A Second Coming

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A Second Coming

by Icarius51

Summary

What if Harry Potter had a much more mischievous side, one that was locked away thanks to everyone's favorite manipulative old geezer.

It starts at the end of Harry's fourth year, as the shock and stress from the events in the graveyard forces him to enter into a magically induced coma.

For twelve hours, he's asleep, the trauma of seeing Cedric die and seeing the ghosts of his parents, not to mention the return of Voldemort, breaks down a thirteen year old magical barrier in Harry's mind, awakening a part of Harry long since thought lost.

Suddenly, its chaos. the Boy-Who-Lived vanishes with a magical motorcycle and an ancient snake, the death eaters are being harassed in the worst way (You know, fire and destruction), the Ministry is being its usual cowardly self, and Dumbledore is trying to find how it all went wrong.
And then, at the start of 5th year, a very different Harry Potter shows up, with an Agenda in his mind designed to flip the Wizarding World on its head, and the determination to do it.

They never saw him coming.

Notes

Note, I do not own Harry Potter. If I did, then I would be writing this in a very comfortable loft in London, not my messy bedroom in Utah.

also, this is, in fact, my first time writing Harry Potter Fan-fiction, if you have any helpful hint trick and tips, then by all means, let me know. as such, I also apologize for any OOC stuff (aside from you know, Harry and Neville, who are changed quite a bit on purpose).

Now, INTO THE BREACH!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Turning and Turning

“Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity...”

-W.B. Yeats, The Second Coming.

November 1st, 1981

Albus Dumbledore stood in the middle of the ruined house, and held the boy in his hands, thinking about how to handle this. The prophecy stated he would be a powerful weapon against the inevitable return of Voldemort, the fact that the boy was a horcrux confirmed that.

"What to do about that, i cannot remove it, oh no, if i did that it would weaken my future plans. no, i know what I shall do." he held up his wand, the elder wand, and muttered a long spell under his breath. With a sharp glow of green and black, the lightning cut wound on his head sealed up partly, the dark influence of Voldemort's horcrux bound deep into the subconscious of the boys still developing mind.

He heard the faint roar of a motorcycle and gently laid the sleeping boy down on the bed, before vanishing.

+++++++

The next 13 years passed quickly, for Harry James Potter, he grew up unloved and unwanted, abused and tormented, but he did not allow it to break him, and when he arrived at Hogwarts, those skills of perception he learned helped him survive.

He fought a trolls and survived a gauntlet of traps, made my way through a nest of Acromantulas, slayed a basilisk with a sword. I fended off hoards of Dementors, all with the brash courage and bravery that Gryffindor prided itself on.

then fourth year came along, and he entered into the Triwizard Cup, a series of challenges that pushed him to his limits, culminating in a trap.

And with that, Voldemort returned.

+++++++

it was the next day, after harry potter escaped with the dead body of his fellow competitor Cedric Diggory, that he passed out in the middle of the medical wing, his mind and body rebelling against the stress and grief of seeing both the dark lord return, and a friend die.

Harry lay in the hospital wing, a magically induced healing coma restoring him after the draining fight with Voldemort.

In his sleeping mind, the barrier, built by Dumbledore, slowly crumbled away, releasing a sealed
entity that had been fighting for years, a shadow, with knowledge and skills that would be invaluable.

Harry stood in what seemed to be the empty great hall of Hogwarts, but it was filled with gryffindor banners, appearing as it did for the house cup at the end of his first year, with one glaring difference. It was empty. there were no students at the tables, no teachers at the far wall, no food on the plates in the tables.

Cautiously, Harry left the hall, entering the entrance hall of Hogwarts. "Whats going on..." he muttered as he stepped o the main staircase, glancing around to see the paintings, none of them what he remembered. then he saw it, a painting of a boy and a snake dueling with wand and fang and silver sword. he glanced around and saw another of a white stag against a cloud of dark figures. it continued, every painting a moment of his past, the spiders, the flying car, the dragon, the mirror of Erised, all of the various paintings were of the fights he had gone through. conversations he had said.

Slowly he made his way through the castle, the stairs shifting slowly, as he headed towards the astronomy tower.

and then he was there, looking out across a blank sky, devoid of stars and moons, colored like a sunset on a stormy day, streaks of red and yellow blazed across the sky.

but he felt an itch, in the back of his thoughts, in the core of his being, before he heard it a faint hissing that drifted through the halls

{"Go deeper."} 

Harry slowly turned and began to walk, slowly speeding into a jog, and then a flat out run. in minutes he pushed into the 2nd floor girls bathroom, hissing the word open to reveal the way into the chamber of secrets. with barely a second to think, he jumped down the sliding tunnel, landing in a stumble at the bottom, in the Chamber of Secrets.

But this was not the chamber he remembered, dusty and flooded, the walls crumbling, no, it seemed to be new, the stonework polished, tasteful tapestries lining the floor and walls. where he remembered there was once the second door leading to the basilisk's chamber, was now an archway, with a simple door of black wood and silver fittings.

{"Let me out... please?"} 

the voice was stronger, familiar somehow. suddenly hesitant harry walked across the room to the door, before with a smooth push he opened it.

he was maybe expecting many things, from a fellow student in this strange landscape, to a ghost or painting. what he wasn't expecting?

Himself. taller and thinner, with a smooth muscular body, with gold rimmed glasses in front of glowing green eyes. but that wasn't the most interesting thing.

no, this harry wore the silver and green robes of Slytherin. with a smirk that hinted at a cold cunning, the Slytherin Harry spoke.

{"About time you found me, i was getting worried."}
"who are you" Harry said stepping back, passively realizing that the other harry spoke in Parseltongue.

{"Me? I'm part of you. your inner Slytherin."}

"Inner... Slytherin?"

{"ugh, yeah? do you remember the first time you sat in this hall?"} the Slytherin hissed, glancing around, Harry saw they were back in the entrance hall of Hogwarts, the Slytherin gesturing at the stool at the top of the room, near the headmasters table.

{"The sorting hat told you from the start 'You could be great in Slytherin' But you declined, because you couldn't see it, you couldn't sense the ambition and cunning that would have served you well. I was locked up, trapped behind a spell and distracted by an opposing force."}

"What Opposing force?" Harry walked closer to the Slytherin who was standing gazing up at the banners lining the ceiling.

{"oh, yeah, inside your head, and mine too technically, was a fragment of someone. 3 guesses who, and the first two don't count."} he hissed caustically

"...Voldemort?!" Harry exclaimed, eyes wide in worry and fear.

{"Exactly. now when you were a baby, and voldemort died. It wasn't Sirius who got there first, it was Dumbledore, and the old headmaster decided the best option, short of killing you to destroy the horcrux, was to bind the soul fragment, to lock it away deep inside your mind. Unintentionally, or perhaps intentionally, i don't know, I got stuck there too, the part of you soul, the part of your personality who was closest to the dark lord, got stuck in the barrier. Me."}] the Slytherin sketched a short bow, a smirk crossing his face.

{"harry James Potter, the snake incarnate."}

"But wait, does that mean you're bonded to the Fragment, this... Horcrux?"

{"Ah, good question."} the Slytherin, walked over and sat on the stool from the sorting. {"its hard to explain, but I'll try. when voldemort made his Horcrux, he wasn't prepared to do so, he hadn't done the rituals necessary, or had the real intent to bond it to you. thank Merlin for that, since otherwise its likely he would have been able to perform a near perfect possession of you, mothers love or not. however, when old Dumbles wrapped it and us up, it was weak, and the magical power it had access to dried up, almost starving it. i was able to keep it at bay. by the time you were 10, i had managed to dissect most of it, leaving only shattered memories of knowledge, various skills, and the bare bones of a connection and horcrux left."}

"Hence the Parseltongue and the visions?"

{"Exactly, with only the bare remnants left, we should be able to destroy any soul fragment left, as well as reintegrate. in fact, the way that voldemort resurrected himself made it easier, since we acted a a form of conduit for his magic, i was able to siphon off even more knowledge, while the soul fragment got dislodged from you even more."} the Slytherin looked happy at this.

"Wait, reform? what would happen to us then? would I still be me? what would happen do we know?"

{"well... first off you'd think slightly differently, you'd be more likely to lie and manipulate to complete you're goals, you'd get some of the various knowledge's from voldemort i've stolen, as well as a better mind for strategy. i expect that our magical power would also almost double, maybe triple if we manage to successfully break down and convert old Voldies soul into part of our magical
core. I would be able to integrate all my stolen magic, including Occulemncy, into your mindscape. though, I expect it would still match up to Hogwarts like it does now. And, if I'm correct, it will break down any compulsion or mental conditioning still present in your mind."

Harry stood there for a moment, contemplating it. He remembered the face Cedric made as he died, the words spoken by Voldemort as they faced off in the graveyard, the visions of Voldemort's return. What if Dumbledore could have stopped it? What if there were other ways he just couldn't see? What if he was being manipulated that much?

That last one was the tipping point.

"Let's do it."

The Slytherin held out his hand with a grin, and Harry grasped it around the forearm, linking himself and his severed half together, his mindscape dissolving into a storm of color.

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Madam Pomfrey was a skilled healer, but she was not prepared for what set off her alarms the morning 3 days from the end of school. Rushing from her private rooms into the hospital wing, she stopped, staring awestruck at what she saw. The bed where Harry Potter lay the night before was the center of a maelstrom of magical energy, Green and gold and silver and red spiraling around the silhouetted form of Mr. Potter. As she watched, several bolts of lightning raced from his form, scorching the walls and floor of the hospital wing.

Drawing her wand she began to trigger the wards she kept engraved around the beds, throwing up walls of magical energy to stop the Storm from spreading, watching as they strained and flexed against the bolts of energy around the form of Harry Potter.

After several frightening moments of color and chaos, the storm stopped, the energy being drawn in to settle on the still form of Harry James Potter.

A quite different Harry James Potter, who then began to stir.

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Harry opened his eyes, and felt... weird. His skin felt tighter, more comfortable, aches he had long since ignored vanished from his bones, the feeling of being too small or too thin missing as well, as he slowly sat up, he saw that the hems of his night clothes were now too short around his wrists and ankles, a line of pale toned stomach across his stomach visible.

"Huh, so I guess that happened." he muttered as he flexed his hands, reveling in the lack of stiffness where he had broken his left hand years ago, or more precisely, where Vernon had broken his left hand year ago. He felt a sudden flash of vindictive rage and loathing, a rare combination in his mind, fill his thoughts, a rushing in his ears as he faintly hear someone say something, before repeating louder.

"MISTER POTTER, Are you alright?" Harry snapped his gaze up and to the left, where he saw Madam Pomfrey standing. He took a deep shuddering breath, relaxing his emotions.

Slowly, he turned and slid to his feet off the bed, body going into a stretch, several popping sounds audible as he felt his joints creak. "Honestly, Madam Pomfrey. I don't think I've ever felt this alright." he grinned at her, a natural thing of almost Ecstasy, what he didn't expect was the effect it had in throwing Madam Poppy Pomfrey off balance.
Her gaze was suspicious, and she warily stepped closer. "I need to give you a physical check-up. We need to be sure you're okay after that... frightening display of magic. as well as to ascertain what that was."

"Madam Pomfrey, i know what it was, and i am, unfortunate as it may be, not at liberty to say." he grinned apologetically, again sending her off kilter from the sheer mischievous joy his young eyes held, "however, do feel free to conduct your examinations. I promise to co-operate."

As he spoke, Harry realized his voice was even and smooth, almost, dare he say it, Suave. He rolled that knowledge around, was it the calm he felt? the Emotion? or maybe the fact that he seemed to have gone through 3 months of puberty in less then 5 minutes. that could be it... wow, that sarcasm is vicious, good to know.

He mentally checked himself over, he seemed more... complete, more fulfilled. He could feel the magic as well, that faint buzz he often reached for in times of stress was now a current through his veins, barely below the surface of his skin. the weight of his hair was a bit more, so he figured it had grown, and he could feel a new strength in his bones. his vision was still slightly blurry, and he reached for his glasses, only to see..... a bit less blurry. great, his prescription changed.

As Madam Pomfrey muttered a diagnostic spell he looked down, watching as symbols and glyphs representing old wounds sparked and faded, showing they had healed the diagnostic checking him over, before his entire body glowed a pale comforting blue green.

"it seems as though you're fine Mister Potter, though i do wish that you would explain what happened." Madam Pomfrey sniffed imperiously.

"Sorry Madam, i cannot." with a smooth movement Harry twisted and stood off the bed, picking up his wand from nearby. he frowned at the appearance of his night clothes, now obviously too short in arm and leg, before tapping them with his wand with a muttered transfiguration spell. in seconds, he was dressed in an emerald green shirt with a red insignia along the shoulder and accents in the shape of flames along the seams and black jeans, his socked feet now clad in roman style sandals.

"May i be excused? I have to go talk to some people, and as you've said, I am healed now..." he dropped off questioningly, holding Madam Pomfrey's gaze until Pomfrey sighed.

"Have a good day mister potter."

Harry smiled, gave a short bow and then walked away, tripping slightly over his new height, before building up to fast saunter through the halls, mentally made a list.

1.)Avoid old Dumbles- he's too likely to ask difficult questions or manipulate.

2.)check for supplies for the summer - specifically the chamber of secrets, Hagrids shack (Motorcycle?), the headmasters office (sword), and the kitchens, i need to get self sufficient in 3 days to last a summer abroad.

2.5.)Speaking of kitchens, talk to Dobby.

3.)contact Sirius and plan with him.

4.)find time to use Occulencmy (I wonder if i should thank Voldemort for the helpful tutorial) to lock down and organize thoughts, including sort through 30 some odd years of occult and magical knowledge. (he had found some interesting tidbits about ink, familiars, and magic.)

He nodded to himself before he reached the Gryffindor portrait. those were some good starting
"The password is gobble-jump" he said, ignoring the suspicious glance of the portrait, as she had a hard time recognizing the figure before her. proceeding inside, wand tapping his leg as he cast a low-level notice-me-not charm as he stepped in.

he was glad he had, because most of the common room was in tense discussions.

"-what if Cedric-" "but he's the boy-who-" "How can you say that" “Did you see Potter kneel over at-” and suddenly, the thoughts he had managed to push to the side came rushing back.

Cedric was dead, because of him. He died not because he was a threat, but because in the eyes of Voldemort? Cedric was unnecessary and expendable. Suddenly he felt a mental shift, the Slytherin mindset breaking through the waves of red and black sorrow. Cedric was killed by Voldemort, because of Harry, and that meant that it was personal. he felt as the waves of sorrow were tinged green and gold around the edges, shifting to thoughts of vengeance and justice.

Voldemort was going to lose this war, and Harry would be the reason why.

Closing his eyes and breathing deeply to calm down he carefully stepped though the room, and headed up the stairs to his dorm, where he grabbed both the Marauders Map and cloak of invisibility as well as transfiguring an older ruck sack he had been using to carry books into a larger black and red duffle bag, before heading down the stairs and exiting the room, barely managing to side-step when Neville entered the common room as he left, drawing the cloak on as he released the notice-me-not charm.

Quickly, he headed down, aiming for the second floor bathroom.

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Dumbledore was in the great hall when the feeling of raw magic washed over him. he noticed only a few of the students still in the hall for breakfast flinched, The Weasley twins, who exchanged worried glances, Daphne Greengrass, Luna Lovegood, Susan Bones, and Neville Longbottom, all shivered as well as half the teachers, who began worriedly murmuring among each other.
Dumbledore finished his plate of food quickly, before standing up calmly. He made his way Sedately out of the hall, heading to the medical wing, not noticing Neville leaving a few minutes before him and heading up towards the Gryffindor common room.

It was almost half an hour until to his utmost surprise he was informed that Harry Potter had managed to convince Madam Pomfrey to release him, and especially after a such Strong bout of magic, which had subtly changed both his stature and appearance.
‘Curious’ he thought as he left the hospital ward and began walking towards the Gryffindor common room. ‘What could have changed? was it Tom’s resurrection? has he managed to corrupt Harry? or has one of the seals on his magic fallen? they should have been still there for another several years, until after the war..’

He paused halfway to the tower and turned and began to stride towards his office, he needed to check the monitoring spells he had in place before confronting Harry.

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Harry stood in the second floor bathroom, staring at the opening to the Chamber of Secrets, specifically the fact it was a sheer hole going down several hundred feet.
"hm... [Stairs]...? " he whispered in Parseltongue, thinking his way through the issue. to his relief, metal steps grew from the sides of the entrance forming a spiral staircase. he stepped inside and cast a glamour over the entrance as he descended. it took almost 15 minutes to reach the bottom of the steps, and he frowned at the rubble locking the way forwards. "Reparo" he pointed his wand and let his new power flow forwards, with a shower of sparks as the pieces touched together, the archway repaired itself, and then the entire chamber ahead of him seemed to twitch. cracked stone fused together with lines of sparks, misplaced brick and mortar returning where it belonged, rebuilding columns and small archways throughout the area. the tattered remains of banners reformed, revealing tapestries in silver, black, and green. they were somewhat mottled and confused, unfortunately..

Looking around he saw as the rest of the entrance chamber finished repairing itself.

"Huh, that was unexpected... what about.... Scourgify." the dust and grime in the area suddenly blew away from harry, revealing polished marble floors and dark walls of marble and granite. the columns were revealed to be covered in tarnished silver designs, which began to shine as the spell cleaned them.

He stepped forward, noticing that his magic had reached even deeper into the cavern and repaired more than he thought.

"Exactly how powerful am i?" he muttered, taking in several doorways that had been repaired, the wooden doors long since rotten beyond repair, but the hinges newly repaired and attached to the walls. shaking his head with the mental promise to return and investigate later, he strode forwards into the main chamber, seeing the massive corpse of the basilisk before him. for a moment he shivered, the memory of the fight rushing back to him. Tom riddles mocking laughter, the prone redhead form of Ginny Weasley at his feet.

Shaking his head to clear his thoughts he stepped forwards, and investigated. he had nether gotten a clear look, and now he could see the enchanting shimmers of the basilisks skin, so tightly woven to appear seamless. It didn't make sense! how could it have gone centuries without moving if it wasn't suppose too? why would Salazar Slytherin, regardless of his views politically, set a trap for students of his school? it suddenly donned on him, and he felt a deep sense of remorse. It wasn't a trap for students. "you magnificent creature, I am sorry for my actions, regardless of circumstances." he hissed in Parseltounge, stroking a hand along its side. "{"I wish i could bring you back, basilisk of Salazar. I wish you had not been forced into madness by Tom Riddle."}"

He was caught of guard, when he felt a sudden spasm beneath his hand, looking up in shock, he watched as the Basilisk began to move.
In the Widening Gyre

Chapter Summary

Harry gains an unexpected companion, Neville asks those hard hitting questions, Dumbledore gets worried.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In the four years of school Harry had been through, as well as the approximately 30 years of research done by Voldemort before his death that Harry had access to, there was one over-arching key ingredient of magical theory. One Key component to all magic, simple or complex, new or ancient.

Intent.

Intent acts as a focus for magic, with the right intent, almost any type of magic becomes possible. Its why Voldemort's purposeful killing of innocent lives let him make a horcrux, its why when Lily Evans Potter sent a violent urge to protect that faithful night, Harry survived.

And without meaning too, its why Harry Potter's words of pure triggered an ancient magical skill of basilisks.

The magical ability to undergo a form of rebirth similar, but very different, than that of a Phoenix. the sheer absurdity of the requirements for this rebirth were unknown, but they boiled down to several things.

Death, magic, and age.

Only basilisks who have passed their 1000 year mark, and grown to massive sizes have the inherent power and skill to rebirth, and it requires they die an unnatural death. Even then, they still need another source of outside magic to start the process, sort of like a spark for an engine. and it cant be a spell, it has to be a burst of pure Wild magic. With how valuable and rare basilisks have always been, its no wonder no one ever really tried it, they were far more likely to strip it bare and sell the parts. and even if someone did, its unlikely they would ever live to tell of it, its not like they would be able to understand the basilisk as it asked its ritual questions.

...Right?

-+-+-+-+-+

Deep inside the core of the Basilisk corpse before Harry Potter, the internal organs, the spine and the snakes magic, which had preserved it, until now, began an act of transfiguration, causing the rest of the body to twitch and shiver.

Harry stepped back with a nervous look on his face and a rising heartbeat as the Basilisk's head began to snap open and closed, before the jaw unhinged and a trickle of blood began to pour out. Slowly the trickle grew into a stream of thick blood and ripped up flesh, the outer layer of skin seemed to age and harden, forming thick scaled leather.
With a final spasm, a long sinuous shape slithered from the Dead Basilisks mouth, coiling in the pool of blood before it. it was a basilisk, young and in its prime. but it was different, along it back it didn’t have scales, but armored bone plates, segmented every half foot or so, and along the back of its head was a long red crest of bone. beneath the blood that coated its body, its scales were a brilliant mix of emerald green and silver. Its eyes were hidden behind a thin layer of green skin, turning its deadly glare off while allowing it to see. It coiled into itself for a moment, before it slowly raised up its head and looked at Harry. it was large, maybe half a foot thick at the widest point, and almost 20 feet long, its pale green lidded gaze held Harry’s before it slithered closer. head coming level with Harry’s.

"you are the one who has given me rebirth, are you not? as well as the one who killed me?"

The snakes voice was soft and melodious, and distinctly male.

Harry froze for a moment, mind focusing on one question; Would it kill him? Would it attack if he answered yes? finally with a slight sigh of resignation, before accepting his fate either way, he replied. "Yes, I am, Old one. I offer my apologies for killing you."

He closed his eyes as he heard the snake slither closer, until he could feel the edge of the snakes forked tongue flickered against his cheek. "thank you…. master." The basilisk said, pulling its head back and into a sort of bow.

Harry’s eyes shot open in surprise. "Why did you thank me? I KILLED you? And why did you call me master?"

He held the Snakes gaze, watching as it seemed to pause in surprise. before it began to slither around him slowly.

"Do you truly do not know? Interesting… When you killed me i was under a complex layer of compulsions by the dark haired young one, i believe you call him Tom? As such, you released me from them in the only way available to you. Yet, by the same token, you chose to grieve for me and resurrect me. in the history of my kind only Sssalazar Sssslytherin has performed such an act, and it was to save my Sire, the basilisk who lived in these lands before the school was here.” the Snake finished circling harry, before pausing to stare in Harry’s eyes. “I now owe you a life debt, as my sssire owed Sssalazar. I shall be your guardian, your assassin, and your companion till you die a peaceful death. Will you accept my offer?”

the basilisk sounded almost… hopeful.

Harry was absolutely stunned. He had a life-debt with a Basilisk. he had a bloody LIFE DEBT with a mythical creature that has the power to KILL almost anything, and who would be his companion till the end of his days! It was almost unbelievable, and why the fuck was it always him this happened too. "I....." he took a breath, letting the Slytherin calmness settle over his mind. "I accept your debt."

The Basilisk nodded, and before Harry could process what was happening, the basilisk struck forward and bit him on his right forearm, the sharp fangs piercing through his skin. he felt a sharp burning rush through his veins before he passed out from shock, barely feeling as the basilisk dragged his body forwards by his arm.

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Neville focused on finishing his packing, sorting the various plant seeds he had collected from Professor Sprouts gardens in the small chest he kept charmed to preserve them. he scanned his Trunk and noticed he had packed one of Harry’s transfiguration books he had borrowed a couple days ago.

Harry.

They had been acquaintances since that first train ride into Hogwarts, but this year it had become an actual friendship, with Neville and Harry bonding over the preparations for the second trial, and then
with training for the third. he had seen the grief in Harry's eyes when he got back that first night, so eerily familiar to the look he would seen in the mirror when he returned from visiting his parents. That look of being so close to the breaking point, of having fallen though the cracks of despair. Determination flickered through Neville.

He had suspicions about Harry's home life, based off observations noticed as only one neglected child could notice in another. He had seen the way he stayed home during the holidays, the flickers of fear and hesitation when he mentioned his home life. Neville had noted Harry's continued thinness and his short stature, and the vicious lack of self respect he had. The idea that he didn’t think he’d be missed if he vanished. It was why he probably kept getting into those god-damned stupid situations. He had even mentioned his suspicions to Madam Pomfrey last year, and gotten a casual brush off and a confirmation she would inform the headmaster.

And this year, nothing had changed. Again. Harry still showed up, too thin, too short, wincing as some bruise or another gave him trouble. In the end, Neville had even written to his Gran about it, requesting for information on the Potter family, both political and financial. He was slowly building up a dossier for Harry, hopefully it would help him find a way out of whatever situation he was in. However, what he had found was a bit shocking.

The Potters were an old family, with strong family ties to both the Peverell and Gryffindor lines, and they were among the oldest Lords of the Wizarding realms. The Previous Lord Potter was Charlus Potter, Harry's grandfather, who had died near the end of the first War with V-Volde- Voldemo-

“Fuck.” he swore softly. he couldn’t even think of the name without stuttering. Taking a deep slow breath to calm down, he resumed his train of thought.

Charlus had raised James to be his successor, but it seemed that with the War going full tilt, James never got the chance to actually claim the lordship, and that it had been dealt with by a Regent instead. Gran had run into an issue there, he couldn’t find out who the Regent was, partially because all the wills in the potter family had been sealed during the war.

By Albus Dumbledore.

Neville was getting more suspicious the more he learned. Firstly, The Potters will should have been read, doubly so with the Boy-Who-Lived Nonsense. Secondly, who the hell gave Dumbledore the power to seal those wills? those were private legal matters, Dumbledore should have had no sway even with the positions he held in the wizarding world!

His gran had come to much the same conclusions, and as such had started investigating even more.

he pulled out the transfiguration book and the dossier, sliding the dossier under the front cover with a sticking charm to keep it here, he then wrote a note on the front of the folder, before sliding the entire book into Harry’s Trunk, leaving it on top with a second note stuck to the cover.

*Hey Harry,*
*I found and wrote down some spells you might want to use soon. I hope you find them useful over the summer. Hope you keep in touch!*

-Neville Longbottom, Heir of the House Longbottom.

Satisfied for now, he went back to organizing his trunk. confident that he had given Harry a start on gaining freedom.

++++++
Dumbledore was worried as he sat in his office, watching the recordings that he had recovered of the event in the infirmary. Harry had demonstrated a frightening degree of magic, purely chaotic in nature. The fact that he had physically changed a swell was even more disturbing, they represented a defined change in Harry’s magical and spiritual structure, something so powerful it had changed his body to reflect it.

He had no idea what had caused it.

On top of that, the goblins were sending more letters this year, requesting an audience to confirm the boy’s Emancipation due to the tournament. Finally he had to forge a document that Harry was waiting until he finished school to confirm his emancipation, which had taken some effort thanks to the goblins advanced paranoia and their multiple letters of confirmation.

Popping a lemon drop into his mouth, Dumbledore checked the magical wards he had placed on Harry himself and nearly choked on the lemon drop. The wards were in shreds, it looked as though someone had hit them with Fiendfyre. The only one remotely intact was a monitoring charm on Harry’s magical core, and it was practically overloading with the magic flowing through it. Frantically Dumbledore tried to rebuild the tracking charm, hopefully he could find and restrain the boy’s power before it was too late for his plans.

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Harry slowly woke up, and the first thing he noted was that his arm felt like it was on fire, but it was immersed in a liquid. The second thing was that he was currently laying face down on the floor, his right arm, the burning one, splayed out on the ground in front of him, and his body was soaked down the front. The third thing was the taste of iron. Blinking his eyes he fought to make them focus without his glasses, and looked around. He was laying next to the basilisk corpse, the pool of blood around its head from the rebirth submerging his arm.

Rebirth.

Quickly the memory of what happened came rushing back, and he flinched, rolling up and stepping back from the pool of blood, his arm suddenly stinging from the exposure to the air. He looked down, expecting to see a tangled mess from the snake bite.

He was surprised by a tattoo, coiled around his arm from elbow to wrist was an ornate image of the young basilisk, the head resting on the back of his hand, the red crest predominately visible, the rest of the plated and scaled body coiling across his skin up to his bicep in sharp green and black and silver lines, each coil overlapping and entwining with another, all of them moving slightly. As he watched, slowly sliding against each other

{“Master, you have awakened?”} the soft and sibilant sound came from his right and he snapped his gaze from his tattoo to look there, seeing the basilisk coiled around one of the snake head statues.

{“You BIT me!”} Harry exclaimed, still reeling and noticing that he didn’t seem to be dead, because wasn’t basilisk venom you knew, lethal?

{“Yes Master, it is part of the binding between usssss. I have gifted you with a part of me, and taken a part of you into me.”} The snake slithered off the statue, landing with a soft thump. {“You have taken my blood into your body, and i have done the same in return.”} Harry noticed there was now a thin white zig-zag line through the crest on the snake’s head, drawing from near its left eye to the end of the crest plate, and that its eyes were now an emerald green over the lethal yellow, instead of the venomous Avada color they were earlier. {“Master…. May i know your name?”} The snake’s voice was rapidly becoming more expressive, or maybe Harry was getting to know the snake’s cues, cause
that was definitely polite curiosity.

The name question gave him pause, and in the end he answered with his formal name. [“My name is Harry, short for Hadrian. Hadrian James Potter.”] he finally said. [“May I know your name?”]

the snake paused, coiling back in thought. [“My name was once Ouroborus, the eternal snake. that's what Salazar named me. but i have been reborn. would you, master, do the honor of naming me?”]

Again harry took a moment to think. Ouroborus was a good name for a serpent, and he wanted something similarly meaningful. he toyed with Jormungandr, but that was a bit of a mouthful, same with Nidhoggr….

After several more moments, finally he decided.

[“You shall be called by the name Lazarus, the resurrected.”] he said slowly. The Basilisk, Lazarus, held his head up tall and the tattoo on Harry’s arm glowed.

[“The bond is completed, Master Hadrian, I am now your companion till the end. So Mote it be.”] Lazarus sort of bowed and suddenly Harry was flooded with knowledge relating to the bond. he could change Lazarus’s size at will, from a foot long snake barley a centimeter wide, to this massive teenage form, and that the deadly gaze would only work on those Harry so desired, not his friends or allies. he also realized what the tattoo was for, as with a mental signal, Lazarus began twining up Harry’s leg, shrinking all the while until he was wrapped around the tattoo, his length barely 2 feet long, and barely 2 inches thick, as he lined up with the tattoo. he was also lighter than Harry expected, barely a stone in weight. Lazarus began to vanish, entering into the tattoo as a form of hiding until he would be released, his mind briefly touching Harry's to confirm that he knew how to both communicate and release Him, Lazarus went dormant. With a muttered glamour, the tattoo vanished from sight.

Standing up, Harry waved his wand and cleaned the now dry blood off his clothes and skin, before, with a massive shrinking and levitation spell, he stored the old corpse in a conjured stone box with a snake symbol on it, before placing it in his duffel bag.

Looking around he cast another round of reparo and scourgify, before leaving, cleaning the snake chamber.

He would be coming back next year, and when he did, he would explore more.

The True Heir of the Chamber of Secrets, the Heir of the Snake, would be back soon.

But first he had things to do.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for the hits and Kudos!

I plan to be updating this every couple of days, primarily on weekends.

Yes, Lazarus will be a very important part of this story, as will Neville.
Harry makes waves, spawns gossip, plays the thief, and lays down a challenge.

Luna looks at the bonds around her.

Dumbledore watches as his weapon turns against him.

Neville calms hot headed arguments.

The Slytherin Ice Queen is intrigued.

Harry dusted off the shoulder of his shirt as he stepped out into the girls bathroom, blinking as his gaze took a moment to refocus a bit, in the absence of accurate glasses and after the dark twilight of the chamber. It took a moment of blinking and rubbing his eyes, but eventually he could see without pain. He didn’t expect to be able to read much for the next few days, at least not without a headache.

That’s when he noticed Moaning Myrtle standing before him.

“Uhmmm….. Hey Myrtle. hows it been….,” Harry asked out of reflex, running a hand through his still slightly damp hair.

Myrtle sniffed and whined in reply. “Harryyyyyy. Where have you been, I’ve been being bullied by the other girls without you and you strong muscles to protect me. And why were you in the snake’s hole?” Myrtle began yammering too fast for him to focus on, and he knew if he didn’t give her a distraction, she would tell the next person to come by. And with his luck, that person might be Dumbledore.

…..Oh shit. thinking quickly, his mind pulled up a spell from the Voldemort archive, one designed to make a ghost momentarily corporeal. Raising his wand, he muttered it, a half-arsed plan spawning from the depths of his thoughts. "physica revelare” Myrtle suddenly became a solid blue-green color, losing her transparency, which actually made her stop talking, as she looked down in shock, before looking back at Harry.

As she looked down and then up, mouth moving to form another comment, Harry had stepped close and grabbed her waist, and before Myrtle could think of what was happening kissed her slow and soft. Making Moaning Myrtle… well, Moan?

It was… strange, kissing Myrtle. On one hand she was slightly cold and damp, likely due to her being dead and ghostly, and while she was solid, she seemed too… soft, and rubbery. As for enthusiasm, well.. she had that in spades it seems. pulling back after a moment, leaving a somewhat hyperventilating (can ghosts hyperventilate? hmm… something to think about.) ghost girl in front of him, he spoke softly to her.

“Myrtle, I want you to keep the fact i went down the tunnel secret, you can do that right?”

Myrtle seemed to be struck silent because she vigorously nodded.

“And if you don’t tell anyone, then maybe next year you’ll get another kiss, a much more passionate
one, would you like that?” Harry’s voice stayed that low melodious tone, and he looked into Myrtilles eyes though her glasses, her eyes wide as saucers, as she took in what had just happened. She nodded, maybe even more then before.

“And, don’t kiss and tell, cause wouldn’t you like this to be more… private?” he leaned in with that last word, his voice slightly throatier and raw, making Myrtle shiver. With a final wink, he turned and strode from the room, leaving Myrtle to contemplate her choices, his inner Slytherin grinning at the mix of cunning and brash attitudes he had just employed.

Thinking on just how… Right it had felt to use a mix of cunning manipulation and brash initiative, he headed down the stairs towards the Great Hall. It was almost time for dinner, after all, and he had a interesting impression to deliver.

Several acts of transfiguration and one hidden bag of stuff later, and he was ready.

Luna Lovegood was thought by many of her class mates to be somewhat… off her rocker, to use a muggle turn of phrase. She was, as such, a bit of an outcast, and several of her more vindictive year-mates often called her Loony. The truth was a bit more interesting then her being mad.

Luna Lovegood had a trace of true seer in her blood.

It often gave her random bits of forewarning and insight, usually about who to trust or avoid, what route to take to class is best, what she should remember for tests. On rare occasions, she could even see into the future, bits and pieces, never a full prophecy or vision.

Today, the seer in her blood was going haywire.

Luna had a vaguely bemused expression as she sat eating pudding at dinner, looking around curiously as she thought about the strange magic she had been sensing since early this morning. It felt both very familiar, and absolutely unique. As dinner started, she could feel it getting closer, when earlier it had felt as though it had gone deep underground.

Luna looked around at the various people in the hall, searching. She could tell that Dumbledore was stressed, and she could sense that it was to do with the new presence in the castle. Several other students also seemed to be off balance. The Weasely twins, usually loud and mischievous, were unusually silent, as if expecting something. The slightly younger Gryffindor, Neville, was also on guard, but ready to act if he felt the need. as she swept the room, she sensed several other minor disturbed auras, until she reached her senses out to Slytherin, the entire house, as a rule, was always wary. However, today they all had the vibe of being downright paranoid, as if some other sense was telling them something big was going to happen.

Luna snapped her attention back to the doorway as she felt the presence get even closer, until in a rather anti-climatic way, a figure stepped around the corner of the doorway and stepped into the room.

Someone who was a few minutes late to dinner. The figure was a bit tall, with gryffindor robes that hung loosely over a red and gold t-shirt and a pair of smooth and form fitting black jeans, as well as leather boots that made a soft thud as he walked. The figure had brilliant, practically glowing, emerald green eyes, lightly tanned skin that was smooth and unblemished. Down the teens neck was longer black hair, the edges of which were unruly as they brushed against his robe collar. But the way that he moved was the most telling. He was a leader, simply by how he instantly drew the eye; long walk, smooth gait, casual confidence.
As Luna looked up she sensed Sorrow coming off McGonagall, and from Snape... an almost overwhelming rage. Putting that thought away, she looked back at the entrance.

The teen just walked casually, as if nothing strange was going on, before he stumbled a bit. Suddenly most of the school was tracking his movements, even if they weren't trying too. From the relaxed smirk on his features to the way his eyes took in the entire room as he moved to sit with the fourth year Gryffindors, he knew what everyone was thinking. “Who is he?” “What does he want.” “How did he get here.” Luna also noticed that the stumble had been staged.

It took only a moment for Luna to do the math on that year of Gryffindors, in fact, there was only one person who the figure could be.

Harry Potter, the boy who lived, winner of the Triwizard Cup, was very different.

He sat down with his friends staring them, as by their expressions of surprise, curiosity, and suspicion, they were uninformed. Hermione whispered heatedly, as with an unconcerned grace, Harry reached out for an apple and a plate of rice and fish. He spoke softly as he answered Hermione's questions, tone unconcerned and calm, with the hall as silent as it was, the voice was heard by most of the hall, particularly when he spoke up for one of his answers.

"Let's just say I found out how to fix an old issue." As he spoke his gaze drifted up and lingered at the headmaster a moment, a deep flash of rage passing through Luna's mind as she focused on the bonds of fate between the Golden Boy and the Headmaster.

The hall immediately erupted into whispered conversation and gossip, as Harry calmly ate his meal, twirling a pair of chopsticks he had conjured from somewhere with ease. He began ignoring or vaguely fielding both Ron and Hermione's questions, all his answers suddenly too soft for Luna to hear.

Luna turned back to her food and thought about what she knew, what her seer blood was yelling at her.

Something was going on, a change was coming. Harry Potter will be in the middle of it.

Harry had apparently been missing most of the day, and his aura was now vastly different.

That, and the Nargles and Wackspurts around him had finally vanished.

Daphne Greengrass, like most of the Students at Hogwarts, had not been prepared for the sight of the boy-who-lived at dinner. Daphne had expected him to look weak, down trodden, exhausted, like she and some of the other Slytherins had noticed the last few ends of the school semesters. And after the return of the dark lord, that would have been justified in the eyes of most of the school. Yet here he appears, with what's either a complex Glamour, or some very interesting physical changes.

She had not expected him to seem so composed, so... Slytherin. The gait as he walked, the casual look as if he knew every secret in the room and had the skills to tell everyone and anyone, as if he was sizing up a crowd for a performance or a robbery. The cunning she could see that glinted behind his eyes was also new, and as for a split second their eyes met, she got an impression of power and
focus, before his eyes kept roaming. When he staged the stumble to grab attention, it was masterfully done. and When he finally sat down, she was slightly disappointed.

She sat silent for a moment, cursing the distance between tables as she could barely hear him reply to Granger's questions. But, from what she could see, there was new tension between Potter and the Headmaster.

