Summary

Harry Potter is the Master of Death and Lord of Time through his joining of the three Hallows together. During a duel that wasn't going well, he jumps to the 1940's and has a talk with the true Master of Death. Can Harry prevent the destruction that will occur? Can he change Voldemort prevent him from becoming the darkest wizard of all time? Or will he be caught in Tom's web? Slash TMR/HP?
Chapter 1

Lord of Time

Make no mistake, this story doesn't have anything to do with Dr Who. It is just the name I have decided for my most recent Harry Potter story — and quite fitting as you will find as you learn more and more about the story.

This will be Tom Riddle — Harry Potter slash; if you don't like that scene, people, do not read this. This will be time-travel, to Voldemort's time.

Chapter 1

The students of Hogwarts were currently enjoying their trip to Hogsmeade, joyfully buying anything that caught their fancy, sticking to their own groups as they ventured in and out of shops or sitting in cafes or pubs… which allowed them entrance but only served them Butterbeer, despite the turbulent times brewing in other parts of the world. They were aware of it, affected by it, but they didn't allow it to dictate their lives; they were after all only underage wizards with no known way to defend themselves. The only other person who could do a thing was content to sit back and live in denial about things that had happened a long time ago. There were some adults in Hogsmeade, but not as many as usual; they tended to avoid the area when the students of Hogwarts, years third through seventh, flooded to Hogsmeade in droves.

One minute all was calm, then with a deafening crack that didn't sound at all like normal Apparation, a body fell with a thump against the wet and cold cobbled stones. People gasped in shock as one, leaning down over the body wantng to see if the person was okay.

Not a single part of him was uninjured; was he dead? Minerva thought frantically, pressing down on his chest, breathing out in relief when she felt it move. He was alive, but she couldn't help him, she didn't know anything! She was only in her fifth of Hogwarts, she was a prefect though. "HELP! Get a teacher!" she boomed, speaking to those she could feel surrounding her. With shaky fingers she removed her cloak and rolled it up and placed it under the stranger’s head. She didn't care that the blood was saturating in it.

"I did it," Harry murmured, "I did it."

"Oh my god! What happened to him!"

"Merlin, it's horrible!"

"Are they coming here?!" shrieked another student terrified.

"Get a teacher!" another one yelled.

Minerva McGonagall, a Gryffindor, knelt down, pressing her fingers against his neck trying to find a pulse, and was gratified to find one. He was alive for the moment; opening his mouth she made sure his airway was clear using Muggle methods.

Absolutely every single student was gazing at the unconscious wizard or trying to at the very least. The only ones that were even remotely three feet from the wizard was a certain group of Slytherin individuals, the leader himself was trying to feign indifference, but his dark eyes shifted towards
"Now children, please, some decorum; move aside," Albus Dumbledore chided them, not wishing to push past them. Just like that they all began to move, giving the deputy Headmaster and Gryffindor Head of House room to move. When he caught sight of the child he became immediately alarmed. "What happened?" he boomed, his eyes roaming over them as if he suspected someone in the crowd. Or rather in the crowd of Slytherins; his eyes automatically found Tom Riddle's.

"He Apparated, sir," Minvera told him. "He was like this when he appeared in front of me. He was whispering that he'd done it but he's gone quiet now."

Albus nodded, placated that nobody here had hurt the young child so grievously; withdrawing his wand he muttered a spell conjuring a stretcher and beginning to walk in the direction of the school.

"Sir, shouldn't he be going to St. Mungo's? He looks really bad!" Augusta Arquart suggested. her betrothed, Frazier Longbottom, stood beside her silently supporting her, acknowledging that she was right. The stranger looked very bad; he should be going to a hospital, not back to Hogwarts — they weren't equipped to deal with things like this. They only had a Medi-witch not a healer, and whoever this was needed a good healer.

"He'll be just fine," Albus said, giving her a big smile. "Ten points to Gryffindor for having the courage to speak out in what you thought was right," before he began moving again.

"What if he dies?" Augusta asked, gazing at her Head of House's back, still having mixed feelings.

"Professor Dumbledore knows what he is doing; if something happens he will know what to do," Frazier said confidently, although inwardly he did agree with her. But it was also true that Professor Dumbledore wouldn't ever put anyone in danger. "At least at Hogwarts he'll receive the medical attention he needs without paying for it… which he might not be able to do." His eyes shimmering sadly.

"You think his family was attacked?" Augusta asked wide eyed. "He looks British," but she knew that there was no way to know. "It's coming here, isn't it, Frazier?"

"I don't think it will," Enid insisted before her brother could talk, speaking to her future sister-in-law. "He chose where he is for a reason." The thought of Grindelwald bringing the war over here was utterly terrifying, considering all he'd already done. He had no mercy, no shame, just pure ambition to rule the world and kill everything in it. Her brother, Frazier, rolled his eyes; honestly. He couldn't get rid of his brother or sister; they were annoying but he guessed it was his responsibility to look after them, being the oldest and all.

"Well, that's them out of sight," Minerva commented, watching as her Transfiguration teacher moved out of sight "I guess we will find out later tonight what happened." Turning to the floor she banished the blood using magic to scrub it away to the best of its ability.

"I'll catch up with you later, Minerva," Augusta insisted as she dragged Longbottom with her to Puddifoot's.

Minerva shook her head in amusement, seeing the look on Longbottom’s face as he gazed longingly at the Hogshead pub. A bottle of Butterbeer sounded very good, especially against the cold. Putting her wand away, she warmed herself up in her spelled-warm cloak and made her way to the pub to get out of the cold and have a nice warm drink. Her mind did continue to dwell on the
stranger; she sincerely hoped that person would pull through—he or she didn't look very old. If she
had to guess, she would suggest fourteen or fifteen, maybe even younger.

Not that she had a chance to forget, absolutely every student was gossiping about it, wondering
who they were, what they had been through and if they were the victim of a random attack or a
Grindelwald one.

Albus Dumbledore could feel the power coming from the teenager; it was by far the greatest he'd
ever felt. So until he could confirm whether the child was a danger to the people here or not… he
wouldn't allow the child out of his sight. The fact this power could still be felt despite the fact the
child surely had been in a duel to save their life caused him further alarm. It was for this main
reason he was taking the child to Hogwarts instead of St. Mungo's. He would never get to see the
child again, if he did so, only family were allowed in. He definitely wasn't family; no, it was for the
safety of all that he ensured that the child wasn't a danger. There had been no wand at the site, so
either it had been lost during his Apparation or before. At his age, being able to Apparate… it was
little wonder he was apprehensive.

Hearing the rattling breath, he quickened his pace, concerned that he or she might die. Albus didn't
want the child to die, he just had to make sure the child wasn't a danger to anyone. With great
magic came great responsibility, and he refused to stand aside and let anyone turn into another
Grindelwald. He hated thinking about it. Everyone was looking to him to slay the evil wizard;
letter after letter came to him, begging and pleading for help. The burden being forced on his
shoulders was horrifying, so yes, having powerful magic did come with great responsibility; he was
a perfect example of that.

Before long he successfully made it into Hogwarts, the stretcher still floating behind him. He
ignored the curious first- and second-years trying to get a look at who was injured… wrongfully
assuming something had gone wrong in Hogsmeade and that a student was hurt. He couldn't delay;
he just prayed that the Medi-witch was available. He gave a small tense smile to his Gryffindors,
reassuring them that everything was going to be just fine as he passed.

"Irene, your expertise is needed immediately," Albus said, calling the matron as soon as he stepped
foot in the hospital wing, continuing to levitate the child and placing him on the bed closest to the
woman's office.

"Albus? What is going on?" Irene Chang said, staring at the wizard in confusion, not noticing the
injured child on the bed. He didn't seem to be hurt, and she knew that he never ventured into her
domain unless there was an injured student. For some reason he avoided the hospital wing any
other time, even when he had been sick last year. He had merely requested potions from Horace
and continued to teach through it; he was a stubborn man.

"A young child was found injured in Hogsmeade," Albus explained, gesturing towards the young
one.

"Dear Merlin!" she cried rushing over, and began running a diagnostic charm as she cleared his
airways, make sure they were breathing, healing one of the cuts on the head, which would be
covered by hair keeping the scar hidden nicely, if he survived. Glancing at the results, she saw it
was a boy, and his injuries were many. "Albus, I am not equipped to deal with all this." Some of
those curses were very dark in nature.

"Do you know someone at St. Mungo's that can lend a hand?" Albus suggested; he didn't want the
boy to die but he would be damned if he didn't do everything in his power to keep him here under
his watchful eye. If it took sending him to St. Mungo's to save his life, then he would just have to deal with that.

"Why not transfer him there, Albus?" Chang enquired in confusion.

"It's time wasted in what could be used to heal him… to help him survive," Albus stated, playing on the injured boy to get her to do as he wanted.

Chang's focus immediately changed from Albus to the boy and she made her decision. Briskly walking to her office, "St. Mungo's, Yaxley's office!" she called into the floo; he was the best healer to go to, especially when it came to dark curses.

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Harry

Harry blinked, and then blinked again before he did it rapidly; was he sitting down? Standing up? All his senses felt lost in this all encompassing darkness. Had they won after all? He could have sworn he remembered getting away; was this the end? It made no sense to him; even when he'd died before, he had seen the train station at Kings Cross. He wasn't in pain anymore, and he wished he could take solace from that but he wanted to find out what happened. Or should he say, what was happening NOW?

"And haven't you wondered why you saw King's Cross in your mind?" a voice asked, deceptively mild.

"Because I was at a crossroads, at least that's what I figured," Harry admitted, "Where are you? What's happened to me?" He couldn't be awake surely? This was just too odd for words.

"No, it was because this was where your life changed; for better or for worse, you were no longer Harry Potter, you became the Boy-Who-Lived," the voice insisted, and as soon as he said it was where his life changed, light sprang from every angle. It was just as Harry remembered it: the train station. Or rather a ghostly version of it, if the ghostly plane did in fact exist. Whoever this being or person was, they knew him through and through; as soon as he entered the train, that had been him…he'd become what the magical world wanted him to be.

"I did," Harry conceded seeing no need to lie to whomever he spoke with. "So? Have I come to journey's end?" He'd almost died so many times now that he honestly couldn't care if it was his time. He just wanted peace, quiet, and to just stop surviving all the time. He didn't think it worked that way though; if he died, shouldn't he just pass on? No, he had a funny feeling he would be sent back again or given a choice.

"Correct," the voice echoed with a hint of pride.

"How can you read my thoughts? I… my mental shields are…" Harry was aghast, he had made sure nobody could see glimpses of his thoughts; he'd been violated enough in his life.

"You have no magic here, I alone harness the magic between worlds," the voice informed him.

"Who are you?" Harry repeated his earlier question confused.

"I am what mortals would call the Angel of Death," the voice replied. "I would have come to you years ago at this very place, but I knew you were not ready to be informed of everything. There was only one person you would have trusted, only one outcome of you going back; despite my distaste I let it happen."
"Dumbledore," Harry sneered, his lip curled in disgust.

"Yes," the voice answered.

"Do you have a body? Or are you just a voice?" Harry asked changing the subject, genuinely curious now until he remembered what 'death' had said. "Wait, what wasn't I ready to hear? And why wasn't I ready?"

"Since that night you've already deduced that you are the Master of Death, but you refused its powers… my gifts," Death told him sounded pissed.

Harry felt leery of the voice but also slightly ashamed. It was true, he had denied his birthright, hidden the stone and wand, only keeping with him the invisibility cloak. He was powerful even without them; people were scared enough, accusing him of going dark and such, it never ended. He shouldn't have been surprised. Look at his Hogwarts years; it was like a switch, on off, on off, hating him, loving him, hating him, loving him. First year for the loss of house points, second year was probably by far the worst — the whole heir of Slytherin thing, then fourth year, things had never been smooth.

"With or without my gifts, the powers remained; you dug deep into them during the duel," Death explained.

"I could feel it," Harry nodded, sitting down and feeling distinctly odd; it felt as though he was talking to himself. At least he wasn't in complete darkness now; that had been very debilitating. "What does it mean being Master of death? Accepting it… or have I already accepted it?" he mused thoughtfully; perhaps that's why he was actually having this conversation.

"With all three Hallows giving you their allegiance as the last Peverell bloodline… you became someone greater than a mere wizard. You alone have the ability to reshape the magical world as you see fit, stop the endless and needless deaths." Death told him, his voice seductively warm as if he could gently coax Harry into believing him.

"How can I do that?" Harry frowned doubtfully.

"As Master of Death, time has no meaning; you can will yourself anywhere, any time you wish," Death stated, deciding against telling him that he already had for the moment.

"You mean I can stop Voldemort from being resurrected?" Harry asked thoughtfully. The idea did have its merits but Voldemort was only one problem; there were so many problems in the magical world that it would take more than just that to keep the magical world safe. "I thought bad things happen to wizards who meddle with time?"

"You aren't just a wizard, Harry Potter," Death said dryly. "Why stop there? You could fix anything… everything."

"Why should I?" Harry scowled. After the way he had been treated, why should he care about what became of the magical world? He was so damn sick of all the hypocrisy and backstabbing.

"Whether you like it or not, it is your world," Death informed him, "The hat was right, Slytherin was where you belonged, where you would have met your true friends… where you would have changed the world."

"How do you know that?" Harry asked, feeling lost.

"I don't just see what is, I can see what could be, what will be and all the events that shape them
into what they are." Death told him.

"And you saw what my life would have been like in Slytherin?" Harry enquired.

"I did. You would not have trusted Dumbledore, would not have been so quick to go on your trials; your friends would have talked you out of it and insisted that they tell a teacher they trust. You would not have returned to the Dursleys, for they would have let you stay regardless of what the old fool Dumbledore suggested. You would have been dark, yes, but not evil, and you would have still won the war, but much quicker." He refrained from stating that his friends would have survived and had his back at the end of it all; he surmised that it was probably still a touchy subject for the young Master of Death.

"I could still do that if you teach me how to travel in time," Harry said; the idea was growing on him.

"There is a catch," Death replied.

"Oh?" Harry enquired— there always was.

"It takes nine months at least for your magic to recuperate enough to handle the trip after you go to one point in history," Death explained to him in the only way the boy could understand.

