligent for an animal and it was for that reason that her master had chosen her. A magical cross between an anaconda and a python made her very large for a female and very well protected by her master. She was his favourite.

Her master had brought her along on one of his walks like always. He liked nature and to celebrate his even newer form, he took her into the forest not too far from his follower's nest so they could relax in peace. It was quiet save for the sounds of the trees and the creatures, and it was nice to just rest instead of staying inside and scaring the incompetent two-leggers.

Nagini went off on her own to hunt for some food, leaving her master to bathe in the sunlight on a chair he’d summoned for himself. She slithered across the leaves, keeping her eyes peeled for anything that could become her next meal.

As she rounded the bend of a large tree, she froze. There, sticking out from the side of a considerably large tree, was a tail. She could immediately tell it was another snake and decided to see how large it was and if it would be good enough to hold her hunger. Nagini was very sure of her own skill and she'd consumed even bears before.

She proceeded with caution. Even though her master had made it so that she couldn't be hurt by curses or spells, she could still be injured in a fight with another animal. Survival was important and years at her master's side confirmed that vigilance was always the key. Not only was she
protecting her life, but her master's as well. That's why she was so special to him.

She slithered around the tree and couldn't stop her eyes from widening as the tail seemed to get larger and longer the further she went. She followed the large body for what seemed like forever, going around a couple more trees in the process. When she finally came upon the head, she realised that she would never have a hope in eating this snake because it was simply too large.

Her tongue flicked out in order to scent it.

It was male and massive! She'd never seen a normal snake grow to such a size! She didn't even know it was possible! He was at least twenty-five meters long and his body was thicker than a human's was at full growth. He was blacker than the designs on her scale, and she could only stare in amazement.

She scented him again, much closer to him this time because he just seemed so familiar. Nagini reeled back in shock with the realisation. Hydra. He was a Hydra. He was her superior in every way. A real Hydra before her very eyes!

She got closer, taking note of the small, green hatchling resting atop his nose.

Where did he come from? How old was he? She felt excitement rush through her. She was in the presence of an Ancient One! Her master would surely find him interesting and would like to keep him if he allowed himself to be kept!

Nagini was startled from her musings when his eyes opened to reveal bright emeralds that fixed upon her form immediately. His large head rose and he regarded her with a suspicious look. §May I help you?§ he asked, voice tinged with annoyance.

She stared for another moment, before bowing her head in submission to the great beast.

§I apologise for waking you My Lord. I am just excited to meet a Hydra! An Ancient One. I never thought I would, so this is a special day for me.§

§And what are you called, strange serpent?§ the Hydra asked, eyes narrowing.

§I am Nagini, my Lord,§ she said, bowing once more.

He waited a moment before nodding. §You may call me Septimus. My companion is known as Sylvanus.§

Nagini shifted slightly, feeling her energy spike. §Have you anywhere to stay, my Lord? My master wouldn't mind housing you. I knew she was talking a risk, but once her master knew of what Septimus was, he would surely be pleased at her discovery. He might even reward her with meat!

His emerald eyes narrow again, darkening slightly, reminding her of her master's favourite spell. The Killing Curse. She shivered at the thought.

§Are you allowed freedom? Do you have to sit by and watch as fools come to gawk at you? Are you happy where you live? Am I going to be attacked by anyone? Speak, Nagini!§

Nagini shook her head. §No one would attack you if my master ordered them not to. I can roam wherever I wish and I am indeed happy to be with my master. He is kind to me. He will be kind to you as well.§
Septimus seemed to ponder her words carefully. His eyes crossed as he looked at the still slumbering hatchling on his nose. §Will my little companion be in danger?§ he finally asked.

Nagini shook her head. §Not at all. I shall watch over him for you whenever you aren’t around if you’d like, my Lord?§

He nodded, §Very well then, Nagini. We shall accompany you. If I feel threatened in any way, I will not hesitate to kill anyone, Nagini. My venom is deadly and my blood is acidic, just so you know.§

She stopped herself from gaping just in time. Acidic blood? How powerful was he?

§Follow me, My Lord.§

She turned and slithered back the way she came, excited to tell her master all about this new being she’d found!

When they neared the clearing her master was lounging in, she turned and hissed, §Allow me to warn him please, so that he understands that you are not a threat?§

Septimus nodded and she inwardly cheered.

§Tom, Tom!§ she hissed somewhat urgently as she slithered over to his relaxed form.

§Nagini, did you feed?§ he asked, not opening his eyes, though his wand was at the ready in case of an emergency.

§I met someone and I’d like for you to meet him,§ she said, ignoring his question and hoping he’d catch on to her excitement.

His eyes opened and fixed on her, crimson sparks glowing in the sunlight.

§And who is he?§ he queried, sitting up.

§He is special. More so than even I and he means no harm, so please don’t attack him? I like him,§ she said, curling her body around his.

Her master sat fully erect now. §Very well. But if he attacks, I won’t be to blame for what happens,§ he warned.

She nodded eagerly and turned back to the trees, §Come! Come and meet my great master!§

Tom hissed in astonishment as the largest snake he had ever seen, slithered out from the protection of the trees. It was much larger than even him and he could only wonder what breed it was. He’d only ever seen such a size in the Basilisk.

Nagini turned to him and gave a smug, snakey grin that he was all too used to. §This is Septimus, Tom. He has no nest of his own.§

Tom cocked a brow at her pitch. She wanted to take the large creature home. For what, mating?
Will he provide you will hatchlings? Tom asked, rubbing his chin.

Never in his life did he see Nagini become bashful, but there she was, head down in submission, am not good enough for Lord Septimus, Tom. He needs a strong mate. One who can match him in power, or who is more powerful.

Tom frowned. He did not miss it when Nagini called the largest snake 'lord'. But what did it mean? He'd never been faced with this situation before and he didn't like not having answers. Why aren't you good enough my pet? Isn't he just another snake, albeit a large one? he asked.

She shook her head, No. Lord Septimus is a Hydra, Tom.

Tom fixed the creature with a stunned gaze. His violent, Avada green eyes sparkled, almost as if he recognised Tom. The Dark Lord took in the scales that were black as pitch and the largeness of the 'Hydra'. Prove it. Hydras generally have several heads. If you truly are one, then prove it, he challenged, with folded arms.

Septimus had been shocked to see Tom Riddle resting in the grass, seemingly without a care in the world. Voldemort had gotten his old body back? How and when? It had to have been within the last month because he had just seen the Dark Lord in the DoM not too long ago and he had looked like a snake then. But now he had a nose and hair as well!

He shivered. Why did he have to be Nagini's master? It wasn't fair! However, he could see the opportunity before him. He could spy on Voldemort and learn his plans. That was, if the wizard accepted him and didn't try to kill him or something equally unpleasant.

When Nagini called on him, he emerged from his hiding spot. At Tom's provocation, he decided to let his magic out, allowing his heads to split from his body to become separated once more. He remembered to keep the eyes closed though, the swimming vision still gave him headaches.

He delighted in the Dark Lord's small gasp. It was good to know that he could lose his composure at times that didn't revolve around Harry Potter. Even if this situation did and he didn't know it. He thought it was normal and therefore Septimus would leave it that way unless he had to change things up.

Tom smiled suddenly, his charm working through without any issue and reminding Harry of how truly attractive he was with his sharp cheekbones and light-coloured eyes. Well then, Septimus. We'd be honored to have you with us.

A/N: Another one done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other HP/LV and HP/TMR fics.

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON.
CHECK OUT MY MANY OTHER HARRYMORT/TOMARRY FICS! ^-^
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Sitting in Tom's office, watching the DEs come and go.

Chapter Notes

-Remember, Septimus is a huge snake.
-This chapter was edited on December 8th 2018.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON.

Septimus was shocked when he was Side-Along Apparated to Slytherin Manor. Voldemort had actually managed to Apparate something as big as Septimus all on his own. It was something to be admired. And it was no wonder no one could ever find Voldemort's true lair, he was an undisclosed location that hadn't been seen in years!

He was pleased when he was allowed to roam the area to his heart's content. He had taken to resting in Tom's enormous study, curling around the perimeter of the room, actually making it almost all the way around. But he only did that when he was tired and in need of warmth.

Nagini and Sylvanus had gotten along quite well and he laughed when she made all these rules for the little snake. For his protection of course, but his reaction was still hilarious! He'd tried claiming he wasn't a hatchling but Nagini would not hear of it.

Septimus' many heads peeked out from the side of Tom's large desk. He had taken to keeping them revealed, in hopes that people would be aware of him and leave him alone. Many heads made people nervous, which was a good thing.

He also used the time to get used to seeing with two heads. It was a strange experience, being able to look left and right at the same time. But he had finally managed to master it without a headache. All he had to do was master five other heads and he wasn't looking forward to it. So long as he didn't go getting them cut off so more would grow, he'd be fine. He didn't know the Latin word for 'nine-headed' after all!
On his second day, he learned one of his abilities as a Hydra.

One of the Death Eaters who was stupid enough to enter Tom's study without knocking, had seen his heads and lost it. With a way too feminine shriek for a man of his stature, the idiot sent something called Sectumsempra his way, completely severing the two heads on his far right.

Harry had hissed in pain. It hurt more than the Cruciatus ever could! He was relieved when the pain abruptly ceased and he watched in fascination as four heads grew from the stumps that had remained. Though he was happy to not be hurting anymore, he was irate over the fact that the idiot had dared to do such a thing and had subjected him to literally nine heads like he hadn't wanted!

His heads immediately combined to form his much larger head and, faster than anyone would assume a twenty-five meter, two meters thick snake could move, he was on that Death Eater in the blink of an eye. He had the idiot wrapped in his scales with his open mouth poised over the fool's head, ready to eat him.

§Wait!§

Septimus turned to look at Tom, and demanded, §He attacked me! Why shouldn't I eat him?§

§Before you eat him, could you please let him tell me what he came here for? It would be most appreciated, Septimus,§ Tom smiled charmingly, hoping to placate the enormous snake.

Septimus glared, knowing that he was susceptible to Tom's handsome features, and relinquished the wizard into the Dark Lord's clutches.

Tom's gorgeous face took on a sort of demented grin that completely changed it around and made it unnerving in seconds. His crimson eyes locked onto his follower as he twirled his bone-white wand in hand, curling his fingers around it and caressing the fine wood somewhat longingly. Suggestively. If Harry's mouth was suddenly dry, it was no one's business but his own.

"What could possibly be so important, that you would brazenly run into my study without showing the proper manners, Macnair?"

The man trembled as the soft baritone of his lord washed over him. He looked at the floor and mumbled an apology.

"Crucio."

The pained screams seemed to echo throughout the manor and Septimus found himself enjoying the torture. The idiot deserved it.

"Now what did you come here for?" Tom purred, eyes gleaming as he released the curse for a moment.

"My Lord, I-I was in Diagon Alley a-and it was in the P-prophet that Potter's gone missing! No one knows where he is!" the coward whimpered in a rush.

Tom showed no reaction as he watched his minion cower and cry. "Is that all?" he asked.

When the man nodded, Tom waved a hand toward Septimus. §Thank you for waiting.§

Septimus had decided not to eat the wizard, because he didn't want to regurgitate his bones later, but that didn't mean he would act. So he struck hard and fast, sinking his fangs into the man's torso. He screamed as the venom entered his bloodstream. No doubt he felt like he was burning from the
inside out. Just like a Cruciatus in fact.

Septimus was pleased.

Tom watched, fascinated as his minion writhed on the ground, his screams becoming hoarse the louder they got. He was impressed with the Hydra's work and fixed the creature with an appreciative look. §Very impressive,§ he hissed.

The large snake nodded to him in appreciation, before coiling himself around the room again until his face was near the fireplace to it may absorb the warmth of the flames.

There was a knock at the door and both Tom and Septimus looked up to see Bellatrix standing there with her chin raised in absolute surety.

She stood outside the door with her arms behind her back. Tom waved her in and she entered, kneeling before him in subservience. Her eyes latched onto Macnair's still twitching form and she smirked.

"Is this a new curse, my Lord?" she asked, her usually high voice unnaturally even and husky.

Tom's smirk rivaled her own as he shook his head. "No. He attacked my new companion and Septimus would have none of it. I allowed him his revenge," he explained, gesturing to the large snake head that was peering over the back of the sofa, looking at Bellatrix in apprehension.

Bellatrix gasped in amazement.

The was a small hissing sound as Nagini entered the room with Sylvanus right behind her. They moved past the still twitching body and over toward Septimus, curling up beside him to seek warmth as well.

Tom looked back at Bellatrix. "What is it you came for, dear Bella?"

She regained her composure and faced her lord once more. "Severus was able to send me a small note. Harry Potter is missing and even that fool Dumbledore doesn't know where he is. He disappeared from his family's home the night of his birthday and The Trace has disappeared completely, leaving them blind. They're currently searching for the boy, but are having no luck. Severus has apologised at not being able to deliver this himself, but Dumbledore is giving him mission after mission at the moment and he is expected to follow through with them before seeing you," she told him.

Septimus took notice of how normal she seemed. She wasn't grinning like a madwoman and cackling like a banshee. In fact, Tom hadn't been what he expected. He'd assumed that the manor would be dark and covered in bodies but surprisingly, it was clean and open. Full of color and life, and Tom treated is House Elves fairly, which surprised him.

Right now, the two dark wizards seemed so normal, you would never assume that they frequently tortured people and enjoyed it.

It was difficult to place the Voldemort and Belltraix Harry knew, beside the Tom and Bella in front
of him right now. They acted like completely different people even with the same blood-thirsty attitudes.

Everything was so topsy-turvy and it frustrated him more than anything!

They were the bad guys but they acted nothing like standards villains did when they were alone!

Tom was silent as he thought over all the information he had learned within in the last ten minutes. Harry was missing and even Dumbledore, the man who literally had eyes and ears in every place one could think of, didn't even know where he was. Of course it was a cause for concern on both sides.

"Thank you for telling me, Bella. Would you like to meet Septimus? He's quite kind."

Bellatrix perked up and stood, approaching the large snake slowly and with obvious interest.

Septimus watched her carefully. Though she had only hit him with a stunner, Sirius had fallen through the Veil because of her. Did he really want her touching him?

He sighed, knowing that he was being a hypocrite. He had let Tom pet him and Tom had killed his parents and so many others. More than he even knew. He sighed and let the woman sit beside him near the fire.

"I've never seen such a snake before, my Lord. He's magnificent," she said wonderingly, running her long fingers across his dark scales.

"Hm. Septimus is a Hydra, that's why he's so large. And I've just found out that he has very strong venom," Tom said, watching the dead body in the middle of his office with an almost calculating gaze.

Bella cooed at Septimus and Tom smirked at him from across the room. Like he knew something no one else did, which wouldn't be shocking really.

Tom returned to his desk and continued working on his paperwork and everyone else was lulled into the calm of the moment.

Septimus sighed in contentment. Maybe staying with Voldemort wasn't so bad.

A/N: Another one done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Harrymort/Tomarry fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.
CHECK OUT MY MANY OTHER HARRYMORT/TOMARRY FICS! ^-6
Septimus eyed his professor, Snape looked like death warmed over. He was covered in dirt and his hair was mussed. He didn't even bother to clean himself before coming to his lord, he just hurried on over.

"My Lord, Potter's Trace has vanished. Dumbledore swears that it should still be one him, but the Ministry confirmed that it isn't. Dumbledore then attempted to get the Goblins in Gringotts to check Potters' line and see if there was a creature inheritance, because that was one of the few things that could remove The Trace, but they refused him. When he stated that he was the boy's Magical Guardian they still denied him, simply stating that the boy has been emancipated and is now considered an adult, therefore Dumbledore can no longer make decisions for him. He is free to claim all of his lordships and seats on the Wizengamot and according to the Goblins, there are a lot of both. Dumbledore was not pleased and is at his wits end in trying to find the boy," Snape explained.

Septimus's eyes widened. Lordships and Wizengamot seats? What the hell was Snape talking about? He wasn't a lord. The great snake sighed. Once he returned to his human form he'd have to pay the Goblin's a visit, because now he was all sorts of confused and surely they could assist him.

Tom was looking just as confused as he felt. "I have not been able to enter his mind either. Are you positive that he was abysmal at Occlumency, Severus?" he asked.

Snape was nodding his head violently, "My Lord, Potter wouldn't even be able to keep Longbottom out, he was pathetic."

Septimus glared at the man. He wasn't that bad at it, was he?

"And lordships, Severus? I assumed that he was only the lord of the Potter family."
Snape sighed, "He is and according to Dumbledore, he doesn't know it. He also doesn't know that Black named him the heir of the House of Black, nor that he actually has Black blood in him from his grandmother Dorea. But the Goblins had said 'several' and two is most certainly not several. Dumbledore wasn't planning on telling the boy about his inheritances and lordships and such until after your defeat. Apparently, the boy doesn't even know he's wealthy. Dumbledore has him under the impression that the money he uses for school is all that his parents left him. He doesn't know that it's only a school fund and that he has several other vaults just belonging to the Potter family alone. I will admit to being wrong about a few things. Though he is rich, he isn't spoiled. Dumbledore wants him to stay humble. I was sent to his family to see if they knew where he was and Petunia, wretched woman that she is, was very rude calling the boy and 'his kind', freaks. She then slammed the door in my face. Though I admit to being wrong, Potter will never know of this."

Septimus was shocked. Sirius had made him the heir to the Black's? He was actually related to them in some way? And he had more money? He had a headache now.

Tom watched Severus. "So Dumbledore is still manipulating people? And the boy is completely unaware of all of this?" he asked.

Snape nodded, "Dumbledore has been collecting the mail he gets from Gringotts and has never told the boy about what he's done. I'm ashamed to say that Potter is very ignorant in the ways of the wizarding world. Granger and Weasley insist that Potter still has a very muggle view on life and sometimes when he speaks, only Granger understands him, seeing as they both grew up in muggle houses knowing nothing about magic. Minerva told me that when she watched the house Potter was to be living in, she determined that the people living there were terrible and hated everything dealing with magic. So with such an upbringing, it isn't surprising that Potter is as pathetic as he is."

"He knew nothing of magic when he was growing up?" Tom asked, standing from his chair abruptly.

Snape nodded, "I spoke to Hagrid, seeing as he was the one to fetch the boy for school and he said that Potter denied the possibility of magic and that he couldn't be a wizard, saying that he was, 'Just Harry', or something along those lines. He was very angry to learn that Petunia and her husband withheld such information from the boy and even went so far as to tell him that his parents were drunks who died in a car crash."

Tom was not pleased. Septimus could literally see the purple aura coming off him in waves. It was so strong, that the warm fire he'd been resting by, went out.

Tom and Snape looked over at the fireplace in surprise. Septimus glared at the lack of fire to warm him and said mentally, *Incendio.*

There was a spark of blue flame in the hearth before a fire was started. Septimus grinned to himself and curled up once more.

"Sssettimussss, wassss that you," he heard Tom ask.

"Yesss, I didn't want to get cold," he answered, keeping his eyes closed, though still listening.

Tom looked at Severus, "He just made a fire."

Severus was looking at the enormous snake in shock. "What kind of snake is he, My Lord?"
Tom smirked, "A Hydra."

Severus was staring at the snake now and Tom had to hold in a snicker. He looked at Septimus and quickly said, "Beware, Ssseverussss may assssk for ssssonem of your venoom."

Septimus looked up at the Potions Master who was giving him a hopeful look. He'd never seen such a look on the man's face before and for once, he'd comply. Because of Snape, he now knew that Dumbledore was keeping information from him. He'd let the man have as much venom as he wanted, so long as he kept talking.

"May I?" the man asked.

Septimus nodded once and opened his mouth wide.

The man looked ready to burst with excitement as he pulled out a set of vials from somewhere in his robes and knelt on the floor to collect the venom.

When he had five vials full of venom, he stood and bowed to the great snake. "Thank you."

Septimus nodded toward him and laid his head down once more.

Tom and Severus continued their conversation and Septimus was left with so many burning questions. But the most important, was why didn't Dumbledore tell him any of this?

A/N: Another one bites the dust!

How was it? Let me know!

Chapter End Notes

How was it?
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Septimus reflects on what he has learned so far.

Chapter Notes

Mind you, Dumbles isn't the good guy. Voldy is on the better side of 'not good'.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Septimus sat outside of Slytherin Manor, his large body surrounding the little pond in the back yard. If several acres of open land was considered a back yard.

He lay there, his head slightly hanging over the grass so he could see his reflection. When he had woken up in the forest with seven heads, he was absolutely sure that his life was over. How could he ever be accepted, but surprisingly, Voldemort of all people accepted him! Bellatrix Lestrange even accepted him!

Though Hydras were rare, they were also labeled as 'Dark' by the Ministry of Magic. Just like Vampires and Werewolves, Septimus was considered 'Dark', even though he himself wasn't. At least he thought he wasn't.

But he knew Remus very well and he wasn't evil or 'Dark'. He'd read everything about werewolves and he knew for a fact that Remus wasn't a mindless beast who enjoyed torturing children. The man was the most soft spoken individual he's ever met! There was no way that the description of werewolves was correct! And if that was true, then the information on vampires and other creatures was probably false as well.

Yet, the Ministry was pushing to label even House Elves 'Dark' now!

He'd been listening in on Tom's recent Death Eater Meeting and was shocked to hear how the 'Dark Side' was fighting for more than what people originally thought they were. One, their goals weren't to kill off muggles. In Fact, they could care less about muggles. Sure they found them disgusting, but it was for completely different reasons than what Septimus had originally thought.

They hated that the muggles denied anything that seemed out of place. Septimus could relate to their annoyance, because the Dursley's were like that. They also despised the fact that if people did
anything 'strange', the muggles would immediately overreact and demand death. Their examples were the Salem Witch Trials. They hated how muggleborns would come into their world and know next to nothing about their way of life. How they got offended over the simplest things that any pureblood would find complementing. They also loathed how their holidays were taken and labeled as 'Dark', just to appease the muggleborns. They weren't happy about having to change themselves so much, when the muggleborns could come in and do whatever they want. Why did the purebloods have to give so much and muggleborns didn't have to do anything? What are the muggleborns losing? Nothing.

Septimus could understand where they were coming from. It was a 'take' situation. No giving involved. The Ministry kept taking privileges from the purebloods in order to make the muggleborns happy. Renaming Samhain to Halloween and Yuletide to Christmas. Completely removing; Beltane, Lughnasadh, Imbolc, Ostara, Litha and Madon from the calendar because they made the muggleborns uncomfortable.

Septimus also concurred with their opinions on the religious muggleborns. Those who brought their beliefs to the wizarding world and argued about how things were ungodly. How the Bible didn't approve of certain things. They were then reminded that the Bible doesn't approve witchcraft and then they continue to preach their beliefs even though they aren't true. Magic came from the gods. Hecate in particular. That proved immediately that there were gods and not God. Yet the Ministry refused to correct these oversights.

Muggleborns believe that werewolves and vampires are evil, so then the Ministry labeled them as 'Dark' and that you shouldn't interact with them, in order to keep the muggleborns happy.

Septimus actually agreed with the Death Eaters! He could understand how unfair it was. He himself didn't really know much about the wizarding world. Hogwarts and Diagon Alley were all he had under his belt. To learn about all these things, he felt infuriated.

Hermione was always going on about giving magical creatures rights and he had never paid attention thinking that she was overdoing it. But now that he had more information on the situation, he felt himself agreeing with her efforts. She probably didn't know that it was done to make muggleborns happy and if she ever found out, she'd probably be very disappointed and would probably double her efforts. She planned to work in the DRCMC because she wanted to help all magical creatures gain their freedom from either enslavement or their 'Dark' labels.

Voldemort was very accepting of any magical creature. That was why he had many followers. He didn't discriminate against them, so it was obvious that they'd side with him in the end. Septimus was shocked when he heard that Voldemort was aiming for their freedom as well. If he was doing that, was he really so bad? He knew that the Death Eaters did conduct raids and sometimes people died, but they never did a muggle raid. Voldemort had even told to his followers to stop asking him about it.

They didn't plan on killing muggles. Instead, they wanted to remove the magical children from their families early on so that there would be no problems. They'd grow up in the wizarding world and they'd have the same beliefs as their peers, preventing any offenses. The laws would go back to normal and all the holidays would be reinstated.

They also planned to remove the ban on the 'Dark Arts'. They also had plans for laws and such. Like, if you wanted to use 'dark' magic, then it should be in a proper duel and defensive moment or for a ritual of some sort. And people would need permission to use it for rituals and such. He got lost in translation quickly when Voldemort started using terms he didn't understand.

But Septimus was confused. If they were planning all of this, then why was Dumbledore under
the impression that Voldemort wanted to take over the world and kill everyone? Did Dumbledore know what Tom's real plans were, or was he just assuming. Assumption was never a good thing.

Septimus was not happy with the man either. He had to do all this extra work in order to determine what was right and wrong. Also, he now had to talk to the Goblins about what was going on with him and what Dumbledore had been hiding. If Dumbledore had to hide, then that meant that either he knew something that wasn't good, he was trying to keep Harry in the dark or some other reason.

Septimus stared as his four heads. He'd finally gotten used to four angles at once and he working on the fifth. The water rippled slightly, distorting his image. He shook his heads as they merged together to form one and turned back toward the house, slithering inside the open doors.

He made his way to Tom's study and nearly gaped. The Dark Lord was spread out on his sofa, staring up at the ceiling. With an internal shrug, Septimus made his way over and coiled around the piece of furniture. He could strike and Voldemort would be dead in minutes.

But, he paused. He didn't really know all of Tom's plans at the moment, only the little bit he overhead. And what he had heard wasn't all that bad. So could he really kill the man without any issues in the moment? Would he be guilt free? No, he wouldn't be.

He sighed and rested his head on his coiled scales. He was higher as Tom was. Tom turned to look at him and a very small smile appeared on his face.

Septimus closed his eyes in contentment as Tom's cold fingers ran over the side his head lightly.

Was Voldemort really that bad, if he could relax, smile and pet a snake he'd only known for two weeks, like he was old friend?

The two sat in comfortable silence for the next few hours.

When Septimus awoke the next morning, he found himself curled around Tom's body and they were both lying on the floor. His head was resting on the man's chest and he wondered how they ended up like that. Tom's cool hands were on his head and he was sleeping peacefully, leaning against the snake's scales.

Though he found their current predicament odd, he didn't complain and just closed his eyes. He'd think about it later.

A/N: Another one bites the dust!

How was it? Let me know!

Chapter End Notes

How was it?
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Septimus and Tom talk. There is a voice in Septimus's head.

Chapter Notes

The voice is the Horcrux.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Tom Marvolo Riddle sighed at the incompetence of the old loon. Dumbledore's search for Harry Potter had gone haywire and now he was treating everyone as if they were his enemy, even going so far as to insult Severus, claiming that he knew exactly where the boy was and refused to tell him.

Harry Potter was missing. The Light's Golden Boy of Gryffindor was nowhere to be found and it was driving everyone up the wall. Everyone but Tom, that is. He didn't really care where the boy was, so long as Dumbledore's plans weren't succeeding, he was content to just sit back and watch the proceedings.

He thought of the boy's possible upbringing and glared at his desk. Dumbledore was pulling the same shit again. Throwing a potentially powerful child back into an abusive home, keeping important information from him and claiming that it was all for 'the Greater Good'.

If it was so bad, even Severus would admit to being wrong, then maybe the boy who lived wasn't the perfect weapon everyone thought him to be. He was just a boy, who had been manipulated his entire life to fit the mould that Dumbledore created for him. He didn't know anything else and therefore only took Dumbledore's words as the truth. If someone could get him alone, away from the old coot's influence, then maybe they could make him see the whole picture.

"What hassss you glarng sssso harssssshly, Tom? What did the dessssk ever do to you?"

He looked up and met the Avada Kedavra eyes of Septimus. The Hydra's head was resting atop his desk, waiting for an answer.

"I'm jussst annoyed at all the foolisssshnessssss I'm ssssurrounded by. Dumbledore issss pulling the ssssame thing with Potter, that he did with me. I can't help but relate to the boy. And
I have a feeling that if he wasn’t manipulated by Dumbledore and got his own personality like I did, he’d be more like me. I’m also worried about the prophecy. I still only know the first part of it and I have no conception on what the rest says, he sighed, feeling his age.

"Well, what part of this prophecy do you know? And what does it mean?" Septimus asked.

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches, born to those who have thrice defied him. Born as the sseventh month dies. That's all I know, and the prophecy was destroyed last year, so I'll never learn the rest. And it means that Potter was born to destroy me," he explained.

Septimus shook his great head. "Not necessarily. It said, 'with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord'. That means the child is powerful enough to do it, not that he has to. Even if a prophecy has been made, one can always circumvent it, by choosing a different path. If it does say that the boy will kill you, he can decide not to do so. It's all in a matter of choice. We all control our destiny, through our actions. If he doesn't, he could even end up joining you. It's all in a matter of decision," Septimus told him.

Tom caught himself just in time, He very nearly gaped at the snake. He had never thought of it like that. Having Potter on his side. He never entertained the idea because the boy was always blindly following Dumbledore like a loyal little lapdog. If the boy was made to see reason, he could possibly become a valuable ally.

"You are astonishingly wise, Septimus. I will admit that I have never thought of it like that, thank you. Now, would the boy even listen? That's the only sssissue. He's currently missssssing, but I know he'll show up ssuddenly. However, getting him at Hogwarts would be nearly impossible, unless.... Yesss! That's it! I know how to get him!" Tom rejoiced, standing quickly.

Septimus watched him confusedly, waiting for him to elaborate.

Tom smiled at the snake and ran his fingers over the fine scales. "The Defense A against the Dark Arts position has been cursed for many years. Mainly because I'm the one who cursed it. Dumbledore refused to make me the Defense professor, because he claimed that I was evil. Sssso, I cursed the position and even whenever a good teacher would come along, they would never get to remain for more than a year. I'll just disssssguisssse myself, it'll be easy. Then I can observe the boy in his natural surroundings and verify many things I'd like to know personally. If he has a brain, then I will talk to him," he said, caressing Septimus's head.

Tom leaned down and nuzzled the great snake. "I have much to plan," he whispered, before swiftly leaving the room.

Septimus watched him leave and thought of what he had said. Tom only knew the first part of the prophecy and he only knew the next part. Both of them didn't know the rest. The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches, born to those who have thrice defied him. Born as the seventh month dies. And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal and he will have power
the Dark Lord knows not.'

Septimus figured that the scar was the mark, but how was he Tom's equal?

_I could answer that._

He jerked and looked around for the smooth voice that seemed to whisper in his head, but there was no one there.

_Who are you?_ Septimus asked uncertainly.

_I am the part that makes you his equal,_ the voice answered.

Septimus hissed in annoyance, _What are you?!_

_You know me as Tom,_ the voice laughed.

Septimus couldn't be any more confused. _How are you Tom?_

_That night so many years ago, changed your life in more ways than one. The old fool once told you that I transferred some of my powers into you the night I marked you. He didn't know however, that more than just power was transferred into you. You house a part of Voldemort's soul. I am the soul piece that you hold. That was the mark and you became equals when he used your blood to resurrect himself. You each have a piece of the other inside your bodies. By holding his soul, you ensure him immortality. By holding your blood, he returns the favor to you, making you equals._

Septimus started. He and Voldemort were immortal, because they held something of the other? _You're a piece of Tom? And you don't hate me?_

There was a low snort. _I've been with you your whole life. I never had any bad feelings for you, I just was trying to keep myself from death and hearing about a prophecy that someone could vanquish me, made me worry. I've seen everything you've seen and I know how you grew up. I couldn't hate you even if I tried. Your home life was worse than mine in the orphanage and I can sympathize with you. I've never tried to connect with you, because you were following Dumbledore and I couldn't risk you telling him. He'd claim that you are possessed and the only way to get rid of me, is by killing you. And I know Dumbledore would do it if it was for the 'Greater 'Good'. He's like that._

Septimus's mouth fell open. The only way to get rid of the soul was for him to die, and he could agree, Dumbledore _would_ kill him if it ruined Voldemort's immortality. He didn't like the idea of dying, even if it was for the 'Greater Good'.

_You aren't evil, right? Cause I can't deal with that if you're going to be in my head all the time._

Tom hummed, _I don't believe that I am the same as I was, that day fifteen years ago. As strange as it is, I care for you. Our similar pasts may play a part in it, but I know everything about you and I can't help but find you admirable. Also, even though you are a Gryffindor, you are most certainly a Slytherin, which I do like,_ he reassured.

Septimus sighed, _So, are you going to be around more often now?_

_Of course!_ Tom nearly screamed. _You need to be taught the ways of society and I shall be the one to impart the information to you._

Septimus rolled his eyes. He couldn't help but wonder if he was losing it. Voices in his head,
telling his about how to act in the wizarding world. Not the strangest thing to happen to him, but still pretty odd.

Well then, I look forward to your instruction, Tom.

A/N: Another one down!

How was it? Let me know!

Chapter End Notes

How was it?
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

The Horcrux in Septimus's head speaks and reveals all.

Chapter Notes

The Horcrux will go by the name Marvolo, so as not to confuse he and Tom/Voldemort.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Septimus watched Tom as he moved about his spacious study. Only now, after being with him for a little over two weeks, did he wonder how the man looked the way he did. He knew that it wasn't a potion or a spell, because there would be this weird aura about him if it was. And there would be an 'off', feeling whenever he got close to the man. He had no idea what caused this momentous change.

I can answer that, Marvolo stated suddenly, drawing his full attention away from the attractive Dark Lord.

I can answer that, Marvolo stated suddenly, drawing his full attention away from the attractive Dark Lord.

What is it, Marvolo? Septimus asked, using the name the soul piece had asked him to use.

During my many years, I searched for immortality and I only found one way to attain it. You Harry, are a Horcrux. When one commits a murder, it shatters the soul, creating several fragments. Sometimes it is possible to collect a piece and store it in an object. I successfully made five Horcruxes in my time before meeting you and I have no idea if Tom made any others. Also, I am the only person to have ever succeeded in creating more than one. You are a living Horcrux. The diary was the first Horcrux I made and it contained half of my soul. With every Horcrux I created, my body would become even more deformed. I lost my good looks all for the sake of immortality. Because of the diary being gone and you holding a small piece of his soul yourself, he only has half a soul left. He absorbed the other pieces recently and that is why he looks like he is in his mid-twenties instead of his teens. If he had the diary's piece, he'd look sixteen again.

Septimus was surprised and happy to finally understand why Tom was attractive again.

Enjoying looking upon my gorgeous form, are you? Marvolo teased.
If Septimus could he would have blushed, *I'm not enjoying it! I'm just a little impressed.*

Sure, Marvolo whispered disbelievingly. *I know about your preference for your own gender, Harry.*

*No!* Septimus mentally yelled. *I like girls! I even dated Cho!*

*But you were never comfortable, were you? Though you appreciate a beautiful woman, you never find the idea of sex with one to be stimulating. Kissing Cho made you uneasy and yet, when you think about doing the same thing with Draco Malfoy, you nearly orgasm from just the thought. Of course you denied it as soon as it entered your mind.*

Septimus mentally sputtered, *But Draco just has that air about him! You can't help be notice how good looking he is! And just because I do, doesn't mean that I prefer men!*

Really, Harry? Marvolo purred. *So the thought of Draco pinning you to a wall as he kisses the very breath from your lips, doesn't turn you on? How he'd grab your legs and wrap them about his hips as he grinds against you slowly, savoring each time you moan in his ear. How he'll trail his lips over your erratic pulse and whisper naughty things to you, telling you that you belong to him and you live to please him?*

Septimus was a shivering mess by the time Marvolo was done and he violently shook himself to get rid of the dirty thoughts he was having.

*My reaction has nothing to do with it! You're just really good with words!*

Sure, Marvolo whispered, not believing it for a second.

"Sssseptimusssss, are you well?"

The snake looked over at Tom, who had apparently taken notice of his odd behaviour. The fact that he was shaking his body back and forth *did* seem a little strange.

"I'm fine, I jusssst thought ssssomething touching me, but there'ssss nothing there," he said.

Tom sent him a smile and he let out a shuddering breath. Damn Marvolo for getting him to think of such things! It was all his fault!

*You're the one who was ogling him like a piece of meat. I just happened to point out a few things. If it makes you feel better, I like men too.*

Septimus started, *Really?!*

*Such hope in one so young. You like that we are partial to the same sex, Harry?* Marvolo snickered in a taunting manner.

*I could care less!* Septimus growled.

Tom watched as Septimus kept making weird movements, shaking his head around and blinking several times in a row. Was there something wrong with him?

He looked around and saw nothing out of the ordinary and figured that it was a Hydra thing.

He gleefully put the paperwork he was doing down and stood, making his way over to this
companion. When the snake never noticed him sitting down on the floor, he placed a calming hand on Septimus's head and the large creature froze for a moment.

Avada Kedavra eyes locked onto his and they stared at each other for a moment in complete silence. Tom shifted closer and smiled lightly. "Calm down. You ssseem resssstlessssss," he whispered.

The snake sighed and laid its head down, beside Tom.

Septimus found it funny. Here he was, resting in the company of the man he was told to always view as an enemy. And yet here said man was, running his fingers over Septimus's head and humming gently. Was he even a Dark Lord?

Nagini and Sylvanus entered the room then, and joined the two. Nagini slithered onto top of Septimus and closed her eyes. Sylvanus copied her, laying himself out over his lord's, nose.

"Am I a nesssst or ssssomething?" Septimus asked in annoyance.

"Yessss," the two answered simultaneously.

Tom chuckled as Septimus settled down once more.

"You jussst have a thing about you that drawssss people in. They can't help but want to get clossssser."

See, he likes being close to you. I bet you'd love to be human again just so you can get even closer! Marvolo laughed in his mind.

Sod off! And I would love be human again, but not for that reason! he insisted, even though he knew he was thinking about it and liking the idea.

Becoming human again is easy. But do you really want to leave Tom all alone. I can tell he's grown attached to you. It would break his heart if you left him!

Bloody hell, shut up! He wouldn't be like that! Maybe a little sad, but nothing too extreme! And I need to get to Gringotts and I have a bunch of things to do! And what do you mean 'easy'?! Septimus demanded.