She bit her lip, obviously, this would require some…. questioning, of the Gryffindor gossips, She focused on Brown and Patil, both of whom sat next to the trio.

The Ice Queen of House Slytherin was very curious, and she planned to know what changed.

Harry was fielding question after question from Hermione, playing a game of deflection and vague answers that only frustrated her, while trying to keep her from actually realizing what he was doing. As an exercise to stretch his Slytherin traits, it was enjoyable, since she was stubborn enough to not give in until dinner was almost over. Harry snagged the apple he had put aside off the table as he stood, walking in front of Ron, who was being quiet for once, and Hermione, who was silently fuming at her lack of knowledge, as well as the polite and calm stonewalling Harry was putting up. he was in the hallway when an event he sort of expected happened.

A folded paper plane flew and drifted to a stop in the air in front of him, Harry grabbed unfolded it.

Harry-
Please meet me in my office tonight at 10, I’ve been fond of Cauldron Cakes recently.
-Dumbledore

“Fuck.” He froze, ignoring his friends questioning looks as he thought of what to do.

“Mate, whats going on?” Ron placed a hand on his shoulder, looking at his face, and hey they were almost the same height now, nice. Harry shoved the thought aside, delving deep into his cunning, focusing on the task at hand.

“Harry, thats that note.” Hermione, reached for it but Harry held it up and away, face furrowed in concentration.

“I’ve gotta go, I’ll be back in the common room by midnight, and I’ll explain things then. But i need to go, right now, and do something. Grab Neville too, he should be informed of whats up.” Harry shrugged off his outer cloak and handed it to Ron, before running up the stairs, moving far faster then he had before. he had to make every second count.

Ron and Hermione glanced at each other with looks of worry.

Dumbledore was sitting in his office at 9:30, thinking about his plans. Harry was the key to the defeat of Lord Voldemort, and the entire gambit relied on him willingly dying when they finally fought, after Dumbledore managed to finish his quest to destroy the Horcruxes. That would then let Dumbledore defeat Tom once and for all.

Dumbledore’s current plan was to talk to Harry and slowly adjust his memories of the conversation with Legilimency, while making him ignore a recasting of the various charms and bindings. If it worked liked he planned, Harry would be none the wiser, especially with the lack of Occulemncy training the boy had. It would give him a chance to reinforce several Loyalty spells, and the various
triggers.

Finally the clock stroked ten o’clock, and a moment later, the stairs leading to his door began to move.

When Harry stepped into the room, Dumbledore stood. “Ah, Harry, my boy, I’m glad you were able to make it. Are you well?”

“Perfectly Fine, thank you headmaster.” Harry walked closer, and Dumbledore again looked over the physical changes, lingering on how his gaze was slightly off, and noting the boy was missing his glasses.

“Sit, sit, we have some thing to discuss, particularly your physical Changes?” Dumbledore trailed off to give Harry a chance to respond.

“Unfortunately, the change is somewhat of a… personal nature, headmaster, and I would rather keep it that way.” Harry smoothly said, frowning apologetically.

The boys nerve! Personal? The boy was The Lights Weapon and he would have the information soon enough. “Of course, of course, it is your privacy dear boy. No, I wanted to ask, how are you faring after the Tournament?” slipping his wand into his hand under the table, Dumbledore made eye contact, and prepared to cast a silent Legilimens.

“I am faring well Headmaster,” Dumbledore cast the spell, preparing to enter Harry's familiar mindscape……

And nothing happened.

Dumbledore blinked in surprise, mouth opening is shock, only to have Harry look back patronizingly.

“Really headmaster? If you’re going to try and read my mind, at least you could be subtle about it. I mean, the look on your face, wow.” The figure in front of him laughed and Dumbledore rose, aiming his wand at the obvious impostor.

“Who are you.” Dumbledore’s voice was low and threatening.

“I, The figure stood, “am a simple Simula Imitius, a mix of sand and stone and illusions, projected by my creator Harry James Potter to enter ahead of him.” The colors ran off it, melting away like wax in flame, to reveal a figure that looked like a puppet, all thin bars and hollow glass orbs, covered in rows of tiny runic circles. “And my use was as a distraction.” Dumbledor shot a Reducto, vaporizing the figures left side into a cloud of gravel and glass shards, before something happened that made him go still.

Dumbledore felt a wand poking him in the neck, and a firm grip grab his wand hand. His gaze slowly slid sideways until he could see who had him pinned, eyes widening.,

Harry stood there, the invisibility cloak sliding off from his form, catching at his shoulder where he had attached it to him. His left hand holding the wand to Dumbledore’s neck, his right, holding Dumbledores wand hand in a strong grip. he was also wearing a pair of mirrored glasses, preventing Dumbledore from seeing his eyes to use Legilimency.

“Harry My dear Boy, surely th-” He began, eyes wide at how he had been out maneuvered.

“Quiet.” the voice was soft and calm, but the emotions behind it were like swords, hard and sharp.
Rage. Hate.

“Har-” He tried again.

“Don’t you mean, ‘weapon’? I mean, you certainly think it loud enough.” The voice was still deceptively calm, but the pressure of the wand increased, as he slowly tugged Dumbledore’s wand out of his hand, pocketing it in a smooth motion, before stepping back and placing his now free right hand on the simulacra. “Forma Deserta.” the figure nodded, and turned to sand and gravel, leaving a pile on the floor of the office. Harry kept his mirrored gaze back on Dumbledore.

Dumbledore was thinking furiously, he had let his guard down, had thought that if Harry suspected anything, he would have brashly charged in and asked questions, not that he would set up a decoy and attend in the invisibility cloak.

He had underestimated Harry, and this was the price of doing so.

The last thing he saw for a while was the red light as Harry silently cast Stupefy.

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Dumbledore collapsed back into the chair, unconscious, as Harry lowered his wand.

The last couple hours had been spent in a rush of supply gathering and spell casting (sand from the beach down by the lake, gravel from near the forest, a set of carving tools from an abandoned classroom) as well as drawing the proper runes to support the Simulacra and its Illusions.

Harry stepped forwards and cast a spell from Voldemorts compendium. “Tenemotus Staturen.” watching as shackles and metal straps appeared and pinned Dumbledore against the chair, immobilizing him. He heard the various portraits that lined the walls begin to talk and babble, but blocked them out as he turned and focused on the task at hand

Harry then started with the desk, dismissing the various papers as he sorted through them. when he finished, he had several unused silver trinkets that he lay on the desk for later, they seemed to be dormant, but he couldn’t be sure. he then went to the plaque above the fireplace and slowly drew The Sword of Gryffindor from where it was mounted, hefting it in his hands. When he had first held it, it had seemed so heavy, but now it felt right, much more comfortable in his grip then he had expected it would be. He knew it was also now extremely venomous, thanks to the Basilisk. As he focused, he though saw that veins of black and green were running though the very edge of the blade.

“Where is your sheath, I wonder. Lost to time? Hidden in a dungeon?” He muttered, running a finger down the flat of the blade, happy he was currently immune to Basilisk venom, apparently.

Over the last two hours he had had several mental conversations with Lazarus, who explained the benefits of the tattoo, and the bond. Harry was now heavily poison resistant to snake venom's and related poisons, and would develop a sort of night vision. He could start to use parseltounge mentally with snakes, and he would be able to use some more… Unique spells, referred to as Parselmagic. He was also completely immune to the Basilisk death-stare, from any Basilisk, and Basilisk Venom. On a side note, his blood was now a bit poisonous due to his previous exposure, and the bonding process. Lazarus had said that due to the rebirth that the snake would sleep most of the next week or so, rebuilding his reservoirs of magic and strength.

He heard a voice from behind him, and turned to greet it. “Ah, back again Boy, it seems as though you’re finally taking my hint, only took you 4 years.” the Sorting Hat spoke from the shelf behind
the headmaster.

Realization shot through Harry. “You saw it, didn’t you, the barrier.”

“Yes I did, that blasted fool forbade me from mentioning it, and cast a spell to stop me from opening it then and there, said it could open you to corruption.” The hat sneered, “Seems as though he was wrong about that.”

“At the time, it might have been true. However, I beat the corruption at its own game.” Harry grinned.

“Good on you Boy, I won’t hold you up much more, and I’ll keep the portraits quiet for you.”

“Thanks.”

Harry focused back on the blade and waved his wand, conjuring a sheath and baldric of black leather and shining silver, with a snake and a lion engraved along the sheathe. The lion was etched in flamboyant red and gold and the snake in green so dark it was hard to see against the leather. Grinning he slid the sword into the sheath, and slung it across his back, the leather harness crossing from his shoulder to his waist, and back, the swords hilt just above his left shoulder, the invisibility cloak flowing from his right.

He kept moving though and stepped back when he got to the bookshelf, thinking of where the headmaster would hide another artifact.

“Artificialia Virtutis Revelare.” The tip of his wand shivered and suddenly several thing began to glow. The sword, most of the small silver baubles, all of the paintings, and a book on the 3rd shelf of the bookcase. “Ah, here we go.” he reached up and drew it back, reading the cover. “Alchemy and its Oldeste Practices, Penned By Nicolas Flamel Okay, makes sense for The headmaster to have this, doesn't explain why it got picked up by my magic...” he opened it and began flipping through, until about a third of the way in, he found what his spell had revealed, and he stared in surprise and awe. Reaching in he pulled out something he hadn’t seen for over 3 years, something he had last held the second time he faced Voldemort.

In his hands was the Philosophers Stone that belonged to Nicolas Flamel.

The one he had thought Dumbledore had destroyed three years ago.

Harry grinned widely.

He could use this.

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Ron and Hermione were sitting in the Gryffindor common room, softly arguing. Ron was worried that Harry had changed so suddenly, and Hermione annoyed at the runaround she had gotten at Dinner. Neville sat nearby, reading his Herbology book as he listened in to the argument. Finally he spoke up, setting his book aside.

“Lack of information is not lack of trust.” Neville's voice was soft but loud enough to throw both the others off guard.

“But if he trust’s us, shouldn’t he answer us?” Hermione spoke first, leaning forwards and glaring at Neville slightly.
“Not always, maybe he doesn’t have an answer yet, maybe he had to wait for something to confirm his suspicions. Who knows maybe, Just maybe, it was the fact that you were sitting in the middle of dinner, no protection or privacy, and that he was trying to give you a hint that he would talk later.” Neville raised an eyebrow at her accusing glare, and watched in some satisfaction as she pulled back, face flushed.

“But you saw him Neville, he just changed, he’s taller, fitter, walks differently, acts differently.” Ron jumped in, revealing his issues with ease.

“Yes, and he still chose to come and sit with you, and not with the Slytherin’s, or the twins, or anyone else. he chose to talk to you two first.” Now Ron looked shameful, and sat back defeated.

“So what now.” Hermione whispered.

“Sit back, read, play chess, and wait. Harry said he’d be back at midnight. Trust that.” Neville said, as he leaned back, picking up his Herbology book again.

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Dumbledore groaned as he slowly came back to himself, and woke up even faster when he realized he was immobilized. He took a moment to yank at the bindings before he heard a soft laugh from before him.

Harry sat across the desk from him, feet propped up on the desk, and the chair pushed to the side a bit.

“Nice of you to wake up headmaster, i was worried you would sleep too long.”

“Harry, my boy, what are you doing?” looking down, he saw the conjured metal binding him to the chair and paled. this was high level magic, and borderline dark. “Dark magic, Harry? Truly? Have you fallen so far so fast?” he pitched his voice low and sorrowful, and looked up, seeing Harry grin.

“Really headmaster? the Pity route? I had though that would be too obvious for you. Oh, and that's not dark magic, even though i know quite a bit now, Its just neutral, like a cutting curse, its all how you use it and the intent behind it.” Harry stood up and stretched arching his back languorously, looking for all the world as if he was calm and relaxed. “Anyway, I’m heading out, but before i do, I had some things to say.”

Dumbledore felt a mix of panic and anger at the boys disrespectful demeanor. He began in a low pleading voice, “Harry, let me go, we can talk about th-”

“Headmaster, Trust me, I will let you go, in fact, that spell ends in 45 minutes or so.” Harry grinned as he interrupted the headmaster. “I just wanted to lay down my…. Challenge, so to speak, without any misunderstandings.” He pulled out the Elder Wand from his pocket and placed it down on the desk with a soft tap, leaving it just out of reach.

“I plan to go abroad this summer, get some life experience, so to speak.” Harry stepped back, and pushed his chair back to where it was at the start. “I fully expect you’re against that. So here’s whats going to happen. I want you, in all your wizened glory, to try and track me down, to try and pull me back under your control. I want to you to hunt me, to trap me.” He looked up, pulling off his mirrored sunglasses with a grin, before pulling out a silver rimmed pair of rectangular glasses he had crafted earlier, and putting them on, blinking. They were better then his old pair, but still a bit blurry.

“You would let the Blood Wards fall? you would run from everything you’ve ever known? You’re being foolish Harry. Just Release-” Dumbledore’s voice was pleading and patronizing, every bit the
disappointed father figure.

“Silencio.” Harry said, looking annoyed, before tucking his wand back into his pocket and leaning against the chair, he noticed the pleading looks Dumbledore was shooting at him.

“Wow, You don’t give up do you?” Harry slid his hands into his pockets, looking every part the disinterested teen. “You don’t seem to get it. I. Am. Not. Yours. I am the enemy, the rebel. I am the bond-breaker and the deserter. All your plans for me are now obsolete, all your manipulations have been cut away, your compulsions broken. I don’t care about the Dursley’s, you can move them if you want. And don’t worry, I plan to kill Voldemort, on my terms, and in my own way. When I’m done, I’ll see you ruined and broken before I’m done. I am taking over my own command.” Harry’s voice was strident and forceful, and he turned away, before looking over his shoulder.

“And one last thing. If you attack or attempt to control me until summer starts, then rest assured you will not survive the encounter. My new familiar will see to that.” He grinned menacingly and left the office, stepping back out onto the moving stairs that led down to the rest of the school.

Fuming Dumbledore sat there, Immobile, silent, and furious, thinking of how his plans would have to change now, trying to decipher the meaning of Harry’s threats and words. He would have to be cautious, this new Harry would be a troublesome weapon to control.

He would have his weapon, One way or another.

Harry sighed and released the glamours he had placed in the office. The sword and bag he had slung across his back coming into shape. he thought about what had had happened.

Dumbledore had clearly decided that Harry was a weapon, and was treating him as such, and while he was a master manipulator, he had dropped his Guard around Harry today, but next time wouldn’t be as easy.

Sighing, Harry ran a hand through his hair, thinking of his ultimatum. he had already planned on doing it, and now he had cemented his decision. as such, it was time to capitalize on the next two days, he had to talk to Hagrid, Dobby, and possibly Sirius If he could find a way. He expected any mail would be intercepted, especially now.

His mind snagged on that thought, extrapolating. Mail? he had been in the papers several times, he had one of the most predominate reputations in the wizarding world.

Where the hell is his mail going? Shit, he had to check that as well.

He mentally ran through what he knew of owl intercept wards as he reached the common room, absently murmuring “Gobble-jump” to open the door. He stepped in and reached up, detaching his invisibility cloak from his shoulder and folding it and placing it in the bag with the snake box and the sorcerers stone. Just as he entered, he took a second casting a notice-me-not charm on the sword.

The common room was mostly empty aside from a group of sixth years in the back corner playing Gobstones. Ron, Hermione, and Neville had commandeered the opposite corner, moving two couches for them. Readying himself he went over to talk to them.

He jumped the back of the couch, flopping down next to Neville and startling all of them as they took in his somewhat exhausted features as he relaxed.

“Do I have a story for all of you.”
This was going to be an interesting conversation.
Harry walked up the steps towards the fourth year dorm. Ron and Hermione had thoroughly questioned him, but he had kept to what he thought they needed to know. His physical and magical change, the fact he had visited the Chamber of Secrets for more info, the fact he had argued with Dumbledore. He avoided talking about Lazarus, or the knowledge his change had brought, both would have set off Ron’s Anti-Slytherin side, or Hermione’s belief that any knowledge that wasn’t researched was circumspect. It would have been a repeat of the goddamn Firebolt incident, and Ron would have gone off the fucking deep end about bonding with the basilisk that almost killed his sister.

He had eventually claimed he was exhausted and left them to talk things over while he and Neville headed for bed.

“Harry” Neville stopped him just before their door.

“Yeah Neville?” Harry turned curiously.

“listen, If you can, try and stop by Gringotts soon, and try and meet up with me over the summer. There’s things you should know that i can’t talk about yet.” Neville’s tone was definitely serious.

“Absolutely. I plan to travel a bit on my own this summer, I’ll make sure to stop by.” Harry held out his hand in agreement.

“Awesome, I’ll plan to see you this summer then.” Neville relaxed a bit, and shook his hand, before he said good night, both going to their own beds to get dressed. Harry in only a pair of Sleep pants he transfigured to fit more.

After an hour of meditating, and beginning his Occlumency organization, Harry drifted off to sleep.

Harry awoke early in the morning to thoughts of screams and bright deadly green, shivering he took several deep breaths to calm himself before thinking back to the night mares.

He had impressions of Green, red hair, stairs, but nothing more. The harder he tried the more it vanished.

He looked around and cast a Tempus spell, noting it was 3:45 in the morning.

Yeah, he wasn’t going to get any more sleep. Getting up, Harry donned a pair of older robes before transfiguring them into black jeans, a long sleeved red shirt with silver accents, and a lightweight leather jacket with gold stitching. Looking in his mirror he messed with his hair, finally managing to make it go from a massive crows nest to a more manageable short warrior knot. Most of his hair was pulled back and bound at the base of his neck, with the exception of his bangs, which fell to shape his features, giving him a nice and Noble look.
Looking a his hair an idea came to him, and he began to cast some temporary color changing spells, turning his bangs into a faint gradient of black to red on one side, and streaking the other side with lines of gold.

Satisfied with how his outfit looked, he shrunk Gryffindor's sword and attached it a chain necklace he conjured, putting a basic ward around it so people couldn't touch it or see it. With the ward set up he moved on. He had already hidden away the box with the sorcerers stone before he went to bed, and now he simply checked the traps and wards. Once he was satisfied he grabbed his bag and left gryffindor tower, heading down to the kitchens while checking the Marauders Map to avoid Filch and Ms. Norris.

Finally he reached the bowl of fruit and tickled the pair, pulling the handle when it appeared and stepping into the kitchens. It was busy, the waves of house elves focused on preparing for breakfast.

"Dobby!" Harry called out glancing around. A moment later Dobby, dressed in Various socks and hats came running over.

"Master Harry Potter sir, Dobby is glad to see you safe, Dobby was worried sir."

"Relax Dobby. Now I had a question for you."

"Yes mister Potter sir?"

Harry took a deep breath, Hermione would kill him for this if she found out. "Do you want to be my house elf?"

Luna was wandering the castle, hoping to avoid the taunts of her dorm mates when she sensed it again.

Harry was nearby, if his magic was any indicator, humming softly to herself, she skipped towards the source of the magic, heading past the entrance hall and into the lower floors. She got closer the magic building intensity until she rounded a corner and walked straight into a red shirted chest. She almost fell down from the impact, but before she hit the ground a arm snagged her waist, the other bracing her neck as the figure caught her. Blinking as she noted the smell of leather, she looked up, to see a pair of amused emerald eyes look down at her, accented by red and gold bangs that complimented the color. Harry had apparently caught her before she hit the ground.

“You alright? You almost took pretty nasty fall.” The voice and the closeness made Luna want to shiver, the sound of his voice was soft and rhythmic, reminding Luna of a fire in a hearth, all warm and comforting, but at its core dangerous.

Yes, that described his voice, and his personality too, she noted, the bonds and sight so predominant and clear that it was hard to not read them. she slowly stood up, noting that Harry wasn’t letting go and then realizing she hadn’t responded.

“Sorry, I’m fine. must have been the Nargles or the Wrackspurts that got to me.” Luna instantly drifted into her cover personality, all dreamy airs and nonsense words.

Harry smirked in good humor, pulling her to her feet as he stood from where he was crouched. “Well, Nargles and Wrackspurts should be watched carefully then. I suggest you try to dodge them next time, I might not be around to catch you again.” He let her go and shifted several inches back, his movements so subtle, it took a moment for her to realize what he’d done.
“I shall remember that Harry, thank you.” She blushed and tucked a loose strand of hair over her ear. Mentally she began to reevaluate her stance around Harry. While the Sight told her a person’s core nature, the way they responded to stimuli was still a large variable. As she watched, Harry, rubbed his arm, the action bringing a glimmer of magic to her attention. She guessed it was usually lost in the maelstrom of energy that surrounded him.

She stepped closer and placed a hand on his arm, mind focusing on what the magic was. It was a subtle thing, a glamour over his arm from his hand to shoulder, but there was a hint of something else under it. What it was got too muddled by the white noise of Harry’s magic to identify. She suddenly realized what she was doing and let go, looking up with a sheepish grin.

Harry was staring at her with a look of surprise, though it was well concealed. Mostly he looked impressed and curious. “You sensed the glamour I suppose?”

Shyly she nodded, stepping back and clasping her hands behind her. “What does it cover?” her voice had a mix of her dreamy quality and Ravenclaw curiosity.

“A binding of sorts, one that I plan to keep secret for now. Besides, it’s not the most... subtle bond marking.” Harry rolled his jacket sleeve down, the thin leather managing to hide the details of the glamour before she could look past it. Harry began to slowly walk down the hall, pausing several feet away from Luna and giving her a question look, eyebrow raised in an invitation.

Huh?... OH, he wants her to walk with him back towards the main hall! She fell into step besides him, walking slow as they meandered through the halls silently for a moment. After a couple minutes, Harry’s voice broke the silence, as he bumped shoulders with her.

“I don’t think I ever got your name.”

She responded, Blushing. “I’m Luna. Luna Lovegood, Heir to the old and Honorable house of Lovegood.” She held out a hand for him to shake.

“Pleasure to meet you Luna” he grasped her hand gently, but instead of shaking it he lowered his head into a half bow and kissed the back of her hand, the rough coolness of his breath as he exhaled making her pulse jump and her magic spark in response “I am Hadrian James Potter, though you can call me Harry.” he glanced up with a hint of laughter in his eyes. “but I’m guessing you knew that.”

Luna giggled and smiled shyly “Pleasure to meet you... Harry.”

They walked together for a few more minutes, filling the space between them with small talks of fluff and insubstantial conversation. Eventually Luna headed for the Great Hall and breakfast, while Harry apologizes and heads down a different corridor, towards the grounds of the castle.

Luna could still feel the power he had, even as he vanished from sight.

Harry was out through the front doors of the school before most students were awake. He knew that Hagrid would usually be up, collecting from the chickens and tending to various animals that he raised, as well as the more... unusual denizens he kept around.

A Harry walked, his thoughts drifted to Luna. She had been a nice encounter, funny, shy, curious... cute... he felt himself fight a grin, before he shook his head, refocusing on his current objective. He crossed the bridge and took a turn, heading down to the cottage.

He was in luck, Hagrid was sitting on the steps to his cottage, smoking something through his large...
pipe, when Harry rounded the bend towards it.
“Morning Hagrid.”
Harry called out, causing the half Giant to look up, a grin breaking across his features.

“Morn’ ‘Arry.” he called back, standing and snuffing out the pipe. they stood there, talking about some various things: the Triwizard Tournament (harry harangued Hagrid about the creatures he had fought past, and Hagrid grinned, mentioning how he had had a hell of a time planning them and placing them in the maze) after a couple minutes, they drifted towards other topics, which is when Harry started his interrogation.

“So had some questions about something.”

“Shoo’.”

“Where is Sirius Blacks Motorcycle?”

Hagrids face flashed with surprise before he turned sheepish. “Why’d You ask?”

“Well, I was hoping to borrow it. I’ll be able to get a permit, or maybe even licensed next year for driving, and i was hoping to look at it with Sirius over the summer… I thought maybe it’d be a good way to get to know him.” Harry purposely let a bit of honest yearning into his voice, and set his lips in a bit of a frown. “But if you got rid of it I’d understand.”

Hagrid mumbled for a moment before waving for Harry to follow him. The half-giant led them to the heavy cellar door around the back of the shack and pulled it up, revealing a stone slope into his cellar. It was almost 8 feet tall, and the walls were covered in pipes and shelves of feed and seeds. In the center were several boxes surrounding a large shape covered with a sheet as a dust cover. Hagrid gestured for Harry to enter. “It’s under the sheet, I keep it there and fueled up in case of emergencies.” Hagrid didn’t elaborate, and Harry didn’t ask. He walked over to the cloth covered bike, noting the large bulge on the side. he reached out, and pull the sheet off, and had to stifled a gasp of surprise and awe.

It was a beautiful Motorcycle, the paint a dark almost black blue, same with the sidecar attached to it (likely an addition by Hagrid for supplies or passengers). taking time, he noticed the massive two cylinder engine, and the embossed woos. it was also large, though he expected Hagrid would make it look tiny without an enlarging charm of some variety.

He spent several minutes just looking at it, running his fingers over the leather and the metal. Finally he tore his gaze away, looking at Hagrid.

“Do you mind if i take this with me? I don’t want to be late to the train tomorrow.” He repeated his pity worth performance and Hagrid caved instantly.

“Nah, t’ts fine., thers’ actually a shrinking charm on t’ bike. Jes’ tap your wand on the handle bars and it’ll shrink, I even got Flitwick to do the same to the Sidecar as well, making it shrink all together.” Harry beamed and drew his wand. with a tap, the bike was now less then 5 inches big form front to back, and he quickly conjured a box of foam around it, to keep it from getting broken. grinning he slid it into his bag next to a satchel with a plate embroidered on it, and the snake box, before hugging Hagrid, surprizing the burly man.

“Thanks Hagrid.” harry said, before saying his goodbyes and heading off.

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Daphne Greengrass, Ice-Queen of Slytherin, was busy listening to Gossip at breakfast. she had heard
most of it earlier in the week. 'The dark lord had returned!' 'Potter was Lying!' 'how could Cedric die?' ‘what happened next?’ all of the opinions were old by now, the gossip over played.

What, or rather, Who she was focused gossip about was Harry Potter, and information was very scarce. According to several sixth years, he had only returned to the Gryffindor Dorms at midnight, after he had vanished after Dinner at about 7. Apparently Granger, Weasley, and (surprisingly) Longbottom had talked to him. They had noted that when he had gotten back Potter had been rather exhausted looking, and this morning, Daphne noticed that Dumbledore also seemed exhausted. she carefully stored this observation for later, just in case.

Breakfast was rather subdued, as it had been since the final task, but today it seemed to be building up steam again. Daphne engaged in small talk with Theodore Nott, and Blaise Zabini after a bit. Blaise was interested in Harry’s absence, wondering where the Golden boy was now. Theo was more curious about what happened to him, and mentioned he had heard of several rituals and circumstances with comparable effects, but none of them seemed to line up. most of them required months to plan, and various high quality potions and apparatus to complete. Not to mention most of them were very Dark in nature. He did mentioned various Inheritances could sometimes trigger physical transformations, but those rarely happened until after someone was 18.

By the end of the meal, Blaise and Theo had started arguing about sports. not wanting to get dragged into the conversation, Daphne stood and left breakfast, and she entered the Entrance Hall just in time to see something from the corner of her eye.

Harry potter was climbing the stairs down to the dungeons.

Curious, Daphne followed.

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Harry cocked his head to the side, thinking.

Are you sure about this Laz? are you sure this is the way to the old Armory?

{I told you Hadrian, The dungeons are some of the most expansive and underexploited areas of Hogwarts, and Salazar put dozens of different hidden paths and rooms. The one you’re heading too is known as the ‘Snakes Armory’, and is locked by Parseltounge. If you want to find armor, its your best bet.} Lazarus was whispering into his mind, while Harry followed the twists and turns he had been informed of, heading the opposite way from where Snapes offices and the Slytherin dorm was. The temperature was slowly getting colder, the deeper Harry went, and finally he came to a four way intersection, the one Lazarus had mentioned. On the ground was a circular snake mosaic, a snake curled around a collection of sharp silver swords.

“Alright, we’re here, what's the code?” He muttered under his breath, nervous.

{Descend, Snakes of War, grab your arms and armor.} He heard Lazarus speak clearly and repeated after him, focusing on the Mosaic snake.

{“Descend, snakes of war, grab your arms and armor.”} Harry hissed loudly, watching as the mosaic slowly seemed to shift and melt away, leaving a hole, before the floor he was standing on, and two of the other three corridors, slowly descended, (making harry scramble for his balance). after a moment they stopped, forming stairs that led to a silver etched double door. Walking up and taking a slow, deep breath, Harry pushed the doors open and strode through, blinking at the sudden darkness, before a row of torches around the room flared to life.
Daphne had been following Potter as he walked through the Dungeons, always staying just out of sight, disillusioned. She occasionally heard him hiss something to himself, the sound of parseltounge making her skin flush every time she heard it. Finally she peered around a corner to see Potter standing before an intersection, and heard him hiss loudly, before watching in awe as the floor seemed to sink, pulling him with it. Sneaking up, she caught sight of Potter stepping through a pair of silver etched double doors, the darkness beyond lighting up with what she recognized as torch light.

Giving it a moment of consideration, she followed him, stepping down the newly formed steps and slipping through the now open door.

She had to bite her fist to keep from gasping as she took in what could only be an armoury.

The room was over 200 long and 50 feet wide, with two rows of counters laid down the center that were almost 150 feet long each, and were about 10 feet wide. Almost a hundred stalls were lining the walls around the room, each made of smooth honey colored stone. The counters were littered with various swords, and whole barrels of both arrows and what looked to be unstrung bows were placed around the main counters.

Creeping forwards, following the foot prints of Harry and casting a light foot spell, Daphne saw that in the first stall was a chest (with a thick layer of dust coating it) a small stone desk (ancient parchment and quill still on it) and several peg-hooks along the wall, one of which held a dusty leather cloak. Opposite the desk was a full length mirror.

Potter was knelt in front of the chest, fiddling with the old metal latch as he hissed quietly to himself every few moments. Finally he pulled a wand and cast Diffindo, slicing though the latch with a loud pop.

Potter slowly lifted the lid up, and rest it against the wall, before pulling out several tunic like shirts, one of which was an emerald green, and the others blacks and silvery colors. Daphne stepped closer to see better, and watched with interest as he then pulled out a leather package, gleaming with pieces of steel. He stood, and began unfolding it and shaking it loose, revealing it to be leather armor. It was thick across the chest and lower back, and seemed to be segmented for smooth motion across the arms, small overlapping panels instead of the thick pieces that form the chest and back. These leather panels extended to the elbows from the shoulders and to the thighs from the waist. What really caught her eye was the house crest of Slytherin across the shoulder panels and the breastplate, no it was a different… older looking, the design was simpler, the shapes slightly shifted.

Slowly Daphne turned and crept back, going into the main area she looked around. All of the various pieces of equipment seemed to be in pristine condition, which likely meant a powerful preservation charm, Goblin Steel (which, whoa, the implications of that rocked her back a step) or enchantments (again, an expensive and costly option).

She turned back just in time to see Potter stepping from the stall, shrugging and stretching.

He had changed into the armor, his red shirt beneath the dark, almost black, leather, complimenting it. As she watched, he reached up and stretched testing the range of motion, and Daphne had to admit he looked dashing, and quite handsome, like some 12th century knight or guard. She was less then surprised when he stepped forwards and began to sort through a pile of metal weapons, but was curious when he started drawing several daggers and a pair of short axes from the weapon pile, ignoring the swords or larger, more Gryffindorish weapons.
Confident she had seen enough, Daphne snuck away, out the door, down the hall and began to pace in a side hall.

How had Potter found an ancient Armory?

Why did that armory seem to be full of Slytherin insignias.

Who had Potter been hissing to?

And why did he feel the need to arm himself?

She stood and began retracing her way back upstairs, deep in thought.

Harry had managed to put an invisible extension charm on his bag, and in the end he sheathed over a dozen different knives, the two axes, and 3 bows and two quivers of arrows in the bag. Harry then took off and folded up the leather armor and the shirts form the chest placing them into the bag as well. he then began to scourify the area, watching with a bit of smug satisfaction as the dust and grime vanished. He continued looking around and after another hour left the Armory, saying \textit{\textbf{Sheathe The Armory}}\ at Lazarus’s prompting, the floors returning to their proper place and the mosaic reforming.

Satisfied with his expedition, Harry left, taking a shortcut Lazarus pointed out up towards the 3rd floor.

He had gone over everything on his list, and had accomplished more then he had hoped for. He now had the supplies to be self sufficient for the next several months. He decided he would spend the rest of the day relaxing, though he made sure to take time to continue trapping and defending his mind-scape, reinforcing his Occulemncy defense. He played Ron at Chess, talked to Hermione about some things regarding history of magic and transfiguration, and let Neville help him out with classification of several healing herbs. at dinner, he ignored the dirty looks form several students, and particularly the feeling of rage from the headmaster and Snapes constant acute loathing.

When dinner finished, he headed back up to the common room after making a side trip towards the Room of Requirement. There was a short search, followed by a swing of the Sword of Gryffindor, a cloud of screaming black energy, and then he was taking a souvenir with him back up towards the common room, though he locked it away in a transfigured lead box just in case, taking care not to touch it himself.

That night, he turned in for bed early.

Tomorrow was a big day, escape, rebellion, anarchy, defiance and daring would require a good nights sleep to pull off.

He soon fell asleep fast, and slumbered deeply though the night.
The Center Cannot Hold (Harry Potter, he's sneaky and smarter than them)

Chapter Summary

Harry makes his great escape, Neville is Observant, Dumbledore thinks he has the upper hand... but quickly realizes the opposite.

Harry woke up at 5:30 that morning, got dressed (a dark blue shirt this time) and did his hair, before he gathered his bag. He then shrunk his trunk. Placing it into his bag, as well as pulling the small box with the Philosophers Stone out of where he had hid it under the bed, sliding that into his bag as well. Checking he hadn't forgotten anything, he nodded to himself and left, disillusioning the bag to avoid questions. He made his way down. To breakfast, and ate quickly, looking around at the few people who were up this late. The only staff up yet was Flitwick, though by time Harry left the hall, he had been joined by professes Pomona and Vector.

Making his way out of the hall, Harry headed up to the room he had used before the meeting with Dumbledore, and pulled out the tools he needed.

The Hogwarts express left at 11:00, giving about 4 hours to prep.

He planned to be gone in three.

Dumbledore walked into the great hall at around 8, and while he presented himself as calm, he was mentally reviewing his plans. The only way for Harry Potter to leave Hogwarts for London was the Hogwarts express. He had reinforced the wards to keep broom inside the grounds, and had posted several of the newly reformed order members around the wards just in case, ostensibly to keep a death eater attack from occurring.

Once the train left, another order member, would sit near him, and keep guard until he was at the Dursley’s side. Then another pair of order members would escort them to private drive, and take the first shift on watching the boy.

He watched with anticipation as Harry walked into the hall at about 9:30 and sat next to Ron and Hermione, talking softly with them. He avoided looking at the headmaster, likely to avoid any attempts at Legilimency.

Then the meal was done, and the threw stood and began walking across the grounds, Dumbledore heading to the astronomy tower to keep watch.

He watched the three of them meander across the lawn, heading for the Hogsmeade station, soon joined by the rest of the Weasley family and Neville.

By the time he lost sight of them, he was confident his plan would work.

Neville walked with the golden trio into the train, noticing that Harry didn't seem to have any luggage, but avoiding talking about it.
-94 minutes earlier-

"This is the right way?" the figure dressed in black and blue asked.

"Yes, this leads to the forest." he heard hissed in his mind.

"Awesome." The figure in black leaned against the wall, closing his eyes in concentration, before reaching out with his magic, following a magical conduit he had built earlier that morning, focusing on a series of runes he had penned across his forearm and using them like a signal amplifier to push through thick layers of stone and earth between him and his target.

-Neville looked at Harry, wondering what was up as they walked down the train. Harry had been careful to avoid touching anyone, and Neville was worried about the possibility of him breaking down a bit from Cedric death, and wondered if a form of shock was setting in.

They managed to find an empty compartment and settled in, the Twins and Ginny heading off to find friends.

Harry lay back and seemed to relax, sitting in the corner with his eyes closed.

-Deep below Hogwarts, the dark figure opened his eyes, blinking as he refocused. He pulled a box out of his bag, unshrinking the motorcycle inside, he hopped on it, slinging his duffle bag into the sidecar. Using his wand, he tapped the ignition, starting it. In the stone tunnel it began to echo.

Kicking it in gear, he began to drive down the tunnel, feeling as he passed under wards and entered the forest.

He slowed to a stop at a heavy metal drainage gate. After stopping the bike and standing up, he took a moment to refocus elsewhere, diving his consciousness back through the runes.

-Neville watched as Harry blinked his eyes open, head turning as he took in Ron and Hermione talking about summer plans, and Neville looking at him. Then out the window as they were passing through the Scottish countryside.

"Hey guys. So I have to say something, and this is going to freak you out." Harry's sudden statement made everyone look at him, questioning looks on their faces.

"I'm not on the train, I've got another ride. Think of it as a... precaution on my part."

"What are you talking about Mate?" "Harry?" Hermione and Ron spoke at the same time, while Neville focused and sat forward a vague idea passing through his mind.

A moment later, even he couldn't hold back a gasp as the face of Harry Potter seemed to melt away, revealing a stone and glass skeleton, etched with hundreds of tiny runes.

"Forma Deserta." the voice came from where you'd expect Harry's mouth to be, and then the entire thing began to crumble away into fine gravel. Leaving three shocked teens sitting in the
"Merlin tits. It was a Simulacra." Neville's voice broke the silence, matching what he had seen to rumors he had heard.

Less then a minute later a teenage looking girl bust through the door and swore.

"Fuck, Dumbledore is going to be so pissed." Tonks muttered.

Grinning Harry Potter opened his eyes, laughing at the expressions he had seen on his friends faces. Getting back on the bike, Harry spoke a simple phrase in Parseltongue to open the grate in front of him. With that done, he slowly maneuvered out of the tunnel from the Chamber of Secrets. Using a simulacra From that distance was difficult, but with the runic connection, it had worked. he had been hesitant writing both sets on him and the Simulacrum in ink mixed with his own blood, but it had strengthened the bond. he refocused on where he was, looking around the forest as he closed the grate.

Lazarus had explained that occasionally he had to go hunting in order to replenish his bodies stores for the intense hibernation he had maintained in the Chamber. Upon prompting the basilisk explained that he had used this tunnel to get to the edge of the forest. shrugging into the leather jacket and the goggles he had transfigured earlier, he mounted Sirius's Bike.

Minutes later he was flying over the forbidden Forest, angled south towards London, laughing as he sped up, enjoying just how fast the bike could go. after a moment he flicked two switched, activating a modified notice-me-not charm, and a heavy duty disillusionment charm.

Oh, this was going to be a good summer!