"Makes sense," Harry mused. Could he save his parents? Was it possible to go that far back without altering the course of history? The thought of making everything worse was terrifying, he would admit.

"You are thinking too small," Death replied, "But that's not unusual, with time you'll flourish in your new gift." He was confident in that.

"Too small? What do you want from me? You obviously have something planned; just come out and say it. I spent too many years being manipulated and I won't have it happen again… with anyone," Harry snapped, anger getting the better of him. Without his occlumency shields it was little wonder he was a little emotional. Harry had spent so long burying his own emotions, there was a lot of anger to really deal with and not just move it aside to 'think about later'.

A devastating growl had Harry cringing, or more so since he was already being shaken by the vibrations. Well, maybe it hadn't been the best idea to practically accuse… death of being manipulative.

"You're already manipulated time. Once you dug into your gifts from me, a stray thought is all it takes; just before the killing curse hit you, you were transported through time," Death informed him calmly, as if he had not just growled at Harry.

"Oh, great," Harry groaned, "Just exactly where am I?" he dreaded the answer. "Please tell me it's not the Stone Age."

Death found himself amused by the young Master's sense of humour. "No, a very significant year, funnily enough: 1940,"

"The nineteen forties?" Harry rasped out wide-eyed, staring up at the whiteness as if he could somehow manage to see through it. "Wait, why is that a significant time?" He was desperately trying to think of what happened during that time to make it significant. He had a feeling he already knew but it just wouldn't come to him.

"Tom Marvolo Riddle has just begun his fourth year; he has not yet caused the death of his
classmate, nor has he split his soul," Death revealed; he didn't let Harry know of his future in this timeline. "You alone can make him see reason,"

"But I won't have anything, my money… my name… how am I supposed to deal with all that?" Harry questioned, slightly worried.

"Use the last name Peverell," Death revealed.

"Staying there will change things?" Harry asked.

"That is entirely up to you; what you do with your time here will decide whether the magical world thrives or dies." Death explained.

"No pressure there, then," Harry said ironically.

"Yes," Death gloated, "You'll do extremely well in Slytherin." Things were about to finally get more interesting for Harry Potter… but he had always been destined for great things. Master of Death and Lord of Time. His greatness was just beginning, and with all his knowledge he could prevent it all. He could sense it was time for him to return to the real world; let the games begin. Just like that, Harry disappeared, and Death as always watched over his favourite, with smug satisfaction. He had known this day was coming, had seen it when he collected the soul of Harry's ancestor: Ignotus. He had waited a very long time, then a tugging caught his attention. Death never ended, which meant his job was never over. He watched over the boy for a few more seconds before he appeared where he was needed.
Harry slowly regained consciousness, the very familiar ceiling of the Hospital wing greeted him, disorientating and bewildering him further. It had been quite a while since he’d been at Hogwarts; it was no longer his home. Grunting in pain, he shoved his hands down on the mattress to get himself into sitting position. Hissing softly at the strain it immediately put his protesting ribs under, maybe he should have remained lying down. His gaze travelled the length of the hospital wing; well it was the hospital wing - of sorts. It was different; the layout was not the same, instead of twelve beds against the wall on each side, with a cabinet for potions and personal effects next to it and of course curtains to draw it. Instead there was what appeared to be double the amount of beds, with old fashioned privacy screens, like he saw them in old movies he’d glimpsed while cleaning as his aunt watched something on the TV. They weren’t along the wall, they were placed in rows along the way instead. Why so many beds?

Waving his hand, mentally thinking ‘Tempus’ and the time materialised in front of him, showing him the time and date, needing to figure out how long he’d been out of it. The date made him gulp, and just like that the conversation he had with ‘Death’ came to the forefront of his mind, causing him to gasp in astonishment. It had been real, bloody hell, he was back in the nineteen forties, and Voldemort was fourteen years old! He was in his third year of Hogwarts. Dumbledore had gone into great lengths to ‘make sure he had the means at his disposal to destroy Voldemort’. Which meant viewing his memories, Dumbledore was a disgusting lying hypocrite. Panting outrageously, just thinking about him, he forced himself to calm down. Which was very easy with his occlumency shields, centring himself he relaxed completely.

Had there been some sort of epidemic in the magical world during the forties?

‘No, there is no outbreak; this is the way the current Medi-witch prefers it.’

‘How can you get through my mental shields?’ Harry inwardly grumbled.

‘Need I remind you that I am Death, I can go wherever I please.’

Harry shook his head, he sounded far too smug about that. ‘Are you going to be in my mind all the time?’ he definitely didn’t like that, this was very distracting. He could barely concentrate on real life, and it was something that made him extremely nervous and twitchy. He’d been looking over his shoulder for so long that he couldn’t completely relax and let his guard down.

‘No, I am much too busy,’ the war with Grindelwald saw to that. ‘I only came because you needed me, you’ve been unconscious for a month, and it took them that long to remove all the curses that were on you.’

‘Thank you,’ Harry thought, he definitely felt like crap. He did wonder why it had taken them so long though, maybe some of the spells hadn’t been created yet and they had to actually make counters for something they hadn’t seen before? That would definitely mess with the whole time continuum. Then again, hadn’t Death said he could do what he wished? Did that mean he could do what needed to be done? Change the future and shape it for the better? Did he even have the power
to see that happen? He was one man, a tired one at that, most of the time he felt there was nothing redeemable about the magical world at all.

‘Yes, you can and will, you are time, you can adapt it to your liking nothing can touch you’ Death added. He would not interfere with Harry’s choices, as he had said before his actions were his own. He had to learn, not be told, this much he knew of Harry’s stubborn nature…just like Ignatius.

‘Remember Hadrian Peverell, the Headmaster is coming be prepared’

Just like that the presence was gone, he could actually feel Death leaving, this was a relief, and it meant he would feel him entering his mind? Perhaps it was because he’d been asleep and albeit unaware - vulnerable that he hadn’t sensed him. Swallowing thickly as he remembered his warning, he strengthened his barriers fully; he would not allow Dumbledore even read his surface thoughts. The thought of the old man trying to see into his mind, his mind! Caused him to shudder afoul at the idea.

Moving his body slightly, becoming uncomfortable having sat in that position for a few minutes, his body was still so sore. Only then did he notice his body, his very young body, horror slammed into him as he squeaked in indignant shock which he would deny to his dying breath. He’d spent years getting rid of his disgusting malnourished body, it was so unfair, and he felt undeniably cheated. He swore he would find a way to tell Death that he wasn’t happy the slightest at what’s happened. He wouldn’t remain this way, he would do whatever it took to get himself back to…well how he was before this whole thing happened.

His head jerked to the side, hearing footsteps, it looked like it was time to get his game face on. He just wished he knew what age he was supposed to be, he certainly wasn’t old enough to be out of school at least where his appearance was concerned. He should have thought about asking, but he hadn’t expected to end up in his younger body? If such a thing could be termed as such! He looked as though he had de-aged. The indignant look was cleared from his face replaced with a more neutral mask. At least he wouldn’t have to deal with Dumbledore since he wasn’t the Headmaster, from the diary he knew Dumbledore was just the deputy, the actual Headmaster was Dippet.

Unfortunately in this he wasn’t favored, as he immediately recognized Dumbledore even if he was decades younger. Along with an older wizard, he knew to be Dippet, his portrait hung like all Headmasters of Hogwarts within the Headmasters office. Dippet had never spoken often; when he had he’d defended Dumbledore against Phineas Black. Which meant there was every chance Dippet was already being manipulated by Dumbledore. He was just as frail as he appeared in his portrait, but he knew better than to judge anyone by their appearance. If both of them were there, then they’d obviously had a spell on him so they knew when he woke up. It surprised him that the current healer wasn’t here though, which set him on guard.

“Hello, young man,” Dippet said, walking forward, stopping at the foot of Harry’s bed, gazing at him in what could only be sympathy and concern. “How are you feeling?”

At the same time Albus Dumbledore opened his mouth, “Who are you? What’s you name?”

Harry gulped, young man? Well he did not like being spoken to like a kid but he would have to get used to it. Which meant he couldn’t speak how he normally would, this already sucked, there’s no way he would be allowed to enter Hogwarts - it had never been done before in all his years at Hogwarts. “I hurt,” Harry confessed, he could handle it though but they didn’t need to know that. He completely ignored Dumbledore’s question, it might be considered rude but he spoke over someone else and that was even ruder. Even he, supposedly a fourteen year old would know that. Good question, what was his name? Harry Peverell didn’t have a pureblood ring to it, and he didn’t want to be thought of as a Muggle-born here in this time, the pureblood supremacy was worse now than it was in his own time if it was possible. No, he had been protected by his status as the ‘Boy-
“Irene?” Dippet called, wondering where on earth she had gotten to. When no immediate response was forthcoming, he walked over to the door that hid her office. Knocking he waited for a few moments when he didn’t get an answer he opened the door a tad, looking around. It wasn’t like her to neglect her duties; there was a young boy in pain she should have been alerted like both of them when young Hadrian had come around. Moving through the office to her quarters he knocked hard. He could go no further; he would never invade his employee’s privacy in such a way. That and they were individually warded so to get into them would require a lot of time - something he did not have.

Just as he was about to give up and send a House-elf to see about her whereabouts, the door opened revealing a confused matron. “Headmaster? Is everything alright?”

“Our young visitor just woke,” Dippet explained, “He’s still extremely sore, he needs a pain relieving potion.”

“What?!” Chang shouted loudly, “But I used the wellbeing spell, I should have been alerted immediately.” she protested angrily, there was no way the child had gotten around it, it had to have been removed but who and why? It made no sense. Knowing that a child was hurting, ceased her current thoughts as she blustered on past the Headmaster making a beeline for the potion cupboard next to her desk.

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“Where are you from?” Albus asked, gazing at Hadrian still so very curious about him. His magic had calmed down, he couldn’t feel it anymore, which meant he had very good control over it - he wasn’t sure whether that comforted him or not. It reminded him of a boy around the same age; Tom too had incredible control over his magic - even at the age of eleven.

Harry didn’t reply, he just clutched at his stomach, he didn’t even want to feign politeness, but he knew that would be detrimental in the long run, Dumbledore could make his life hell - at least until he was emancipated or at an age he couldn’t legally do anything to him. He should know he’d made Tom Riddle’s life a living hell, sending him back to the orphanage repeatedly. He was already missing his twenty-one year old body. This was more complicated than it felt when Death had spoken to him.

Albus cleared his throat impatiently, “Hadrian, my boy? Where are you from?”

Harry’s eyes darkened in fury, just barely keeping a hold on his magic and stopping it lashing out. He was not Dumbledore’s boy, not now and not ever. Panting softly, loathing the fact he was showing any sort of weakness in front of him, but thankfully before Dumbledore could become more insistent they were interrupted with an older woman blustered over really quickly - especially for her age. She was older than Neville’s grandmother, who he had seen only once during the battle of Hogwarts and she sure knew how to hold her own she’d been awesome he’d admit so had everyone…well until they had---he was abruptly cut off his own train of thoughts when someone began speaking to him.

“Young man, are you allergic to any potions?” Chang enquired, she wasn’t sure if she was dealing with someone who knew about the magical world or not, his clothes were Muggle in nature.

“His name is Hadrian, Irene,” Dippet explained, waiting on an answer from boy.

“Um,” Harry was immediately flummoxed by the question. “I don’t know?”
“Have you taken any pain relievers before?” she then asked, confused by the child’s confusion - he was acting as though he had never heard the word before.

“A few times,” Harry admitted, “When I fell and broke my arm…you know, instances like that.” not telling a complete lie, he had fallen from his boom he just neglected to mention it, and well he didn’t just break his arm he had his bones removed from his entire arm. To tell her every occurrence would take him all night, quite literally. Did fourteen year olds use the word instances? Had he? He was looking into this too much, he couldn’t change the way he spoke.

“That’s understandable,” Chang said an amused smile on her face, but in the face of what had happened to the child it melted off her face. “Here, drink this, its grade 3 it’s a high dosage, but considering the pain you’re in you’ll need it.”

Harry wanted to yank it from her and down it, but he refrained from doing so, instead he accepted it, giving her a smile of thanks when she removed the cork. A sigh left his lips as he drank it and the wonderful concoction began working immediately. He wondered if Slughorn brewed the potions for the hospital wing like Snape had in his future. He hadn’t while he resumed his old post, Snape had done it even then, from what he could gather Slughorn didn’t have the time to brew them for constantly showing off. “Thank you, it worked real fast.” he said his relief obvious to the three adults in the room.

“You’re quite welcome,” Chang said brushing it off, “It’s not like we would leave a child in pain.”

Harry had to bite his tongue to prevent himself from scoffing, leave a child in pain, well he knew one person that would - in future. No, it didn’t have to be did it? He could do so much differently, stop Dumbledore from having such a big say in the community. Until he remembered he was currently a child by the wizarding world, crap. He hadn’t felt this blindsided for such a long time, it was taking him a while to acclimate it.

Dippet conjured a chair - Wandlessly, Harry noticed and sat down on it, okay, he was officially impressed. Not that anyone realized this, since he was staring at his fingers, trying to come up with a way to get out of this situation intact. He shouldn’t have been impressed, since you didn’t become the Headmaster of a magical boarding school by being a squib. “Are you up for talking about it?” he asked looking at him with such worry that it made Harry’s heart hurt, part of him was wondering if it was just for show - so many new players in the scheme of things and he honestly had no idea about them so he couldn’t gauge how sincere it was. He honestly had no idea what to say, he was here and what? Had to create an entire history out of nothing? He would have absolutely no proof.

But with a war going on…he could probably get away with it.

“I was attacked…my family was attacked actually, my aunt and uncle and I, they were the only family I had left,” Harry croaked, inwardly impressed with his own acting abilities as he saw them all blanch but they certainly weren’t surprised. “They were killed, I couldn’t help them, I fought as best as I could, but they were just too good, too many I went down, strange beams of light were flying everywhere…I just kept wishing I was somewhere safe…that’s all I remember, honest!” acting as though he thought they wouldn’t believe him.

“I shall summon the Aurors, they need to be informed,” Dippet decided, “In the meantime I think something to eat is in order don’t you?”