He could feel Marvolo give a mental shrug. You finally mastered your other heads and can now divide your attention evenly. By doing so, you've mastered your magic and will be able to make yourself human again if you thought about it hard enough. You should do it right now, Tom would appreciate a fit young man appearing across his lap!

Septimus mentally flushed, I'll try it later and will you stop it with that?!

Hmmm.

Septimus settled down when Marvolo went silent. School was only two weeks away and he had to leave by next week, but he didn't want to leave Tom.

Marvolo sat by as Septimus slipped off. The boy hadn't even noticed that he had thought leaving Tom was horrible. If he helped when the time was right, he could get his little Harry and Tom together, because both were absolutely smitten with each other, even though Harry denied it.

He smirked, the game was on.
A/N: Another one down!

How was it? Let me know!

Chapter End Notes

How was it?
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Septimus fakes a capture of himself for Tom's sake.

Chapter Notes

Marvolo has full contact with him. He is the only Horcrux left.

Mind you, this story is already finished. I just post one or two chapters a day. Depending on how I'm feeling.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

It had been a slow day at Slytherin Manor. Tom had to leave, and he took Nagini with him. This left Septimus and Sylvanus alone with nothing to do. So, Marvolo decided that he should work on his transformation.

Septimus had to slither away from the manor, just outside the wards, in order to practise. According to Marvolo, there were wards all over the area for different reasons and they didn't want to activate any over them.

When he was a safe distance away from the property, Marvolo ordered him to think.

*Visualize yourself in your human form. Now want it! Want to be human again! Now add your magic.*

Septimus was amazed when he felt his body changing. He suddenly felt a lot taller and upon closer inspection, he had returned to his old self. With fingers and toes and those lovely things!

He blushed when he looked down. He was naked. And he could've sworn that his penis was smaller the last time he saw it. He also noticed that his glasses were nowhere to be seen(A/N: bad pun!) and his vision wasn't fuzzy! He could see!

He felt something soft brushing his bottom and glanced back to see black, and a lot of it. His hair had grown really long and apparently had gone very soft too, he realized as he ran his fingers through it. Maybe it was part of the inheritance or something similar. He'd ask the Goblins when he got the chance.
Now, you need to create a scene of abduction for yourself, so that Tom won’t suspect that you have actually left of your own validity. Perhaps severing some of your heads and destroying the surrounding area a bit. Then, it'll look like you fought your hardest and he'll never once entertain the thought of you fleeing from him. The very thought might just render him heartbroken.

You can just shut it! Septimus hissed.

He returned to his snake form and instructed Sylvanus to hide until he was done. The next moment, he sent a very powerful cutting curse toward his left side, severing three heads at once. He fought through the pain and waited for them to grow back. He was relieved when they did.

His blood was all over the ground, eating away at the stones and grass. When his heads reappeared with three more, he began lighting the trees on fire and then putting them out. He cast a Bombarda Maxima on a few other trees and looked around. Proud of himself for such a believable mess.

He shifted to his human form once more. I'm still naked.

Mmm..... Yes you are.

He flushed at the appreciative tone Marvolo used. I'd like to not walk around naked! he growled, embarrassment flowing through him like a river.

Then accio a robe from the manor. Though I would much prefer if you kept your gaze pointed downward and you remained nude.

Septimus did as suggested and was relieved when a set of black robe, reminiscent of Snape's, hit him in the face. He dressed quickly. When he was clothed, Sylvanus made his way over and he picked the little snake up, letting him curl around his wrist.

Now what, oh mighty knower of all things?

You are going to Apparate to Diagon Alley.

Septimus gaped. What?! I haven't learned how to do that yet! And I don't want to get splinched! And it's against the law because I don't have a license!

Marvolo sighed, And you're definitely one for following the rules, huh? All you need are the three D's. You must be Determined to reach your Destination without haste, but Deliberation. So, you want to get to Diagon Alley. You want to get there. That's already two D's. You want to get there, but not too fast. Taking your time will be perfectly fine. You just want to get there, nothing more.

Septimus closed his eyes and did as Marvolo so kindly ordered. There was a snort in his mind.

He could feel the warping around his body and knew that he was in Diagon the moment it ended. He steadied himself against the nearest building and shook his head wildly. Grateful that he hadn't managed to injure himself in the process, he was not pleased with the nauseating feeling he was getting from it.

It was official, there a much worse way of travel than Portkey. At first he thought Flooing was bad, and then he touched the mankey old boot and was proven wrong. Once more, he was proven wrong. Merlin was he sick of being wrong!

Once he got a hold of himself, he straightened himself out and waved a hand to make his borrowed
robes fit better. They were surprisingly really soft and he couldn't fault Snape for dressing like a Vampire when the clothes were so comfortable.

He looked around the Alley and spotted Gringotts to his right. It was time for the confrontation with the Goblins.

I better not look like an arse because of you, he threatened Marvolo, who just snorted.

He entered the great building, glancing at the warning above the door as he did so. He had a bad feeling about this.

He walked through the main hall and straight to the Head Goblin. He briefly noticed the eyes of the other Goblins on his and wondered why.

Following Marvolo's instructions, he cleared his throat and waited for the Head Goblin to look at him. When he did, Harry spoke.

"Good afternoon. My name is Harry James Potter and I am here to inquire about the inheritance I came into on my birthday."

He watched as the Goblin's eyes widened. Before either could speak, they were interrupted by some commotion not too far to Harry's left.

A wizard, a foolish one at that, was insulting a Goblin. Calling him derogatory names and swearing to curse him into oblivion. To say that Harry was angry was an understatement. He completely forgot what he was there for and took a threatening step toward the man. His magic swarmed around him and the next thing he knew, he had the wizard in a magical chokehold.

"Who the bloody hell do you think you are, talking to him like that?!" Harry demanded.

"It's a Goblin. A worthless creature that doesn't deserve to exist! I can treat it however I want!" The man yelled, raising his wand.

Harry quickly removed the wand, catching it in between his fingers and snapped it with ease.

"For your information you daft git, he is a person. And he is also one of the persons that handle your assets. By insulting him on Goblin property, you've given him the permission to take possession of your vault(s) and all your possessions that lie within Gringotts buildings. Any Gringotts building. You have no right to speak to anyone like that and in my personal opinion, he's more worthy than you ever will be! Out!"

In a great display of magic, the wizard was hefted into the air and literally thrown across the room and out the door that had open upon his nearing it. The door closed with a definitive bang and Harry faced the Goblin that had been subjected to the man's harsh treatment.

"My apologies, Gornuk. Please understand that not all wizards are like that piece of vermin," Harry bowed, remembering the Goblin's name from one of his previous visits. Though Harry had never spoken to him personally, he had heard the Goblin's name in passing and he never forgot names or faces.

Gornuk looked shocked at Harry's actions. Briefly, the young wizard wondered it he had done something wrong, but when the Goblin bowed back, he knew he was alright.

"You have my gratitude, Mr. Potter. May your gold ever flow."
Harry found himself responding in a way he had overheard several times when in Gringotts, "And may your enemies tremble before you."

The pleased look in the Goblin's eyes made Harry's mood lighten considerably. They nodded to each other and Harry returned to the Head Goblin.

Said Goblin was watching him with interest. He snapped his long fingers and several other Goblins carrying stacks of paper, appeared beside him.

"Mr. Potter, we have much to discuss."

**A/N: Another one down!**

**How was it? Let me know!**

Chapter End Notes

How was it?
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Harry and the Goblins talk.

Chapter Notes

WARNING--- Harry is related to 3 Founders of Hogwarts. He's also very rich. More will be explained in later chapters, okay?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY! Extra long!

Harry sat in a comfortable plush chair in front of the Head Goblin's desk. The office was spacious, despite the small stature of the person it belonged to. Around the desk were seated several other Goblins and each held a stack of papers.

"Mr. Potter, may I inquire as to where you've been since the thirty-first of July, this year?" the Head Goblin Ragnok, asked.

Harry gave him a calculating look. "I just have one question. If Voldemort were to walk in here and demand entrance into his vault, would you deny him and hand him over to the Aurors?" he asked.

Ragnok gave him a feral grin, "We only handle the money Mr. Potter. Wizarding affairs don't really concern us."

Harry nodded in understanding. With the way people treated them, of course they would think that.

"I woke up in forest the morning after my birthday with no recollection of how I got there. I had a splitting headache because I was seeing the same tree from seven different angles and the pictures were confusing. I then met Sylvanus," he explained, holding out his wrist to show them the small garden snake. "He explained that I'm a Hydra and that I had seven heads. He decided to come with me to get away from the human population, because muggles would capture me and try to kill me and wizards would sell me on the black market. The next day we met another snake and she took us to her master. It turned out, that she was Voldemort's familiar. So we spent nearly a month in Slytherin Manor. I only just got away, because I learned how to transform back and I staged a fake abduction so he wouldn't think I left on my own. I heard some interesting things while there and they were the reason I came here first," Harry told him.
"I didn't know that Potter was an Ancient and Noble House, or that Sirius made me his heir, or that I was emancipated. I also didn't know that the Ministry is pushing to list House Elves as Dark Creatures all because they can Apparate through any wards out there and have a brand of magic, much like the Goblins do, that wizards can't seem to replicate. I didn't know that I had more than one vault here and I didn't know that Dumbledore has been keeping information from me. So I decided to come and see you first, because I am very confused."

Ragnok did not look pleased with what he was saying.

"You mean to tell me that Albus Dumbledore, your Magical Guardian, never once informed you of your lordship and the duties that come with it? Nor anything about Sirius Black's involvement in your future?" he growled.

Harry shook his head.

Ragnok snapped his fingers and several pieces of parchment filled his desk along with a silver dagger. "Please take this and put some blood on the center parchment?" he said, holding out the blade.

Harry looked skeptical, "The last time someone took my blood, they resurrected a Dark Lord."

The grin was back, "Your blood will reveal all of your ancestral houses and where your lordship comes from. The parchment will be locked in your family vault."

Harry took the dagger and made a small cut on his finger. He then let a drop fall on the clean surface of the parchment and waited.

Writing appeared as he sucked on his finger. And slowly all the other pieces of parchment were covered as well. Several boxes appeared in front of Ragnok and he let out a whistle.

"We knew you were special, Mr. Potter, but we never assumed this much."

He collected the papers and set them in order. He cleared his throat and began to read.

**Harrison Jamison Evans Potter. Son of Jamison Harrison Potter and Lillian Faith Evans Potter.**

**Descendant of:**

- The Ancient and Noble House of Potter(by blood).
- The Ancient and Noble House of Black(by blood).
- The Most Ancient House of Peverell(by blood).
- The Most Ancient House of Gryffindor(by blood).
- The Most Ancient House of Hufflepuff(by blood).
- The Most Ancient House of Ravenclaw(by blood).
- The Ancient House of Merlin(by magic).
- The Ancient House of Le Fay(by magic).
Accumulative Wizengamot Seats:

Potter: Three seats on the Wizengamot.

Black: Seven seats on the Wizengamot.

Peverell: Three seats on the Wizengamot.

Gryffindor: One seat on the Wizengamot.

Hufflepuff: One seat on the Wizengamot.

Ravenclaw: One seat on the Wizengamot.

Boulstridge: One seat on the Wizengamot.

Leatherby: One seat on the Wizengamot.

Inheritances:

Hydra (creature, mother's side), Metamorphmagus (creature, father's side), Invisibility Cloak (object, birthright), the Elder Wand (object, birthright) Sword of Gryffindor (object, birthright, on loan from Goblin Nation), Hufflepuff's Cup (object, birthright, destroyed by unknown force), Ravenclaws Diadem (object, birthright, destroyed by unknown force), 12 Grimmauld Place (object, birthright), Potter, Black, Peverell, Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw Manors (objects, birthrights) and ¾ of Hogwarts including: Gryffindor Tower, Ravenclaw Tower, Hufflepuff Basement, Greenhouses, Quidditch Pitch, Library, Come and Go Room, ¾ of the Founders Room and ¾ of the Great Hall (objects, birthright).

Potter vaults:

777- Monies: 777,000,000 Galleons, 69,000 Sickles, 138,909 Knuts.

778- Monies: 472,000,000 Galleons, 78,001 Sickles, 1,200 Knuts.

779- Monies: 6,098,372,000 Galleons, 67,874,003 Sickles, 1 Knut.

780- 732 Tapestries, 16 sets of Silver Crockery, 4 sets of Gold Crockery, various Jewels, Books, several Runners, 5 diamond Chandeliers and 7 trunks of Gold Woven Dress Robes.

Black vaults:

12- Monies: 189,903,976,000 Galleons, 12 Knuts.


717- 184 Tapestries, 12 sets of Gold Crockery, various Jewels, several trunks of dress robes.

Books: Black Magick (By Phineas Nigellus Black) written in Latin and Salazar Slytherin's complete autobiography, written in Parseltongue.

Peverell vault:
7- Monies: 135,975 Galleons, 978, 673, 000 Sickles, 175 Knuts.

8- 12 Tapestries.

**Books:** *Alchemy Through the Ages*(original text, author unknown), *Notes on the Deathly Hallows Origin* and Merlin's pointed hat(gift from Merlin himself).

**Gryffindor vault:**

1- Monies: 979,349,912,000 Galleons, 17 Knuts.

**Books:** *Hogwarts: the Sentence Within* (written by Godric Gryffindor) and the complete autobiography written in Gobbledegook by Godric Gryffindor.

**Hufflepuff vault:**

3- 17,846,286,400 Galleons, 869,325,201 Sickles, 1,008 Knuts.

**Books:** *Herbology: the Adventure Through the Hanging Gardens, Atropa Belladonna: Poison or Elixir, Magae Trias:Primo-Tres* and *The Life of Helga Hufflepuff*, an autobiography by Helga Hufflepuff.

**Ravenclaw vault:**

2- 1,734,087,012 Galleons, 175,487,523 Sickels, 163,963 Knuts.

**Books:** *The Complete Works of Rowena Ravenclaw, Logic or Absurdity: Which Controls the Heart?, Knowledge is Power, Septum Peccata*.

**Other:**

**Books:** *The Complete Works of Merlin, Morgan Le Fay's personal Journal, History of the Dark Arts*(once owned by Lady Circe, or so claimed by Merlin himself) and *Magicks Around the World*.

**Wands:** Godric Gryffindor's wand(12", Yew, Dragon Heartstring core), Helga Hufflepuff's wand(14", Holly, Veela hair core), Rowena Ravenclaw's wand(10", Beechwood, Unicorn tail hair core) and Antioch Peverell's wand(15", Elder, Thstral hair core).

**Lordship Rings:**

Potter, Black, Peverell, Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw.

**Other Rings:**

Merlin's treasured Malachite Ring(said to enhance any emotion, thus making any spell infinitely more powerful, as it is being fueled by the strong emotions of the caster) and Morgan Le Fay's, Ring of Life(said to drain the life out of anyone who attempts to filch it, yet to be proven).

Harry stared at Ragnok as he read off the words on the parchments.

"I don't even want to know how I'm related to three of the Hogwarts founders. As for the rest of
Ragnok nodded and placed the small boxes before him. "Focus your magic in your right palm and run it over these. If there are any complications, we shall rectify them," he ordered.

Harry did as commanded and waited for Ragnok to continue.

"Very well then, please place the rings on your fingers, starting from your left side and left had. The first on the middle finger, the second on the index finger, the third will go in your thumb. Then to your right hand, fourth is for the middle, fifth is for the index and the last is for your thumb."

Ragnok waved a hand over Harry's bejeweled hands and he rings glowed, before settling down again.

"Please remove them, and we shall use our magic to combine them."

Harry handed them over and watched as the gathered Goblin's all placed one hand over the collection within Ragnok's long fingers. There was some more glowing and when they pulled their hands away, one lone ring sat in Ragnok's palm.

"Place this on your right index finger, Mr. Potter."

He did so.

"Now sign your full name on the bottom of this parchment to claim all of your lordships."

He did that as well, handing the parchment back to the Head Goblin.

"Congratulations, you are now Lord Harrison Jamison Evans Potter-Black-Peverell-Gryffindor-Hufflepuff-Ravenclaw, Magical descendant of Merlin and Morgan Le Fay. Now, onto other matters," Ragnok said, shuffling some parchment around and pulling a fairly new looking piece out.

"Albus Dumbledore was your Magical Guardian. He was supposed to inform you of your status in wizarding society. He was also supposed to get your permission to take out funds from the other Potter vaults. Though he was your guardian, he still had to get your express permission. Over the past sixteen years, he has come here with letters from you, claiming that you relinquished the funds to him willingly. Is this true?"

Harry shook his head, "I learned about magic on my eleventh birthday when Hagrid took me away from my relatives. And it took a while to convince me that he wasn't lying. I didn't meet Albus Dumbledore until halfway through my first month of school at Hogwarts. And I was told that my school vault was all that my parents left me."

Ragnok's teeth ground together. "Would you be able to prove this with a memory?" he said tightly.

Harry nodded, "Sure, but how do I do it? I don't have my wand, it's still at my aunt and uncle's house."

"Think deeply on the time you learned you were magical, I shall extract the memory from you," Ragnok said, extending a hand.

Harry closed his eyes and thought of that night, in the cold shack in the middle of the ocean. The wind and waves whipping around outside as he lay on the cold floor, drawing himself a birthday cake in the dirt.
Ragnok pulled a long silvery thread from the side of Harry's skull and he opened his eyes. With a snap of his fingers, Ragnok summoned a Pensieve and dropped the thread inside. Harry waited as the Goblins took turn, looking at his memory.

When they finished, Ragnok was looking even more annoyed than before.

"Albus Dumbledore claimed that the money he continued to take out every year was for you, yet I see your clothing, compared to your 'family's' and I can see that that's not the case."

Harry shook his head, with a shrug, "If he gave them money to take care of me, they never used it on me. Their house is lavishly decorated, even though my uncle isn't paid much. I only get my cousin's hand me downs and I rarely am allowed to eat the very food I prepare for them. I wasn't allowed a bedroom until my second year at Hogwarts and it was actually my cousin's second bedroom. So, either Dumbledore is lying or my 'family' is and I wouldn't put it past either of them."

By now, all of the Goblins in the room looked murderous.

"We may not follow wizard customs and care much about their way of life, but you are regarded as a hero and everyone in the magical world knows of you. You shouldn't have grown up like that," Ragnok growled. He then looked at the Goblin nearest him, "Did we ever read the Potter Wills? Or the Black Will?"

The Goblin shook his head.

"Get them now!"

The next several hours were filled with so much, Harry had a headache by the time it was all over.

Apparently, he wasn't supposed to go to the Dursley's at all. If Sirius wasn't available, then he was supposed to go to Remus.

Also, over the years at Hogwarts, he'd been laced with loyalty compulsions. His inheritance washed them all away, but there were still traces left. That explained why he didn't feel the absolute need to kill Tom when he was at Slytherin Manor and why he didn't go off on a 'Dumbledore is a good guy', rant.

He was emancipated and was allowed to use magic anywhere. He could live at Grimmauld place and he would never have to return to the Dursley's ever again! He was going to get his Apparition license since he was considered an adult. If he could get it before school, that would be helpful. The Goblins told him that since he was a descendant of the founders and owned ¾ of the school, the wards would allow him to Apparate within the school. Which meant that Tom could have entered Hogwarts at any time and he didn't. So the whole spiel about him wanting to destroy the school, was a lie.

He found out that his mother was from a squib family. Her grandparents had been born squibs and her mother was their daughter. It passed on to Lily Evans even though it was inactive, who then passed it onto him.

He could speak Parselounge because he was a Hydra and would live a long time. Even without the whole thing between he and Tom, he would have lived forever.

Harry had to show the Goblins his Hydra form and was eternally grateful for his clothes appearing when he transformed back. He didn't like the thought of showing his nudity to anyone.

Marvolo chose that moment to pipe in with, *Anyone but Tom*, which had him blushing.
His lordship rings allowed him to center his magic, keeping a clear mind.

He was also informed that he was the wealthiest client in Gringotts history, which gave him privileges that he didn't want to know about yet. Ragnok told him that he could come to them for anything, since they took care of their clients.

They also promised to reclaim all the funds that Albus Dumbledore had taken and investigate where it all went. They were also going to start placing traces on his mail from them, so no one could take it and if anyone other than him received it, it would burn up. They would be notified and then would send another, until he finally received it.

After his trip to Gringotts, Harry returned to the Dursley's in order to get his things. He had appeared within his bedroom, a small snap following his appearance. He saw Hedwig's empty cage and hoped beyond all hope that she was okay and that his uncle let her out because she was being too loud.

He unlocked the door and took Hedwig's cage downstairs. The Dursley's weren't home, which made his plan so much easier. He unlocked the cupboard and pulled his trunk out, rifling through it to get his wand. He then shrunk his things and placed them in his pocket. With a wave of his wand, he fashioned a small note informing them that he wouldn't be returning and begrudgingly thanking them for 'taking care of him' all those years, when they really didn't have to. They could've thrown him in an orphanage, despite Dumbledore's wishes. He placed a bag over the note on the kitchen counter. The bag was filled with 1,000 pounds (A/N: That is roughly $1,596.55, in US dollars.).

He looked around at the place he had always viewed as his personal hell and smiled. He didn't have to come back!

He took care of his license before venturing to Grimmauld Place, using the entrance he and Mr. Weasley had used the previous year for his hearing. It was interesting to see the different people going to work.

After he was forced to Apparate various distances and pay the fine for Apparating four times without a license, apparently they had record for every wizard that Apparated without a license, he finally received his license. He was finally able to go to Grimmauld Place.

He gave Mrs. Weasley quite a shock when he walked in the front door while she was walking to the kitchen. She then glomped him and ushered him inside, telling him to put his things away and then made him eat what she placed on the table.

Harry had a small confrontation with Kreacher.

"Kreacher!"

Said Elf appeared, glaring for all he was worth. Of course, when his eyes landed on Harry they bugged more than any Elf's eyes should and he bowed low, his large nose brushing the ground.

"Lord Hydra."

"Kreacher, I am the Lord of the Ancient and Noble House of Black now. Are you going to give me problems?" Harry asked.

Kreacher violently shook his head. "No. Kreacher has never met a Hydra before. Kreacher will behave and help Lord Hydra," he said.

"Thank you. I'd like to ask you to help me in cleaning this house. I think we should return it to its
former glory, don't you?" Harry smiled.

Kreacher's eyes widened even more. "Right away Master."

With a pop, he was gone.

Harry looked around and sighed. He was home.

A/N: Another one done!

How was it? Let me know!

Should I post the next chapter today or tomorrow? ;)

Chapter End Notes

How was it?
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Tom finds out that Septimus was abducted and he finally shows some heartfelt emotion. :'(

Harry gets his O.W.L. grades. They are good.

Chapter Notes

Remember, Umbridge interrupted Harry's History of Magic exam and he had a hard time concentrating after it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Tom Marvolo Riddle was ready to raise all hell. He had returned to the Manor, pleased that his raid had gone well and when he entered his study, Septimus wasn't there. He searched all around the Manor, but could not find the giant Hydra. Where could he be?

"Tom, Tom! Ssseptimusssss issss gone!" he heard Nagini yell as she entered the room.
"Ssssomeone took him!"

He rounded on her, "What?!

"Follow me, Tom," she hissed, slithering from the room.

She led him outside, toward the end of the wards. He had just Apparated to the Manor, because he was the one that set the wards, so he never saw the mess littering the outskirts of his property.

The trees were destroyed, charred and some even missing branches. The ground was severely uneven and before him, lay three of Septimus's heads. The acid around them was eating away at the earth, making hissing noises.

There was no magical signature that left a trail. Whomever took Septimus, had been able to Apparate the large snake. The only magic he could sense in the air was Septimus's. The snake had put up quite a fight in his attempt to get away, leaving the area destroyed.

Nagini curled up beside him as he sunk to his knees.
He was taking this a lot harder than he should have been. He was just a snake, nothing more, right? But he had considered Septimus a friend and seeing that his friend had been taken from him and he wasn't there to help, made him sad. Sad and angry. He was extremely angry and wanted to annihilate everything around him.

"We'll find him, Tom. We will," Nagini insisted, bumping his chin with her head.

Tom made a face. He would not cry! Dark Lord's didn't cry!

He wouldn't, he refused.

And yet, no matter how much he didn't want to, his emotions didn't want to listen.

For the first time in sixty years, Tom Marvolo Riddle cried.

"Harry!"

Hermione appeared in the doorway and the young lord was tackled to the floor in an instant.

"We were so worried about you! We couldn't find you anywhere and the Trace was gone and the Goblins wouldn't say anything except that you were emancipated and Dumbledore was going mad searching for you and-"

He slapped a hand over her mouth. "Mione, breathe," he said.

Her took a few deep breaths and rolled off him. "Sorry, I was just so worried," she sighed.

Harry stood and offered her his hand, "Thanks for caring Mione."

She slapped his arm, "Of course I'd care. Now, Ron is downstairs stuffing his face. He doesn't even know you're here because Mrs. Weasley told me first. Let's go surprise him. Then you can tell us what happened."

Ron was busy eating when two people sat down on either side of him. He looked up at Harry and immediately inhaled all the food in his mouth. He began to choke. Two hands connected with his back and he coughed the food up.

"Harry!" he squeaked.

The Boy-Who-Lived smirked, "Hey, Ron."

"So, Harry, where have you been?" Hermione asked as leaned against the table.

He pursed his lips. "I can't tell you that but I was safe and I was never kidnapped. I just came into my inheritance on my birthday and I couldn't be around people until I could fix a few things," he explained.

"Are you a Vampire?!" Ron asked, around a mouthful of food.

"No. I won't say what I am, because I want to give Mione a challenge as she tries to figure it out. Just know that there was no way I could be in public until I learned a few things."

Hermione's eyes were all over him. She reached a hand out and tugged on his braid. She leaned in close and got a good look at his face. "Your eyes are slitted, your hair is really long and.....open your mouth."
"Your teeth look sharper and you seem to have a tame version of fangs. I'll need to go to the Library when we get to school."

Ron rolled his eyes and continued shoveling food into his mouth.

Harry smiled, "I have been emancipated though and when I could, I went to Gringotts. I've received my lordships, vaults and all my other inheritances. And boy, were there many."

He placed his right hand on the table, displaying the large ring on his index finger. The main jewel was an emerald in the shape of a hexagon and it was surrounded by opals. Each cut had a picture on it, displaying which house he was the lord of.

"The bowl represents the Potter's. The crow stands for the Black's. The triangle with the circle and the line down the center is the sign of the Peverell's. Then, the lion, the eagle and the badger represent three Hogwarts Houses which I am descendant and lord of."

Hermione's and Ron's jaws dropped. Ron's mouth was full of masticated food and Hermione very kindly pushed his jaw up.

"So, you own more than half of Hogwarts?" Hermione asked, thinking about it.

He nodded, "It's pretty amazing. The things I inherited were just wow."

The three friends got caught up with each other. Hermione was happy about getting eight O's on her O.W.L.s but was sad that she didn't get the highest grades in Defense and Transfiguration. Ron did okay, he didn't care to remember about his grades. Harry had no clue what his scores were.

"Harry dear, Hedwig has been bringing your mail here. I have it all for you," Mrs. Weasley smiled, handing him a large bowl full of his mail. He was relieved to know that Hedwig was alright and grateful to the woman for keeping it all for him.

"Thank you."

He rifled through the various letters until he came across one from Hogwarts.

**O.W.L.s**

**Pass Grades:**

- Outstanding (O)

**Exceeds Expectations (E)**

- Acceptable (A)

**Fail Grades:**

- Poor (P)

- Dreadful (D)

- Troll (T)
The test results of Harry James Potter:

Astronomy: O

Care of Magical Creatures: O

Charms: O

Defense Against the Dark Arts: O***

Divination: T

Herbology: O

History of Magic: A

Potions: O

Transfiguration: O***

*** Means that the student received the highest scores in the year.

Hermione, who was reading over his shoulder, gaped. "You beat me! You're the one who beat me! Oh Harry! I'm so proud of you! See what studying can do for you!" she cheered.

Ron snorted.

Harry smiled, shocked at his scores but proud of himself nonetheless. He could take all the important N.E.W.T. classes this year and that was all that matters.

The day before school, they along with Ginny, ventured to Diagon Alley. After getting their much needed school items, they visited Fred and George's shop.

"Hello there gorgeous!"

"Harry, what happened to you?!"

"If you wanted our attention, you could've just asked!"

"We'd love nothing more than you please you, right Gred?"

"Right Forge."

"So what happened, oh generous benefactor?"

"Please tell us, oh mighty lord."

Harry rolled his eyes, "I'd tell you, but there are too many people around."

Next thing he knew, he was being frog marched into the back of the store.

"Here we are. Tell us your dirty secret."

"And while you're at it, look around and take whatever you'd like. Free of charge!"

Harry smiled, "I came into a creature inheritance on my birthday. Don't tell anyone, but I'm a
The twins were sporting devilish grins.

"Wicked!" they cheered.

Then, they pushed him toward the various object littering the table in the back of the room. "Go on, take some things. You never know when you'll need them!"

The rest of their time was spent chatting about random things. Harry was glad to have the twins on his side. He never wanted to be on their bad side. The things they could do when they got together were terrifying.

He, Hermione and Ron spent the rest of the day joking and playing around as they waited for the time to leave for Hogwarts, as it grew nearer.

Harry was excited to see Tom again, knowing full well that the man would be there.

He had really missed him, even if it had only been a couple nights.

_Soon, you'll see my gorgeous self and your heart will flutter with affection_, Marvolo teased.

Harry shrugged, _Maybe it will._

_A/N: Another one down!_
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

The first day back.

Chapter Notes

Harry sees Tom once again. He's the new professor!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

The Hogwarts Express was just as everyone remembered. Harry smiled when he saw it, because it meant that he would see Tom soon. And the school too!

Let's just pretend that all this excitement is for the building and it has absolutely nothing to do with me and my good looks, Marvolo taunted, laughing at Harry when he flushed.

I spent nearly a month with him. I came to admire his many traits, pardon me for being excited to see a friend again!

Sure, Sure. You absolutely wish that he was much more than a friend and we both know it.

Harry could hear the smile in Marvolo's voice as he said this. I wish you would sod off some times!

He, Ron and Hermione found their comfortable abode in the very last compartment on the train. Luna, Ginny and Neville joined them only moments later and the six talked about their Summers. Hermione brought of Harry's inheritance and Luna became even more starry eyed than usual.

"I never thought I'd actually meet one. You are very rare indeed Harry. It's amazing," she hummed in way that he could only describe as whimsical.

Harry nodded his appreciation. "Thanks Luna," he smiled.

She hummed and went back to reading her updated edition of the Quibbler. He moved to look at his own while they let the others speculate on what Harry could possibly be.

Harry tested out the pair of Spectrespecs he received with his Quibbler, by casting a Notice-Me-Not charm on Ron and was shocked to be able to see him clearly. He didn't feel the need to look away from him or anything. They would be very helpful in the future.
After getting some (all the) snacks from the trolley they all, sans Hermione who was already finished, decided to do their homework. To their pleasure a table appeared in the center of the compartment and they were able to do their work easier. Harry and Hermione commenting on how it seemed like a booth and having to explain what a booth was.

They were pleasantly pleased with the changes that had happened on their ride. The tables, the extra space for their luggage, a larger variety of sweets on the trolley, frosted glass on the door (for privacy sake) and even an air freshener that was charmed to activate every half hour.

Hermione had to leave an hour before they reached Hogsmeade to get a briefing on her Prefect duties for the year. Ron didn't want to be a Prefect again because he didn't care to remember the rules and Hermione kept chewing him out for not being responsible.

After an eight hour ride, the train finally pulled into Hogsmeade's station and they were able to take the carriages up to the castle. Harry's enthusiasm wasn't lost on his friends, but they didn't ask why he was so jumpy and for that he was grateful.

The sixth years entered the Great Hall with smiles. Harry refused to look at the staff table. He wanted the surprise to build.  

*Any more building and you'll explode.*

He ignored Marvolo and just focused on the table before him and how he was going to act this year.

Ron elbowed him and he looked up along with Hermione to watch the 'little firsties' walk into the hall.

"Hey mate, remember when we were that small?" Ron asked with a fond grin.

Harry mirrored his expression, "Yes, but I'm still pretty small so I can't poke fun. They at least look their age. Do I look sixteen to you?"

Hermione reached across the table and patted his hand, "It's okay Harry. I'm pretty short too."

He left it at that, though he really wanted to point out that Hermione was a girl and had a more delicate frame than he did. It wasn't something he wanted to dwell on for too long.

When the first years were sorted, Dumbledore stood to give his yearly speech.

Harry didn't pay attention until the man stated that they had a new Defense professor.

In a playful way, Harry nudged Ron and whispered, "Think this one wants to kill me?"

"No. He seems normal. You should be okay this time, mate. But I don't expect him to last long, because we can never seem to keep a Defense professor for more than one year."


He shrugged, "It's true."

"And now, may I present your new Defense Against the Dark Arts professor, Mr. Svetomir Dolhaladmor."

Harry's eyes trailed up to the Head Table and he nearly gasped. Tom hadn't made many changes, but they were enough to make him look like another person.
His hair was to his shoulders and wavy. Not like Sirius's had been. There was a more defined wave in Tom's new look and it was tempting Harry. He wanted to see if that luscious hair was as soft as it looked.

Moving on from there, he could tell Tom's lips are shaped a little thinner, but were no less attractive than before. His eyebrows had a more defined arch and his eyes were almond shaped. The crimson was missing and had been replaced by a nice shade of green, but Harry still preferred the crimson. He was also a little shorter.

Harry could appreciate this new look, and the fact that he could finally see clearly seeing as he was way across the hall and yet was able to see everything perfectly. Still, he appreciated the original Tom more.

*Are you finished lusting after his new body yet?*

And there was Marvolo, interrupting a good fantasy.

*Sod off!*

Marvolo's laughter died away as the feast began.

Harry gladly ate his fill, happy to get back to the normal food. Though it was fun being a large snake, he didn't like the food he had to eat. Large animals and such, he shuddered in disgust. Sure he was in snake form, but his mind was first and foremost, human.

After the feast, Harry was annoyed to be called to the Headmaster's office and was even more annoyed when he heard the password.

**Blood Lollipops.**

How disgusting.

He mumbled the password to the gargoyle and entered the old manipulative gits office.

"Harry, my boy! Come, come!"

He strode forward and seated himself in the chair before the desk. "Sir."

"We were extremely worried about you this Summer, my boy. Where did you go?"

Harry shrugged, "I just came into my inheritance. I chose not to return to the Dursley's because I didn't have to any longer. So, I just waited a while before getting my belongings."

"The Goblin's did say that you had been emancipated. But Harry, it wasn't smart to go off on your own without telling anyone. Voldemort could've found you," Dumbledore frowned, the annoying twinkle dimming drastically.

Harry shook his head, "No, my Trace is gone now and I can hide my magical signature very well. I just sat by for a while, before going to Gringotts and claiming my lordships. Voldemort would never be able to find me, because he can't enter my mind anymore due to the inheritance."

Dumbledore leaned forward, "I take it, that it was a creature inheritance then?"

Harry nodded, not elaborating any further.

"If it's a dangerous creature, I'll need to know for school precautions."
Harry shook his head. "There is nothing about being uncontrolled or infectious if I touch someone else. One can only be born like this, it is not communicable and nothing happens when I'm overly emotional, especially with the lordship rings keeping me calm. I will warn you, my blood is extremely acidic and I have potent venom. So, hope that I don't get any open wounds and that no one tries to shove their hands in my mouth," he advised.

Dumbledore sighed, knowing that he wasn't going to get anymore from the teen.

"Well, I wanted to give you this. I was supposed to last year, but I had thought you had had too much on your mind, so I gave it to Mr. Weasley, but he declined it this year, so I feel it should go to you."

Harry was shocked to see a shiny Prefect's badge being held out to him. He accepted it and pinned it to his robes.

"I also made you Quidditch captain for the Gryffindor team this year. I hope you can handle both responsibilities."

Harry nodded.

"Well then, off to bed, my boy. Ms. Granger will no doubt fill you in on the Prefect's duties."

Harry nodded once more and bade the Headmaster a farewell.

He was so annoyed when you didn't give him any information!

Well, I'm not required to, so I don't have to.

True.

Hermione and Ron were waiting in the Common Room for him and gaped when they saw his new badge. He explained the whole conversation and Ron grinned. Hermione was dying to get to the Library and figure out what exactly Harry was.

She made a joke, asking if he was an alien. He got it immediately and said he'd take her to the queen. Ron was let in confusion as the two dissolved into fits of laughter.

After some patrolling, Harry was grateful to finally be able to go to bed. There was just something about the four-posters at Hogwarts.

I remember quite well. Yes, they were useful for a great many activities in my day.

Harry did not miss the meaning of those words and ended up dreaming about a certain crimson eyed man the whole night.

A/N: Another one down! Svetomir Dolhaladmor is an anagram I made of Thomas Marvolo Riddle.

How was it? Let me know!
Svetomir means 'peace'. How apropos, right? :)

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

First day, early morning.

Chapter Notes

Harry is getting somewhere and Tom is stalking.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Harry woke up early the first morning of classes and decided to just get out of bed and go to breakfast early.

There were so many things he needed to find out as soon as possible. And the first thing he needed to know, was if there were either the founders ghosts or maybe any of their portraits hanging about the castle somewhere. And one person who had seen nearly every inch of the castle, was Luna. He'd ask for her assistance and go from there.

Luna was kind to everyone, even the ghosts. She might know if the founders ghosts were around somewhere.

He waved his wand and smiled as his hair wove itself into an intricate fishtail braid. So much better than doing it manually. One of the rare occasions where he'd use magic for something so easy. But doing self braids was hard and he didn't like the idea of letting one of the girls braid his hair.

When he entered the Great Hall, he wasn't shocked to see so few people. The Slytherin table was completely bare. There were only four people at the Gryffindor table. The Hufflepuff first years and a fellow Prefect were seated at the Badger table and Luna was seated all alone in the center of the Ravenclaw. He decided to ask her sooner rather than later.

He strode down the center aisle and sat in front of Luna. She was reading the Quibbler, upside down again and was drinking a cup of tea.

"Hello Harry," her light an airy voice carried to him.