Dumbledore felt smug. Harry was on the train, and soon would be placed at private drive. Then all he had to do was arrive and rebuild the compulsions on the boy.1, wiping his mind of any... rebellious thoughts. He popped a lemon drop in his mouth and leaned back in hiss office chair, only to sit up with panic as a fox patronus he recognized as the one belonging to Nymphadora Tonks arrived.

"The Harry in the train was a Simulacra. What do you want me to do?" Before fading Dumbledore's Mouth dropped open, before he stood and began to pace.

God damn it, he didn't plan on this, and he had been unable to reset the trackers when he had planned. But how had the boy vanished? He had watched him since....

Breakfast.

But at breakfast he hadn't eaten anything.

Which means that it had been the simulacra.

Which means he hadn't seen the boy all day. And if he had managed to escape last night, or even this morning....

Harry potter was missing, and he had no idea where to look Dumbledore leaned against the wall, trying to conceive a way to find the boy-who-lived.
It was late in the evening when Harry drove into the outside of muggle London, the Motorcycles' passive notice-me-not charm keeping anyone from paying attention to him as he drove through town. It wasn't long before he arrived at his destination, a place Voldemort had heard about soon before he had died.

Chaotic alley

As a newer magical district, it had been rapidly growing when Voldemort was on the rise, and was known for being neutral ground and full of the stranger shops and businesses then Diagon, while being cleaner and better than Nocturne. The fact that it had its own trained security force made it a safer bet than many others.

Its main entrance was the back of an alley between a tattoo shop and a modern clothing store. Parking and shrinking his bike before storing it back in his bag, he entered and noticed a simple wooden door behind an illusionary wall. As he got closer he could sense the muggle repelling charms.

Reaching the door he read the plaque next to it.

-Chaotic Alley-

All Races And Beings Are Welcome, So Long As They Keep The Peace.

Nodding Harry pushed the door open and walked into a large coffee shop. The counter was to his left, and the smell of chocolate and bread mixed with the heady aroma of coffee. To the right was a small kiosk manned by a guy in his twenties. He was passing a brochure to a wizard who he was talking to.

What surprised Harry was that most of the people in the cafe wore muggle clothes. Jeans, skirts, shirts, blouses. They paired them with over cloaks occasionally, but most were dressed like muggles.

Deciding that it was time to get involved, Harry walked up and chatted with the guy.

He quickly learned a variety of things. The guy's name was Branton, and he was one of the guards of the area, and he was there to greet newcomers. Similar to how Tom at the Leaky Cauldron would help people passing through with questions.

Branton handed over a brochure on the alley, it had a small map, and a list of various places. After about fifteen minutes of conversation, Harry thanked him and strode out into the alley proper.

What struck him was the differences between the two Alleys. In Diagon, it looked like a street out of the Victorian era, with the cobbled streets and the classically styled shop fronts that leaned against each other.

Chaotic alley was much cleaner, and in Harry's opinion, better. The main road was larger paving stones mixed with stretched of grass and tree's, with a cleared wide sidewalk and areas in the center where kiosks could be set up. The shops were all rather modern as well, with quite a bit of variety, but it all tied together to make the alley a place of business and comfort. There were several restaurants and turning around, he saw the Cafe that he came from was named 'The Darkest Mug'.
The second thing that stuck him was the variety of people in Chaotic Alley. From wizards in standard robes and hats, to what looked like a bunch of werewolves in leather jackets. There were even centaurs, and goblins walking around.

Grinning he looked at the brochure and found an Inn, and set off. As he walked, he window shopped. There was a Quality Quidditch Supply, but that was the only thing he saw that was also in Diagon. The rest were different, there was 'Travers Tailors for Travelers,' which showed several dress robes and muggle suits and dresses in the window. There was 'Wallaces Wand Shop' 'Wizenrods Fine Writings' and an odd store called 'Mordrics Miscellaneous Mischief works.' Which appeared to be a joke shop and pawn shop. It reminded him of yesterday when he had talked to the Weasley twins.

He had offered the duo a deal before dinner in an older classroom. A silent partnership, where he will get a third of the profit after calculating store expenses, starting in three years, and they get the funds from the Triwizard Cup. They had told me they had plans to set up in Diagon, and he planned to owl them in a week for updates, and they also had mentioned about getting it done as an official business contract for legality purposes.

Thinking on it, he decided that he needed to get to Gringotts soon, and planned to go tomorrow after buying a week or two at the inn. Speaking of which, there it was, a five story Brownstone building with a metal sign hanging from a pole over the door.

Changing course, Harry walked into the Dragon's Shadow Inn. It was a cozy place, decorated with red and silver color schemes. After talking to the innkeeper, he negotiated a small suite for two weeks for 18 galleons, with meals three times a day in the communal kitchen.

When he was done, the innkeeper escorted him to a suite on the 3rd floor, and gave him the key. Wishing him goodnight, Harry stepped inside and closed the door getting ready for the next step of his plans.

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Dumbledore stood patiently in his office as the Floo lit up, letting members of the Order Of The Phoenix in in groups of two or three, finally almost 40 people were there, including Arthur and Molly Weasley, Kingsly Shacklebolt, Remus Lupin, Nymphadora Tonks, Alastor Moody and many others. Remus was leaning next to the plaque with the Sword of Gryffindor mounted on it.

Once everyone he had invited showed up he cleared his throat and they all settled in.

"As of this morning, Harry Potter is missing" Dumbledore intoned gravely, his expression worried. and suddenly the room burst into yelling, the loudest being Molly, While Remus went sheet white.

Raising his hands to get attention, and waiting for them to calm down, he continued, "Having spoken to my staff, it seems as though the last sight of him was seven this morning. At 9:30, a Simula Imitius of Harry Potter arrived at breakfast, joining Miss Granger and Ronald Weasley. The fact it was a Simulacra was not realized until the Hogwarts Express was on the way to London, at which It was revealed to be a fake, Auror Tonks was the person who saw it disintegrate." Dumbledore waited for the next wave of murmurs to quiet down.

"As if this moment, I am under the assumption that Mr. Potter is being possessed or manipulate by Lord Voldemort." again a round of gasps and murmure of "poor boy" circled though the room.

"If you find him, then detain him and bring him to me, I will then attempt to exorcise the possession." -and reapply the enchantments I had previously. he finished in his head.
“I give you all free reign of the school tonight, to find any evidence you can of Harry’s departure. He has almost a full day ahead of us, and it will require everyone to find and retrieve him.”

Moody nodded gruffly and turned to leave when there was a loud crack, making everyone flinch and turn, wands going into hands in precaution.

Everyone paused and looked towards the wall, where the sword of Gryffindor was mounted. As the entire room looked on the sword began to crumble, leaving sand and glass shards on the ground below it. In the end all that was left was a red scroll. Dumbledore took a moment to calm himself before he stepped forwards.

Slowly Dumbledore approached it and picked it up, unrolling it only to see runes. a second later a message appeared in burning silver flames before him, in full view of the rest of the order.

Hey Dumbles.
I possess the Sword and the Stone.
Your bindings are gone.
So am I.

Check.

-The First Son of the Marauders, The Third Lord.

Dumbledore felt himself go pale as he realized something, ignoring the sudden commotion among the members of the order.

Harry Potter was the Son of James Potter and Lily Evans. James Potter, AKA the leader of the Marauders, the most creative and unstoppable group of pranksters in recent memory. He realized exactly who he had been trying to control, and how James would have responded if he found out. And then he added in Lily’s Smarts and savvy.

If he lost, then Harry Potter would be destroy him.

He could not lose.

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Sitting in his room in the Dragons Shadow Inn, Harry smiled, feeling as his letter opened.

The Game was on.
Late the next morning, dressed in some new and tailored robes, Harry used the Floo for Gringotts, appearing in a side room where several armored and armed Goblins stood watch. Nodding to them in greetings, he strode into the main hall, pausing to look around, before noticing a goblin walking past him, one that he recognized. “Greetings griphook.”

The goblin jumped and turned to stare at the figure before him, it took a second before he recognized who had greeted him. “Mister Potter. Welcome to Gringotts” the goblin said, before continuing, “Let your Silver run thick and may your Gold ever flow.” he added on the ritual greeting to see the young man’s response.

“May your Vaults never empty and your wealth ever grow in return Griphook.” Harry gave a half bow, making Griphook stare in shock, and the other goblins nearby stare in bewilderment.

“If i could ask for a moment of your time, I had some questions i would like to ask you.” Harry was courteous. he remembered the first time he had come here, and how Hagrid had spoken of the goblins with a mix of fear and hesitance. But with Harry deciding to make his own Path, he planned to come to his own conclusions. that started with Courtesy and seeing if it was returned. He noted with a small smirk that Griphook tried the same thing.

“Of course Mister Potter, I do believe i can find a few moments to answer you.” Griphook led him towards a door to a private room.

“Please, Just call me Harry, I prefer the informality.” By the time the door closed behind the pair, most of the goblins nearby were looking at each other with glances of surprise and awe.
Dumbledore sat in his desk chair, a half empty Bottle of Ogden's Firewhisky in front of him. Last night, after the order had dispersed, he had sat down and gotten drunk, mourning the way Harry had utterly obliterated his plans and progress. Remus had left almost immediately after the message was shown to the group. he had no doubts that he had gone to Sirius, and that the message would damage their relationship. Both Remus and Sirius would have recognized the fact that there was one person who the ‘First Son of the Marauders’ could be.

Sitting back, Dumbledore poured another glass of whisky, remembering how he had checked for the stone once the order had left and how in the middle of the book was another letter. he looked down at where it sat on the Desk.

You stole the shovel that’s going to dig your own grave old man.
It was signed with a jagged line in the shape of Harry’s scar.

He had no doubt where the sorcerers stone was now, and he expected that it would come back to attack him in the very near future.

Griphook lead the pair into a small office like private room, with a large stone table and several chairs for meetings. Harry waited until Griphook sat before taking his seat. he waited for Griphook to gesture to begin before he spoke.

“I was wondering what it would take to become an emancipated Minor int he wizarding world.” Harry’s voice was laced with steel, though he tried to bury the edge. getting angry at the goblins would only hurt him in the end.

Griphook stared at him for a long moment, his expression unreadable. “Mister Potter, May i call in some of My associates, particularly the Potter Vaults manager Blackclaw, and the Black Vaults Manager Longtooth?”

“By all means, please do.” Griphook stepped out into the hall for a moment, and Harry stood and stretched, gazing around the room. it was beautiful, in a spartan way, all smooth stone and simple designs, placed for efficiency and use over appearance. he came back to himself when the door opened and Griphook and three other goblins walked in.

“These are Blackclaw, Longtooth, and Lightlok. they manage the Potter, Black, and Championed vaults respectively.”

“Pleasure to meet you, may your vaults never empty and your wealth grow forevermore.” Harry bowed before the goblins who bowed back with the proper formalities.

After the introduction, they sat around the table.

“So, I do believe that this meeting came from the topic of emancipation?”

Lightlok spoke up. “It does indeed, Mister Potter, It seems as through you have been uninformd. You have been unofficially emancipated since Halloween last year, when your name came from the goblet of fire. We sent you several letters stating this, and your magical guardian said you would prefer to wait until you were 17 to confirm the emancipation.
Harry froze and closed his eyes taking a deep slow breath. His magic seemed to cackle into existence, sparks of red and green energy arcing across his skin, before they faded back into him. When he opened his eyes, they were glowing circles of emerald green on a Field of blood red, the whites of his eyes colored a deep crimson.

“May i please know who my Magical Guardian is? I have a good guess, but i feel like confirmation is in order here.” Harry’s voice was eerily calm, and almost excruciatingly polite.

The goblins, slightly cautious of the pure magical energy they sensed from the teen before them, paused, before Griphook answered.

“It appears that your guardian is one Albus Dumbledore.”

Harry Paused and took a deep slow breath. In through the nose and out through the mouth, before his control broke.

“THE MOTHER FUCKER.” Harry swore, teeth clenched tightly as he attempted to stop the flow of magic before he vaporized the room. so much magic was pouring off him it was taking a visible form. His eyes looked like fires, the same energy pouring out and curling out from his lips as they were drawn back in wordless snarl.

The Goblins stared in awe as the aura of energy flared again, this time around his hands where they rested on the table. In a second the table had warped and spiked up around his fingers, growing into a series of wicked spikes and blades. When Harry noticed he wiped it down, returning it to normal as he contained his aura again, the leaks of energy fading away. The goblins were made speechless when Harry looked up, his eyes having returned to their original colors, but still glowing slightly.

“I apologize for that unwarranted display, however I now have several requests i would ask of Gringotts. Starting with emancipating me as soon as possible, please.” The steel, no that was too weak, too blunt, the Mithril tone to his voice struck a chord with the goblins. this was a respectable rage. this was a theft of the most valuable thing, a state of mind.

And Gringotts hated thieves.

They all nodded and Blackclaw pulled out a stack of papers, holding them and a Blood quill out to Harry.

The Boy-Who-Lived had papers to sign.

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Sirius and Remus sat in the Decrepit Ruins of Number 12 Grimmauld Place, both sitting in their own dark thoughts, a pot of now cold tea before them.

Sirius was the first to break the silence.

“We need to find him, before Dumbledore does. I made him my heir, and he needs to confirm it. once he does, he should be able to protect himself legally.” Sirius stood to his feet and began to pace.

“If he can get himself recognized, that gives him protection from the ministry. If he can get the Heir funds, he can hide better. If he gets the family magic….. he might be able to defend himself. In the end, it all depends on Harry and what he’s willing to accept. And if he got emancipated, he could accept the Potter family title as well.”

Remus spoke up. “In the meantime, we need to watch Dumbledore, as much as it pains me to say so. Moony doesn’t trust him, and I’m inclined to agree. It’s like he was acting desperate, Calling the order, the guard the day the semester ended. You didn’t see his face in response to the letter
“Padfoot.” Remus sighed, running a hand through his hair. “It seemed like Harry stole from him, as if they had argued, not to mention that line about Bind—” Remus paused, his eyes widening with a horrible revelation.

“Sirius... what if he was under a compulsion, or loyalty spells.” Remus said, horror leaking into his voice as he looked up at his oldest friend.

Sirius paused and slowly looked at Remus, meeting his horrified gaze with one of anger and reluctance.

“You don’t think Dumbledore…” Sirius began halfheartedly.

“He wouldn’t. but what if he…” Remus responded, also trying to find the words.

“But… if he did... and Harry broke free...” Sirius’s mind began to slot the pieces together, as he began to pace again.

First, Harry breaks the binding, but Dumbledore realizes it, tries to rebind Harry, he fails and Harry escapes, using the school as a safe haven. This means that Dumbledore tries to keep him where he can find him, hence the train guards and the deception by Harry. So Harry still escapes, and as a last resort, Dumbledore essentially puts a price on Harry’s head. It made a sick twisted logic, Dumbledore was trying to control the Boy-Who-lived, who didn't like being controlled.

He looked toward Remus, seeing that his fellow Marauder had come to the a similar conclusion.

“Remus. Its time for the Marauders to get back up to speed. We have a Heir to Protect.” Sirius’s voice was at a dangerously low tone. It brought back memories of pranks, of plans, of Sirius saying he wanted to be a hit wizard. Over the course of a moment, the effects of Azkaban seemed to lessen, as if he had a new lease on life, as the fire that had been banked by Wormtails betrayal and twelve long years of hell on earth suddenly began to burn fiercely.

Sirius Black had a goal. and that was a dangerous thing.

Of course, that's when the house elf showed up.

Harry finished signing the last of the papers with the blood quill.

“Next, I would like to see the accounts i have access too, or should have access too. I also do believe I need to claim the Potter Lordship at least?” He asked, questioningly.

Blackclaw nodded and conjured a knife and a pulled a blank parchment with a white wax seal on the center. “Please put three drops of blood on the seal, it should inform us of exactly what you’re an heir or lord of, and we can confirm it afterwards.”

The other goblins all surreptitiously leaned forwards in order to see what the parchment would reveal.

Harry cut his palm and held it over the seal, letting the three drops slowly fall onto the seal. as the third hit the wax, the paper began to glow and words appeared. Harry took a moment to heal his hand before reading the words.

**Rights and Inheritances of Hadrian James Potter, Son of James Charlus Potter and Lily Potter nee Evans.**

**Titles and Positions:**
Blooded Lord of the Ancient and Noble House of Potter
Bonded Heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Black
Rightful Lord By Trial and Blood to the Ancient and Righteous House of Gryffindor
Rightful Lord By Trial and Combat to the Ancient and Infamous House of Slytherin
Right to Claim the Title and Properties of the Lord of Lightning
Rightful Heir to The Estate of the Ravens Court

Inheritances and potential contracts:
The blood of the Puppeteers
The blood of the Marked
The seal of the Shadows
The seal of the Rebellious

The goblins all looked at the paper for a moment, before turning their collective gaze back to Harry Potter, who stood looking at the paper with a look of confusion, before he glanced up, taking in the goblins expressions.

“So… someone want to fill me in?”

Sirius and Remus were both shocked, then surprised, then shocked again by the house elf before them. it stood only two and a half feet tall, but it wore a perfectly tailored black and silver suit, complete with tie, tie pin, polished black shoes, cuff-links, and a pair of black sunglasses.

“Youse are Misters Sirius Black and Misters Remus Lupin? yes?” the elf’s voice was squeaky and high pitched, and with the appearance was at once both comical and attention grabbing.

“Who wants to know.” Sirius had drawn his wand and held it loosely at his side, stance ready to fight.

“Very Sorry, Bad, bad manners. I bes Dobby sir, Master Harry Potters House Elf!” The elf stood up proudly, displaying a lightning shaped emblem pinned to his shoulder. Sirius and Remus glanced at each other, and then back to the elf who continued speaking. “Master Harry Says Dobby to deliver a message to Misters Sirius and Remus Sirs. Master Harry says he wants to meet with Misters Sirius and Remus at Chaotic Alley At 5:30 sirs.”

Sirius grinned. “Chaotic Alley? Tell him Padfoot and his handler will be there. thank you Dobby.” The elf nodded and snapped its fingers, vanishing.

Sirius turned to Remus, grinning. “It seems as though Our cub has more than we expected up his sleeves.”

Remus began to smile as well. “Yep, seems like Jame’s son is a true Marauder.”
The goblins all looked at each other before Griphook and Lightlok spoke in Goblin. BlackClaw nodded and turned to Harry.

“Lets start at the top of the list and work our way down, yes?” His speech had become more polite, but Harry supposed the reason why would be explained easily enough.

“That seems Reasonable. So, House Potter first?” Harry also shifted to be more polite in response.

“Yes, well It is the most obvious and easiest to explain. You are the last Potter, and are now emancipated. As such, you are the Lord Potter, and need only claim the House Lord ring.” Blackclaw tapped the table and a small red and gold box appeared and he pushed it to Harry.

“Okay.” Harry opened the box, seeing a gold ring with a red stone engraved with a Stylized P and a hunting bird of some sort. He reached out and pulled it from where it rested, and looked up. “Any finger is customary to place it on?”

Black claw nodded at the question, glad the boy had asked. “Right ring finger.”

Harry nodded back in acknowledgement and slid it on, gasping when his mind was filled with mental images. Some were from his past, defending Hermione from the troll, Rescuing Ginny from the chamber, Saving Buckbeak from its execution, Freeing Sirius before Fudge could get to him, going back for Gabrielle Delacour in the lake when her sister couldn’t. Other images seemed to be from other people who had worn the ring. He saw flashes of battles, sacrifices, handshakes and laughter, and then listened to a hundred voices say the same thing.

‘We Guard Our Own’

The final image he saw was a old man with wild black hair and vivid turquoise eyes and a sandy blond haired man with pale brown eyes standing in a narrow pass before a horde of what looked like bandits, behind them a village. Determination in their eyes, the men both drew swords and hefted heavy shields and prepared to face the hoard of fighters that attacked him, both with lines of light blazing down their swords. He suddenly realized what it was he was watching.

He was watching the first of the House Potter ready himself to lay down his life for his people, along with a trusted companion who seemed to strike a chord in Harry. The vision lasted until the moment the bandits reached the first of his line. He guessed how it ended.

As fast as they had come to him, the visions vanished, and he felt his ring finger itch and looked down. The ring had shrunk to fit his hand, and stretched over the skin, forming a smooth bond across the knuckle. Slowly flexing his hand he found it seemed to fit naturally. As he was focusing he could sense a conduit, similar to the ones he used on his Simulacra, was bound to the ring. Reaching through it without meaning too, a ghostly pale gold bird erupted from the ring before vanishing.

“It seems as though the Totem of the House of Potter has accepted you. Congratulations.” Blackclaw cut through his introspection, and Harry blushed, realizing the goblins were staring at him.

“Thank you Master Blackclaw.” If the House of Potters were Guardians, he could accept that. He definitely planned to ‘Guard his own’. reaching out he closed the box before him, and moved it to the side.

“Lets continue on, I feel as if this will be a while, and I can always return another day for the finance part of this.” The goblins nodded.
Neville was sitting in the Greenhouse, pouring over a book on Simulacrum's and their creation. He noted the very complex runes that were needed, as well as a bit of blood from the maker. They also had to be completely made by the owner without anyone else touching them, before they were put into use.

Reading on, the book also noted that the materials used changed the results. Metal was the most difficult, but could be controlled with the most ease, and if made right could be almost indistinguishable, thanks to the ability to interact with living beings. What Harry had used, stone and glass, was a stable creation, but would be disrupted by any sustained living touch, and wood would be disrupted by any nonverbal interaction or magic that touched it from someone other than it’s maker.

He noted that Simulacrum crafting had fallen out of use due to the power and concentration needed to craft them. It also required a good deal of mental fortitude to order them to do in the simplest of tasks, or it required the user to go into a meditative state to take control of the Simulacrum, which often left the user vulnerable.

He marked his page and set the book aside, deciding that he was going to get up and exercise. As he started to stand, he felt dizzy and looked down. He noticed that the Heir ring on his right hand was glowing, and a sense of duty filled him. In the back of his mind echoed the words he last heard at his Heir Confirmation, His House’s motto.

“We Stand Together.”

He whispered, the brown and gold image of The Longbottom Bear rose from his ring. In his mind, he saw the last vision of the Heir ceremony. The two men against the army of bandits. His determination to help Harry grew into an ironclad vow. He looked down in interest as the ring seemed to melt and shift.

His ring had changed from the Heir ring to the Lord Ring.

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“As you are only the Bonded Heir to the House of Black, this may be a bit more strenuous. House Black is notorious for their family magic being a vicious judge and jury, and on more than one occasion it has acted as an Executioner.” With that ringing endorsement, Longtooth summoned a black box, and pushed it across the table.

Harry reached out and opened it to see another ring, this one made of platinum, and with a coiled silver dragon engraved on a black stone above the house Motto ‘Toujours Pur’

Steeling himself, Harry picked it up, and at Longtooths direction slid it onto his Right pinkie finger.

Again, Harry was plunged into his own memories. Feeling as if his arm was on fire. Instead of looking for Harry defending, it looked for him acting in Defiance. It focused on Harry responding to Dumbledore, on when he would break the rules in order to complete his own goals. In the end, he heard a voice, old and grave speak to him, the words echoing as if from far away.

“Toujours Pur does not mean blood. Toujours Pur is not about family. It means your ideals. It means you stand against all others when they try to control you. Sirius Black has embodied this ideal, and he chose well for his heir. Wear the name of Black with honor.”

With that he faded back to himself, looking down to see that the black heir ring had been releasing a black mist, and that he had veins of black running up his arm. As he watched they receded, and the
paltinum ring glowed silver before conforming to his hand like the Potter ring. he felt another conduit and felt it out, the shape of a silver dragon appearing around his hand.

Relieved he had been found worthy, he relaxed slightly and breathed deeply, he looked back at his list. “Next is both Slytherin and Gryffindor? Correct?”

Lightlok nodded. “As the Lines were previously in decline, they have been under the Lok family care for the last several centuries. as for the way you have acquired them, I have the papers describing how you took each line here.

**Gryffindor Line Claim**
- Summoned the Sword of Gryffindor in selfless defense of another.
- Dormant Blood Line.

“This is your rights to take the Gryffindor Line, while rather straight forwards, it also has never been completed successfully, besides yourself. The blood line part means you are a distant member of a minor line of the Gryffindor Clan. The Slytherin Claim is much more complex” Lightlok drew another paper and placed it down.

**Slytherin Line claim**
- Granted the Gift of Rebirth to a Great Serpent.
- Bonded Willingly with the Eternal Snake Called Ouroboros.
- Defeated the Blooded Heir of Slytherin in both Wits and combat.

“As you can see, you have the Right to lord three ways, and thus your claim overrules that of the previous Heir and Lord, one Tom Marvolo Riddle. his line becomes the second in to yours.” Lightlok summoned two small bowls, each lined with hundreds of tiny interlocked runes. “Due to the nature of these Lordships, their magic is bound by blood. Please use the knife and put 7 drops into each bowl.”

Harry grimaced and did as he said, cutting his palm again and dripping seven into one bowl, and seven into the other, before cleaning the knife and healing his hand again.

Lightlok nodded and tapped each bowl, making the blood in them seem to vaporize. in the left bowl, it turned a golden red color, the right a silver and green. before harry could react, both vapors flowed towards him, racing in through his eyes and mouth.

The goblins themselves were surprised. normally the mists simply formed into rings, not…. this. They all began to move back warily when Harry’s magic seemed to awaken, the twin colors of red and green erupting from his skin.

As the first wave of magic exploded outwards, the goblins all dove for cover.

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Harry was trapped back in his mind-scape, staring at… another Harry? He felt disjointed, as if he was seeing two things at once. he looked around the entrance hall of Hogwarts, and noticed the doors were opened.

Suddenly he realized he was seeing double. He was seeing the Gryffindor through the eyes of the Slytherin, and the Slytherin through the eyes of the Gryffindor. Both moved back, watching as two clouds of mist appeared in the mind-scape, and took seemingly corporal forms; one as a lion and the other as a giant snake. On instinct, both Harry’s went back to back. Swords and Shields appearing on their arms. This was their mind, and they planned to keep it.
The lion and the snake attacked, each going for their respective Harry, and both Harry’s instantly went to counter. Slytherin dodged around the snake, slashing at its eyes and avoiding its bite with the shield. The Gryffindor was having a harder time with the Lion, having to force it back every time it attacked him, and only barely avoiding the powerful beasts claws. It took a moment before he managed to disengaged, the Slytherin doing the same as they went back to back again.

They watched the animals begin to circle them. Thinking, Harry (as they shared a mind and they were both Harry) came up with a plan. dropping their weapons, they took their own forms, The Slytherin turning into a massive Basilisk, The Gryffindor into a winged Griffin, and then they swapped partners, The Basilisk facing the lion, the Griffin the snake. After what seemed an endless time of combat, the Griffin had the snake pinned, and the Basilisk was coiled around the Griffin, trapping it.

As sudden as it had begun, Harry was back in the real world, the two mists leaving his body through his mouth and eyes to settle on his skin. the golden red on his left arm, the silver green on the right. he watched as the golden red turned into a lion tattoo, the emblem looking like it was ready to Leap off the skin at any moment, crouched and ready. on the other arm, there was a second snake, with a diamond pattern of green and silver, entwined and coiled among the Basilisk already there.

In his head he heard two voices.

“You tempered your bravery with cunning in order to succeed. The Gryffindor Line Accepts.” The voice as deep and strong, like a lions roar.

“You backed your cunning with the bravery to enact it. The Slytherin Line Accepts.” This voice was soft and Sibilant, almost hissing.

Harry took a moment to calm his heartbeat. He felt like his body was asleep, full of pins and needles, and as he focused on it, he felt his magic swirling around under his skin. It seemed like he had once again gotten an upgrade.

Finally focusing away from inside himself, he saw that he was Sprawled on the floor, an that the room around him seemed to be almost half destroyed. The various furniture was covered in burns marks and deep gouges. Focusing he closed his eyes and raised his wand, muttering a *Reparo*. When he opened them, the room seeming to reform itself into its original shape. He finally noticed the Goblins as they peeked out from behind the over turned table.

“Lord Potter, are you well?” Lightlok’s gravel like voice came from behind the stone table.

“Yes. Sorry about that.” Harry felt a blush begin, he had lost control for however long he was stuck fighting the magics of the Family Lines. As he stood up, he noticed his chair had been melted to a pile of sludge where he had been sitting. Vanishing the unrepairable mess, he conjured another chair, and sat down heavily, realizibng his heart was racing and his hair was hanging down loose around his face..

The goblins all stood and helped right the table.

Once they were all seated again, Lightlok continued. “May I enquire as to the state of your lordships bond with the Slytherin and Gryffindor lordships?”

Harry held up his arms. The Slytherin Snake and the Gryffindor Lion Glowing with energy.

“They have both accepted me as their Lord, so it seems.” The goblins all nodded, although Griphook
seemed to be contemplating something.

“Shall we continue?”

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Dumbledore was pacing in his office again, thinking of how to defeat this new Harry Potter. He had pulled out the detector for Harry's magical level. He kept looking at it, constantly thinking of what could happen next. He knew that objectively Harry was almost as strong as Dumbledore himself, though he was rather untrained with it. After all, Harry had only four years of hashed-up training, especially in defense. Dumbledore had over a century of solid training and experience.

He was confident he would win. He glanced at the detector and noticed it was flickering. Curious he reached for it, only to flinch back when it suddenly lit up like a bonfire. After a moment, when the very metal itself was beginning to warp, it went dark.

“Bollocks.”

The power detector had been the last sensor on the boy-who-lived.

And the boy had just overloaded it with untamed magic.

That was a very bad sign.

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“The last Lordship is the Lord of Lightning. Unlike the others, this is not a Family or blood line Lordship, but rather a Lordship given to the one who is most suited for it. The last time it was held was by a Serbian-American mage named Nikolai Tesla, who died over 50 years ago.” Lightlok explained.

“The Lordship is granted to the strongest Magus of Lightning Affinity in an Era. When there’s no one who meets the criteria the Estate lies Dormant.” Griphook clarified, receiving a slight glare from Lightlok.

Lightlok summoned a larger jewelry box and opened it, inside was an armband made of glowing blue-white crystals, which formed a shape of a bolt of lightning, and a small index card with writing on it. “This is the bond of Lightning Lordship, similar to your Basilisk’s Familiar Bond, it will permanently mark you as the Lord of Lightning until your death. It goes around your left bicep traditionally.”

Harry stared entranced at the circle of energy before him, and reached out, lifting it. Immediately, his hair began to lift, the energy coursing though him affecting it. Determined, he slid it up his left arm, and halfway between his shoulder and elbow it shrunk to fit. He left it there, and lifted a card from the jewelry box, reading it out loud.

“I, Hadrian James Potter, Lord of the Houses Potter, Gryffindor, and Slytherin, Heir to the House Black, do here by accept the Title of the Lord of Lightning. So have I said, so mote it be.”

There was a flash of light, and Harry gasped and dropped the card as the feeling of the band melting into his skin hit him. Then the Band released its magic, surging its way though his body. It was at once Painful and Exhilarating. He looked down to see the single band of color was breaking up, his entire upper arm covered with a continuous lines of lightning, constantly breaking apart and back together, until in the mist of the cycle it slowed down and froze, turning into ink on his skin, pale light blues and deep lines of Navy and cobalt, all outlined with pure white. The pain made him clench his eyes shut.
The pain faded and he felt the exhilarating energy that coursed through his arm. His magic normally felt different, it was comforting, stable, part of him like breathing. This… this magic was almost sexual in how it felt. It felt like kissing felt, a source of contentment spread from it, along with an exhilaration. It was almost the same adrenaline rush he got from playing Quidditch. He relaxed as it faded, letting him think past the feeling once more, though he knew he could use the power on demand. It was…. Intoxicating. suddenly he felt himself become firmly grounded, the rings on his right hand drawing his attention away from the power, the totems of house Black and Potter separating the lightnings influence from him until he called for it and preventing it from overwhelming him. He took a second to calm his heart rate before he opened his eyes.

He looked up and grinned, before holding up his arm for the goblins to see better. “Lord of Lightning claimed it seems, whats next… the estate of Raven Court?” Harry looked at the last part of the first group.

Griphook grinned toothily. “Thankfully That is an easy one. Ravens Court is a large property to the north of London. It is granted to anyone who has completed the Triwizard Cup and won. It is currently unoccupied, as the last victor died during the time of the first war.” Griphook summoned a necklace made with black metal feather. “This is the port-key to it, simply say ‘Morrigin’s Respite’ and you’ll appear at the front gate, it is reusable as well.”

Harry nodded and accepted the Necklace, realizing that his arm was shaking from the exertion.

“If you’ll excuse me, Master Goblins, The last hour or so has exhausted me magically and I would like some time to recover. I would, however, like to meet with you all individually over the next few days to cover my finances and responsibilities, if that's acceptable.” the goblins all murmured in agreement, they also found themselves willing to take a break.

It was, quite frankly, terrifying working with Lord Hadrian Potter. His power was at once awe inspiring and frightening, and his willpower in keeping it as restrained as he had was beyond admirable.

“However, before i go i would like to ask something of Gringotts.” The goblins all instantly were on guard, ready to refuse an unreasonable offer. “If you see Dumbledore attempt to access my vaults, please refuse him all access. I haven’t seen the numbers but until I’m sure he hasn't been using my money for his gain, I want to be on the safe side.” The goblins looked at each other. it was a sensible request, and the fact the Lord of the vaults made made the request meant that it could be enforced.

“Lord Potter, we would be happy to do so.” Griphook Grinned menacingly, and Harry returned an equally menacing grin, extending his hand, the two shook on it. What Harry didn’t realize is that for the first time in over 1500 years, a wizard had made a deal with a goblin as an equal, not an oppressor.

With a pleasant farewell, Harry took the floo back to the Dragon’s Shadow, and made his way to his room. He almost immediately collapsed on his bed, feeling his body quiver with exhaustion. He set the alarm on his watch (new, since his old one had been ruined in the second task. this one had been water proofed), and closed his eyes. he had several hours before his meeting with Sirius and Remus, and he wanted to be well rested.
The Blood-dimmed Tide is Loosed Upon the World

Chapter Summary

Remus and Sirius meet with Harry.
Neville makes Plans.
Harry explores Ravens court.
The Daily Prophet Causes an uproar.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It was 5:20 when Remus and Sirius, both under several complex glamours, entered the cafe in Chaotic alley. It was late enough the cafe was sparsely occupied, the majority of people getting drinks at the other end of the alley, where the bars were.

Sirius and Remus both looked around, and saw a person with black hair and glasses sitting across the room, a magazine with a deer clearly displayed in the front of it confirmed it.

Sirius and Remus approached and both of them felt something was off, Mooney raising his cackle and resisting the urge to growl. When they were feet feet away, the rest of the room became muffled.

"Chill guys. I'm not actually here. It's one of my simulacrum." The image of Harry looked up, and they both noticed the variety of changes. If this was an accurate representation, Harry had gotten both taller and more muscular, and had grown his hair out more than when they had last seen him.

"Okay, we get the not being here thing. Safety right?" Sirius raised an eyebrow at the simulacra.

"Yep. I need to stay hidden for now. I have places to go and things to research, and I wanna live this summer." The simulacra grinned. "I plan, in no uncertain terms, to both A, travel, B, Train and C, stay hidden over the next two months of summer."

Sirius and Remus looked at each other in surprise, and then grinned. "Well Pronglet, seems you are a marauder. Your dad did the same thing summer after sixth year. He got a drivers license, and took us on a road trip."

The simulacra laughed and grinned. "I actually borrowed something that you might remember Sirius, a certain trip motorcycle with a few enchantments."

Sirius eyes lit up "My baby? You have it? Oh gods pup, I hope you love that bike. Its the closest thing besides you I have to a child." Sirius chuckled

Remus chose then to speak up. "That's part if why we wanted to meet with you. Sirius made you his-"

"Heir, yeah I know. I confirmed it earlier today. Along with the potter lordship and three others." Harry's simulacra cut Remus off, grinning.

Both the adults looked at each other and back to Harry. Finally Sirius spoke up. "You accepted the black Heritage, and four other lord ships? Pup that's practically unheard of, most wizards can only
handle one, maybe two family magics. What ones did you accept besides back and Potter?

"Uhh, let's see, Potter, Black, Gryffindor, Slytherin, and the lordship of Lightning. I also have two blood Inheritances and two seals I can claim, I was planning to ask about those tomorrow at Gringotts."

Remus and Sirius looked confused. "Harry," Remus began "How did you get the Slytherin and Gryffindor lordships? They've been extinct lines for over 500 years?"

"Rights of Combat and Trial. Slytherin’s because I beat Tom in a fight three times so far, Gryffindor's for drawing his sword to defend another." Harry said, telling only half truth for that part. He still wanted to keep Lazarus, who had slept most of yesterday, secret from the public.

Sirius began to laugh. "Oh my god, my family would be having fucking conniptions. I don't know if they'd be more mad about the Gryffindor part, or if the Slytherin part would make them happy enough it wouldn't matter." He laughed for almost five minutes, the simulacra and Remus exchanging identical looks of bemused annoyance.

"You done God-Pops? Cause I have more to tell you." The simulacra leaned back and crossed it's arms. "Like how you can contact me."

Remus and Sirius both focused, Remus opening his mouth to protest.

"Contacting you would be dangerous. There's a mail ward around you, and we would likely be followed." Remus laid out the situation "and we can't use Patronus charms due the trace on your magic, since the ministry still consider you underaged."

Harry grinned. "That's what Dobby is for." The elf popped into existence bowing. "He is nearly untraceable except by another house elf, impeccably loyal to me and mine, and actually will be holding the Fidelius charm for my base of operations against Voldemort.

Harry's grin shifted into a smirk, "and he had a bit of a grudge against the dark lord and his followers."

Dobby grinned and bowed again. "Dobby has pledged to help master Harry Potter against the old masters."

Sirius and Remus both looked suitably impressed. "Well cub, this is quite a surprising development. I had thought after Hermione, you'd never bond with a house elf."

Harry grinned again "ah, but I only offered a contract. And Dobby does, in fact, get compensation for his efforts. This means that Hermione will just have to deal, and that I'm acting against preconceived notions. That only works in favors."

Dobby grinned widely, ears flapping a bit as he nodded. "Dobby gets paid one galleon a week by Master Harry!"

Remus and Sirius both smiled. "Looks like you got this pup. Glad to see y-"

They were both cut off by the Harry Simulacra looking past them, eyes narrowed at the door.

"Shit. Shit Shit. I thought we had more time. Seems as though your tail finally pushed past the interference I was giving off." The illusion surrounding the simulacra melted away, revealing the stone and glass puppet, which stood and continued looking towards the chaotic alley entrance.
"I suggest you leave before Dumbledore catches up to you. He's a Legilimens, and is unafraid to use it. I'll distract the follower." With that the simulacra stood and headed for the door.

Sirius and Remus both looked at each other and left, entering the alley proper.