“Which magic school do you attend, Durmstrang?” Dumbledore cut in yet again, glancing briefly at the Medi-witch as she left presumably to get some food for their guest. He wasn’t leaving here until he got everything sorted, he didn’t want to let the boy out of his sight. Too many and he lived?
No, some things weren’t adding up and he couldn’t actually interrogate the boy.

“School? I never went to magic school,” Harry informed them, staring at them as if they were the strange ones.

“You never received a letter when you were eleven?” Dippet enquired, sitting forward, looking concerned again.

Dippet had blue eyes, they were more of a dark blue than Dumbledore’s, and they also didn’t have that annoying twinkle in them. He was really concerned, it wasn’t faked, Harry realized gleaming his surface thoughts, he didn’t dare go deeply surely such a powerful wizard would know if he did. “No, I don’t remember anything like that coming, although my aunt and uncle acted odd afterwards…they were scared and secretive;” his eyes lit up a bit as if he finally understood something that had bothered him for years.

“Did they hurt you?” Chang asked causing Harry to whip around and stare at her in feigned surprise.

“Sometimes,” Harry admitted, “Mostly they just didn’t give me much food, they started saying they would beat and starve the ‘freakishness’ out of me. I didn’t understand why, I can’t…”

“You said you’d had potions before,” Dumbledore stated, not believing him the slightest he was up to something.

“I didn’t,” Harry whispered vehemently, “I’ve had pain killers before, that’s what she was asking…wasn’t it?” Harry’s vulnerable gaze found the Medi-witch’s. He couldn’t claim to be known by the magical community, if he said he only knew Muggles and his so called family it would be much harder for them to disapprove his lies.

“I’m afraid I did mean potions, but I can understand why you became confused,” Chang said, placing the tray on his lap. “Eat up, you look starved.”

“A magical child without training! I’ve never heard the likes!” Dippet snapped sounding rather angry, Harry did a double take, and for such an old man he definitely had fire left him in not just magic. “Without a guardian I will make sure the Ministry allow you to attend Hogwarts.”

“Magic?” he gasped awed, “I don’t have any money, Sir,” Harry lied, knowing very well he did but he couldn’t tell them that.

“Do not worry, we have allowances for situations like this, it will be difficult,” Dippet told him, “You will have to work hard.”

“I promise!” Harry said nodding eagerly. “Magic?”

“Armando, are you sure this is wise?” Albus cautioned.

“Albus, I’ve made my mind up, no magical child will be left behind.” Dippet told him, “I don’t want to hear another word about it.” Hadrian looked so happy; he finally understood he was different, why his aunt and uncle had acted the way they had. He was grateful that Hadrian had the chance to learn, the thought of what could happen if he was left without training made him feel horrified.

Harry gazed at Dippet in awe, not making any move to hide it.

“Eat up, Hadrian,” Chang said, “And if you feel up to it, I’ll give you a book that will explain a bit
about our world to you. I know it will be a little overwhelming at first, but I have a feeling you’ll do just fine.”

“Do you know who your parents are?” Albus asked, once again interrupting the Medi-witch.

“I would love that,” Harry said smiling brightly at her, before dulling again as he faced Dumbledore “No, they never answered any of my questions,” Harry replied honestly, which was true. “If I asked about them they’d change the subject, once I was eleven it became worse…so I just stopped asking.” it was incredibly easy to mix the truth and fabricated lies together. Hopefully it would prevent him from messing up and having anyone realize he was lying.

“Peverell is an old wizarding name…is it possible that he is from that line?” Chang mused.

“It’s possible,” Dippet said, “Now I will summon the Auror’s…they are our police force, they will take a statement from you, no need to fear.”

“Will you be here?” Harry asked shyly, hopefully his presence would shield him from some of their more relentless questioning. Thankfully truth spells didn’t work on him and Veritaserum didn’t exist yet.

“Of course, if that is what you would like,” Dippet said, it was natural for Hadrian to be so worried; he was in a world he was unfamiliar with. It was a good job he hadn’t seen him conjure that chair otherwise they might have had to deal with hysteric. Not that he blamed him of course, not after what he had been through. “If you don’t mind…what is your date of birth Hadrian?”

Harry thought quickly, but his voice blurted out the month and date that was swimming in his mind, “September, the twentieth,” wait had he just put himself a year lower? He had! Damn it, Granger had been twelve for the majority of her first year at Hogwarts, what had he done? He was horrified, why had he been so quick to blur out September the twentieth? He hadn’t even meant to say it either; it was like he had been compelled to say it.

“So third year,” Dippet informed him. “Now excuse us, we will leave you alone to eat. If you start to feel sore, Madam Chang here will aid you.”

“Yes, Sir,” Harry said, nodding vigorously.

“Good,” Dippet said, “Come, Albus, let him have some rest.” not moving from his seat until he was sure Albus had begun moving. He had a feeling he wouldn’t have been here if not for the fact he had been in Albus’ company when Hadrian came around.

Harry watched them go, inwardly smirking he didn’t think he’d ever see the day that Dumbledore was shot down he really like Dippet. He might be going to pretend he was 'Muggle-raised' but he had no intention of sticking around here with everyone thinking he was a Muggle-born such a thing was too dangerous, he would go to Gringotts as soon as he could and he would make sure everyone knew better than to mess with him.
Chapter 3

Harry was very surprised by the fact that Dumbledore didn’t come back a while after the Headmaster left, it was decidedly not like him at all. Was he just less persistent in this time? Not full of himself since he evidently couldn’t get everything he wanted by just speaking? He hadn’t defeated Grindelwald yet, so it was possible, he didn’t believe that though. No, he was just bidding his time; waiting for what he felt was the right moment. Dumbledore didn’t believe his story, why? His shields were impenetrable, there was no way he could think he was lying so what was it? What made Dumbledore so suspicious of him? Or was he always that way with strangers? He honestly didn’t know, but he realized he didn’t care, there was no love lost between them, in fact he loathed Dumbledore every breath he took.

Looking back down at the book feeling bemused, one of the first books people tended to give Muggle-born’s was Hogwarts: A History. This looked like a version of it, at least some of the material Granger had spouted often enough. Looking at the title, he noticed that it most certainly wasn’t it. Wait, Bagshot wrote the book, she was definitely alive, she was the one that introduced Grindelwald to Dumbledore or vice versa. Had she written the book yet or not? What year was it published? 1947, which meant she wouldn’t be publishing it for seven years yet, for all he knew she was working on it currently, it was a big book with a lot of information. He couldn’t believe he actually remembered the publish date for that damn book, he’d never read it, then again Granger had spouted about it often enough making him grit his teeth in frustration at her condescending voice.

“Is there anything you don’t understand?” Chang asked, smiling softly at the child, he was extremely jumpy so she tried to speak quietly and reassuringly. After what happened to him she wasn’t surprised, she could only hope that he didn’t blame them for the actions of those other wizards.

“I still can’t believe I have magic!” Harry exclaimed dredging up his original feelings he’d experienced when he found out he was a wizard and before the weight of being the ‘Boy-Who-Lived’ was heaped upon his shoulders. “I can’t wait!” well that was true, to experience Hogwarts without being a hero - he just hoped he wasn’t let down. Hopefully he wouldn’t regret wanting to be normal.

Chang chuckled, ah to be young again, it took her back to when she was eleven waiting patiently to see if she had her Hogwarts letter. Growing up with two brothers and a sister, accidental magic happened a lot, but who did it was sometimes a mystery. Having magic and having enough to get into Hogwarts was two different things, of course, every single one of her siblings and herself attended Hogwarts. She had enjoyed the experience so much that she decided to come back ten years after leaving, and she had remained every single, employed by two different Headmasters.

“I’m sure you can’t,” Chang revealed, he was a very pleasant child, traumatised for sure, and based on his face. He went a little pale and his face became a blank slate showing nothing. No doubt thanks to the sudden influx of abuse Hadrian had suffered at their hands. “Are you feeling hungry again?” he hadn’t eaten much earlier.

“Not really,” Harry admitted, his malnourished body couldn’t take it, he knew better than to eat a lot, it would just cause complications, so for now he would eat small meals, exercise and get his
normal body back if it was the last thing he did. Not totally normal unfortunately, he wouldn’t just spontaneously change back into a twenty-one year old wizard. He would just have to work hard all over again.

“We will help you be able to handle four meals a day,” the Medi-witch vowed. Feeling the wards shimmer slightly, she gazed at the door to see the Headmaster enter with two Auror’s, both of them young, it would help put Hadrian at ease, quite a few Auror’s she knew could be quite intimidating especially to a Muggle-raised boy.

“Hello, Hadrian, I see you’ve been doing some reading?” Dippet said, as he moved towards the boys bed, “This is Aaron Moody, he’s an Auror, a dark wizard catcher, and his partner Philipp Prewitt they have some questions they have to ask you, do not worry if you can’t answer them.” he gave both men a pointed look, silently telling them that he wouldn’t allow them to scare Hadrian.

Harry stared at them wide eyed, and it wasn’t due to the fact he was being faced with magic and new people. Aaron Moody? He knew Alastor Moody came from a distinguished line of Auror’s and that he was a pureblood, born in Scotland although the Ministry didn’t know that titbit. Both his parents had been well known Auror’s, this must be his father, although it could be the grandfather depending on when and if this man already had a family - a lot of factors, but either way he could see the resemblance, sort of, Moody did lose an eye and a leg as well as most of his sanity if his paranoia was anything to go on. “Hi,” Harry said, swallowing thickly showing ‘nerves’ being faced with two Auror’s even if he wasn’t the least bit intimidaded.

“Hello, can we get your full name for the record?” Moody said, remaining standing.

“Hadrian Peverell,” Harry told them, before looking down at his fingers, stopping himself from laughing, the looks on their faces as they tried to be ‘kind’ was just hilarious, it just made them look as if they were about to drop one in their underwear.

“Date of birth?” Prewitt asked, joining in, a quill and parchment beside them scribing everything that was being said.

“September twentieth 1926,” Harry replied automatically, cursing inwardly, why was he automatically saying that? Was it magic protecting him from exposure? Or was he actually thinking of that date as his birthday now?

“Parents names?”

“I don’t know,” Harry confessed.

“How do you not know?” Moody narrowed his eyes displeased by the answer.

“They died before I got a chance to know them, I don’t have any memories of them, I only know they were murdered,” Harry replied quietly, sounding defeated. He had wanted to say car crash, but he couldn’t, he just couldn’t do his parents the disservice by starting up that lie again. They had died for him, for Merlin’s sake, no matter what happened it would always be part of him. “I was raised by my Aunt and Uncle.”

“What are their names?” Moody asked.

Harry shuddered at the sensation of his mind being opened like it was a door, he knew without the voice speaking that Death had rejoined the conversation. ‘Patrick and Yvette King,’ “They’re called Patrick and Yvette King,” trusting Death to explain further.

“Where do you live?” Moody enquired, frowning at the reaction.
“Which house?” Harry whispered, hunching down further.

“How many are there?” Prewitt rasped out surprised.

“We lived in London until I was eleven, then we moved into a motel the next day we left and we continued to move never staying in the one place more than a month at a time.” Harry confessed. “I don’t remember all the addresses but I think I know one or two.” pretending to be hopeful that he could help.

“The family reacted negatively to the news that Hadrian was a wizard,” Dippet informed the two Auror’s, “They became abusive in the care of this child. I suspect they moved around to prevent themselves being found.”

“Do you know the address of where you were attacked?” Moody demanded.

‘Tell them, you were in a hotel in Bulgaria, but you couldn’t read it,’ Death informed him.

‘You want me to tell them I Apparated from all the way around the world? Are you mad?’

‘When your body is dying, your magic is capable of the most amazing feats of wizarding kind, trust in me, they will think it was a powerful burst of desperate wish magic’ Death explained patiently. ‘If they ask the Bulgaria authority questions they’ll have two bodies that have been unclaimed, people will already be say they saw a teenager with them, the chances of finding anything are slim though, the war is causing rifts that allow Britain to be vulnerable. Albus Dumbledore might have ended it but Britain didn’t send in their forces and it was remembered. They refused to help Britain with Voldemort in turn.’

Harry closed his eyes and opened them staring up at the Aurors, “We had just travelled to Bulgaria, my uncle insisted it was safe, that he knew people there. That soon enough we would be going back home, back to London, I think we were running out of funds. It was a hotel, the writing was funny, I couldn’t read it, I didn’t learn a second language.” the disconcerting feeling of Death leaving his mind abruptly, it made him wince, he hadn’t left so suddenly the last time.

“Who was the family?” Prewitt questioned suspiciously.

“I don’t know we had just got there an hour before we were attacked, I don’t know why it happened! Why they did it!” Harry cried out.

“Calm down,” Dippet said, placing an old wrinkled hand on Hadrian’s knee soothing him.

“What happened during the attack?” Moody asked changing the subject.

“They were shouting weird words, like Crucio, Avada Kedavra, then I was hit, they didn’t stop, I was screaming and pleading for them to stop but they didn’t…it hurt so much, then….then I heard them saying to stop that we were dead, the last thing I remember was one pointing a stick at me…I wished to be somewhere else…anywhere, anywhere safe! And then he was gone and I could see the sky, I was outside.” Harry told them, breathing heavily, not able to act like a completely traumatised child since he wasn’t but he did his best. He’d never acted like a normal child when it came to things like that so he wasn’t about to feign an act like that here. He wasn’t weak and he would be damned before he allowed anyone to believe he was.

“Enough,” Dippet informed them bluntly, “Irene I think perhaps he should get some sleep?” making it clear to the woman that he wanted Harry given a Dreamless sleeping draught to help him rest.
“That’s fine; Yaxley is coming to see him in three minutes, after that he can get much needed rest.” Chang nodded in agreement, he looked utterly exhausted.

“Am I still allowed to attend school?” Harry asked a vulnerable note in his voice. Yaxley? The Death Eater…no, they weren’t Death Eaters yet, and this wizard or witch was obviously the previous generation, it was the ones in school now that become followers.

“Of course,” Dippet said, “A promise is a promise,”

“But I have no family; will I be staying here all the time?” Harry enquired.