"Morning Luna, how was your first night back?" he asked as some tableware appeared before him.
"It was alright. Only my shoes went missing. Yes, I'll help you. I don't know if the founders' ghosts are around here, but I do know Ravenclaw's daughters' ghost, Helena. She'd be able to help you. I'll introduce you later," the blond said, taking a sip of tea.

He gave her an odd look and then laughed abruptly. "You're amazing Luna. Now who has been taking your things? I've been made a Prefect and I'd like the bullying to stop," he asked.

"Well, Cho wasn't too happy about you being kind to me last year, so she and her friends were a lot worse than usual."

Harry sputtered, "Cho is the main bully?! You two are in the D.A. and I never saw any bad blood between you."

Luna shrugged, "She was busy trying to get your attention and had no time to make a spectacle in front of everyone."

Harry frowned. Apparently there was way more to Cho then he had thought. The girl he had thought of as perfect was anything but and he found himself angry on his friend's behalf. How dare anyone pick on Luna just because she preferred to be different and didn't want to conform!

"Hi, Harry!"

He turned to see the very reason for his ire, standing next to him. Her two friends were behind her, watching them.

"Cho, can I ask you a question?"

She nodded, smiling widely.

He smirked, "How you feel if someone took all of your beauty supplies and you have to wait until the first Hogsmeade weekend before you can get more? How would you feel if you had to walk around, looking however you would look if you didn't layer on the make-up? If you don't want someone to do it to you, then stop doing it to other people. I've been made a Perfect and if I hear about Luna's things going missing again, Ravenclaw is going to suffer a dramatic loss in points."

Cho and her friends were gaping at him. When he glared, they all quickly nodded and went to find a seat on the far end of the table.

Harry looked at his blond friend, "If they bother you, tell me immediately."

She smiled, "When shall I introduce you to Helena? I'll warn you now, she's shy, emotional and easily affected by the simplest of things."

"Believe me, I've had my experiences with emotional ghosts. Nick and Myrtle have gotten to me several times," Harry joked. "Any time that is okay with you."

He raised the goblet that appeared for him and said, "Jasmine Tea, plain please."

It was filled immediately and he went to take a sip. The scent of it reached him and he could smell something disgustingly sweet in it.

*Veritaserum*, Marvolo supplied.

He rolled his eyes and placed the goblet down. Could he ever get a break?

"Dobby!"
There was a crack, "Harry Potter call Dobby! What can Dobby bes doing for the great Harry Potter sir?!"

He looked at the elf whom he considered a good friend, "Dobby, someone is trying to tamper with my food by adding truth serums and last year someone tried love potions. Could you possibly bring me my food from now on and allow no one else to touch it?"

Dobby's eyes grew extremely wide, "Dobby would love to have the honor of getting Harry Potter's food and drink! It bes the highest honor, sir!"

He took the goblet, "What would Harry Potter like for breakfast, sir?"

"A bowl of fruit and a cup of Jasmine Tea, no sugar or milk please?"

Dobby nodded and disappeared.

Luna was shaking her head, "I'd watch everything you get. I heard that Romilda Vane has a crush on you and plans to use Amortentia."

"Who is that?" Harry asked as he accepted his food from Dobby who had reappeared with a bow. He was gone the next minute.

"She's a fourth year Gryffindor and she and her friends try to make other girls in the other houses feel inferior. I find myself eager to see the Slytherins handle them," Luna said. "They'd get a real lesson in harassing someone, then."

Harry nodded and started eating.

Tom watched as the Boy-Who-Lived entered the Great Hall alone. There had been a great change from when he saw the boy at the DoM. His hair was very long and he no longer wore glasses. His scar was hidden under the fringe of his bangs and he seemed to walk straighter. Tom also noticed the Prefect badge on the boy's robes. This was all very surprising.

Even more surprising was when he moved over to the Ravenclaw table and sat with an airy looking blonde girl. They talked for a while and he could tell that Potter was unhappy about something.

Then, three Ravenclaw girls approached the duo and the leader was speaking to the famous boy. He turned to her, away from Tom's eyes and whatever he had said, had terrified the girls as they quickly nodded and moved as far away from the two as they could get.

Then, Potter moved to drink from his goblet and strange look overcame his face. He brought it closer and then shook his head, placing it on the table. A House Elf appeared and after a few words, was gone. The two talked some more, Potter took to eating a plate of food the Elf had brought him.

Potter had done the abnormal. He didn't sit at his own table.

Four people joined the two a few moments later, all Gryffindors. The Weasley girl sat on the blond girl's right side and Longbottom sat on her left. The Granger girl took Potter's right side and the other Weasley took his left.

Potter stood up after half an hour, said something to his friends and they waved him off. Tom was interested, wanting to know where he was going, but remained seated. Especially since Severus had just sat beside him, just as the first Slytherin's entered the hall.
He'd watch the BWL more closely, from now on.

Harry made his way to the Library. Not because he needed anything but because he wanted to check out something and since he had an hour, he'd do it now.

When he told his friends that he was going to the Library, he could've sworn that Hermione had tears in her eyes, while Ron wrinkled his nose. Luna, Ginny and Neville just waved him off and swore to sit together at the Gryffindor table for lunch.

Harry entered the Library on the fourth floor and moved off toward the Restricted Section. If he was right, then this year was going to be a lot better than he first thought.

He stood outside the rope separating the Restricted Section from the rest of the Library. He placed a hand on the marble wall of the castle and closed his eyes.

"Speak to me, oh great Hogwarts. I am the heir of Ravenclaw and I wish to pass through."

The space his hand was touching glowed green for a second, before he felt the castle settle. He actually felt it.

"Thank you," he murmured to the building.

There was a hum of magic that ran across his skin, before disappearing. Yep, Hogwarts was definitely sentient.

He swung his leg and stepped over the rope, grinning when the wards that had been in place, allowed him entry. This was going to be fun!

A/N: Another one down!

How was it? Let me know!

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is longer, I promise.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

First classes and Harry gains Tom's attention.

Chapter Notes

Still the first day. Classes have begun.

BWL- Boy-Who-Lived.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Harry and Hermione were sharing a work station in N.E.W.T. Double Potions. The class was ordered to brew Essence of Dittany.

Harry had greatly enjoyed Snape's reaction to him being in the class. When the man demanded why he was there, he explained that he received an O in Potions for his O.W.L.. Snape looked like he had swallowed a Lemon Drop. Harry's grades in Potions were never good because the Slytherins were always sabotaging his work. When no one could destroy his hard work, he had managed a near perfect score.

It was during this class period that he learned about his developed senses. He had heard the whooshing of air and had turned in time to catch something that had been thrown toward his cauldron.

He looked Gregory Goyle in the eye and smirked. The boy immediately paled.

"Ten points from Slytherin for deliberately attempting to sabotage a fellow classmate's hard work, Mr. Goyle."

Harry held his hand out, the fluxweed resting innocently in his palm, "I believe this is yours."

Snape's attention had fallen on the moment Harry had broke the silence of the classroom. He looked ready to say something but Goyle beat him to the chase.

"How did you move that fast? You never noticed when I did it all the other times!" he yelled.

Harry smirked as the other Slytherin's slapped their hands to their faces. Snape looked ready to
murder.

"I actually noticed every time you ruined my work but I was not fast enough to stop you. Also, you may not have realized it but you just admitted out loud with the professor as a witness, that you have sabotaged my potions before. This means that you have owned up to your actions and my Potions records can be wiped clean. Now that someone admitted to messing with my work, I've been pardoned and Professor Snape has to apologise for calling me a liar all those years," Harry's smirk grew.

Snape wasn't even looking at him. No his gaze was firmly fixed on Goyle, seemingly trying to burn the boy. Goyle had just embarrassed the man and now he'd have to apologize to his least favorite student because the idiot couldn't watch his mouth.

"Potter!" he said suddenly. "You have my...most...sincere...apologies. You are correct, your previous grades will be cleared and you will start out fresh," he said with great difficulty.

Harry grinned, "Thank you, sir."

He handed Goyle the fluxweed and returned to his potion.

At the end of class, when Snape walked around surveying their work, he sneered when he noticed that Harry's potions was perfect. This just wasn't his day it seemed.

"Bottle it and put it on my desk, Mr. Potter."

Harry nodded and did so.

He and Hermione left after they cleaned up their areas and met up with Ron as they made their way to Double Defense, telling him about the drama that had happened in class and that Snape made the Slytherins stay behind for a moment.

While Ron laughed about the story, Harry was thinking of seeing Tom in action.

They entered the room and immediately spotted Fred and George. The twins noticed them as well and jogged over.

"Hello there!"

"We're here for the week!"

"Here to demonstrate our skills!"

"Skills that we wouldn't have without Harry!"

"Yes! It's all thanks to you oh generous benefactor!"

"We are not worthy to be in your presence!"

Harry chuckled as the twins messed around.

He followed Hermione and Ron to a table and sat. The Slytherins entered a moment later, all of them looking morose.

Snape probably told them to stop interfering with other people's work so that he wouldn't have to apologize ever again. He snorted, that would be hilarious!
Fred and George stood in front of the desks and grinned at them.

"Dumbledore has brought us back to demonstrate our skills for you all!"

"You all know that we left on the first day of the O.W.L. testing last year after a spectacular prank on Umbridge."

The twins took that moment to sigh wistfully at the memory.

"McGonagall let us return when the toad left and allowed us to take our N.E.W.T.s."

"Though we had the money necessary to start our business, documentation of good grades in the much needed subjects would further the process along and make our lives easier."

They nodded to each other.

"You all know that we are pranksters. So in our line of work we need to have an intimate understanding of Potions, Transfiguration and Charms."

"Getting O's on our N.E.W.T.s would make the Ministry accept our store easier."

"Yes. They have to make sure that we know what we're doing so that we don't accidentally kill someone."

They both snorted.

"People would just assume that because we're pranksters, we didn't pay attention in school. But things is, if we wanted to enter our line of work, there were certain classes we had to do well in."

"Defense was not one them, we'll admit it. We got by with 'Acceptables' all the time, because we didn't think we'd need it."

They shared a look and said, "We were wrong."

"Last year, the war began to make itself known and we were landed with a teacher who didn't bother to teach us anything. Instead, she shoved her ideals and beliefs down our throats and when someone disagreed, she forced them to self-mutilate with blood quills in detention."

"So some fifth years got together and made a secret club that was for those who wanted to learn about what we were missing out on. We, two seventh years, were taught by a fifth year student how to do the Patronus Charm. A fifth year who had learned it in his third year."

"Even though we were dreadful, we weren't made fun of for it. We were encouraged."

"In six months, we learned everything we were supposed to be caught up on. When we returned for our N.E.W.T.s, we scored the highest out of our year-mates in Potions, Charms, Transfiguration and Defense."

"We, the ones who had barely scraped by with an 'Acceptable', had beaten out forty other students, all with six months of training."

"So, if we can do that in only six months, imagine what you all can accomplish within the next two years?"

"Dumbledore has reinstated the D.A.. The president is the same as before but it will be supervised
by the new professor."

"Anyone is allowed to join this time. Last year, members had to be specifically chosen and had to prove their loyalty because Umbridge would've stopped the gatherings and we couldn't risk being found out so early on."

"So we have been called here to show you what we learned, seeing as we had the highest grades in the graduating class last year for Defense."

They motioned for everyone to stand and when everyone was on their feet, they waved their wands and cleared a large open space in the center of the room.

The new professor, who had hung back in the shadows and watched as the twins interacted with the sixth years, stepped forward and cast a few shield spells around the students to ensure their safety.

Fred and George raised their wands and then returned them to their sides. They then bowed and turned to walk approximately seven steps away from each other.

The two nodded and immediately, spells, jinxes and curses were flying. Both dodged when needed and attacked when most appropriate.

Then, as if they'd planned it before hand, they both shot Bombarda at one another. The spells connected and exploded.

The twins grinned and walked to the center of the room once more.

"The president of the D.A. is very skilled and he helped us come to that, with only a few months of training."

Both walked over to Harry and pulled his hands, dragging him to the center of the room. They then made a show of getting on their hands and knees and mocking bowing to him.

"Oh great and wonderful president!"

"Oh, mighty generous benefactor!"

"Our Lord, we are yours to command!" they cried fake tears.

Harry smirked and joined them in their teasing, "Do you know how many directions we can take that one statement?"

They gaped for a second before standing and slinging their arms around his shoulders. "But of course, our dear Lord. We live to please you in any way you wish."

Harry snorted quietly at the aghast faces of his classmates. He caught Tom's interested gaze and shrugged.

"Would you really teach Slytherins? Because I noticed how there were no Slytherins in your little club last year," Malfoy sneered.

Harry shrugged again, "That's your own fault. You sided with Umbridge and therefore you couldn't be trusted."

"So? I could've pretended to be on her side, while secretly giving you all information," the teen defended.
Harry snorted, "Malfoy, you are the last person that would ever succeed at being a double-agent."

"Why not?!" the blonde demanded.

"Because you're loud, obnoxious and you can't keep a secret to save your own life. Seriously, in the first week, if you even made it that far, something would've happened that would've made you unhappy and the first thing out of your mouth would have been, 'My father will hear about this!'", " Harry said, eyebrow raised.

The room was filled with snickers from the Slytherins and loud guffaws from the Gryffindors. Draco turned a light shade of pink in the process.

"Your fellow Slytherins are snickering because they know I'm correct. Today is that first day of classes and before lunch, I've heard you use that phrase three times, just before lunch! And you have the rest of the day left! By the end of the week, you will have used it at least a hundred times because you're always running to daddy. Well let me tell you something Draco, your father has been 'hearing about it' for six years. Give the man a break and learn how to deal with your own problems for once."

Draco gaped at him as he spoke. But he didn't care because the annoying prat had to learn and preferably soon.

"Maybe if you had grown up(which means you get over yourself and stop boasting when you have nothing to show for it), gotten a personality of your own(because you're just fitting into the mold you think your father wants you in), stepped out of your father's shadow and stopped clinging to him for everything and learned how to be the responsible adult you consider yourself to be, then maybe you would've been invited to join. But none of those things apply to you. See, I don't care which House you're from. Learning should not be withheld from one House just because they have a bad reputation. You are all still students. And I'll let you all in on something, I was supposed to be in Slytherin," Harry explained with a smirk.

Wide eyes all around. Even Tom's eyes were uncharacteristically wide.

"Yes, I was told that I had an aptitude for every House but the hat was pushing for Slytherin. However, I had already met you, Malfoy. And you reminded me of my muggle cousin."

That statement brought a sneer to the young man's face.

"Oh yes! My cousin is a spoiled brat who gets everything he wants and if something that he doesn't like happens, he runs to daddy to fix it for him. I grew up in a magic hating muggle household. My cousin and his gang were given permission from my aunt and uncle to beat me whenever anything 'freaky' happened. They knew I was magical but they tried to get rid of the magic. So my cousin would beat me and call me a 'worthless freak', and a 'monster' and tell me that me and the people like me, aren't even worthy of living. That we are below him. So with you reminding me of him so much, why would I want to be around you? You were the second person from the wizarding world that I had an actual conversation with. Hagrid was the one who took me away on my birthday. He, for lack of a better word, rescued me from there and then I met you and your attitude and the things you said about my 'savior', completely turned me away from you. When you were sorted into Slytherin, I argued with that stupid hat to put me anywhere else because I didn't want to be stuck with you. I didn't care that the man who killed my parents was a Slytherin or that every person I met told me that every bad witch and wizard in history came from Slytherin. I just wanted to avoid you. So I hope this answers all of your questions, Malfoy. It was you personally, not your House. I will happily teach anyone that truly wishes to learn, so long as they are mature and responsible enough to handle it."
They all gazed at him with wide eyes and he shrugged.

The twins were crying fake tears.

"Such a generous benefactor!"

"So kind hearted!"

"So noble!"

"We are not worthy!" they cried.

He rolled his eyes, "Can we return to our seats now?"

The twins sighed but waved their wands, moving all the desks back in place. Harry returned to his seat and gave Ron and Hermione an exasperated look.

The twins looked to the professor and bowed.

Professor Dolhaladmor nodded to them and faced the class. "As they've said, the D.A. is back, sort of as a Dueling Club. There will be duels, and tournaments on a regular basis. The times will be carefully scheduled because a lot of people play Quidditch and with the Try-outs and practices, we need to keep everyone happy," he said.

"If you wish to join the D.A., you can sign this scroll and meet at the Room of Requirement on Saturday at noon," he said, holding out a scroll and passing it to Ron who immediately signed it. He passed it to Hermione who followed suit.

"What does D.A. stand for?" Pansy Parkinson asked.

"Dumbledore's Army?" Tom said uncertainly, looking to Harry for confirmation.

"We named it that to annoy Umbridge when she eventually found out. I like the way, D.A. sounds however, so it'll be Defense Alliance," Harry said.

Hermione looked at him questioningly, "I thought it was Association?"

His nose wrinkled, "Association sounds rather ridiculous. Alliance is so much better."

She shrugged, "Whatever you want, Lord President."

He waved his right hand, "Kiss it."

She grabbed it and with a flourish and kissed the ring on his index finger, "As you wish My Lord."

He pulled his hand away, "I didn't think you'd actually do it!" He proceeded to wipe it off on his robes.

"That's a lordship ring!" Malfoy yelled, pointing to his hand.

He looked down and then up and nodded, "Yeah."

"You aren't old enough yet!"

"One word for you, Malfoy. Emancipation."
Draco gaped, "The way you could've been emancipated is if a family member demanded it in their will or you came into a creature inheritance."

"Well even if Sirius didn't put it in his will, I still would've been because I did come into my inheritance this Summer. Deal with it, Malfoy."

He glanced over to Hermione who was busy making a list. "I'm going to the Library during free-period and I will figure you out!" she hissed at him.

He stuck his tongue out.

Professor Dolhaladmor took the attention of the room once more to explain what they'd be learning that year.

Harry pretended not to notice the looks Tom was sending him every few minutes. And whenever the man looked away, he watched him closely.

He had an obsession and he knew it. He wished he could return to his snake form so that Tom would spend hours petting him. 

_Actually, you just want him to run his hands all over you. You don't care if you're human or not when it happens!_

_Shut up Marvolo!_

There was a snicker and Harry flushed. Damn him.

At the end of class, everyone made their way to lunch. Fred and George accompanying them to the Gryffindor table where they met up with Luna, Neville and Ginny.

Tom watched as the group of students ate lunch together. In only one class period, he'd learned more about the BWL, than he ever thought he would.

Though he thought Hagrid to be a great oaf, he could understand Harry's thought process concerning the half giant. He considered the person that rescued him from that place his savior. Tom had felt somewhat the same way when he first came to Hogwarts. He had been rescued as well.

His description of the young Malfoy heir was spot on. He was going to have a talk with Lucius about that. He was not the role model for pureblood behavior and it was embarrassing to the Malfoy family, to say the least.

Potter sat in his group, his inner circle, Tom would say. He noticed how the other Gryffindors gave the group a nice amount of space. The twins had taken up the places on either side of the young male Weasley and the Granger girl. And Potter was at the center of it all.

He also remembered the way the twins addressed him in class. They called him 'Lord' and 'Generous Benefactor'. Though it looked like they were joking, Tom could see the way they watched him and could tell that they truly viewed him as their leader.

He watched the interactions of the Gryffindor House and smirked. They went to Potter for everything it seemed. Some came to him with questions and others for advice. Potter truly was the leader, whether he knew it or not. The twins obviously knew it but none of the other students did. Maybe the blonde girl did but other than that, no one knew or understood the significance of
what they were doing.

Potter had a group that willingly followed his every order and hung on his every word.

Potter seemed to have grown up over the Summer. That, or maybe he'd always been that way and Tom couldn't see it. Since they were always in a situation where they were trying to kill each other, they didn't know much about the other.

He'd watch more closely from now on.

A/N: Another one down!

How was it? Let me know!

Chapter End Notes

For anyone who paid attention and noticed, I changed the class arrangement. In the books, it was Defense and then Potions, but I switched it for my story.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Harry discovers the Founders Room. Revelations are made.

Chapter Notes

Don't hate me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!
I don't own Harry Potter.
I have no beta.
ENJOY!

"Excuse me!"

Harry watched as the ghost of Helena Ravenclaw, paused in mid flight. She turned to face him, slowly, a sadness in her soulless eyes.

"You're Helena Ravenclaw, correct? My friend Luna told me you may be able to help me," Harry said.

Her eyes narrowed, "I will not tell you where it is! Too many people seek my mother's diadem and the last person that did defiled it with dark magic!"

"Helen, the diadem has been destroyed."

She was in his face immediately, "How would you know?!"

He kept his composure. Yelling at an emotional ghost was not a good thing. "The man who last had it, made it into a Horcrux. Just recently, he used a spell to destroy it and return the soul piece to his body. I went to Gringotts and found out that I am the Heir of Ravenclaw and that the diadem was mine by birthright. But it was stated as, 'destroyed by unknown force'. I heard from the man himself that it is gone, so you don't have to worry about people wanting it anymore," he explained.

"Then what have you come for?" she finally asked.

"Well, my inheritance test said that I'm the Heir of Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw. I'm confused on how this is possible and since there are no portraits or ghosts of the founders around here, I needed to find the oldest ghost in Hogwarts that may know something and Luna sent me to you."
The Grey Lady looked at with wide eyes.

She floated back and circled him for a bit. "There are portraits but they are hidden," she said.

"Where?"

She began to drift away from him, "On the third floor, there is a long wall filled with nothing but paintings. In the center, there is a large painting of an ornate room. Stand before the painting and say in either Parseltongue, Gobbledegook, Elvish or Mermish, 'Long Live Hogwarts!'. If you are truly an heir, you will be able to step through the painting and into the very room depicted before you. Beware, the floor is enchanted and looks down upon the Great Hall. Those in the Great Hall only see the enchanted ceiling, they do not know that there is actually a magical room above them. This is called the, 'Founder's Room' and inside you'll find the only portraits of them in existence. No one has been in that room in centuries, so they've only had each other as company. Remember to be respectful when addressing them."

He gave a small bow, "Thank you very much."

He turned to leave.

"Wait!"

He stopped and glanced back.

"Luna is kind. People severely misunderstand her. You truly are her friend?" the Grey Lady asked worriedly.

He gave her a smile, "I'm severely misunderstood at times too and Luna seems to be the only one who understands in those moments. I wouldn't trade her friendship for anything, my Lady."

Harry left the deserted corridor and made his way back to where Luna was waiting. When he saw her, threw his arms around her, "Thank you Luna! This was more than enough help!"

She smiled wistfully, "I'm glad I could help. I hope you enjoy the room."

Harry spent the first part of Saturday morning in the Library. Since he was allowed into the Restricted Section, but he couldn't remove the books from the Library, he had to spend his time taking notes of what he read so that he could practice later.

He had three hours until noon where the first official D.A. meeting was to take place and he had just gotten a good amount of reading done. So he decided to find the Founders Room.

Placing his notes in his bag and putting the book back, he left the Library.

On the third floor, he did indeed find the large painting of the room. He stood there for a moment, just letting himself be impressed by the magic. Talking to paintings was one thing but walking through them was another!

He looked up and said in Parseltongue, "**Long Live Hogwarts!**"

He tentatively placed a hand on the portrait and was enthralled when it slid through. Slowly, he pushed the rest of his body in as well and grinned when saw his surroundings change into the room. That was amazing!
He looked down and was in awe of the Great Hall. It was so different when it was empty.

He looked up and his jaw dropped. Staring incredulously at him from across the room, were four portraits and just by looking at them, he knew who was who.

He approached slowly and Salazar Slytherin spoke first. "You are my heir correct? You spoke the password in Parseltongue," he stated.

"You saw me while I was out there?" Harry asked, looking impressed.

They all nodded.

"Well to answer your question, I am not your heir. I'm theirs," Harry said, point at the other portraits.

Four jaws dropped.

"How are you their heir if you spoke Parseltongue?" Salazar demanded.

Harry snickered, "Sir, your line isn't the only one that speaks Parseltongue. And well, I have a piece of your heir's soul inside me, plus I'm a Hydra."

"Is that him?" Helga Hufflepuff asked, pointing behind him.

Harry turned and gaped. Tom stood outside the portrait, looking around for where he went.

He hummed to himself, "Do I risk death by announcing him or just leave him there to wonder?"

_Marvolo, do think I should announce that I know who he is?_

_It would surprise him most definitely. Do what you want, this may be interesting in the end._

Harry turned to the founders. "Do not tell him that I am a Hydra. He probably heard me speak Parseltongue to gain entrance and I'm only going to give him the first reason. I'm waiting to see how long it takes for him to notice that I'm a Hydra. It's a surprise."

They all nodded and he grinned. It was time to shock a Dark Lord.

He approached the part of the painting where Tom stood and waited a second. He then stuck his head through and smile when the man jumped a little. He looked around quickly to see only his head become visible through the painting. Cool.

"Hello, Tom."

The man's eyes widened just a tad before he regained himself.

"I think you have me confused with someone else, Mr. Potter."

If Harry didn't know for a fact that it was Tom, he would've fallen for that sincere tone. But since he knew the true face of the man in front of him, he didn't.

"Tom, you seriously need to give me more credit than that. The name you chose for yourself is an anagram for your real name, Thomas Marvolo Riddle. Now, say in Parseltongue, 'Long Live Hogwarts' and you can come inside."

Tom's eyes narrowed, _"I'll do what I wish you brat."_
"No, I ssaid 'Long Live Hogwartsssss'. Are you hearing impaired?" Harry asked with a sneer.

Tom's eyes widened but he finally did as Harry ordered. Harry reached out and grabbed his arm, pulling him through the painting.

When they were both inside the room, Harry looked at him closely. "Get rid of this. I'd prefer to look at the real you. Though you look good with long hair, shorter hair is better on you," he said.

"How do you know what I look like with short hair?" Tom demanded with a glare.

"Your diary," Harry simply answered.

Tom latched onto Harry's arm, "You have my diary? Where is it?!"

Harry tried pulling away but Tom's grip was firm. So he relented, "In my second year, Lucius Malfoy planted it on Ginny Weasley. The Chamber of Secrets was opened and students were being attacked left and right. One day, my friend and I went to check why Myrtle flooded the bathroom and I found a small black book on the floor. I met Tom and stuff happened. Ginny got the diary back after ransacking the boy's dorm and soon she was 'taken' into the chamber. I had to go down to save her and more stuff happened. Your memory sent the Basilisk after me while he was waiting for Ginny to die so that he could brought back to life. Long story short, I killed the Basilisk with the Sword of Gryffindor and then took the fang that had pierced my arm and stabbed the diary several times until it was destroyed. Fawkes came and healed me so I didn't die. That's how I know what you look like."

Tom looked pissed. "Lucius lost me my....."

"Yes. The Horcrux holding the largest piece of your soul."

Tom fixed him with a glare, "How do you know that? And how could you understand and speak Parseltongue? Answer me!"

"Calm down, we don't want you to get your knickers in a twist."

He was not amused.

"Fine! Dumbledore said once that when you tried to kill me that night fifteen years ago and the killing curse rebounded, you transferred some of your powers into me. The real truth is, you had committed two murders and when the curse rebounded and hit you, part of your soul splintered off and latched itself into my scarred head. Only this summer did the part of your soul begin interacting with me and he prefers that I call him Marvolo. He said that he is the reason why I'm a Parselmouth and that there is a connection between us because I have your soul and you have my blood. Marvolo says that you absorbed all the other Horcruxes that weren't destroyed, which is why you look so young again. He also said that I am one and probably the last."

Tom stared at him for a moment and then stepped into his personal space.

Marvolo whistled in Harry's mind when Tom wrapped one arm around his waist. "This may hurt," he mumbled.

Harry wasn't given a chance to say anything before Tom placed his palm and the BWL's forehead. Surprisingly there was no pain, not that Harry was complaining or anything.

After a moment, Tom stepped away, looking faintly sick, "You are a Horcrux and I can't remove it from you."
"This may sound odd, but why not?" Harry asked, rubbing his head slightly, trying to get the feeling of Tom's hand out of his mind. It was warm, and soft and just ohhh….

Orgasmic?

Sod off!

"My soul piece has merged with your soul. If I kill you, then I kill my soul. You are the last Horcrux and if you remain alive, I will stay immortal. Therefore I can't kill you."

Harry nodded, "Marvolo said that because I have your soul and you have my blood, we're both immortal."

Tom's eyes went wide. "Then, we can no longer be enemies. But what of the prophecy? Can we just ignore it?" he asked, uncertain.

"Well, I only know part of it, so I wouldn't be able to tell you what the whole thing says."

Tom grabbed his shoulders and began to shake him, "What part do you know?"

"Stop trying to disconnect my brain and I'll tell you!"

The shaking stopped and Harry shook his head to try and rid himself of the spinning.

"Okay, I'm good now. 'The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches. Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies. And the Dark Lord shall mark him as his equal but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not. I don't know the rest of it."

Tom reached out and ran finger along the lightning bolt scar. Harry fought to keep himself from shivering.

"The mark and our bond makes us equal. But what is this power that I know not?"

"I think it involves my inheritance. Otherwise, I'm just as lost as you are," Harry shrugged.

Tom ran his finger over Harry's scar again. "And what was your inheritance?" he asked in a soft voice, reminding Harry of his summer with the man.

Harry took a deep, inaudible breath, "Well, I have two. I'm a Metamorphmagus."

Tom's lips pursed, "And the other one?"

It was Harry's turn to mess around. "Well Tom, I'll let you try and figure it out on your own. My friends are trying to figure it out as well. See if you can beat them," he smirked.

Tom was silent for a moment, "What about the prophecy? If it says that we have to kill each other, then what?"

"Then we make an Unbreakable Vow to not kill each other. Then it's null and void," Harry suggested.

Tom sighed and nodded, "Grab my forearm and I shall do that same."

"I, Thomas Marvolo Riddle, Blood Lord of the Houses of Slytherin and Gaunt do hereby swear on my magic and my life that I will never kill nor vanquish Harry James Potter. So mote it be."
Harry took a deep breath, "I, Harrison Jamison Evans Potter, Blood Lord of the Houses of Potter, Black, Peverell, Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw, Magical Heir of the Houses of Merlin and Le Fay, do hereby swear on my magic and my life that I will never kill nor vanquish Thomas Marvolo Riddle, also known as Lord Voldemort. So mote it be."

The amount of magic that the two invoked shook the room. A bright red string of magic rose from Tom as an Avada green string arose from Harry. The two traveled down their connected arms and swirled around one another. Finally, a pure white light erupted between them and the two opposing colors blended together with a white string surrounding them.

Tom and Harry stepped away from each other as the magic calmed. Tom's eyes were the widest that Harry had ever seen and he couldn't help but ask what was wrong.

"I-I think I should research it first. If I'm correct, then I'll inform you."

Harry noted that Tom seemed flushed and nervous. "Okay then. Now that we aren't going to kill each other, we should get to know one another better. But I think we should talk to our ancestors now. And don't forget we have to meet with the D.A. soon," Harry reminded him.

Tom nodded, probably still blindsided by the whole event. The two turned to the shocked portraits on the wall and the conversing began.

A/N: Another one down.

How was it? Let me know!

Chapter End Notes

I made this version of the Founder's Room. The whole idea/version is mine.

I wrote this entire story in 28 days, a few months ago. My writing has improved greatly from it. It was my first BIG story that I finished. A couple months later, I started 'Deadly Eyes of a Phoenix Reborn'. My writing has drastically improved, so it may seem that their relationship is moving too fast but I don't plan on changing it, because they story has been finished for a while.

Check out 'Deadly Eyes', which is much more gradual and mature in the writing process and doing really well on this site. :)
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Tom learns some disturbing information.

Chapter Notes

Mention of soulmates. Don't hate me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Tom was completely out of his mind with shock. After he and Harry, who turned out to be his Horcrux, had talked with the founders and then spent time at the first D.A. meeting, they went their separate ways at dinner.

Tom hadn't gone to dinner though. He went straight to the Library to do some research.

When he and the teen had made the Unbreakable Vow, something happened. The boy obviously didn't know what it meant, but Tom had an idea. Tom had studied Soul Magic before, because he needed to know what he was getting himself into when he was making his Horcruxes.

Colors meant something. Colors were very important where Soul Magic was concerned. The color of one's soul showed their power level or their strength of will. But when the color turned white, the color of purity itself, then there was something much more important to the situation that was involved.

Reading the color of a soul was a lot like reading someone's aura. However, there was a more powerful outcome. When an aura changed, it wasn't that big of a deal. But if a soul changed color, then it could mean something bad. Very bad. Or it could be good, however good things didn't seem to happen to Tom all that often.

He entered the Restricted Section and immediately went to the back, where he knew the book he needed was. When he found it, he leaned back against the bookcase and flipped through it, looking for a particular section.

He found it.

Soul Colorations and Their Meanings in Magic:
Red - An emotionally intense color.

Shades of red include:

Light red - joy, sexuality, passion, sensitivity and love.

Pink - romance, love and friendship.

Dark red - vigor, willpower, leadership and lust.

Brown - masculine stability.

Reddish/Brown - Autumn or Fall.

Green - The color of healing, harmony and fertility. Strongly connected to safety.

Shades of green include:

Bright Green - joyful, love of life, wealthy, inexperienced and free-spirited.

Dark Green - Ambition, Greed and Jealousy.

Yellow/Green - Sickness and jealousy.

Aqua - Emotional healing and protection.

Olive - peace and tranquility.

White - Associated with light, purity, perfection, wholeness and virginity.

The color white represents, innocence and purity, new beginnings, equality and unity of two beings who are meant to be.

In Soul Binding, white represents one's soulmate.

Tom looked up not, really seeing what was in front of him.

His power had been a dark red, which meant he had, vigor, willpower, leadership and lust. Harry's was bright green, meaning that the boy was, joyful, loved life, free-spirited, inexperienced and wealthy. Both colors for them were spot on. It was the white that worried him.

Their souls had joined their magic in that vow. And when they connected for the first time, the white erupted between them. White, which signified unity of two souls, virginity, wholeness and perfection.

He liked to think he was perfect and with the way Harry had been acting, he'd say the same about the boy. In his seventy years, the Dark Lord had never lain with anyone. Man or woman. He'd used his charms to get what he wanted but he had never tried to take it further than what his goals entailed. Since it was pure white, that meant that the soulmates who came together were both virgins. Their souls had pretty much told them that they had been meant for each other and that they had waited.

He closed the book and turned to rest his head against the bookcase. This was going to be on his mind for the rest of his time at Hogwarts. Every time he would see the BWL, he'd be reminded of
the fact that they were meant to be together. There was no way he could look at the boy the same way now.

Tom placed the book back where he found it and left the Library. He needed some liquor and soon.

He was doing it again. It wasn't like he could help himself though. After his soulmate had been pointed out to him, that was all that was on his mind.

He felt like a creepy old man because his soulmate was one fourth his age. It wasn't the fact that Harry was also a male. Though Tom had never been with anyone, he had always found himself preferring the same sex. He didn't know why.

Maybe it was the ability to dominate someone of the same sex so thoroughly that turned him on, or something else altogether. He didn't know and it didn't bother him at all. But he felt perverted every time he noticed the way Harry's lips just seemed to caress his silverware as he ate or how those slitted Avada eyes lit up in excitement. He often enough found himself staring at Harry's hips, finding that he wanted to rest his hands on them and fondle them.

At every meal, his eyes always found the BWL and he was beginning to be affected. At first he had just enjoyed noticing but now, after a few weeks of noticing, he'd begun reacting.

Now, every time Harry licked his lips free of food, Tom felt himself twitch in his trousers. When a playful smirk grew on those delicious looking lips, he needed a cold shower. Harry was driving him mad and the boy didn't even know it!

This wasn't proper Dark Lord behavior! Dark Lords did not lust after children! Dark Lords did not lust period! He was a sodding creep. It didn't matter that his soul mate was emancipated and therefore considered old enough, nor did it matter that he looked young again. No, the age was what really got him and it could kill him if it was a physical weapon!

There had to be some way for him to feel better about this!

This afternoon, there was another D.A. meeting. The seventh since the school year started. Harry had decided that the two of them should stay behind afterwards and get to know each other better. They had done this several times already and had learned much about one another. Though he was sometimes distracted while in Harry's presence, talking helped divert his attention properly. When he learned of Harry's life with his muggle relatives, he remembered why he disliked muggles so much. Though he didn't want to kill them all, he still didn't like them.

He then heard of what Dumbledore had done and how the boy no longer wanted anything to do with the manipulative old loon. Tom found himself liking Harry even more every time he opened his mouth.

Actually, getting along with his soulmate made him extremely happy. To think that he was ready to kill the boy at one point in time. It made him sick just remembering it! Not just because Harry was his last Horcrux. It was rare for people to find their soulmates and the death of one takes a harsh toll on the other. The feel as if they have no reason to go on and lose their will to live. And if you are the one to kill your soulmate, there is no chance of repentance and you will eternally suffer for it.

All because of a prophecy that they weren't even sure if it was real. Harry actually brought up a good idea about discovering what the prophecy said. Tom remembered the conversation well.

"I got it!" Harry yelled suddenly, repeatedly hitting Tom in the arm in his excitement.
"You're enthusiasm is going to cost me my arm one of these days," he muttered in return, rubbing the throbbing appendage.

Harry ignored him. "Professor Trelawney is the one who gave the prophecy! You're a good Legilimens and Occlumens so you can just traipse about her mind and find out the truth!" Harry smiled beautifully, making Tom flush slightly.

It was a good idea and Tom was embarrassed that he hadn't been the one to think of it first. But then again, Harry was just that amazing.

He was planning on finding out son, but not today, because there was a Quidditch match a Gryffindor was against Slytherin. He still didn't like the sport, but he did enjoy watching Harry straddle a broom.

And there he went, being a pervert again!

Would he ever be able to think rationally where Harry was concerned?

Harry sat in the Great Hall, eating with his friends. Marvolo had been present a lot more in the last few weeks. Apparently, he'd been driving Tom crazy and Marvolo could see the signs because it was him in a sense. Marvolo found the whole situation hilarious, saying that soon Harry was going to give in to Tom's charms.

Harry was relieved to hear that Tom was interested in him as well. It would be awkward to like someone and they didn't like you in the same way. He'd been through that with Cho and he did not like it.