When they returned 20 minutes later, they found an unconscious order member laying in a pile of gravel and glass in the side alley before the illusion door, being looked over by a pair of guards. They took in a large bruise over the man's eye, recognizing him as Mundungus Fletcher. A moment later the chaotic alley guards waved them out the alley, letting them leave. Sparing one look back at the unconscious order member, they vanished with a pair of loud thunderclaps.

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Neville was pacing back and forth, ignoring the punted looks his grandmother shot him. He was laying out his thoughts, from the memory during the Heir ceremony, to how Harry had changed after the Tournament, to the ring which sat heavily on his finger, the weight reminding him of his power.

"So, Harry plans to visit in the next few days, I expect he visited the goblins this morning, and has claimed his lordship. But why, in the love of god, did my lordship get bestowed at the same time."

"Well, I wouldn't know. Perhaps it's in the family journals, and WOULD YOU SIT DOWN?" Neville pivoted and looked hard at his grandmother when she spoke up, cowing her with his gaze.

Augusta Longbottom looked away and blinked. She had never been cowed by her grandson, but his presence was quite intimidating right now. He was pacing like a caged bear. As she realized something, she felt shamefaced. He was now her lord and she had treated him like he was still only a heir.

"You are right, I need to check the older journals. I know that the Potters and Longbottom used to have an alliance or bond, but I have no idea what type. I'm going to need the journals of old family rights as well as a list of all active family bonds, the magically updated one." Neville mused, running his thumb over the pads of his fingers as he thought. "I should also start pulling my ancestors Portraits out of storage, I may need to talk to them."

Neville gave his grandmother a quick glance as he spoke and saw her frown, but forced himself to ignore it. Once again wished his grandfather had been still alive, or that his parents could talk to him.

Augusta Longbottom nee Feuren had married into the family when she was 16, and while she was a raised a noblewomen, she didn't know the patriarchal rights and training of the Longbottom family, meaning Neville was sorely lacking in that regard. Most of the portraits has bickered with her constantly, until she took them all down out of spite. Neville thought it was time to correct that, he needed to know his family history.

Oh, he knew names and dates and public events, but not the personal reasons, not the motivations or subtle plots. He also needed to learn how to hold himself like a lord. He could plan and host a dinner with the best of them, but his anxiety had grown rampant under his grandmother's tutelage, turning him into a stuttering wreck on more than one occasion.

He didn't really hate her in any way, Neville knew that he looked like his father more than his mother, and that Augusta had never really seemed to come to terms with her sons... circumstances. He knew that she had been grieving when she took charge of him, but the end result of the circumstances had impacted him severely.

He still held bitter thoughts about her brother, his granduncle Algeron Feuren, who was a right
bastard in Neville's opinion. He was brash, and more often drunk than sober. He had been lucky that when the man dropped out that him out that third floor window he hadn’t died, and had a mind to cut his uncle off from the family coffers now that he had control.

Which brought him back to his grandmother. As polite and political as she was, she had never had a head for money, and with her refusal to let the goblins handle the family finances (due to her own family having gambled much if it's money away several generations ago until they owed the goblins a massive amount of Galleons, which they never fully paid off), the family vault had been in a steady decline. He knew the bonds and stocks had gone untouched for years, and most of the other properties, many of them farms, were lain fallow and disused.

Turning back to his grandmother he began to issue orders, his voice letting her know he expected them to be followed.

"Grandmother, I need you to set up an appointment with Gringotts next week, Tuesday morning should work, I need to reconnect with the families goblin financial advisor. I also need to see about my parents will, while they may not be dead, they are damn close legally and that needs to be taken care of as soon as possible. I also plan to give your brother an ultimatum, either he loses the alcohol, or he loses the Longbottom Family coffers, he has a week to decide. The next Wizengamot takes place on July the 7th, the Friday of the week after next. By that time I need to meet with our supporters and reintroduce myself. I was thinking a Sunday afternoon tea would do. I also need you to get in contact with someone who can provide house elf's to the family, I intend to repair the rest of our properties by the end of the year, and that requires manpower to complete."

Augusta stared in poorly concealed wonder at the boy before her. Frank Longbottom had been more dedicated to his school studies, and then his job as an Auror than politics, and it seems as if all that missing political cunning had trickled down into Neville. She nodded and summoned a notepad, jotting down notes quickly as her Lord paced.

"Harry is likely to stop by next week as well, so I need to try and be home during that time, though i expect he’ll call or message me first.” Neville mused. “I should be ready to go over what i know of his family politically as well, which shouldn’t be too hard. We also need to hire a tutor in the physical arts, I’ve been exercising on my own, but if i can get professional assistance it would speed up the process. perhaps my old archery tutor Master Apont would have someone he could recommend. Set up an appointment with him Friday evening, preferably at about 6. he can join us for dinner.” That was all for now, he would continue later once his grandmother finalized those plans.

With a nod, he dismissed his grandmother in order for her to start planning the meetings. He eventually planned to hire an official family secretary or butler soon, but for now his grandmother would have to do as a representative on his behalf.

He made his way to the family study, a place he had rarely because of his grandmother's request. He reached out and pushed his way inside. Looking around, he took in the array of books and journals that lined the bookshelves in the room, the large desk with its stacks of neat parchment and correspondence papers. He stepped behind the desk and grabbed the first book on bonds he found.

He had a lot to catch up on, and he planned to do so.

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“'Morrigin’s Respite.” Harry said, yes closed as he focused on his balance. one uncomfortable tug on his navel later and he staggered to a stop. Lord Harry Potter stood up, looking at the twelve foot tall iron and wooden gates before him, fingering the black metal feather around his neck as he calmed his stomach. Finally he pushed the gates open, and stood in stunned silence.
Ravens Court Estate was a sprawling 1400 acre piece of land, over half of which was heavily wooded. The gates opened onto a cobblestone driveway, which wound around a small fishing pond and through the mist that seemed to creep along the ground on its way up to the manor itself.

Ravens Court Manor was massive and vaguely Gothic, with lots of sloping spires off the roof, gargoyles that likely doubled as waterspouts or defenses perched on thin ledges and hugged the corners of the roof. The manors exterior was painted a dark blue, the same color of the night sky as the sun vanishes. It was accented with dark purple edgings. After a moment of looking, Harry realized that it was actually set almost a kilometer back from the gate, practically dead center of the land around it. Deciding against walking, Harry pulled out the motorcycle and rode it up towards the manor.

As he passed the gate, it closed behind him and he felt a shiver run up his spine as the wards tightened behind him. The motorcycle rumbled up the drive, the sound of the engine echoing back from across the water. The closer he got the more he realized how the manor was so much larger than he thought, it was easily half the size of Hogwarts. As he pulled up to the end of the drive, he noticed an old stable, and found it was a good place to park the bike out of the inevitable English rain. Standing, he started to walk up to the doors, taking note of the ornate entryway. For a moment, he felt shabby, the tailored jeans and cotton shirt he wore both seeming too casual. He pushed the thought away, and focused.

Placing his hand on the door he pushed it open, revealing a large entrance hall, eerily clean and silent. He was struck by the difference it held to Hogwarts, there wasn’t a constant murmur of students and ghosts wandering around. There were several large portraits of teenagers and young people, likely the previous winners, but they all appeared to be sleeping for now. Harry walked confidently through the entrance hall and began to explore the first floor. Directly next to the hall, was a Floo connected fireplace, that opened into a side room, giving people a chance to clean themselves off. Continuing, he found a large dining hall, and 3 different ball rooms, all close enough to interconnect easily if he wished. After that a massive library, with many of the books sealed behind some impressive warded glass and well preserved. He noted with interest, a good portion of the books dealt with dark arts or ritual magic, something that was banned in the Hogwarts Library. He knew that when Hermione found this room, it would become her new obsession.

Moving on, he walked from the library to the back of the house, where a courtyard full of slightly glowing flowers and a small pool were. He skirted past it, only vaguely recognizing some of the plants form Herbology, he would have to ask Neville to check it out. Slowly he continued his circular route, finding a second dining room, this one smaller and more private, and a professional dueling chamber, with several rows of seats along each wall, showing it was used for public sparring.

Circling back towards the center of the house, he found the grand staircase, a massive circular room that punched through all four floors of the manor to the roof, which was enchanted similar to Hogwarts, although it seemed to ignore the weather, instead showing the sky without clouds. Given they were in the U.K., this seemed preferable to one that showed the weather. The stairs started as a single staircase at the bottom floor, splitting off into two opposite spirals on the second floor and meeting back together at the fourth floor.

As Harry stepped into the center of the circular room, he felt his hair shift in an invisible breeze, and his skin tingle with magic. Looking down he saw the center of the room had a large circular rug done in night blue with black circles woven though it in a repeating pattern. Stepping off it, he pulled it back to see the edge of what appeared to be a massive magical circle.

“Holy shit” the runes were carved several inches deep, and seemed to be inlaid with lines of clear
crystal, he placed a finger on it and instantly felt a rush of power surround him. this was the keystone to the wards, the preservation and cleaning charms though out the entire manor. It hummed with energy, and pulling back the rug more he saw why.

The manor was on a bloody Leyline. A Leyline, one of those conduits of pure magic that coursed across the planet, and right here? Right here it was directly underneath him. the magic humming through it made Harry feel small in comparison. placing the rug back, he noticed the bottom of the fabric where hundreds of rightly woven circles of concealment, likely keeping people from realizing the power beneath them. reverently he put it back down, concealing the circle.

Taking a breath he continued exploring the manor. the second floor was a variety of craft rooms. one had a massive loom another large windows overlooking the property and paint supplies. there was a giant study, filled with stacks of paper and hundreds of quills and calligraphy brushes. he found a blacksmiths workshop, and explored it. grinning in joy when he found the stock room was full, filled with hundreds of ores and metals. He was in awe when he noticed a large box on the far counter labeled Mithril, and found it to be full of raw ore and several bars of unrefined metal.

finally moving on from the second floor, the third was Bedrooms, ranging from a dozen single bedrooms, to several full suites with more than 5 rooms each. the back of the house held the master suite, which circled around the garden and had floor to ceiling windows. The bathroom was the size of #4 Private drive. it had a sitting room, a small kitchenette, a study/office, and 3 bedrooms. the largest had a bed the size of his old room at private drive, and his teenage hormones instantly though of who he could have on the bed at one time. Pushing those thoughts aside after a moment of fantasizing, he left and headed up to the top floor.

He quickly realized the fourth floor also led straight into the rooftop, the interior rooms were designed for play more than anything else. He found a fully stocked bar, several rooms with pool and poker tables, and one room even seemed to have a large spelled television. As he kept moving, he also found a fully decked out movie theater, with close to 40 comfortable seats, a recessed amphitheater where someone could put on small plays, and entrance to a rooftop courtyard.

the rooftop patio was a large expanse of tiled marble floor with dozens of small seating areas, some of them booths, other tables and chairs. there were several small garden areas scattered around the edges, as well as multiple braziers and fireplaces. in the center, over the stairs, was a raised dancing platform that was spelled to be transparent, letting you seem to dance over nothing.

Harry stood on the roof and watched the sun set, having a hard time processing just how rich he was, and how extravagant the building he stood on was.

And it was his.

In his mind, now that he had a base, several thoughts he had pushed a side for practicality began to come together, one of them being recruitment.

Dumbledore had the order of the Phoenix, a collection of powerful and skilled individuals who would follow Dumbledore to war. He knew from voldemorts memories they were mostly muggleborns and so called “blood-traitors”, from some of the ‘Lighter’ pure blood families joining in.

Voldemort of course had his Death Eaters, an entire cult of manic followers, mostly purebloods. Harry had no illusions about the dark lord breaking his most devoted followers out of Azkaban sooner rather than later.

He needed his own followers if he wanted to fight this war. he needed a… a Court.
Harry nodded, talking into the air in order to line up his thoughts “Yeah, A court for the neutral party, for the people who don’t want to be on either side.”

he absently placed a hand on his arm and thought, tracing his lightning bond tattoo.

Lightning…… something about lightning.

“The Court of Lightning? No……” he muttered looking at his arm. “the Lightning Court, led by the Lightning Lord. the place between light and dark.”

He grinned widely at the thought and stood, pacing in the half light.

“I’ll call my followers Knights or something like that. They’ll be free to come and go, and even defy me if they have a good reason. I won’t ask them to follow my lead without question. As for members, so far I can probably recruit the Twins, Ron, Hermione, and Neville, Probably can also include both Lupin and Sirius as well, maybe some other order members if i can prove the old mans a manipulative bastard. Though.. maybe Neville would be higher than a knight, Sirius as well. Noblemen of the court? They both have a bit more political clout, which I’ll need. I will need more though, I need people from both of the current sides. I need the next generation of Death-Eaters, those who are being pushed into it, to be willing to defect. I need people who would normally have Hidden from the war to defect to my side.” Harry paused his stream of thought and grinned.

Who said he couldn’t stay hidden for now as well. After he had planned to put several of his other properties under the Fidelius charm, with Dobby as the secret keeper. He would leave Ravens Court untouched magically for now, its wards would keep it safe from Voldemort, and even Dumbledore if they found him and attacked. And if he had to have parties or social gatherings, it would be the ideal place.

Oh yes, Harry was intent to join the war now, and he had plans to make.

He looked up at the night sky and raised his arm when he saw a spot of white above him. A moment Hedwig landed on his arm, and he ran a finger along the back of her head, while she nipped his thumb in annoyance. Happy and relieved she had found him without issue. He carried her over towards a small Owlery tower on the south-east corner of the roof top, and let her make herself at home, meanwhile Harry began casting several detection spells and breaking the tracking spells and redirection wards that had been wrapped around her. He knew that she was loyal to him, but he bet more than anything that Dumbledore had put them on her years ago. Harry also knew that the wards on the estate would disrupt them while she was here. He also scanned himself when he thought about it and removed the Owl redirect Charm on his person.

Finished, Harry headed for the study, after all, he had to write some letters and make some plans.

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Lightlok and Griphook were deep beneath the Ground, walking silently along a hall lined with Armored Goblin Guards. They had sent the king messages, and he granted them an audience. As they finally entered the last doors, the immediately dropped to their knees, heads bowed in supplication.

“My liege” Lightlok began “All my gold is your gold, my wealth is you’re wealth. thank you for inviting us into your presence.” Griphook repeated the same offering.

“Rise, Light of Lok and Grip of Hook. I desire to speak to you both.” The goblins voice was deep and Resonated in the Throne chamber. “I direct you to stand and deliver.” The two goblins stood and
looked at their king, Ragnok the 5th.

The tall and regal Goblin was among the last of the original line of royal Hobgoblins. He was almost 5 and a half feet tall, and built with broad shoulders and a wiry physique. He wore full mithril plate armor, inlaid with intricate designs of platinum. Resting in a sheath cross his knees was the Sword known as Goblins Reaper, the bloodiest sword in goblin history, the sword that had started many of the Goblin Wars. Griphook began.

“Almost five years ago, I was working in the Diagon Alley Gringotts Branch. And I had the dubious pleasure of escorting one Hadrian James Potter, and his guide at the time, one Rubeus Hagrid, to their vaults....”

Ragnok listened as Griphook gave a detailed overview of his history with Hadrian Potter, growing more and more intrigued at the way this young lord acted and responded to the various challenges thrown his way..

Perhaps he should arrange a meeting soon.

“Keep an eye on the youth, and try to discern his motives. I expect to be kept informed.” Ragnok ordered. “dismissed.”

Both goblins bowed and left, minds occupied with the young lord.

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The next morning, The Daily Prophet went out.

Front page was an in-depth article about the Triwizard Tournaments ending, Proclaiming that the Winner, Harry Potter, had been Confounded and Cedric Diggory killed in an accident. They reported that Harry Potter had been speaking nonsense about He-Who-Will-not-be-Named returning. The Ministry assured the public that this was false, and their investigation had revealed nothing.

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When Harry read it that morning, after making himself an omelet, the paper burst into flames in his hands, and his face was one of sheer anger. he let the ash fall across the table and stood, pushing the chair from under him across the room.

“Mother fuckers.” he growled. “Guess its time to step up my plans regarding the ministry.”

Harry left his breakfast half uneaten, letting Dobby clean it up.

He had to get ready to visit the Ministry of Magic.

Chapter End Notes

So, I found some interesting information. The first day of the story is June 21st, that's the day that Harry gets released from his bindings, and causes Lazarus’s rebirth.

It's also the summer solstice. AKA, one of the most magically powerful days of the
magical calendar.

Which i figure i might as well mentioned.

Just an interesting thing i found out after everything.

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Anyway, feel free to give me feedback down in the comments, and Kudos are always appreciated.
The Ceremony Of Innocence Is Drowned

Chapter Summary

The Ministry gets a visitor,
Daphne gets a letter,
Neville visits goblins,
Minerva asks questions,
Dumbledore loses more ground,
Harry acts like a Slytherin.

Cornelius Fudge was an ambitious man. He had to be. After claiming the seat of minister of magic, (at the young age of only 46!) He had relaxed somewhat. Death-Eaters would pay good money to be exempt from laws, and with such a copies income setting up a nice retirement egg, he fully expected to retire wealthy and live peacefully for a long time.

With the sudden clamor over the last few weeks that Voldemort was resurrected. He had taken steps to keep the peace. The ministry task force assigned to investigate was simply given a paid leave of absence, and quite a bonus, to falsify a report.

The daily prophets editor Barnabas Cuffe, was a good school friends, and had required little convincing and a reasonable sum of gold to begin slandering the Boy-Who-Lived and refute the resurrection nonsense. He hadn't come in Sunday, instead taking a personal day in France, where he had some delightful conversation with a lovely woman.

So that Monday, he expected that the Death Eaters would be happy about his efforts. Perhaps with bribes, or even with rare Artifacts!

He arrived in the ministry early, and headed up towards his office, humming softly. He didn't look up as he entered the lift to see a figure in a black leather jacket walk in from the visitors entrance.

The minister made his way into his office, and approached his desk, nodding to his staff, and carefully avoiding starting a conversation with the senior-undersecretary. She was a vicious person, and while she was scarily efficient at what she did, she was also very much too devoted to the ministry. It gave him chills occasionally. Pushing the thought away, he headed to his desk.

As he sat down in his office and looked up when a figure with. Dark hair, sunglasses and a leather jacket walked in. He started making small talk one of his cuter secretaries. He figured it was a messenger of sorts based on the bag at the figures side. hmm, probably some half blood with a package from a fan, The secretaries can deal with it. confident the situation was handled, Fudge looked back down.

The figure sitting across from him surprised him.

Fudge looked up in order to question who was here, and was shocked to see a pair of green eyes staring at him.

"Hello Minister. We need to talk. Now." Harry Potter said, smirking as he casually reclined across from him.
“Mi-Mister Potter! This is quite Unex-” Cornelius’s mind was racing as he stared at the young man before him.

“Lord, Its Lord Potter Minister.” The voice was deceptively soft and venomous, interrupting the ministers rambling. “And I’m here to fix some…. Preconceptions you seem to have.”

“Lord? Lord of what!” Cornelius was flushed and blubbering.

Harry raised his hand, showing off the ring on his finger. “Potter, Slytherin, and Gryffindor.” he shrugged off his Jacket, revealing the tattoo’s upon his arms from under his short sleeved t-shirt. “And I’m the current Lord of Lightning and the Heir of House Black.” Harry placed his left hand on the table and spark were arcing from finger to finger in a series of Adam Ladders.

Cornelius was completely off guard. with the three political lordships that he had, that was 11 votes of a total of 120 in the Wizengamot. All of which had been previously held in regency’s by members of the ministry. Add the House Black seat and there’s another 3 votes. “Lord Potter, I’m sorry, I was Unaware of your-”

“Quiet.” Cornelius shut up. “Do you believe that the Dark lord VOldemort has returned yes or no.”

“the Ministry Investi-” Cornelius tried to deflect, stammering out the prepared statement.

“Yes or No minister.” Any trace of Amusement was gone from Lord Potters tone. this was not a friendly intervvie, this was an interrogation.

“No.” the minister resolutely stuck to his guns.

“did the Investigation squad do their jobs as they should have.” Cornelius paled and continued with his preplanned questions.

“Absolut-”

“Then why were they on paid leave when they should have been investigating.” Harry’s statement made The minister go from pale to ghostly in the span of half a second

“How-w How did you know?” Cornelius demanded blustering in rage at the impudence of the boy before him, face going from white to red, putting his hands on the table in preparation

{"Lazarus, say hi.”} Cornelius flinched at the sound of parseltounge, and froze as a snake coiled onto the desk, staring at the minister with a pale green gaze, face level as he looked at the

“wh-wha-”

“This, Minister, is my bound familiar. His name is Lazarus, and if you have forgotten the illustrations from your school days, he is a basilisk, more precisely his is a subclass known as a bone basilisk, hence the bone plates along its back.” here Harry ran his finger down the back of Lazarus’s head, looking at the minister with a well hidden smirk “Now, his yellow eyes are currently hidden by a layer of skin, if it pulls back, than he kills whatever meets his gaze. But that’s only one way can kill you. he can also simply bite you, and unless you get Phoenix tears in oh… 3 minutes or so, you die.” Lazarus swayed back and forth, keeping eye contact with the minister who had frozen and was shaking.

“So, I have an offer to you, which is non-negotiable. You use your contacts in the Daily Prophet to insinuate that new information about the tournament has come to light. You then personally fund a full investigation headed by Amelia Bones into the Resurrection, and released the Non-biased
information to the prophet for them to publish. in exchange, you don’t see me till August, when I plan to attended the Wizengamot for the first time. This means that you get a good month and a half to prepare for this. Take it, or Leave it.” Harry held up his hand looking at his nails.

“I-i A-Agree.” the Minister choked out the words, his gaze focused on the snake in front of him.

“Perfect. (return Laz, We’re done here.)” The snake turned and slithered back around Harry's arm, coiling around the tattoo and seemed to fade back into his arm..

“Have a nice day Minister, I do hope you don’t try and continue slandering me, though.. feel free to slander Dumbledore” Harry strode out, pulling down the mix of Notice-me-not and illusion wards he had sketched on a post-it note off the door, grinning at how a mix of Blood-Charged Runes and Arithmacy didn’t count as under-aged magic.

The Minister was frozen in his office for another fifteen minutes before the enormity of what had happened caught up to him.

‘Oh gods.’ He thought ‘Everything just changed’.

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Daphne Greengrass was worried. Her father had been approached by death eaters. In the first war the Greengrass’s had been a neutral family, studiously avoiding joining either Dumbledore or Voldemort.

They didn’t think that would work this time.

With The death eaters seriously recruiting the Neutral families, they were worried about their position of neutrality. Her parents remembered the last time Voldemort rose, how he killed dozens of families who wouldn’t join him.

Dumbledore would be an option for many people, but the Greengrass’s have been delving into darker magic for years, and they fully expected that even if they did join the light, they would be outcasts and would lose all honor and respectability. Their current associates would abandon them without question.

Daphne thought of this as she wandered around the garden, walking next to the flower gardens she spent much time in. She spent time looking at the mix of poisonous and beautiful flowers, letting her thoughts wonder. she was pulled from her thoughts when a white owl came and landed next to her, holding out a letter off her arm. Daphne was intrigued, since she didn’t recognize the owl for a moment, and then she realized who’s owl it was.

It was Harry potters Snow Owl.

she pulled the letter off and read it, on the envelope was her name.

To Daphne Greegrass.
you are formally invited to an Informal afternoon tea on the 1st of July at the Estate of Ravens Court.

The Floo Address will be “Morrigians Nest.” The Estate its self is 1324 Corvus Drive, Northern London, The U.K.

Sincerely,
The Lightning Lord.

Daphne Lowered her letter an looked around, the white owl already having vanished.

Curious, she began to plan on attending the meeting.

Similar letters arrived for Hannah Abbot, Susan Bones, Terry Boot, Blaise Zabini, Luna Lovegood, The Weasely Twins (although theirs was enchanted like the marauders map to bypass one Molly Weasely). one was also sent to Theodore Nott, and one to Millicent Bulstrode, however both came back unopened.

Neville walked through the Atrium of Gringotts, dressed in clean cut black robes with the Longbottom family crest on the left shoulder.

He waited politely at the nearest desk until the wizard talking there left.

Stepping forwards, Neville introduced himself. "Hello, I'm Lord Neville Longbottom, I have an appointment with Goblin Master Sharptooth. Would you be willing to let him know I've arrived?"

The goblin sneered halfheartedly at the young lord, and gestured to a small bench off to the side of the room. "Wait there."

The goblin slid off the stool and headed to the back room.

Neville went and sat down, keeping his posture polite and open. He had never really interacted with goblins, and so he (like harry, until knowingly) decided to be polite and form his own opinion of the race. it was nearly half an hour later when a goblin came over to him.

"Hello lord Longbottom, I am Master Sharptooth, follow me please," Neville stood and followed after Sharptooth into a small conference room. "What can Gringotts do for you today Lord Longbottom?" Sharptooth sat at a small conference table.

Neville placed his hands on the table as he sat down across from the goblin. "I have a desire to make reparations to the bank on behalf of the Longbottom clan. For over 900 years my family openly trusted the Goblin Nation to accurately and truthfully handle the family vaults and finances, my grandmother revoked that in what i believe to be a misguided mistrust of the Goblin nation. I wish to rebuild that relationship."

Sharptooth was stunned by the young Lords intent. He remembered his brother, Longtooth, Talking about another young lord who had a similar demeanor. Indulging his curiosity, Sharptooth asked a question. "Lord Longbottom, would you happen to know Lord Potter by any chance?"

Neville looked up with surprise. "Yes I do, we're friends in school. I take it he took my suggestion to visit here recently?"

Sharptooth nodded "Indeed he has. If I may, Lord Longbottom, might I suggest you have an inheritance test done after our business is concluded."

Neville nodded in agreement, and pulled out a pile of papers. “That seems like a reasonable idea. Until then, I would like to go over the paperwork to reinstate Gringotts management of the Longbottom Vaults, as well as review the stocks and bonds.” Sharptooth nodded and began to go over the paperwork.
Harry drove through downtown London on the Motorbike, a simple metal plate with the runes for a glamour in his pocket making him look older and changing his features enough to be unrecognizable. After navigating the roads through town, Harry finally made it out of downtown London, and headed for Surrey.

An hour after leaving the ministry, Harry pulled up across the street from Private Drive, slipping on a pair of rune lined leather gloves and a pair of glasses with runes of sight painted on them.

Looking back up at the house, he flinched at the sight of dome of magic, most of it seeming to be twisted and decayed, wrapped in layers upon layers of black runes and twisted together in horrific combinations. under it all was a perfect spiral of blood red energy.

‘Oh my god.’ Harry, thought as he blinked at what he saw, before he stood and walked up to it, using the Rune marked gloves to pull the pure red strands of his mothers magic apart from the black and sticky corruptions as much as he dared. Just looking at them gave a taste of sugar and lemon in his mouth, and he stepped back.

His mother had made a sanctuary, Dumbledore had turned it into a prison. Harry growled deep in his throat, the lion tattoo glowing with the energy he needed to pull this off. He pulled off the gloves and pulled out a fine tipped marker and a small black gemstone on a necklace that was covered in runes. Harry began to sketch rune-marks down his hand form wrist to finger tips in marker, repeating strings of runes and markings of power that would let him do the ritual he had figured out. he then moved to his other hand, biting his thumb and smearing his blood across the crystal and the palm of his left hand, activating the runes.

Harry held up the bloodied necklace and pushed it against the dome of energy.

Than he began to chant.

“Blood of my blood, protection of kin, I claim you to me, as the last of the family, I bind you to me, and to the conduit have chosen. Blood of my blood—” Harry kept chanting, repeating the short phrase. after a moment, as Harry watched through the glasses, he saw the red in the dome begin to bend towards him. he felt the energy flowing through the runes on his hand and into the stone he held, and watched as the red grew in power, Harry’s blood drawing the protections to it.

With a sudden snap all the red strands of energy coalesced around the stone, turning the black stone a clear color with glowing red runes. slipping it around his neck, Harry turned and ran for the bike, hopping on and speeding a way as fast as he dared, slipping the bike helmet he had bought from a thrift shop in London yesterday. Before he left, he dropped a sealed emerald green envelope on the sidewalk.

Harry rounded the corner and glanced back to see as three figures in wizard robes appeared.

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Dumbledore, Minerva McGonagall, and Kingsley had been talking about the lack of progress finding Harry potter when a half dozen of Dumbledores Silver trinkets began to spin and whistle.

“Albus, whats happening?” Minerva asked, Kingsley already standing with his wand in hand at the sounds.

“Private Drive is under attack!” Dumbledore had his yes furrowed in confusion and surprise.
“Then let us go investigate!” Kingsley said, standing up with his wand raised.

“Let’s.” Dumbledore led them quickly from the castle, them all sprinting towards the gates so they could disapparate away.

As they passed the school wards, they joined hands and vanished with a loud crack, a moment later appearing in an abandoned road in front of Private Drive, wands up and at the ready.

“There’s no one here.” Kingly said, scanning around them.

Dumbledore looked at the wards, and saw immediately that the originally blood ward was gone. not broken, not decayed beyond repair. simply…. gone. he watched with a pale face as the wards he had built and reinforced over the last 14 years simply decayed and vanished. Without the sustaining energy from the blood bound defenses, they couldn't subsist. in less than three minutes they had all collapsed beyond recovery and fell apart. The energy making the grass and plants in the meticulously trimmed garden wilt and die.

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While Dumbledore watched the collapse of the wards, Minerva looked around and saw a letter on the ground.

The transfiguration teacher picked it up and looked at it, reading the name in slanted sharp script across the envelope.

It was a surprise to see that it was addressed ‘To Dumbledore and his Acquaintances’

Glancing up and seeing both Kingsly and Dumbledore looking away from her, she silently slid the letter open and read it.

Dear Dumbledore and friends.
I have decided to claim the wards that are meant to protect me for myself, and plan to carry them with me for now. Please be aware that this means my... “family” is now undefended. Feel free to leave them as is, with my departure I don't expect that they will be in much danger.

Sincerely,
Hadrian James Potter, The rebel with a cause.

P.S. Your move once again Old man. Keep trying, I'll keep winning.

Minerva looked up, questions relating to the letter racing though her head. silently she hid the envelope up her sleeve.

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“We should return, there’s nothing for us to find here.” Kingsly called out, and Dumbledore nodded.

“Yes, it seems as though the wards are missing as well. This was planned very well. I suppose the culprits Apparated away instantly once finished.” Dumbledore mused calmly, Inside, he was absolutely furious: only one person knew exactly what surrounded Private drive, its prisoner and resident Harry Potter.

“I have a friend in the Department of Magical Transportation,. I’ll ask him about it, see if he can get us a name.” Kingsly said, stepping back to the others.
Dumbledore nodded, and they all Disappeared with a sound like a gunshot, heading back to Hogwarts.

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Neville leaned back, looking down the parchments he had filled with notes on what account and stock was what, and where the money and assets were at both financially and historically. Sharptooth had left a moment ago to go and collect an inheritance test.

Finally setting his quill down, he took a sip of the tea the goblins had offered earlier. He collected his notes and placed them in a binder in his bag, he could go over it and reorganize it tomorrow or later that night. He looked up when Sharptooth came back into the room.

“here we go Lord Longbottom, the dagger “ he held up a sheathed dagger ”and the test.” Sharptooth put both on the newly cleared off table, and sat back.

Neville reached over and pulled up the dagger, slicing the back of his arm and letting three drops fall off onto the wax seal. A moment of swirling ink (during which he healed his arm) later, he looked at it.

Rights and Inheritances of Neville Longbottom, Son of Frank Longbottom and Alice Longbottom nee Liddel.

Titles and Positions:
Blooded Lord of the Ancient and Noble House of Longbottom

Right to Claim the Title and Properties of the Lord of Stone

Inheritances and potential contracts:
Legacy of the Druids (Set to fully develop upon the age of 15)

Seal of the Defender

Notices:
Blockage on Core (67% blockage, remove as soon as possible to prevent permanent damage to magical core)

Minor Compulsions detected (please removing before proceeding with any claiming rituals)

Neville was silent as he processed the information, and decided to sort through the list one at a time.

The Longbottom Lordship was already known, but the Lordship of Stone was an unfamiliar thing to Neville, he would have to inquire more.

The Inheritances were both surprising, he knew that only a powerful witch or wizard got more than one, and to get a legacy was serious business. they were powers that would lead to People excelling in the associated fields. Druids…. if he remembered excelled in growth and life magic, as well as earth magic in general. Well, that certainly would explain his affinity with plants.

The seal of the Defender was a rather common one in comparison to the legacy. It meant that he would always be better at Defensive magic, and would be able to strengthen wards and reflect more powerful magic with a level of ease.

The final two notices...
Just looking at them, his blood began to heat up, he heard his heart thumping faster in his ears.

Someone had screwed with both his magic and his mind.

That was unacceptable, by any fucking standard.

Neville finally looked up at the goblin before him, his demeanor shifted to one of stoic, barely contained rage. “Sharptooth, is there anyway for the goblins to schedule a cleaning ritual for compulsions and bindings? preferable today if you can?” Neville fought to keep his voice low and even.

Sharptooth nodded grimly, shocked by what he had seen written. “I shall inquire with the ritual masters immediately, and check to see if the chamber is scheduled anytime soon.”

Neville nodded and closed his eyes once the goblin left the room, taking slow deep breaths. in his mind he focused, heading to massive garden that was his mind-scape. he pictured himself standing in the center, his archery equipment in hand and a target across from him, and slowly fired arrows. Breathe, Shoot, Breath, Shoot, Breath, Shoot. He kept doing this, slowly feeling his pulse drop to normal level, his meditation helping him in calming himself. By the time that Sharptooth appeared, saying that the Chamber would be ready in less than half an hour, Neville's anger had been stored away, potted in a plant in his mind-scape. in time it would grow and bear fruit, ready to be unleashed upon the correct culprit.

With his emotions under check, he went with Sharptooth towards the ritual chamber.

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Harry pulled into the driveway through Ravens Court, the gate opening before him as he approached, the wards recognizing their owners distinctive magical signature. he drove up the drive towards the house and parked in the stables again, out of the slow steady drizzle that had started when he reached the London outskirts and continued since.

Striding through the rain, Harry stepped through the door to instantly become dry. “Cool, that’s a nice feature to have.” He pulled off his leather jacket, hanging it in a a coat room near the entry hall.

Wandering up to his study, he found Hedwig sitting on a perch, two letters still tied to her leg. He pulled them off, “Nott and Bulstrode, well, That’s to be expected I suppose. I bet they had wards or were…. occupied elsewhere.” placing the letters on the massive mahogany desk, Harry turned his attention to the incoming mail basket, looking at the two dozen letters sitting there. He flicked through. “Fan, fan, fan, fan, fan, a marriage proposal (lots of those it seems), another fan. Hey three hate mails, one deactivated Howler, the Anti Howler ward here is awesome.” He tossed them to the side. Finally he pulled out two different letters letters, one from the Weasley twins, another from, Daphne Greengrass.

He opened the Weasley letter first.

**Dear lord of lightning.**

**We, the twin Brothers Weasley, heirs to the Prewett line, here by accept your invitation.**

**We also would like to thank you for your generous offer to fund our business, and would like to invite you to meet with is on July the 2nd at the Leaky Cauldron in London, to review our plans.**
Sincerely,
George and Fred Weasely-Prewett, the heirs of Prewett.

Harry grinned and tapped the paper with his wand.
"I solemnly swear I am up to no good."

The formal letter blurred and changed till it read a shorter message.

The Messrs known as Forger and Grifter would like to ask The Marauders Son called Scar what the fuck is going on. Please kindly reply with a time and date upon which we may meet and discuss these events. We will, in fact, be at the cauldron on the 2nd for lunch. If you need us then.

Up to no good, and down to mischief.

Harry read the letter twice before bursting into giggles.

“Forger and Grifter, Oh my god, perfect. I’m happy they’ve taken the mantel up as Marauders.” He reached up and wiped a tear from his eye with the back of his hand, smiling. He penned a quick reply confirming that he would be there on the 2nd, and then switched to the charm for the secret message.

Dear Messrs Forger and Grifter, I The First Son Of the Marauraders would like you to know that i am indeed safe and sound, and will be waiting near where i appeared in my first Floo escapade on the second. Please note that the address where upon you have been invited too is a safe location, In the event of being in danger, feel free to visit.

Scar( Really? REALLY? You’re better than that.)

Mischief Managed

Finished, he sealed the new letter back up, before turning to the one From Daphne Greengrass.

He slit open the letter, and read it quickly. By the time he was done, he was standing, pacing back and forth with a stormy expression on his face.

Stopping at the window he lowered the letter.

“Shit. The game just changed.”

He placed the letter down on the desk and walked away, heading to the second floor work rooms.

He had to prepare, and fast, or his plans would no longer be as well structured.

Neville sat up from the alter, blinking away the spots that had appeared during the ceremony. He rubbed his eyes, frowning as he felt something in his mind, a sort of slow pounding pulse. Suddenly distracted, he focused on it, on the sound of a drum from several rooms away, the sound of a rhythmic pounding that slowly turned into a beat.

Ba-Ba-Bam Ba-Ba Bam Ba bam and so on and so forth. finally he reached out mentally to the beat and gasped, feeling the flow of power, not from him, but from the stone and dirt around him, flinching, he broke the connection, shaking as he stumbled to his feet. He took a step forward and
tripped, only for a pillar of stone to rise up and catch him under his shoulder, acting as a crutch. He blinked and waved it away, watching with a dazed feeling as it crumbled. Standing straight Neville started walking again. After a moment he was steady, his mind clearing from the remnants of the power and the drumbeat.

This entire time, The goblins watching Neville move were staring in wide-eyed disbelief. Moving stone like that was practically unheard of, there were once rumors that the Arch-druids of the Old Druid Circles, had moved massive amounts of earth at will. No one had been able to do it since.

Yet, Neville Longbottom could, and seemingly without thought.

Sharptooth shot the other goblins a look to stay quiet, and they nodded subtle back. He looked back at Neville. “Lord Longbottom, I have the Bond for the Stone Lordship here, If you would like to don it.” Sharptooth summoned the box in front of him.

Neville paused and glanced up, a hint of suspicion on his face, before he slowly opened he box.

Sitting on the black Velvet was bracer, covered with repeating square patterns in shades of brown and grey. Neville reached out with his left hand and picked it up, feeling a tingling in his hand where he held it.

“It traditionally goes on your right forearm.” Sharptooth said. Neville stood there, looking at the bracer, before he raised his hand and slid it on, letting it slide until it stopped covering his arm from elbow to wrist.

Neville picked up the card that accompanied the bracer, and read it out loud, slowly.

“I, Neville Longbottom, Lord of the House Longbottom, Do Here By Accept the Title of the Lord of Stone. So have I said, so Mote It Be.”