“I am afraid that’s not possible, the Ministry has long since forbidding any students from remaining in Hogwarts during the summer.” Dippet sighed; it seemed he was being that question more and more incessantly as time passed. Hadrian looked a great deal like Tom did too, only a lot thinner than he was. “We will make sure you have somewhere to go by the end of the summer.”

Harry stared in horror; he had a good idea on where this ‘somewhere’ would be. No, they wouldn’t, they couldn’t put him in an orphanage. Oh, he so wanted to kill Death for doing this to him, why hadn’t he appeared here a few years from now? It would have been so much easier, at least he would have been legally an adult, and stayed in the Leaky Cauldron or something.

Then something else dawned on him…there was a war going out there in the Muggle world…the London Blitz. Gulping loudly, he paled drastically looking ready to pass out. This was no act, Harry Potter aka Hadrian Peverell was absolutely terrified, and this unknown was the scariest thing he even had to contemplate facing. He had faced down his worst enemy unafraid of death…yes, the thought of going into the Muggle world during a war was horrifying, and he vowed he would not allow it to happen - could not let it happen, even if he had to illegally Apparate somewhere for the summer.

A jarring thought interrupted him, was this how Tom Riddle felt every time he had to go back? This terror? The feeling of shutting down than face the reality? It was no wonder that he created Horcruxes…perhaps this was where his fixation of avoiding death had happened…feeling sick, he scrambled from the bed, “--toilet?” gagged Harry, trying to hold in the sick, standing on shaky legs.

“Right through there,” Chang said, watching him go deeply concerned.

“Poor child, it’s the first time he’s had to think on what happened.” Dippet said sadly shaking his head. He had survived though, and he would recover with time. He shouldn’t have to, but unfortunately the world wasn’t fair, right now both words were in a state of war, he would keep them safe for as long as he could. He just prayed that the magical war didn’t come over here.

Harry bent over the sink emptying the contents of his stomach, November, it was November, and he had until summer to figure this out, why hadn’t he just said his parents were alive and under the Fidelius Charm or something? That way he couldn’t have told them where they were even if he wanted to. Closing his eyes, tiredly, his body ached, could he truly change Tom Riddle? Stop him from becoming Voldemort? Change the world as he knew it? Death said he could, that he was able to do whatever he wanted without worrying about consequences of manipulating time.

Turning the tap on, he cupped his hand around the cold water and splashed his face, repeating the process before gulping some of the water in his hands trying to calm the queasy feeling in his stomach. Breathing evenly, he stared at the mirror blinking in surprise. Well, he definitely wouldn’t be mistaken for a Potter, the messy hair was gone, and instead it was quite a bit longer, just short of lying on his shoulder blades. His fingers touched it hesitantly, as if suspecting it was just his imagination, but it wasn’t. He no longer needed glasses, but that was due to a spell that had
been invented in the future, he had created it, after his glasses were dislodged one too many times he refused to allow it to happen again. It hadn’t, he had created a spell to ensure that. Nobody should have been surprised, after all his father had been rather ingenious in his own inventions, albeit the map had been used to help with pranks.

Touching the mirror absently, he had even changed his looks slightly? If for whatever reason, he jumped in time again would that happen again? His looks change? It would be something he would have to ask Death. His hand fell against the sink again; he couldn’t let fear get the better of him like that again. How many orphanages were there in London? Do they get evacuated? He honestly didn’t know, his Muggle history was shady at best, he had learned a small amount in primary school before going to Hogwarts. That was useless information, he could barely remember any of it and it certainly hadn’t been about the war. Muggle studies at Hogwarts had been a joke; Burbage had been just as pathetic as Binn’s. Burbage was a pureblood who hadn’t come into contact with many Muggles, and couldn’t accurately teach it. She believed wizards and Muggles were equals, and that they weren’t so different.

She was an idiot, although she hadn’t deserved to die for those beliefs, she still shouldn’t have been teaching the subject though. Passing that information on to the next generation of wizards and witches? Muggles shouldn’t know about magic, full stop. Look what happened to those that did? Tom Riddle Senior refused to take his son, Tobias Snape abused both his wife and son, causing two of the most powerful wizards in the world to wish death upon all Muggles, their belief hindered them, didn’t let them see the potential futures they had ahead of them. They could have been so much more, so, so much more.

A knock on the door brought him out of his thoughts.

“Hadrian, dear, are you okay?” Chang called through the door, her tone worried. “Healer Yaxley is here to make sure you are properly healed.”

“Coming,” Harry said, giving himself one last look in the mirror, nodding determinedly, he wandered over to the door and opened it, glad that she hadn’t invaded his privacy like Madam Pomfrey used to do.

“Let’s get you back on the bed, you look ready to topple over,” She said, taking a hold of his arm and guiding him over, letting him put some of his not so considerable weight on her to ease the way.

“I am going to run a diagnosis on you, Mr. Peverell; it will allow me to see whether the damage is gone.” Yaxley said as the boy was helped onto the bed.

“I understand,” Harry said, nodding his head, his green eyes sparkling with curiosity. He could see similarities between father, son and grandson, they looked strikingly similar with the exception of the eyes, but that could be said for nearly all the purebloods. Draco Malfoy was exactly like his father in every way, with the exception of his eyes, which were his mothers.

Harry’s eyes widened in surprise when the wizard placed a hand on him, he was a natural healer? He’d heard of them but never met one; did the future Yaxley’s have them? It was a gift that tended to stay in the family lines, much like Parseltongue in Slytherin or Metamorphmagus in the Black lines. The unfamiliar magic coursed through him, small halos appearing - he had no idea what they meant but he watched in fascination. Waiting until he had finished before he asked the question on the tip of his tongue. “What do the halo’s mean?”

“They are the injuries you sustained in the fight, the bright colours indicate that they are healing without complication. You are lucky to be alive; the curses were wreaking havoc on your body and magic, if I hadn’t successfully made the counter-curses to these unknown spells you would have
been beyond even my help.” Yaxley stated, not sugar coating it for the teenager, he was a healer not a Medi-witch, and he rarely dealt with anyone under the age of eighteen. He taught classes here at Hogwarts, but they weren’t injured, he was merely teaching them spells, they couldn’t do what he did, they weren’t natural healers, he longed for the day where one did, he would love to teach someone all they needed - pass it on to the next generation.

“Thank you, I appreciate all you’ve done for me,” Harry said seriously, but he knew he wouldn’t have died, so he wasn’t too concerned it didn’t mean he wasn’t thankful for all their hard work. Being a healer was more than just cancelling spells and giving out potions.

“Glad to have been of service,” Yaxley nodded curtly, “Just try and stay out of trouble, your body needs time to recover, try not to allow anyone to use any strenuous spells on you for at least a few months. The Dark curses took a lot out of you.”

“Dark curses?” Harry asked, playing clueless.

“Spells of a harmful nature,” Yaxley replied.

“I’m getting to stay at Hogwarts so I think I’ll be fine!” Harry claimed smiling slightly at the wizard, a twinkle in his eye.

“Indeed,” Yaxley said, giving the boy a long penetrating look, there was more to him than met the eye. “It was nice to meet you properly, even under these circumstances.”

“You too,” Harry said honestly, it was nice to see a pureblood that had some manners at least. One that would help someone in need no matter their blood status. With that the wizard took the Medi-witch aside and began talking to her before leaving without another word.

“This is a potion that will help you sleep, Harry, without dreams, you need to rest and this is the best way for that, I won’t leave your side, I’ll be here all the time, if you sleep over night I’ll be right across there, I’ll know the moment you’re awake.” Chang said, pointing him in the direction of her office and private quarters. Only then did she hand over the potion, giving his shoulder a squeeze he looked so pale, he definitely needed rest. She had put an alerting spell on him as well as the bed, if he moved a significant amount she would be informed. She suspected Albus had removed the charm after she left for the night, only he and Dippet could circumvent her wards, and since Dippet was confused as to why she wasn’t tending to him earlier she heavily suspected the only other wizard who could. She certainly wouldn’t allow it to happen again, she was going to add more charms to the ward just as soon as Harry settled for the rest of the night.

“You need to eat something first? Something light but filling, taking it on an empty stomach is not recommended.” he had been sick, so it was important that he ate at least something. “Is there something you’d like?”

“Strawberry tart?” Harry teased, grinning, “It’s my favourite I had to try.” he replied at the look on her face, shrugging his shoulders before he thought about it properly. “Some scrambled eggs on toast?” hopefully the House-elves in this time wouldn’t go as overboard as they did in his old time.

“Coming right up,” Chang said, moving to her office, much to Harry’s amusement, she obviously didn’t want to explain what House-elves were for. It was a good thing really, he wasn’t up to pretending that he didn’t know what they were either, he was beyond tired, and the pain reliever he had been given was already wearing off. Sleep sounded really good, but as the Medi-Witch said, not on an empty stomach, and he agreed, it had happened once - never again. He had felt as though he had stones lodged in his stomach for a day afterwards, every time he moved he felt as if someone was stabbing at him.
“Here we go, try and eat as much as possible,” she told Hadrian as she came back through the tray floating in front of her, and landing in his lap, there was more than just scrambled egg and toast, some fruit, and a glass of milk.

“I’ll try,” Harry replied and dug into the food as the Medi-Witch wandered off and began sorting through folders at her desk. He had seen Poppy do the same thing, it was the students paperwork, but there was a lot more than he was used to seeing as he watched.

“Have all these people been hurt?” Harry asked, gazing at her confused.

“Hm. No, these are the first year files; each first year student gets checked at the beginning of the year. To make sure they are healthy, then again when they are twelve if they wish to play Quidditch, which is a sport we play on broomsticks, they fly on them.” Irene informed the inquisitive teen. “If they have any illness that will hinder their ability to play, then I will find it and prevent any accidents. If you are finished, take the potion and get some rest.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Harry murmured popping the tray on the table at the bottom of the bed and picking the potion up from his pillow and swallowing it. Hopefully she meant what she said and that she would stay, he didn’t trust Dumbledore not to try something. It seemed a lot of things were going to change in fifty years, if this approach had continued…he wouldn’t have ended up back at the Dursley’s when Poppy got her hands on it. Who was he kidding? Dumbledore would have done anything to ensure he did, which would include Obliviating Poppy of her knowledge.

“Irene,” called a voice Harry was all too familiar with, speak of the devil and he shall appear he thought sardonically, closing his eyes as he felt the potion beginning to work but not taking him down just yet. “I was hoping to speak Hadrian, if he is up to it?”

“I’m sorry, Albus, he has been given a Dreamless Sleeping potion, he needs to rest.” Irene informed the Deputy Headmaster.

“I see,” Albus replied unhappily.

Harry wanted to grin, but at that moment the potion began working at its full capacity and pulled him under and into Morpheus’s arms.
Chapter 4

Lord of Time

Chapter 4

Harry woke up to the sun shining dully in the hospital wing, causing him to groan inaudibly and turn around placing the pillow over his face. Merlin, he hadn’t had such a good sleep in a long time, it had also left him vulnerable, but the only danger right now was Dumbledore’s curiosity and cautiousness, he knew nothing of what or who he really was. It must still be early, the sun was weak and would only get brighter, no, no it wouldn’t he belatedly realized, it was November here, the sun was always weak when it was out. He’d need to remember it wasn’t summer anymore; he’d need to remember a lot more in fact. Being in a new time was just as terrifying as it was exciting. Only time would tell whether he would grow to like it here or if it would be just as bad as it is fifty years in the future.

“Good morning, Hadrian, how are you feeling this morning?” Chang said walking through the door and into the hospital wing, she had in her arms a tray which she promptly placed across his lap when she got to him, smiling at him reassuringly.

“Good morning, ma’am,” Harry replied, his stomach growling at the smell of the food wafting from his lap, Merlin he was hungry. “I feel a lot better today,” he admitted.

“Sleep will help you heal, your magic always works better in healing you when you are asleep, it’s an unconscious thing, and awake your magic is preparing for you to use it.” Chang said in a way she thought the teenager would understand.

“Really? Wow, I wonder why it’s different!” Harry said his eyes twinkling, this he already knew, had known since he was a child. Every time his family struck him, he healed overnight, his magic focusing on the damage and getting rid of it. He had long ago come to the conclusion why his magic hadn’t been explosive or geared towards other things. Like Tom Riddle, he had gained control of his powers very young, using it to better his life the only way he felt he could. Causing those that hurt him pain, controlling them, and animals. His instinctively saved itself for the pain he knew was coming. He was his equal, he’d asked himself why he hadn’t been able to do it, and he had his most likely correct theory.

“When you’ve learned a little more about magic, I’ll give you a book that will help you understand it a little more.” Chang promised, “Now eat up while it’s warm,” he had to eat; he was far too thin and malnourished. It was a good thing his relatives were dead, otherwise they would be facing criminal charges for endangering and neglecting a child. They would have pushed it through a Muggle court, of course, Muggles didn’t get sent to Azkaban as much as they sometimes wished they could send them there. It would be nothing more than they deserved for their actions against a magical child.

“What will I be learning at school?” Harry asked, wondering how similar the curriculum would be from when he had been there. Probably the same, which meant he’d find the classes extremely boring he had already done it once before. He would just take the minimum amount of classes and go from there, spend his time in the library, although he wasn’t sure how many books would hold his attention. Five years he had to stay here at Hogwarts, so perhaps he should make sure not to read too fast.

He had no idea how wrong he was.
“Hogwarts teachers a variety of classes, in fact this year you chose your own electives, that will help you choose your career, I am sure someone will come in with a list for you.” Chang informed him, glad to see him eating properly.

“Why do you have that stick to use magic?” Harry asked, digging for information on how long he would wait to get a wand. He needed to get to Diagon Alley, the problem was getting into Gringotts, and he doubted he would be left on his own to go so someone would be taking him. He had a feeling he knew exactly who would volunteer to take him, so he wasn’t going to Gringotts when Dumbledore was around. He couldn’t risk the wizard finding out he was a descendant from Peverell, he would try to use him, and his obsession with the Hallows lasted until his dying breath, his cloak and the damn ring. It’s odd; Dumbledore had at one point had all the Hallows in his possession, why had it been him? Was Dumbledore found unworthy? Or was it the fact he was a blood relative? Certainly something worth asking Death about for sure.