Tom had made a list of the things he had observed about Harry and Harry gave him the same information he'd given his friends.

- Harry's eyes were slitted.
- He had fangs (wasn't a vampire).
- His senses were highly developed.
- He had extra strength.
- His speed was advanced.
- He came into his inheritance this Summer.
- It was a creature inheritance.

Tom had ruled out High Elf, Vampire and Werewolf, because he showed none of the other characteristic of the three.

Tom had begged (though he would never admit to anyone who asked) for Harry to tell him more. But Harry liked watching Tom's frustration and he was slightly terrified of the man's reaction when he found out that Harry was Septimus. Would he be angry and no longer want anything to do with Harry?

Calm down. Trust me, even when he finds out, he won't push you away.

How can you be so sure? How do you know that he won't hate me?
Marvolo sighed, *Just trust me on this. He won't hate you. He may be a little offended, but there is no way he could stay away from you.*

*Fine.*

Marvolo sighed in relief when Harry dropped the subject. Since the boy knew nothing of Soul Magic, he didn't know that the white light from his and Tom's vow had meant that they were soulmates. Even if Tom was angry, there was no way he could push his soulmate away and that was a fact.

Since soulmates actually finding each other was such a rare thing, once they did find each other, nothing could keep them apart. They always wanted to be in the company of their significant other.

Tom knew this and that was why he'd begun to pay Harry more attention and why every time Harry so much as moved, Tom was left panting with want. Knowing that your soulmate was only a few feet away and you couldn't do anything with them, was torture. Worse than the *Cruciatus.*

He was glad he was only the piece of a soul and that he didn't have a body, because living inside his soulmate would've been torture. Since he wasn't corporeal, he could just settle on the emotions and was content with just that. Besides, to some extent he could feel what Harry felt, because he had merged their souls so Tom wouldn't be able to take him back. He didn't want to leave Harry and made sure that he wouldn't have to.

Tom and Harry were slowly getting closer and with his guidance, soon they'd be together forever. So long as Harry continued to listen to him.

He sighed and focused on Harry who was eating pudding.

*Pause!*

Harry froze, spoon between his lips.

Marvolo smirked, *I want you to lick the spoon slowly.*

*Why?*

*Just do it!* *And glance at Tom while doing so.*

Harry shrugged and did as ordered.

Marvolo was laughing hysterically when Tom shifted and closed his legs.

This was going to be a great eternity!

**A/N: Another one done!**

**How was it? Let me know!**

Chapter End Notes

So, Marvolo is a pervert. Yeah.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Tom learns the truth and imparts it to Harry.

Chapter Notes

Drama to come people and a murderous Harry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Tom was angry! Never in his life did he remember being this angry! How dare he! How dare that blasted old fool meddle in his life like that! What gave him the right?! Nothing! He had no right!

He had followed up with Harry’s plan of trapping Trelawney and getting the prophecy from her. He got more than one. No, he received two! One real and one fake and the fake one, was the one that stated that he and Harry were enemies and either must kill the other.

'The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches… born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies… and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not… and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives… the one with the power to vanquish that Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies…'

That was the false prophecy.

The real prophecy was so different it made his blood boil.

'The one with the power equivalent of the Lord of Serpents approacheth… born to his adversaries… born on the first night of Lughnasadh… the two are bound… their souls are one… a mistake shall separate them, but a new connection will be forged… making the two unstoppable by anyone other than each other… for they are one… in soul, body, mind, heart and magic… and they shall overcome the Dark Phoenix and bring about the necessary revolution of the magical world…'

He could see exactly where Dumbledore had changed everything to resemble the prophecy he wanted.

That definitely sounded like he and Harry were going to team up and take down Dumbledore's
It had stated from the very beginning that he and Harry were meant to be together and that they were one. Soulmates. And it also said that they could only die, if one of them were to kill the other. Dumbledore sure had fun messing with that line of the prophecy. 'Either must die at the hand of the other, for neither can live while the other survives'. Bloody bastard.

Did he really seem like that bad of a person that Dumbledore would go through all of this, even putting the lives of several people on the line, just to be rid of him?!

Was the man really that prejudiced against Slytherins that much? When Tom had first come to Hogwarts, he'd been somewhat depressed and ambitious to better himself, so he would no longer have to suffer at the hands of those 'people'. Ever since he was sorted into Slytherin and was found out to be a Parselmouth and then the Heir of Slytherin himself, Dumbledore started suspecting him of everything! If someone tripped, it was somehow Tom's fault! He hated being treated like a monster when he did nothing to deserve such treatment!

He stopped his incessant pacing and leaned against the nearest wall. He'd have to tell Harry. Which meant that he'd have to tell Harry everything in order to explain the prophecy. Which meant that he had to tell his soulmate about them being soulmates. Oh this did not bode well for him!

"Harry, I found the real prophecy," Tom said as he pulled the BWL into the Room of Requirement. Inside was a simple fireplace and a loveseat. He couldn't help but think of how apropos it was. He dragged his soulmate over to the comfortable looking piece of furniture and drew him down, to sit beside him.

Harry looked excited, "Tell me, Tom!"

Tom sighed, "I found the real prophecy and the fake one. The rest of the false prophecy states, 'And either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives.' Dumbledore fabricated this when Trelawney gave him a prophecy that he did not approve of." Harry twitched. "He made the whole thing up?! Then what does the original one say?" he asked, looking severely annoyed.

"The true prophecy states, 'The one with the power equivalent of the Lord of Serpents approacheth… born to his adversaries… born on the first night of Lughnasadh… the two are bound… their souls are one… a mistake shall separate them, but a new connection will be forged… making the two unstoppable by anyone other than each other… for they are one… in soul, body, mind, heart and magic… and they shall overcome the Dark Phoenix and bring about the necessary revolution of the world…'. Dumbledore made a lot of changes to fit his purpose," Tom explained, shifting uncomfortably, waiting for Harry to ask.

Harry was silent as he mulled over Tom's words.

He then looked up suddenly, stealing Tom's breath away at the looking those Avada eyes.

"What does it mean by, 'they are one'?"

Tom chewed his bottom lip in worry. Merlin help him!

"When we made the vows to not kill each other, there was a bright white light. Do you remember that I told you when I researched it, I would tell you what it meant?" he asked.
Harry nodded.

"Well, when our magic rose to the vows, our souls did as well. Soul Magic is very important. Souls have a particular color, much like auras. The difference is, that when someone's aura changes, it isn't detrimental to them in any way. But when a soul changes color it can either mean something good or bad. My red, meant that I'm in a position of leadership, I have a strong will and a healthy amount of lust. Your green meant that you are free-spirited, inexperienced, wealthy, joyful and you love life. Then, the white appeared as soon as our magic and souls connected and wrapped around them as they blended together. The white in Soul Magic, signifies purity, unity, perfection, virginity, wholeness, new beginnings, equality and unity of two beings who are meant to be. In Soul Binding, white means that the two are soulmates."

Harry's gorgeous eyes slowly widened. "We're soulmates?" he whispered in shock.

Tom nodded, waiting for he hysterics to come.

Harry was silent, his eyes flashing back and forth several times. His face also flushed a few times. Tom was sure that Marvolo was speaking to him at he moment.

"So, we're soulmates and the prophecy said that only we could kill each other, no one else can?" the teen asked, not looking at him.

"Yes."

"And I'm guessing that the Dark Phoenix is Dumbledore?"

"Correct."

"So, because Dumbledore didn't like what he heard, he decided to give me and my parents over to you on a silver platter?"

Tom watched uncertainly and nodded.

"**BLOODY BUGGERING FUCK!**" Harry hissed suddenly, jumping to his feet and moving to run around the sofa.

Tom was just as fast, if not a little faster and caught the young wizard around the hips.

"**Let go of me, Tom! I'm going to fucking kill that meddling old arsssse! Let'ssss ssssee how death sssseemssss to him when he'ssss on the recessseiving end of it!**" Harry continued hissing, writhing in Tom's grip, trying to break away.

Though Tom was extremely turned on at Harry's enraged Parseltongue, he knew that this could only be solved one way. If he didn't want Harry to get into trouble, then he couldn't let him carry out his plans for the old man.

He gripped those deliciously trim hips tighter and pulled Harry back against his chest. He wrapped his arms around the teens waist and held him still.

Harry had frozen in that moment, his insults and threat dying as he took in their position.

He let out a shuddering breath and slumped in Tom's arms.

"You can't get revenge yet. You'd have to set it up to make it look like he is the enemy. He may even get an execution if you can take your story to the Daily Prophet. If you act now, you'll be
in serious trouble which won't help either of us in any way," Tom spoke softly, trying to fully calm his mate down.

"We're truly soulmates, Tom?" he asked in a small voice.

"Yes."

"And...do you feel...anything...for me?"

Tom sighed and rested his head on Harry's right shoulder. "Yes. Bloody hell I do. Very much. It makes me feel like a creep, because you're one fourth my age."

Harry let out sigh as he fully relaxed, "I'm glad, otherwise I'd feel sad knowing I'm the only one who feels something."

Did he just?

Harry moved a bit and glanced back at him. "Tom, you have no idea what you and Marvolo are doing to me," he whispered, a new look that Tom had never seen before, entering his eyes.

What they were doing to him? Was Harry admitting to feeling for him as well?

Harry turned all the way around in his arms and looked up at him, with those open eyes. They were half lidded, looking a few shades darker than normal.

Harry's right hand reached up and brushed across his high cheekbone.

Tom's breathing stuttered when Harry's Avada eyes closed and he leaned up to press his soft lips against Tom's.

And Tom was lost.

**A/N: Another done! That wasn't corny, was it?**

**How was it? Let me know!**

Chapter End Notes

That wasn't corny was it?

Remember, this was my first SLASH pairing story and all previous romantic scenes I had done in other stories weren't so detailed. There is sex in later chapters, but remember, this was my FIRST SLASH and I only wrote the whole story in 28 days.

Please don't be harsh on me. The people on FF.net seemed to like it the way it was.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

LIME!!!!!!WARNING!!!!!!

Chapter Notes

Don't hate the SLASH LIME! '-'_. ('_')

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Heaven, or at least some form of euphoria. That's what he was feeling at the moment and he loved it!

Tom had kissed several people before, as a way for him to get what he wanted. Tom had kissed them, but never before had Tom been kissed. He was always the one to initiate physical contact with other beings but Harry seemed to ignore everything and just take what he wanted. And what he wanted well, Tom could at least admit that he liked it very much.

Those lips that he'd been thinking about, dreaming about for the past two months were on his. Harry was kissing him!

When he felt something smooth and warm touch the crease of his lips, a heat spread through Tom faster than a shooting star. Harry's tongue swept into his mouth and they battled, trying to dominate one another.

Tom took control then and easily rendered Harry immobile as he plundered those delicious cherry lips. His arms wrapped around the teen tighter as he kissed Harry senseless.

Harry moaned and clutched at Tom's arms, trying to find purchase. He keened when Tom nibbled his bottom lip and unconsciously ground himself against the older man. The response he received was instant. Tom had Harry's legs wrapped around his waist in seconds and pulled the boy against him, grinding back as hard as he could.

Harry pulled back slightly to moan out, "Tom."

Tom had always hated his name. Now however, he could only hope that Harry would repeat it over and over in that deliciously lusty voice of his.
Harry gasped when he was pushed against the wall. The flat surface at his back just ensured that Tom's pelvis could grind into his more deeply and he loved the feeling!

Tom kissed him once more, rolling his hips again for Harry's benefit. The teen whimpered and begged for him to do it again.

"Do what again, Harry?" Tom hissed, slipping into Parseltongue.

Harry jolted at the sounds leaving Tom's lips. Parseltongue was so hot coming from Tom! Tom made everything hot!

"Move! Touch me! Do sssomething! Pleasssse, Tom?!" he hissed when his mate stopped.

Tom looked into Harry's Avada eyes and saw the pleading look the boy was giving him. He smirked and jerked his hips quickly, making his little Parselmouth gasp.

He waved a hand, using magic to remove Harry's jumper. He repeated the action, unbuttoning the shirt slightly, giving him full access to Harry's pectorals. He resumed his motions as he placed his lips against Harry's chest.

He trailed his teeth across the erect little nub, enjoying how the BWL groaned and asked for more.

"Beg," he simply stated, wanting to hear Harry speak.

"Tom!"

"Beg," he repeated, flicking his tongue out and chuckling as his mate stiffened.

"Fuck! Pleasssse, Tom?!" Harry panted, trying to move against him.

Tom grinned in triumph and leaned down. Exactly when he thrust against Harry, he bit the little nub.

Harry jerked in pleasure and moved fast, latching his fangs into Tom's neck. Tom must've had a morbidly masochistic side because the pain from the bite pushed him over the edge.

The two shuddered for several moments, trying to regain their bearings.

Harry pulled back and looked at Tom's throat in worry. He'd just bitten the man, forgetting that he had very lethal venom running through his body! He was relieved when Tom made no movements or any sounds and he was interested in the black marking appearing on the man's skin.

It was the head of a black snake and it had Harry's eyes. Above its right eye was a silver lightning bolt. Harry stared as his breathing returned to normal. He had just marked Tom.

Tom pulled away slowly, letting Harry's feet touch the floor. Harry leaned against the wall and sighed. "You know, I've never done anything like that. At that one point I didn't even know what I was asking for, all I knew was that I really wanted it," he said with a deep flush, feeling the wetness in his trousers every time he moved.

Tom smirked suddenly, "You've never touched yourself, Harry? Not even when thinking of me?"

Harry flushed even more and shook his head.

Tom laughed and waved a hand, casting a silent cleaning charm on them. Once he felt clean,
he leaned down to whisper in Harry's ear, "If it makes you feel better, I only just started and you're all I can think about when I do."

Harry stepped forward to hide his face in Tom's chest. In the heat of the moment, he hadn't cared what had happened so long as he found release. Now that he was in his right mind again, he felt embarrassed talking about it. Even with Marvolo jeering in his head, he couldn't calm down.

"That's another thing to add to the list. The magical creature that you are allows you to mark your mate. That narrows my list down, significantly," Tom hummed.

Harry felt a small spark of fear but pushed it from his mind. He had other things to think about.

"Okay, so how are we going to deal with Dumbledore?" he asked, voice muffled because of Tom's shirt.

"I'm going to get into the Department of Mysteries over the Yule hols and you are going to visit the Daily Prophet and have a nice interview with the Skeeter woman. The wizarding world shall be made aware of what your life was truly like and of your new station. You will sow seeds of doubt in the wizarding world's minds and the more that is revealed, the more Dumbledore will be targeted. People will turn away from him when they find out how you were raised and how Dumbledore refused to inform you of anything, even though you are sixteen. You must act the part of a concerned citizen. You must hint at the fact that Dumbledore isn't the good person everyone thinks he is, but not outwardly do so. Skeeter will draw her own conclusions, she's been doing it for years. The Minister already doesn't like Dumbledore and if Dumbledore is questioned and becomes a threat when people refuse to see his way as the right way, you could most likely get away with killing him. Or even disarming him as a defense for the Minister. There is so much we can do, to bring Dumbledore down and if you do it the right way, the outcome will be extremely beneficial to you," Tom explained.

Harry nodded, liking the idea more than just outright killing the man. Making him suffer before hand sounded a lot better.

"Why do you need to go to the DoM?" he asked, not understanding that part.

"I think there's something missing in all of this. Dumbledore's like for me died when he found out I was a Parselmouth and I was sorted into Slytherin. He knew I was the Heir of Slytherin, but never told me, the same way he did with you. He knew something and I want to see if there are any prophecy's involving Tom Riddle. When I find out, I'll tell you immediately, I promise."

Harry nodded in understanding. It all made sense and if Tom found a prophecy, what would it say?

"Come, we've been in here for too long and someone is bound to notice our joint disappearance," Tom said, pulling him toward the door.

Harry stumbled after him and Tom turned back to give him a smirk. "Can you even walk? Are my skills that good even though it's been nearly five minutes?" he teased.

Harry glared and moved past him and out the door, determined to walk normally.

Tom just laughed and caught up to him.

It seemed their relationship had just took on a new level and he found himself excited for it.

Hermione cornered Harry early the next Sunday.
"Hydra!"

Harry gaped for a second before placing a silencing charm on the area.

"And how did you find out about this?" he asked.

"Fangs, claws, venom, acidic blood, natural grace, slitted eyes, inability to venture out into the public eye, Parselmouth, the heat charms you place on yourself all the time show that you are cold blooded and need heat, advanced senses and heightened speed and strength. Eventually, Hydra was the only thing that fit it all," she shrugged.

"And you don't think I'm evil because I'm a 'Dark' creature?" Harry asked with a frown.

She shook her head, "You're still Harry, maybe with a little more confidence than before though. I'm not going to stop being your friend just because of that."

Harry threw his arms around her, "Thanks, Mione!"

He then grabbed her hand and began towing her toward the boy's dorms where they both knew Ron was still sleeping in, even though it was almost noon.

"It's time I told you of my Summer."

---

Ron had choked on his saliva several times during Harry's explanation. And both he and Hermione had been skeptical of it all, until Harry got to the part where Dumbledore didn't tell him he was the heir to an ancient and noble house and that Sirius made him his heir as well. And the fact that he had Harry believing that his trust fund was all that his parents left him and that he was stealing money from it every year since he became Harry's Magical Guardian.

By the time he was finished, Hermione was thinking even harder on joining the fight for the rights of Magical Creatures and Ron wanted to bash Dumbledore's bespectacled head in. He suggested on telling his mum and dad as well as his brothers and Ginny. They'd pull from the Order and have nothing to do with Dumbledore.

They both also agreed with his and Tom's plans for destroying Dumbledore through the Prophet. Hermione hadn't defended the man once through the whole conversation and Harry was relieved. He didn't want to lose his friends because of this.

She said as long as he didn't kill the man because he could, then it was all okay. Ron suggested sending Fred and George after him and Harry and Hermione liked the idea. The twins had very wild imaginations and could come up with some of the most terrifying things, for their very popular business was anything to go by.

Surprisingly, neither seemed to care that their DADA professor was the 'Dark Lord'. The fact that Tom never considered himself such and Dumbledore had been the one to name him that. Dumbledore had also changed the name of Tom's followers from the Knights of Walpurgis to Death Eaters in hopes that people would be afraid and side with him instead of Tom. The names just stuck after a while, and no one would believe the 'Dark Lord' if he told them otherwise, because he was supposed to be the bringer of evil and darkness. Dumbledore's reputation versus his, left him at a severe disadvantage.

Hermione and Ron both wanted to talk to Tom personally and decide for themselves if they'd side with him or just remain neutral. Harry had a feeling that they'd side with Tom in the end. Hermione especially, with all the rights for magical creatures. But he didn't feel like pressuring them and told
them that they'd still be his friends no matter what they chose.  
He then dragged them down to Tom's office and left them at the mercy of his boyfriend/soulmate.

**A/N: Another one done!**

**How was it? Please be kind when you let me know!**

---

Chapter End Notes

My first SLASH scene ever. I wrote this several months ago, remember, so my writing has changed quite a bit. I did try to make it better though. I hope it didn't suck.

The people on FF.net loved it, so please be nice?

*FYI, I HAD NEVER WRITTEN SLASH BEFORE THIS! EVERY STORY I WROTE WHERE THE MAIN CHARACTER WAS A GUY, I MADE THEM A GIRL. HOWEVER, I REALLY LIKE SLASH(I'M A PERV LIKE THAT), SO I WANTED TO SEE IF I COULD WRITE IT. I HAD ONLY WRITTEN 4 SEX SCENES WHEN THIS STORY WAS POSTED ON FF.NET. THIS WAS THE MOST DETAILED I HAD EVER GOTTEN WITH A KISS AT THE TIME AND IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE IT, I'M SORRY. JUST TRY AND GIVE ME SOME CREDIT, I HAD GONE IN BLIND WITH IT.*
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Harry goes to the Prophet! It's 31 December, Tom's birthday and he gets a great surprise. Part 1 of Tom's birthday.

Chapter Notes

Harry has an interview with Skeeter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people! Thank you for reviewing!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

The Yule hols came around very quickly. Harry had re-worked the wards on Grimmauld Place, making sure that only the people he wanted to enter, could enter. Snape, Tonks, Moody, Remus, Kingsley, the Weasley's and Hermione. He didn't know the other Order members well enough to trust them. But the previous ones he had decided to allow in his home all had his trust, since they swore to be with him no matter what he did. Well, Snape had said something along the lines of making sure he didn't kill himself, but the emotion was there somewhere.

He did all of his shopping for the hols the day he got back. Going against some people's wishes, he ventured out into Diagon Alley to shop. He even went into Knockturn Alley to get a few things.

Everyone loved their gifts, even Snape. Harry had given him a set of magically enforced emerald potion vials, filled with Basilisk Venom(which he had gotten from the Chamber of Secrets). The man's reaction was priceless since he had choked on air and had to show appreciation to Harry.

On 30 December, Harry made another trip into Diagon Alley. This time, his destination was the Daily Prophet.

The moment he entered the building, he was flocked by reporters asking him questions.

Over the noise, he had to yell, "I'm looking for Rita Skeeter!"

The people parted immediately and pointed to a fluorescent green door on the far side of the room. He nodded his appreciation and made his way toward it.

He knocked and received a hollered, "Enter!"

When Rita, who was dressed in the same green outfit she wore when she interviewed Harry for the
TWT, looked up, her jaw dropped slightly. Then suddenly, she looked a little nervous.

"Well hello, Harry!" she smiled with false enthusiasm.

"Good afternoon, Rita. I came to have a talk with you," he said pleasantly.

She shifted nervously, "If this is about the articles during the Summer, your Magical Guardian gave me permission to print them!"

Harry's eyes narrowed dangerously, "Yes, Dumbledore had no business doing that. As of my sixteenth birthday on 31 July of this year, he was no longer by law, my Magical Guardian. When he couldn't find me at my aunt's house and found out that my Trace was gone, he approached the Goblins the next day and they told him I had been emancipated. Dumbledore had no right to grant you permission to print anything about me and now I'm wondering who I should sue."

Though Rita looked terrified at the mention of the word 'sue' she was also intrigued and was eyeing her quill. "Now, now!" she said. "I'm sure we can solve this amicably!"

Harry smirked, happy that she had fallen for his trap. "I believe we can, Rita. I have decided to let the wizarding world know the story of my life, while at the same time, ruining someone's image. Since people believe everything you write even if it's a bald faced a lie, this will spread around easily. If you can manage to pull this off without lying about me, then you may become my personal reporter and I will only come to you," he informed her.

Rita gaped for a moment, before nodding vigorously. She snapped her fingers and a bright white light covered her quill. It stood at attention on a piece of parchment and waited.

He held up a hand, "Just so you know, this will make many people unhappy. I wouldn't put it past anyone to try and impersonate me, so we'll have a rule. If Harry Potter walks into his office, you will ask him, 'What is the password?'. He must answer," Harry paused to set up a silencing charm. Then he continued, "'Knights of Walpurgis'. If he doesn't, then he is a fake. Do you understand?" he asked.

She nodded again.

"I will now take a wizard's oath."

Her eyes widened.

"I, Harrison Jamison Evans Potter, Blood Lord of the Houses of Potter, Black, Peverell, Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw, and Magical Heir of the Houses of Merlin and Le Fay do hereby swear on my magic than anything I am about to say is the absolute truth, to the best of my knowledge."

Rita's eyes widened for what wouldn't be the last time.

Tom opened the Daily Prophet on 31 December and grinned at the Headline.

"The Truth Behind the Boy-Who-Lived"

My dear readers, you will not believe who visited my office yesterday afternoon! Mr. Potter came by around noon and asked me for an interview. I was honored and of course couldn't refuse his humble request.

He also took an oath beforehand stating that everything he was about to say was the truth to
RS: Good afternoon Harry, how are you today?

HP: I'm doing quite well, Rita. Thank you for asking.

RS: So Harry, you were missing for a good part of the summer. Care to fill the worried wizarding world in?

HP: Well, I came into my inheritance on my birthday and I wasn't fit to be in public for a while.

RS: Oh! Do tell!

HP: I'm a Metamorphmagus and something else as well. I wish to keep that secret for now, however.

RS: That's amazing, Harry! It's not often that a wizard receives two creature inheritances. Were you aware of the wizarding world's reaction to your disappearance? I'm sure your family was very worried about you.

HP: *He actually snorted, dear readers!* No they wouldn't. They would love it if I went missing and never came back. As for the wizarding world, I knew nothing until I went to Gringotts to inquire about my inheritances.

RS: Why would you think your family would be happy if something bad happened to you, Harry?

HP: They hate magic, Rita. Everyone knows that my mother was a muggleborn. Well, her sister hated her for being magical. It wasn't fair that 'Perfect Lily' always had the amazing things happen to her and because their parents began paying more attention to my mother, my aunt grew bitter and jealous. So with all that hatred and then suddenly being landed with me one morning when she opened the front door and saw a baby laying on the doorstep with a small note, she placed all of her hatred on me. She told her husband about the magical world and they resolved to beat the magic out of me. Any time the 'M' word was said, there were consequences. Any time I had spurts of accidental magic, my cousin had free reign to do whatever he wanted to me and then they would lock me away.

RS: Beat and locked away? *Dear readers, I became very worried at those words! And the fact that he was left on a doorstep in November was astonishing!*  

HP: Yes, Rita. Growing up, I never knew that I was magical. My aunt and uncle knew though and they tried everything to turn me away from the possibility of magic. They told me that there was no such thing as magic. Strange things always happened around me and I was called a 'freak' and a 'monster' and was told that I and the people who are like me don't deserve to live. Whenever I did anything abnormal, my cousin would beat me up and then they'd lock me in my cupboard for days at a time.

RS: Your cupboard?

HP: *He nodded in affirmation, not uncomfortable in the slightest* My bedroom until my
second year at Hogwarts was a small cupboard under the stairs. They kept me in there and put locks on the door so that I couldn't leave. I would wake up and cook their breakfast and if they didn't give me anything to eat, I had to start on my chores. I would take breaks when I needed to cook lunch and dinner. After dinner, I would wash all the dishes and then, if I didn't get to eat, I'd get to use the lavatory for ten minutes. Afterwards, I would be locked in my cupboard for the rest of the evening.

RS: You're chores took all day to do? You spent your life in a cupboard? And they didn't feed you?

HP: Yes. Think of a House Elf and the way they are treated and you have somewhat of an idea what it was like for me growing up. Every time I see a House Elf and am polite to them, they nearly fall over themselves in shock. The reason I am nice is because I know what they go through and I can relate to the ones who don't like their jobs. My cupboard was small but I'm small as well, so it wasn't that cramped and I even had a light! They withheld food whenever my chores weren't done to their specifications or something 'freaky' happened. Or I did better than my cousin in school or sometimes just for no reason at all.

RS: 'Freaky'? So they told you you were a freak but didn't explain why they thought so? Did you even know about your magic?

HP: *He shook his head, dear readers!* I found out that I was a wizard on my eleventh birthday. The letters had been coming for a while but they wouldn't let me read them and kept burning them. All the while, the neighborhood was flooded with owls of all colors and sizes. When my uncle finally had enough, he took us to a small house in the middle of the Atlantic, in hopes that we wouldn't be found. Precisely at midnight on my birthday, the Gamekeeper at Hogwarts knocked the door to the house down and he proceeded to tell me that I was magical. He assumed that I knew all about magic and my parents and when I told him 'no', he rounded on my uncle who the argued on how they refused to have a 'freak' in the family. They had told me my parents died in a car crash while driving drunk and that they got stuck with me because of it. I was taken from there that night and was introduced partially, to the wizarding world.

RS: *By now I was in complete shock. He didn't know until then, dear readers!* And how did you react to the magical world when you were introduced?

HP: I was confused. Everywhere I went, people were thanking me and asking to shake my hand. This had never happened because my cousin always scared people away from me, making sure that I had no friends. So to have people suddenly want to be near me, was unnerving. And I didn't know what they were talking about! Welcoming me back when I was sure I had never been there before. I was told that I was famous but no one would tell me why, so I was left in the dark for a while.

*He looked at the ceiling for a moment and then sighed, shaking his head.* When I got my wand, Mr. Ollivander informed me that my wand was brother to the wand that gave me my scar. Because of that, I put two and two together and asked Hagrid, the Gamekeeper of Hogwarts, about my parents and if the man who gave me my scar, had been the one to kill them. He explained a few things but I was still confused.
RS: How did it feel to find out that you were the heir to the House of Potter and you had a fortune?

HP: *His face took on the strangest expression, dear readers.* I didn't find out about that until I went to Gringotts this summer. I was told that my school fund was the only money my parents left me. I didn't know that Potter was an Ancient and Noble House or that I was wealthy.

RS: *That's correct, dear readers. The Savior didn't know until this summer that he was an heir and had vast amounts of wealth.* Your Magical Guardian never told you any of this?

HP: *He shook his head.* No. I actually didn't know that I had a Magical Guardian. I didn't even know that such a thing existed! So when I went to Gringotts, they told me that I had been emancipated and that Albus Dumbledore was no longer my Magical Guardian and could no longer make decisions for me. When they found out that I understood nothing of what they were saying, they spent a long time explaining everything to me. They were not happy to learn that my Magical Guardian had been collecting my mail from them and making decisions and taking money from my school fund without contacting me about it all. I was asked to provide a memory to verify the truth of my statements and when I did, I had several irate Goblins on my hands.

RS: You are saying, that after six years in Hogwarts, Dumbledore never told you about anything? Not once? And he never informed you of the money he was taking, nor anything else that was imperative for you to know?

HP: *He was nodding.*

RS: So then, you found out that you were a Lord and then what happened? What actions did you take?

HP: I found out that I'm the Blood Lord of the Houses of Potter, Black, Peverell, Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw. I am also the Magical Heir of the Houses of Merlin and Le Fay.

RS: *You can imagine my surprise.* That's quite the list there, Harry. Though some bring questions, I actually am very curious about you being Lord Black? How is that possible?

HP: My paternal grandmother was Dorea Black. Sirius Black, my godfather, had named me his heir because he never planned on having children.

RS: Why would a convict who wanted to kill you, name you his heir? Even if he was your godfather? *Dear readers, I couldn't wrap my mind around this!*

HP: My parents named him my godfather before I was born. When Voldemort killed them, people assumed that Sirius was their Secret Keeper but he wasn't. Peter Pettigrew was and when he left to take care of the wretch, Pettigrew caused a ruckus and then cut his finger off to make people think that Sirius killed him. Peter was in fact an unregistered Animagus and transformed into a rat and ran away. Sirius was taken by the Aurors and was imprisoned in Azkaban without a trial.

RS: *Every time Harry spoke, I could feel the shock returning, stronger than before.* How
would you know if Pettigrew was an Animagus and alive? Or that Sirius Black was innocent and not given a trial?

HP: *He gave a small smile and flushed!* As a Gryffindor, I tend to do dangerous things all the time, without thoughts of the possible consequences. In my third year, Sirius escaped from Azkaban and everyone was under the impression that he was after me. Dementors were allowed on Hogwarts grounds in order to catch him if he got too close. I did some snooping around and found out that Sirius was my godfather and that he had 'betrayed' my parents to Voldemort and 'killed' Pettigrew. But later on, I came across some information that stated that Peter Pettigrew was alive and well inside the castle! I was confused, so I disregarded it.

Then one day in June, my best mate's pet rat bit him and ran away, so we and our other mate followed, trying to catch him. We finally caught up, just at the roots of the Whomping Willow. He then screamed and pointed behind us, where a large black dog stood, growling. Earlier that year, Professor Trelawney, who teaches Divination, told me that my tea leaves were in the shape of the 'Grim'. So the big black dog had scared us. When it didn't attack me, but went after my mate, we were confused. It grabbed him by the ankle and dragged him into a hole under the Whomping Willow. We followed as fast as we could and found ourselves in a small tunnel that lead to the Shrieking Shack.

When we found our friend, he was sitting in a corner and staring at something behind us and that was when Sirius made his presence known. My mates told him that if he wanted to kill me, he'd have to kill them first but he said that wasn't what he was after. Before he could continue, Professor Lupin, who was the DADA professor for the year, appeared and the two started talking. Sirius still hadn't clarified why he was there and kept going on about 'killing him', demanding restitution for twelve years of unjust imprisonment. Lupin gave him his wand but said that he should wait because I had a right to know why. When I accused Sirius of being a murderer, they immediately told me that he wasn't and said that the one who had betrayed my parents was Peter Pettigrew. I was curious because many believed him to be dead but then I was told he was alive but had thought that the information was false, so I forgot about it. Now they were saying that he was in the room with us and they wanted to kill him.

Before they could anything, Professor Snape, our Potions Master, intervened and disarmed him. I wanted to know what Lupin and Sirius were saying, so I knocked the professor unconscious and yes I did get in trouble for it. When Professor Snape was out of the picture, I had Sirius and Lupin show me what they were talking about and they took my mate's rat. He'd had the rat for twelve years and it was missing a toe. The only thing they found of Pettigrew was a finger. So they put him down and tried to use the reversal spell for an Animagus form and they finally hit him. He admitted to betraying my parents, claiming that Voldemort had powers that none knew of and that he was terrifying. They were about to kill hi, but I made them stop. I let Pettigrew's hope die when I said I wouldn't let him go free and that I'd hand him over to the Ministry.

We returned to the school grounds and Pettigrew was begging the whole way for us to free him. He ended up escaping when Professor Lupin transformed into a werewolf, because he forgot to take his potion and Sirius tried to get him to stop. Pettigrew then turned back into a rat and left while Sirius was trying to calm Lupin down and Professor Snape had reappeared
and was guarding us.

I met Pettigrew again at the end of the TriWizard Tournament, where the Cup was rigged to take me to some graveyard. He killed Cedric Diggory and then bound me against a headstone so that he could go about the process of reviving his master. The entire time, he cowered and cried over the loss of the hand he cut off for the ritual. He was pathetic.

He's still out there and it annoys me that my godfather was imprisoned unjustly while the real murderer ran free. I was also annoyed, because Albus Dumbledore was the one to cast the Fidelius for my parents and knew for a fact that Sirius was innocent of all his accusations.

RS: *I will tell you all, Harry Potter did not look happy as he spoke. Several objects in my office had been shaking while he spoke, proving his anger. All this information brings forth many questions. Why didn't Sirius Black receive a trial? Shouldn't our Ministry have been on top of that problem? Why didn't Albus Dumbledore say anything when he very well could've? Since the Dark Lord was spotted in the Ministry earlier this year, many have been speculating about his return. At this, I had to ask,* Would you be willing to provide the memory for the Ministry if they were to question you about the return of the Dark Lord?

HP: Yes. It's not a very good memory for me though. If it is proven that Pettigrew is indeed alive, then Sirius's slate will be cleared. Even though he is no longer alive, it'll still be nice for people to know that he wasn't a bad man. I don't know why they didn't think of it at the time, it's a good idea.

RS: So Dumbledore knew the whole time and never did anything? Seems that he knows a lot of things and won't speak up. Tell me Harry, did he know of your predicament at home?

HP: *He nodded!* I told him that my relatives hated me and made me their House Elf and forced me to live in a cupboard and refused to feed me but he didn't believe me. He said that I was being a rebellious teenager and I wasn't grateful for what they were doing for me. Even when I offered to pay him to let me stay at Hogwarts over the summers, he wouldn't have any of it.

RS: *Well dear readers, it seems to me that Albus Dumbledore is showing some strange spots. Given Lord Potter's upbringing and everything he's said, I'd say that Dumbledore wasn't the appropriate Magical Guardian.* Are you angry that you had to spend most of your life with these relatives of yours?

HP: Yes! When I went to Gringotts, they told me that he had held off the reading of my parents wills. I was supposed to never have gone to my aunt. I was supposed to go to Sirius and if he wasn't available, then to Remus Lupin. That annoyed me.

RS: *My dear readers, if this is what happens in the life of our Savior, then what will happen to the other children under Dumbledore's tutelage? I for one, am worried about our children attending a school run by a man who leaves his Magical charge in such an abusive place and refuses to listen to his pleas for help. Who withholds important information from him.* And what of last year? Some Death Eaters were captured and confessed to looking for a prophecy? Do you know about that?

HP: 'The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches...born to those who have
thrice defied him...born as the seventh month dies...and the Dark Lord shall mark him as his equal...but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not...and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives...the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies'. This was what sent Voldemort after my parents and myself.

RS: *Well there you have it, dear readers! The prophecy straight from Harry Potter's mouth!* Did you at least know of the prophecy?

HP: *He shakes his head, again!* No. I had to find out when I got to the Department of Mysteries. I was not pleased at just finding out that I was the only one who could kill Voldemort. Five years at Hogwarts and I had no where near the knowledge or power to defeat him and every time I asked for assistance, I was hindered and told not to worry.

Professor Snape generously taught me some Occlumency, to protect my mind from Voldemort in case he tried to pull anything. I can keep him out but I have no talent for anything beyond that.

RS: So much has happened in these years at Hogwarts. And yet with all of these chances, you were still kept in the dark. Tell me Harry, is there anything that seems to call your attention? Anything that you think should be worked on or fixed?

HP: *He was silent for a moment, staring at his left hand.* Actually, yes there is. I'm concerned that the Ministry approves of the abuse of children.

RS: *I will tell you now dear readers, I was not expecting that at all!* Would you please elaborate, Harry? I'm afraid I don't understand.

HP: The Minister appointed one Dolores Umbridge to be the High Inquisitor as well as the Defense professor, last year. She went rampant and was the most pathetic excuse of a DADA professor we've ever had. Quivering and stuttering Quirinus Quirrell was better. She tried to force her beliefs down our throats and never taught us anything pertaining to DADA. Finally, whenever she gave detention, she forced the students to use Blood Quills. I have a permanent scar across my left hand that says, 'I must not tell lies'. *He held out his hand to show me the proof and indeed there it was. Very deep I might add, which means he had used the quill often.* I didn't know that they were illegal until my mates told me but my Gryffindor pride wouldn't let me tell anyone because I didn't want to give her the satisfaction, so I kept it to myself. But when she was outed at the end of the year and was found guilty of sending Dementors after me before my fifth year started, she received no punishment. Just a slap on the wrist. If I'm correct, she is still the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister. She told us all at the beginning of the school year that everything she does is by order of the Minister and she had permission to do whatever she saw fit to do. So this year, there are several little second years walking around with scarred hands because of that woman and it worries me that the Minister would condone the use of illegal objects on underage students.