The armband seemed to grow heavier, so fast and heavy that, suddenly Neville was on his knees the bracer pulling his arm down towards the ground. As his fingertips reached it, the very stone seemed to crumble and flow around his arm. In the back of his mind he heard the Drumbeat grow louder slowly he was pulled in up to his arm, and he began to feel a tingling, like pouring sand over his arm.

At some point he must have blacked out, because he blinked his eyes open, and sat up. He was still in the ritual room, the goblins standing back in caution. Neville looked down and saw with a shock, that all along was arm was the same type of pattern as was on the bracer, stopping at the base of his fingers on the back of his hand, and his wrist on the bottom. It was subtle too, the colors close to his natural skin tone except for an occasional metallic square that over lapped with another. Neville focused and could hear the drum beat in his head. But it wasn’t overwhelming him like earlier, it was just there.

‘Congratulations, you have successfully claimed the elemental Earth Lordship Lord Longbottom. You should be proud. I suggest you head homeward for today, you may not feel it yet, but the bond would have severely drained your magic.

Neville nodded, and stood up, holding his hand out to Sharptooth. “Thanks Sharptooth, may your gold flow freely.”

The goblin Grinned and grasped the young lords hand. “And may your vaults always prosper.”

Neville headed out of the Bank.

He didn’t know that this was not the first time a Potter and a Longbottom had both claimed
Elemental Lordships.

And just like last time, No one realized it signaled a new war starting.
Harry ran through the forest around the manor, feeling his magic course though his limbs as he moved. He saw what his target was, a black circle of wood hanging from a branch.

Without slowing, he reached down to the bag at his waist and flicked his wrist up at the target, before moving on, only vaguely hearing the sound of impact.

He kept moving, running faster, bounding over downed logs scattered rocks.

He saw the next target, a white mask in a bundle of balck cloath swingig from a high branch, and threw again. Ducking under a low hanging branch and spinning with the throw.

He heard the resounding thud of contact, and kept going, heading up the back of a large flat boulder and jumping, swinging off a branch to land feet first on another target, slamming the now full sized sword of Gryffindor through it into the ground.

Slowly Harry stood, reaching up and wiping his head, noticing he had a long thin scratch along his brow line where. Stick had snagged at him.

Shaking his head in annoyance, he drew the sword up and sheathed it. Before heading back to check on his hand work. The mask was sliced clearly in half, the high powered slicing runes and cutting charms embedded in the circular disk he had thrown at it having done there job.

He moved to the next target, which had a square shaped metal plate embedded into it, with a spiral of...
burn marks flowing out in a spiral from impact. He felt the wood, noting how it was still warm.

"So, that works too...." Harry stood and stretched, carefully pulling the square from the target, making sure the runes had been completely used.

Grinning, he slid it into another pouch on his belt, the feeling of the runes painted on the metal now empty and safe to handle.

He walked through the woods back to the manor, setting the pouches of throwing runes on the workbench. He sat down and relaxed, before glancing at the clock. He had too meet Neville in about three hours, with his bike, he would get there in about two. Looking at himself in the mirror, he grimaced. He looked wild, his hair had been wrapped back into another warrior knot while he trained, and his skin was streaked with grime, dust and blood.

Heading to the master suite, he stripped down and walked into the bathroom, starting to run a bath. He stood at the mirror, still disbelieving his changes.. his body, while still lanky and lean like the seeker he was, was now filled out more. He easily weighed a stone heavier than before, and most of it was muscle.

He flexed a bit watching the curves of his muscles as he stretched. They were getting sore, since for the last three days had been spent learning to blacksmith manually, and learning to throw his rune plates accurately.

He brushed at a still healing burn across his side where the fire had gotten him. And flinched.

Sighing, he turned and slid into the tub, feeling the relaxing warmth flow through him. He thought on what he had learned in the letter from Daphne.

Lord of Lightning
The Dark lord has been courting the family Greengrass. Our Ultimatum is set for the end of June, the day before your gathering. As of this moment, my family is torn between either Joining the Dark Lord, or running to Dumbledore for protection. Neither of these appeal to us.

Yours
Daphne Greengrass, Heiress to the Old and Neutral House of Greengrass

P.S. I recognized your owl.

Harry closed his eyes and meditated. He had managed to finish some more complex mental barriers recently, and they had helped him focus more. It came in handy when he was learning how to make the rune marked plates, but now he had to push past that, heading ton the still unexplored additions to his mind-scape.

He entered his mind-scape, heading for the new additions, the 5 massive towers that seemed to grow around his mind-scape, acting as shields for his mind.

He heard out the front gates of his mental Hogwarts, and appeared at the base of the first tower, a massive building of pale blue stones, with falcon tapestries on the walls.

He pressed his hand on it and opened the door, revealing a large circular room. Standing in the middle was the figure he remembered seeing in the final memory of the potter inheritance.

"Greetings Heir, I am Hadrius Guarran Potter, you can call me Rius."
"Greeting ancestor, I am Hadrian James Potter, you may call me Harry."

Rius gestured to several chairs and both of them took a seat. "I believe it will be best to cut to the chase. "You are the first of my heirs in a long time to hold more than Solely the Potter Lordship, and the first since me to wield one of the Elemental Lordships."

Harry nodded, following along. "What was your element?"

Rius grinned and roll up his left shirt sleeve, revealing a full sleeve spiral of blue black fire. "I possessed the Flame Lordship, my greatest ally possessed the wind. Together we were a force to be reckoned with."

Harry grinned with his ancestor.

Rius continued, "I and the rest of our line have heard of your plans echoing throughout your mind, and we agree. As do the Black and Gryffindor lines do. The Slytherin Line is simply intrigued by you, and the lightning is unreadable to any of us. The Potters however, have a gift for you." Rius reached out and pulled a small orb of energy from seemingly nowhere.

"We cannot train you personally, and you don't have the time for that regardless. But with your magic we gift you this; The skills and knowledge of every sword fighter in the line. Every training session, every duel or war, every battle with monsters or men." Rius held out the orb as an offering. "Your family stands with you my Heir."

Harry took it.

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Neville stood up from the study as he heard a faintly familiar roar coming down the Drive towards Longbottom Manor. Standing, Neville looked out the window to see a figure in sleek and professional looking dueling robes on a motorcycle drive down the cobblestone driveway.

He pulled to a stop in front of the entry way, and the figure stepped off, pulling the black tinted helmet off slowly, revealing slightly disheveled looking hair and piercing green eyes.

"Greetings Neville." Harry smiled and walked up the steps to the front door, where Neville stood.

They clasped hands and did the cliched 'Man hug' patting each other on the back, not taking note of something strange, the smells of ozone and freshly turned soil surrounding them.

They separated and Neville grinned at his friend, leading him into the drawing room. "I take it you've been to Gringotts like I asked?"

Harry nodded in confirmation. "I also read the dossier you made for me. Nice plan sticking it in my transfiguration book."

Neville chuckled. "I was just worried it'd get lost with how little you clean that thing."

Harry grinned. "Well, I got an upgrade recently, so its a bit better off now than it was."

Neville nodded and reached out for the tea his house elf brought. "Thank you kindly Micky." The elf nodded and left.

Harry land in and for a moment they both silently relaxed, drinking tea.

"So. I'm apparently a lord four times over, and a heir once more." Harry said, sipping his tea.
Neville raised an eyebrow. "Figures, I did some research on the bond between our families. Seems like when you became emancipated, so did I." Neville held up his Lordship ring, showing it off. Harry however, got distracted, noticed the subtle pattern on his arm.

"What's on your arm Neville? It... looks similar to my Lightning Lord tattoo." Harry shrugged off his outer robes and rolled up his sleeves to show off the tattoo, Neville rolled up his sleeve as well.

"I'm the Lord of Stone. I'm betting you're a Lord of Lightning?" Neville mused calmly.

"Yep. Haven't had a good chance to explore my powers, still trying to adapt to the other four Inheritances. beside that, I managed to talk to my ancestors through the bond for the Potter family. They apparently decided to teach me sword fighting."

Neville blinked wide eyes. "They can do that?"

"Apparently. If you wanted I could probably show you how to contact them. It requires meditating into your personal mind-scape." Harry grinned at his friend.

“That would... be amazing!” Neville burst out, his expression filled with wonder.

Daphne and her family were getting worried.

Very worried.

They had noticed they were all being followed recently, and the wards and spells they cast revealed there were over a dozen unknown wizards hanging around just outside the property. Daphne often overheard her parents talking about their options in quiet voices. She desperately hoped that she was right about Harry Potter.

If her assumptions were correct, and she thought they were. Especially with what she had seen during the end of the School years, where Potter snuck into the dungeon (which she was still curious about). Her intuition, which she followed more than she let on, was telling her that Harry Potter was the Third choice in the war.

She was sitting in the study working on her summer homework when a White Snow Owl came and dropped off a letter.

Daphne Greengrass.

You and your family will have my assistance, be ready to leave by the night of the 30th.

The Lightning Lord

Daphne had to bite back the desire to cry in joy.

She stood and hurried to find her parents, she had to explain things quickly to them.

Hopefully it Potter could help like he claimed.

Neville and Harry had headed towards the greenhouse and sat down on a small garden patio, sitting cross legged across from each other.
The ground around Neville seemed to shift to accommodate him, while around Harry, small blue sparks would occasionally arc between him and the ground. Harry threw out his hand, the glowing sparking shapes of runes surrounding the both of them, making a containment seal. “I have no idea how our magic will react to this, but I figure better safe than sorry,” Harry said, seeing Neville’s questioning look.

Neville nodded, and focused, a wall of stone about 4 feet high growing to surround the wards. Seeing Harry’s Inquisitive look Neville grinned. “Earth Magic at its finest apparently.” Harry nodded, and held out his hand

“I’m going to use a bit of Legilimancy to try and form a connection, then I can see about pulling you into your mind-scape.” Neville nodded and tried to relax.

Harry looked into his eyes and muttered the Spell.

”Legimens.”

There was a flash of pain, and then everything went... green?

Dumbledore was pacing in his office, fuming, he had noticed that Fawkes was now missing. And that was on top of The Blood Ward missing, the sword was missing, the stone was missing, Hagrid said his bike was being borrowed by Harry, The Chamber of Secrets was closed tight and Moaning Myrtle wasn’t saying anything. On top of that, Harry was completely off the grid so far. The only hint since the Boy-Who-Lived vanishing act on the Hogwarts Express had been in Chaotic Alley, where Mundungas Fletcher had been knocked out by a Simulacra.

Dumbledore had also been getting slandered in the news, by the Daily Prophet and the Ministry. On top of that, there was an actual investigation taking place at Hogwarts. He had expected that his behavior would have convinced Fudge that it was all a lie, based on their history. He could only assume someone else was manipulating the Minister politically.

Dumbledore thought over his plan. He could rebuild the prison wards, the aggression amplifying and the compulsion to say there were both rather easy. The issue was he no longer had a continuous power source, and at his age messing with blood magic was a dangerous proposition.

He planned to anchor the new wards to the Dursley’s themselves, making it so that their aggression's would help power it. Layering on a few more compulsions would make the Boy-Who-Lived a bit more…. Pliable.

Suddenly the Sorting Hat began to laugh, and before The headmaster could answer, he felt a rush of energy slam through the wards that made him stagger.

Luna was picking flowers by the stream, relaxing as she let her Sight run wild.

She could watch the patterns the fish would follow, see the birds as they fluttered through the air. She had laid there for almost an hour, just letting the magic of the place wash over her, letting the Nargles vanish, letting the Wrackspurts get bored and scamper away. She felt peaceful, calm, soon she was almost sleeping, just letting the sounds and energy of the nature pass through her mind. Suddenly she felt a strange premonition, of a shadow passing across her, the forest line of something bigger, deeper, than she had thought possible. It felt similar to how Hogwarts felt when you were approaching the gates, how Gringotts felt when you entered Diagon Alley.
Then she felt it, like sitting on a beach when a large wave came in.

Power, a swirl of Gryffindor red and gold braided with Slytherin green and silver, shot through with lines of vivid electric blue. Layer, almost next to it, was the color of the ground, a deep mellow brown, shot through with subtle gradients and a square shaped pattern. She gasped at the power they extruded, letting it wash over her hypersensitivity to magic. She felt giddy, and tired, and very much as if she had been treated well. the feeling was nearly… Orgasmic. Without realizing it was happening, she had buried her hands into the soft earth around her, squirming under the sheer physical sensation of this much energy. Biting her lip, she made soft moans in the ecstasy that the power of such chaos brought.

As fast as it came upon her, the magic seemed to back away, retreating to where it had been originally, somewhat to the north. As she came back to herself, she felt her cheeks and skin flushed, her breathing heavy and ragged.

Finally sitting up, she drew a large ragged rasp. she had felt that magic before. That was Harry. Stronger than she had ever thought he could be. Her cheeks warmed up again, as she thought of the mental image she had gotten by running into his chest last time.

She blushed a deep scarlet, in sharp contrast to her fair blond hair.

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In the Ministry of Magic, every one stopped and shuddered at the same time. The Minister in particular remembered the frightening feel of the magic from Monday, even though it had been three days, and it was now late Thursday evening. He was just powerful enough that it effected him, like most of the Ministry.

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At Riddle Manor, Lord Voldemort was jerked alert by the sweeping magical energy, blinking as he wondered what had happened. He called several Death-Eaters to check on it, and see if the Ministry knew anything. He still was drained from his resurrection, and he dismissed the pulse of energy as being unimportant for now.

The Dark Lord seriously doubted that the Ministry would know anything. Returning to his contemplation, he quickly fell back into a light sleep, his mind filled with visions of Lightning.

When Voldemort woke up later, it would be with sweat on his brow and a shiver down his spine.

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Harry and Neville seemed to refocus, the world around them shifting from a mass of green until stood in the center of a massive greenhouse, filled with rare and exotic plants. Scattered were hundreds of small decorations, from fountains to wind chimes, and small statues.

Neville and Harry locked eyes, and began to laugh.

“My god Neville, I should have known! Your mind is a greenhouse of your own design!” Harry managed to calm himself down enough.

Neville grinned. “It makes sense. Its what I can imagine the best, my heads full plants and pots. What’s your mind-scape?”

Harry smirked back, “Hogwarts of course, my first true home. Full of secrets and hidden corridors
now that I’ve taken to guarding it.”

Neville nodded and they both stood, walking together through the garden. Neville seemed to see things among the plants, and if Harry focused, occasionally he could see snippets of memories. Since he wasn’t of a mind to pry, he looked for a similar representation to the extra towers from his own mind.

Finally he found what he was looking for.

In the far corner of the Greenhouse, in its own personal Atrium, was a large tree with dark brown bark and vibrant golden leaves, and nestled among its branches was a tree house of quite extravagant.

“Hey, I think I found it. Go check it out, I’ll hang aback.” I pointed out the tree house and gave Neville a slight shove to get him moving.

Neville climbed the ladder to the greenhouse, while Harry sat in a hammock that conveniently appeared nearby.

It was a while later when Neville climbed out, grinning.

“Harry, I found out something cool!” Neville was grinning widely.

“What?”

“Our families knew each other, the Sires of our houses fought together, they were shield brothers, and according to Netillius, My ancestor, he and Hadrius bonded with the Blood-brother oath!”

Harry sat up, intrigued. “Blood-Brother oath?”

“It’s a form of old ritual Magic, It was usually done in times of war. you and your closest Ally would bond using the oath, and would essentially gain the ability to speak for the other in the event of an apocalyptic circumstance. For example, if your Blood-Brother died before conceiving, your second born would carry his blood, both magically and physically. You’d help birth and father your friends Son.” Neville explained, sitting next to him on the hammock.

“That sounds... really cool. Why isn’t it still practiced, especially with the craziness the last war?”

Harry said, leaning back on the hammock to counterbalance for his friend.

“Because of the level of trust, as well as the risk of breaking that trust. To even consider doing the ritual requires both brothers to live together for a year and a day, during which both applicants must train together and spar together daily. After that they have a several day ritual to accomplish, which according to the Ministry, and the fact blood is involved means that it’s considered dark magic.”

Harry sat there silent for a moment. “That’s rubbish. It’s not evil or dark in any way! Hell, it’s an example of true loyalty and friendship. Besides, can you imagine? You and your ally becoming family? Turning two people from strangers and allies to Brothers or Sisters? Hell... I’d give anything for a brother.” Harry wasn’t aware of the wistful look on his face, or how Neville reacted.

“I’ll be your brother Harry. It’s not necessary to do the full blood oath to get a brother.” Neville spoke with sincerity, his voice low and powerful. “We’re distant cousins after all... Family.” Neville held out his hand.

Harry looked up, and with tears in his eyes, grinned. “Family.” They clasped hands and the world spun back into existence around them. They were both glowing. Harry with the pale blue color that
was prominent in both the Lightning and Potter Lordships, tones of lighter white-blue and dark cobalt threading through his aura.

Neville's was a dark earthy brown, laced with pale slivers of metallic iron and his families golden streaks. Both boys grinned as their Auras swirled around their clasped left hands, settling on their middle knuckles as symbols. On Harry's finger was the silhouettes of a bears head. On Neville's was the profile of a bird in flight, the wings wrapping around his knuckle.

“Brothers by choice.” Harry began, his voice almost religiously reverent.

“Brothers by will.” Neville responded, in the same tone.

“Brothers by family.” They finished, making eye contact. The magic flared and then settled and they stood there for a moment.

“Well, Brother, sounds like we have a long quest ahead of us.” Neville broke the silence with a grin, pulling Harry into a hug.

Harry grinned back, hugging Neville in return. “Nahh…. Not really, just an insane dark lord, a manipulative Light lord, a corrupt government, and three years of school to deal with. Hell, It'll be easy.” They both burst out in to giggles at the absurdity.

“So, Let's go get something to eat and you can bring me up to speed, and I'll do the same.” Neville poked Harry in the side.

“Sure, and then you can come hang out at the Ravens Court Manor tonight, I’m sure your Gran wouldn’t object to you staying with your Brother in his massive, lonely mansion for a day?” Harry teased.

Grinning they both turned and bolted for the manor, laughing all the way.

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The next day, Harry led Neville to the War Room, and showed him his plans.

It was time to get started.

Chapter End Notes

So, the Neville and Harry Bro-Team-Up has finally fucking happened. They bonded in an obscure way I'll explain later. probably to Hermione so hold your questions.

As for the Harry/Luna... it's going to be a bit of a slow build, but its coming.
The Worst Are Full Of Passionate Intensity

Chapter Summary

Harry takes his first Offensive.
The Greengrasses learn surprising truths and suffer from a common trap of underestimating Harry Potter..
Neville and Harry Put on a show.
The goblins discuss the future, while the flames show the present to those who ask.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Vance Goyle was bored out of his mind. He had been sitting here for several hours, waiting for either the dark lord to call him back, or for the dark lord to have him go forth to attack the Greengrass house.

He hoped they would decide to decline the offer from the Dark Lord. He looked at his silvered pocket watch, and sighed. It was almost 10:00 at night.

Shifting from his perch, he stood and meandered over to a tree, and unzipped to take care of a call of nature.

He never felt the invisible figure behind him slam his head with a cloth wrapped beater bat.

The last thing he saw for a while was the ground rushing up to meet his limp form.

The rest of the Death Eaters who were in the woods had similar experiences.

Harry pulled off the cloak, and signaled to Neville to tie up the last of the Death Eaters, which Neville went to with a passion, placing a modified form of devils snare over their chests and letting it grow around them and into the ground.

Finished, they both stood and walked towards the house. Harry in his Slytherin armor with the cloak of invisibility clapsed over his shoulder, while Neville was in a layered black and dark green cloak and mask that made him nearly invisible in the dark shadows of the forest

"Lets go introduce ourselves." Neville grinned from under his hood, and nodded. Harry slung his beaters bat back across his back, using the hoop on the handle to hang it off his armor.

"Lets."

Daphne jumped when there doorbell rung.

She raced for the door, her family close behind, and tugged it open.
Harry Potter and, surprisingly, Neville Longbottom stood there. Both dressed ready for a fight. She noticed their boots were muddied, and their outfits had leaves stuck to them, particularly the cloak Neville wore.

"Good afternoon Heir Greengrass, I apologize for calling on you at such a late hour." Potter said nodding his head slightly. "I came here to assist you with the... circumstances you wrote me about." He was looking down at his nails, tubing the edges for a moment.

Daphne took a moment to realize he was giving her a chance to compose herself. Blushing, she cleared her throat, hearing her parents and her sister, Astoria walk up behind her.

"Please, come in. I would be glad to accept your assistance." Daphne dually found her voice and stepped to the side, letting the two young men into the house.

"Family. may i present the Heirs Po-"

"Forgive us Heir Greengrass, we are actually the Lords Potter and Longbottom. We recently became emancipated." Potter interjected with an apologetic smile.

Daphne barely hid her surprise. "Then allow me to introduce my family. My father, Lord Aster Greengrass and my mother, Lady Cassandra Greengrass. And this is my sister, Astoria Greengrass."

Potter and Longbottom both gave short half bows. "Pleasure to meet you all. Perhaps we could sit somewhere and discuss this?" Daphne's parents nodded and they all headed for the sitting room. Astoria settled with her parents on the couch, while Neville, Daphne and Harry sat on armchairs across from them.

"I suppose I should start." Potter began. "I am offering the family Greengrass my protection and a place to stay for the duration of the current conflict." Harry smiled at the looks of surprise on the elder Greengrass duo. "there is only one caveat I require."

Suddenly all of the people in the room focused on Harry. "You keep quiet about who's protection you are under. You may use the titles of Lord Slytherin or Lord Black as covers if you absolutely must, as I have not yet publicly announced I've claimed either of them." The Lord Greengrass blinked in surprise.

"Lord Slytherin? But... the Dark Lord is called the-"

Harry grinned menacingly "I have claimed the lordship by both conquest and contest." He held up his arm and pulled off a bracer, showing the two snakes intertwined across his skin.

The Greengrass's all glanced at each other with a mix of surprise and disbelief.

Finally Daphne broke the silence. "Lord Potter... I think I can honestly say we are all surprised at these revelations. But how do you plan for us to leave. The house is surrounded by Death Eaters."

Both young Lords burst out laughing. "Don't worry, they're all currently incapacitated." Potter lifted the bat from where it rest against his back. "I knocked them out, Neville provided the gift-wrap. We can all leave now if we so desire, but I would prefer if we took less conventional means to get back to my manor."

The Greengrass's were in complete shock. Two almost teenagers took out almost half a dozen death Eaters, with a wooden club? "I believe we can be ready to leave in fifteen minutes Lord potter, allow us to pack our essentials."

Harry was standing next to his bike, which he would ride back to Ravens Court Manor. He had
cleaned out the side car, and planned to have Daphne ride with him.

As for her family, they would be going with Neville in a beat up looking Jaguar from 1970 that had been found in the barn on one of his properties several weeks ago. It had apparently been his grandfathers, who had been working on it before the first war with Voldemort. It had the usual gambit of disillusionment and flight, as well as a half dozen basic modifications for fuel and interior.

It had been and simple matter to have the two lords drive out and collect it earlier in the day, and then drive both to the outskirts of the Greengrass estate with silencing runes painted over the engines.

The Greengrass family, at the least, seemed suitably surprised at their choice of transport. It took them about five minutes to divide up the luggage, most of it going into the jag, and for the Greengrass's and Neville to get comfortable in the car.

Daphne was a bit more hesitant about riding in the side car.

"Listen, either you ride in the side car, or you sit behind me and hold on. I would prefer the side car."

Harry said, holding out a plain black helmet to her.

Finally she sat down and got comfortable, sliding the helmet on. She jumped when she heard Harry's voice through the helmet clearly.

"Alright strap in. Neville, let's go."

Neville, wearing a driving cap, apparently heard him, and started the car. Harry started the bike, and minutes later they were flying through the air towards Ravens Court.

"Where are we going" Daphne said, hoping the helmet would carry her voice.

"My home, I received it at the end of the Triwizard Cup. It's called Ravens Court. I plan to house you there for some time, before we can set up a safe location for you and your family."

"Wait, I've heard of Ravens Court. It was said to have been warded by the entire goblin nation and the ministry at the time!"

"Makes sense. It's certainly well defended now."

Harry banked south towards London, the car following behind.

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A figure dressed in black and red robes stood in the forest, watching with a interested expression as a fire flickered in the pit before him. The figure spoke softly, and the flames grew larger, seeming to swirl into the shape of a large thin wall, the flames seeming to change color as they formed images.

Watching with no small curiosity, the figure watched the sights of various people moving. The figure saw Harry and Neville driving south, Dumbledore standing in his office, and a figure with a face reminiscent of a snake in black laying on a massive bed.

"Interesting. Seems as the flames grow higher, a third fighter joins the fray."

The figure stood and placed his hand into the flame, letting it spin and dance around their fingers. "Inferno Vulcanis, Nox."

The flames vanished, seeming to be drawn into the exposed hand and arm.

Turning the figure walked away, leaving the scent of brimstone and charred Apple-wood behind him.

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Longtooth, Griphook, Blackclaw and Lightlok sat around a large conference table, having finished their audits. The Gryffindor and Slytherin vaults had been fine... but both the Black and Potter families had an astounding array of violations. Dumbledore had been acting as Regent for both vaults, and had apparently been slowly draining them over time. The Potter vault was set up with a half dozen regular payments, while the black vault was filled with irregular withdrawals.

The goblins were not impressed.

A big mystery was the lightning vault, which was filled with quote a bit of both raw materials, and ancient and expensive weapons, but not a single knut. However, records showed that the past there had been a constant income into the vault from several longstanding investments. And the paperwork was still there, but the funds… weren’t there.

“The Young Lords Potter and Longbottom have seemed to form a basic brother bond. I expect that they will be quite powerful politically as well as magically.” Blackclaw murmured.

“It’s true. With they two of them having claimed both Lightning and Stone, and with Fire and Wind already awakened.” Griphook commented

“Yes, but the two Silent Lords have not yet awaken, and the Ice lordship has been shifting.” Lightlok said, scratching his claws along the designs in the table.

“Ragnok has considered offering the Lord Potter a hand of friendship soon, though he wishes to wait until the end of the summer.” Grip hook said slowly, watching the others. All of the others, even Lightlok, were surprised.

“Lord Potter will be the first Goblin Friend in over 400 years if this pans out.” Blackclaw muttered.

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Harry and Neville guided their vehicles through the gates into ravens court, and Harry heard the gasp of surprise from Daphne as the manor and its surroundings came in to sight.

“Welcome to my home.” Harry commented as they drove up the cobblestone drive, Neville parking next to the Stables, while Harry parked inside them. turning off the bike, he pulled off the helmet, shaking his head to settle his longer hair, he held out a hand and helped Daphne stand up and step out of the side car, letting her take a moment to regain her footing after the hour long flight, before they and Neville’s passengers joined them at the front step. when everyone was there Harry pushed open the massive doors. “Welcome to Ravens Court.”

They were greeted By Dobby and the four new elves, who happily went out to grab their luggage and settle it in a midsized suite and two adjoining rooms for the Greengrass family. Meanwhile, Harry took the family, and Neville, on a tour of the manor. They were suitably impressed by how it turned out, and eventually, they all ended back on the third floor. The elder Greengrass’s and Astoria headed to their rooms, but Daphne hesitated.

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Nervous, Daphne Started. “Lord Potter, I—”

“Please call me Harry. We’re school mates, and we’re not in polite company, I mean, Have you met Neville?” Harry grinned, the smile widening when Daphne let out a surprised giggle, defusing the tension.
Neville popped his head out of a nearby door with a Joking scowl. “Oi! You should hear your snoring, that’s anything but polite!” Before sliding back into his bedroom.

Daphne composed herself. “Harry then… and I’m Daphne.” She bit her lip. “I wanted to thank you, It’s… Amazing that you were able to help my family, even if it is for a short time.”

Harry’s grin vanished and he sighed, running a hand through his hair. “It should never have happened. You should never have had to come to me, i slipped up, and let fucking Voldemort,” he hissed the name in rage, ”get a body back. I knew what was going on and didn’t put the pieces together in time.” Harry grimaced. “I’m going to have to fight a war. maybe not just yet, but soon. and i can’t promise you’ll be safe under my protection. I can fight for myself, But i can’t know if i can… Guard, everyone I want to. Its going to be difficult.”

Daphne was stunned into silence by the sheer determination and worry in his voice, and her views changed. Harry Potter was anything but a spoiled rich kid, He was anything but boastful. How had she never seen this in the ‘Golden Boy’? How had NONE of the Slytherins seen this? This sheer drive that seemed to be an almost physical thing around him. Hell this was true ambition, not for himself, but for his friends! This was more Slytherin then half the people in her house!

“Those stories of you and what you’ve done over the last four years. They’re true aren’t they?” she whispered in shock, her mind calling up rumors of trolls and dementors, of a Basilisk that rested in the Chamber of Secrets.

Harry hesitated and then sighed. “Yeah. Most of them are. If you ask tomorrow, I’ll tell you more. I should tell Neville some of the information too, he’s not completely filled in on whats happened yet.” He grinned tiredly. “Goodnight Daphne.” He bowed and slowly walked away. she watched as his pace was heavy with dark thoughts, before slipping into the bedroom assigned to her. it was painted with pale blue and much of the furniture was cream colored, giving it a bright appearance, and it was quite spacious. she lay on the fourposter bed after taking a short shower, dressed in a chaste nightgown. she sat playing with a lock of her hair as she thought of what could have given a fourteen year old boy such a heavy weight on his shoulders, and how that boy could have still smiled and come to her aid without question.

She fell asleep to thoughts of shadowed expressions and half spoken words.

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Astoria Greengrass woke early, the unfamiliar bed and room making her panic for a moment before she remembered the events of the night before. she slowly dressed in a light set of pale green robes, before walking out the door and looking around Remembering the way to the dining rooms Lord potter had mentioned, she made her way towards the stairs. she made it halfway to there when she heard it, the sound of metal on metal.

slowing she made her way there, and looked over the railing of the stairway to see something that made her blink in surprise. below her on the circular floor of the Stairwell, were both Lord Longbottom, and Lord Potter. And they were dueling.

slowing she made her way there, and looked over the railing of the stairway to see something that made her blink in surprise. below her on the circular floor of the Stairwell, were both Lord Longbottom, and Lord Potter. And they were dueling.

She made her way closer, and made out more details.Lord Potter was wielding a long thin Crusader sword, and a light circular metal shield, as well as the leather armor she had seen him wear last night, with a short half cape in a pale blue with a stitched falcon across it in silver. Potter was fighting fast, going for quick and vicious attacks. He would slash and jab with a vicious grace, always keeping the blade between him and Longbottoms weapon.

However, he was having a hard time of it.
Lord Longbottom looked like an intimidating mountain of metal. He was wearing a full set of heavy steel plate, the surface a matted grey color, with the exception of a thin cape in the colors of the Longbottom house, gold and brown, his left arm held a massive tower shield that he kept up and to his side, shoving it forward to catch Lord Potter's blade often. In his other hand was a large mace, which he swung with steady regularity, letting himself keep a steady pace. Longbottom was also moving constantly, circling Potter so the shield was in the way of any solid swings of the faster sword. The mace was making direct solid strikes, several of them making Potter slide backwards when he caught them with his blade or shield, any of which would be devastating if they connected on Potter himself.

Potter responded faster after each time he got pushed back. He moved faster and more vicious than before, the blue and silver blade quickly becoming a sharp blur of steel, slamming and bouncing off the heavy tower shield with increasing regularity. Longbottom was taking longer and longer to swing his mace, forced to keep his focus on defense as Potter's blade flashed faster and faster. Finally Potter broke his pattern by slamming the shield forwards into Longbottom's exposed right arm, and then spinning so the sword caught the edge of Lord Longbottom's shield, leaving an opening for Lord Potter to jab his sword up and level it at the exposed throat of his opponent.

They both stood, panting with exertion, before they grinned and dropped their weapons for a hug and laughter. Astoria blinked in confusion, had that been… *Sparring*? But.. the aggression! the speed they had been fighting? they would both be covered in bruises before breakfast! She had seen that mace swing, and she knew that Lord Potter had gotten some very solid hits in earlier.

She glanced around, and saw her sister up the stairs from her, blinking in amazement as she likely came to a similar conclusion. Daphne suddenly blushed and sucked in a sharp breath, and Astoria glanced back, also blushing.

The two Duelists had started stripping off some of their armor from the waist up, revealing lean and pale skin on Potter's side, marked with bright shifting tattoo's up his arms, and an absurd definition across his back. Neville was a deeper tanned color, with thick heavy muscles, and broad shoulders, his right arm was covered with a brown and silver design that was far too intricate for even Astoria's sharp gaze to decipher. Both men laughed and set their armor into piles that a House Elf came and took, handing the two lords light black robes and pale cream colored undershirts. Each was stylized with very different designs. Longbottoms had square patterns and heavy brown accents, Potter was black with borders of gold and silver, and a series of lines that flashed and shifted like lightning acting as an accent.

Potter donned his robes and glanced up at two girls, blinking before he grinned mischievously. Kicking Neville in the leg slightly he called out. “Good morning Ladies, I hoped you enjoyed the sight of our Sparring?”

Both young Greengrasses blushed fiercely.

The sight of the two boys had been… quite memorable, for both of them.

Laughing both young Lords headed for the dining room, trusting the young ladies would follow when they composed themselves.

In the meantime, there was breakfast to be had.
Whoa, that was a hard chapter to write for some reason, mabye its the fact we're shifting away from Harry's escape?

That's also the end of the "Yeats" Arc, which is about Harry's escape from Dumbledore.

Next comes the "Longfellow" Arc, and more poetry.

Also! I know a lot of you are probably wondering what Voldemort and Dumbledore are up too, and right now? the answer is not much. Dumbledore is still looking for Harry, and Voldemort is still trying to rest and regain power after his Resurrection.

The "Longfellow" Arc will last until Harry returns to Hogwarts, at least that's the current plan.

Also, who do you want me to ship Daphne With? Tell me in the comments below!
Under The Spreading Chestnut Tree

Chapter Summary

Daphne and Harry discuss the future.
Voldemort Addresses the Death eaters.
Harry reintroduces himself.
People learn exactly Why Harry is acting out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

-The Village Blacksmith, By H. W. Longfellow

Since it was finally the Saturday for Harry's meeting, Neville headed back to his house soon after breakfast, since he had an afternoon tea to plan for the next day, and he had to prepare for the meeting the next day, he would be swinging by for the meeting in the afternoon, to represent his house and support his brother..

Harry, after making some small talk and reading the Daily Prophet, found himself upstairs and settled in at one of the blacksmith workstations, reading a massive tome that would help him with making the throwing runes he had been crafting earlier the week. soon before lunch, he glanced up to the door opening, admitting Daphne into the room. Harry caught her gaze and nodded to a chair nearby, before looking down to finish his paragraph. Daphne came and sat at the station next to him, looking around with interest.

Slowly, Harry set the book down, closing his eyes as he visualized the meaning behind the words, the way he did when he learned a new spell, the way he focused when he had been training himself
in occlumency. Only several seconds passed, but in his mind it was an eternity. Then he opened his eyes.

“Hello Daphne. How can I help you this fine morning?” Harry grinned at his guest, taking in her simple green and blue accented outfit. She wore a silk skirt with green waves at the bottom, and a blouse that matched with the colors reversed. Harry himself wore simple black jeans and matching trainers, along with a pale blue shirt with the Potter crest over his shoulder.

"Well... What is the plan for me? I mean..." Daphne looked nervous, her mask slipping in the presence of the young lord, "My family will likely go into hiding once you set up a safe place like you said, but what if.... what if I want to fight with you?"

Harry felt himself tense up, and forced himself to lean back in his chair as he scratched at his chin. He thought about his plans, and how Neville had learned quickly. He thought of his original idea, of a sort of Court. He had been trying to find a name, because the “Lightning Court” name sort of sucked.

But back to the topic at hand. “Hmmm… If you want to fight? Then I’d have to train you. I remember you from our defense classes. you’re a strong duelist, but you’re too stiff and structured. I’d have to teach you how to fight, not duel.” Harry sat forward and looked at her, assessing her body with a look of intrigue, and a sort of narrowed focus that gave her goosebumps. “Stand up.”

His voice was direct and focused, and Daphne shivered slightly as she stood. Harry pushed her slowly away from her chair and circled her.

“Your body is slim, flexible too." He stepped back and tilted his head, a strange green glow filling his eyes. "You’re not built for speed, and you probably didn’t do much physically either, right? Some Quidditch, possible some gardening?” Harry glanced up, away from her body eyebrow cocked in curiosity.

Daphne hesitantly nodded. “I also use to take ballet, but I haven’t kept it up since starting Hogwarts.” Harry nodded, tilting his head as he let his magic flow through his eyes, changing what he saw. Daphne’s magic was a pale lilac color, with darker purple and veins of silver through her aura. Looking past that, he focused on how her body used the magic, how it processed and disrupted her power. He heard his ancestors begin to dissect what he was seeing. Daphne felt herself freeze under his gaze, feeling a sudden spike of pressure around her.

“Ballet helped shape your muscles though, you have strong lines and a good balance." he let his ancestors knowledge flow through him, looking for what he wanted, finally he found it. From France, the 15th century, a young man by the name of Nickolas Potier. He was around young. Rave Nobleman of one of the lesser Potter Lines, letting himself focus on Nick’s fighting style. He transposed it over Daphne’s body in his mind, comparing and contrasting. They were similar in height, but Nick had shorter arms.

“You’d do best as a fencer, I believe. Right build, long limbs, good balance.” Harry said, letting the magic in his mind fade away.

Daphne blinked, letting herself release a long slow breath.

Harry stretched. "I want you to think of your decision for the rest of the week. On Friday, the safe house should be ready. I'll expect your decision then." Harry nodded soberly and walked out the door, calling back. "And there's a dress in your room if you wish to attend the meeting this afternoon.”
Harry strode down the hall, whistling cheerfully.

At Malfoy Manor, there was a crowd of figured dressed in black robes in the ballroom. Voldemort was addressing his Death Eaters.

“Nott, Report.”

A taller brunette bowed at Voldemort’s feet. “My Lord, The Ministry has confirmed that the energy burst has come from the somewhere in the fields to the north, the burst was both too short and too strong to clarify where it started.

Voldemort sneered and raised his wand, “Crucio. That does not narrow it down, Nott. In fact, that simply makes this a harder question to answer.”

Nott managed to nod from where he lay writhing on the floor, managing to slowly return to a kneel, breathing heavily from the aftereffects of the curse. He made his way back among the rest of the kneeling Death Eaters.

“Severus, report.”

The potions master swept forward and kneeled before his lord. “Dumbledore has been searching for Potter, and has had no luck. The last confirmed sighting was of a Simulacrum of the boy in Chaotic Alley. The result was a hospital stay for Fletcher for several days. It's been confirmed that Mr. Potter left at about the same time as everyone else boarded the Hogwarts Express, since the Simulacra on the train started inside the castle somewhere. As for where it started and how Mr. Potter knew of how to craft one despite not taking runes and arithmancy… it's unknown.” Severus paused and took a slow breath, then continued. “Apparently… Potter also took the Sword of Gryffindor from the headmaster's office before he left, and it seems they confronted each other at that time.” Severus was carefully humble, unsure of how the Dark Lord would react.