“It’s a wand, Hadrian,” Chang explained, “It helps us harness out magic, we need a wand to perform magic, its one of the most important tools we have at our arsenal.”

“Will I be able to get one?” Harry enquired, not getting his answer.

“Of course, Headmaster Dippet has already pushed for the funds you’ll need for your school things,” Chang informed him. “Soon you’ll be learning how to be a wizard.”

“Thank you,” Harry said, “How long do you think it will be before I g… start learning?” cursing inwardly he’d almost said get sorted, he had to be very careful; one slip of the tongue could cause numerous complications.

“Soon,” she replied, banishing the tray with a flick of wand, and then disappeared through her office.

Harry didn’t have to wonder what she was doing, not even a few minutes later the Headmaster and Dumbledore stepped through the office door, having obviously used the Floo network to get here. He stared at them in feigned surprise, “Headmaster!” Harry exclaimed, his gaze going from the door to the entrance, “I…how did you…I mean…I didn’t see you…”

“We have many ways in which a wizard or witch travels, young Hadrian, which you will learn about today.” Dippet told him, as he moved to sit by him. “These books need to be learned before you start classes, we will get someone to help you catch up. Before that I’m afraid you must pick your classes before you can go to Diagon Alley, our shopping centre to pick out your books for this year.” the books he placed on the bottom of the bed and the rolled up parchment he handed over to the teenager who thankfully didn’t look too overwhelmed. He must be good at adjusting to new things, some people were like that, and others didn’t do well with change.

Harry unrolled the parchment, curious to see what classes there were on offer, his eyes widened in surprise. There were classes he had no idea existed, what had happened to them in his time? His heart sank, Dumbledore, he had even tried to get rid of Divination he remembered that, apparently he had gotten rid of more classes than he’d thought possible. These had been hand written with very detailed descriptions of what the classes were it wasn’t Dumbledore’s handwriting so it’s definitely Dippet’s. Even extracurricular classes, two he really liked the sound of, and it would keep him busy.

“I know what I’d like to take,” Harry said, glancing up at the Headmaster a serene but determined look on his face.

“Are you sure? There is no rush,” Dippet said, despite the fact there was, Hadrian was two years
behind in his education. The quicker he had his wand and books the more prepared he would be for joining classes soon. Yet this wasn’t something done lightly, but in two years if he changed his mind new electives can be chosen.

“İ’m sure,” Harry replied adamantly. Perhaps he wouldn’t be bored after all, especially with these new classes, although he couldn’t take a few until he was older - there was no stopping him reading ahead.

“Which classes would you like to take?” Dippet asked, flicking his wand parchment and a quill stood at the ready - presumably to write down everything Harry said. The main curriculum wrote itself down automatically, after all Harry would need to take those classes there was no question about it.

“Charms, Transfiguration, Astronomy, Defence Against the Dark Arts, Herbology, History of Magic, Potions, Care of Magical Creatures, Ancient Runes, Arithmancy, Muggle World Studies, Healing, Ancient studies, Magical Law and Finances and Magical Theory.” Harry listed them off one by one.

“That is a lot of classes, are you sure you wish to take so much?” Dippet cautioned, “You have a lot to catch up on.”

“I’ve always been a quick study,” Harry said proudly.

“Do you have the list Albus?” Dippet enquired, “As the deputy Headmaster he’s responsible for making sure letters go out to all students, letters with information on what they are supposed to get for the upcoming year. You have quite the list to get, but Albus will be helping you. You will also learn how to fly with the first years. The flying class only lasts one year; if you would rather not then I cannot see why we don’t give it a miss.”

“I do,” Albus said staring at Hadrian pensively - as he had been doing since they’d came in.

“Okay,” Harry said agreeable. He would take a few flying lessons then let the teacher tell him he was a ‘natural’ and concentrate on the other classes. Some of them looked really hard and complicated; he was looking forward to the challenge.

“Good!” Dippet said giving him a pat on the knee. “Tomorrow evening you shall be sorted into your house that will give you the weekend to get used to Hogwarts and learn everything you can. The teachers will be told so don’t feel pressured into doing anything until you are ready. Now are you up for a trip to get your school things?”

Harry nodded eagerly; he couldn’t wait to see what it was like here. Dumbledore was far too quiet for his liking; it wasn’t like him at all. He just knew as soon as they were away from the school he was going to be bombarded with questions, he wasn’t ready for that, and he couldn’t exactly continue to ignore him. That would be even more suspicious, maybe he could spin it in a way that made Dumbledore look like the suspicious one. Turn the tables on him, oh that sounded like a great idea.

“Stand up,” Dippet urged, “I will transfigure your pyjamas into something temporarily to wear until you get some clothes from Madam Malkin’s Robe shop.”

Harry stood waiting and then his pyjamas changed, “Amazing! You’re brilliant!” he said in reverence, once again noticing that he had done Wandless magic. Even Dumbledore hadn’t been able to do Wandless magic like this; either that or he had hidden it. Merlin, was Dippet blushing? Surely people had said something similar in the past.
“It’s nothing, now off you go,” Dippet told him making a small noise, “And before I forget, here is the money, the gold coins are Galleons, the silver ones are Sickles and the bronze ones are Knuts, it is our currency, it might be a little strange at first but you’ll get the hang of it.” he promised.

“They’re heavy,” Harry said, wondering if light feather charms hadn’t been invented yet. He clutched the money close, not willing to let it out of his sight.

“Follow me, Mr. Peverell,” Albus demanded, “I have a class to teach in little over an hour so there is no time to waste.”

“Yes, Sir,” Harry murmured, shielding away from the old man, inwardly sniggering when he looked taken aback by his actions. Honestly did he think he could just treat people like that and not have them wary of him? He continued to follow him, making sure to keep his distance from him.

Unfortunately that didn’t help keep the questions at bay after they used the Floo Network to get to the Leaky Cauldron and through the wall protecting the magical world from detection. “Are you sure you do not know who your parents were?”

“How could I? Sir, my parents died when I was a baby.” Harry stated sharply. Why the hell did Dumbledore have to suspect him of all people? He was already grating on his nerves, and he knew this wasn’t the end of it.

“You cannot remember magic being part of your life at all?” Albus asked, as they walked, the first place to go was Ollivander’s, he did need a wand. He wasn’t sure about allowing him into Hogwarts, he would have felt better if he could read his mind and see how the attack happened, whether they had been trying to kill him because he was a threat or trying to get him to join. Gellert had many people in his services; those that didn’t join weren’t left alone.

“First time I saw magic was when those men were doing it,” Harry lied barefaced.

“I’m sure that must have been terrifying for you,” Albus said, looking at the boy from the corner of his eye.

“I thought I was going to die,” Harry murmured, “Of course it was.”

“You have recovered remarkably well,” Albus commented, noticing he showed no emotion over what had happened.

“I was unconscious for a month, Madam Chang said magic heals while you’re asleep,” Harry said shrugging his shoulders.

“Mr. Ollivander will fit you with a wand,” Dumbledore said, opening the door gesturing for the boy to go in. Frowning when the boy once again avoided him as much as humanly possible, he didn’t understand him, most students reacted just the opposite.

“Albus Dumbledore, fifteen inch, willow wand with a unicorn tail hair core,” Ollivander said, gazing at them both with his silvery eyes.

Harry’s mouth dropped open, it was odd seeing him so young, very young he looked as though he was maybe only one or two years out of Hogwarts. It might be a slight exaggeration, he had been… no, was good looking, long black hair tied at the nape of his neck with his silver eyes, only Malfoy’s had those eyes, he’d never thought about it before maybe he was related to them however distantly. “Hi,” he managed to squeak out, wondering if he could sense his wand.

Or if he would know who he was.
“Bit late for your wand is it not?” Ollivander questioned.

“I didn’t know about magic until well…a few days ago to me,” Harry said, wondering if the wizard would buy it, he had always seemed so all knowing.

“Well, let’s see, which wand will suit you!” Ollivander said cheerfully, reminding Harry very much of his older version.

Then the chase was on, Harry hadn’t really thought he would go through so many wands again, but he was proven wrong. Even the holly wand he’d had in the future…the twin core rejected him so spectacularly that it splintered into a thousand pieces, and nothing Ollivander or Dumbledore did could repair the mess lying at his feet. After that Ollivander was reluctant to place any wand in his hand for fear that he would destroy more of them. Thankfully after five more, with no instances he found the wand that suited him, as it light up surrounding him and bathing him in its protection.

“Interesting, this wand is nine and half inches, Yew with Dragon heartstring,” Ollivander told him, handing over the box to go with it. “That’s five galleons.”

Albus Dumbledore’s suspicion became more profound; Yew and Dragon heartstring were both dark in nature. He definitely would need to keep an eye on the boy, and the fact he had destroyed the wand with Fawkes phoenix feather…well he couldn’t help but think the worst. Did the wand know something the rest of them didn’t?

“Those are the gold ones right?” Harry said, digging into his pouch and bringing them out, surprised by the low cost. He heard Garrick confirm affirmatively, handing them over with difficulty he didn’t want to snap his wand after all. “They’re different…the wands I mean, do they have different meanings too?”

“They do, here,” Ollivander said, picking up a pamphlet from behind his desk, “It’s very informative,” he didn’t give them out to just anyone, only those that expressed a desire to know, otherwise it was just a waste of time. They were read and discarded on the streets like litter in the Alley, and it was insulting to him, Wandlore was his life.

“Thank you, Sir,” Harry said wondering what to do with it all, he wasn’t supposed to know about magic after all. “Where do I put my wand?” wondering if he would have enough to get a holster.

“Anywhere you like, but I’d advice against putting it in your back pocket,” Ollivander said winking.

Harry laughed nodding his agreement, still sniggering softly even after his initial amusement had faded away.

“You can always purchase a wand holster,” Ollivander suggested, pointing to the selection he had.

Harry bit his lip, “I don’t know…if I have enough left over once I’ve bought all my things I’ll come and get one…how much is it?”

“Two Galleons, but if you are short, just come regardless,” Ollivander said, there was something about the boy, he couldn’t put his finger on it. He had a feeling this boy would do well, go places, quite possibly be one of the greatest wizards in history, the same feeling he had while giving another wand to an eleven year old boy three years ago.

Albus glanced shrewdly at Garrick, why was everyone around him drawn to the teenager? It was the same with the teachers at Hogwarts, they couldn’t see Tom Riddle for what he was, why must the responsibility rest solely on his shoulders?
“I couldn’t do that,” Harry protested.

“Nonsense,” Ollivander waved it off, “The offer still stands.”

“Thank you,” Harry said kindly, before he was whisked away to get the rest of his things. Glancing longingly at Gringotts, wondering when he would be able to go there without someone watching over his shoulder. He knew the ins and outs of Hogwarts, surely he would be able to get to the bank sooner rather than later. He shouldn’t really be taking the money - it should be used to help those that really need it, he had money…at least according to Death and he despite the fact he shouldn’t…did trust him he could feel he was telling the truth - being honest with him. Unfortunately he couldn’t very well tell the Headmaster that.

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“….and I got a wand, loads of books! A brand new trunk! It has my initials on it, and Mr. Ollivander said I could get a holster if I had some money left! And I went and got one, see!” Harry rambled on, while the Medi-witch took notes and dealt with any student that came in her ward. Harry was packing everything in his trunk, it was a single one, hardly fitted everything in, but as soon as he could get into Gringotts and get his money he would buy a better one with multiple compartments to keep everything tidier. Once he’d pretended to read the first and second year books he can just shrink them, giving him a little more space.

Had he rambled on enough he wondered? Was he living up to the part? His throat was starting to hurt; he hadn’t spoken so much for a long time. Sighing softly, he slid into the hospital wing bed, taking with him the first year charm book for show, and began to flip from page to page every so often. Soon he wouldn’t have adult eyes on him all the time and could at least stop pretending to be a fourteen year old boy. Dumbledore wouldn’t get a chance to annoy him as much when he started school that was an added bonus. Dumbledore had kept asking him questions the entire way there and back, phrasing them in a slightly different way as if trying to catch him in a lie. Admittedly it amused him how ‘subtle’ he was trying to be, key word trying of course, he wasn’t really a fourteen year old boy - he was twenty one, and knew Dumbledore’s tactics like he knew the palm of his hand. By the time they’d returned to Hogwarts he had been completely annoyed enough that he had all but stomped away as soon as he delivered ‘Hadrian’ to the Hospital Wing. He did feel better having a wand on him though; he had to admit, especially if Dumbledore was going to keep up the interrogations.

Flicking his wand out, he did the wand movements before muttering “Wingardium Leviosa!” and the book began to float, doing exactly as he commanded it, this wand suited him better than even the holly one had. He did wonder why it had splintered into smithereens; even the feather had no survived. The wand had been meant for him, perhaps because he had changed…the wand no longer suited him and nobody else could have it? Nobody else was Voldemort’s equal? He did wonder if the Elder wand was his, right now Grindelwald had it, definitely something else worth discussing with Death; hopefully he would come soon so he could get answers.

“Oh, you are a natural! Professor Meadowes will be very impressed,” Chang said he must have an affinity for charms to get it on his first go; either that or it was his age.

“Professor Meadowes?” Harry echoed, the name was ringing a bell, he just couldn’t think where from.

“Yes, the charms teacher,” Chang confirmed. She didn’t normally allow students to practice in her hospital ward, but what harm was it doing? There were no injured students in here, and he needed all the help he could get to catch up to the other students. If he continued on as he was, he would be there in no time at all.
Harry’s eyes widened, Meadowes! Dorcas Meadowes, she was in the original Order of the Phoenix, personally killed by Voldemort himself during the first war. Was it the same person? No, it couldn’t be, from what he remembered from the picture…she wasn’t Dumbledore old, just slightly older than his parents, maybe McGonagall’s age…did that mean she was a student right now? Or left or not there yet? So the one teaching had to be a relative of some sort.

Tomorrow he was going to be sorted, excitement thrummed through him as he curled up on the bed, the book wedged beside him, beginning to feel normal for the first time in a very long time. Maybe normal was overrated, just…content. The real fun though, why the real fun will start on Monday.