I don't know who is more trustworthy at this point. Dumbledore, who left me in the dark for so long and never bothered to help me, or the Minister, who allows his workers to abuse children through illegal means.

RS: Well Harry, you've certainly given the wizarding world much to think about. Is there
anything else you wish to say?

HP: No, I believe I'm finished for now, Rita.

RS: Thank you for coming by, Harry. It was a pleasure to see you again!

HP: The pleasure was all mine. Have nice holiday.

Now dear readers, I hope this interview clears some things up for you all. While many things are explained there are still so many questions left unanswered and so many more questions to add to the list! We need to ask ourselves, is Hogwarts safe under the wing of Albus Dumbledore? Is Dumbledore in a right state of mind? Is the Minister for Magic truly approving of abusing children? Why didn't Sirius Black receive a trial? Did or didn't the Ministry know about this? What will come of the war? Will Harry Potter be prepared or be held back even more? Is there even any hope?

Well I promise that this reporter, will find out!

Rita Skeeter!

Tom smirked as he placed the paper down. His little mate had really done it! Now the Minister would certainly try and get in his good graces after he stated at not being sure of Dumbledore. This was going to be amusing!

For the first time in his life, he felt that he was actually going to enjoy his birthday!

Cornelius Fudge sipped his tea as he read the Daily Prophet. Reading about Dumbledore's neglect of the BWL, made him happy. The chances of getting the boy on his side were a lot higher now.

Only when he read about what Dolores had done and Harry's worry, did he choke. She had truly done all of that! And used his name to do so!

He abruptly stood and walked out of his office. Weatherby was sitting at his desk, also reading the paper.

He looked up when his boss entered.

"Dolores isn't here yet?" he asked, trying to keep calm.

Weatherby shook his head, "No sir."

"I had thought this to be false, with how she denied it, but I can't let this go now that everyone in the wizarding world knows about it. When she arrives, I want to see her immediately and I'm going to get to the bottom of this. Get me a vial of Veritaserum and a few Aurors!"

He then stomped back into his office and slammed the door.

He had to get in Potter's good graces. Especially if the boy had so much power and influence.

He wasn't going to enjoy the next few days.

_A/N: Another one bites the dust!_
How was it? Let me know!

Chapter End Notes

How was the interview?
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Part 2 of Tom's birthday!

Chapter Notes

This was my first SLASH sex scene. Be kind please?

Sex leads to babies, in case anyone doesn't know.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Harry stood outside Fred and George's shop in Diagon Alley, waiting for Tom. The were going to meet up and then Tom would show Harry Slytherin Manor. Since it was Tom's birthday, Harry had some things planned for Tom.

The Daily Prophet was only the beginning. He was going to make sure that Tom Marvolo Riddle enjoyed his birthday even if it was the last thing he did!

With Marvolo in his head, he had a sort of cheat sheet. Marvolo knew all of Tom's favorite dishes and for once, Harry thanked the gods for his ability to cook. Tom would have his favorite dinner and nothing would stop him! He also planned on baking him a cake.

He nearly died when he found out that Tom only liked Chocolate Carrot Cake with Chocolate Buttercreme Frosting. When he asked why, Marvolo said that it was because Tom didn't like to eat sweets unless there was something obviously healthy in them. Hence the carrots.

He hoped that Tom was in a good mood.

He had told Hermione and Ron that he would return till the next day and they just gave him knowing grins. He flushed, but didn't rise to their teasing.

"Well hello, my lovely little snake."

Harry turned and smiled at Tom, who was leaning against the building, looking too fine for words.

"Tom!" Harry launched himself at the man.
Tom was quick and caught the teen easily. "Have you waited long?" he asked, whispering in Harry's ear.

Harry shook his head, "No. I was with Fred and George for a while."

"Yes he was."

"And we've been waiting to see his beau."

"How shocking to find out that it's this years DADA professor."

"Yes, quite interesting. Wouldn't you say so Gred?"

"Right you are, Forge."

The two men pulled away as the twins made themselves known.

They stepped closer to the two and used their height to their advantage.

"We're also curious to know how our wonderful leader came to be dating the Dark Lord," they whispered in sync.

Tom and Harry's eyes widened. "How did you figure it out?" Tom demanded with a glare.

The two just grinned, "Come into our shop for a few minutes and we can talk it out."

"Those two are too amazing to be Weasley's. There's just no way that they can be Weasley's," Tom said, shaking his head in wonder.

"Hey! I'll have you know that all of the of age Weasley's are very successful in their roles!"

Tom quirked a brow, but said nothing.

Harry huffed, feeling the need to defend his adoptive family. "Bill is a curse breaker that works for Gringotts. Charlie lives in Romania on the dragon reserve and works hard day and night. Percy, is a bit of a prat but he's still doing well. He started off in a low position in the Ministry and now he's the Junior Assistant to the Minister himself. Fred and George opened their shop with a little financial aid from me. But their sheer genius has made it flourish brilliantly and even though I tell them they don't need to pay me back, they insist on letting me take whatever I want whenever I want. Hell! They've begun creating objects that help with Defensive magic and the Ministry has taken an interest in their work. All of these professions pay very well. Ron intends to be an Auror and Ginny longs to work at the Prophet. Just because they're a Gryffindor oriented family and aren't as rich as the Malfoy's, doesn't mean that they aren't amazing in their own right. Their kids become Prefects and Head Boys. Their kids each are making a lot of money and their kids were raised properly with good heads on their shoulders and don't flaunt their genius around," he stated.

Tom looked abashed for a moment. He didn't know all of that about the Weasley family but the way Harry spoke of them, he could guess that maybe they weren't so bad after all.

"Also, I'm not their son. But Mr. and Mrs. Weasley try and take care of me all the time and treat me as if I'm one of their own. They are my family, Tom. Please don't insult them."

Tom looked at Harry's imploring eyes and sighed, "I'm sorry if I misjudged them based on faulty information. I didn't know that they did that for you and I shouldn't have been so rude." He then
leaned down and placed a soft kiss on Harry's forehead.

Harry smiled, "It's alright. So long as you watch it from now on."

Tom held his arm out and Harry sighed, grabbing it. He hated Side-Along Apparition!

That horrible twisting feeling overcame him and when his feet hit the ground, he collapsed. Or almost did seeing as Tom caught him.

"I hate doing that. I'm fine doing it myself, but Side-Along is almost as bad as Flooing and I hate that to."

Tom chuckled in his ear and he flushed in embarrassment.

So, what would you like to do, today?"

Harry grinned, "While you are resting, I'm going to commandeer your kitchen. Do you have House Elves?" Like he didn't already know the answer.

"Yes. Taking care of this place would be difficult without them. And what do you mean resting?" Tom said, looking confused.

"You are going to relax, whether it's taking a bath or a nap or even both. I will get you when it's time for dinner."

"I have no say in this, do I?"

"No," Harry said with strong conviction.

Tom sighed, "Very well, then."

When Harry was shown around the Manor, he entered the kitchen and told Tom to go and rest.

When he was sure the man was out of earshot, he placed a silencing charm on the room.

He cleared his throat and the three elves working in the kitchen all turned to him and their eyes brightened. "Lord Hydra has returned!" they cheered.

He gaped for a moment, before containing himself. "Could you please keep it a secret for now? It's a surprise for Tom," he asked.

They all nodded.

"Thank you. Now, it's Tom's birthday and I want to cook him dinner but I didn't want to offend any of you. Is it alright if I use the kitchen for a while?"

The elves all smiled and soon, he was surrounded elves who were smiling widely at him.

"Is, Lord Hydra bes needing help?" one elf asked.

Harry looked around and decided that because he didn't know where everything was, he would need help. "Sure, and I'll bring in another to even you guys out. Besides, you might be working closer in the upcoming years and it would be best if you all got to know each other now."

He turned and snapped his fingers, "Kreacher!"
What appeared before him, was confusing. Kreacher was wrapped around someone and he couldn't help but ask, "What is going on?"

Kreacher looked at him and yelled, "Thief!"

Harry sent a stunner at the person and then petrified them. He cast several spells that prevented the person from using their magic or even Apparating away and he then took the persons wand.

He was shocked to see Mundungus Fletcher, lying on the floor in Tom's kitchen.

"I knew I forgot someone when I re-warded Grimmauld Place. What was he doing Kreacher?"

"Kreacher was sweeping the hall on the fifth floor and heard noises. Kreacher followed the noise and sees dirty Fletcher with a bag in Master Regulus's room. He was holding Master Regulus's locket!" he said in a panic, holding out a fancy looking necklace.

Harry was shocked to hear Marvolo yell in his mind, *Horcrux!*

*I thought they were all gone except for me!*

*This would explain why Tom looks to be in his twenties. If he absorbs that one, he'll look eighteen again! It's a good birthday present! Get it!*

Harry held out his hand and Kreacher placed it in his palm. Vaguely, he could hear a screeching coming from it and had to concur that it was indeed, a Horcrux.

"Thank you for stopping him Kreacher. Is this important by any chance?"

Kreacher nodded, "Once, Master Regulus worked for the Dark Lord but then he stopped and stole the Dark Lord's locket. The Slytherin Locket is tainted with dark magic and when master ordered Kreacher to dispose of it, Kreacher couldn't do it!"

Harry nodded, understanding the mere significance of it. "I know what to do to get rid of it, Kreacher, so you don't need to worry any longer," he said.

Turning to the other elves, he asked, "Are there any holding cells here?"

They nodded.

"Take him to one and ward it as best as you can. Make sure that he can't get out. Kreacher, I want you to get acquainted with them, you'll be working together more often now."

Harry turned and stalked from the kitchen. "I'll return in a few moments!" he called over his shoulder.

When he reached Tom's bedroom door, he knocked and received a quiet, "Enter."

Tom was laying in his large and very comfortable looking bed with a book on his lap. Harry took in the picture for a moment and smiled. Tom looked good when he was relaxed.

"I called Kreacher here, he's my elf. He brought someone along with him and you will be glad to know that there is a wizard down in your cells, unable to move. You can have him, because he isn't worth anything important to me and it'll remove one person from the Order."

Tom smiled suddenly as Harry sat on the edge of his bed.
"And how did he get here?"

"I called Kreacher here and he was in the middle of apprehending the man from stealing from my house. He had something in his hands that I think you'll be glad to have, so I'm giving it to you as a birthday present," Harry smiled.

Tom's brow quirked upward, "And what would you think I would like?"

Harry held out his hand and let the locket dangle before Tom's eyes.

Those beautiful crimson orbs widened and he carefully took the object from Harry, holding as if it was the most precious thing in the world.

He looked at Harry suddenly and the BWL was being pinned to the bed.

Tom's face was resting in the hollow of his throat as he lay himself over his soon to be lover.

"I am very pleased, Harry. Thank you."

Harry smiled and patted Tom's head, "I thought you'd be. Now, up! I have cooking to do!"

Tom sighed and removed himself reluctantly.

Harry winked and skipped from the room, leaving the 'Dark Lord' to look at his gift.

Harry was walking toward the Library when he nearly stepped on Nagini.

The hybrid snake looked at him with wide eyes. "Ssseptimusss?!"

Harry was on his knees, hands clasped in front of him. "Nagini, pleasssse don't tell Tom!" he whispered.

"Do you know how ssssad he wasssss to learn that you were gone?!" the snake hissed, eyes narrowing.

"I know, Nagini! I couldn't tell him who I wasssss! He wanted me dead at the time and I didn't want to die!" Harry said quickly.

"Why would he want you dead?" she asked, suspicious of him now.

Harry sighed, "My name issss Harry Potter. I came into my inheritancesss this Ssssummer but had no clue how to change back. And then I met you and you and Tom brought me here. I ssssswear that I didn't want to leave at the time, but I had to ssssee the Goblinssss about ssssome thingssss and I couldn't remain."

Nagini gave a snake version of a frown, "You're Harry Potter? All Tom ussssed to talk about wasssss killing you and now he'sssss talking about everything you either hate or like and about your eyessss and nearly everything elsssse about you! Are you hisssss mate? Issss that why he no longer wishessss you harm? Sssspessk!"

He glared and flared his magic slightly, making the snake back off. "Yessss, we are ssssoullmateesss. And I care for Tom very much. I had to ssststage a kidnapping for myssssself sssso he wouldn't think I left on my own, becausssse I didn't want to hurt him anymore than he already would hurt! I sssssswear Nagini, I care about Tom, a lot!"
The snake regarded him silently and released her tongue, scenting him, "You sssemmell of truth, ssso I shall believe you. Sssso long assss you sssswear to love Tom, never turn on him and give me many grandhatchlingssss one day."

Harry cracked a smile, "Deal! And pleasee, don't tell Tom. I'm ssso ssssort of ssso scared of hisssss reaction and I want him to figure it out on hisssss own."

Nagini snorted, "I don't undersssstand why you fear unnessssssarily. He loved you asssss Ssseptimusss and he ssseemssss to love you asssss yourself. Having both together in one perssssson will make him happy. But only becausssse you are My Lord, will I keep sssilent."

He pet her head, "Thank you."

She gave a snake shrug and slithered off down the hall.

Tom actually loved him when he was Septimus. And loved him as Harry too?

_I thought your eyesight was fixed upon reaching your inheritance._

_It was why?_ Harry asked, confused at what Marvolo meant.

_You're really blind, you know that right?_

_No one has ever loved me like that before, so of course I wouldn't recognize it!_

Marvolo sighed, leaving Harry to his thoughts.

Harry returned to the kitchen and informed the elves(after checking the icebox) that they were going to be making: Pan seared Ahi Tuna in a Balsamic Reduction with White Truffle shavings as the main dish, and Nicoise(A/N: Knee-swah!) Salad and Knoephla Soup(A/N: German and I have no idea how to say it.) for the appetizers. A mixture of Italian, French and German. Tom had odd tastes.

They began with the cake and then gradually made their way to the actual meal. Though Marvolo said that Tom could very easily have eaten the cake as a main course.

Tom had been pleasantly surprised at what he was eating for dinner and could only stare at Harry on shock, because kissing the breath from the teen.

Harry promptly found himself sitting on the man's lap, feeding him the very food he cooked. When he asked why, Tom simply said that if he wanted to make his birthday so great, then he had to do things that Tom liked. He begrudgingly admitted to enjoying the day so far and figured he could make it better by taking it with his head held high.

Harry had smiled as the little sounds Tom had made as he ate. Harry was definitely a good cook if he could get the 'Dark Lord', to moan from just eating a bite of food. He felt proud of this fact and grinned smugly the entire time they ate.

When it was time for dessert, Tom gaped slightly at the cake.

Harry had sat on his lap once more and let him cut them the pieces. He then whispered in Tom's ear, "Chocolate Carrot Cake with Chocolate Buttercreme Frosting!"
He was kissed again as Tom thanked him for the meal. Harry liked Tom's expression of gratitude and could only encourage the man to keep it up.

When the kissing became a little too much for the dinner table, even if they were the only one's in the room, they knew they should move their activities somewhere else and Harry knew where to go.

Tom's room was very capacious and Harry liked the freedom of movement it provided. When Tom saw where they were, he looked at Harry in shock. Harry merely smiled and nodded.

Tom brushed a hand across Harry's cheek and cradled the teen's chin in his palm. *"Come here,"* he whispered.

Harry shivered at the use of Parseltongue an complied with Tom's wishes, allowing the man to kiss him. It was forceful and yet compassionate at the same time, making Harry melt into the older wizard's arms.

Tom was very good at kissing, knowing the proper pressure needed and masterfully manipulated his tongue against Harry's. Harry's body went lax and he let Tom guide him however he wanted.

Tom let his hands run along Harry's sides, making the teen shiver in pleasure. Harry wrapped himself around Tom and pulled the 'Dark Lord' against him tightly. Tom thrust his hands into Harry's hair and waved his hand, letting the silky strands flow free from their confinement. He gripped the hair firmly and yanked slightly, making Harry gasp at the shot of pleasure that ran down his spine, from his head.

Tom ground himself into Harry's smaller frame, his movements completely hedonistic in nature.

It was very heated and Harry could feel himself becoming lightheaded.

Tom lifted him and carried him to the large bed that was covered in green silken sheets.

They descended upon the mattress slowly, Tom fitting himself against Harry neatly. It was hot and the friction from their undulating bodies created the most delicious of tingles and shivers imaginable. Harry pulled back to take into some air and gasped when Tom latched onto his neck. His teeth, dragging across Harry's exposed throat. Harry wanted more but also wanted Tom to enjoy himself.

He moved his hands down the man's chest, moving his fingers slightly to magically remove Tom's shirt.

He continued with his exploration, letting his nails trail over the sensitive flesh of Tom's navel. Further he went, slipping his hands inside his mate's trousers to feel his hard cock.

Harry flushed at the thought of the word but didn't let it hinder him. He wanted Tom to enjoy this and he'd make sure that he man couldn't get enough.

Tom's hips jerked when Harry's wandering hand touched him. He looked into those bright eyes and had to close his eyes when Harry fingered his slit.

It was torture, how slowly Harry moved his hand. How he took his time in exploring Tom's needy flesh.

Suddenly, Harry's hand squeezed him causing Tom's hips to lurch forward. He hissed in pleasure at
the feeling and attacked his mate's throat in appreciation. "Harder love," he growled, shifting closer.

Harry ran a finger across the slit once more, enjoying how Tom shuddered above him. When Tom was in range, he leaned up and kissed him, hard. They battled for dominance but Tom easily won, making the BWL submit to him.

The thought of Harry submitting to him accompanied by the torturous squeezing of that hand had him gone. He came hard, breathing heavily against Harry's lips as he quivered wonderfully.

When he opened his eyes, Harry was removing his hand from his pants. Tom sighed, relaxing as a slight sense of lethargy overcame him. He found himself gasping in shock and his cock raising again when Harry brought his seed covered hand to his face and actually licked the white substance from his fingers!

Tom had-had it. He waved his hand and purred in delight as Harry's bare form was exposed to him. He grinned at the sight of Harry's excitement, jutting out from between his legs.

Harry gasped when Tom slid down his body, placing kisses everywhere he could. The BWL gaped when something warm and wet ran along his cock and he looked down to see Tom's lips moving against him.

The 'Dark Lord', was actually using his mouth, there!

Harry flushed when Tom's mouth descended and swallowed him more than half way. The picture Tom made had him on edge and he knew that if his mate didn't stop soon, he'd explode.

Tom moved to pull back and let his teeth brush against Harry's erection, making the teen scream loudly as he climaxed. Tom held the body down as Harry's form jerked and twitched as he released.

Harry groaned when he felt Tom's mouth tighten around him. He couldn't believe Tom had just done that! And swallowed it all too! Like...all....eeehhh!

Tom muttered something and Harry could feel himself become wet. He jerked in shock.

Tom's finger entered him slowly, twisting as it went.

"Relaxsss," Tom hissed.

Harry did as ordered and just watched Tom. Those crimson eyes flashed with desire and he felt himself stiffen once more. He loved Tom's eyes! They were so predatory and possessive and they made him want to submit and experience all the pleasures promised if he did so.

Tom continued his ministrations, making sure Harry was prepared. He murmured the same spell again and shifted against his lover.

He leaned over Harry and licked the teen's ear, "Are you ready?"

Harry nodded and gasped when he felt Tom against his entrance. The older wizard slipped in slightly and moved forward gently, letting Harry get accustomed to the feeling of being filled for the first time.

Harry keened and arched, "Jussstt do it, Tom!"
Tom gripped Harry's hips tightly and moved all the way in. He froze when Harry did and waited for his mate to tell him it was okay.

"You're huge, Tom," Harry groaned, shifting. He felt full. There was no pain, just a completeness and an intense form of intimacy that hit him. This was the closest two living beings could ever get physically and he and Tom were connected in body because of it. And Harry found that hotter than hell itself.

Tom chuckled and pulled back slowly.

"Don't teasssse me, Tom!"

"How do you want it, Harry?" Tom asked. "Like thisssss?" he thrust in quickly, making the teen gasp. "Or maybe even thisssss?" he said, repeating the action slowly, taking his time.

"Hard! Fasssst and hard, Tom!"

Tom smirked lecherously and ran his fingers over Harry's cock. "I'm not convincsssed that you want it enough, love," he whispered teasingly.

Harry groaned as Tom took his time once more. He reached out with his arms and pulled the 'Dark Lord' into a fierce kiss, wrapping his legs around the man's trim hips.

He pulled away, panting heavily. "If you don't fasssst me now, you'll never get another chance," he threatened.

Tom's eyes widened and he didn't like the blackmail but it did its job.

Harry was reduced to an inarticulate mumble as Tom unleashed all his sexual frustration upon him. He moved Harry's body into so many different positions, the boy wondered where he learned them all.

Tom was getting faster and faster, hitting that once place that made Harry see stars. It was delicious and it made Harry's blood sing happily.

Another thrust sent him spiraling down and Harry could help but latch onto Tom's neck, biting his mark as he came.

Tom jerked at the sudden pain and leaned over Harry to mimic the action, sinking his teeth into his mate's shoulder as he released within him.

Harry pulled back and sighed at the feeling of Tom, filling him. He was warm and tired and couldn't bring himself to move. Nor did he want to.

Tom was feeling the same and rolled to his right, bringing Harry with him. He sighed as Harry relaxed above him.

Harry raised his head and kissed Tom softly, "You know, for a virgin you're spectacular."

Tom smirked in triumph, "I have to say Harry, I actually enjoyed my birthday this time. You've given me some very important things that can never be taken away or given back. Thank you."

Harry rested his head against Tom's shoulder and eyed his mark.

"I wanted you to be happy. Since I'll be with you for the rest of your life, I'll just have to make sure
that your birthday is perfect every time. And we can always experiment," he said suggestively.

Tom growled, liking the idea, "Yes, we shall."

Tom threaded his fingers through Harry's hair and sighed in contentment as the teen drifted off. He smiled slightly and watched as his young love sighed in blissful sleep.

This was indeed, a very good birthday. And many more were to come.

A/N: *MY FIRST SLASH SEX SCENE! HOW WAS IT? PLEASE KEEP IN MIND, MY FIRST SLASH!*

Check out my other stories!

See ya! :D

Chapter End Notes

So how was my first SLASH sex scene?
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

A trial against Dumbles! Bad Dumbles! Evil Dark Phoenix Dumbles! Voldemort goes free.

Chapter Notes

Dumbledore is the bad guy all along.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people! Thanks for the reviews!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

The next morning, Harry and Tom had reacquainted themselves with each other's bodies. The shower had become their playground ground and Harry enjoyed the contrast of cold marble at his back and Tom's warm body on his front. They were in the shower for a long time.

At breakfast, Tom told Harry something he had come across before picking him up the previous day. During his attempts to see if there were any prophecy's of himself in the DoM, he had met an old woman. She told him he wouldn't find what he was looking for and when he didn't he returned to her and asked how she knew.

The woman introduced herself as Cassandra Trelawney, the legendary Seer. Then she informed him that she was the one to pass the prophecy about him, that set the Dark Phoenix off.

'The Lord of Serpents is born, the first heir of Slytherin in a millennium...born on the eve of the new year...he shall assemble his disciples and move to change the magical world...joining his mate...though not yet born...in the defeat of the Dark Phoenix and bring about the Great Revolution...Blessed be...'

Harry was angry on Tom's behalf. Dumbledore had gone too damn far! Tom had to resort to some interesting methods in order to calm Harry down and the BWL couldn't argue that he didn't enjoy them. Harry was going to use this against Dumbledore and make him pay for ruining Tom's life so thoroughly.

The two tried to enjoy their morning, until Harry had to leave.
Harry looped his arms around the man as they Apparated to Diagon Alley. He was going to meet Hermione and Ron at noon for some extra school shopping and decided to meet by Fred and George's shop.

He was reluctant to let his mate go but consoled himself that he would see the man the next day and could have his fill then.

Tom gently kissed Harry and softly pet his hair, "See you tomorrow, love."

Harry smiled and nodded. With a wave, Tom was gone.

"Aw! Forge, don't you just love the picture of young love!"

"Yes Gred, I sincerely do!"

Harry's eyes rolled and he turned to give the twins a look.

They just grinned and thrust the Daily Prophet into his hands. He looked down to see a large picture of a bound and gagged Peter Pettigrew on the front page. The headline, Pettigrew Alive! Sirius Black innocent!

He read the paper over twice and smiled. It seemed that Tom truly had a good day yesterday if he was willing to let go of the rat. Even if he was obliterated on some parts, the memories that they had discovered in Peter's mind showed that Sirius was innocent and that Voldemort was indeed alive. However, there was one memory about how Voldemort had been talking to his followers about getting rights for magical creatures. This brought forth many questions. Why did the 'Dark Lord' care about rights for magical creatures? And why hadn't there been any raids in the past eight months? Someone even dared to ask if Voldemort was as evil as they all thought?

He met with Hermione and Ron in front of the shop and before they could get anything out to each other, Tonks walked up.

"Wotcher, Harry!" she said with a small smile.

He waved and she sighed.

"Is what the prophet said yesterday and today, true? All of it?" she asked.

"Sadly, it is," he answered.

She shook her head, "No matter what happens Harry, I'm on your side. Moody and Remus are too. And the Weasley's are positively mad with grief."

He smiled, "Thanks."

She nodded and straightened, "Now, I've been sent by Head of the DMLE, Amelia Bones herself, to escort you to a trial concerning one Albus Dumbledore. We must make haste."

He sighed and looked toward his friends, "Sorry guys. I'll see you later."

They nodded and wished him luck.

Harry couldn't believe how fast Fudge had been with all of this. One day since the outing of his life and Dumbledore was already on trial.

He was going to drag this out as much as he could. And Tom would be proud.
Whatever you do, follow my instructions. You've been on the receiving end of a trial, but this time, you'll be in a seat and have a say in what is said. You could even petition to question Dumbledore yourself. Unless Fudge gives you the idea, Marvolo told him.

Harry nodded absent-mindedly. He had to start his lordship duties and Marvolo could help him.

Harry was impressed to see the second level of the Ministry still intact. It looked the same as it did the last time he was there.

Harry was escorted to the room, given a black robe along the way that he had to wear over his clothing and a hat. The robe had a silver 'W' on the left breast. He was surprised to see that he was seated next to Lucius Malfoy, who was looking at him like he had two heads. He kept his laughter held in check, wanting to come across as 'mature'. He nearly snorted at the thought.

When the trial began, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore was given a large dose of Veritaserum and was restrained to his chair. Amelia Bones then went about the process of asking him questions concerning Harry's life.

The wizards were horrified to hear Dumbledore admitting to everything Harry had talked to Rita about.

When the vote was taken, to remove Dumbledore's Order of Merlin, his positions as Supreme Mugwump, Chief Warlock and Headmaster of Hogwarts and place him in Azkaban indefinitely, everyone in the room was for it.

Minister Fudge then turned to him and asked if there was anything he'd like to say.

Take it!

Harry nodded and requested if he could question Dumbledore as well, because there were a few things he was confused about and would prefer to hear it from the man's mouth.

Fudge nodded and Harry smiled, thanking him.

Dumbledore was given another dose of Veritaserum and the man fixed Harry with a betrayed gaze. Harry scoffed, feeling no pity. It wasn't like Dumbledore suffered all these years but he was about to.

"Professor Dumbledore, I will be questioning you on the matter of the prophecy that concerns both Voldemort and I," he stated, ignoring the flinching of everyone in the room.

Dumbledore's eyes went wide and the pathetic twinkle disappeared.

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches… born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies… and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not… and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives… the one with the power to vanquish that Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies...' Is this the full prophecy?"

Dumbledore nodded, "Yes."

Harry smirked, "Is it the real prophecy, professor?"

Dumbledore's eyes went even wider and he seemed to struggle until he could no longer hold himself, "NO!" he yelled.
The people in the room gasped.

"What was the real prophecy then, professor?"

Dumbledore's mouth was closed and he seemed to be clenching his teeth. Trying, no matter how futile, to keep quiet.

He finally caved, "The one with the power equivalent of the Lord of Serpents approacheth… born to his adversaries… born on the first night of Lughnasadh… the two are bound… their souls are one… a mistake shall separate them, but a new connection will be forged… making the two unstoppable by anyone other than each other… for they are one… in soul, body, mind, heart and magic… and they shall overcome the Dark Phoenix and bring about the necessary revolution of the world…"

Harry nodded and let the scribe write down everything before he continued his questioning.

"Is it true that a young man named Tom Riddle, entered Slytherin House many years ago?"

"Yes."

"And is it true that this young man hated his name, so he created an anagram for himself and thence forth went by the name, Lord Voldemort?"

"Yes."

Harry looked around the room, to see the confused and terrified faces of his fellows.

"Is it true that there was a prophecy made by Cassandra Trelawney concerning Voldemort?"

"Yes."

"What did it say?" Harry asked, wanting him to hang himself.

Dumbledore struggled harder than ever, but couldn't hold himself back. "The Lord of Serpents is born, the first heir of Slytherin in a millennium… born on the eve of the new year… he shall assemble his disciples and move to change the magical world… joining his mate… though not yet born… in the defeat of the Dark Phoenix and bring about the Great Revolution… Blessed be…"

The room was silent.

Harry decided to continue, "So, Voldemort is the Lord of Serpents, I am his mate and you are the Dark Phoenix? Correct?"

"Yes!" Dumbledore growled.

"And why would we need to defeat you? What do you have planned, Dumbledore?" Harry asked, deciding that respect wasn't needed.

"Control of the Wizarding World and the eradication of muggles!"

Gasps rang through the room. Harry was not expecting that and he gaped for a few seconds, before fixing himself once more.

"But you claim to fight for the 'Greater Good'. If you want to destroy the muggles, then does Voldemort want the same thing?"
"No!"

"During Voldemort's time in Hogwarts, did you ever put him under any compulsions like me? And if so, what kinds?"

"Yes. When it was revealed that he was the heir of Slytherin, I placed several anger and hate compulsions on him. He was to despise muggles and use his life in the orphanage as the reason for it. He was then supposed to hate Hogwarts and want to destroy me along with all the mudblood brats. I placed a longing for pain and death on him. He would enjoy torturing people and killing them ruthlessly. I Obliviated him a few times and rearranged incidents so that he would turn dark and I could bring him down and gain favor in the wizarding world. I also compelled him to become spastic over the thought of dying, so that he would create Horcruxes that I could eventually find and trick you into destroying."

Harry's heart stuttered. Dumbledore wanted him to kill his mate!

The horrified looks of the people surrounding them, made Harry happy. Dumbledore wouldn't make it out of this alive.

"So, is it true that you were the first person to call Voldemort a Dark Lord and you are the one who named his followers that were known as the Knights of Walpurgis, Death Eaters, even though they weren't anything like how you painted them to be?" Harry asked, looking curious.

Dumbledore sneered, "YES!"

Murmurs and whispers rang through the room and Harry smiled for real, pleased to have achieved this.

"Is Lord Voldemort, also known as Tom Riddle, also known as Lord Slytherin, really evil, or was this all you from the very beginning? Trying to separate me and the man who is my soulmate? Sending him a false prophecy so he would kill my parents and I? Planning to rule over the wizarding world? Did you do all of this for your own devious means?"

"YES! Yes I did and I will do it again if I could!" Suddenly, the straps holding Dumbledore to his chair ripped apart and Dumbledore had his wand pointed at Harry.

The teen was faster, even though he didn't have his wand. He waved a hand and disarmed the man, taking possession of his wand. The Aurors in the room were on the old man in an instant, restraining him immediately. Harry smiled and pocketed the new wand, intent on keeping it as a sort of party favor.

When the man was restrained once more and the Aurors that had barricaded the Minister moved, Harry resumed his questioning.

"So in the past sixty years, everything Lord Voldemort has done, actually isn't his fault, because you were behind it all? Meaning that Tom Riddle is an innocent man and you are the guilty one?"

"YES, dammit!"

Amelia and Cornelius stood up and yelled for the sudden screaming that came over the courtroom to settle.

"Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, you are hereby charged with endangerment of the entire world, falsifying an important prophecy that was relative to the safety of the magical community, lying to the Minister and every Ministry official that has ever questioned you about
the Dark Lord, attempt a mass genocide on the muggle world, manipulation of Lord Slytherin and turning him into a monster, use of underhanded tactics to achieve your means, as well as all previous charges that are against you. How do you plead?" Amelia Bones asked.

"I'd do it all again and I will!"

The head of the DMLE looked at the Minister and bowed.

Fudge stood, "All those in favor of Albus Dumbledore spending the rest of his days in Azkaban Prison!"

Every wizard in the courtroom raised their wands and nodded violently.

"Take him," Fudge motioned to the Aurors.

He then looked toward the others and said, "If Lord Slytherin presents himself to the Ministry any time within the next week with a Goblin representative to prove his birth and ancestry, then he will be pardoned for all of his actions, seeing as they weren't by him in truth. Adjourned!"

Lucius was looking at Harry now and the teen knew that he wasn't going to get away without speaking to the man.

Harry waited for Lucius to make his farewells and sighed in relief when the man finally approach.

"Mr. Malfoy," he nodded to the man.

Lucius offered no words of greeting. He just stared at the BWL for a long moment. "What are you up to, Potter?"

Harry stepped closer to the blonde man, "Tom and I have been in contact for a while. If he wants to go about his plans, it'll be easier for him to have a cleared slate. As for Dumbledore, he told me that instead of killing the man, I should expose him and that is what I did. I just liberated someone in the process."

Lucius looked suspicious, "Why would you help him? Even after everything about your past, why help your enemy?"

"Did you hear nothing in there Malfoy? Tom and I are soulmates. We couldn't harm each other even if we wanted to. And we found out all of this together. I just have the popularity necessary in order to ruin Dumbledore's plans and image. Besides, Tom would really enjoy all of this."

Harry promptly walked away from the man and not even a moment later, he was hounded by the Minister.

He was then corralled into the man's office in order to speak to him.

"Lord Potter, this has to be the most interesting trial I have ever attended. I hope to have gained your approval by removing Delores. She's been placed in Azkaban for the next thirty years. Also, Peter Pettigrew was delivered here yesterday afternoon and all charges against Sirius Black, have been dropped."

"I appreciate your actions, sir," Harry nodded toward him.

"Now, I have a feeling that your need to ask those questions, means that you wanted to make a point. Would I be wrong to assume that you know your soulmate very well and wish to see him
free from Dumbledore's influence?"

Harry nodded, not bothering to hide anything. "I will tell you, that I came into my inheritance this Summer and I ended up at Slytherin Manor because of it. Voldemort never knew who I was though, so I kept to myself. All throughout my stay however, I kept hearing strange things concerning the war and Dumbledore and I. I was prompted to go to the Goblins and find out the truth about myself. The reason that Voldemort didn't know that it was me, was because I was a forty foot snake with seven heads."

Fudge's eyes widened, "You're a Hydra, Lord Potter?"

Harry nodded.

"That would make a lot of sense then. As for your mate, if he can come prove his true plans to me and prove that he was also one of Dumbledore's manipulations, he will be pardoned. He will not be apprehended upon entering the Ministry, that I promise you. He will even be allowed his wand, though I have a feeling that he wouldn't need it anyway," Fudge said.

Harry smiled slightly, hoping beyond all hope that Tom would accept this.

"Now, as for Hogwarts. Since you are the primary holder of the school and the grounds, I am asking whom you'd like to be the next Headmaster. Any of the professors or even someone you have every confidence in that is a skilled witch or wizard."

Harry thought for a moment. Many would immediately assume that he'd choose McGonagall but she had a lot on her plate already. The Deputy Headmistress, plus being a Head of House, plus being the Transfiguration professor. Gryffindor's were a handful and she couldn't take any more. No, it had to be someone who handled pressure easily. Someone who was effective at what they did and didn't have to repeat themselves. He knew just who to choose.

"Severus Snape," he answered.

Fudge gaped for a moment, before snapping his fingers as his quill popped up and began writing. "Who shall be the Potions Professor in his stead?"

Harry grinned finally, "How about Lucius Malfoy? He's a Potions expert. There are several plaques in Hogwarts dedicated to him. Besides, he only works on the School Board and what better way to do so, than to be there personally? I'm sure he won't mind a chance to be closer to his son. If he doesn't like it, I can find someone else at the end of the school year."

Fudge nodded as his quill scribbled quickly. "I shall send the letters as soon as we are finished. Now, are you absolutely positive that your mate won't kill anyone?"

Harry nodded, "Tom won't. And when you talk to him, don't say anything about me being a Hydra. He doesn't know and it's like a game for me, to see how long it takes him to find out. Don't call him Tom either. He hate's that name and only allows me to use it."

Fudge nodded, "Very well. I hope that we can have such peaceable interactions in the future, Lord Potter."

"Of course, sir."

"Very well then. I hope you have good day!" Fudge smiled.

Harry stood and bowed. He was glad to get out of there as soon as possible.
Later that night, he caught Ron and Hermione up on the events of the day. He could only hope that Tom wouldn't be annoyed with him when he read the paper the next morning.

A/N: Another done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other stories!

See ya! :D

Chapter End Notes

How was it?
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Harry and Snape have a talk. Naughtiness at the end. ;)

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the positive reactions regarding my first SLASH scene.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Tom sipped his tea as he read the Prophet. His heart felt all light, knowing that Dumbledore would suffer. That's what he deserved for using Harry like that.

He continued reading and gaped when it mentioned Harry beginning to question the old fool.

He read a little further and by the time he was finished, he was just staring without actually seeing anything. There were words but his mind couldn't make them out.

What had Harry done?

He read over the questioning again. Harry had exposed everything Dumbledore had done! To him, to them!

If he appeared at the Ministry within the next seven days, along with his account manager from Gringotts, then he would be pardoned so long as he proved himself and vowed not to slaughter everyone. Sure he had tortured people and he did enjoy it but he never thought that it was because of Dumbledore. But if he was made to hate muggles, then why did he no longer? There was a time when he really hated them. It was before he attacked the Potters, of that he was sure.

So maybe the returning of his soul and the years he spent trying to get a body, changed him?