The robed pale figure began to shake, and just as the Death Eaters began to shift in worry, he burst out laughing. “So, it seems as though Dumbledore has lost the Boy-Who-Lived. How…. fitting. Step up the search for Potter, I will have the Boy-Who-Lived found and killed before The Leader of the Light can take him back.”

Severus and Lucius nodded. “Yes, my Lord” they murmured in unison. Severus smoothly returned to the ranks of Death Eaters.

“Now, Goyle, Come here.” The dark lord sneered.

Stumbling forwards, the large and broad shouldered figure of Goyle Sr. knelt before his lord, shaking in fear, around his head was a black bandage.

“Please, report what happened last night for me.” the dark lord sneered.

“My lord, We were stationed around the G-Greengrass estate, Me and my team of six, as you commanded. At about ten last night, w-we...” Gulping Goyle seemed to force the words out. “We were disabled my lord, each of us suffering from a blunt force to the head. When we awoke, it was to find ourselves encased in a form of devil's snare…. Fren was suffocated by the plant around him. upon i-investigation…. the Greengrasses were gone and the houses traps enabled.” Goyle was shaking in fear, and murmurs of confusion circulated through the room.

“And,” The dark lord hissed venomously.
“T-there was a letter, My lord.” Goyle pulled a piece of electric blue paper from his robes and held it out to his lord with trembling hands.

Voldemort summoned it to him and read the paper, his face expressionless.

**Hi Tom**

*Did you know your Death Eaters were unprepared for an invisible guy with a beater's bat? No? Well they weren’t. Oh, and the the Greengrasses, Potters, Blacks, and Longbottom Houses are under my personal Protection.*

Perhaps I should tell you who i am.

I am the True Lord Slytherin, and for too long you’ve besmirched my house name. I expect you will soon find the vaults you once possessed are no longer open to you.

You and Dumbledore have both started a foolish and infantile war, over such foolish thoughts as both purity and alignment.

I disagree with this course, and as such, Fully expect that the next time I run across some of your foolish followers, they will not be so nicely detained and disabled. Inform them that if they should attack any of those under my protection, then they will face death and dismemberment instead of simply being knocked out.

Sincerely and with much distaste,

**Fulgar Cicatrix Slytherin, True Lord of the Ancient and Infamous house of Slytherin.**

The Hall was silent and still as Voldemort furiously reread the short Letter.

“Leave me.” The dark lord hissed softly, not looking at any of his followers.

They began to slowly shuffle out, and Voldemort stood and began sending Crucio’s into the crowd, “LEAVE!” he screeched, the swarm of cloaked figures breaking into a run to escape their lord's wrath.

Susan Bones finished adjusting her robes as she approached the Floo. She was a bit early, but the curiosity of what was going on was getting to her. Her aunt only knew that she was heading to meet up with Hannah for the day, and since they had both gotten invitations, it was mostly true. Besides that, Aunt Amelia had been called in to work today, and had left earlier.

She glanced around and stepped into the Floo, tossing the powder on the fire. “Morrigan's Nest.” She felt the spinning motion of the Floo begin, and just as she reached the end of her trip and the flashing of the fireplaces became slower, she twisted against the motion, stepping out of the green Floo into a small parlour, tastefully decorated in subtle colors of grey and pale blue, with darker purple accents around the edges. The archway before her lead into what seemed to be an entrance hall, she heard the murmuring of voices as she stepped forwards.

The Hall was tastefully decorated, with a similar color scheme to that of the Floo entrance. The Hall had several small couches and armchairs scattered along the edges, and several braziers with blue flames were burning through the room, keeping it warm, despite the faint sounds of a storm she could hear from outside.
What really caught Susan’s attention was the people. There were over a dozen people already there, most of them people she knew from school who were neutrally aligned politically, but she noticed several people who traditionally weren’t. There were the Weasley twins to one side, chatting with a younger blond girl, and the Weasley family were certainly Light aligned. On the other end of the spectrum, she saw Blaise Zabini and Tracy Davis chatting with Daphne Greengrass in the corner, and while both Zabini and Greengrass were carefully neutral, the Davis’s had supported Voldemort in the war, even if they never joined his ranks.

She looked around some more and blinked as she caught sight of Victor Krum standing to one side, with two other teens she recognized from Durmstrang, and there was Fleur Delacour and her sister standing there, talking with Cho Chang from Ravenclaw. Susan walked into the hall and began to talk. Soon after, Hannah Abbot showed up, and joined her. For the next 15 minutes, she wandered from group to group.

“So, any idea who invited us all here?” The deep voice of Zabini almost made her jump and she turned and quirked an eyebrow, looking at the tall, dark skinned Slytherin in black and silver robes.

“A Slytherin asking a blatant question, color me impressed.” she smirked. “For your information, I don’t. I have several guesses, but I’d say it’s likely someone who is politically neutral,” she gestured around the room., indicating who was here.

“I gathered that as well. Daphne says she knows, but isn’t at liberty to say who. And Victor Krum also hinted he knows.”

Susan tilted her head. “So… they likely were around last year, or followed the tournament closely.”

Zabini nodded. “I would assume that much, though we may always be wrong here.”

Susan grinned, and glanced around, feeling a weird itch in the back of her head, It seemed vaguely familiar. She noted who else had arrived, Neville Longbottom, Terry Boot. As they entered, the fires all began to bank themselves and move towards the sides of the room, slotting into the grips of subtle carvings. then there was a sound of footsteps, and everyone stood and began to look around.

“I believe our host is about to appear.” Zabini muttered, looking around. finally, everyone focused their gazes on the far side of the entry hall, where a pair of dark colored wooden doors began to open. Through it walked a young man dressed to kill.

Susan took the figure in appraisingly, slim leather shoes, soft soled but classy and comfortable, snug black slacks with some dark cobalt embroidery along the lower hems. the pants buckled with a belt embroidered with silver that had a golden buckle, hanging off it was, rather surprisingly a sword, the hilt resting within easy reach. The shirt was one of the palest blue, with what looked to be enchanted flames in green and red that flared along sides. Over that was a longer black robe, with subtle traces of gold and silver along the hems in simple Celtic designs. The robe itself was made of some sort of fine silk, which fit him perfectly and showed off his slim yet athletic form, it was also hooded, only allowing the gathered teenagers to see the lightly tanned skin of the man's jaw, the rest shrouded in deep and unnatural shadow.

What drew her eyes however, where his arms. The shirt and robe and short quarter sleeves, and they showed off the figures arms, and the array of tattoo’s etched across the skin. On the right arm it was two snakes, one black and emerald, the other a venomous killing curse green, they seemed to be braided along his arm, both heads coming to rest at his hand, one with a red crest against the back of the hand, and another with a silvery crest resting just next to it. On the hand, she could make out two rings, one with black gems, the other with blue stones. on the other arm, it looked like chaotic bands of lightning encircled his upper arm, and across his forearm was a Lion, crouched and ready to
pounce, tail slowly swishing back and forth.

The figure stopped after entering the room and everyone kept silent, feeling a wave of energy and the faint smell of lightning during a rainstorm fill the room.

“Welcome to Raven’s Court, I’m sorry to keep you waiting, but I only wanted to say this once.” The figure reached up and slowly grasped the sides of the hood, pulling it back slowly, revealing piercing and mischievous emerald eyes, drawing several gasps of surprise, and a muffled curse from the crowd. “My name is Hadrian James Potter-Black-Slytherin-Gryffindor,” Blaise and Tracy stiffened, and everyone else was frozen by shock. Harry Potter (HARRY BLOODY POTTER?) continued “Lord of The Ancient and Noble House of Potter, Heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Black, Lord of the Ancient and Honorable House Gryffindor, Lord of the Ancient and Infamous House Slytherin, Holder of the Title Lord of Lightning, Winner of the Triwizard Tournament, Brother of the house of Longbottom.” Harry paused, and broke into a grin. “Please, Call me Harry, or if you must, Lord Potter.”

There was a moment of silence as everyone took a moment to process. Then the room erupted into Pandemonium.

It was half an hour until Harry managed to direct and calm everyone enough to reach the indoor rooftop, where everyone sat in the carefully arranged couches and chairs, everyone close enough they can talk and see Harry, but not crowded atop each other too much. He had also carefully talked his way around any serious questions and as they all sat down, he swung himself onto the counter of the bar of the room they were in, and snapped his fingers, signaling the House elves to pour tea for everyone. He took a moment to admire the roof of the room, carved in the shape of a tree, all of the supports and rafters shaped like the branches and the columns around the room shaped like tree trunks. He noted the wood was chestnut. Cool.

Once everyone was settled in, Harry decided to begin with a big revelation and work his way down. “Let’s start with why I’ve invited you all here. I’m rebelling against Dumbledore, and I’m inviting you all to join me.”

Well… Let it never be said he wasn’t a Gryffindor. He watched with barely concealed amusement as half of the people there began choking on their tea, the other half staring at him like he had just said he could fart hard enough to reach the moon. Neville spoke up. “For Merlin's sake Harry, you can’t just spring that on the people! They need buildup and context first. I know it's hilarious, but can you not try to cause a heart attack? Also, just for those of you wondering, I’ve already joined Harry’s side.” Neville calmly took a sip from his tea as the rest of the teens looked at him in confusion.

“Is this a fucking joke?” Harry looked at the speaker. It was, surprisingly, Hannah Abbot. “You invite all of us here, just to what, make jokes about abandoning the Light? What the Hell?”

Harry narrowed his eyes, and suddenly the smell of lightning, of ozone, filled the room again, making Hannah Freeze in fear. Harry sipped from his tea slowly, before responding, his voice low and menacing, his gaze focused on his cup of tea. “Less than two weeks ago, I managed to overcome a block on my magical core and my mind. Blocks that were there since I was 18 months old. They almost broke my mind in half when it started crumbling. The magic block? It sealed more than three fourths of my magic, crippling me. You want to know who placed those blocks? Who bound me? Dumbledore. And then, that night, after a day of testing my new powers, of reveling in having my mind together once more, Dumbledore called me to his office, and attempted to use Legilimency on me.”
Hannah paled and sat down heavily, blinking. She knew perfectly well why blocks on magical cores were illegal. If they weren’t consensual and carefully monitored, then the person often spontaneously combusted from pent up power.

The entire room had gone silent, even Neville hadn’t known about this yet.

But Harry wasn’t done, and with a voice of pure venom, he continued.

“I was less than 18 months old, and I had just lost my parents. You want to know what he did? He put me with a family of Muggles who hated magic, and ignored anyone who asked him about me. He told them a story of a happy, brave young man who was living in seclusion because of the fame. He told a story about a young man catered to and pampered by servants and loving family. He politely forgot about the reality of a young boy treated like a house elf, beat six days a week for just existing, who was locked in a cupboard under the stairs and starved.”

Harry finally looked up, his eyes glowing a pale emerald, his hair seeming to sway in a nonexistent wind, small sparks occurring where his hair swept against his neck.

“So, Hannah, if you want to stay with Dumbledore, by all means. I simply ask you leave now and let the rest of us make our own decisions.” Harry’s voice had become passionless, blank. It was simple statements of fact, with no intent.

Hannah shook her head. “I… I want to... need to hear this.”

Harry nodded. “That’s fine.” He swept his gaze over the room, taking in a mixture of disgust at the headmaster, and a mixture of fear and pity directed at the boy in front of them. He sighed and began. “If I want to explain this, we need to start at the beginning, and so I guess I should start with my first year.” He leaned forwards, giving everyone the chance to get comfortable, and noticing as they all gave him his undivided attention.

And so he did. He covered everything that had happened, keeping only a few details to himself, most of them regarding third year as they weren’t his secrets to share. As he told his story he watched his audience carefully. He noticed as each person’s posture shifted, some getting angry, others getting focused. He occasionally answered a question, some of them obvious clarifications, others that made him infer what else was going on and confirm with the group as a whole. The entire time, he kept things as truthfully as he could, and he admitted when he presented some of his theories that they were just that theories. Harry surprisingly didn’t realize that just by the way he spoke, they were being drawn in. The mix of his new appearance, both suave and well dressed, and his voice, enthralled the teens, and the fact he told them the truth? It pulled them to his side faster than any lie.

His audience was pulled in, from the Slytherins to the Ravenclaws. The stories of his first four years in the magical world drawing them in.

At the end of the first hour of his story, he had his army.

At the end of the second hour, he something better, a court of loyal companions.

All by telling them nothing but the truth.

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For another hour the gathering went on and Harry had, somehow, gotten multiple sworn allies to the house of Potter personally (Both Weasley Twins, Daphne Greengrass, Hannah Abbott, Susan Bones, Viktor Krum, Fleur Delacour, as well as, surprisingly, Blaise Zabini) to the Potter house, forged seven political alliances on the Wizengamot (Bones, Abbot, Zabini, Greengrass, Davis,
Longbottom, and Prewitt), which put is vote count up from the 14 he possessed to 27, giving him almost a fourth of the Wizengamot Vote, still less than both the Dark and Light votes, but nevertheless quite prominent.

He had chatted with Susan and got her to talk to her aunt about the possibility of investigating Sirius’ record, preferably silently, and she willingly agreed. Hannah had apologized and then sworn her help to the Potter line.

Harry saw the last of the visitors leave, and turned to the few people he had asked to stay behind, the few people who had his trust. The twins, Neville, and now Daphne.

“So. I guess it’s time to bring you up to speed,” Harry grinned, and the twins both looked at each other with raised eyebrows before grinning back, while Neville snorted in amusement and Daphne looked on curiously.

“To start with, I plan to travel quite a bit this summer, and I need people to handle several things for me…”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for a bit of a wait on this chapter, Hope you enjoyed.

And thanks for all the feedback! I'm currently thinking of using the (somewhat Cliche) multiple girlfriends because of multiple lordship thing, since it seems like Daphne and Harry are just sort of.... Working.

Also, I want Name Ideas for Harry's Court! give me your suggestions please!

also for those who don't know, Fulgar Cicatrix literally translates to Lightning Scar
The Smith, A Mighty Man is he.

Chapter Summary

Harry explores the COS, old runic ritual magic, and The Ancient line of Gryffindor. The Goblins and Neville talk money, Politics, and Learn about Tesla. Amelia Bones is not Amused, and Blaise Zabini is pissed that Heir Black is smarter than he thought.

Oh, and King Arthur was a BAMF.

Dumbledore paced through the headmaster's office once more, a stack of letters in his hand, all saying the same thing. No sighting of Harry Potter. The Order of the Phoenix had been hunting throughout Britain for Harry Potter, with no success. He glanced at the date, July 11th, and sighed, before going back to his papers. Two weeks. Two weeks of the Boy-Who-Lived being missing. He returned to his papers and sighed, before continuing.

He never knew that beneath the school, Harry Potter was working on a personal project.

Harry rode up the round tunnel on his bike into the Chamber of Secrets, Lazarus resting on his shoulder to guide him. It took only minutes, but soon they were rolling into the main chamber, and Harry was surprised.

Where before the chamber was flooded, it was now much drier, revealing ornate fountains and steps, as well as several large underground gardens that had been flooded and concealed.

Harry got off the bike and kneeled on the edge of the top level, surrounded by the snake statues and where he had originally fought the basilisk, and looked around. There were several stairways that led down from the main walkway. The water was now flowing through shallow canals that twisted and turned through the gardens, and several old and cracked statues were laying around.

Harry drew his wand and focused, he knew that magic cast down here in the depths of the Chamber were undetectable, it was designed so that Salazar could experiment with the dark arts without disrupting the students above, Lazarus had explained.

"Scourgify Maxima, Reparo Incantor," he said, moving the wand in a complex hourglass pattern, pouring a large amount of power into the spell. His wand began to glow a deep cobalt blue, and Harry reached down and tapped the side of the walkway, releasing the two spells across the room. Centuries of slime and dirt cracked and fell away, statues that lay shattered drew themselves together, the gardens, long since overrun by weeds and moss, became empty and ready for planting. The stairways straightened and fixed themselves, becoming welcoming once more. Harry grinned, and slid the wand back into a holster on his wrist. He left his bike standing in the entrance of the tunnel he had taken into the chamber. While he didn’t expect to be found, He was not foolish enough to abandon an escape route. Lazarus slithered off to explore for any vermin, as he knew where to find them.

Walking through the chamber, Harry headed towards the entryway, and the doorways he had
ignored weeks ago. “Lumos.” Harry waved his wand and the bright glow of his magic showed him the rooms, and he went exploring. The first one was the simplest to figure out, it was a large study room, with shelves full of ancient books and rolls of parchment, all held behind a massive preservation charm. There were also several old and half destroyed couches, due to water damage, age, insects, rodents. All of these having taken their toll. With a simple vanishing charm to clean away the furniture, he continued on, leaving the books for another day. The next room was a large dueling chamber and ritual room, with dozens of various magic circles that were inlaid on the ground in mosaic like patterns. Around the far sides of the rooms were several low benches, likely for spectators or students to sit and watch the rituals and duels.

Harry took out a muggle pen and notebook, and copied down the circles for future study and reference. He also made several notes on various supplies it would be good to stock in the room. That finished, he tucked the book and pen back into the satchel at his side and moved on. the next two rooms were rather large dorm rooms, with two Dozen bunks in each. They were similar to the four poster beds in Gryffindor tower, but slightly larger and crafted of metal and stone. He vanished all of the mattresses and dead rodents in the corners in these rooms, before making a note of the size of the beds and what types of furniture should be gotten to accompany them.

That done, Harry headed back towards the garden and snake chamber. He walked up to the Salazar statue and focused on his magic, letting it reach into the stone.

“{Change and shift, bend and break, Craft to my Minds Desires.}” he intoned, arms up and wand moving in a slow spiraling motion. The parseltongue spell was part of the original magic that made the chamber, and would be very effective on the ancient stone.

The stone edifice of Salazar Slytherin began to change, the stone shifting and changing from an angry face declaring vengeance to half circle amphitheater, with benches placed on multiple levels. The center, where the mouth had once been, had become a doorway that lead to, if Lazarus was right, Salazar's personal suite of rooms.

Harry explored onwards.

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Neville sat in his study at Longbottom manor, sipping from a deep mug of coffee (lots of sugar, a little cream) as he reviewed the notes he had taken at the last Wizengamot meeting, where he had publicly claimed the seat of the house Longbottom. Since then, there had been a flurry of influential members of the wizengamot asking and insinuating that he was either too young, or too inexperienced, and that they should let them handle it while he was in school. After a quick read and a note to make sure he had their names and positions right, as well as any other pertinent information, the letters were burned. Neville set down his quill and leaned back, taking a deep gulp of coffee to wake himself up, and glanced at the clock.

“Time to stop by for dinner with Harry. Timyr, My cloak please.” Neville said, a house elf appearing with a dark brown cloak for his master, before disappearing. Shrugging the cloak on, Neville wandered to the Floo and called out the personal address Harry had set up, “The Lightning,” and vanished in the green flames.

He appeared on the roof of Ravens Court, which was secluded and heavily warded. Harry had admitted that this was the better one for his close allies use, since he kept the main Floo entrance open only for public events, and if anyone came through they’d be thrown back. Neville personally agreed with this idea, and planned to implement it at one of the farms, probably the one his late grandfather had kept the Jag at, considering how comfortable and relaxing it was.
Neville headed for the second floor and entered into a massive study, filled with various maps and guides to the world. On the far wall was a massive map of the world, and a smaller one of the U.K. There were a dozen shiny pins on it, each with notes posted nearby that explained what was found, what was learned, and who was talked to. There were a dozen notes in the colonies, (Las Vegas, New York, New Orleans, and California among them) and as many scattered across the European continent (France, Bulgaria, Spain, Germany, and Italy were pinned), and Harry had included Neville the entire time.

Neville and Harry had taken to traveling through the Gringotts tunnel systems, using a special form of spatial distortion magic to simply enter the British Gringotts branch, and leave in any of the others around the world. As they had both been willing to pay more than the going rate, the goblins had happily allowed them travel rights.

Hearing the sound of the door opening, Neville looked up and saw Harry walk into the room, holding a massive bag over his shoulder and covered in both ash and dust. Slithering behind him was the Basilisk, Lazarus, who rose up and seemed to nod at Neville before curling up on a globe in the corner that Harry had enchanted with a warming spell. Harry walked over to the wall of shelves and slid the bag to the floor, while Neville looked over the various souvenirs. A baseball from Fenway Park, a broken tanto blade from when they went to meet a blacksmith in Japan, a set of matching masquerade masks from a party in Hollywood, and a skull from the French Catacombs. along with an assortment of travel brochures and postcards.

There were also three shelves of books, all on mythological weapons and artifacts. So far they had a lead on one of the seven missing legendary blades, The sword Moralltach, and had a working theory that both ‘Thor’ and ‘Zeus’ had used the Lordship of Lightning, albeit in very different ways. They were 60 percent sure that Excalibur was real.

The reason? They were going to war, and they wanted the Artefacts that could help win the fight secured before things got busy.

“So, where to today Brother of Mine? And where have you been exploring?” Neville asked as Harry pulled out Several thick leather tomes he set on the shelves carefully, and a broken and inkstained basilisk fang which he placed in a glass case before placing it on the artefacts shelf. next to it was a small black crate which Neville knew was likely books and equipment they would go over later.

“I made progress on the plan, and started on restoring the chamber, albeit quietly. At some point I need to take you with me, if only so that you can see the snake garden that was flooded. As for today, we have Gringotts at Five, but until then we need to go over plans for the war games.” Harry said, pulling up his right hand and tapping the black family ring on the corner of the map, turning it into a massive chalkboard covered with lists. The three big ones were Persona Non Grata, Locations to Take, and Things to Change.

Persona Non Grata held every known Death Eater (with special emphasis on both Wormtail and Bellatrix), Dumbledore and his Order, and people in the Ministry who were noted as being either incompetent or corrupt, with the top of them being Minister Fudge.

Locations to Take was rather extensive, it included several smaller stores across the wizarding world, Hogwarts, the Ministry, and several Death Eater mansions.

The final list was immense, and covered everything from blood purity, Werewolf rights, down to clarifying and regulating an international post system and security for storefronts.

“Slytherin had a garden? Why, tell me more.” Neville grinned as he sat across from Harry at a small table. The two started into a conversation about subterranean plant life they could transfer into the
At about 5, Harry's watch (a very high quality clockwork timepiece, water and magic proofed since his last one got damaged by the lake during the second task.) chimed it was time for a meeting with the goblins. Neville and Harry packed up, and Harry donned a clean cloak, this with one fiery red and gold pattern, before hissing at the basilisk, which raised its head and nodded before laying back down.

The brothers in arms approached the Floo and yelled “British Gringotts” as they both entered, stepping out with grace and poise on the other side, and immediately bowing to the Goblin guards, who nodded back. Moving on, they headed to the meeting room where Harry and Neville had been entertained in when they came here for their Lordships.

Sitting at the table were five goblins, Sharptooth, Longtooth, Griphook, Lightlok, and Blackclaw.

The goblins nodded, and most of them went back to the paperwork they were pouring over. Blackclaw stood and gestured for Harry to follow him, and Neville took his abandoned seat, smoothly joining the goblins as they looked over the Lord of Lightning accounts.

Amelia Bones was a Very strict woman when it came to her Job, as one of the lead aurors, she had to be.

Its why when her Niece had commented on how someone thought Sirius black had never had a trial, a dn that she should look into it, that she did, take the time to look into it.

That was a week ago.

In that time she had found three things, the order to place Sirius Black in Azkaban, the Arrest record of Sirius Black by Alistor Moody, and a note that stated he should be Kept in Solitary confinement by one of the Guards of Azkaban, who had elaborated that the other Death-eaters were all aggravated By Blacks Presence.

Her niece's friend, who Amelia had a strong suspicion was a certain Boy-Who-Lived, Was right.

Sirius Black had never received a trial.

On top of that, Her investigation into the Triwizard tournament was going slowly, all the evidence they found was confusing and contradictory, which led her to believe there was something there someone didn’t want them to find.

Blackclaw led Harry into a sealed chamber deeper in Gringotts, filled with pedestals carved with strange and powerful runes.

“Lord Potter, the seals will talk about half an hour to form, and with your marked blood it's likely they will leave visible marks. Are you sure you wish to perform the ritual over letting them naturally form?” the goblin checked with Harry.

Harry thought back to what he had read recently on the seals and blood he had.

The first were the blood of the puppeteer and blood of the marked. The puppeteer usually developed as some form of distance control, using magic to manipulate something from afar. There had been
record of it granting the ability to form threads of magical energy and use them to move and fight. Puppeteering is known to be one of the minor blood lines in the Potter family.

The blood of the marked however, was a much more potent ability, and much rarer as well. It turned the very skin and blood of the bearer into a focus for magic, making representations of the Bearers magic appear on their skin. the more complex the image, the stronger the spells cast by it. However, each Tattoo or marking had to be attuned to a spell or set of spells, which was a long process that had been somewhat lost over the years with the popularity of wands. It was a Black family trait, that he had inherited from his paternal grandmother.

After the blood, which were innate magical skills and abilities, then there was the seals, Gained and adapted Magical abilities. Normally they would develop over about 10 years, usually from the ages of 11 to 21, and would change to fit and enhance the wielders abilities.

The seal of Rebellion is an old seal, and the records of it date back to Roman times. The seal itself would theoretically grant a resistance to compulsions, and potentially much more. from the ability to open any lock to the ability influence peoples emotions towards authority.

The seal of Shadows, however, is far more Ancient, dating back to the earliest mesopotamian cultures. The seal is rumored to be able to grant the user untold abilities of stealth and deception. bearers have been rumored to have anything from the ability to silently cast glamours, to the ability to make shadows dark enough to hide in. Unfortunately, the Shadow mark is very secretive, due to the fact that those who develop it are reluctant to part with any information about such a set of skills.

He had also looked into Legacies, the overwhelming magical power that developed because someone was the embodiment of a form of magic through both mind and skill. they were so potent it was exceedingly rare for anyone to develop any other heredity seal or blood traits.

“Yes. My ancestors believe they can use the ritual along with my Marked blood to strengthen the seals, and that with my natural reserves of magic, it should make them even stronger. In fact, my ancestor Hadrius Potter would like you to change the ritual according to these instructions.” Harry held out a small blue envelope with careful instructions and the reasoning behind them.

The goblin took the envelope and carefully read the instructions, before looking up at Harry with wide eyes.

“The Druidic Marking Variations, and the Celtic Circle? And this, this has to be Pre-Roman modifications to the rune structure!” Harry nodded calmly, having had it explained to in detail several days ago by his ancestor. The goblin looked back at the paper for a long moment, deep in thought.

“It will be done,” he finally said softly.

Half an hour of modifications to the room later, Harry stood in the center of the pillars, noting the half dozen new cross stones, forming ruined archways around the room.

In the center was the triggering stone, and cutting open his hand, Harry began to dribble blood over the runes.

“I call Rebellion,” Harry murmured, standing still. The blood began to glow, lighting up the runes. Slowly, the rest of the room seemed to come alive, runes glowing, energy arcing from one pillar to the next, until he was standing inside a massive web of energy.

Closing his eyes, Harry braced himself for the next part.

“I Reject the order of the masses.”
The room suddenly became oppressive and heavy, the force almost making him slump forwards as it buffeted him.

“I Refuse to kneel, before the power of the Many.” Harry gritted his teeth and fought to stand up straight as the pressure built even more.

“I Reveal myself to those who refute order.” Across Harry’s skin, a kaleidoscope of color appeared. Emerald Green and Ruby Red, swirled around his chest. From his left arm, gold and Dark blue energy sparked and swirled, while on his right arm silver, venomous green and black mixed. The rest of his body is covered with the same colors, in various swirls.

“I ask for the skills needed to stay myself, to refuse those who call themselves my masters, to defeat those who would suppress me.” Harry got out the words past the pain that filled him as he felt the pressure across his body. The energy of the room seemed to change, no long oppressing, but appraising.

“I Rebel.”

The energy began to concentrate, wrapping around the young man, and pushing in on him. The energy mixing with Harry’s magic, and began to slowly sink into him, into his bones. Harry's blood began to change color slightly, becoming darker, flowing through his body, marking his magic. at the same time, the runes around the room lent his blood guidance and power, which flowed into his tattoo’s moving them from simple representations to focuses of power, according to the shape of the runes around him. Slowly his tattoo’s changed. The circles of lightning became a single bolt of power, flowing from a dark and swirling storm cloud that covered his shoulder, the lightning bolt arcing to the very tips of his fingers, shadowing the veins on his wrist before covering the back of his hand in a cracking sparking web. The lion on the forearm became more symbolic, taking the image of the Gryffindor emblem emblazoned across a kite Shield and covering the back of his forearm. Around his neck a new tattoo appeared, a collar of tightly woven runes in thin red lines.

On his other arm, the two snakes shifted, Lazarus’s bond coiling up his arm, before wrapping along his torso, stretching and elongating until its head was on his neck, barely visible above his shirt collar, and the tail was wrapped around his ankle. The Slytherin marking remained coiled around his right arm, and seemed to darken, the emerald colors deeper, the silver accents sharper. on his right hand, two rings had formed, one emerald set in silver, and other a bright ruby set in dark gold, taking places with the others on his hand.

Before the Rituals power could dissipate, Harry began the second ritual, forcing the words out past the pressure of the rebellion seal that was in his head, where he was holding it back.

“I bind myself to the shadows,” Harry began and he felt as the magic outside his body shift and grow, becoming darker, the light in the room seeming to vanish and the air taking on a cold feel.

“I bind myself to the nothingness, the silence,” He continued, the faint light slowly getting darker, the room getting colder.

“I bind myself to the illusion of the darkness.” The room seemed to vanish, replaced by a black swirl that circled him, the temperature dropping even faster.

“I bind myself to the Night,” he spoke and in the air in front of him his breath froze.

“Nocturnus Inductus,” Harry intoned past the chill, forcing himself not to stutter over the ice in his throat, before he could blink, the shadows were sucked into his skin, filling his veins with the icy chill. He felt energy flow across his skin, the burning pressure of the Rebel, and the icy darkness of
the Shadow flowing across his skin to his hands, condensing and pushing to the surface.

He looked down, feeling the energy manifest itself. On his right palm was a red and black spiral. On the left was a black disk with golden light around the edges. It took a second to recognize it as the image of an eclipse.

“Huh. That’s cool,” Harry muttered, taking a step forwards before he realized his mistake, his legs bucking as the world began to flicker before his eyes. “Aw fuck. not aga-” he cursed before the world faded to black, the ground rushing up to catch him. He didn’t notice that he had a second collar of pitch black runes that seemed to sit under the red one. He didn’t notice as along his spine, thick blocky runes etched in gold and silver appeared.

Neville went back over the listings he had been working on with the goblins, and noticed something.

“Hey, what's this... The Tesla Institute?” he looked at the goblins, who all paused and looked at him. “It looks like its an attached high secrecy money vault through a muggle bank, here.” He handed the paper to Sharptooth, letting them look over it. Suddenly the goblins began to mutter and curse in their language, before they began shuffling through papers and pulling together a half dozen references to the Tesla Institute before they found the actual document declaring it.

I, Nikola Tesla, Lord of Lightning, Decree that the Tesla Institute shall be preserved with the Vaults of the Lord of Lightning until my successor claims otherwise. I request that this be a matter of utmost secrecy, and that the document of the Tesla Institutes location be sealed in American Gringotts vault 5,354. I request My successor to read the journal accompanying said document, and hope that he prevails where I have failed. I also hope my successor takes advantage of the numerous artifacts I have both gathered and created over my many years.

Sit chaos replete statera Magnificetur ergo fortitudo ducatum via.

May the lightning strike true.

The goblins crowded around before Griphook ran from the room, planning to contact the American vaults and get a time and place for travel, and access to the Tesla vault, hopefully before the end of the summer.

Harry looked around as he found himself in his mind-scape again, and focused in the second of the five towers he wanted to explore, since he was likely to be unconscious for a while. It was actually stuck onto the Gryffindors dorm tower, but was much bigger, and as Harry walked up to it, he focused. The tower itself looked like a larger copy of the Gryffindor tower, and was decorated with red and gold tapestries and made of a dull red stone.

Harry knocked on the door and was greeted by someone he assumed was his ancestor, who immediately pulled him into a massive bear hug.

“Ah, grandson, good to see ya in good health!” Harry was taken aback by the massive man, easily seven feet, he was broad shouldered and with a massive bushy red beard, his hair was pulled back
into a thick and messy braid, the massive red rope coiling down over his shoulder. He was wearing a kilt with gold and red lines, and a vest of dyed red leather. under that was a paler red shirt with gold filigree along the sleeves.

“Who are you?” Harry had a strong suspicion… and he would bet half his trust fund he was right.

“I am Godric Leonis Gryffindor the First,” Gryffindor grinned. “Your ancestor. And the one who you have been chosen to Champion for.”


Godric stepped back, gesturing for Harry to walk into the tower. “Come, I have much to teach you grandson, and it begins with the Sword you carry…”

Blackclaw stepped into the Meeting room to see Griphook missing and the other crowded around a Document printed on muggle paper. He walked over and read what they were looking at, and could have smacked himself.

“Of course, the muggle banking is not kept here, but in the muggle bank for reference. That explains why we couldn’t find the money, it was being withdrawn instantly for another vault in America, and the records were sealed there by the secrecy pact of that vault.”

The other goblins nodded, deferring to Blackclaw’s knowledge in this matter.

Neville spoke up. “Where’s Harry?”

Blackclaw grimaced. “Lord Potter has regrettably been exhausted by the ritual, he had the ritual master add several modifications to the runes, and it seems to have drained his magic for now, though if the medical Goblins were correct, he will wake up with much better Control, as well as several new abilities, than he would have.”

Neville sighed and reached up, scratching at the faint stubble around his chin. “Great. Just Great.”

They sat down and returned to working on the paperwork.

Harry sat across from Godric, looking around. The tower was decorated warmly, like a cabin or an old bar, worn wood and well lived in.

Godric plopped down two tankards of what appeared to be alcohol of some sort.

“Here, grandson. Drink up.” Harry reached out and took a swig, almost choking on the sweetness of the drink, and the bitter taste of alcohol.

Fighting the burn, Harry swallowed it, and felt a warm feeling rush through his chest. around his eyes and ears, small sparks flickered into existence.

“Whoa. What was that?” Harry managed to get out with a cough.

“That was a sip of Old Firewhiskey, the family recipe, You’ll know it later.” Godric grinned and took a swig of his whiskey, before turning serious. “Now, as you know, you claimed the sword of Gryffindor. What you don’t know it that it once went by another name, before I sealed it away.”
“What was the name?” Harry inquired.

Godric held out his hand and a bronze and iron sword, etched with runes of red and sliver, appeared floating between them. “Once, centuries before your time, there was a land known as Albion, what would eventually become Britain. It was led by a king adorned in gold and mithril. His name was Arthuris, the first of his name. When he was young, he built a blade with metal found in the deepest part of the oldest mines. Its name is Calcitrient, also called Caliburn. It is the first of the three blades of the one and future king.”

With a wave of his hand, the sword moved aside and another took its place, a creation of bright white metal laced with a swirl of the deepest black along the edge. “When Arthur took the throne, he crafted a second blade, named Felixium, it was given the calling name of Excalibur, the sword of the King of Kings. It was renowned throughout the lands, and in the waning days of the king's time on the throne, he hid it away, sealing it with the fae for the future of the land. But a war was coming, and he needed a new blade.”

Godric focused Excalibur faded away and another sword appeared, this one silver etched with runes of the deepest green and darkest black. “When the time for the final war came, Arthur went to battle wielding a blade named as Caeranscent, known as Clarent to the annals of history. However, Clarent was newly forged and not yet claimed and in the middle of the final fight, it slipped from his grasp, whereupon he traitor Mordred grabbed it, before it was used to mortally wound the king, though his death would be slow.” The two swords still in the air, crossed.

“As he lay dying, Arthur spoke to two of his most trusted warmages, and gave each a sword sword. To the Gaul known as Snakeskin, he gave the betrayers blade Caeranscent, and told him to keep it secret and safe. To the Druid known as Lion Mane, he gave the heirs' blade Calcitrient, and to hold it for those worthy of its use. Given their commands, the two left their king and vanished, years passed before their Descendants would come forth, bearing new names and with the ambition and courage of their forefathers. they met two others, A lady of noble grace, and a lady of great knowledge. Together they built a school.”

The swords shifted, Caliburn turning a pale silver and studded with rubies in the hilt, the Blade bare of runes but with a name etching itself along the blade ‘GODRIC GRYFFINDOR’. Clarent became black and the runes seemed to shift, the sword becoming an assassin's blade, deceptively long and thin, with a name etched along its blade in a pale grey ‘SALAZAR SLYTHERIN’.

Harry was stunned. “You’re a descendant of the mage who took Caliburn!” He exclaimed.

“Yes, and so are you.” Godric grinned, taking the shocked realisation on Harry’s face. “When the World began to change, and the memories of Camelot faded into stories, Salazar and I hid our blades away. I placed mine within the school, bound to find one of both my blood and my spirit. You, my grandson, met the Requirement. Salazar's blade is even more hidden, though where I do not know. When last we spoke, he left the school, after staging an argument with me. I know one of his goals was to find himself a place for it away from prying eyes.”

Harry blinked. “Wait, so does that mean that Salazar Slytherin never had an issue with Muggleborns?”

Godric nodded, a sad and angry look in his eyes. “Aye, Salazar sacrificed his reputation, in order to hide his sword away. We had planned to have him return repentant and shameful, acting as if he had
reconsidered with enough evidence. However, he never made it back, his death came as he was heading home to Hogwarts. Less than a mile from the edge of the Dark Forest. He was set upon by a horde of bandits, and took a poisoned arrow to the back. Even then, he still defeated the horde of savages, and managed to ride his horse to the edge of the Castle lawn. I found him later that night.” Godric took a deep swig of his tankard.

“I’m sorry for your loss.” Harry murmured, the two taking a moment of somber silence.

Finally Godric looked up. “I, like the Lord Potter, Have a gift for you. My line is that of Craftsmen, from blacksmiths to stone workers and many in between. It is how I hid the blade away, I used my magic to craft a second sword around the first. I wish to pass these skills to you, along with the location of the Lions Den, my personal chambers at Hogwarts.”

Harry met his gaze solemnly. “I accept your gift… Grandfather.”

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Blaise Zabini was feeling a weird mix of annoyance and respect. For the past week and a half he had been trying to inform his mother of the events and revelations of Potters little gathering. Yet every time, he opened his mouth to say something regarding the meeting, he he started speaking about the weather or the garden or some other form of small talk. He had tried writing it down, only to be writing notes on history of magic, or shopping lists for thing needed around the house.