Now where to ask the hat to put him, Harry thought with a grin.
IMPORTANT A/N - I’ve had to edit the first chapter due to the fact that Myrtle shouldn’t have been there. Not only is she only a first year not third -there’s no way she would have been at Hogsmeade since it’s for third years and above. Sorry about that- just about drove myself mad with confusion regarding the whole Myrtle and Tom dynamics resulting in the chamber!

Chapter 5

Harry was practically waiting on pins and needles for the evening to come around, where he would finally get out of the Hospital Wing. Although he found Madam Chang to be a refreshing change from Madam Pomfrey, she wasn’t as overbearing but she was just as protective and gave them more leeway. Or it might just be the fact he’d been through something they would term ‘traumatic’ and that there was nobody in the wing injured. He had pretended to get through three of his first year school books, doing a charm of transfiguring something here and there just to test out his new wand. Not that he needed it, but that was a whole other matter that wasn’t even going to be brought into consideration with Dumbledore watching him so closely.

He had thought long and hard on where he wanted to be placed, no doubt the hat would have trouble this time just as he had the last time. He had traits of all four houses, thirst for knowledge, well he hadn’t had that the last time he was sorted admittedly it came later in life. He was loyal to those who were loyal to him in turn, and would die for that loyalty; he hadn’t found such a person yet in existence, although he knew betrayal all too well. He was brave in the face of adversary, just not so reckless anymore, but he wasn’t even contemplating going into Gryffindor - he did not want Dumbledore as a head of house, the thought made him shudder in revulsion. Oh no, never in a million years will that happen.

The last one…Slytherin, well that had always been his more inclined house, he was sneaky, wanted true friendship and a thirst to prove himself. All traits that had come across as Gryffindor-ish while he was in that house. Dumbledore’s statement that ‘our choices make us’ was a lot of crap, how he had listened to him for so long was beyond him really. He wasn’t sure he wanted to end up in the snake pit, from what he could gather the dynamics in Slytherin were different from all he knew. Tom Riddle probably ruled them all with an iron fist; at least he did in future, when they began to realize his true strength and his blood…his Slytherin blood. Did he even know by this point? He knew quite a bit about Tom Riddle, but not enough to know the when, how and where of some of the information. The only upside to ending up in Slytherin was he would be able to keep an eye on Riddle. Maybe change some of the views that the Slytherins have…work from the inside so to speak.

‘He would do well in Slytherin’ echoed in his head, from both the Sorting Hat and Death, he wasn’t even sure he would get a choice this time around. Perhaps he would be best to just let it run its course, have the hat tell him where he was meant to be. The last time he fought it…well it hadn’t turned out well.

“Are you ready to go?” Madam Chang asked Hadrian, he did look a bit jumpy, but she couldn’t tell whether it was excitement or fear.

“Yes,” Harry said calmly, “What do I do with my trunk? Take it with me?”

“Stand at the end of the bed,” Chang said, an idea coming to her.
Harry stared at her in confusion but did as she asked; he already had a feeling what she was going to do.

“Now follow my wand movements, and say very clearly, Reducio it will shrink your trunk to a more manageable size.” Chang informed him, making a V with her wand, repeatedly while Hadrian did the same thing, once she was sure it was perfect she nodded, observing him.

“Reducio!” Harry cast, and he had no idea how to stop his spells working so it did as it always did - worked. It shrank down to the size of a matchbox, would they get suspicious of his spells working the first time? Oh, who the hell cared? He couldn’t stop it even if he wanted to, it’s not as if they would learn the truth, even if they did somehow there was no way they’d believe him. Oh hello, I’m Harry Potter, from fifty years in the future, I’ve come back by accidentally using my Time Lord Powers that somehow come with being the Master of Death? Ha, that’s a good one.

“Very well done,” Chang said, “Now to return it to its original size this is what you do,” she moved her wand around in an almost circular fashion, with flicks at both sides leaving it as an incomplete circle. She repeated it a few times, letting Hadrian get the hang of it before she pronounced the spell for him. “Engorgio, pronounced ‘en-GOR-gee-oh’ alright?”

“Engorgio!” Harry cast, watching it return to normal, placing a wide eyed look of wonder on his face, but he was getting tired of it. “Wow! Reducio!” grinning he picked it up and placed it in his pocket, as soon as he was in the dorm he would put protection spells on it, not that he had much to protect but he knew Tom Riddle had sticky fingers, so whenever he did have something in it he was going to make sure he couldn’t get it. Although he did have a few extra Galleons, due to the fact he had opted against getting a familiar, which apparently was part of the package when getting help from the Hogwarts to buy school things. He had nobody to write to, so he had no use for an owl, he had no desire for a cat or a toad. No, getting the wand holster was definitely better than some animal he would just have to look after.

“There all set,” she told him, he looked very handsome in his school uniform, less emaciated. The House-elves knew to put a nutrition potion into his goblet, so he would be perfectly healthy soon enough. That’s if he actually had the time to eat, the amount of classes he was taking was an arm long, nothing to be concerned about for any student but Hadrian had just learned of magic. The way he was going though, he would get though the books in no time at all. She had seen him go through three or four books if she remembered correctly, Charms, Transfiguration and until twenty minutes ago his Herbology one. When he insisted he was a quick study he certainly hadn’t been wrong. Despite the fact he hadn’t used or known about magic, it had obviously continued to evolve and mature as he aged.

“Right then, I think we best start making our way there now, if we are lucky we can get you sorted before all the students sit down for dinner.” Chang revealed, making her way out of her ward, making sure that Hadrian was following her, which he was. “Just remember if you get sore, just come and see me, there is no need for you to be in needless pain.”

“I will, I promise,” Harry said, giving her a shy smile, his green eyes twinkling excitedly. He was finally out of the Hospital Wing! Tonight he would be sleeping in a dorm, not watched too closely, with the probable exception of Dumbledore. He was honestly surprised Dumbledore hadn’t tried Legilimency on him, although it did require eye contact and he had made sure never to meet the old fool’s eyes. Not that it mattered he would know the second he tried anything. He wasn’t sure what he would do if he did, it wasn’t as if he could tell anyone not right now maybe in a few years, he would just have to wait and see how things went. Harry made sure to stay one step behind Madam Chang, occasionally looking around to make it seem as if he was overwhelmed by everything he was seeing.
It seemed he didn’t have to worry about making it look as if he hadn’t been here before, since Madam Chang seemed to be taking him a way he hadn’t seen before, probably a way to get to the teachers entrance by way of the antechamber he had been propelled into after his name came out of the cup in his forth year. He was proven correct of course, as if there had been any doubt, but the room itself was different, emptier for sure, just like most corridors, dull and unused with various hidden entrances he hadn’t even thought to look for the last time he’d been in there. He’s been practically assaulted by Dumbledore, while he tried to find out ‘whether he put his name in the cup or if he had asked someone else to do it’ when he was perfectly able to get him out of it in the first place. Oh how different things would have been if he had landed in the time he was supposed to go to Hogwarts. He did wonder if he would have had his original body or if it would have been changed slightly like this by Death and had attended the same way he was now. Yet another curious question to ask, its something he would need to know, especially if this was his life now.

“Ah, Irene, you’ve made it, good, the sorting hat is waiting,” Dippet told her, smiling in welcome to both of them when he noticed the door to the antechamber opening.

“Can’t I get sorted here?” Harry asked, looking around apprehensive, the entire school was there, and they were already looking at him - this reminded him of his first sorting, and it made Goosebumps appear all over his arms.

“Its tradition, Hadrian, go on,” Dippet said, amused.

“Okay…” Harry said doubtfully, before he edged around the teachers tables, peering at them curiously, wondering who was whom and whom taught what. A few faces looked sort of familiar, but he couldn’t work out if it was a relative or someone that had worked at Hogwarts when he was there…just older and barely recognizable. Many were actually quite young - younger than he was used to seeing at any rate, other than Snape he was by far the youngest teacher - and that was because he was a spy, and Dumbledore wanted to keep him close at hand.

The eyes on him, they were talking quietly amongst themselves, it sounded to him like a million bees buzzing around the room. Eventually he got to the stool, the same three legged stool, honestly didn’t Hogwarts ever change? Sitting down, feeling distinctively odd, he was taller than he had been the last time he took such a seat to be sorted.

‘Well, well, well, what do we have here? This is quite the unique situation is not Harry Potter? Or should I call you Hadrian Peverell?’ the hat said chuckling in Harry’s ear. ‘I see you’ve decided not to fight my ruling this time…what I was thinking back then is anyone’s guess, I don’t usually take the students wants into consideration, its not good for their social life’ the hat sounded baffled by that.

‘Well you did, and it wasn’t just me, you sorted Granger into Gryffindor when she was meant to be in Ravenclaw, you sorted her into Gryffindor because she asked, because she wanted to be in the same house as Dumbledore’ Harry confirmed.

‘Very strange, indeed,’ the hat said, but there was nothing to be done about it. ‘Well your sorting will be easy this time,’ “BETTER BE SLYTHERIN!”

‘Thanks’ Harry muttered sardonically before he lifted the hat from his head and placed it back on the stool. Watching bemused as the Slytherin house crest appeared on his cloak, shaking his head he moved of the dais and down the steps, making his way over to the Slytherin section, feeling a surreal sense of déjà vu, he knew it wasn’t the Slytherin’s from his time, but they all looked like them, at least he wouldn’t get their names mixed up, he thought to himself wryly, as a space parted for him in the third year section of the table.
It was mostly just the teachers applauding politely, a few students joined in but overall they weren’t sure what to make of a student coming out of nowhere and joining them. He would bet his wand that most of them disliked him on principle of him being in Slytherin anyway. And the pureblood’s? Well they didn’t know if he was useful or not - after all none of them would dare to associate with a Muggle-born or half-blood, and until they knew otherwise they would probably ignore him.

He slid into his seat, ignoring the students, as he opened the book he’d brought with him, which fitted comfortably in his cloak pocket. Well he was in Slytherin then, let’s just hope the hat knew what it was doing - that he knew what he was doing. It was better than Gryffindor though, that was one thing at least. He couldn’t help but wonder if this was Friday night or if he had been given Friday off as well as the weekend to get used to Hogwarts. As soon as he was down in the dorm he would find out.

Feeling himself being watched, he looked up from his book, staring around at the sea of faces, until he met dark brown - almost black fathomless - eyes staring back at him. Bingo, it hadn’t taken long at all, he thought, he would recognize that face anywhere, yes even a thirteen year old…or was he fourteen? No, his birthday was in December so he was still thirteen for a month at most.

Predictably he did not look away when he was caught, merely arched an eyebrow and continued to stare. Harry didn’t want to be the one to look away, he almost felt as if this was a challenge, then just like that with a dismissive look Tom Riddle turned away.

The game was afoot.
Chapter 6

Lord Of Time

Chapter 6

Hadrian followed a blonde boy, whom he suspected (alright more than suspected) to be a Malfoy, down to the common room. Professor Slughorn had asked the Head Boy to escort him to the Dungeons before the other students made their way down after the feast. As they did, the boy absently pointed out portraits or suits of armour that would help him make sure he didn't get lost on his way from or back to Slytherin common room. Harry did find it helpful, and was surprised and suspicious as to why he would be nice. Draco and Lucius would have rather bitten their own hand off than be seen doing something nice.

"The password to gain entrance is Sovereign; speak it and the door will open for you," the blonde explained before the door opened and they both entered Slytherin common room. The room was empty, since the other students were still in the Great Hall for the time being. "Welcome to Slytherin common room. My name is Abraxas Malfoy, and you may come to me if you have any problems, either that or find our Prefect Mark Flint."

Harry couldn't help feeling the urge, but managed hide a smirk. Well, well, Marcus Flint's grandfather was Prefect; it seemed to be something of a tradition then. Then there was Abraxas Malfoy, Head Boy, and he would bet his last Galleon that he had been Prefect as well, just like Draco had been. Voldemort had been a Prefect and Head Boy as well. Seeing he was staring at him waiting on an answer he nodded his head in understanding.

"The dorms are up there, boys to the left, girls to the right; your trunks are already in the room you'll be sharing with the other boys," Abraxas informed him, before moving towards the left staircase, and began to make his way up the stairs until he reached the third-year boys' dormitory.

"This is your room, you'll be sharing with Avery, Lestrange, Nott, and Riddle," Abraxas informed him.

"Thanks," Harry murmured, opening the door and going in, leaving Abraxas to do whatever he needed to do. He had spoken Riddle's name with reverence and with, unsurprisingly, a bit of fear. Which meant he had already started gathering followers, and establishing a power base. His bed was obviously the one without the trunk at the foot; he noticed it was closest to the wall at the back of the dorm. Great, he was basically going to be boxed in with guys that were curse happy. His bed, he also realized, was next to Tom Riddle's — that trunk had TMR on it, which gave it away.

"Engorgio!" Harry cast, returning his trunk to its correct size and placing it at the foot of his bed. Grinning savagely, he cast as many spells as possible to keep the contents of his trunk safe. Tom Riddle with his sticky fingers would be in for a surprise if he tried to take anything of his. Once he had run out of possible spells, he stood back up. Deciding that he didn't want to deal with any of them tonight, he slid into the green silk sheets, flicking his wand and closing his curtains so only he would be able to open them.

Grinning in amusement, he laid back and quickly found himself thinking things through. He was shorter than the rest of the third-years; he would need to rectify that as soon as possible. It was unfortunate, but he didn't think the potion was available in this time; luckily for him he had brewed it often enough that he knew the recipe off by heart. The ingredients he had bought in Diagon
Alley, weren't enough to make the potion; he was missing quite a few crucial ingredients. He would need to get them from the store cupboard, which meant waiting for his first Potions class, much to his consternation. If Slughorn was anything like Snape, he would have his cupboards warded; even taking the wards down would alert him. He hadn't tried anything while Slughorn was at Hogwarts that year; he'd been too interested in finding out what was going on — like an idiot. He couldn't wait to get out of Hogwarts and get to Gringotts; he wanted his money, as it would make things infinitely easier instead of resorting to stealing stale ingredients from cupboards. He wasn't staying this short and thin, he absolutely refused.