Harry had worded his questions perfectly and exposed Dumbledore for who he truly was. And in the process, he made Tom's goals much easier to attain.

Though he was slightly embarrassed to have his lover do all of this for him when he should've be the one helping Harry, he was still happy. The title of Lord Slytherin, would assist him greatly in his endeavors and since the prophecy's stated that he and Harry would bring about a Great Revolution that apparently was much needed, the Minister would listen to them more.
Still, he planned on messing with Harry when he saw him later. At least have the teen swat a bit before thanking him for what he did.

The gossip on the Hogwarts Express was as usual, everywhere. No matter where one went, they'd be surrounded by gossips. People were asking Harry if he really was mated to the 'Dark Lord' and if it was all true.

Harry had to explain several times that Dumbledore was under a large dose of Veritaserum at the time and that everything he said, was the truth.

The arguments started by the members of the different Houses were extreme and Harry had to break up several fights. He then promised detentions to a great number of people and told them all to calm down.

The welcoming feast was slightly different. He was correct in making Snape the Headmaster. He demanded silence and obedience and not one person spoke when he welcomed them back. He told them that he would not tolerate idiocy and even said that the detentions would all be the same. Cleaning a classroom or the Greenhouses without magic. Their wands would be confiscated during the time and if they talked they earned another detention. For every detention they'd get, they'd also miss out on the Hogsmeade weekend.

No one had worried about the cleaning but when Snape threw in the Hogsmeade part, the students collectively gasped in horror.

Snape introduced Lucius Malfoy as the new Potions professor and told them all to be respectful.

After the feast, Harry was called to the Headmaster's office. When he locked eyes with Snape, he knew what was coming.

"Potter. I am intrigued about the reason behind you placing me in here. I had to catch up on a lot of paperwork to fully understand the position."

Harry sat in the seat before him and sighed. "You were the most qualified for the job, Snape. There will be more order around here with you as the Headmaster. I will admit to having found a few other reasons after choosing you for the position," he said.

"And what, pray tell, would those be Mr. Potter?"

Harry looked him in the eye, "Severus Snape, you love Potions. You are a Potions Master. You are not however, a professor."

Snape's brow twitched but Harry wasn't going to back down. "I'm going to be blunt with you and you won't like it. You'll probably give me detention but I don't care, because you need to hear this and get it through your thick skull," he said evenly.

When Snape's eyes widened just slightly and he leaned forward, placing his linked hands on top of the desk, Harry continued.

"You suck as a professor. You can't teach for shite."

The look that overcame the man's face was a mixture of annoyance and anger. And maybe, somewhere deep down in those dark pools, pain.

"You don't teach anyone anything. The only thing you've taught is that it's okay for the Slytherin's
to cheat and ruin other people's lives. That it's okay for them to lie. In the end, this isn't going to help them in real life. In school, it doesn't matter because their lives and reputations aren't on the line. But in the real world, people aren't going to take something like what they do lying down. If any one of them ventures into an Apothecary's shop and throws something into a boiling cauldron, they can be sued. Thrown into Azkaban if what they've done is egregious enough," Harry explained.

Snape twitched again, but remained silent.

"You bitch and bitch at the beginning of every year in every class on how you refuse to teach idiots and won't accept slackers but your treatment is what is creating them. No one in Gryffindor cares for Potions(even if some of us did get O's on our O.W.L.s), because even if they do well or better than normal, they get no recognition for it. No praises or points for the hard work they do. And when there are Slytherin's sabotaging their things, what's the point in even trying if someone is just going to ruin it all?"

"I had to treat the Gryffindor's that way."

Harry held up a hand. "Don't try that excuse with me Severus. You are on Tom's side," he said, enjoying how Snape's eyes went unbelievably wide.

"Tom never once told you to alienate the Gryffindor's and treat every other House like bloody shite. It can be considered abuse what you do and both Tom and I have dealt with such in our lives. He would never tell you, even when he wasn't quite so sane, to do that to children. You're just using your petty anger against my father and his friends against all of Gryffindor House. The annoying thing is, you willingly worked with one even though he was a Marauder in his day."

Snape had obviously never heard it like this and Harry was glad to pull the man back down to reality.

"I'm not sorry for looking into your private life, because you've been doing it to me my entire time here. I'm disappointed that a man, who claims to be the epitome of maturity, is taking his anger with his school nemesis out on a child for years. You treated me horribly and singled me out. I still know next to nothing about my partners and it annoys me, being compared to people I will never know. Just because I look like James Potter, doesn't mean I'm him. And since I came into my inheritance, I don't look a thing like either of my parents now. It's childish to take this anger out on me when I've done nothing to you. I don't like Potions, even though I'm good at it, because you are there. I learned nothing from you. My good O.W.L. grade, was because I watched Hermione. Some of us grew up in muggle households and didn't know anything about potion making when we got here. Some of us would have liked an explanation."

"It isn't that hard to pick up an book," Snape sneered.

Harry shook his head in annoyance, "See? You only wrote ingredients on the board. You never explained what they were for or their many uses or even where to find them. Some people can't read a book and understand. Hermione is a person who can read about a spell and get it on the first try, whereas I have to see it being performed with a small explanation on the emotions involved. You do a spell and I can replicate it easily. Hermione only reads about it and can do it without issue. People are different and a professor's job is to teach their students. They're supposed to want their students to succeed but no one other than the Slytherin's (who I already know that most don't deserve it) ever do well in your class. In my eyes you are not fit to teach us, because you can't get over the past. As the Headmaster, I expect you to act your fucking age and lead the students right. Which means none of this rivalry shite. Either you get over the past and grow up, or you're going to suffer and I will not have the students suffering with you. I want equality and
as of this moment, you aren't allowed to dole out points nor take any away, until you prove you can be mature enough to do so. Hogwarts follows my orders and has already agreed. You can try and give points all you want but it won't work."

Severus Snape had never been so shocked in his life apparently. The man was silent and just stared at Harry.

"Tom and I are on very good terms. If you have read the Prophet, then you know that we are soulmates. I even spent the night with him two days ago. So, if you think narking to him is going to work, it won't," Harry added, just to see if he'd get a reaction.

The portrait of Phineas Nigellus Black applauded as he finished.

Snape sat straighter and even looked slightly abashed.

Harry waited for what felt like forever, for the man to speak.

"I apologize for my uncouth actions these past years. Though I am loath to admit it, I was in the wrong about many things. I am also curious to know how you found out that was using Legilimency on you these past years."

Harry huffed a laugh, "You'd say something whenever someone began wondering if you could read minds. And you always remarked on whatever flitted through their heads. During our lessons last year, Hermione explained Legilimency to me is so that I knew exactly what you were doing. And I just put two and two together."

"Are you and My Lord, truly together?" Snape asked.

Harry smiled, "Before we knew about the false prophecy and stuff, we took a vow not to kill or vanquish one another. So that even if the false prophecy said we had to kill each other, just a simple vow not to would render it null and void. But then this white light appeared along with our magic and he said that our souls joined in on the vow and when thy and our magic combined, the white wrapped around them. He didn't tell me what it meant until a month and a half ago. That was fine though, because I had been eyeing him up and he finally got over the feeling like an old creep when thinking about me. And we just connected even more."

"Do you truly care for My Lord?" Snape asked.

"Yes. For quite a while I have," Harry smiled.

Snape sat back in his chair and regarded him closely, "And when do you plan to tell him that you are his lost friend, Septimus?"

Harry's mouth hung unattractively, "How did you figure it out?"

Snape opened his mouth and flashed some very sharp looking fangs. "Lupin is the only Marauder that I ever had a somewhat peaceful relationship with. And would shock many, considering what we are. Born to be natural enemies and all. But Lupin wasn't born, he was changed, so he smells different than a pureblooded wolf. I received my creature inheritance from my mother. I am a vampire," he said.

Harry took a deep breath, "That sweet scent is you?"

The man nodded.
"Heh! So, you really are the bat of the dungeons!"

Snape shook his head when Harry dissolved into a fit a giggles.

"Sorry. So what do I smell like, to you I mean? Remus never said anything, but maybe he didn't know?" he said uncertainly.

Snape sighed, "You smell like Cardamom. And Lupin wouldn't know, because he wasn't born. I made the connection between you and Septimus easily. If you were a snake, I'd venture a guess that you'd be black with Avada green eyes. I'm frankly shocked that My Lord hasn't put it together as of yet. You smell the same and only a Hydra smells of Cardamom. The eyes, fangs, claws, hair and reflexes all made it extremely easy."

Harry sighed, "Hermione found out before Tom did as well. She and Ron, along with Fred, George, Ginny, Neville and Luna are all very supportive. Tom think's I'm a Parselmouth because I'm his last Horcrux."

"Are you?" Snape asked, looking shocked.

"Yes. Tom confirmed it himself, though I already knew about it. The soul piece started talking to me over the Summer at Slytherin Manor. He prefers to be called Marvolo, in order to avoid any mixups. He's also a pervert and helped me realize that I'm interested in men. A little too happy to help, I might add."

They were quiet for a few moments before Harry looked him in the eye, "Please don't tell Tom about me being a Hydra? I'm waiting for him to find out."

Snape rolled his eyes, "It's the least I can do I suppose. Don't expect anything else, brat."

Harry smirked and stood, "Then it was a pleasure speaking with you Severus."

When he reached the hallway, he was pulled into an unused classroom and shoved against the wall. Looking up, he was met with a bright crimson that had him shivering.

Tom pressed him into the wall and raised his arms to cage the teen in.

"So my naughty little Gryffindor decides to free me?" he asked in a sultry tone. He leaned in and brushed his lips against Harry's but didn't kiss him.

Harry nodded, "I figured it would be easier this way." He tried to kiss the older man but Tom leaned away, taunting him as he ground his hips into Harry's stomach.

"Does this deserve a reward?" Tom asked, leaning over Harry to nip at his neck. "Or some punishment?" he added, running hand over Harry's cloth covered erection.

Harry gasped, "Punishment!"

Tom smirked, "My wanton little lion wants to be punished? How shall I punish you Harry? Should I bend you over the nearest desk and take you hard, refusing you release?"

Harry was pulled away from the wall and pushed against one of the desks. Tom pushed him over and held him in place. The BWL groaned when Tom rubbed his hips into his backside.

"Tom," he moaned.

Tom muttered a few things before divesting Harry of his clothes and pinning him to the desk by his
Leaning over his mate, Tom sucked on the throbbing pulse-point, loving how Harry wiggled against him.

"Be a good boy," he hissed.

The teen whimpered, "Pleasssse, Tom?"

Tom shifted and entered his lover slowly. Harry jerked and whined in need. They hadn't done it like this yet. On the bed and against the shower wall and even in a chair but not this way yet. And he could feel everything!

It was like he could feel each individual vein on Tom's cock and that was just torture.

Tom pulled away, making Harry hiss at the feeling.

Then he rammed forward and all gentleness left. Tom took Harry hard and fast against that desk and all Harry could do was plead for more, even as his prostate was being abused more and more.

Tom whispered naughty things in his ear and called him some very dirty names.

Harry came when Tom had yanked him up by his hair and placed his hand over Harry's abdomen and pushed against it hard, letting Harry feel Tom's cock rubbing against him even through the hard pressure. He lost it at the feeling and took Tom with him.

Tom laid back on the desk and covered his body with his own, sighing in relief.

"Any more when you misbehave, your punishments will be a lot like this. However, since what you did helped me I allowed you to cum. I may tie you up next time. Or blindfold you. You'd like that wouldn't you? Being completely at my mercy, not knowing what's in store for you."

"If you keep talking, I'm going to get hard again. And shame on you for fucking a student, Professor Dolhaladmoor."

"Mmmm…” Tom moaned, "We can do classroom roleplay next time."

Harry wiggled and Tom finally pulled back. With a quick cleaning charm an wave of his hand, they were both fully clothed once more.

He turned Harry around and kissed him. "Make sure to misbehave soon. I want to try out that classroom play," he smiled.

Harry laughed and allowed Tom to wrap his arms around his still shivering form.

"If it's going to be like that, then sure."

A/N: Another done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out, my other stories!

See ya! :D
Chapter End Notes

How was it? :)


Harry had sneaked down to Tom's room. Under the cover of his Invisibility Cloak, he wouldn't be found by anyone. In his pocket, was Dumbledore's - now his - wand. He wanted to show Tom and decided that this was the time. Though it was late, he had done this several times before.

Tom let him in his rooms and they sat at the desk on the far side of the room. Harry let Tom study the wand. Tom was impressed and grinned.

They talked about how Lucius was taking his new job and Harry laughed when Tom told him about how the Malfoy had walked into his study and asked what was going on between he and Harry. Tom threatened the man and told him that they were together and wouldn't separate anytime soon. He then told the man to deal with it and that was that.

Harry grabbed at something on the table and turned it around in his fingers. "What happened to this?" he asked.

"That was a Horcrux. It's the Gaunt ring. When I used the spell to return my soul, the ring part folded on itself and it'll never be worn again," he explained.

Harry looked at the stone and noticed the strange symbol on it. A triangle with a circle inside and a line through the center.

"Hey, Tom?"

He looked up to see Harry staring at the ring intently. "Yes?" he asked.

"Can I have the rock? It looks cool."
Though he was confused, he shrugged, "If you really want it, go ahead. The ring doesn't mean anything anymore. Though, I could buy you something much nicer."

Harry held up a hand and shook his head. "No. You don't need to get me anything. Something is telling me that this rock is special and that I should keep it instead of getting rid of it. But it isn't mine. Can I really have it?"

"Sure," Tom said, going back to the wand in his hands.

Harry beamed and had to give it a few yanks, before dislodging the stone from the metal. He looked at it closely and noticed that it was freezing even though the metal had been warm and the temperature of the room was fine.

He turned it over a few times and even held it tightly but no matter how long he held it, it stayed freezing cold.

"Harry?"

Both he and Tom jumped and were on their feet facing the voice.

There were three figures standing before them. There was a silvery color to them and they were partially transparent. One he noticed, was Sirius and the other two upon closer inspection, were revealed to be his parents.

He gaped for a moment before asking, "Mum?"

The woman nodded and smiled, "Hi love. I'm so proud of you!"

Harry couldn't formulate anything. He was dumbstruck and couldn't even get a sound out.

"How?"

This came from Tom who was looking at the three in something that could be considered terror.

Lily Potter just smiled. "Harry, you hold in your hand, the Resurrection Stone. It's one of the Deathly Hallows."

"What are the Deathly Hallows?" he asked, somewhat breathless.

She pointed to the table, "Place the stone on the table, along with the wand. Now lay the cloak beside them."

Once the three were side by side, they glowed a bright white.

"The Elder Wand, the Resurrection Stone and the Invisibility Cloak, are the Deathly Hallows, created by Death himself. There was a story told about the three, on how three brothers come across a river and made themselves a bridge. Death, who was angry that they had evaded him, offered them each a 'gift' to congratulate them. The first brother, Antioch, asked for the most powerful wand in existence. The middle brother, Cadums, asked for a way to recall the dead and the youngest, Ignotus, asked for something that would allow him to go forth, without Death being able to follow. These were the Peverell brothers."

Both Harry's and Tom's eyes widened.

Lily nodded, "Many believed that the story was just that, a story and that the brothers created the objects themselves, or they didn't even exist. The story is actually true. Antioch was killed in his
sleep and his wand was stolen. Cadmus had used the stone to bring his dead lover to him but she was unhappy and so was he, being unable to hold her and care for her. He killed himself, so they could be together in the afterlife. Ignotus lived to a very old age and gave the cloak to his son. He then went with Death, regarding him as a comrade. The Potter's are descendants of Ignotus and the Gaunt's were descendants of Cadmus. That was why you had the cloak and Tom had the ring. Antioch never had any children and the wand has traveled from pocket to pocket over the years."

Harry looked at the wand and noticed the same symbol on it that was on the stone.

"The symbol is on the cloak as well. They are the Deathly Hallows. A wand made from an Elder tree, the best wood for wands. A stone imbued with the powers of Death, which make it so cold and Death's own Cloak of Invisibility. The one who possesses all of the Hallows is known as the Master of Death and cannot be killed and will never die nor age, ever. This of course, extends to their soulmate as well."

Harry and Tom look at each other with such bland looks.

"All that searching for immortality and now you have three different ways to remain immortal. How, ironic," Harry mumbled.

Tom had his head in his hand.

"So, how did you get here?" Harry asked, picking up the stone.

Lily grinned, "Turning the stone three times allows us to appear for a small amount of time. We wanted to come and tell you that we're proud of you. Especially over leaving the Dursley's some money even after all they've done to you. That was very kind of you."

Sirius stepped up and beamed, "I love how you handled the old man! But we also came to warn you about that. Dumbledore isn't going to remain in Azkaban for long. As the dead, we can see anything we want to and I decided to watch Dumbledore. He's muttering to himself about getting that Umbridge woman and taking you and your mate down. So, I'd be on my toes if I were you."

Harry groaned and leaned into Tom. The man wrapped an arm around his waist, "We'll never be rid of the old bastard."

James Potter stepped up beside his wife and friend, "You've done very well for yourself and we understand the full situation surrounding our deaths. We're proud and will never be anything but."

Harry smiled, "So, you aren't mad that I'm with Tom?"

They shook their heads.

Sirius snickered suddenly, "You guys get creative! And I didn't know you were that flexible, Harry!"

Said teen gaped in mortified horror and turned to shove his face into Tom's robes.

Lily stepped toward Harry, her hand held out as if to brush his flaming cheek. It passed through him and she frowned slightly, but smiled when Harry did the same to her.

"Could you do me a favor, sweetheart?" she asked, sounding a little sad.

He nodded.
"Can you please tell Severus that I forgive him and that I wish I had all those years ago? Will you tell him that I know he didn't mean it and that he was indeed my best friend?" she asked, eyes shining.

Though he was confused, he nodded anyway.

"Thank you."

James sighed, "Will you tell him that I'm sorry for all that I did. It wasn't because I didn't like him, I was just jealous because he was Lily's friend and she wouldn't even look at me."

Harry nodded again.

"I was also jealous of him, because he was everything my mother wanted me to be. He was a Slytherin and he was brilliant. Please tell him that I'm sorry as well," Sirius asked, looking embarrassed and sad.

With a nodded, Harry smiled at the three. They returned the action and then fixed Tom with 'the look'.

"Take care of him," they chorused.

Tom wrapped his arms around his mate, "I wouldn't do anything but take care of him."

"Among other things!" Sirius smirked, making James laugh. Lily smacked both of them upside the head. Apparently, ghosts could hurt each other.

"We love you, darling." she said as her silvery glow began to fade.

"We do," James assured with a grin.

"Take care of Moony for me, okay pup?" Sirius asked as he started to fade with Harry's parents.

The BWL nodded and waved as the three spirits disappeared.

Tom inhaled deeply, "Nothing will ever just be, will it? Dumbledore is coming back and when he does, I'm going to kill him."

Harry rolled his eyes, "When are you going to see the Minister?"

"Saturday. Would you like to come with me?" he asked, running a hand through Harry's hair.

Harry turned, so that he was facing Tom and shrugged, "Sure. I'll talk to Snape tomorrow. Maybe you'd like to join me?"

Tom purred and rested his head in the curve of Harry's shoulder, "I'd love to join you in something else entirely."

Harry flushed at the suggestive tone his mate used. He reached up and wrapped his arms around the man. "Slow or fast?" he inquired, placing a kiss on Tom's chin.

"Mmm….We shall see."

A/N: Another one down!

How was it? Let me know!
Check out my other stories!

See ya! :D

Chapter End Notes

How was it?
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Harry makes Snape's day in the Chamber.

Chapter Notes

WARNING!!!! Tom talks dirty toward the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people! Thank you for the comments!
I don't own Harry Potter.
I have no beta.
ENJOY!

Harry walked about the castle, Sylvanus was wrapped around his neck. The little guy had been all over the place in the last few months and Harry decide to make it up to him, by taking him on an adventure through the castle.

This adventure included a tour of the Chamber of Secrets where they came across a large body of a dead Basilisk. Sylvanus then informed him that all parts of the Basilisk could be used for potions. How the little thing know that he was unsure but it did give him an idea. Why not take Snape down there and let him hack away at the thing?

Today is the ninth, correct? Marvolo asked.

Yeah, why?

It is Severus's birthday. If you took him now, it would make his day. He's another one who never had a good birthday and I think this could make it a lot better. Basilisk parts are worth a lot of money on the market and this would help him financially as well as any potions he could use them in.

Harry nodded and turned around, leaving the great chamber. It was time to get the Potions Master.

He approached the gargoyle and muttered, "Veritaserum."

It sprang to life and turned, allowing him up the stairs. Snape sat behind the desk going over several pieces of parchment at once.

Harry entered the room and moved behind the man's desk. The Slytherin looked at him in confusion but did not object to the teen leading him out of the room by his hand.
When they reached Moaning Myrtle's bathroom, that was when the man began to protest.

"Why are we going into the girls bathroom, Mr. Potter?"

Harry snickered at the disturbed tone Snape used. "Many things," he answered with a smirk.

Stepping up to the sinks, Harry looked at the little snake and whispered, "Open."

The entranced parted for them.

"Stairs."

And that was that. Snape had strangely gone quiet from the moment Harry spoke in Parseltongue. Harry lead him through the tunnels and opened another door. When they entered the main chamber and Snape got an eyeful of the great dead snake, Harry smiled.

"Happy birthday."

Snape looked from the snake, to Harry and back again. Several times. before he murmured a 'thank you' and accioed a lot of items from his rooms.

Harry looked around the chamber, wondering what he should do for the moment.

Sylvanus took to exploring the area.

"Lord Harry, I ssssmell hatchlingssss!" the little snake hissed eagerly.

Harry gaped for a moment. Hatchling meant snake babies. There were baby snake slithering around.

"Where are they?" he asked.

Sylvanus was off and Harry followed quickly. Into one of the many tunnels, Sylvanus led Harry to a strange collection of rocks that reminded him of a bird's nest.

Inside were three green eggs that had silvers spots on them.

"Alive and healthy. They will hatch ssssoon!" Sylvanus said excitedly.

"What sssoort of ssssnakesss are they?" Harry asked, picking up an egg. He was amazed to feel that it was warm to the touch.

"Bassssilisssskssss!

Harry very nearly dropped the egg he was holding but clamped his hands to his chest and sighed in relief. "How issss that even possssssible? The Basssssilissssk hassss been dead for four yearssss. Don't they need to be incubated or ssssomething?" he asked, confused about the whole situation.

Sylvanus shook his head, "No My Lord. They can remain in a sssoort of ssssleep until their ssssoon to be masssster flaresss their magic, letting them hatch. They could have been here for yearssss, becaussse they will only hatch onessse a powerful wizard letssss them."

Harry stared at the three eggs and knew exactly what he'd do with them.

Gathering up the very fancy looking eggs in his robes, he turned and walked back the way he
came, Sylvanus following him the whole way.

He approached the current Headmaster and cleared his throat. Snape paused in his cutting to give him a questioning look.

"How would you feel about owning your very own Basilisk hatchling?" he asked, sounding a lot like a muggle commercial advertiser.

Snape's eyes went wide as Harry uncovered what was wrapped within his robes.

"By Merlin! You must have Felix Felicis running through your veins, Potter!"

Harry let the man run his now clean hands over the eggs until he chose the one in the center. "Do you know how much just one egg would cost?" Snape asked.

"You wouldn't sell it would you? I want it to grow up happy," Harry said worriedly.

Snape gave him an offended look, "Of course I wouldn't sell it! Mr. Potter, anyone in their right mind would love to keep a Basilisk as a familiar."

Harry beamed at the older man, "Good! I've giving one to Tom as well. Since I didn't go with him to the Ministry today, I thought it would be something nice to cheer him up, in case something bad happened. And if not, they it'll just make his day better."

"I'm sure you have many ways of 'making his day better'," Snape mumbled and Harry flushed.

"Please never say anything like that ever again! Sirius had made a similar crack when I saw his ghost the other day!" Harry said, red as a beat.

Snape nodded, remembering the conversation they had had the previous day over it. Lily had forgiven him. And now he was in Slytherin's sacred chamber, harvesting the remains of a thousand year old Basilisk and being offered a hatchling Basilisk as a pet. Could the day get any better?

Harry carefully wrapped the eggs and placed them on the ground. He then turned back to the room and approached the big statue.

"Open."

To his shock, the statue began to sink in the water to reveal a silver door and above it, was a large hole. He could only guess that it was where the Basilisk stayed.

He hissed again and the door vanished, leaving him to stare at the room inside in awe.

"Professor, I think I found Slytherin's private library!" he called behind him.

Snape froze in his examination of the egg and looked over to the BWL, to see him entering a door that had not been there before.

When he went over to investigate, he lost all the breath in his lungs.

The day just got even better!

---

Tom hissed as Harry swallowed him. He had been to the Ministry and everything had gone smoothly. He was now free to roam about as he wished.
To celebrate, Harry decided to gift him with a Basilisk eggs of all things! And then, he was pulled into his bedroom and Harry decided to show him a few things.

As Harry demonstrated his new skills, Tom was left to wonder where he learned them. He most certainly hadn't taught Harry how to move his tongue so deliciously, nor did he instruct the teen on how to suck just the right way!

He hissed as Harry's teeth ran along his cock. The boy was teasing him now! Harry went down again and hummed around his cock.

Tom could help himself. His hands reached down and grabbed Harry's head firmly. In an instant, he pulled his mate's head down and released, gasping at the strength of it.

As he panted, he realized what he had just done and moved to apologize, when he looked down to only see Harry's dark hairs played across his lap. The boy's mouth was still impaled on his cock and he groaned when that tongue moved against him again!

Harry pulled his head up and smirked. "I suppose I should tell you now, I have no gag reflex," he said silkily.

Tom's mind went into overdrive and he moved fast, pinning the BWL beneath him. He grasped Harry's hands and situated them high above the teens head, not letting him escape.

"My delicioussss little Gryffindor, teassssing me like he thought I wouldn't repay him," he purred.

Harry shivered and Tom smirked, pleased that he had such an effect on his mate.

"And to let me know ssssuch important information, could it be that you want to ssssuck me off more often? Did you enjoy my cum that much, Harry?" he asked, running his tongue over the boy's chest, playing with those little nubs.

Harry moaned at the dirty words coming from Tom's mouth. "Yessss! You tassstted sssso sssscrumptioussss! I'll do it whenever you want and maybe whenever I want assss well!" he cried.

Tom had not been expecting that to come from his mate's mouth. He looked down at said mouth that was spouting such naughty things and had to take full possession of it. That was his mouth, on his mate. And he was just given permission to pretty much fuck it whenever he so chose to.

"Do you want me, Harry?"

"Yessss!"

Both hissed in pleasure as Tom sank into that supple body slowly. It was time for fun!

A/N: Another down!

How was it? Let me know!

See ya! :D
Chapter End Notes

How was it?
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

See into Dumbledore's mind.

Re-warding the castle on Beltane ;)

Something happens between Harry and Tom.

Chapter Notes

Naughtiness at the end! ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

Albus Dumbledore glared at the wall of his cell. It was dark, dank and reeked to high heaven. Maybe even higher. He had been placed in Azkaban for doing what was right.

The brat didn't need all that money. He didn't need to know anything. He would've died in the end anyway, ridding the world of him and Tom as the same time! Why couldn't the people see the danger that they were? And now that they were together, it would only get worse!

Those two were way too powerful to not be monitored. They had to be controlled. It was the only way for things to properly fall into place. With them out of the way, then Dumbledore could revolutionize everything the way he wanted. The dark would disappear and anyone who didn't like it, would be removed permanently.

He'd get out. It really wasn't that hard. He was an unregistered Animagus and knew for a fact that the Umbridge woman was as well. And it would be days before anyone noticed their disappearance. Everything would fall into place, like previously planned and he could already taste the sweet victory on his tongue. Tom would pay for taking away his puppet and they would suffer for defying him.

As the man's form shrank, he chuckled to himself. His reign was not far off.

"Who knew that re-warding a large building such as Hogwarts was so hard? Even if we are the heirs of the founders," Harry sighed.
Tom smiled as they lay on the floor in his room. The two had just stayed up most of the night in order to properly fix the wards on the castle. It had been a full moon and everything done on a full moon is infinitesimally more powerful. So, with their joined power on the full moon, they changed and strengthened the wards on the castle. So that Dumbledore couldn't get in anyway. Even in Animagus form.

It was April 30th, also known as Beltane and it just so happened that there was full moon on the sacred night. So, adding it all together, the wards around Hogwarts were impenetrable and couldn't even be broken by them easily. It would take hours for both of them to bring down the wards, if they tried to.

Harry rolled over, on top of Tom. He cast a silent Tempus and groaned.

"I'm just going to stay here. It's three in the morning and I don't feel up to walking back to Gryffindor Tower," he moaned, wiggling in Tom's arms.

Tom ran his fingers through the teens hair. "You wouldn't be too terribly averse to doing other things? Would you love?" he whispered.

Harry grinned and nuzzled Tom's chin. "Bring it, Tom," he challenged.

The older wizard rolled them over and waved a hand to strip them both. Fixing wards took a lot of time and energy. It was brutal work and with both of them sweating so much, Harry didn't need preparation.

Tom slid inside his lover easily and the dance began.

Harry moaned and wrapped his legs around Tom's waist, urging him to move faster.

"Pleasssse Tom! Harder, fasssster! Yessss! Jusssst like that!"

Tom leaned over Harry and silenced him with a kiss. His thrusting became erratic and Harry let out a scream louder than any Banshee could achieve.

Tom placed his forearms beside Harry's head and just focused on reaching that point that both of them would love. It was hot and delicious and those little noises his mate was making made him harder.

"Take it Harry," he whispered against the teen's ear.

"YES!"

He smiled lazily at the spectacle Harry made. "Do you want more?" he teased, rolling his hips slightly.

Harry wrapped his arms around the man and pulled him down, latching his fangs into Tom's neck as he came from the teasing.

Tom grunted and lost himself to the pain and pleasure.

Their eyes closed simultaneously. Tom rested his head on Harry's shoulder. Neither noticed the silver light overcome Harry's form, nor did they feel the magic rising around them as they fell into unconsciousness.
When they woke up five hours later, Harry groaned. They had slept on the floor, naked. He was
cold and his back was killing him. Tom's added weight wasn't helping either.

He nudged the man in the ribs and tried to shove him off.

"Tom," he grunted. "You don't know how heavy you are, considering how thin you are. What the
hell do you eat?" he asked.

"Mmmmm."

"I don't speak 'mmmmm'. You'll have to be more clear than that. And get off!" Harry sassed.

Tom shifted, lifting his body from Harry's.

Harry hissed at the feeling of Tom's cock slipping out of him slowly.

"I'm going to be walking so oddly today! It's all your fault! Five hours with you up my
arse, literally, is going to make walking difficult!"

Tom snickered as he finally extricated himself from the BWL and rolled onto the floor. "You have
my apologies. I hadn't intended on finding repose on you last night. Though if it matters at all,
you were very comfortable," he smiled.

Harry smacked him and moved to sit up, only to lay back down quickly.

"I'm not moving today. No class, so I don't have to. I'll just stay here all day."

Tom sighed and stood. Reaching down, he lifted his mate into his arms and carried him to the bed
on the other side of the room. "Get some rest."

Dumbledore and Dolores moved through the sewers as they approached Hogsmeade. From there
on, they'd move toward Hogwarts.

When they reached the cool air of the night, they continued on toward the school gates.

Both hissed in pain as the gates electrocuted them. They were returned to their normal forms
immediately and shook themselves off.

"They fixed the wards," Dumbledore growled.

Dolores squeaked in annoyance, "How dare those impudent brats do such a thing! What right do
they have to mess with the school?!!"

Dumbledore paced in front of the gates, pondering how they were to get in.

"I have a plan."

_A/N: So, it was short but had a lot of important things in it._

_How was it? Let me know!_

_Se ya! :D_
How was it?
It was late May when the students had their last Hogsmeade weekend of the year. Most of the school made its way down to the village to have the last big amount of fun they could have before the exams. Once that was done, they'd have to dedicate the rest of their school days to studying for extremely difficult exams.

Harry was with Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Neville and Luna as they went from place to place, just enjoying their time together before real life hit. The time where they couldn't be together everyday and hang out whenever they felt like it. The time where they had to act their age and be grown-up.

They visited every shop in the village, just reminiscing about the past. They even stopped by the Shrieking Shack for a few, thinking about all that had happened during their time at Hogwarts.

It was a little after noon when the explosions happened. They'd been in the Three Broomsticks when there was a loud noise, followed by several high pitched screams. It felt like an earthquake was running through the village.

Harry was ordering every D.A. member in the vicinity to help protect the younger years. It was a bit of a shock when the Slytherin's listened to his orders and moved quickly, guiding children away from the village and towards the school. He didn't have much time to dwell on it though. There were more important things going on!

Harry caught sight of someone he hadn't expected to see so soon. Umbridge.

She had a group of children backed into the wall of a building and was using a really branched version of the Cruciatus on them. One that couldn't get her into too much trouble for using it.

"Expelliarmus!"
The spell was knocked away by another spell that came from his right. Dumbledore stood there, waving his arm as flames spilled from his wand. He whipped his arm around, letting the flames take the shape of a snake that ran over the nearby buildings, setting them alight.

"Bombarda!" Harry yelled, hitting the old man in the chest.

"Aqua Eructo!" he continued, drenching he flaming buildings as best as he could.

He then turned toward the toad and yelled, "Baubillious!"

The white light that leapt from his wand, slammed into Umbridge's back, sending her tumbling forward into the mud.

Harry ran towards the children and stood in front of them protectively. "When I transform, I'm going to give you a chance to get away into the woods. When you have the opening, I want you all to run," he ordered.

He waited a moment, before taking a deep breath and letting his magic go. His body lengthened considerably. He coiled his large body around the children and allowed his head to split off into the thirteen separate heads that hissed at the two enemy wizards before him.

One head looked back at the kids and made a motion towards its tail. The long tail lifted up, making an opening big enough for them to get through. The kids nodded and crawled through, running into the forest behind them.

Harry faced the two convicts with annoyance. Umbridge sent a cutting curse at him, which he deflected with a mental cry of, Sectumsempra.

It slashed through the toad's curse and landed harshly on her chest, taking her down in an instant.

Dumbledore began throwing curse after curse at him, some done mentally and others with his wand. Harry hissed angrily as some of his heads were sliced off. He slithered forward, trying to get his blood near the wizard.

Harry lunged with his leftmost head, aiming for Dumbledore's leg. Just getting some venom in him and he'd be dead. Just a little bit would be enough.

"Albus! How dare you endanger all these people!"

One of Harry's heads looked over to see McGonagall running toward them at an alarmingly fast pace considering her age. Not too far behind her, were Snape and Tom.

Tom froze upon seeing him, his mouth dropping slightly.

Harry ignored him and continued aiming for the old man in front of him. The three joined him and together, they attacked.

Dumbledore was a good duelist. He was able to take on three adults and a large arse snake all at once. Harry winced as more of his heads were sliced off, making his blood splatter. The ground sizzled.

One of his heads caught sight of something small and green crawling up Dumbledore's robes. Sylvanus!

Dumbledore yelled suddenly and three consecutive Petrificus Totaluses hit him. Sylvanus had
bitten the man, giving them a chance.

Harry's remaining heads combined instantly and he lunged forward, snapping his mouth over the frozen wizard, making sure his venom was injected upon contact.

He backed off and watched as the not so frozen body writhed in pain. The screams coming from his mouth made a strong sense of pleasure run through Harry's large reptilian frame. He was proud that he had finally gotten rid of the threat!

When there was silence in the village, Harry sighed in relief and laid his body own. The cuts running along his body were burning a lot and he just wanted to rest.

His magic swirled and he found himself back in his human body, laying on the ground surrounded by his acidic blood. Sylvanus slithered to him and wrapped around his neck, asking for praise. Harry gave it to him and promised him many mice when everything was settled.

When someone approached him, he leaned away.

"Don't touch me! There's too much acid. You'll get hurt," he moaned out.

Snape was the one with his brain working the fastest and used *Aguamenti* on him to clean him off. "We need to get you to the infirmary. Your health is very important right now," the man said, using a levitation charm to carry him.

"Why?" Harry asked as they moved swiftly.

Tom and McGonagall were beside them instantly. Tom' eyes were watching Harry intently and he flinched, not knowing if he should say anything yet.

They came upon Sprout and Flitwick who were running down the large hill.

"Go over every inch of the village in search of students. Retrieve Albus's and Delores's bodies while you're at it," Snape ordered.

"Were any of the children seriously hurt?" Harry asked quickly.

"Only the few whom were under the Cruciatus. The others are in perfect health because of your quickly thinking, Mr. Potter," Sprout smiled before rushing off.

Harry was rushed into the infirmary where Madam Pomfrey went ballistic with worry.

"You need to give him a full body scan. He just fought off Albus and Umbridge while protecting some students. His injuries could negatively affect his condition," Snape stated, leaving him floating in the center of the room.

The old woman's eyes went wide and she rushed through the exam and gasped, looking at Harry in wonder.

"I need some time with Mr. Potter. When I'm done, I'll call you back in," she said, pushing them toward the door.

When they were alone, she turned to him and sighed.

"Mr. Potter, do you have an active sex life?" she asked, much to his embarrassment.

He nodded, "Yes. With my soulmate."
She flushed, "Well, the Headmaster was correct about your physical condition. You shouldn't do anything dexterous for the next eight months. The three of you could be in danger if you do."

Harry was confused, "Huh?"

She rested a palm on his abdomen and smiled. "How do you feel about children?" she asked.

He gaped, "How? I'm a guy!"

She giggled, "Well, only powerful men can actually become pregnant Mr. Potter. Not every man can. You and your soulmate are both exceptionally powerful, so I'm not surprised. You're a month along with twins."

Harry was left in wonder. He was going to have twins.

She went a fetched a clipboard. "Now, I need to know of your creature inheritance. It could affect your pregnancy."

"I'm a Hydra," he said simply.

Her eyes widened as she wrote his answer down. "No transforming after your fourth month, am I clear?" she asked.

He nodded as a dejected look came over his face, "What about sex?"