Apparently Potter wasn’t as big of a fool as he had expected. Blaise had kept trying but the only thing he had managed to say was that Heir Black had hosted the party, and since there wasn’t any official Heir Black according to the Wizengamot, despite Draco Malfoy’s claim to the succession, then he was talking about no one. And he still couldn’t comment on any relation between the Heir Black and Harry Potter. He had tried to relay Potters more popular exports using the title Heir Black, but every time it didn’t work.

Finally he sent a Letter to Lord Potter asking if he could inform his mother.

He looked down at the letter in front of him with a level of resignation.

Blaise Zabini, Heir to House Zabini.

The only circumstance I would reveal my identity to your mother is if she would submit to the same charm you yourself are under. If not, then i would suggest you pay attention to the Wizengamot meeting at the end of August.

I would also like to thank you for your correspondence, regardless of the reasoning, and invite you to schedule a time we can converse over dinner or lunch. I feel as though we should know each other better, it could prove profitable for us both.

Respectfully, The Heir Black

“Well. Shit.” Blaise Muttered, leaning back in his chair and running his fingers through his short hair. This was going to be Fucking terrible.

He wrote back asking for a time to meet.
And the Muscles of His Brawny Arms are as Strong As Iron Bands

Chapter Summary

Harry begins teaching Daphne to fight.
There more than one way to Skin a Snake.
The Zabini's get coffee and an offer.
Sirius Cleans House (Via House Elf)
The Ministry makes a dangerous decision.

Daphne ran panting through the edge of the forest. She had taken up following Harry in the mornings when he would go for a run. Like usual, she quickly lost sight of him, though it took longer for him to outpace her each time, Neville she had heard, did a similar run at one of his farms each morning.

Harry would go on a minimum of seven laps of the forest's edge, which included circling the lake, going to the front gate, and back, each day. she had calculated that he ran an average of twelve miles.

She barely ran four miles, usually completing only two laps, before she had to rest.

On Top of that, Harry had a habit of finding unusual paths through the edge of the forest. from what she had seen, it was a lot of leaping over rocks and diving under low branches, mixed with ducking and twisting around heavy bramble bushes that dotted the landscape. she had even seen him using a series of low hanging branches and rocks as stepping stones as he passed over the lake's edge once.

She was pushing it today and was finishing up a third lap, breath coming painfully as she clutched at a stitch at her side. She saw Harry sitting at the steps of the manor, a long thin package next to him. As she got closer she saw him doing something she had been wondering about.

He had a rolled up cigarette in his mouth, and was puffing on it gently, but it smelled weird, a sort of acrid fruity smell drifting on the smoke. Oddly, she had noticed that he was slightly disgusted by the taste, frowning and scowling when he lit each one.

As she approached the manor, she put on a final burst of speed, sprinting to the steps where she collapsed on the steps. Harry passed her a bottle of water, and she slowly sipped it, having learned her lesson about guzzling it down early in. as she sat and her heart rate slowed, she looked at the cloth wrapped package Harry had between them.

Harry took a long slow drag of the smoke, and held it before speaking, the smoke drifting from his mouth. “I think it's time to start training you with a weapon, you're healthy enough to begin fencing.” He reached down and lifted up the package, letting the cloth fall away to reveal a long thin fencing rapier. lifting it he gave it a swish, muscles taunt and steady as he swung the blade up and held it level, before flipping it in a smooth motion so he held the blade in his hands and presenting her with the hilt.

Excited and anxious at the prospect of the weapon, she took it, surprised at how heavy it was, especially with how fragile the blade looked. the balance was set just past her hand, at the meeting of the classical basket hand guard and the beginning of the blade.
“The blade is made of high carbon steel, it’s sharp, it’s hard, but it's also fragile. This is one of a dozen i made for your training. when i find you sufficiently skilled, i’ll help you craft a better blade for combat use. on top of that the blade is heavier than the end result, though the balance will be the same.” He informed her, as he puffed on the cigarette again. slightly scowling at the taste of the smoke.

Daphne looked at him with a questioning look, before focusing on the confusing part of that. “fragile?”

Harry nodded. “Thin blades like this are designed to flex and bend quite a bit, and are great for single person dueling. In a full on sword fight, they can and will quickly shatter under impact. Until you know how to prevent that, you’re going to break the blades often. once I feel you know enough, you get a better blade.”

Daphne nodded, and stood up holding the sword in front of her. Impulsively she took a swing with one hand, and was surprised by the force of the blade, staggering back as she tried to get her balance back. Suddenly she felt Harry at her back, one of his hands on each of hers, as he directed her movements. “keep your left arm out to your side, counter the balance. You don't swing big with a rapier, you swing with your wrist and arm. keep knees and elbows slightly bent, and simply flick with the tip, the distance will give you the speed.” slowly she got under control, and followed the instructions. As she shifted her stance, the rapier became easier to control, and seemed lighter, faster in her hand. she was immensely aware of Harry as he touched her on the arm her, leg there, adjusting her stance.

“Good, good. Now for the first training. See that tree?” he pointed over her shoulder at an old willow tree shifting wildly in the wind. “Its got a dozen small bags of colored sand hanging off various branches. your job is stand with your back foot braced against the trunk and tag each of those bags with the tip of the blade. without letting your foot leave the tree.”

Daphne nodded and went to start on the training. As she walked away, here mind finally recognized the scent of the cigarettes, remembering the smell from potions class.

Burning Mandrake leaves.

Why would Potter be smoking Mandrake leaves?

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Harry walked along the ground floor ballroom, until he reached a particular nook, hidden by the tapestries and the cloth dressings of the formal room. pushing through he placed his hand on stone and twisted, watching with satisfaction as the concealed doorway appeared. Slipping through, he descended a narrow staircase to the dungeons and caverns under Ravens Court, bright blue flames glowing in the darkness to light his way along the tunnels.

Walking through the pathway he had marked, he approached a large open workshop for dangerous materials, which was where the remains of Lazarus’s old body were lain. He approached the corpse and pulled out a sharp skinning Knife. He walked down the serpent to where he had left off and continued the slow work of skinning the snake. the skin, once thin and tight, had changed when Lazarus was reborn, part of the underlying muscles melding to the scales. now it was thicker, closer in texture to dragons leather, but much more flexible and resilient. This “Basilisk Leather” was amazing, but even with Godric’s knowledge he knew he wasn’t ready to work such a material. He didn’t have the skill, the tools, or the time to give it the attention it needed and deserved. What little testing he had done on a sample of the hide under Hogwarts showed it was resistant to a majority of magic, from cutting and gouging charms to almost all fire and blasting hexes. his strongest diffindo
had barely scratched the scaly surface, and when he channeled all of his power into an incendio? the leather smoked and slightly charred.

Falling into the task of mindlessly skinning the Basilisk, Harry fell into deep thought.

Dumbles and Moldy were both playing the long game. politics and stealth was their fields of expertise, and they would win if he tried to play the long con against them. they simply had more experience, more time, more knowledge. Harry and the court would have to play reckless, focus on big plays for misdirection. He broke it down thusly.

The Wizengamot was a situation. The court had mostly Heirs, not Lords, who were members. unless they started revealing the lords as unfit for their position, which was an option, Harry’s votes would be almost worthless. he could likely get some light and some neutral lords to back his plays, but Voldemort had a grip on the dark…. except for the Black family oaths of fealty. which Harry hadn’t had time to find particulars about, Since Sirius had informed him (via Dobby, the wonderful Elf) that Dumbledore was currently using the old Black family townhouse as the OP’s base of operation, but had it Fidelliused. On top of that, Fudge and his administration was corrupted beyond belief, and Power hungry.

The Light was almost as bad, following old man Dumbles blindly where he said to go, barely asking any questions.

But the Neutrals…. he could work with them. most of the Court is neutral heirs anyway, and if he could get the lords to join him, he would have at least a chance at controlling the vote, either to interrupt the plans of the big players, or to push his own agenda.

And did he have an agenda.

Better Creature rights, Blood politics, Improving education standards, regular inspections of business practices, integration of muggle technology, better blend of newbloods into the society, bringing back older so called ‘black magic’ rites and rituals, breaking down the corruption in the ministry and providing checks and balances. he didn’t want to change the ministry, he wanted to gut the system and rebuild from the ground up. But for now? this would have to do.

He smirked at the thought, Dumbledore wanted a weapon, but he got more than he bargained for. A vicious focused adversary, with enough cunning to temper its brash mentality.

Beyond the politics, was the combat strength. He was hopelessly outmatched by both Dumbledore and Voldemort magic wise, too little experience, too little time. His only trump card was his younger body, as well as the… improvements he had been discovering. Thanks to his forced rejoining, he was by far in better physical shape then the aging Dumbledore, or the Homunculus given life known as Voldemort. Thus his emphasis on both exercise and sparring for the last month. If he used his physical superiority, his chances of success would skyrocket. Add in the mix of sword fighting knowledge he had gained from Rius and the Potters, and the fact he held the Heirs blade, now imbued with basilisk venom, and it became a tactical superiority.

Then there was the whole Lord of Lightning shebang, ever since he had claimed the title, the rest of his magics had been keeping it sealed off, for good reason. He could remember the feeling of the lightning coursing through his veins with an amazing amount of clarity. He had also read Tesla’s letter, and sensed the unspoken warning, and taken it to heart, placing even stronger locks on the Lightning magic, until he could read the journal. Unfortunately with how bad the red tape to get to the damn thing is, that likely wouldn’t be until either Halloween, or more likely, Winter break.

Speaking of goblins and their buisness, he had finally gotten the record of his accounts holding, and
it had all been checked out. Dumbledore was smart enough that he had avoided drawing money directly, however he had been able to direct a small percent of the interest his accounts gathered into a sub vault shared between the Dumbledore and Potter vaults.

The goblins had not been pleased with that when they found that, and had immediately gotten to work.

Because that small amount? 80,000 Galleons a year.

While the goblins were currently researching where the money had gone from there, they had presented him with an account of his other holdings.

And could he just say “OH MY FUCKING GOD.”

He was the richest wizard in Europe, by a long shot. The proper amount of galleons in his vaults (plural, he had like 15 vaults just filled with straight gold, like holy shit) were an absolutely Absurd 3,250,000,000 or something like that, and that was not including his annual returns and all the property and various treasures he possessed in his vaults, from rare ores to enchanted objects and everything in between (Mithril and gems!). In the end it boiled down to almost a tenth of the magical wealth in all of Europe. He hadn't had a chance to check his vaults yet, partly because he was having a hard time wrapping his head around the wealth. however he also was a multimillionaire in straight pounds, which was handled by a goblin Liaison through Barclay's and capped at 7 million, any thing over converted towards Gringotts and his vaults.

The sources of his great wealth were many, but the three biggest were: A, because The Potters have a history of owning land and shares of Magical business, and regularly collecting reasonable taxes. B, because Lily Potter was the Business Savvy daughter of a Stockbroker and good at seeing viable investments in the muggle world (this meant Harry had quite a few silent shares of 12 of the top 20 businesses), and an active business portfolio. Finally, his fame as the Savior meant that several families that had passed on and faded away since the end of the war due with lack of living descendants, had bequeathed portions of their estate to the Potter Family.

Forcing his mind back onto the Basilisk corpse, he barely held back the smirk as he wondered how his relatives would have responded to the fact he was a multimillionaire.

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Blaise and Rebecca Zabini (his mother), he in black designer jeans and a button up polo (green of course) and she business casual pantsuit, were making their way through downtown London. Blaise had gotten a message back, and had instructions to a coffee shop called Fae Fyre, which was a good 20 minute walk from Chaotic Alley, the nearest Floo. the instructions were to go, order their drinks, and then head up to the rooftop garden for the meeting. Harry would take care of Lunch.

Both were slightly impressed by the cafe, it had a slightly gothic look, with lots of black wrought iron, that contrasted with walls and blankets in pastel and soothing colors. the resulting dissonance was surprisingly relaxing. both Zabini's hesitantly went up and ordered. Rebecca ordering a cup of black tea, and Blaise a dark roasted mocha. They gathered their drinks after standing around for a moment awkwardly and proceeded up the stairs to the roof.

Pushing open the door, they found the roof was still taking the gothic bent, the tables and chairs wrought iron and glass, with soft mats of pastel blues and greens draped over them for comfort. It was also almost empty, except for a young man sitting along the roofs edge on the street side, smoking a cigarette, coffee in hand.
The boy was easily six feet, and his pulled back dirty blond hair had electric blue dyed tips. His eyes were concealed by a pair of black Ray-Bans, and his shirt was a dark blue, matching with his hair. His hands arms were covered with a mix of long fingerless leather gloves and white and black ribbons woven together that led up into his sleeves. He had an open denim vest and black denim trousers, with his feet in scuffed leather combat boots. He had a pair of earbuds screwed in and was listening to a Walkman on his belt. Blaise took this in, deemed the young Muggle man wasn’t a threat or important, and kept looking, there was a table set for three in the center of the roof.

Where was Potter?

Blaise and his mom both slowly and cautiously made their way to sit at the table, taking care to keep eyes out for a sign of a trap.

As they sat down and placed their cups on the table, a feeling not unlike that moment you exit the Floo swept over them, making both stiffen in surprise. and look down to see that on the metal of the table was runes done in glowing black ink.

Then the blue haired boy looked at them, ground out the cigarette on the edge of the roof and spoke softly.

“There, now that you can’t spill my secrets Lady Zabini, I can drop the pretenses.”

Blaise blinked as the posture of the young man changed from laid back to all business, the sunglasses and headphones being pulled away, to reveal vibrant green eyes, the hair and the lack of a scar remained the same, but there was no mistaking the face now. The figure sat down calmly in the chair across from the two.

“Hello, I’m Lord Hadrian Potter-Black, let’s talk Business.”

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Sirius Black was not happy. In fact, he was downright aggravated. Why? well, there's a few answers.

First, was The Order of the Phoenix, Harry had agreed that Sirius would be best as his spy in Dumbledore’s camp, and since he didn’t know here Harry’s location was, he could honestly say he didn’t know where Harry was. however, he now had to deal with the fact Dumbledore was popping by and calling the order every few days, and had to deal with his followers boarding in number 12 Grimmauld Place, most annoyingly The Weasley family. However, the Twins (who had taken the titles of Lord Prewitt thanks to a loophole in the family rules) always made for… interesting conversation.

He was going to remember the day he told them he was Padfoot for years.

The second issue was Remus was on a mission for Dumbledore, no doubt an attempt to keep the last two Marauders under his thumb. Remus had not been pleased, since the mission involved him going all the way to Belgium. and ts meant that Sirius was Lonely, with only the sheeple for company. And the twins. But mostly the sheeple.

And Finally, the third Issue was the GODDAMN HOUSE ELF. Kreacher had been nothing but obstinate, intrusive, and all around Abusive to the families in the house. he constantly polished the stairs before someone walked down them, and seemed to take glee in placing dust and grime in the every room of the house. when he was called he sneered and insulted everyone around him. Constantly causing the Portrait of Sirius’s mother to wake up due to it.
As he marched down the stairs, he felt one of the steps slant forwards as if it had been unscrewed, and stumbled to the bottom of the main floor.

Enough was enough.

“KREACHER” He screamed, getting everyone's attention, as well as waking up the portrait of his mother, who he ignored.

With a pop the house elf appeared in front of him. “Foul master called for kreacher, foul master, mad, oh so mad.”

Grabbing the elf by his neck he poured magic into his voice, the way his father had often done. His tone and speech became darker, shadowed as his words now contained a compulsion for the elf.

“It’s time to lay down some rules Kreacher. Rule one, You shall be Polite and courteous to all in the house, including myself. “ the Elf was writhing as the magic entered its head. “Two, you will keep the house clean and in good maintenance to the greatest reasonable degree possible, this means no cobwebs, no pests, no dirty laundry. if it's dirty, you clean it. Third, you will no longer obey the commands of Portraits unless there is an emergency situation, such as advice during an injury, or if there are people attacking the manor.”

Kreacher was screaming now, his head wrapped in what looked to be a black mist.

“Finally, you will speak proper and respectively at all times, and never use the word mudblood or the term Blood-traitor, and will refer to people by their last name and with the proper titles. So I say, SO mote it be. Decretum Dominus” with the final word, the black mist sunk into the elf and it dropped to the floor, kneeling.

“As my Lord commands.” with a pop, he vanished.

Sirius turned to the assorted members watching him with awe.

“What? he was a pain in the ass.”

Then he turned to the portrait of his mother and glared. “And you, Mother, Will be quiet and respectful. if you aren’t I will personally walk down to the nearest muggle art store and pick up a container of paint remover and slowly wipe you away bit by bloody bit. understood?”

The portrait of Walburga Black fearfully nodded once and the curtains around the painting slammed shut.

Satisfied, Sirius sauntered up the stairs, whistling a cheery tune.

Harry sat back, and sipped his coffee (the Oberon special, Dark chocolate Mocha with cinnamon and nutmeg. it was tasty). The two Zabini's sitting across from him were stunned. as they should be, he had just made a very tempting, very Slytherin offer. He waited and watched as they looked at eachother, talking in low and quick Italian.

Finally Blaise spoke to him again. “I want a way to guarantee I can escape, a contract stating all of this to be held by the goblins, and a place to stay if things go south for me and my mother.”

Harry nodded. “Reasonable, and expected. Here.” He pulled out a contract from his pocket, and unrolled it, showing it was a goblin contract, stating his offer. next to it he placed a heavy silver ring
with a skull engraved on it that acted as an emergency portkey and granted him some protection from the Imperius and Cruciatius effects. “The ring has a note explaining its abilities in detail, and the contract is yours to take and read over, just sign and present it to the goblins to finalize it. For the safe house, would a 1,200 square meter fidelius charmed Penthouse in Verona, outfitted with both muggle and magical amenities work?”

Both Zabini’s looked at each other in shock. Before lady Zabini spoke up.

“I think that will work.”

Harry grinned. “Thought it would. Figured you’d like to be safe in Italy if things go south.”

Daphne was sweating and cursing Harry Potter.

“‘Twelve bags, just cut them open. It’s easy!’ Dammit Potter.” She muttered, planting her foot back against the trunk as she looked at the erratically moving bags of sand, each about the size of a galleon. She had been at this for three hours, since every time she swung the rapier with the slightest hesitation, the bags simply moved away. It had been a pain in the ass, since she kept losing her balance when she missed. With a flick, she managed to catch the third to last bag and grinned, ignoring the ache in her arm and the way the sword tip was shaking when she tried to hold it steady.

She looked back to the twelve bags. She had managed to tag 10 of them, but the last two were on the very edge of her reach, to hit them she would have to stretch to the max at just the right time without letting go of the sword.

Breathing deep she flicked her wrist, sending the tip of the blade up and across the bags, missing the first, but managing to tag the second. However, she overextended herself and slipped to fall face first into the grass.

“GODDAMNIT”

Harry shook hands with the Zabini’s before he left, walking down the street towards where he had parked his bike, letting his gaze wander about.

His attention was caught by a flyer taped to the window of a record shop.

“The battle for the Island, Oasis vs Blur, August 14th? Sound intense, and like something I really want to see. Good thing I’m free in two and a half weeks.” He stepped inside, walking out several minutes later with several new cassettes. As he walked down the street, he smiled. He knew what his plans for next week are now.

He got onto his motorcycle and started up, quickly taking off to the North of the city, and home.

‘I wonder how Daphne is faring with the bags of sand. Should I have told her that the tree’s a cousin of the whomping willow and that I had it Neville tamed?’ he mused

“YES I GOT IT- DAMNIT NOT AGAIN” Daphne was again overextended, slipping and falling face first on the grass at the base of the tree, the rapier dancing away from her hand to rest several feet away.
“I hate you Potter.” came the muffled voice of the blond. While the tree shook with silent amusement.

Cornelius Fudge was pacing in his office, muttering obscenities. His smear campaign against Dumbledore was not being received well, and Amelia’s investigation was turning up some facts he would much prefer to be ignored. He turned to his guest. “I want you to take the Defense position at Hogwarts this year. I need someone who I can trust and who has the Ministries interests at heart in the school.”

He pulled out a paper and set it in front of his guest. “This paper gives you my full backing for whatever measures you deem necessary for the Ministry to stop a rebellion by the students of Hogwarts. I trust you to be careful when using these powers.”

With a sickly sweet grin, the toad faced woman pulled the paper closer, looking it over.

“Of course Minister, I will take every possible measure needed, for the Ministry’s sake.” Dolores Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic said, her voice like honeyed cyanide.

And the first thing she was going to do was get rid of that troublesome Potter child for spreading lies.
Chapter Summary

Things come to the first clash, and Harry leaves with blood drawn.
The Prophet of air is paying attention, and the Lord of Fire is growing amused.
The god-bothers go shopping.

Chapter Notes

Well, Its been what..., half a year since i Updated? Wow. Terribly sorry, but i had the most vicious combination of writers block, work, and school in my way. but, with spring break recently, I found my groove again!

As always, comments, and Kudos are loved and appreciated.

More precisely, the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic signed a form that would start a massive mistake.
She sent a pair of Dementors after Harry James Potter.

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Daphne was resting after several hours of fencing practice with Harry. It had been half a week, and she was still unused to the stress it put on her body. She looked up and she saw Harry walk past her room, dressed in muggle attire. A tan jacket, navy watch cap, and black trousers.
She staggered to the window seat in her room and watched as he got on his motorcycle and drove off.
“He’s been doing that a lot the last few days… where is he going?” She bit her lip and proceeded to wonder.

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Dolores Umbridge couldn’t help but sport a sadistic grin as she headed home. Thanks to the Minister’s little document, it had been ridiculously easy to release a pair of Dementors, setting them loose after Harry Potter.
Using a Ministry approved tracking system, the Dementors had narrowed their search to the north end of London.
Bah, muggle London, such a twisted and wretched place, filled with that confounded Elektrece and those blasted self powered Wagons. No respect for the proper way of doing things anymore.
As she walked dignified through the Ministry atrium, she wondered what the news would read tomorrow.

Harry Potter, Dead! Or Harry Potter, Gone Rogue?.

Either way, the Ministry wins.

Harry slowed to a stop outside a large warehouse just north of downtown London. With a tap, he set up the kickstand for the bike and stood up, stepping over and using a simple key to unlock the garage door, before pulling the metal panels up and into the roof of the entrance.

Wheeling the bike in, he glanced around the decoy house he had set up.

It was a renovated warehouse, the inside stripped and redone into a massive studio apartment. There was a small device area for his bike near the garage door he had taken, but a step up was a larger living space. There was a large telly resting against one wall, surrounded by two couches and a pair of comfy armchairs, the floor was a deep reddish hardwood, polished and smooth, but with several large rugs placed around.

In the back corner, separated by several folding Japanese bamboo and rice paper screens was the bedroom area, where a solid and comfortable queens bed was.

The kitchen was adjacent to that, a large industrial style design with large steel appliances, with a bamboo wood counter top. All in all, it was slightly discordant but comfortable.

And it looked like a young bachelor's pad, which is what he wanted.

Closing the garage door, he walked over and flipped on a new record player, starting up some Ramones.

“Twenty twenty twenty four hours to go, I wanna be sedated..” he sang along as he headed for the bedroom area, stripping off the casual biker jacket and street clothes for something more suited to partying and fun times.

He pulled on a ragged looking tank top, covered in marked up imagery of storms and dragons. Over that came a denim vest adorned with small square spikes and colorful patches that shouted profanity. The jeans were replaced with their ragged black counterparts, and a pair of leather and metal fingerless gloves covered the hands, the rings of his family’s sitting just past the finger holes, on full display.

Confident that he fit the scene, he ran his hands through my hair, using a touch of ‘marked’ magic to make it stand up wildly, and trigger the faint illusions that he had set up back at R. Court, turning the unruly ravens bird nest into a multi colored storm of twisted and spiked peaks.

Crouching down, he donned what he had affectionately named ‘Ass Stompers’, massive knee high biker boots covered in interlocking steel and bronze plates. There was a grin as with but a slight flash of unleashed magic into the plates, the faint lines and carvings had became prominent, revealing them as complex runes, before fading into thin black lines.

Satisfied that he was ready for a night on the town, he grabbed a thick leather belt, with several pouches, as a safety measure.

Looking in the mirror he grinned as he barely recognized myself. The tattoos twisted and writhed in
response to his enthusiasm, before with a focused thought became ‘locked’ in place. Can’t have the Muggles get surprised now.

Harry stepped outside and locked up the warehouse and started walking along. He had heard there was a local garage band, ‘The Rebel Murder’ playing nearby tonight. And grinning, he started heading that way.

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Luna hummed a discordant melody as she sat in her window seal at the Rookery. her body was here, but her thoughts were wandering in the aether. she could sense Harry, she had been feeling him since the end of school and it had simply grown stronger.

It felt like storms. Not like she was in a storm, but that she was sitting on a beach, and as she sat there, the waves became choppy, the wind erratic, the dark line in the distance beyond the deep blue sea growing closer and darker, the waves before it crashing loud against the beach, the air charged with a threat of lightning, the sunset beyond the storm casting shadows of color. But it wasn’t just a storm, but also the norther lights, the stars. It was the twisting turning bands of brilliance far above yet so close, twining in ethereal colors and drowning out the blue of sky and the black of night being washed away before and turned to brilliance of day.

Bracing herself, Luna dived deeper, and was filled with… sensation.

She felt pain, deep pain, slashing across her chest and side. She felt warmth against her face, then the pressure of a hand on her cheek, of someone's lips against hers, of caresses, of burning pleasure. She felt the cold of stone on her feet, in her hand there was a burning, she felt the sickening feeling of blood on her hands, dripping down her face. She saw figures, black on black, white on white, bursts of fire, flashes of lightning, of people flickering-walking-moving-running, fighting. She heard whispers, none loud enough to decipher, but constant, echoing, surrounding her. She smelled treacle tart, and pudding, rich gravy and roasted meat, she smelled fire, smoke and ash and the tang of bloody iron. She tasted bile, blood, pudding and eggs, candy and spice, salt and sweat and skin.

Luna gasped, drawing back from the sensations, slowly fading back to her room. she was sitting with her back against the windowsill, breathing long shaky gasps. Reaching up, she ran a thumb across her upper lip, slowly drawing away the small streak of blood that was dripping from her nose.

Standing slowly, carefully, she stripped off her sweat soaked loose skirt and blouse, carefully walking towards the shower. She needed to be clean, to wash herself. The future was coming to a tipping point.

War is on the horizon.

...though some of those other sensations deserve some intense contemplation as well.

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Above London, two black cloak figures finally sensed their target in the open, and started moving slowly. Looking down at the city, full of sparking souls and rampant emotions, the two began to descend.

The smaller, weaker one drifted off target slightly, aiming to consume a pair of vibrant souls filled with lust in a nearby alley, but it's stronger ally pulled it back with a sense of stern admonishment. There was time after the job was done to eat other souls.

They swept down over buildings towards the multi colored figure In the night, their chilling aura
coating the surroundings with thick frost. Pausing, the green eyed target turned and looked at his hunters, before he scowled and snapped back to other way, kicking off the ground into a sprint.

They didn’t expect the figure to run. After all, most of their targets were paralyzed in fear.

The figure ran fast, his footsteps quick and confident as they tore down the street before sliding into a sharp turn. The target dove into an alley, and the Dementors drifted and dived after them. The alley was tight and twisting, leading down and through the maze of back alleys in this part of the city, and the figure was surprisingly quick, leaping over small boxes and bins and ducking hanging bars and metal machines on the sides of the buildings.

The dementors split up, the smaller one began navigating through the alley after its prey, the larger heading up over the alley to get ahead of the target.

The figure was agile, ducking through and around the alleys, and as the smaller dementors was falling behind, the larger was closing in on the target.

Then things got… dangerous.

The figure leaped and grabbed a bar between buildings, using it as a way to flip themselves up onto the ledge of one of the buildings, and picked up a loose brick. They kept moving away from the alley for a second, before rolling and turning with it nestled in their hand.

As the dementor swooped down at its target to begin the kiss, the brick was thrown with surprising force into its head. Even without truly feeling pain, physics still worked, making the terrifying being flail backwards from the force. The ancient bones of its head breaking under the contact as it was sent it reeling.

As it staggered, surprised at the act, the figure reached down into a pouch at its waist and pulled out several small sharpened pieces of metal. As the dementors turned back, the figure grabbed one and flicked it with a rapid motion, the carved metal slamming into the dementor’s cloak.

With a sudden pulse of the magic stored in the metal, channeled through crude runes, the area around the metal heated up to the point where it ignited, the dementor’s cloak catching fire and turning into a micro holocaust. While pain was not a factor, the fear of fire was ingrained in the dementors. Fire was one of their few weaknesses. While it wouldn’t kill them, it could wound them, weaken them.

As the dementor began flailing, trying to extinguish the flames, the figure picked up another loose brick, and threw it at the dementor, smashing into its side and sending it sprawling across the rooftop towards the alley.

Then the second dementor arrived, coming to back up its companion.

The figure grinned and activated two more shards of metal. It said something, but the dementors didn’t listen, nor care.

The figure tossed one shard at the still burning dementor, and the other at the new arrival. The new arrival, unknowing of the danger, was suddenly sporting a large hole through its rotting flesh, the other was split across the chest, a chunk of its lower body falling to the pebbled rooftop even as the upper body continued flailing.

The younger dementor charged forwards again, only to be met with a brick to the face, throwing it off guard.

What followed was an unheard of act of violence against the dementors. Shard after shard found
home in their cloaked body, and they felt the effects. Missing limbs, broken bones, burned flesh and cloaks, heads entombed in ice to prevent their greatest weapons from use, conjured ropes binding them together. Thin chains of silver and mithril flew from steady hands, expanding and wrapping around the cloaked forms. On and on it went, until all that was left were two damaged limbless torsos and heads sitting chained to an air conditioning unit of a roof. Around them lay the broken and shattered shards of their bodies, now unmoving.

The figure crouched nearby, out of range of their attempts to consume his soul.

“Sorry assholes, but I learned my lesson in third year. You fucks don’t scare me any more.” The figure walked over and disappeared over the roof’s edge into the alley, before returning with several large cardboard boxes. Pulling a fine tipped marker from his belt pouch, he began to draw dozens of runic chains and sigils over each box.

The dementors struggled to reach their target, their incessant need to consume driving them to thrash at the chains.

Finished with the first box, which was big enough to fit over the AC, he moved onto the next two, each progressively larger.

The once he was finished, he took the boxes and slid them over the roof closer to the dementors. With a solid kick at the first, he slammed the dismembered torso to the roof, a small metal shard later to the chain around it, the thrashing monster was free and manhandled into the first box, before it was pinned down by a large brick, the one he had tossed first. Moving quickly, he repeated the process with the second dementor, pulling out the brick as he pinned them both under his boot.

Reaching out, the figure began closing the box, the runic seals on the lid lining up and triggering all of the other runes in succession.

The last thing the dementors saw before engulfed in darkness was a satisfied smirk on Harry Potter’s face.

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Harry sat back and looked at the runed box, before dropping it into the second, sealing that one, and dropping it into the third, sealing that one again, before shrinking the entire shebang into the size of a rubix cube with a set of blood runes similar to an undetectable extension.

With the presence of the dementors locked behind the rune seals, trapped in a reinforced runic cage, he relaxed, letting out a shuddering breath from both exhaustion and relief.

Feeling bile rise in his throat he rushed towards the roof’s edge and emptied his dinner into the alley.

For a minute he just lay sprawled there in the roof, breathing heavy as he fixed the memory of that night, of his screaming mother, of the laugh of a murder, of green light, back, away into his mind scape.

If not for his occulemncy, it’s likely he would have passed out early on, as it is, he barely kept composure most of the fight.

Focusing on the shrunken dementor box, he forced himself to calm and think it through.

Dementors are under Ministry control, which means it’s likely the Minister or one of his allies who sent the monsters after him.
That pissed him off, since he warned the minister.

Let’s work through options of what could they expect to happen. In one scenario he could have died or lost his soul to the dementors, of course then the issue of a rogue dementor is taken up and solved when they simply seal the rogues away. In another he fights them off with his wand, but then the Ministry has an excuse to set him up as a fall man up and ask him questions.

Harry sat for a few minutes, back against the air conditioning unit.

Across his face, a grin that people would recognize from his father, James Potter, appeared. He began to chuckle as his plan formed in his mind. He was going to pull a prank worthy of the Marauders, and it was going to be fun.

Standing up and pulling the box from where it sat, Harry drew his wand from where he had it in his pouch, twirling it as he decided to set his plans in motion.

"Expecto Patronum."

He called, and Prongs appeared in the silvery mist.

“Hello dad, hope you’re watching this.” He muttered, before using the patronus to send a message to the bank of Gringotts.

Less than half an hour later, he sat at the warehouse apartment and looked at the letter he had received from the Ministry, informing that he was expelled from Hogwarts.

That changed when the goblins and Harry’s (recently hired) solicitor contacted him within twenty minutes of that, thanks to a simple floo call. The goblins were ecstatic for him to play a joke the scale of which he was planning, and Harry’s solicitor even seemed duly impressed.

Soon as the Ministry got contacted, he got a new letter. Seems they set him a trial in two weeks.

Perfect timing.

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Dumbledore paced back and forth through his office, stroking his beard as he once again read the unexpected letters. The first was from the Ministry saying that Harry Potter was expelled. However, by the time he had collected himself and went to attempt to interact with the minister, a solicitor and a goblin had beat him to the case.

The goblin introduced himself as Lightlok, the solicitor as a mister Jaune Nikos, both of them were calm, professional, and unreadable. His light brush of passive legilimency had hit walls stronger than Severus’.

Reading the letters however, he knew that he now had a time and place where Harry would be.

August 12th, the Ministry of Magic.

Now all he needed to do was set a trap, some way of limiting Harry’s movement or keeping him contained.

Wait… if he could take responsibility for Harry as his Magical Guardian somehow… That could make the Ministry put Harry under his thumb. Now… how to go about doing so...

Dumbledore spent several hours ironing out his plans, before grinning and sending several letters out,
calling for the Order to convene soon.

He would win this game, regardless of his weapon’s ideas otherwise.

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Neville stared at his godbrother, waiting for his mind to catch up to the plan he just heard.

“You……:”

Harry sat there patiently, sipping his coffee, a smirk barely visible on his face. “I think the words you’re looking for are audacious, cunning, brash and

“... The words i’m looking for are You're insane. You willingly gave the Ministry an opening? Why?” he burst out.

“I’m letting them hang themselves. The goblins and Jaune have done their research, and we’ve prepared this for a while. I know the laws I need to know, and I’m a legal and magical adult, they can’t trap me with that.”

Neville took a deep breath. “Okay, I’ll follow along. What do you need?”

Harry grinned. “Well, I need a suit, and I think you do too. You're on the Wizengamot now after all.”

Neville looked at Harry's mischievous grin and sighed. “Okay, what's the catch for this?”

“We’re dressing muggle, but classy muggle.”

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Lucius Malfoy knelt before his master.

“My lord, the Potter Heir was recorded casting the patronus charm, and is scheduled for a hearing on the twelfth. Your orders, my lord?”

Voldemort leaned back in thought. “Keep an eye out. If possible either break the boy’s wand, or get him placed under your guardianship. Either way removes the threat the boy presents.”

“As you wish, my lord.” Lucius said bowing his head.

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Sirius looked at the enchanted parchment that Dobby had delivered, it was a request from Harry to inform him of the Order’s plans for the upcoming trial, and a description of what the trial plan for him was.

“Mischief Managed.” Sirius said, the paper seeming to fold itself up and blacken, burning away to ash in seconds.

Sirius walked through the silent Grimmauld place and into the library, bypassing the various charms keeping it hidden with practiced ease. Stepping into the dark room of books, he paced along the aisle to the back corner, and tapped on a small silver plaque. One of the bookcases clicked and moved aside, revealing a small room. Sirius walked in and pulled out a large red and black tome.

_Thy Blackeste Arts of Warfare._
He smirked and set it back down. When Harry came by, he’d have to show him that book, and maybe the twins as well next time they’re around and the adults are occupied.

In the meantime, Sirius simply grabbed a leather jacket from the nearby hook and left, closing the room off behind him.

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Harry looked himself over in the mirror and grinned, before taking off the outer suit jacket, leaving just a black vest and a silver button up in place. Looking at it he couldn’t help feel something was missing….

Ah.

Reaching out he snagged a short top hat, with a silver band, that matched the suit. Sliding it on and letting it shadow his eyes gave the correct impression. He turned to the tailor and let him do his buisness, Neville standing to the side in a suit with golden accents and a dark brown vest that matched his family colors, his clothes already fitted. Harry’s longer lithe frame had made his fitting take longer, simply due to it being a larger suit that was trimmed down to fit. He had suppressed his glamour for this, and the tailor was a remarkably skilled man. Looking into the mirror, Harry took in his appearance. his outfit, pitch black slacks, finely tooled leather loafers, a belt with silver and gold stitching, buckled with a Family crest (Potter of course, wanna keep some secrets for now). He took a moment to carefully roll up the sleeves on his silver shirt and smoothed out the black vest. and adjusted the hat so it rested jauntily. Looking up past the brim at the mirror he grinned with mischief in his eyes, the full look tying together with a roguish twist, combined with a careful undertone that whispered of aggression of violence. He wanted the ministry to be certain that he was no longer the Harry Potter they could control.

Neville had gone the other way, looking serious and professional, his golden accented suit and the dark brown color he had chosen giving off the vaguely aggressive feel of a Bear; Large, strong, and dangerous. With their suits finished, Harry paid the tailor, the expensive commissioned more than he had spent on almost any other piece of clothing, but still cheap compared to Harry and the two left, their suits in bags hanging off their arms.

As they slid into Neville's jag, the two of them began to quietly converse about laws and courtroom etiquette.

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The figure in red watched as the wall of flames faded back to ash and embers.

So the young lightning has begun to move, while the others have began to respond.

The figure stood, and turned away, pulling the last of the fire from the sparks behind them and turning the fire pit cold and black. The energy swirls around the figure before it sunk into their hand, forming a circular red and yellow mark, similar to a sunrise, across their wrist.

The Lord of Fire chuckled softly, the game was going to begin.

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Daphne looked at Harry as they both stood in the ballroom, long thin fencing blades in hand as they strode back and forth across the hall, practicing. While Daphne had the better body and reach, Harry trumped her in strength, speed, and experience, thanks to Nicolas memories.
“Shift your body sideways more, you're still giving me too large a target.” Harry said, proving his point by jabbing her in her left shoulder with the blunted tip of the blade.

She cursed at the contact and shifted sideways more, and tried to attack again. With a casual motion, Harry flicked the blade up, directing it over his shoulder, before stepping forwards and shoving Daphne back a step, making her stumble.

The two of them had been training for the entire day, which meant both of them soaked with sweat and covered in a myriad of bruises. There was a clear lopsided distribution of bruises between the two of them however, the vast majority on Daphne’s skin.