Thinking back on tonight, he couldn't help but muse on the fact that Tom Riddle had dismissed him; he didn't deem him worthwhile or a threat. He didn't know why but that got under his skin… and also made him want to laugh. His life had revolved around Voldemort for so long; both of them had, in their own way, been obsessed with the other for all the wrong reasons. Voldemort in trying to kill him, and he in trying to figure out what he was up to. He would need to speak to Death; he honestly didn't know where to start.

It wasn't surprising really; this was like a whole new wizarding world. The classes… Merlin, the classes they had here. He was actually looking forward to half his classes, something new that he didn't know much about. Although, whether they were interesting or not would remain to be seen. Then there were the people, especially Dumbledore. When he'd asked during his other life whether Dumbledore knew he was talking to the next Dark Lord, he had said no. What a load of crap; Dumbledore had been suspicious of Tom all along, just like he was with him and he had done nothing to warrant it. One could argue that Tom Riddle hadn't either. Dumbledore didn't like powerful up-and-coming wizards, that much was becoming glaringly obvious. Rolling over, he wondered, could it have something to do with Grindelwald? He was very powerful in his own right, right up there with Dumbledore himself… but nothing on him or Voldemort. Dumbledore did like collecting powerful wizards though, for his precious Order. There was no denying they had been powerful; not enough to best Voldemort in a duel when he came for them, but enough to give the Death Eaters a challenge. Admittedly he didn't know a great deal about the first Order members who were killed, just that the majority of them had been dealt with by Voldemort himself. Just like he had gone after Amelia Bones; from the reports in the newspaper he knew she had put up one hell of a fight.

Just then he felt a subtle shift in his mind; it was rather disconcerting just how quickly he was getting used to that. Death had come to pay him another visit. Would this be a regular thing? Or did he just realise that he wanted to speak to him?

'I will always know when you need me,' Death told him, causing Harry to shiver; he would definitely need to watch his own thoughts when he was around.

'I have some questions for you, if you can answer them for me,' Harry admitted, feeling extremely odd that he was in essence talking… no, asking himself a question in his own mind. 'Can I actually stop Tom Riddle from turning into Voldemort? I think he's already aware of his heritage, isn't he? He already hates his name… in a few years time he'll have Myrtle killed, and then his father and grandparents… how can I honestly stop all that?'

'There are some things you won't be able to stop; some things are written in stone, as contradictory as that is. The anger Tom holds towards his relatives is profound; nothing, not even you, can save them,' Death informed him without care or pause.

'So, Myrtle?' Harry mused thoughtfully. He could live with those deaths if it saved the magical world, he guessed, and he wasn't really surprised by the fact that nothing could stop their deaths. Tom wasn't one for having control over his temper. Even as an older wizard, with as much magic
as they both had, he'd understood where he was coming from. It wasn't just being angry. Magic stirred when you were emotional, you felt its power like nothing else, and it boiled over until you got rid of it.

'There is a way, but you must do things for yourself. I cannot give you all the answers, the decisions must be yours alone to make,' Death answered. The boy would begin relying on him for answers if he did just give them out, and things wouldn't play out like they were supposed to. No, the boy could do it on his own, he was independent enough despite the fact that it had been suppressed for the majority of his life and he'd been forced to rely on others through no fault of his own. The boy would thank him one day.

'Thank you,' Harry admitted, 'Although you could have warned me about this rubbish body!' Death chuckled, 'In no time at all you'll be fine.' And gaining the attention of nearly all Houses. He would be stunning, at least to the humans; he held no such feelings, not even for the young Master of Death.

'If I ever choose to jump in time, would my body end up different again?' Harry enquired remembering the list of questions he had for him.

'That is your body, just without the most obvious Potter traits you had previously. That means your eyesight is perfect, with no distinguishing Potter characteristics, and of course without the short bird's nest hair all Potters seem to have and can never get rid of. That and you also do not have the scar. It's a body you would have had in the Dursleys' care, nonetheless, and it had to be this way for your plan to work,' Death replied. 'And yes, I knew your plan before you did — I waited a long time for it to happen.' In fact he looked a little like Ignotus had when he was a teenager. The Peverell lineage was there for all to see, but nobody would realize that until they went looking for information.

'Oh, right. I have another question… why did I become Master of Death? I mean, Dumbledore had all the Hallows in his possession before me.'

'He is not of Peverell blood. The gifts were meant for you and you alone, nobody else can ever harness your abilities. Even if somehow the abilities could be transferred, he isn't worthy of them; he would have abused them,' Death answered him firmly.

'I am not the only one with Peverell blood,' Harry pointed out seriously, and considering how terrified of Death Voldemort was… it would have been at the height of irony if he became the Master of Death. Then again, it wasn't as if it would have prevented him from dying, now was it? He wasn't one hundred percent sure what it meant to have these abilities.

'Being Master of Death, young Harry, means that you can never die. You can go to all the edges of the world and explore everything, anything your heart desires.' Death replied. 'To the end of time itself, should you so wish.'

'I guess I will always be alone,' Harry said, his heart breaking at the thought. Despite the constant betrayals, the hurt he'd endured, he had always felt lonely, but it was something he was used to. He hadn't had a single friend the first ten years of his life. The friends he'd had since then always used him for their own ends. He guessed it was too much to hope for that his life could have been better... the way he wanted it here.

'Anyone you bond to will be the same as you, two halves of a whole, co-joined souls that are destined for great things' Death felt the need to explain, sensing the human emotions. Just because Harry was Master of Death now didn't make him unsusceptible to human desires.
'I would never trust anyone to bond with them,' Harry vowed vehemently. He had been hurt too many times in the past for that. Yet in his heart of hearts he wished he could trust someone enough to do that, to have a family, a relationship. Who knows, maybe in a few months' time he could leave this time and go somewhere else... his parents' time? See them for himself? So many possibilities now, he could do whatever he liked, go wherever he wanted. 'Are you still there?' he asked after a few seconds, feeling confused. He hadn't felt him go at any rate but he had gotten lost in thought.

'I am; do you have any other questions for me?' Death enquired; it was time to get back to work — it was a never ending task, transporting the souls of the dead to the other side. He knew he didn't have to worry about the young Master, he would be just fine. He had his moments of insecurity but would be back fighting after a good night's sleep.

'No, thank you for answering them.' It made him feel a little better knowing what he did. 'Wait; will Dumbledore ever realize what I am? He IS obsessed with the Hallows.'

'Yes, yes he is, and no, he won't... and obviously you have no intentions of telling him,' Death proclaimed.

'No,' Harry scoffed at the thought of confiding in the old fool. 'If I do manage to stop Tom from fully becoming Voldemort... will Dumbledore still have such a strong hold on the magical world?'

'He will,' Death revealed, 'There is but one way to prevent that, but as I said before, the choices are yours alone to make - and the ideas yours to have. Now I really do have to go; if you need me, I will know.'

With that the feeling of Death leaving caused Harry to shudder at the somewhat odd sensation. Despite how early it was, Harry felt tired, but he knew it was fully because of his aching, malnourished body. He allowed himself to drift off, knowing he was safe, nobody could get through the curtains, and if somehow they did, he would be immediately alerted.

"Do you think he's a descendant from THE Peverells?" Avery whispered, watching the boy leave with Malfoy, "Rumour has it that he was in Bulgaria when he was attacked; if he is one of the Peverells, then he will be powerful. It makes no sense. Grindelwald would have wanted him on his side, why attack him?" he wondered quietly, playing with his food as he thought on what little information they did have.

"Good question," Rabastian Lestrange muttered as he swallowed down his treacle tart. "Did you see what he was reading? A second-year charms book; he obviously didn't attend magical school."

"That's right, Professor Slughorn asked everyone to help him feel welcome, that he wasn't used to the magical world," Antonin Dolohov commented. "He'll be just as pathetic as the rest of the Mudbloods!" He did admit to being curious as to why the boy hadn't been at Hogwarts. Even those with no fortune to speak of a way of attending.

"I don't know about that," Aiden Avery said rejoining the conversation. "I mean, if we are right and he knew nothing about the magical world... he survived a vicious attack and came out on top. He Apparated all the way from Bulgaria to Scotland; even with wish magic he must be pretty powerful." He hadn't gotten a good look at him, but from what everyone was saying he'd been in a right state.

"Who cares?" Thaddeus Nott groused, "He looks more like a first-year anyway, doesn't he, Tom?"
Tom Riddle turned to stare at Nott, nothing giving away the immense dislike he had for that name, or the fact he wanted to curse Nott for using it. Truthfully it was better than Riddle, since he had, unfortunately, had to come to terms with the fact his father might not be a wizard at all. He had searched through the trophy record rooms, Hogwarts Prefect records, and records in the library regarding wizarding history and found no mention of the name. It was repugnant to him, along with the thought that his mother was a Witch, but a weakling who'd died giving birth to him. "He does," he replied smoothly. That couldn't be denied; the new boy was extremely short for his age, albeit first-year was a slight exaggeration.

"He's a third-year though; I wonder where he will be sleeping," Rookwood said, "I hope we don't have to room with him." A stranger in his dorm, with the others? No, he didn't like the thought of that at all.

"We will find out soon enough," Nott mused, his head moving to the side when he saw Tom getting up. Despite the fact he hadn't quite finished his dessert he stood as well; the other two followed his example and they left the Great Hall together — a united front.

"Have you finished your homework for Ancient Runes, Aiden?" Lestrange asked, as they walked down into the dungeons, keeping up a fast pace as set by their 'leader'.

"Yes, last night," Avery replied, "You aren't copying from me again, the professor noticed and took points. I'm just glad she didn't give me detention or a bad grade." He scowled at the thought of her.

Lestrange grumbled quietly to himself as he moved to the stairs, climbing up them to get to his homework. He hated Ancient Runes, but the others seemed to have no problem with it. It hadn't been his choice; his parents would have killed him if he had taken something as ridiculous as Divination. No, as the heir of the Lestrange line, he was expected to do well at Hogwarts and take over from his father.

Entering the room, he moved towards his trunk and immediately began rummaging it in, letting out a triumphant hoot when he found his book; he absently grabbed an ink pot, quill, and parchment for his designated task. Having gotten the items he needed, he was just about to leave when he realized that something was very different about the room. And it actually took him a few minutes to figure out what, not that he would tell anyone that. There was an extra bed in the room; the new student was in their dorm! He briefly wondered how Tom would feel about that.

Hastily exiting the room, he ran down to inform the others what he had just found out, only slowing down as decorum dictated as he reached the bottom step. Walking towards the table, he took his place as the others conversed around him; he would occasionally give his input but mostly he scribbled away on his parchment, trying to get his homework done as quickly as humanly possible.

Unfortunately he just couldn't wait, he had to tell them. "The boy, Peverell, he's in our dorm— there's an extra bed," he said casually as if he hadn't been dying to tell them for the past nearly half an hour.
Tom's eyes darkened and the others said nothing.
Harry stirred awake, blinking at the top of the green canopy on his bed, stretching languidly, before sitting up ready to face his 'first' day at Hogwarts. Dippet had said he didn't need to go to classes not that he was actually forbidden to go. The thought of sitting around doing nothing held no appeal to him, in fact it was pretty much the only thing he had in common with his eleven year old self when he was a teenager. He'd had enough of sitting doing nothing in a cupboard most of his life, so anything was better...different. Also why he had probably got into situations he definitely shouldn't have as well, oh it helped with Dumbledore steering the reigns of course.

Sliding the curtains open, he noticed that his new roommates were still sleep; he froze however, seeing the sleeping face of his one time enemy. Sometime at night his arm had came out of the curtains leaving it slightly open. Bloody hell, Harry thought to himself, how on earth did he look so peaceful? So angelic? He was beginning to understand why everyone flocked to him. Beneath had mask was a boy so secluded by society that all he could think about was tearing it apart. No, he was just arrogant and believed he knew best, with some help he could change...at least he hoped so. It was odd to think Tom was more like Dumbledore than anyone would ever realize. Only Dumbledore chickened out at the last minute and decided he didn't want to go to the extremes Gellert Grindelwald was prepared to go.

Wandlessly checking the time, he realized he had amble time to have a long shower, with that in mind he padded over to his trunk and gathered his school uniform for the day, and made his way to the showers. Which he had no clue as to their location, but after a few minutes investigating he found them just fine. They layout wasn't all that different, though there was much more space here than there was in Gryffindor tower. Which shouldn't be a surprise, the dungeons was largely unused due to its size. The entire tower was used - cramped one might say.

Testing the water, he stood under the hot spray and enjoyed the luxury of not having to worry about someone attacking him. Last night had probably been one of the best nights he'd had in a long time, in both terms of sleep and able to relax. He'd never thought he would see the day where he could be in the presence of Tom Riddle aka Voldemort and actually fall asleep! It was deeply ironic and a smirk made its way onto his face. He was unsure of how the interactions would go, he wasn't just a first year, he was a third year that came out of nowhere, sleeping in Tom's dorm, no doubt the boy was unsure of how to proceed as well.

Burning anger flared through him just thinking about Dumbledore, damn the old man, if Dumbledore hadn't been so suspicious of Tom, treating him as if he were dark it was no wonder he had gone down his path. If he had just bloody helped him once, who knows what would have happened to him? Hell he was smart as fuck, could have been Minister of Magic. There was something he missing, in terms of Dumbledore, could it really be something as simple as having a fear of those with powerful magic? It wasn't just powerful ones you needed to look out for, Pettigrew for instance, he was weak both in personality and magic and he had killed his fair share of people - directly or indirectly. You'd think a smart guy like Dumbledore would realize that, but no, Merlin forbid. Sighing softly, Granger had said logic wasn't exactly a wizard's strong suit, and he had to agree with the whole of his being even if she had been the one to say it.
Quickly scrubbing his body with the stuff he'd bought, which by the way were way cheaper than he was used to, but everything was really. It smelt odd, not a bad odd but nothing like he was used to. He should have checked what he was buying but he hadn't, still too wound up over Dumbledore to think clearly. Shampooing his hair, still finding it really weird that he had long hair! He'd gone his entire life with what had Death called it? Oh yes, birds nest, which may very well have been a rather apt description.

Turning the shower off, he grabbed the towel that hung on the outside, dragging it past the curtain and began to towel off, he didn't use a spell; he didn't like how it felt to be honest and his hair always worse than unmanageable when he did it. Stepping out he quickly put his underwear on, then took his time with the rest, finding something else odd, all his scars were gone, most importantly the scar on his forehead. Even the words Umbridge had forced him to scribe into his hand were absent. A blank slate, he mused, a fresh start, somehow that both thrilled and worried him on equal measures.