She cough into her hand and flushed brightly, "No intercourse after the beginning of your sixth month."

He pouted.

"Anything oral is fine however, even swallowing," she suggested, looking at the far wall.

"Really?"

"A lot of protein is in a man's sperm. So it wouldn't hurt the children in any way," she said, looking uncomfortable.

"Shall I let them in now?"

"Only Professor Dolhaladmoor please?" he said, shifting to his feet as he broke Snape's spell.

She stared at him for a moment and then gaped like a fish. She nodded quickly and went to fetch him.

He stood there awkwardly as he waited for his lover to enter the room. This wasn't going to end well, he was scared too.

Tom was quiet as he faced his mate. Harry was on edge the whole time, waiting for him to speak. To make a sound at the very least!

"I want to scream at you and accuse you of playing with me this whole time, but I'll give you a chance to explain all of this tome. I'd really like to believe that you care about me and that this isn't you just stringing me along. Because I know that out of everything in the world, you can't genuinely fake love. I want to know if this is even real and if I'm in love with someone who doesn't care for me," he said finally, nearly breaking Harry's heart.
"No! I do love you Tom! Truly I do!" he panicked.

"Then why all of this Harry? Or should I call you Septimus?"

Harry sighed and looked at the floor. "I woke up the day after my birthday, alone in the forest. I met Sylvanus who informed me that I was a Hydra. It was annoying, because I couldn't see clearly with seven heads and I was grumpy because of the headache it gave me. We met Nagini later on and she took us to you. I'll admit that at first I was just going along with it until I could find out how to transform back into my human form. I was even planning on spying on you. But as I sat in your office and you spoke to your followers, I heard things that I had never heard before. Things that I never considered. I was curious as to why you and Bellatrix didn't seem like crazy people like you did the last time I saw the both of you. I listened to your goals and ambitions. It was because of you that I learned that Dumbledore was keeping things from me," he sighed.

"I didn't want to leave, Tom. I had gotten attached to you. And somewhere in the time I was with you this Summer, Marvolo came out and started talking about how attractive you were and that he knew I was interested in men. You went from, evil crazy snake face, to sexy as hell man with a real plan. I didn't want to go, but I had to see the Goblins about my inheritance and the lordships. You only claimed to want to observe me, though that didn't mean that I would be safe in your home from everyone, if who I really was, was revealed. When you left that day, I staged a kidnapping for myself, because I viewed you as a friend and I didn't want you to think that your friend had left willingly and would never come back. It was just better that way. I knew of your plans from the beginning of the school year and pretty much lusted after you the whole time. Marvolo didn't help much either. I teased you and we got to know each other better. I made your guessing of my inheritance a game, but somewhere along the way, I got scared that you'd be angry and hate me, so I've been trying to steer you away from the subject," he said guiltily.

"Why would I hate you?! I love you!" Tom said, throwing his hands up.

"I know that now! But, some part of me worried, even when both Marvolo and Nagini told me I didn't need to worry because you loved me. Everyone else who found out told me the same thing, but I wasn't listening. I swear I love you Tom! I would never pretend to love someone! I would never want someone to do that to me!"

Tom sighed and shook his head, "Are you ever going to keep something from me again? I don't care that we're soulmates. I refuse to spend eternity with someone who keeps such important things from me."

Harry nodded eagerly, "I promise! Please don't be angry with me Tom?!"

The man sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "Fine. Just don't do this again. You might not understand what that did to me. I don't have many that I consider friends, Harry. I cried hard, when I came home to find Septimus gone. I haven't cried in sixty years, that's how harsh it was for me," he frowned at the memory.

Harry rushed into Tom's arms and wrapped himself around his mate. "I'm sorry!"

Tom's arms moved to keep him close as he sighed in the teens hair. "I forgive you. Just, never again, please?" he asked, sounding timid.

"Never ever again! I promise, Tom!"

They stood there for several minutes, just holding one another. Harry sighed, happy that Tom didn't hate him.
I told you!

Shut up Marvolo! You'll ruin the mood!

Eh-hem! Don't you have something else to tell him? Like that fact that he's going to be a father soon?

Harry nearly jumped and pulled from Tom to look him in the eye.

"Speaking of that promise, I have to tell you something I just found out," he said, smiling.

At Tom's confused look, he grabbed the man's hand and placed it on his his abdomen. "We're expecting two people in eight months."

Tom looked down at his hand and where it lay on Harry's body. His eyes went wide and he looked Harry in the eye. "Are you serious?" he gaped.

Harry nodded, "We're having twins!"

Tom leaned down and kissed him.

Harry's smile faded when Tom dropped to the floor in a boneless heap.

"SHIT!"

A/N: Another down!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Tom/Harry stores! Also check out my new Sherlock/John story, 'Need to Know Basis', just updated. BAMFJohn. Telepathic John.

See ya! :D

Chapter End Notes

I laugh every time I read that he fainted. I can't help it. :)

Also check out my new Sherlock/John story, 'Need to Know Basis', just updated. BAMFJohn. Telepathic John.
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

The next 8 months.

Chapter Notes

Reaction, interlude, months, birth.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

I can't believe that he fainted!

Harry's eyes rolled to the ceiling at the whiny tone Marvolo was using. *And I can't believe that you're whining,* he countered.

Harry reached down and grabbed Tom's limp arm, trying to pull the man up.

*Use your magic.*

Harry flushed. Marvolo was such a prat!

*Sure I am. I'm still more worried about the fact that he fainted.*

Harry sighed and waved his hand, levitating his lover onto the nearest bed.

*I'm not. When you were altogether - in one body I mean - did you ever think of having children and continuing the Slytherin line?*

Marvolo made a humming noise, *No. Immortality seemed more important at the time. Until I was sealed within you, I had never thought of it like that. I thought children were annoying and I didn't believe I would be a good father. I may have forgotten about the Slytherin line needing to be continued.*

*In what? Sixty years, you never thought of having an heir?*

Marvolo sighed, *Again, immortality was on my mind constantly. And now that we know that it wasn't even my own thoughts, you can't tease me over this.*
Harry snorted as the door to the room opened. Snape and McGonagall walked in with Madam Pomfrey.

They took in Tom's unconscious form and Snape even smirked.

"He took it pretty well," Harry commented. "I got a kiss before he fainted."

"The man is unconscious! And why did you bring him in first And why would he kiss you, Mr. Potter?!" McGonagall demanded, hands flying to her hips.

Harry looked at Snape, "You're the Headmaster and you knew even before you became the Headmaster. As she is your Deputy, you need to tell her. No dillydallying now."

The glare Snape sent him could freeze Hell over. "And here I was going to allow you to take your N.E.W.T.s because you wouldn't be here next year. A shame that I went through all that work for nothing," he said in a cool tone.

Harry gasped and as soon as his brain caught up with his mouth, he started a very long explanation, telling his Head of House what was going on behind the scenes and then adding in the fact that he was due in Winter. The Scottish woman gaped the entire time and promptly scolded him for being in a relationship with a teacher(even though it was Tom in disguise).

Through the whole conversation, Tom hadn't stirred once. Harry worriedly ran his fingers through the man's hair as he spoke. He did not like the thought of Tom being defenseless and resolved to remain with him until he woke and returned to his room.

Snape swept from the room, claiming that it was time for dinner and he had to announce the safety of everyone to the whole school. His robes billowed wildly as he walked from the room.

Soon, the Deputy Headmistress followed, leaving Harry and Tom alone.

The BWL sighed and waited for his mate to awaken.

Harry passed his NEWTs perfectly with the proper teaching from Tom. Having gained the proper grades, he didn't have to return to Hogwarts for another year, which left him time to prepare for the birth.

On his birthday, Tom surprised him with sex all day in every possible position he could think of. They wanted to get it out of the way, taking advantage of the time they had before they couldn't so much as touch each other.

Tom had not liked the thought of no sex after a certain period, but he managed to take the news like a man.

Tom came out as Lord Slytherin and even though there were still some people against him even though the whole world knew he wasn't really responsible for his actions. Still, that didn't deter him from his plans.

Harry had used his time on doing some research on the wizarding world and found out that there were no wizard orphanages or apartment complexes. So the first thing he did, was go to the Ministry and get the necessary licenses in order to start a few businesses and such. From there, he skillfully manipulated some people with his name in order to gain donations and such for the orphanage.
It only took a month for the proper wizards to construct the building for the orphanage and a week after to fill it with the necessary muggle appliances that had been spelled to work on magic instead of electricity.

The land he bought for the apartments, was vast and he enjoyed consulting Luna, Ginny and Hermione on designs that would be preferred. The apartments would be filled with muggle appliances running on magic. Harry felt that wizards needed to understand that muggles weren't so worthless and that without magic, they could come up with some amazing things.

Tom supported his decisions and actually found merit in them. Harry knew he wasn't wasting money. All that he spent on the construction and decorating was easily paid for. Since things were running on magic, there was no need for water, electricity or garbage disposal to be paid. The rent he collected every month was split in half. Half for his family vault in Gringotts and the other half for the orphanage.

Tom did insist on making sure that the workers were respectable and kind because he knew the bad experiences children could have in an orphanage.

It didn't take long for the orphanage to fill up. The apartments were commandeered faster, however. Several hundred homes all different shapes and sizes, were currently being inhabited by the 'in-betweens' as Harry called them. Those just out of school and not wanting to live at home. Muggleborns, halfbloods and even some purebloods.

Harry gave an introductory course to every person that rented an apartment, explaining what all the objects did and allowing them to test them out themselves. Several people liked the air conditioners and the heaters, loving the fact that they didn't have to waste magic. Some purebloods didn't want the tellys in their houses and that was okay, all they had to do was ask when they regained interest and all of them had at some point.

Harry was proud that his projects were doing so well and nearly everyone he knew had begun making contributions to the orphanage. The children(which were coming in a lot faster than he believed was possible) were great. They were given classes to learn about the world they lived in. All children that came under the protection of the Ministry because of inept parents were placed there instead of thrown to another family. And Harry made damn sure that the kids enjoyed themselves at the orphanage. He didn't want anything like Tom's or his upbringings happening.

When Tom's bill concerning removing muggleborns from their parents and obliterating them from the parents thoughts passed, Harry's orphanage was where they were sent, where several nannies and Medi-witches worked to keep the babies happy and healthy. Even if the children had no parents, Harry refused to let them think they were unwanted or unloved.

Within six months, Harry had successfully opened a good portion of the wizarding world to accepting the muggle world's utilities and appliances. Many people admitting that even though muggles were pathetic, they were pretty brilliant in some departments.

Tom and Harry married on Yule. It was a very small wedding with only a few people that they both could tolerate to be around for more than two hours.

Tom had wanted their child to be legitimate and since he preferred Winter, Harry acquiesced to marrying on Yule.

Harry still snorted at the memory of Tom asking for his hand. Tom had never blushed that much before and Harry too much pleasure in reminding his mate of his fumbling and blushing that night.
Harry’s pregnancy was pretty smooth for the first seven months. Then December (his eighth month) came and all he wanted was Chocolate Frogs and tomatoes. Tom had been surprisingly generous with all of Harry’s mood swings and taste bud changes.

The most shocking thing though, was when he would just pin Harry to the wall and kiss him senseless. And then run his hands all over Harry’s enormous stomach, ensuring him that he was still attractive and the sight of him pregnant with Tom’s children was a turn on.

Tom even became protective, constantly checking if Harry was comfortable and asking if there was anything he wanted.

Harry shifted in his seat slightly as he and Narcissa Malfoy had some tea, talking about what to put in the nursery. Since Harry was having twins, one boy and one girl, they planned on making half the room green and the other half red. Representing the parents’ Houses.

He shifted again, feeling weird.

"Are you well?" Narcissa asked, reaching out to steady him.

Harry shrugged, "I don't know. I'm feeling heavy and my stomach is tingling."

Her mouth dropped and she proceeded to call for the Elves.

"What's going on?" Harry asked as he moved again, trying to rid himself of the feeling.

"You're going into labor, we need to get you to your bedroom."

Harry gaped as the Elves surrounded him and levitated him from his chair. The next thing he knew he was propped up on his and Tom’s bed. Narcissa was flinging orders around, demanding potions and salves and for one of the Elves to get Snape and another to get Tom.


She placed a hand on his stomach and sighed, "Your magic is changing your body. Your penis is going to disappear and be replaced with a vagina and the canal needed, for the duration of the birth."

"I thought you'd have to cut me open!" Harry yelled.

"For those who aren't powerful enough, yes. But you have a lot of magic and more than enough of it for it to transfigure you slightly so that you can birth the children like a woman would," she explained.

Harry was then told to breathe in a certain way while Narcissa spread a bunch of odd smelling balms on his stomach.

"To numb the pain of contractions," she said in passing.

Harry felt his muscles tighten. It was an uncomfortable feeling, but there was no pain. He had a feeling that muggle women went through it much harder than this. Though he was uncomfortable and felt a little wary, they didn't have potions and such to stop the pain of childbirth.

He was glad he wasn't a muggle woman.

It was at that moment, that he felt the space between his legs clear and he squeaked, "My penis will return, right?!" he panicked.
"Yes."

He sighed in relief, "Okay good. I kind of need it."

Tom and Snape showed up about an hour later, while Harry was laying there, annoyed with being uncomfortable. It was nearing midnight and he could feel what Narcissa had called contractions, becoming faster.

"I never want to feel like this ever again. I feel like I'm going to throw up my lunch and I didn't even get to eat dinner. And Cissy won't let me move anymore than a few inches and it's hot in here and I just realized that I'm whining and I don't care who I annoy!"

Tom sat beside him, rubbing a hand over his arm, "You'll be okay, love. I'm surprised that your due so soon. This won't hurt the babies, will it Narcissa?"

She shook her head, "They're just ready to come out and greet the world."

Harry sighed and tried to move a bit. He blanched as he felt his whole weight shift downward.

Narcissa spread his legs wider, making him flush. "This is embarrassing. I don't think I can do this again," he mumbled as the contraction came faster.

"Harry, I need you to push as hard as you can right now. Take a deep breath and then push with all you have," Narcissa instructed.

Harry did as ordered and upon inhaling, he sneezed. The force was what he needed and he felt something rather large passing through his transfigured vagina.

"Another one is coming and fast!" he said as he felt another large object moving downward.

Narcissa handed the first child off to Snape and quickly reached out, catching the other that seemed to just slide out of Harry's magical vagina.

He shivered at the feeling of losing weight so fast and how odd the noises sounded.

Then, the room was filled with little cries, that sounded slightly squeaky. And Harry grumbled as Narcissa ran her wand over him several times, removing the blood and the other liquids. He felt his magic react to the cleaning and the next thing he knew, his stomach was flat once more and he thanked Merlin, Morgana and Circe that he was back to normal. Male pregnancies were abnormal - to him at least - and he wasn't eager to do it again.

Tom handed him a vial, "Calming Draught," he said.

Harry nodded and took it quickly, sighing as his body relaxed.

"The son was born first, My Lord," Snape said, showing them the little boy now wrapped in a green blanket.

Harry nudged Tom, "Go ahead. We agreed that you can name him."

"Salazar Harrison Potter Riddle," Tom smiled.

Harry smiled and reached for his daughter as Tom was given Salazar.

Both babies had a full head of dark hair and when they stopped crying in order to open their eyes and gaze at their parents, Harry gasped.
Both had an Avada green left eyes and a crimson right eye. Harry looked at Tom who was gaping in surprised.

"So they take after us equally!" Harry smiled.

He shifted his daughter closer and smiled wider, "Lilliana Thomasina Potter Riddle!"

Tom quirked a brow, "Thomasina?"

"Yes. Your name is Thomas and if you can give our son my name, I should be able to do the same with yours," he insisted, sticking his tongue out.

Tom smirked and leaned in to kiss his husband.

Harry cast a wandless and wordless Tempus and smiled. "Guess what Tom?" he grinned.

"Hm?" Tom asked, rocking the little boy in his arms slowly.

"Happy birthday. These are the two most precious gifts I can give you."

Tom's head jerked up and saw the numbers floating before them. It was 12:13 a.m. on December 31st. Harry had literally given birth to his children, on his birthday.

He turned and leaned over his mate, "I love you, Harry."

Harry smiled and accepted the kiss, knowing that Tom was happy and proud.

"They're so tiny." Tom whispered reverently as he held Salazar close, running a hand through his hair. Harry nodded and did the same with Lilliana.

"Want to switch?"

Narcissa stepped up and helped the two exchange babies. Harry was proud to see Tom handling his daughter carefully, staring at her in shock.

Tom felt a warmth crawling through his chest. No one would ever touch his daughter. It would never happen! She'd be single for the rest of her life! No man would ever be worthy of her.

Harry reached out and smacked him upside the head, "Stop that! She's going to grow up and marry a nice young man. Or woman if she wants."

Tom entertained a brief moment of childishness to stick his tongue out at his husband. "Bite me, love."

"I will, after I get some rest. I feel like I just did a bunch of exhausting work."

"You did," Narcissa cut in. "Just because you didn't feel pain, doesn't mean that it was easy on you. You still had to push and your muscles are a bit overworked at the moment. Give us the children and you two can rest."

Harry reluctantly handed over his daughter and sighed, feeling like he ran a mile without the pain afterward. Tom did the same with Salazar and waved his hand, levitating his husband and changing everything on the bed to something much more comfortable and cleaner, just to be safe.

"We'll see you when you awaken, My Lord," Snape said, walking out of the room followed by Narcissa who bowed slightly and closed the door.
"So you managed to make another birthday good for me, huh?" Tom asked, running his fingers over Harry's cheek.

The BWL nodded and smiled, "I'm glad. And I'm going to make sure that all of your birthdays are wonderful from now on. Now rest with me, Tom."

The couple sighed as sleep overcame them. Tom holding onto Harry tightly and Harry burrowing into the warmth of his husband with a sigh.

A/N: Another one done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Tom/Harry stories.

See ya! :D

Chapter End Notes

How was it?
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Harry and Tom introduce their children to their ancestors.

Chapter Notes

************************************************************************Check the bottom note!!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta!

ENJOY!

It didn't take too many years for Tom to take the Minister position. In that time, several of the Voldemort haters had taken action and were imprisoned justly for their attempts on Harry's, Tom's and their children's lives.

Tom's plans for the wizarding world were moving smoothly. Harry's orphanage and apartment complex were flourishing. Ron and Hermione had married and both worked in the Ministry. Hermione was now the head of the DRCMC and Ron was moving swiftly in the ranks of the Aurors.

Every member of the Weasley family lived a very successful life. Percy was Senior Undersecretary to Tom, Charlie had become the leader of the Dragon Tamers in Romania, Bill was now Gringotts’ best Curse Breaker, Fred and George had opened five other shops all over Europe and four in America and Ginny had started working at the Daily Prophet, tying Rita Skeeter in the award for best journalist.

Severus had taken to being a Headmaster well and Lucius didn't feel like relinquishing his post any time soon. Hogwarts was thriving. A new muggle studies class had been introduced, making the learning much more fun. This was done on Harry's order, seeing as he wanted the halfbloods and purebloods who grew up in the wizarding world to not push the muggle world away and think of them as useless.

Severus's Basilisk, Sinistra, along with Tom's Basilisk, Svetomir (he was unwilling to give the name up) and Harry's Basilisk, Sylvester, lived in the Chamber of Secrets, which Tom had admitted to having several escape routes to the Black Lake, so that they could feed when necessary. Harry was unnerved to know that a killer snake had been swimming in the lake for years and people never knew. Of course he didn't want to worry any of the students and so he kept the information to himself.
Ginny had married Neville, who was the new Herbology professor at Hogwarts. They were happy. Luna married a young man named Rolf Scamander and had two sons. Fred and George surprised everyone by both marrying a set of twins from America that preferred to dye their hair obscene colors and liked pranking as much as the twins did. Their fresh ideas helped the shop grow exponentially.

Harry was content with watching his own twins grow. Salazar and Lily were now ten and eagerly awaiting their first year in Hogwarts. What really shocked Harry and Tom, was the fact that Lily was Slytherin material and Salazar was a Gryffindor.

Then there were their other children.

The triplets: Regula, Lucia and Severina, who were seven. The younger twins: Valeria and Nero, who were five. And finally, the fraternal twins, Octavia and Nonus who had just turned three in August.

For some strange reason, Harry and Tom just seemed to create children that had to come in pairs. Harry was glad though. Each child had someone. It would be bad if he gave birth to a child that didn't have a twin or a triplet to talk to. The child would feel left out and he most certainly didn't want that.

Each child had something they were specifically good at and they all managed to make their parents proud.

Tom was shocked at having so many girls. Though they all loved him and wanted attention all the time. Daddy had to participate in every game of house and rescue that was played in the manor, because daddy was everybody's husband or prince charming. Several of them claimed that they would steal him away from Harry one day. Tom protested.

As for Harry, he was happy being with Tom. The two had very creative imaginations and made sure that their lives were never boring.

It was on the oldest twins' eleventh birthday that he and Tom brought their children to the Founders Room.

They left the children in front of the painting as they briefly spoke to their ancestors.

"Hi," Harry smiled.

The four founders greeted the two mates and inquired about the little people in front of the rooms entrance.

Harry grinned at Tom and nudged him.

"We wanted to introduce our children to you all," he said simply.

The excitement on their faces was hilarious. They expressed deep gratitude, because it had been years since they had spoken to any of their descendants' children, other than Harry and Tom of course. None of the children had been introduced by their parents though, usually finding out in some obscure way about the room and gaining entrance the best way they could.

Harry stuck his head through the painting and order his startled children to say, 'Long Live Hogwarts' in Parseltongue.

A chorus greeted his ears as the nine children stepped through the painting.
The founders were surprised at the children, especially when they all spoke the language of the snakes.

Harry pushed the eldest twins forward. "This is Salazar and this is Lilliana. They are eleven today. Salazar is the firstborn," he smirked when Salazar Slytherin puffed up in pride, having a descendant named for him.

Harry motioned the triplets forward, "Regula, Lucia and Severina. They are seven."

He pulled the second set of twins over, "Valeria and Nero, who are five. And finally, Octavia and Nonus, the only fraternal ones in the bunch."

Gryffindor was the one to break the shocked silence, "You two sure don't waste time do you? I never imagined that two people could bear fruit so fast."

Slytherin slapped a hand to his face as Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw giggled behind their hand fans. "Are all Gryffindors so crude," Tom whispered to Harry.

Harry turned and gave his mate a smirk, "You should know that after eleven years of being with me. How do I get when you tease me, Tom?"

Tom returned the look and leaned down to kiss his husband, "Point taken, but you only get that way for me."

Harry smiled, "But of course my sexy mate. No one would ever get such a reaction from me. And when we return home, you'll experience my crudeness first hand."

With the promise of an entertaining night, Tom smiled and pulled his mate into a kiss, in front of his ancestor and his children, who all giggled at their actions.

Eternity with Harry, would never be enough.

A/N: Another one done!

Check out my other Tom/Harry stories! LOOK AT THE NOTE BELOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Chapter End Notes

*****NOTE***** THE NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE A MIX. A SORT OF CROSSOVER WITH MY OTHER HARRY/VOLDEMORT STORY, *DEADLY EYES OF A PHOENIX REBORN*. TECHNICALLY, THIS WAS THE LAST CHAPTER AND THE CHAPTER THAT WILL BE POSTED AFTER THIS IS LIKE A SIDE STORY. IF YOU HAVEN'T READ *DEADLY EYES* YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE NEXT CHAPTER.

So, if you don't want to read the side story and just stick with this, then thank you for reading Surge de Hydra*Rise of the Hydra*. Your reactions were so much better than the ones on FF.net were. You all rock! :)

Chapter 28: Side Story.....TBC.
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

********************THIS IS A SIDE CROSSOVER STORY! TO UNDERSTAND IT, YOU MAY HAVE TO READ MY OTHER HARRY/TOM FIC, 'DEADLY EYES OF A PHOENIX REBORN' IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING. HOPE YOU ENJOY THE ENDING ;)******************

Chapter Notes

********************THIS IS A SIDE CROSSOVER STORY! TO UNDERSTAND IT, YOU MAY HAVE TO READ MY OTHER HARRY/TOM FIC, 'DEADLY EYES OF A PHOENIX REBORN' IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING. HOPE YOU ENJOY THE ENDING ;)******************

There's slash at the end! ;) I compare the slash from former chapters to now and there's a 9 month difference. I think my slash from now is better.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Harry Potter.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

********************THIS IS A SIDE CROSSOVER STORY! TO UNDERSTAND IT, YOU MAY HAVE TO READ MY OTHER HARRY/TOM FIC, 'DEADLY EYES OF A PHOENIX REBORN' IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING. HOPE YOU ENJOY THE ENDING ;)******************

Harry had been literally mixing ingredients for Tom's birthday cake, when it happened.

Marvolo had been going off in his head, talking about what Tom had liked from previous birthday celebrations. Harry had a lot to do, because he had three birthday cakes to make and thankfully, magic would lend aid.

And right in the middle of mixing the batter for Tom's cake, everything goes dark and he is no longer in the Slytherin Manor kitchens. He looked down, to see the bowl and whisk nowhere to be found, though his hands were still a mess.

Harry cast a silent cleansing charm to right himself. He then took in his surroundings. It looked like the Room of Requirement, back when he held the DA meetings. All those years ago.
But why was he there? And was it even possible to Apparate inside of Hogwarts? Was that even Apparition?

He turned slightly, eyes finally latching onto a form, about ten feet away. Young man - Hogwarts student - judging by the uniform. Shoulder length, black hair, bright green eyes and pale skin. He wasn't tall, pretty average, just like Harry was.

The boy looked at him with obvious distrust.

"Who are you?" the teen asked.

Harry looked around, just to make sure that no one else was in the room with them, before giving the teen his undivided attention.

"First of all, why am I here? This feels like the Room of Requirement."

The teen gave him a rather bland look as he said, "It is."

Harry processed that, glad that he was correct. Thinking up something comfortable for him to sit on, the room provided him with a nice wing-back, which he immediately took possession of. His right leg folded over his left with ease.

"Well, can you please explain why I'm here?" he queried, hoping to get the boy to relax.

The boy scowled and let out a very feminine huff/squeak. "I don't know. I came in here to think, because I'm having 'romance issues'. Next thing I know, I'm wishing that the room could give me an answer and then you show up. Who are you?"

Harry had to think about the child's words. He needed help and the suddenly, Harry appears out of nowhere.

"I think I was brought here to help you, since I was seriously baking a cake and suddenly I wasn't. Well then, what is your romantic malfunction?"

"Who are you?!"

Harry quirked a brow at the harsh tone and straightened instantly.

"Lord Harrison Jamison Evans Potter-Black-Peverell-Gryffindor-Hufflepuff-Ravenclaw. Magical Descendant of Merlin and Morgan Le Fay. And you are?"

The teen balked and tripped over his feet, landing with his limbs sprawled on the ground. He was giving Harry a confused once over.

"Are you okay?"

No answer. The boy was just laying there.

"Hun, are you okay?" Harry tried again.

The reaction he got was a wrinkled nose. Obviously people in his life never called him such names before.

"Uh, sir.....I think you may be confused," the boy mumbled as he sat up, looking lost.

Harry couldn't help but feel confused. This boy was odd. "How?" he asked.
The boy jumped to his feet, steadying himself when he swayed a bit. Once he was a straightened out, he turned and fixed Harry with a look. "Because you can't be Harry Potter."

"And why is that?" Avada eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Because I'm Harry Potter."

Harry - the real one that had nearly a dozen children - stood quickly, whipping his wand out as he did so. The boy mimicked his actions, still eyeing him warily.

Harry leveled the boy with a very serious glare and spoke threateningly, "I'm going to give you a chance to tell me who you truly are. I suggest you don't lie."

The boy scoffed, "And what will you do if I don't?"

Harry smirked at the challenge and allowed his body to shift. His form lengthened as soon as he thought of it and soon, he was looking at the child from twenty different angles. His Hydra form spread out around him, making him all the more imposing.

The boy backed away a little, eyes nearly blown completely wide in awe and there was a slight scent of fear lingering in the air.

And, the teen did something completely unexpected. Something that gave Harry pause.

He hissed, "Bloody hell," in Parseltongue.

Harry's heads joined together and he slithered closer to the boy, trying to figure out the anomaly.

"You ssssspeak," the wizard turned Hydra, stated.

"Yeah, alwayssss have been able to."

The boy gave him an unimpressed look. Like he was supposed to know it or something.

"Your name, boy!" the reptilian lord hissed in demand.

The boy flinched slightly, almost noticeably. But Harry did see it.

And the he answered with, "Hadrian James Potter. Lord of the most Ancient and Noble House of Potter, Lord of the Most Ancient House of Gryffindor, Lord of the Noble House of Donovan. Heir to the Most Ancient and Noble House of Black and Heir to the Most Ancient House of Peverell."

Harry's serpentine tongue flicked out, allowing him to scent the air for falsity. But there was none. The boy truly believed himself. He gave a nod and shifted back to his human form.

"You spoke the truth."

"I should think so," Hadrian snarked.

Harry glared, growling out, "Watch your mouth young man."

Apparently, that was not the best of things to say to a cornered teenager.

Hadrian sneered, "So you turn into a great bloody snake, so what? Being a Hydra doesn't automatically mean I have to respect you. And just because you are older than me, doesn't mean you deserve my respect. Respect is earned, not given. I'll speak however the bloody hell I want, do
Harry stood by for a moment as he reveled in the fact that he was just put in his place by a child and the fact that said child's magic was crackling amidst them. Sparking the air. Hadrian's form was slowly being covered by what looked to be fire. Black/purple flames licking along his arms. The temperature dropped suddenly, making their breaths visible.

It was an impressive form of wandless and wordless magic. Especially from a child.

Harry gave a slow nod, "Point taken. My apologies but I have children and when they take that tone of voice with me, I am quick to snap them out of it. I sometimes forget what it was like being your age."

The flames gradually flickered away, though a small bit still outlined the child. And the room was colder than before.

"Calm down. How about you tell me what time and year it is, yeah?" Harry asked in a placating manner, holding his hands up in a 'take-it-easy' gesture.

"Somewhere past midnight on 1st January 1997, why?"

So time travel then. It was possible in rare instances.

Harry sighed, "Yeah, I was baking a cake for my soulmate and two of my children. It's their birthday today, which is 31 December 2014, where I came from."

He smiled when Hadrian gaped. Maybe the boy had never entertained the idea of time travel.

"Impossible. If you are me, how are you a Hydra? I'm not a Hydra. I'm a Basilisk/Phoenix Hybrid!"

What?

Harry stared at the teen, processing the words. He wasn't a Hydra, but was a Basilisk/Phoenix? How did that happen?

"How about we talk this through calmly? No wands?" he suggested, with a calm smile, though he was building a silent *Protego* between them, just in case.

Hadrian scoffed, "I don't even need a wand. I'm best at wandless and I'm pretty sure you are too. Your core and magic are focusing on shielding you in case I decide to attack suddenly."

Harry was impressed. "You can see magical cores." The only other person he knew who could do that was Tom.

"Yes."

Harry sighed as he thought of how to get everything done and over with. The hesitancy was annoying. He smiled suddenly, idea coming to mind. "How about we vow not to attack or kill each other while in this room together?"

Hadrian stared for a solid moment, obviously internalizing everything that had happened so far. He finally nodded giving consent. They stepped close together, eyeing each other closely even as they grasped forearms and made a magical vow not to attack each other when both were alone in the room.
Once the vows were made, two comfortable looking chairs appeared before them. They each took a seat. Hadrian was still worried.

Harry watched the teen glance around, before pulling a blade from his sleeve and cutting into his palm with it. Harry was about to ask if he'd gone bonkers, but paused when the teen raised his hand up and said in a very official tone, "Great Lady Mother, heed my plea. Pray tell, who is this man before me?"

Harry's eyes bulged as a golden light descended from the ceiling. A woman appeared within the halo of light, reminiscent of a muggle hologram. The woman was strikingly gorgeous, wearing a white dress covered in gold and jewels. Her skin was pale, yet her long hair was blacker than midnight could ever wish to be. In her hands, were two torches, already set aflame.

She smiled at Hadrian, "Hadrian, I hope you aren't so naive as to believe that this is the only dimension in the universe."

"N-no," the teen stuttered, bowing his head a little.

She nodded, looking pleased. "Good. You both are Harry Potter, but from completely different dimensions. I worked with this magical room in order to bring you the one who can help you come to grips with your feelings."

"How can he help, my lady?"

And the next sentence had Harry reeling.

"Because his soulmate is the very person you're trying to not fall in love with."

The teen sputtered, "I never said anything about 'love'. Just 'romance'."

She rolled her eyes, "You want to like him, but then you don't. You're confused and Harrison will assist you. Only when everything is made perfectly clear to you, will your association be over with. Make it count."

And then she faded away, taking the light with her and leaving Harry with loads of questions and from the way Hadrian was staring at his hands, he was confused as well.

As Hadrian stared at his healing hand, Harry decided that he'd do what he could to assist the child. Besides, he had to get home to bake some cakes.

A table appear between them and Harry placed his arms on it comfortably, waiting for the other to regain his bearings.

"This makes it a lot easier to communicate now," he stated with a hopefully encouraging grin.

"Yeah."

"Well then, why don't you tell me about your situation and why you need help with Tom."

He was interested to hear the story behind it all as well.

"Tom? He lets you call him Tom?!" the teen gaped, looking very much like a fish.

"Yes?" the young parent said slowly, wondering why it was such a big deal.

"Mine prefers Marvolo."
Harry grinned and said, "To be truthful, the soul piece in my head demands to be called Marvolo, so that I don't mix him up with Tom."

Hadrian leaned back suddenly. "Wait a tic, you mean you know that you're a Horcrux and you have contact with his soul?"

Harry nodded. So apparently Hadrian's 'Marvolo' had told him as well. "Yes. I'm currently the only Horcrux he has left, he absorbed the other ones, except for the diary which I had destroyed. I take it you know about his Horcruxes then?"

The older wizard watched as the teen pondered his words. The boy sighed and said, "You existing pretty much makes him immortal, but you would need to be immortal as well, other wise, when you die he'll die to."

Harry offered a particularly naughty smirk. "I am immortal. He has my blood form the resurrection ritual and I have his soul. I am a Hydra as well, so that all plays into it. Listen, how about I explain my story for you and then you can explain your own?" When he saw confusion and interest spark in those Avada orbs - identical to his own, he noticed - he grinned in triumph. The boy was being reeled in.

Hadrian nodded, "Okay."

The Hydra lord had to think about everything, before giving a nod when he found where to start it all from. "I learned I was a wizard while out in the Atlantic ocean running away from my Hogwarts letters. Hagrid gave me my letter. Did this happen to you?"

Avada eyes sparkled with familiarity. A brief smile. "Yes," he said with surety. It was cute in a sense. Was it odd that he was calling another dimensional version of himself, cute? Was that being narcissistic by any chance?

He shook himself, to get back into the story telling mode. "Did you do the Sorcerer's Stone business and defeat Quirrelmort?" he queried.

The child snorted loudly, before falling into a loud amount of chuckles as he wriggled in his seat. When he was in control again, he managed a small nod.

"Okay. Friends with Ron and Hermione? Locked into a bedroom with a cat flap, bars on the window and multiple bolts on the door? Met Dobby the House Elf? Got rescued by the twins and Ron in a flying Ford Anglia?"

A nod.

"Flew Ford Angila into Whomping Willow when barrier wasn't working? People getting petrified? Hermione being one of them? Hagrid sending you and Ron into the forest to talk to the Acromantula colony? Running for your life because Aragog decided his kids could eat you?"

Another nod. Sure, he was simplifying it all, but it was the quickest way he could think of getting their stories out. The similarities would be out of the way sooner rather than later.

The older lord of way too many Houses, nodded, internally wondering when their lives diverged.

"Still on the same track? Good. Ginny going into the Chamber of Secrets? Lockhart being a pathetic liar? Puting all of Hermione's clues together and forcing Lockhart to go first? Yeah that was great. Getting separated from Ron? Going on alone? Seeing Riddle and Ginny? Fighting the Basilisk? Getting stabbed with a fang? Using the fang to destroy the diary? Fawkes crying on the
wound? Still going strong then. Uh…. running away from the Dursleys next summer because Marge and her big mouth and seeing a Grim by the bus stop? Sort of? Oh, did things go different from on?"

He sat back when he saw the boy's frown. Everything was a nod, until he reached the running away part. So something happened in his summer before third year, to change the outcome of their lives.

"Okay then, I'll just explain what happened without asking questions.

So, Marge came over and I left after blowing her up like a balloon. Rode the Knight Bus after seeing the Grim, which was Sirius. Met the Minister. Saw the Weasley's at the Leaky Cauldron. Mr. Weasley warned me about Sirius Black escaping Azkaban. Going to Hogwarts and being assaulted by Dementors all damn year. Learning that my boggart was a Dementor and learning the Patronus Charm with Remus Lupin. My Patronus is a Stag like dad's was. Learning that Sirius was my godfather and swearing to kill him for betraying my parents. Meeting Sirius in person after his several failed attempts to get into the tower. Lupin appearing as well in the Shrieking Shack. Then me knocking Snape out when he appeared. Sirius and Remus reversed the transfigured Peter who was Scabbers and I told them to not kill him so that Sirius could be freed. Remus didn't take his potion and transformed, Peter got away. I nearly died in the midst of saving Sirius from Dementors. Wake up in the Hospital Wing later and go back in time with Mione to stop Buckbeak from dying and Sirius from being imprisoned once more. The year ended then. What was your year like? Give it all at once."

They sat in silence for a while as Harry let Hadrian absorb it all. It was a lot said in such a short time. He wondered if he should repeat himself.

"Uh...I refused to let the Dursleys order me around and began staying outside until very late. On my way home a few days before my birthday, a man dragged me into a dark alley and tried to rape me. I reacted badly of course and he died suddenly. I didn't find out how until later though. The next morning I was on literal fire. Purple/black fire. I passed out and when I awoke, I looked healthy. Silky hair, bright eyes, no longer sallow or gaunt. Things got stranger. After blowing Marge up, seeing the Grim, leaving for the Leaky Cauldron, and meeting the Minister, I went to Gringotts. Then to Ollivanders when a spell I was asked to perform, had my wand burn in my hand.