Daphne scowled and retreated from the engagement, her long blond hair hanging in a messy ponytail. If she had learned anything from this fight, it’s that Harry didn’t fight fair. From the get go he had been fighting dirty, distracting commentary, ignoring the rules, sweeping her feet out from under her, shoving her sideways randomly, throwing small steel balls that flashed into a blinding lumos or gave a distracting bang thanks to his ongoing study of runic effects.

“Are you ready for the trial” she asked, leading with a thrust towards Harry's stomach, any to growl in frustration as he parried her attack to his side, before slamming her arm open and gently tapping her neck with the tip of his blade.

“Mostly, I'm just refining stuff at this point, double checking hunches and suspicions.”

Harry twisted away and swapped hands, the rapier now held in his left. “Now enough politics. Let's try this again, deflect the attack.”

Daphne scowled and backed up. He had tried this trick before. And she knew that this was going to be very painfu-

“OW!”

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The Hearing and the Mockery

Chapter Summary

The sides converge at the ministry. Harry makes an impression, Secrets both unfold an grow wilder.

Chapter Notes

I'm alive, for now anyway, sorry for such a horrendous wait, bit this chapter took time, and lots of it. A half dozen perspectives, no less then 5, count em FIVE agendas for what happens at the trial. Harry is a bot of an asshole, a likable and enoyable asshole, but an asshole. and this chapter gives him plenty of time and opportunities to let that shine.

My beta, the Lovely lady J, has asked me to remind you that this Harry has several reasons for his current demeanor.

1-this Harry had most of his aggressive and sarcastic tendency repressed by the compulsions.
2-He recently saw Cedric Die, Voldemort rise from the grave, learned Dumbledore os a manipulating old Codger.
3-he's 15, and hitting the bulk of puberty.
4-Goblins and him chill together, nough said.

Now! ON with the TRIAL!

Neville sat in the courtroom, a pocket watch in hand as he leaned back against the wall and watched the milling of gaudily dressed wizards move around the bleachers. He was wearing a dark green cloak wrapped over his suit and the hood up, casting a shadow around his face. His rather broad build, only defined more by his training with Harry stood out slightly among the fat men and thin woman around him.

It hadn’t been until his fitting for the suit under his cloak that he had really noticed the change however. He was no longer the rotund child of his first year, his arms had thickened and hardened from swinging weapons, his waist trimmed to a solid core, courtesy of running in full plate mail, and his hair, once kept plastered flat had begun curling as he had it cut short and left it mostly untouched.

He glanced at the watch once more and smirked slightly. He knew Harry would be just on time… infact, he was likely already here.

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Minister Fudge stood at the podium and signaled for the doors to close. “Will the Wizengamot take your seats, and the spectators take theirs?” He called out, waiting as the assorted members took their places. The vast majority of the Wizengamot were dressed in either black or purple robes befitting
their status. Though since this was a hearing and the dress regulations were unenforced, some wore other garments.

“I shall begin with the roll call of the current seats of the Wizengamot. Abbott?”

“Lord Matthew Abbott present.”

The minister continued on, scolding down the list until.

“Regent Lestrange present.”

“Longbottom?”

“Lord Neville Longbottom, Present.” called a cool voice from among the stands.

As one almost all of wizengamot, which had been rather relaxed and inattentive snapped to look at the young lord, who was hanging his cloak off the back of the chair.

In his dark brown suit, and with the golden accents, the young lord cut an almost regal figure.

Sputtering Cornelius Fudge inquired. “Young man, why are you here, you are not yet a full lord.”

“On the contrary Minister Fudge, I have been legally emancipated for the last five weeks, and have registered my lordship and my emancipation through both the ministry of magic's inheritance offices, the Gringotts ritual processes, and presented myself before this very meeting but two weeks ago. As you know doubt recall, this means the Lordship rights of the 1747 goblins accords, which was written during the time upon which the Wizengamot had a lack of above age Lords, authorized that any emancipated teenager of the ages of 13 up may take up the mantle of Lordship and their seats on the Wizengamot, or appoint an appropriate Regent. As I do not have a current regent, and possess a particular interest in these proceeding, I have decided to take up my seat myself for today.” the boy, no the Lord Longbottom’s voice was clear, concise, and pointed. He didn’t express any annoyance or pride with the statement, but presented it as the facts it was. He rested his laced hands on the table and stared calmly across the room, looking at all the other members.

The minister sputtered for a second, before calming himself, and nodding. “Well then, welcome Lord Longbottom to the Wizengamot.”

“Thank you for your kindness Minister.”

“Yes of course, now then on with the roll call. Lovegood?”

“Regent Lovegood, Present.”

And on it went. The Potter seat was passed over, just as it had been for the last decade, and the un activated seats across the room were also ignored.

“Now then, Mister Potter?” The Minister began with a slight grin, knowing the time the young man had been given was scheduled for later today. As such he was already starting to speak. “Ah he must be.”

“Present.” the whip sharp voice came unexpectedly from the witnesses stand, making the gaze of everyone present snap towards the chair sitting in the center of the Courtroom. Resting, body seemingly thrown across the chair with legs over one arm rest and back supported by the other, and obviously bored by the look on face, was Harry Potter. Dressed in a black waistcoat, slacks and shoes, and with a silvery dress shirt. A short black top hat (the type known as a gamblers), brim wide
and with a silver band was resting lazily over his black hair. He was playing with a colorful cube in his hands, spinning segmented lines around it as he seemed to be trying to match up colors. The heavy metal chains of the chair were still and silent, which made some members wonder.

He looked up, hands still spinning the cube as he stared with sharp green eyes at the Minister. “Hadrian James Potter, present, and accounted for, Minister Fudge.”

“Y-Yes… Of course.” the minister murmured, those piercing green eyes throwing him off guard. He glanced back down at the paper. “C-counselor for the defendant”

“I’ll be defending myself today sir, my lawyer does after all have a lucrative business to run and I do not require his companionship for a simple hearing.” Harry said, voice seemingly bored, though he did add almost Snape levels of disdain to the phrase ‘Simple Hearing’. There were several chuckles among various members of the wizengamot, the loudest being the new young Lord Longbottom.

The minister felt a small sparks of vicious hope, he could still pull this off! If the foolish boy would defend himself then it would be quite simple to rail the book down his throat, snap his wand, and be done with him! Though, Lucius did promise a lot of money for putting him in the man's custody afterwards...

“Yes then, accused present, let us begin. Scribe ready?”

“Yes, sir.” the eager voice of his assistant, Weasley responded.

Speaking commandingly as he could, Fudge began.

“Disciplinary hearing of the twelfth of August, into offenses committed under the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery, and the International Statute of Secrecy by Harry James Potter-”

“Its Hadrian James Potter.” The accused called, still fiddling with that colorful cube before him.

The minister scowled, before correcting himself. “Hadrian James Potter, resident at number four, Privet drive-”

“Actually, I currently live at 1423 David's Wharf, London. Moved several weeks ago.”

The minister corrected himself again, scowl becoming more pronounced before moving on. “Interrogators : Cornelius Oswald Fudge, Minister of Magic; Amelia Susan Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement; Dolores Jane Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister. Court Scribe, Percy Ignatius Weasley-”

Just then the doors swung open, and the Headmaster of Hogwarts strode in. “-Witness for the defense, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore.”

“I Object.” Harry called out, spinning to sit fully in the chair, before standing, hat now hanging from one hand, the rubix cube abandoned on the armrest behind him.

Harry glared at Dumbledore, clamping down his occlumency hard as possible, while reigning in the storm of magic that was suddenly raging beneath his skin. He felt the urge to summon lightning, to vaporize the old man, but he couldn't. Not yet, that would only make the game turn in the Dark Wankers favor. So he pushed the thoughts of the old man binding him and stealing from him, of keeping him ignorant of his line, aside. He would save it, keep his rage away behind paintings and
inside suits pf armors. They would Guard him. and when the time came they would empower him. His rage was like the rumbling of a storm in the distance now.

But he wasn't going to make this easy, nor was he going to let the old bastard use the trial to his advantage, but now o play the game.

“I ask the court to remove Professor Dumbledore from the proceedings, as he was not present for the events in questions, and has a conflict of interest as he is the headmaster of my school.” Harry called out to the court, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Neville stand up.

“I second the motion. I believe that the Headmaster is overly biased in the circumstances of this case.”

The courtroom began murmuring among each other, but Harry kept his eye on several people.

Dumbledore was blinking in confusion, gaze going to Neville in the stands and back to me, before looking afterwards the Minister and Malfoy.

Speaking of which, Malfoy was giving the minister a slow nod, and the Minister brightened at the motion.

Ah, the great usefulness of having enemies clash with each other: saves on resources, and makes wonderful opportunities.

He caught the gazes of the other two interrogators. Amelia Bones had a curious expression on her face, as though trying to puzzle out what Harry's plan was. The toad faced... he hesitated to call it a lady, next to her, wearing that hideous pink cardigan. Toad had an expression of sadistic joy as her gaze snapped between Harry and the old bastard next to him.

“Harry my boy, surely you don’t mean such a-” the old man began, though Harry could feel the slight echo of a compulsion in his voice, breaking harmlessly against the walls of his mindscape as he gave a slight smirk back.

“Why, Headmaster, while I appreciate the grandfatherly concern, that just strengthens the decision you should not be involved in this stage of the process. If I do need a trial, then rest assured I’ll request you as a character witness.” Harry’s voice dripped with pointed sincerity, making the old man's twinkling eyes flicker to a look of rage of a moment. Harry caught his hands tightening slightly, before returning to the loose affable persona.

The minister banged his gavel and called order.

“Headmaster Dumbledore, while we appreciate your time and effort, you are, as the accused said, too close to the accused. Please, feel free take a seat in the gallery and watch the proceedings, but you are currently unable to participate.”The guards in the room stepped forwards, and Dumbledore, with a sigh, nodded and moved to the gallery.

Harry glanced to Neville and the two nodded, before Harry sat back in the chair, this time leaning forwards, elbows on knees and hat back on as he resumed playing with the Rubix Cube. He listened as Fudge resumed.

“Well then, on to the charges. The Charges against the accused are as followed: That he knowingly, deliberately, and in full awareness of the illegality of his actions, having received a previous written warning from the Ministry of Magic on a similar charge, produced a Patronus Charm in a muggle
inhabited area, on August the second at forty eight minutes past eleven, which constitutes an offense under paragraph D of the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery, 1875, and also under section twelve of the international Confederation of Wizards Statute of Secrecy.”

He paused for breath, and Harry wondered how long it took to memorize that, or if he had been reading it out of the corner of his eye.

“You are-” he glanced back at the sheet for my edited information. So probably memorized the information. “-Hadrian James Potter, of 1423 David's Wharf, upper east side, London?”

“I am indeed.” Harry noticed the Headmaster grin for a moment before the twinkle in his eyes came back.

“You received an official warning from the Ministry for using illegal magic three years ago, did you not.” said Fudge

“I can confirm that I received the warning, yes.” Harry respond.

“And yet you conjured a Patronus on the night of the second of August? “

“The correct term is likely that I casted a Patronus since it's a charm, not a true conjuration, but yes I did cast a fully corporeal Patronus.” Harry said, eyes having drifted back to the cube as he continued spinning it around. He now had four sides finished around just orange and blue left to solve. As such he could only hear the crowd of Wizards murmuring.

Fudge flustered for a moment before getting back on track. “Knowing that you are not permitted to use magic outside school while you are under the age of seventeen?”

“Yes, though that was obvious.” Harry's voice was practically radiating boredom, the clicking of the rubik's cube slowly continuing.

Fudge raised his voice to get over the stifled chuckled from the less composed members of the audience. “Knowing that you were in an area full of muggles!”

Harry cocked his head to the side in thought. “Considering I had just left a rather exciting party after dancing with several very attractive and scantily clad muggle woman? Yes, I was fully aware.” This time there was a hint of sarcasm and ‘are you this dense’ in his voice.

Amelia Bones spoke up before Fudge could continue. “You produced a fully formed Patronus?”

“Yes. I can produce a fully corporeal Patronus in the form of a stag, have been able too for a year and a bit now. I call it Prongs. If you like I can demonstrate later.”

“And you are fifteen years old?” she asked, eyebrow easing in interest.

“Yes.” Harry nodded popping the ‘P’ sound.

“You learned this at school?”

“Yes, with the assistance of Professor Remus Lupin.” Ooooh, toad lady just gave a nasty sneer.

“Impressive,” Madam bones muttered. “A true Patronus at that age… Very impressive.” some of the other wizards and witches began muttering again, and some nodded, other frowned.

“It's not a question of how impressive the magic was. In fact the more impressive the worst it is, I would have thought, given he did it in a muggle neighborhood!”
Those who had been frowning murmured and spoke in agreement. But what caught Harry's notice was the sanctimonious little nod from Percy, which made Harry slightly annoyed.

“If I may, I have two witnesses that will provide me with confirmation that I did in fact have a legitimate reason for my use of magic, which would eliminate the DRRUS 1875 act as a charge, as well as a very poignant reason for me to disregard the statute of Secrecy along guideline eight.” His voice was loud and sharp, cutting through the murmurs easily.

“What do you mean?” Amelia said, eyebrow shooting up as the monocle threatened to drop away.

“Exactly what I said. I have proof that I was assaulted, as per the exemptions of guideline 8, ‘by magical or mystical creatures, person or persons with the intent of harm towards mind, soul, or body.’ which triggers the exemption.” Harry called out, spinning the last few turns into the rubix cube.

The court was silent, as the arrayed witches and wizards took that in.

The woman, if you could call her that, in pink leaned forwards. She spoke in a fluttery high-pitched voice that took Harry by surprise, he expected a ribbit. “And who, exactly, are these witnesses, Mister Potter?”

Harry gave a grin that was so sharp it could cut through steel. He clicked the final spin of the Rubik's cube back together and it slowly shifted and returned back into a metal box. He thumbed the edge, easily popping it open to reveal a rune covered cardboard box nestled inside. “Why, it's the two dementors that I fought of course! You'll have to excuse them however, why they have such a terrible rattling cough, they may even be unable to speak.”

At the dumbstruck expressions of his audience, Harry’s grin grew wider, showing far too many teeth, and the shadows around him seemed to deepen.

He tossed the box forwards and it resized in midair to its original several feet by several feet, the rune schemes clearly seen by all, then it slammed heavily to the ground, the sound echoing through the room, leaving the box placed perfectly between the Wizengamot and Potter.

Then the box opened, and the room suddenly felt cold, the torches burning lower as an ice like chill struck every member of the Wizengamot. Out of the open box, a shape of ragged cloth burst towards Potter, only to be snagged by the chains wrapped around it, keeping it anchored to where the box was. There were gasps of shock among the wizengamot as the shape stopped, revealing the two chained up dementors, their limbs and lower torsos still missing.

Harry's smile turned vicious for a moment, looking at the destroyed corpse from only a distance of five feet away.

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Lucius Malfoy blinked at the Boy-Who-Lived, seeing that smile, so vicious and unrepentant, was a surprise, as was the fact he had apparently singlehandedly captured two dementors. The boy had been playing the vast majority of the room as a fool this entire time it seemed. The only person who appeared unsurprised was the new lord Longbottom, and the way he and Potter had glanced at each other proved they were allied somehow.

Potter stood and began to pace around the two dementors that were wrapped tightly in chains, watching as they constantly fought to get close, even anchored as they were, to the young man. Potter simply looked at them, smile faded to one face of resignation. “Let me explain the events of
the night of the second to the court, it may shine some light on the damaged condition of these…
creatures, if I can even call them that.” He paused for a sec as if gathering his thoughts, when Lucius
remembered something. He had heard a year ago about how much dementors affect the young man,
and even now, as resilient as the young teen was, he was still fighting the effects of the dementors
chilling aura.

However, looking around, Lucius noticed most of the room was not as resilient, breaths becoming
labored as the gathered fought to control their minds.

With a start Lucius realized he had zoned out, ignoring the proceedings. He tuned back into Potter,
speaking calmly while dementors struggled to get closer. “-so I began to run, deciding to fight them
off the streets I broke for a nearby alleyway, before making my way to the roof a nearby building, far
enough away that no one would easily see my fight.”

*Clever, very clever. The Slytherin mused. Control your opponents environment, force us to be
uncomfortable, make us forcefully apply sympathy to the solution…. He’s already planned for this.*
Lucius hoped that Fudge could follow through on this plan, or he would have quite a dangerous
report to give his lord.

+++++

The Minister was sweating, even with the cool air the dementors projected through the room. The
boy… he was ruining everything! The story he was telling was convincing everyone, and the sight
of two dementors… no. He can still win! Simply have to convince the others that he needs to be
placed under Supervision, especially if such incidents were to ever occur again!

He turned his focus back to Hadrian who was finishing up his tale.

He never expected what came next.

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Harry finished up his semi-truthful depiction of the fight with his foes, most of his mind on
maintaining occulemncy. Finally he stood silent for a moment, letting the Wizengamot calm itself
down slightly. Then he addressed the minister himself for the beginning of the death blows.

“Now, Minister, I know the history of these horrid creatures, the only colony in the entirety of
Northern Europe is present on the Isle of Azkaban, and are kept there by ministry control. Which
means either the ministry cannot keep an eye on their toys, or someone in the ministry made a
mistake.” Mutters of disbelief and fear ran through the crowd.

Harry watched carefully as Fudge gave a quick glance to the toad in pink, making him think that he
had a lead on who was responsible, but that can come later. Fudge began loudly denying any
affiliation. “Mister Potter, I can assure you with total sincerity that there is no way these dementors
came from the contingent in Azkaban, the swarm there is completely under ministry control! These
must be a pair of rogues, if i remember correctly, you have a history of attracting Dementors!” Fudge
gave a condescending smile, one Harry was all too eager to return. Then Harry turned to Madam
Bones.

“Madam Bones? If I may inquire, how does the Ministry control members of the Dementor
contingent for various trials and searches?”

“We use a series of methods, from patronuses to chains, but the most common use on the field are
small control amulets.” She promptly responded, a slightly puzzled look crossing her, and everyone
but the lady in pink's face.

“And what do the amulets look like?”

“Small golden coins on leather bands with the ministry emblem on them. They are only authorized for use by Form 241-7, which must be signed by either the head of the DMLE, the minister's office, or the DMC.” she continued.

Harry gave a soft smile and pulled out something from his pocket. “Madam bones, are these those amulets you were talking about?” He tossed two amulets up on the podium before the trio, causing Madam Bones to narrow her eyes in anger, Fudge to pale, and Umbridge to scowl.

Then the Wizengamot burst into sounds of anger and disbelief.

The Minister was sweating bullets, and Umbridge was not much better. Amelia was giving him the stink eye, and half the Wizengamot was baying for blood. Fudge’s mind was racing and he glanced to see lucius signaling to proceed with the plan.

Finally, the minister banged his gavel and the crowd settled down. Harry sat back on the chair, which now gave a feeling of being more of a throne in the young man’s eyes.

“As it is blatantly obvious, that Mister Potter is innocent of the charges levied against him, and that a gross miscarriage of power has been used. I herby clear him of all charges. However, due to his status as an underaged wizard, I suggest that Mister Potter be placed into protective guardianship by a member of this fine establishment, while investigation into these terrible occurrences is under way. I would ask Mister Lucius Malfoy to handle Mister Potter's care.” Malfoy stood and nodded.

Dumbledore stood to his feet as well. “I actually Volunteer my services for this affair Cornelius, Hogwarts has far more protection than the Malfoy manor.”

The Wizengamot burst into muttering again, only to silenced by another voice.

“Oh for Merlin's sake, Harry, you wanna tell them or should I?” Neville called out from his spot in the stands.

The crowd as one turned to look at the young man, who appeared to be barely restraining himself from laughing, if the chuckles meant anything, to the other young man, who was struggling to stand the silent shakes of his shoulders proof of his barely contained laughter.

‘I-I got this Nev.” Harry kept chuckling, before sobering up to speak, and standing tall. “Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to announce something that I likely should have sooner.” he looked around, taking in the intense gazes of the chamber. He held up his right hand, three rings appearing on his first, middle and ring fingers, each projecting a ghostly image of a house crest.

“I, Hadrian James Potter, have claimed my lordships of the houses of Potter, Gryffindor, and Heir of the house Black, by rights of blood, contest, and conquest. I am also, according by the laws of the 1747 treaty, an Emancipated minor, this is confirmed by both the Goblin nation, and interestingly enough the Ministry of magic itself. I have been emancipated since the 29th of June”

Dumbledore felt his face pale, the blood draining quickly. his heart dropped like a stone. If feelings were anything to go by, it had just decided to camp out in his stomach. His mind began to race,
picking up clues he had all but discarded in his look for the young man.

How had this boy, his Weapon, found out these things. Had he gone to the goblins? He’d had the alley watched… but not the floo! The blasted boy must have flooded to Gringotts! But to get the paperwork though the goblin bureaucracy and the ministry… it must have been done weeks ago! Dumbledore focused on the boy, his spectacles allowing his to see that the boy's hair was dyed with colorful streaks, and that strange magic was stretched over his skin… likely some form of robe or clothing the bog has enchanted.

The oddest part was the young man's aura, where last he had seen mostly solid clouds of solid gold, red, and white coloring, reminiscent of bravery, recklessness and innocence, it had changed.

Now it looked like a twisting spiral, hued with more varieties than Dumbledore himself had ever seen, with striking contrasts. The gold was veined with the silver and dark blues, symbolizing forethought and consideration. The red had been swirled with green misdirection and a dark animal cunning. The white of innocence was all but vanished, repacked with a burning sea of betrayal, rage, and an ice determination. The most worrying part however, was the solid band of what appeared to be black that circled his forehead like a crown.

The black of confidence, the black that represented occulemncy.

Dumbledore snapped off his vision, face still pale from the boys decree, but he now felt ice in his veins.

He had far underestimated the young man's mind and drive.

He would have to be wiped of the last several months when captured.

And perhaps put under far greater compulsions.

The cried grew louder around the court, and Dumbledore noticed something. Harry seemed to only grow bolder the louder the chaos.

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Fudge sat, he could feel the defeat, the pressure to realise the brat.

If he ever wanted to stay in office then he had too.

So he delivered the verdict.

+++---

Ah, cleared of all charges. Wonderful! Harry immediately began to tune out the rest of Fudge speech, only baring the mildest of focus on the man's blathering.

After all, he has an escape to execute soon. As the trial wound down. He readied himself.

Harry grinned impishly, when the gavel came down then walked over grabbed both his suit jacket and hat, swinging them on. Then he reached out for the chains from the dementors and yanked a certain way, causing their chains to writhe and pull the dementors into the box, before it shrank back down to the size he had put it in earlier. He grabbed the Rubik's cube case, and the cardboard box, the later shrinking as he slid it back into the cube and closed it, before he turned back to the room, tipped his hat with a grin and began to leave.
“If I’m free, i’ll just take care of these guys yeah, right of conquest by the house potter and all that.? he called out, walking from the room, spinning the rubik's cube in his hand.

+++

Dolores Jane Umbridge was in shock, the trial that was going to cement her and the Ministry’s success had just blown up in her face, and judging from the way the Wizengamot was talking with each other, while she wasn’t being suspected, there would be an investigation.

She was suddenly happy she was heading to Hogwarts, she would get this blasted kid as soon as possible. In the meantime, she was waiting for the aurors to remove the crowd and the minister to retire to his office. They had much to discuss.

They were getting up, the conversations around the room heated at the outcome of the trial. She momentarily saw Dumbledore walk briskly towards the door, having circled around from the bystander gallery.

+++

Harry looked around quickly as he left the room, grateful for the lack of guards or employees. Outside the room. With a quick glance at his watch for the time, he focused before he held up the eclipse tattoo, focusing as it came back into visibility from where he had buried all his tattoos in his muscles.

“Tenebris Nemorosus” He muttered and suddenly he was wreathed in cool shadows, and almost vanished from sight. He then immediately ducked through the doorway to the Department of Mysteries.

Less than one minute passed before Harry appeared again, this time walking put the door and down the hall, tucking something under his shirt and with the Rubik's cube spinning in his other hand. It was time to, get Sirius’s bike, and head towards home.

Huh… home.

That's a nice thought.

He step into the elevator and hit the button for the lobby.

Of course, when it stops between floors 3 and 4, Harry knows something’s gone wrong.

When the doors start to slide open and the automate voice above him calls out ‘maintenance level’ Harry knows things have gone from wrong, to worse.

Of course someone trapped the fucking elevator
Conflict and Convene

Chapter Summary

Holy shit. I actually found my chapter and finished it. God, its been a hell of a time since I last checked in on this. Lost a Laptop, gone through a half dozen jobs, worked on some college, and a dozen other various things. I thank you all for the likes and kudo’s during my long absence. hope i can at least make you happy.

Now, what you've all been waiting for. NEW CHAPTER BABY!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harry cursed softly under his breath. First off, assessment. The doors are opening. That will take less than five seconds, but he's already stepped to the side, out of sight of the doorway. Best not to give his ambushers an opening this early.

{‘This seems troublesome Master.’} Hissed Lazarus from his neck, the snake curling up under Harry's collar.

{“Indeed Laz, most annoying. Watch my back?”}

{“Of course.”}

So… His wand was stuck up in the atrium, though he had placed some protections on it. His sword was sealed away around his neck, but leaving a dozen people poisoned by basilisk venom was a pretty obvious giveaway… but he did have Lazarus in his skin. That brings up a trump card. He could go and burn a few of the Aces, like parselmagic, Branded spells, and the lordships… But if he did that would give him away for later, he’d rather keep those secret. That leaves runes. Let's see… there are the two small plates in his sleeves, a cutter and scorcher respectively held there by simple rubber bands. There’s the stitching in his jacket and under the band of his hat… and there are the runes on the sole of his shoes. On top of that, there is, in fact, the small fang shaped dagger tucked under his pant leg… but he hasn't tested that yet. The rune array was… experimental.

Fuck it, Field testing time. With a smooth motion, he crouched, grabbed the dagger, and stood, holding it in a loose grip with the blade behind his sleeve. He left hand went up to his hat and held the brim, tilting it forwards to shadow his gaze. As the doors finished opening, four voices called out “Stupefy” together. A quartet of red stunners flashed by, slamming into the far side of the elevator.

So at least four casters, great. And he recognized one of those voices, grizzled as it is.

“Morning Mad-eye,” Harry called out.

“Come out peacefully boy, and we won’t hurt ya more then we need ta. We just got to bring you back to Albus to heal you up.” Harry peeked around the corner to see the four figures spread out over half a dozen meters of the corridor. He ducked back as several stunners filled the air where his head had just been.

“Well, don’t I feel loved. I like the greeting, let me respond in kind.” Harry called out as with a
smooth motion, Harry flicked his hat off and threw it in a low spin around the corner of the doorway, focusing to trigger the rune array. Closing his eyes and loosening his jaw he looked away.

And then there was a blinding blast of light and a weak wave of concussion force. He could hear screams of pain and surprise, and then he was on the move.

He stepped around the corner, foot kicking the hat up, the black felt coming up in front of him. He glanced over the hall, taking in the four people standing in a loose square. There was Mad-eye, already on the move even as he staggered back, staff coming up for some sort of spell.

A blinding fast flick of his hand sent the airborne hat flying at Mad-Eye, while another focused thought caused the light to trigger again, though far weaker from the now drained array. Thankfully that still made Moody flinch back in surprise. Harry had already moved to the next target, a tall black man dressed in somewhat classical purple and black African robes, with a large gold earring, his hand was up and in front of his face, though by his blinking pained expression he hadn’t gotten the arm up in time.

Slamming his foot down, triggering the depulso runes on the bottom, Harry pushed off, stepping off the wall with his other foot and another flicker of depulso before shifting forwards. He grabbed the much taller mans shoulder and pulled himself in, slamming his knee into the taller man's diagram. The explosive exhale from the pressure caused the man to be off balance and begin to curl inwards. Pulling again on one of the man's shoulders, Harry used it as a bar to both swing around the man and pull him stumbling into the wall near the elevator doors.

The last two people in the hall were women, one a mousey looking brunette, who wore an Aurors robe, and a younger girl in her mid-twenties dressed like a punk rocker with bright bubblegum pink hair. The pinkette was still blinded, but the brunette was already raising her wand to get a shot off, eyes watering furiously. Shoving off the wall towards the ground, Harry barely avoided the flash of blue light that signaled an expelliarmus, and jumped forwards into a shoulder roll, dodging a stunner which slammed into the back of the taller black man, who dropped unconscious just as he began to turn around. That caused the auror to flinch in worry for but a second, by which time Harry had closed the distance and gone into a low sweeping kick, right arm planted on the ground for a stable anchor, while his feet swept the brunettes out from under her with the force of yet another depulso. From the corner of his eye, he caught Alastor Moody moving to attack again, and with a sharp gesture, the cutter flew from his off hand, embedding through the man's pants and into the False leg, just below the knee. The runes triggered from the contact and severed the artificial leg causing Moody to curse as he struggled to maintain his balance. Harry then threw the second, the scorcher, which glowed a bright reddish white. Annoyingly, Mad-Eye expected it and a quick and silent banisher sent it careening down into the stone wall, and his following cutting curse nicked Harry's shoulder.

{“Dodge!”} came the mental voice of Lazarus, who had taken up position with his head on the back of Harry's neck, watching his masters blindspots.

Rolling to the side, Harry cursed at seeing another stunner flicker past where he had been. With a slash, he activated the runes on his knife, and slashed, a red stunner in the shape of a wide arc flowing from the end of the blade, and slamming into Mad-eye. The knife itself suddenly felt like it had been left in a furnace, and Harry could feel his hand starting to blister as he held it, he also felt another cutter slice past his face, leaving a thin line of blood across his upper cheekbone and a lock of his hair fluttering down and away.

{“DUCK!”} Rolling forwards under an expelliarmus and turning he slashed once more, the bright red arc flowing into the now recovered brunette while the pink haired auror dived back and under the
red. Harry dropped the now glowing red knife as it began to spark, the output of magic through the metal warping the blade. His fingers were burned fairly badly, and it would be painful, but he would manage. Stepping forwards, Harry grabbed the brunettes wand with his right hand and flicked it up, projecting a fairly weak shield, (by Harry’s usual standard) which blocked the sudden array of stunners that the pink haired woman was unleashing.

Carefully Harry began to slide off his suit jacket, wincing as he thought of the cost of the thing. While he may have wealth now, he was raised to treasure everything, something that was only compounded by Tom’s memories. Rolling to the side and dropping the shield, Harry came up with his suit jacket held loosely in his burned left hand and the stolen wand in his right. Pink went for another expelliarmus, and Harry let it connect, purposely letting the wand fly up and behind, as he threw his other arm out. The mass of cloth slammed into the girl's chest, and Harry triggered the rune array. The suit jacket seemed to tear apart in long black and silver strips of silk before reforming in a modified straight jacket, wrapped around the pink haired woman's torso and pinning her arms wrapped around her waist. Harry also realized that the position made her bust… quite prominent. Snatching the wand back from the air, he cast an expelliarmus, ripping the wand from her grasp and sending her flying back several feet.

She fell to the ground with a thud and began wiggling, while now cursing loudly and fervently.

“Sorry about that, I had meant that to be a back up against the dementors, simply hit their face and no more soul-sucking for a while. Worked rather well in the testing for something based of a modified bondage spell.” He crouched next to her and grabbed her wand, and the proceeded to acquire Moody's staff and wands (all three!) the black man's two wands(apparently he was an auror by the name of Kingsley Shacklebolt based on the badge he found), and the single remaining wand from the Brunette, Name of Hestia Jones. A quick numbing spell and a cooling charm on the burns on his hand let him check for muscle damage, and while it didn’t look nice he conjured some simple cloth ribbons around the burns and pulled them tight. He turned his attention back to the pinkette.

He hadn't gotten a chance to search the pinkette yet, but she was now huffing and exhausted from writhing like a worm on the floor where she had been tied up. A quick round of incarcerous on the other three and Harry circled back to her, snagging his hat and dusting off the brim from where it had fallen. “You know? That jacket was almost three thousand dollars and was tailored exactly for me. I really like that jacket. And now it's ruined. Damn.”

“Fuck your jacket, you body possessing ASSHOLE!” The Pinkette spit back before Harry silenced her.

“That's rude, you don’t have to swear so… Wait body possessing?” Harry blinked and knelt down, looking the Pinkette in her eyes. “You were told I was possessed? By who? Had to be Dumbles, yeah? Figures he’d play this game. For your information, no, I am not possessed, compelled, potioned, enchanted, or controlled by anyone but my own self, though there is a bit of chaos,” he tapped his forehead “Up here right now, I’m only marginally less sane than the average bloke, thought my paranoia may be almost enough to rival Moody.” Harry sat back on his haunches and thought. “Though making the claim I'm under some sort of possession by his Dark Tosser would make a solid reason to ignore anything I say when trying to capture me. Not a bad play old man.” with a simple flick, he stunned her and searched her, finding the her name was Nymphadora Tonks, before removing the remains of his jacket. A few repairs made it a passable resemblance to how it was, but he could feel where the seams were screwed up. joy.

Harry stood and walked over to the still cooling dagger, and after ripping off the sleeves of Kingsley's robes wrapped it up and stashed it in a pocket. Using one of Moody's spare wands to run a quick episkey over the cut on his shoulder and repair both the rip in his sleeve and a cleaning
charm to pull the blood from the silk. He adjusted the hat again and put the wands against the wall, and used a transfiguration to cover them in a simple stone box. It would keep them busy for a while.

Above it, he used a color changing charm to write in bold green outlined in gold
“HP was here, now he’s not. suck it OotP
-Hadrian James Potter, Marauder Legacy”

Then he smirked and added the last touch.

Satisfied, he turned back to the elevator and looked at the control panel near it, finding the maintenance switch easily, he flipped it and stepped back into the elevator.

-

Neville had calmly left through a side door, and made his way through the Wizengamot lounge. chatting lightly with many of the other lords and members of the Wizengamot. He was subtle and soon found his way to the doors out into the rest of the Ministry. Several minutes later he was in a room of spinning doors.

He stood in the center and out of nowhere Harry seemed to shimmered into sight next to him.

“Lords Longbottom and Potter-Black request an audience with head unspeakable Saul Croaker about a prophecy, that regards us.”

-

Harry picked back up the Rubik's cube he had set down in the elevator and began to spin it, doing his best to make it as confusing as possible, separating every paired color set he could, and leaving the entire thing a confused mess.

He finally finished as the elevator dinged back to the Ministry atrium. Shortly thereafter he had his wand back and was walking towards the visitor's entrance. As he was rising up in the call box, Harry glanced back at the ministry elevators to see Dumbledore stepping out of the gate, body language that of an old man, but eyes that of an angry warden.

Unable to resist, Harry reached up and pulled down on one eyelid and stuck his tongue out at the old man, before chuckling as the box slid out into the street. Now free of the ministry wards, Harry quickly activated a portkey, muttering the passphrase to a nearby parking garage.

“Hasta Las Vegas.” and with that, he felt a hook around his navel and he vanished. Not five seconds later several pops happened and Albus Dumbledore, Arthur Weasley, and Molly Weasley appeared, wands in hand, in an attempt to capture the young man.

He had already arrived at his bike and donned his leather jacket and helmet. Less than a minute later, when Dumbledore backtracked the destination of the single-use portkey, there was nothing but a sunglasses keychain sitting on the asphalt of the parking garage.

-

Croaker looked at the young lords sitting across the desk from him. They had just given an almost unbelievable proposal. And named their price.

“Let's review. For the prophecy orb regarding you, Mister Potter, a time turner that can be used four times for an hour each time, access to the unspeakable runic library, and two pieces of very special wand wood that you somehow know is in our Archives, you will pay half a million galleons, fund
three new research Rooms, supply a mithril ore laced Granite wardstone roughly a meter squared, and present to us a Horcrux belonging to the Dark Lord Voldemort, AKA Tom Riddle, for research purposes, providing it is destroyed or cleansed by July 31 of next summer.”

“That's about right.” Potter agreed.

Croaker stared at them from the impenetrable shadows of the grey hood he wore.

“Deal. No how soon can you pay up.”

Harry pulled out a matchbox-sized suitcase and expanded it on the table with a drop of blood, flipping it around and opening it, he revealed the documents, a shrunken wardstone, and a Ring missing its stone.

“How about now. And if you can get me that turner in the next 43 minutes, I’d be grateful.

+++

Dumbledore and the Weasleys finally made their way back down to the maintenance floor and found their companions tied up and stunned. It took ten minutes to Awaken them and retrieve their wands from the stone box. All of them took note of Harry's message and the red score beneath it.

‘Dumbles and Co.- 0’
‘Potter- 4’

+++

Harry and Neville stood with the prophecy orb and listened as it played out. With a grimace, Harry turned to a scowling Neville.

“Well, looks like we’re in this for real now. Nice to have that confirmed.” Harry muttered, before pulling up the Rubik's cube and opening its compartment.

Neville nodded. “Yep. this means we have what, the snake, the locket, the cup, and the man himself?”

“Sounds like it,” Harry said, pulling out the time turner from around his neck. Instead of the standard hourglass shape, this one was a glowing coin with four smaller hourglasses around it. The coin had a green 4 etched into it. “ I gotta get going. Talk to you later, probably lunch tomorrow? 2 at La Caprice?”

“Sure.” Neville waved and walked off.

Harry flickered and faded away, a second later there was a soft hum of someone traveling through time.

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully the next one won't be nearly as long.

Until then? shop smart. Shop S-mart.
AN: Editing and reworking.

Chapter Summary

Soaaaaaaaaa......

HELLO people.

I know it been a while, but I've finished up with my associates in college, I have a job, and... Time.

I have time. free time, where I can pursue my own interests among those being writing.

Now I would like to say that I'll be updating soon! that you see new chapters and content for this coming out...

But I have to do some stuff first. I started writing Second Coming almost 3 years ago, and it was fun. I went all out any idea or twist I could think of, I was going to make Harry a punk rock masterpiece, lead Umbridge around by her nose, trick Dumbledore and Voldemort and branch off for side quests along the way!

...and then I came back to it a month ago and looked over my notes. and... I felt lost. everything looked disjointed. the story ideas were there, the concepts that I wanted present... but my presentation, my writing sucked.

I am going to be posting stuff, under my name or my various Pseudonyms, and while I practice my writing I'll also be working on this in the background, reworking what i liked, trimming the fat off the story a bit, cleaning it up.

Eventually, when I have a few of the Second Coming (Remixed) chapters finished up, I'll change the title on this one and start posting a new one, Linking it here and everything.

In the meantime, I can't say how much all your support has meant to me, despite my Introversion and social anxiety keeping me from replying as much as I should have to your comments and notes.
Anyway, Currently, I'm working on a Naruto SI story, which I'll be posting under the Pseud: RogueDruid and I have a Magic Izuku AU that's already up there. If you wanna go check that out feel free. If you wanna chat feel free to Comment here, PM me, or hit me up over on my Tumblr.

For now, I'll see you all around. Thanks for reading!

End Notes

i mark "Parseltounge" like that.

Please leave reviews or comments below! I always enjoy feedback.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!