My wand was reconfigured and went from 11" Holly and Phoenix Feather to 13 ½ inches, Yew, Phoenix Feather and Basilisk Fang core bonded with my Blood. Ollivander told me that the Basilisk Venom and the Phoenix Tears were changing me and they did. After meeting Mione and Ron, I went shopping with Moine and cut myself on a stray nail. The blood was green and ate through the chair, the floor and the stone beneath the floor below. Mione explained the situation with the man and told me why it wasn't good. I was accosted by a Dementor on the train. The school year started. I learned that I could use the purple/black fire to teleport myself.

Hermione, Ron, and I deduced that Sirius Black was an Animagus. A black dog to be exact and decided to start learning how to become Animagi ourselves. Ironically, I'm a Dark Phoenix. My boggart was the rapist, until I finally got over it with Mione's help. Then it became a Dementor.

I became twitchy soon after, because I kept destroying things every time I got a cut. The fire traveling was weird and I learned how I killed the rapist. I got the Basilisk's deadly gaze and yet ironically coupled with it, I have healing Phoenix Tears

Snape noticed my issues. No one else did. He cornered me after subbing for Lupin on his first moon. I told him everything that happened and he dedicated his free time to helping train me so that my 'foolish Gryffindor emotions don't slaughter the other dunderheads who consider
themselves students'. He's been training me every since and kept my secrets. He became my favorite professor.

Remus taught me the Patronus Charm and mine is a Basilisk. I saved Buckbeak because Malfoy senior got the hearing moved up. I met the Grim outside by the lake and since I had already known that Pettigrew was alive and that Sirius was my godfather, I asked questions and used muggle children's blocks to get answers. We then worked together with Crookshanks and cornered Peter in the Great Hall at dinner. Snape had given me the spell to reveal an Animagus and I used it. Then I paid Snape for Veritaserum and questioned Peter in front of everyone, even the head of the DMLE who arrived out of nowhere.

Sirius revealed himself in order to get a trial. Peter got Kissed, Sirius was freed and put into St. Mungo's for testing. Dumbledore was revealed to be the caster of the Fidelius for my parents and had known all along that Sirius was innocent. I hated him from then on. Fudge was removed from his position as Minister and Madam Bones took his position. Kingsley Shacklebolt became head of the DMLE. At the end of the year, I moved into 12 Grimmauld Place with Sirius and Remus, who are now married."

Harrison couldn't help but gape at the child's story. In many ways the outline was the same, but there were so many deviations. So many facts that seemed minuscule but instead, played a greater role in the eventual outcome. It was amazing.

The thought of Phoenix Tears and Basilisk Venom working in the blood to create an entirely new breed of creature. It was amazing.

And Sirius and Remus had married?!

"You're year was so much different than mine."

He looked away for a moment. It was - to put it simply - amazing.

Harry nodded and readied himself to speak some more. He sighed.

"I started dreaming about Voldemort, though I just thought they were random nightmares. I paid no attention to them.

I went with the Weasleys to the Quidditch World Cup. A Death Eater attack followed. Triwizard Tournament. I was the 4th Champion and under age. I was hated by the entire school and made fun of. Ron abandoned me and Hermione wouldn't keep in touch so that Ron wouldn't be angry at her for picking sides. When I nearly died against a dragon in the first task, suddenly everyone saw the light again and I was number one.

I went with Parvati Patil to the Yule Ball and Ron and Hermione had a row at the end of the evening because she went with Krum. Found out from Cedric Diggory, the real Hogwarts champion, that I would need to take a bath with my egg, in return for telling him about dragons which Hagrid had showed me. Went into the lake and got Ron out since he was my hostage. I was last but was awarded second place because I rescued Fleur's little sister. More time passed. I saw the trial of Igor Karkaroff in Dumbledore's Pensieve. Ended up loaning the Marauder's Map to Barty, who was disguised as Mad-Eye Moody, though no one knew it.

Did the maze and was Portkeyed away to Little Hangleton with Cedric Diggory. I had suggested that we grab the cup together. He was killed by Wormtail. A ritual took place and Voldemort got a body back by using my blood. He looked like a nasty snake and he proceeded to demand a duel from me after Crucioing me.
Our wands connected in Priori Incantatem and mum and dad and Cedric's spirits appeared and rushed him, giving me a chance to take Cedric's body and Portkey back to Hogwarts. The fake Moody was discovered and Fudge refused to believe me and told the world that I was a liar. I won the tournament but gave the money to Fred and George in the end."

He looked up expectantly, waiting for a reaction.

Hadrian whistled, "I feel bad for you. My fourth year was fine. I got a snake on my birthday. She's a Belladonna, which comes from a Basilisk. Here, Basilisks cannot mate and only lay one egg in their lifetimes. Isabella's specie of snake, cannot mate or lay eggs and they are eternal, like Phoenixes. They are rare.

I had the good sense to take notes after every Voldemort dream, because the death of the witch he killed in my dream, appeared in the paper the next morning. I completed my Animagus transformation. I met Viktor at the Quidditch World Cup when we went with the Weasleys, and played with him and the Bulgarian Team, though at the time I didn't know it. They gave me a signed broom. The DEs attacked. We went to school. I was the Hogwarts' Champion, after the Ministry lowered the age requirement to 14 with a guardian's permission. Sirius had sent permission but I never got his letter about it so I was angry when my name appeared.

My lessons with Snape continued. I used my Patronus to keep the Dementors in the first task away and just summoned my egg. No Acromantulas, Horntail or anything else for me to deal with. Snape sent me a vial of Gillyweed for Yule. Salazar, one of the many portraits of Slytherin's family lying about the castle, translated the egg for me. Myrtle helped me to the mer-village to save Isabella from the lake. Dumbles cheated in the 2nd task though. He put muggle items at the bottom of the lake that were supposed to be used in freeing our hostage.

I was still having dreams and with their help, I deduced that Moody was actually Barty Crouch Jr.. Winky, who I had bonded with at the Cup, explained everything to me. Dobby also revealed to being bonded to me. I got Hermione off her S.P.E.W. idea and moved her on to fighting for the rights of magical creatures. Viktor asked to court me, I said 'yes'.

Third task whisked me away to the graveyard and Mother Hecate used the ritual to return all of Marvolo's Horcruxes. She forcibly ripped the one wrapped around my core, out of my body. As a hybrid of two powerful creatures, one being immortal, I am immortal and Marvolo using the blood in the ritual, made him immortal. Lady Mother said that people can't have two ways of being immortal, so she gave him his remaining soul pieces back. After making him vow not to attack muggleborns and muggles without due cause, we vowed not to kill each other. She departed and then he asked to court me and I agreed for the sake of knowledge. I won the TWT, gave the money to the twins because I planned it out from early on in the year after talking to them. Kept in touch with Marvolo and Viktor via letters over the summer."

He stared at Hadrian for several moments. And then placed his head in his hands. The child had a better life than he did! It seemed so much better too!

"Okay I'm jealous. Your life sounds pretty bloody awesome. Mine is so dull compared to yours and the adventure you seem to live."

The boy shrugged, "It's just what happened for me."

Harry wished that it had happened for him. Hadrian sounded like one powerful little piece of shite too.

He slouched back and groaned.
"My fifth year sucked, what about yours?"

"For me it was relatively fine. The summer before was good too."

"Not fair," Harry grumbled. "Dudley and I were attacked by Dementors under order of Dolores Jane Umbitch."

Hadrian sat up excitedly, waving his hand to and fro. "I call her that too!" he smiled, laughing a little.

Harry was nodding, "She makes it easy. I used the Patronus to protect us and Mrs. Figg saw it. She was the witness at my trial. Fudge tried to expel me, but Dumbledore intervened, for his own reasons of course. Anyway, Fudge even changed the date of the trial in order to try to get me thrown in Azkaban, but Dumbledore arrived at the Ministry right on time, no matter what Fudge did. I won the trial and wasn't expelled.

Umbitch was appointed by Fudge to be High Inquisitor and all throughout the school year, she created ridiculous rules and turned the school into a penitentiary. Because she was a terrible DADA professor, Hermione proposed that we start the D.A. which was once named Dumbledore's Army, back when I liked the man. I was the leader.

Umbitch made it her duty to 'punish' me for insisting that Voldemort returned and she used a Blood Quill on me constantly. I have it on my hand."

Harry held out his left hand, so that Hadrian could clearly see the words, 'I must not tell lies' carved deep into the flesh. The boy winced, obviously knowing that deepness such as that meant repeated use.

"Once Umbitch managed to take over as Headmistress, she began using them on all the students. Her Inquisitorial Squad, consisting of Slytherins only, began ruining people's lives. During this time, Voldemort began messing with my mind, showing me visions and painful dreams of torture.

Dumbledore had Snape teach me Occlumency and I have no proclivity for it. I suck.

Voldemort managed to convince me that Sirius was in the Department of Mysteries and that he was being tortured. Ron, Hermione, Luna, Neville, Ginny, and I all went to the Ministry. It was a trap and I broke the prophecy that I had been lured there to steal. The Order of the Phoenix appeared to fight off the DEs and Bellatrix Lestrange hit Sirius with a stunner which knocked him into the Veil. Remus stopped me before I could follow him inside, because I would have died upon contact. I went after Bellatrix and used the Cruciatius on her, before confronting Voldemort who appeared and tried to take over my mind. Dumbledore then showed up and together we got Voldemort to withdraw, especially when the Minister showed up in the atrium and saw that Voldemort was indeed alive.

Umbitch had been carried off by Centaurs after opening her mouth at the wrong time. I found out later that she was rescued and given no punishment for what she had done. Anyway, that was my fifth year in a nutshell."

Harry waited for the words to be processed.

"Your life sucks."

It was rather bland, but true nonetheless. A little sad too.

He gave a dry laugh, "I guess. What about your fifth year?"
The teen nodded and sighed.

"Well, it starts in the summer. Marvolo and I were writing letters and Viktor and I did the same. Marvolo took me on a date to Sexu Alley, the only place in the magical world that caters completely to the homosexual community. He turned out to be a lot more fun to be around than once assumed.

Viktor took me to the Magical Olympics on my birthday. School started and I just knew from the beginning that Umbitch was bad and I resolved to make her life hell until she quit. The twins joined in. Her rules were ridiculous.

As the year progressed, I noticed many students walking around with their left hands wrapped. Luna being the first I saw. After some spying, heavy pranking and the twins getting detention and then coming to me about it, I learned why. Marvolo had sent me a charmed notebook, much like the diary Horcrux, for us to write to each other easier. Our owls don't get along. He told me to meet him outside the school gates.

We went to the Ministry and filed a complaint to the Head of the DMLE. Umbitch was apprehended later that evening and Marvolo and I went about reassigning professors. Snape became the DADA professor, Marvolo took on Potions and the position of Deputy Headmaster, Divination became an extra curricular course, Binns was exorcised and Remus was made the History of Magic professor with Sirius tagging along as an unpaid assistant. Umbitch's rules were tossed.

My year was pretty damn good up until then.

But then a few days from Yule, Viktor sent me a letter breaking off our courtship because an old friend and her family reminded him of an unbreakable vow he made years ago. To marry her before their eighteenth Yule. After some moping, Marvolo and Snape worked out my issues and I took Marvolo to the wedding. Viktor spoke with us briefly to explain the whole story and Marvolo surprisingly offered to kill the girl and her family.

We declined and worked everything out. Marvolo gave someone a hint though and Vanya and her brother were murdered a few months later.

*That was when it all went downhill."

Hadrian broke off, tears creeping up. Harry could smell the salt in the air. The boy was on the verge of crying. What could it be?

"It was during the middle of May, that it all came into light. Why I was feeling sick all the time. The random pain. The forgetting everything. The fact that I was eating enough for three people when I usually ate so little. I got hit with a spell in DADA after missing a chance to put up a shield, because I was suddenly in too much pain.

Snape and Mione rushed me to the Hospital Wing where it was revealed that I was pregnant. *The father wasn't Marvolo.*"

Harry understood why Hadrian was so sad suddenly. It was obvious with how he reacted really. But who was it? And were they dead yet?

"My daughter didn't make it and Snape had to do the operation when Pomfrey fainted from the revelation of who the other parent was. Dumbledore."

Harry couldn't hold himself back and relinquished the hold on his magic.
He began hissing, a slew of angry insults slipping from his tongue.

"What the bloody hell isss wrong with him? Issss he evil in every fucking dimension? I sssswear upon the universsse that he musssst be the mossssst fucking annoying arsssse to ever exissssst! He should be sssstrung up by hisssss fucking bollockssss and dangled for the Thestralssss to have! He should have a nice amount of fucking lemon dropssss ssssticking to him as you leave him to the bloody mercesssy of the insssssectssss! Shove him in a dungeon with ratssss and turn up the heat sssso high, they'll burrow in hisssss flesh in an attempt to esssscape the ssssweltering heat! Let Nagini eat him sssslowly...." he trailed off.

Hadrian calmly waited as he vented his anger. Harry switched back to English.

"You know he fucked me over too! Neglected to inform me of the prophecy until it was too late. Let Sirius suffer for so damn long! Did not inform me that Potter was an Ancient and Noble House nor that Sirius had named me his heir. Or that I was far richer beyond just my Trust Vault. Did not inform me of my lordships. Dosed both Tom and I with compulsions over our years at Hogwarts. Faked the prophecy in order to hide from the real one stating that Tom and I would together bring the revolution of the world and defeat him. He was even aiming to wipe out the muggles! And then even in your dimension he's a fucking arsehole as well! Is he dead?!"

Hadrian nodded slowly, wincing a bit.

"Marvolo, Snape, Sirius, Remus, Kreacher, and I all tortured him. When I fell into the 'Black Madness', Marvolo took me away and helped me regain myself by putting me into a magical stasis. Snape did the honors for Dumbles."

Harry nodded, letting the words soothe his ire. Dumbledore got what was coming to him. Good. It was delicious in fact. He was going to tell Tom later on. The story of another Dumbledore's demise. He breathed in and out slowly, trying to regulate his heartbeat. Once he was okay, he sat again, ready to hear more.

"That's good. It sounds like your man cares for you. That's very good."

Hadrian flushed suddenly and wrinkled hi nose a bit. "You sound like mum did."

"Pardon?" Harry asked, having been under the impression that his other self was also an orphan.

"Marvolo put me into a magical coma after the whole 'Black Madness' incident and inside my mind, I met mum, dad, and my daughter, whom I had named Annalise Belissa Potter-Black. I had seen her on the Black and Potter tapestries, but it was nice to actually see her in person."

Hadrian waved a familiar wand. It was the Elder Wand. Did he know of its significance, though? At the tip of the oddly shaped piece of magical wood, appeared an form of a beautiful young woman.

"Marv buried her under the Whomping Willow for me, when I wasn't allowed to leave the Hospital Wing after the whole ordeal. He was very supportive and didn't take his anger out on me. Mum, dad, and Anna all encouraged me to take my relationship with Marv, further, and I have, a little bit. We finally began snogging after two years."

Harry smirked devilishly. He loved sex with Tom.
"Well, if our men are anything alike, I can tell you now that Tom Marvolo Riddle knows his way around a bedroom and any other room. The shagging will be fantastic, I assure you."

The teen flushed brightly and cleared his throat. "Thanks. I'm trying not to think so far ahead, because of experiences with intimacy not going too well."

An obvious virgin, probably never willingly did anything past a few simple kisses. Poor kid. He didn't know what he was missing. Especially if his suitor was Tom Riddle Jr..

Harry's head tilted slightly, "Are you scared about the sex, or something else entirely? Did he not apologize for killing mum and dad? Tom apologized to me, even though we found out the prophecy was a fake."

"WHAT!" the boy yelled, leaning forward instantly, looking intent.

The older wizard nodded. "Yes! So I woke up after my sixteenth birthday, in a forest and I met a little snake who told me that I'm the king of serpents. I then met Tom's familiar, Nagini. She led us to Slytherin Manor and I stayed with Tom for the rest of the summer, until I staged a kidnapping for myself and left. He infiltrated Hogwarts as the DADA professor and the soul piece in my head, Marvolo, kept urging me to flirt with him. We discovered the Founder's Room and met our ancestors. Found out that we were soulmates. Things get naughty. The prophecy was a fake in place of another. More naughtiness. Dumbledore was thrown into Azkaban but broke out with Umbridge and attacked Hogsmeade while the students were shopping. The combined efforts of Tom, Snape, McGonagall, and I, took them down. I was injured and revealed to be pregnant and I had to explain why I hadn't told Tom that I was the huge snake living with him in the summer. Life went on and I have sixteen children as of now. Currently pregnant with another two."

Hadrian's face scrunched up a bit and he asked, "Is it like, painful to have children?"

Harry shrugged and he leaned back in his chair. "In my dimension, the penis disappears and is magically replaced with a uterus in order to birth the children. Once the delivery is finished and all excess substances are removed from the body, the magic will work once again to put you back to normal. I don't know about this dimension, but there should be potions that will completely numb you to pain. I used them. Be warned for odd cravings though."

Harry watched as the young man across from him, dissolved into embarrassed stutters. He finally managed to get his words out, refusing to look in his direction as he did so. It was quite funny.

"Well then, I'll think more of that when that hurdle comes. As for apologizing, he didn't apologize for that, because he was fighting for what he believed in. He was correct when he told me that it wasn't his fault I was stuck with Vernon and Petunia. That was all Dumbledore and he was correct. He apologized for the pain I've gone through but he refuses to apologize for fighting for what he thought was right. Of course he was mostly right, but Salazar's portrait put him in his place about the muggles and muggleborns thing.

I'm not sad about that and neither were mum or dad. It's more of the whole him being the Dark Lord thing and trust issues that I have after being nearly raped and then being raped and miscarrying. I'm not like other teens, I don't think about sex all the time and until Marvolo kissed me on Samhain, I hadn't really wanted sex. I'm not so sure still, but…" he trailed off with a sigh.

So that was it. Hmmm.

"Well, to be straight up honest with you, my Tom had done some pretty terrible things to me, even under the influence of the worst compulsions imaginable because of Dumbledore. He was the
reason of the deaths of all of my family and he invaded my mind repeatedly. It was painful. He tortured me severely and even though I love him dearly, sometimes I feel bitter about those things, even though he can't be truly blamed.

I will never just 'get over it'. No one would. But I love him despite it all. I loved him before finding out that the prophecy was a fake. Your Marvolo hasn't done anything to you except for mum and dad and the Sorcerer's Stone incident. That's it. You have much less to distrust him for.

Are you so sure you cannot trust the man who respects your demands for personal space, who offers to kill your former boyfriend's wife? I know how those vows work. I know what would have happened. And then gets her killed anyway, just because he can? Who waits for you to make a move and was with you through all the pain of your miscarriage? Can you really say you don't trust him? Even when you wear him around your neck every day?"

The boy reached up to grasp the locket hanging around his neck. Yes, the Slytherin Locket. Harry knew all about it and how important it was.

Wheels were turning in that mind. Hadrian obviously was taking what he said, to heart. And it all mattered. If Harry could get over everything, for the most part at least, then he was sure Hadrian could as well.

"I-I guess you have a point. Just because I trust him, doesn't mean we have to start shagging, right?" the teen asked, looking worried.

Harry shook his head, "Not at all. If he respects and cares for you and loves you the way you love him, he can wait until you are ready."

"I'm not in love with him!"

Harry sent him a measuring look and quirked a brow. "Really?"

"Uh… well…" he fidgeted in his seat. "I really like him a lot, but I've never been in love before and I don't know!"

And then Harry was smirking evilly. "Well then, do you want to kiss him all the time? Are you thinking of what he'll look like when he's naked? Do you find yourself thinking of him at the most random of moments? Do you have trouble choosing what your favorite thing about him is? Do you love his voice and how he looks at you? Do you want to hide him away from others so no one can see him but you? Do you want to monopolize his attention? Possibly have his warm, hard frame pinning you to some nearby surface?"

And every sentence that spilled from his mouth, Hadrian turned a deeper shade of red. A 'yes' to all his questions then.

"I'll let you infer what you wish," he smiled.

And then the door on the far side of the room opened and in strolled Tom. No, not Tom. 'Marvolo', This was Hadrian's soon to be lover. The one he was in love with.

Harry's eyes ran over his very fine form. It was still Tom, just from another dimension. He was allowed to oggle and appreciate.

"Hadrian, you do know that you should be in bed, correct?" the suave man asked, even as he eyed Harry warily.
Harry smiled brightly and even sent the man a wink, just because he could.

Before any of them could say anything more, a bright green light filled the room and from said light, steeped Tom! Harry was on his feet instantly, running into his husband's arms.

"Tom!"

Those aristocratic features eyed him carefully, looking over every single inch of him. Something Tom had gotten used to after having so many children and having to check for injuries and the like. "You are well, love?"

"Yeah, I'm sorry. I was apparently called across dimensions in order to lend myself some assistance," Harry said, gesturing over to their near perfect doubles.

Hadrian's Marvolo was wrapping both of his arms around the teen's middle, glaring at the strangers that were invading 'his' space.

Tom glared right back and Harry sighed, knowing that possessiveness wasn't going away anytime soon.

He waved at the teen, "I'll have to go now, Think about what I said. Think really hard, okay? Things will work out, if you truly want them to."

Hadrian looked confused, but nodded slowly, "I think I understand it all now anyway. Thank you."

The teen turned to his Marvolo and pulled their arms apart. He then clasped the other's hand in his own and began tugging him toward the door. "Come on Slitherperv, let's go."

Marvolo allowed himself to be dragged away, leaving them a lingering glare before turning to his Hadrian and asking, "Why do you persist in calling me such discomfitting terms?"

Harry turned to Tom, "We can go now."

Tom waited until the other two left the room, before turning to him and asking, "You do know that it is very nearly midnight and I haven't seen you all day?"

Harry's eyes widened in horror. He'd meant to make the day good and there was only one possible way for it to happen now!

He grasped his husband's hand and towed him toward the bright green light. "Come, Tom. We need to unwrap your present!"

"Which is?" he queried even as the magic pulled at them, until they were standing in their bedroom in Slytherin Manor.

On the black sheets, was a small Slytherin green box and Harry bounced on the balls of his feet. "Open it, Tom!"

Tom did so, looking at his skeptically. He pulled a silk, green scarf from the box and frowned at it. "Um…?"

Harry smirked, "I was thinking that we could try that bondage now."

Tom was suddenly intent as he fixed his soulmate with a matching smirk. "My love, I do believe that you have been remiss today. Such naughty actions should be punished."
And then, everything that had plagued Harry for the last however many hours, completely flew from him mind. Tom was giving him that look. The one that meant sex - rough and long - was coming. And that he'd be coming later.

"Punish me, my lord," Harry purred, eyes twinkling in challenge.

Tom proceeded to hiss several times as he circled the younger wizard.

Harry's robes were stripped from his quivering form by Parselmagic. Tom dragged the sith across his neck and down his spine in a soft caress of fabric.

"On the bed, love."

Oooh. On the bed. Lay on your back, he likes looking at your eyes when you reach your peak.

Harry couldn't help but roll his eyes. Marvolo, would you please not participate unless it's to whisper dirty words in my head?

You want me to talk dirty to you, Harry?

Oh ha ha, Marvolo.

Tom successfully recaptured his attention when he took hold of Harry's hands and wrapped the silk around them.

"So much nicer than magic," the wizard whispered against his navel, making Harry gasp and shudder.

"Now Harry, what shall I do to you?" Tom asked teasingly, trailing his fingers over Harry's stomach, doodling random invisible patterns into the pale flesh.

"Anything."

Tom froze in place and was instantly hovering over him, face mere inches away. His warm, minty breath washed over Harry. "'Anything'? Anything I want? Or anything you want?"

Harry smirked and reiterated, "'Anything', Tom."

Tom shivered and purred, "I like that thought. Turn over, love."

Harry did so, with a bit of effort. Once he was on his front, arse promptly displayed for Tom's viewing pleasure, he waited with bated breath.

A cool hand trailed down his spine, dipping between his arse cheeks and pushing against the small opening insistently.

"Lubricant, or no?"

Harry wriggled a little, trying to tame his erection. "'Anything', Tom."

"Hmm..." Tom hummed against Harry's heated flesh. "I'll be nice tonight."

He murmured spell and shoved his middle finger inside Harry, relishing the slick heat surrounding his digit. Harry keened for him.

Another finger added to the very slowly thrusting.
Tom took his bloody time. Harry writhed and twisted as best he could with that large hand pinning his back to the bed. And Tom was chuckling at his predicament.

"Isn't this night supposed to be about you?" Harry managed to groan out.

"But I love torturing you. Making you want it. Making you crave it. Crave me."

That dirty pervert!

"Consider me craving it all!"

Tom curled his fingers, brushing against that special place. Harry jumped at the touch and moaned.

"Not craving enough for me, love."

"I just want you to fuck me Tom. Marvolo wants you to as well."

Tom rose up over him, fingers retracting from his arse. Tom's hot skin slid against his own, effectively pinning him to the bed, cock nudging between Harry's thighs.

"Raise your hips a little, love," Tom instructed in his ear.

"Bastard," Harry murmured into the bedding while doing as he was told. Which only happened during sex, by the way.

There was a throaty chuckle in his ear, hot air ghosting over his shoulder, making him shiver. And then Tom was sliding inside, slowly. Very slowly, taking his bloody time!

Harry huffed and shifted back against him, taking him in completely to the hilt.

Tom grunted and laughed, "Impatient are we?"

"I want your cock," Harry answered simply. There didn't need to be anything else to say. He wanted his husband to own his arse. To fuck him long and hard and possibly deny him orgasm a few times.

"You have it, but can you keep it?" he asked teasingly.

"I'm sure I could, but if you don't start moving, I'll leave you and use that special object I bought in Paris."

Tom froze, "You wouldn't?"

"It's much larger that you are."

Wrong thing to say. Very, wrong thing to say to a sex crazed male intent on giving you the fuck of your life. Never challenge their size while they are inside you, you're asking for trouble.

And Tom took it as a challenge. He hissed several sentences in Harry's ear and the younger wizard arched against the older man, when he was stretched even further. Parselmagic used in order to enlarge his cock. That bastard!

"Are you sure it's bigger?" he purred tauntingly.

"It vibratessss too!" Harry hissed. Maybe now, Tom will fuck him and get it over with.
He could practically feel the rage. *Rage* ensured brutal fucking. The best kind of fucking there was.

Tom pushed him down into the mattress and he took complete control of Harry, who was glad to finally have what he'd been snarking for.

Rough, fast, and amazing. He couldn't help but moan and whine appreciatively as Tom manipulated him onto his side. It was extraordinary. Magical. Never-ending.

"Hard!" he gasped out.

"You're pregnant. Any harder could be dangerous," his husband hissed in his ear.

Dammit!

"I'm close Tom, please just…"

"I have you, love. Let go."

He did and it was an orgasm of astronomical proportions, his body drawing up tightly and Tom shivered against him, filling him. Coating his insides. Thank Merlin.

The former Dark Lord placed a kiss on his ear.

"I quite like how desperate you become when your hands are occupied, love. Thank you for this lovely gift."

Harry groaned, "This gift will keep on giving, *trust me.*"

Tom chuckled and ran a soothing hand though Harry's hair as the ties of the scarf came undone.

"I'm okay with that."

**A/N: FINISHED COMPLETELY! CHECK OUT 'DEADLY EYES OF A PHOENIX REBORN'.**

How was it? Let me know!

**See ya! :D**

Check me out on Tumblr,. [http://helly-watermelonsmellinfellon.tumblr.com/](http://helly-watermelonsmellinfellon.tumblr.com/)
FINISHED COMPLETELY! CHECK OUT 'DEADLY EYES OF A PHOENIX REBORN' if you haven't already.

How was it?

Check me out on Tumblr!
Harrison Potter Riddle stared at the sun as it set behind the clouds. The world was coming to blows.

The year was 2615 and things had changed.

In 2200, the United States of America started the third World War. This was in retaliation to a supposed terrorist attack on their country and within a week, they bombed the supposed offender - Iran - off the map. All the surrounding countries, which had been partially affected in the blast, immediately forced down their anger at each other and joined forces to defend the rest of the Middle East and declare war on the USA.

It took nearly a year before nearly all of the world was involved.

Spain and Portugal entered at the same time. Followed closely by the British Isles, France, Germany, Poland, Japan, Russia, and China in defense of the Middle East.

Australia, Africa, and Canada refused to participate, leaving only the South American countries to aid the US.

The war ended in 2205 and the results were staggering.

There were no longer fifty states in America. All that remained were the twelve states along the West Coast. From the first bombing, the San Andreas Fault reacted and an enormous earthquake took California into the ocean, followed by Nevada, Utah, and Arizona. The second bombing
destroyed the center of the country and the Pacific Ocean along with all the lakes and seas within, pushed even closer inland.

The United States now resembled a small hook with a fish on the end.

Having the good graces at least to bow out once they realized that there was nothing left to fight for, the war ended.

America lost two and a half million people, as well most of their land. Mexico suffered in the bombings, losing thousands of lives as well.

Egypt lost around five thousand, Saudi Arabia lost a little under one hundred thousand, China lost half the amount the US had lost.

In the end, America, barely having anything left to support themselves with, had to depend on their former enemies in the war, for aid.

When all was said and done, Great Britain took back control of America and renamed it The British Colonies once more.

Everything was rather calm for the next four hundred years. No wars. No problems.

Technology was advancing quickly. There were cures for nearly every ailment. Cancer, Arthritis, even STDs. By 2500 they ushered in the age of the flying car. By 2550, buildings began flying as well.

Nothing could have made life any better.

But something did make it worse.

A Chinese wizard by the name of Cheng Wei, was caught on camera using magic. Knowing next to nothing about Muggle technology, he couldn't pass it off as a fancy sort of trick he was developing. Being of weak will, Wei gave up everything about the Chinese magical world. Out of one billion people, half of China was comprised of wizards and witches.

When China seemed to take it well, other countries began demanding to know if they had magical communities.

Australia joined then. About half of their people were also magical.

Followed by the rest of Asia, all of Africa, Canada, South America, and all the way at the end… came Europe, with The British Isles and The British Colonies admitting to it last.

Tom had no choice after the current Queen, Marjorie Elisabeth III, demanded.

For the next forty years, the awe and wonder of magic, amazed the Muggles.

They tried to replicate it. Found out that they couldn't because if you didn't have magic, then you can't do what the magicals could do.

They couldn't replicate it, so they began testing it to see if it could be weaponized outside of the wizards. No. But it's force when wielded was destructive. There was no way to stop this magic either.

So they couldn't recreate it, nor weaponize it, nor stop it.
With this revelation in the beginning of 2600, several Squibs all over the world, began rising up and taking on positions in the government's. They began campaigns against wizards, witches, and magical creatures. Telling of past wars. Telling of the horrors they knew wizards were capable of.

Fear began to spread.

By 2610 the Muggles turned on the magical world and demanded the deaths of all magical beings. Currently 8 billion people on the planet, and 3.5 billion of them, were human-like magicals.

By 2615, Harry had had enough of running.

Tom wanted to destroy the Muggles in return, but several other magical communities did not agree. They just wanted peace.

But there was no peace to be found with armed soldiers scouring the lands, looking for the hidden people of magic.

Not everyone was powerful enough to put up wards that held against nuclear weapons.

Australia lost most of their magical community along with 135 of Harry's Great-X8-Grandchildren.

Speaking of their family, Harry and Tom had become rather separated in the last century. Harry made the decision that he didn't want to continue having so many children. Tom took it personally and their marriage was strained from then on.

Harry tried to explain himself, but Tom wouldn't listen.

Now, with World War IV on the way, and a new Goblin Rebellion on the horizon, Harry had had enough.

With skills that he gained over the past six centuries, Harry cornered Tom in their bedroom before work and paralyzed him with a mild version of Harry's venom.

"Tom Marvolo Riddle, you will listen to me now, because what I have to say is important. Had you listened to me a hundred years ago, our marriage wouldn't have suffered for so long. If you pull your annoyingly attractive head out of your arse, I can tell you what is wrong."

He glared, oh did he put everything in that glare, but Harry wasn't moving on this. He pulled his ADV TAB 2600 from his pocket and began speaking as he read off his list.

"I did the math over and over and I came to an estimation. Compared to the real number, the estimation isn't far off.

I gave birth to 1,028 children. Twenty of them are currently alive. Each of my children have managed about 6 to 10 children of their own, so I used the number six. That means I have 6,168 grandchildren! Each of them managed at least 5 children, so I used the number five. That means, 30,840 great-grandchildren! All of them had at least 4 kids, so I used the number four. That means I have 123,360 great-great-grandchildren! All of them managed about 3 kids so I used the number three. That means I have 370,080 great-great-great-grandchildren! All of them had at least 3 kids so I used the number three again. That means I have 1,110,240 great-great-great-great-grandchildren!

They all had at least 3 kids. So I have 3,330,720 great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren! All of them 3 as well, meaning I have 9,992,160 great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren! And it doesn't end there!
All of them have had at least 4 kids, making it 39,968,640 great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren that I have! Take that and multiply it by 2 and I have 79,937,280 great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren! Multiply that by 2 and I have 159,874,560 great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren! Multiply that by 3 and I have 479,623,680 great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren! Multiply that by 2 and I get 959,247,360 Great-to-the-11th-Power-grandchildren! And I have 2 Great-to-the-12th-Power-grandchildren already!"

Tom was simply looking confused. He probably wondered what it had to do with anything.

"Tom, my estimation for Great-to-the-11th-Power-grandchildren is 959,247,360. The real number is actually, 959,348,949 Great-to-the-11th-Power-grandchildren, Tom!

I have 20 living children, 34 living grandchildren, 79 living great-grandchildren, 182 G2-grandchildren, 204 G3-grandchildren, 234 G4-grandchildren, 237 G5-grandchildren, 690 G6-grandchildren, 68,009 G7-grandchildren, 567,978 G8-grandchildren, 159,890,236 G9-grandchildren, 477,623,681 G10-grandchildren, 959,348,949 G11-grandchildren, and 2 G12-grandchildren, Tom! I have 1,597,500,535 living family members!

Do you get it Tom? We are related to 1.5 billion people on this 8 billion person planet! Our descendants have married vampires, werewolves, giants, veela, goblins, merfolk, and a few fae. There are an estimated 3.5 billion magical human-like people left on this planet and we are responsible for 1.5 billion of them! That's too much! You know what the hell happens when families begin intermarrying! A good amount of our G10 and G11-grandchildren have begun marrying each other from lack of people to choose from. Currently, all of the Squibs who are campaigning against the magical world, are our descendants!"

Tom's eyes went wide instantly.

"Magic will die, Tom. Our descendants are running around marrying fellow cousins and their blood is too similar. Currently, there are over four thousand Squibs coming from our descendants alone. I want to have your children Tom, but not on Earth. Not when there are too many with our blood. Not when, come another six hundred years, you and I end up being the only magical people left."

Tom's arms started to move and his legs followed suit.

The venom was wearing off.

Harry sniffed a bit. "I can't even remember half of their names."

Tom sighed, "I'm sorry, love. I-I just was hurt. But you have to admit that me asking you for another child and you suddenly screaming 'NO!' in my ear, was a bit harsh though, correct? While I am partially at fault, you could have done a better job at breaking the news to me, especially without the screaming."

Harry froze for a second, before breaking down.

Tom was right. He hadn't been very helpful. Hundreds of years and they still hadn't gotten the whole communicating thing down. Tom was hugging him though. Getting a hug from his husband, after a century of ridiculous fighting over a silly mistake, was like heaven. Tom was warm and comforting.

"Do you have a plan for this?" Tom murmured in his hair.
"I talked to Death."

"Why?!"

"Because I'm Death's Master and Death has been and always will be. The knowledge Death has is astonishing. So I asked about possible dimensions, realms, worlds, or even other planes of existence."

"And?"

"Well, it turns out that we can either live on the moon, go to Pluto, ascend to Asgard - Odin wouldn't have a choice - go to a different dimension where you and I exist, but we'd immediately replace them, but only you and I can go for that one, or we use our powers to create a new planet and bring what we want from here, to there."

Tom gave a hum of acknowledgement, "I like the sound of creating a new world and going into a new dimension and replacing our other selves. What do you think?"

Harry sighed, "We don't keep in touch with all of our relatives anymore. In fact we barely see them at all, so if we were to go to this new dimension I don't feel any regret in leaving them behind. and I'm still Death's Master so I'm pretty sure I can get Death to take us back to visit them if it was needed. Creating a whole new planet will probably take a long time and I'm not too keen on doing that at this moment."

Tom nodded in silence for the next several minutes, both contemplating their future actions. If they remained in their own dimension then Earth would soon destroy itself in an attempt to rid the world of magic. But they could leave. Either they take all of their relatives or all of the magicals to a new world they could create or they simply start over fresh in another dimension.

He didn't know if he could actually handle leaving his children and great great too many great grandchildren behind. It wasn't like he got to talk to them. Most of them were much older and had lives of their own. He hadn't even met his great to the 12th power grandchildren.

Harry gave a sigh, "I guess we're going to a new dimension."

"Are we allowed to take anything with us?"

Harry glanced off to the side where a dark figure morphed out of the shadows of their bedroom. There stood Death, the one being that Tom had never wanted to encounter. Tom could feel the cold shivers of fear - an emotion that wasn't very well known to him - running down his spine. He avoided the being's crimson gaze, intent on simply ignoring it for the most part.

"You may only take your knowledge with you," send the Deathly pale creature.

Harry and Tom shared a look. It was for reasons like this that they both had studied up very often on Legilimency and Occlumency and all the new discoveries of both in order to keep up with their mental protection. With the information they possessed on how to do specific spells or specific rituals or how to make money, both could easily overtake this new dimension by storm.

Clasping hands, the couple turned to death. "Give us a few moments."

After locating all of the priceless information that they needed and storing it in their respective mental containers, the two joined hands and waited for Death to make the move.

Harry did not look back, he looked forward. Because this was a new journey and he was going to
make sure that this new dimension did not die out because of foolishness. Death created the portal and together, the three of them stepped within.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics.

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMSLEONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Should I make this a sequel or leave it as it is?

Chapter End Notes

How was it?

End Notes

How was it?

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!