Clipping his cloak on, a sly grin making its way on his face again, he'd been awake all of half an hour and he'd gone through every range of emotion possible. It was a nice change he had to admit, as he left the shower rooms and made his way back to the dorm, for the past however many years all he had felt was anger, sorrow, rage and terror. When he got back to the dorm he noticed the others were waking up. Paying them no attention, he opened his trunk and grabbed the green bag he'd bought; it had been the most sturdy and cheapest one. He had wanted decent uniforms so got the cheapest of everything else. He'd been lucky to find ones that looked almost brand new, but compared to the pureblood's it was obvious his weren't exactly top material.

He had no idea what classes he had today, he would have to take all the books, but with an enlargement and light feather spell, it would be no trouble carrying them around, so he dumped them all in. He also added parchment, ink and quills. He could feel their eyes boring into his own, but at least they weren't being totally obvious about it. Swinging his bag on his back he left the room without once looking back his gait confident and assured.

Getting to the Great Hall had been rather tricky, he'd had to turn back twice, despite the fact he had been shown just yesterday. He made mental notes as he went along, to make sure it didn't happen again. Eventually as he turned another corridor he was greeted with a sight he was more familiar with, the entrance hall, not that it was any means small, it took five minutes to get from the dungeons to the double doors of the Great Hall. Sliding in, he made his way over to the Slytherin bench, only sixth and seventh years were there, everyone else was still asleep or just getting up.

Sliding into his seat, the mask he had chosen for himself firmly in place, which was a bit between wariness and excitement. The wariness wasn't exactly exaggerated but the excitement? That was getting tedious to keep up with, thankfully though he would be able to stop being excited about everything within a few days a week at most. He had no fear that the Slytherins would get in his way and tell on him, if there was absolutely anything he knew about was that the Slytherins kept secrets like it was nobodies business.

"Hadrian, my boy! It's good to see you up and about," Slughorn said standing in front of Harry, beaming at him as if he was the most exciting person he had seen in decades. "I was informed that you wouldn't be attending classes until Monday." he added, gazing at the teen shrewdly.

Harry peered at him sheepishly through his fringe, "I don't want to sit about doing nothing, Sir, I'd like to go to class...if that's okay?" he asked the wizard for permission knowing that it would work. Slughorn had an inflated sense of self worth and an ego to boot. He was a good wizard though; just a bit blind when it came to his Slytherins but the same could be said for Dumbledore and the Gryffindors.
"Of course, if you feel up to it," Slughorn said puffing up, "Know that you can go back to the common room if it gets too much, you understand?" he'd already been given an earful by the matron to make sure Hadrian didn't do too much.

"I will, Sir," Harry told him nodding his head.

"Very well," Slughorn conceded, it looked as though the teen had made up his mind. "This is a map of Hogwarts and your timetable for the term. If you have trouble, ask one of the Prefects or Head Boy to help you, we always look after our own." he said grimly, thumping Harry on the back a little too hard causing him to end up nearly on the floor.

Oh, he was so getting rid of this bloody body that had actually bloody hurt. He'd forgotten Slughorn's annoying habit of being a little too familiar with someone - even if they didn't know who he was. Watching him leave, he couldn't help but wonder if he had the Slug Club open yet, he certainly did by the time Tom Riddle was sixteen or something.

Staring down at his timetable, he began to memorise it at the same time putting food on his plate.

Monday: Charms; (break) Herbology; Magical Law and Finance; (Lunch) Arithmancy; Care of Magic Creatures

Tuesday: Transfiguration; (Break) Astronomy; Healing; (Lunch) Muggle World Studies; Potions

Wednesday: Charms; (Break) Defence Against the Dark Arts; History of Magic; (Lunch) Ancient Runes; potions

Thursday: Transfiguration; (Break) Defence Against the Dark Arts; Herbology; (Lunch) Healing; Magical Theory

Friday: Potions; (Break) Potions; Ancient Studies; Arithmancy; (Lunch)

His timetable was pretty full nearly every day, but that didn't surprise him given the amount of classes he had decided to take. He only had three classes today, one of which he was very curious about, Ancient Studies, he couldn't wait to see what that was about. Arithmancy though, he hadn't studied a lot so would have to definitely listen to the teacher in that class. The list of teachers was at the bottom for each class, names he was familiar with, or at least a few. He could scarcely believe that the same teachers he would have for Arithmancy and Ancient Runes were the same as the people in his own time. He hadn't taken the class though, so it didn't matter to him much.

He had Potions, he could potentially get the ingredients he needed for his potion, but did he risk in on his first day when people were going to keep a extra cautious eye on him? There was one thing Hogwarts really didn't tolerate and that was thievery - even if it was only some ingredients. Ah, who the hell cared? He'd be given a slap on the wrist and warned not to go it again, that's only if he failed - and he was used to stealing so he wouldn't have a problem at least he hoped not.

If he got there early, he could gather his ingredients without anyone there, no, it wouldn't work he had no idea what they were working on - even if they were working on a potion. Who was to say Slughorn would let him even brew a potion? He might have him working on a first year ones, he hoped not that would just be embarrassing. Then again he hadn't exactly been the most responsible of teachers. Harry barely noticed the students trickling in or anyone sitting next to him digging into their own breakfasts.

Thinking it through thoughtfully, absently eating, he had to take his time, rushing just resulted in a boated stomach that was full faster. He would just have to risk it; if he got caught he would just
sneak outside of school on the weekend and get to Gringotts. Thank Merlin he knew the ins and outs of the castle, but was it safe? Being back in this body did he have the trace on him? Hmm, it was a good question, he might need to perform the ritual to remove the trace, there were only a few places the wards didn't register inside Hogwarts that would allow him to do it successfully without anyone knowing, Room of requirements and the chamber of secrets, the latter was very much out of the question.

Wandless magic didn't circumvent the trace, so he couldn't just perform Wandless magic and Apparate. It was really too bad, but he would succeed he was confident in that at the least. Dropping his fork on the empty plate, he nabbed a piece of toast and chewed on it, he didn't want to be too early. The last thing he wanted was people calling him a teacher's pet, which is how it would look. There was only one problem with the ritual, he didn't remember everything, he would need the book, the only place he could think of getting one was down in Knockturn Alley, Borgin and Burkes to be specific. He had no idea if he would have it, that left him in a bit of a pickle, he had to have the trace removed he wasn't going anywhere outside of Hogwarts without knowing he was free to use magic.

Especially if he was going where he thought they were going to put him - not that he would stay.

Standing up, aware of the eyes on him, he grabbed his bag from under his seat and slung it over his shoulder before leaving the Great Hall. Unaware that one of the Slytherins was watching him go before standing up once he was at a respectable distance as not to be accused of following anyone.

"Incido!"

Harry's head jerked up hearing the spell, wand slipping into his hand, only to see someone skidding along the hall, crying out in surprise and pain. Harry couldn't help but think there was something very…familiar about that voice he just couldn't place it.

"Watch were your going Myrtle!" a blonde haired girl asked, laughing uproariously surrounded by her friends.

Harry narrowed his eyes, Myrtle? Bloody hell, he couldn't help the shiver that went up his spine.

"Good one, Olive," chortled one of the girls beside the blonde.

Harry quickly made his way over to Myrtle, uncaring that she was a Ravenclaw and that he would probably be seen as weak for helping someone outside of his own house. "Here, let me help you up," Harry said, holding his hand out, she stared at him suspicious for a few seconds before taking his hand and he helped her to her feet. "You shouldn't let them do that to you, all it takes is the wrong place at the wrong time for you to end up with broken bones or worse!" if he could just instil some confidence in her, she might not end up in that damn bathroom crying her eyes out.

"I tried, Hornby just got worse," Myrtle said, swallowing back the tears, she was bullied constantly just because she had glasses and was pale. "She has an older brother too,"

"I doubt he will touch you," Harry scoffed, "Everyone ties to be tough just because they're got siblings at school. Just go to the library and read some jinxes and spells make sure you get the better of her, if people start laughing at her then she will leave you alone." bullies only liked to act tough.

"Tarantallegra!" Hornby cast, aiming it at the other student helping Myrtle that would teach him.

"Protego!" Harry snapped, with such force that the spell bounced back too fast for her to even think
of getting out of the way. Then immediately her feet began to dance against her will, causing her friends to laugh at her in amusement. "See?" Harry muttered, gesturing towards the red faced bully.

Myrtle giggled in merriment, Harry couldn't help but wince, flashing back to seeing her as a ghost.

"I'll get you for this!" Hornby hissed, once one of her friends had taken pity and revered the jinx on her.

"I'd love to see you try," Harry snarled, glaring at her viciously, promising her that he would make her life a living hell if she tried anything. She paled drastically before rushing away her friends followed behind her just as intimidated. "Behind the swagger they're nothing but cowards, learn shield charms first, they'll come in most handy. You best go get some breakfast; you only have ten more minutes before you need to go to class."

"Accio Myrtle's bag!" Harry chanted, it flew at him and he handed it to her, swallowing thickly at the utter adoration on her face. Ah hell, he just hoped he hadn't made her crush on him like she had in his future. Flushing brightly as he remembered her bloody watching him while he tried to figure out the egg clue for the second task. "Bye,"

"Wait, I don't even know your name!" Myrtle called, just as he turned his back.

Harry turned back around to her, seeing the hopeful look on her face, "Hadrian Peverell, it's nice to meet you but I have to go."

Myrtle nodded solemnly, "My name is Myrtle Warren, thank you." nobody had helped her before, and the last thing she'd ever expected was a Slytherin to help her. But the boy had been hurt, by Grindelwald's men they say, before coming here accidentally. Even she wasn't secluded enough not to hear the rumours. She hadn't realized until now that he was the one though. He was new, which meant he probably didn't know how things worked, the chances were he wouldn't speak to or help her again.

Startled, Harry nodded before leaving, so Myrtle hadn't been her last name? Interesting, that was definitely something he hadn't known in his future…or past which ever. He had always assumed Myrtle was her last name, Hornby he had a distinctive impression he had heard of before, but he hadn't listened to Myrtle properly.

Harry was unaware of the dark eyes watching him with a piercing gaze, already realising there was more to Hadrian Peverell than met the eye. After all if he had just learned about the magical world…where on earth would he know those spells from? Now he was officially curious, he had lied, no doubt to Dippet and Dumbledore, and got away with it? He was good; Tom had to give him that at the very least.

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Harry leaned against the classroom wall, Slughorn apparently kept his classroom closed just like he did in future. Which meant he might end up forced to talk to the other Slytherins, it was difficult, he wasn't thirteen, he was an adult, long past inane conversation. He was out of practice truth be told, he couldn't remember the last time he'd had a genuine honest to Merlin decent conversation with someone. Sighing softly, he bent his leg and leant it against the wall, his bag at his feet on the floor.

His head turned swiftly when he heard the thudding of feet making their way around the corner, everyone was coming to the classroom now. Grunting in exasperation, he scooped his bag up again and sighed in relief when the door opened just before everyone gathered around the door. Sliding
in, he swiftly made his way to the desk to his right furthest to the back where he could keep an eye on everyone.

"Ah, Hadrian, you have your potions kit with you I assume?" Slughorn asked, turning everyone's attention onto him.

"Yes, Sir," Harry said, none of his irritation showing on his face.

"Good, good! Now I'll show you where you get your ingredients, in just a moment," Slughorn promised, as he made his way back towards his own desk and flicked his wand and the potion they were to brew appeared in chalk on the board. Seeing the words come up he arched an eyebrow slightly impressed, Wit-Sharpening Potion, evidently they were more advanced here, although only by a year, two nearly if you thought about it. The potion was exceedingly easy, it required only a few ingredients, Scarab beetles, Ginger roots and of course Armadillo bile. He only had Armadillo bile, the other two things he'd have to get from the store cupboard. It would be quick to get the two ingredients, and Slughorn would be there...although not when he returned them, he would just have to make his move then if no other opportunity was presented to him.

Removing his cauldron and potion kit only, knowing he didn't need the scales for this particular potion. Removing the Armadillo bile, and mortar and pestle as well as his knife. Nodding in satisfaction he put the rest to the side, pouring water from his wand into the cauldron ready for the next stage. It was a two period class, but it would only take one period for the potion to be complete, so he did idly wonder what they were going to be doing afterwards a quiz?

"Mr. Peverell?" Slughorn commanded, over the now seated students, all set up for their potions class for the day.

Harry stood up and moved towards his teacher, and began to follow him through to the cupboard, he didn't follow him in just gestured towards it, "This is the public potions supply cupboard, it's where you get the ingredients you didn't bring to Hogwarts with you. The arrangement can be a little difficult at first, but the herbs and potion ingredients are in alphabetical order unless they're needed to be in a specific area or containment." Slughorn told him, "Retrieve your ingredients and rejoin us."

"Yes, Sir," Harry murmured moving into the cupboard, 'letting' it close slightly as he quickly looked around grinning in relief when he saw it was the same. Of course it would be Snape had learned from Slughorn after all. It took him all of two minutes to get empty vials and put more than enough of the ingredients he needed before sliding it into his pocket. His heart was thumping a mile a minute as excitement thrummed through him. Breathing evenly, he picked up the two ingredients he needed for today's potion, nobody would think any the wiser since he wasn't used to this after all he thought sardonically.

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"Well, I must say you show extreme promise in Potions, Hadrian, ten points to Slytherin!"

Slughorn said proudly, "Now bottle it up and put it on my desk and you'll be graded for it."

"Yes, Sir," Harry repeated monotonously, he had lost count of how many times he'd said that in a period of two hours. Slughorn had spoken for over half an hour before letting them brew anything. He had spoken about how to brew it, what it was used for, and how dangerous it was to use it repeatedly and cautioned anyone from doing so. Mostly glancing at the Ravenclaw's in the class as he said that. He wasn't going to be able to attend the rest of the classes, he felt weak, perhaps going to Madam Chang would help, hopefully give him a Pepper-Up potion, and then he could brew the potion he so desperately wanted to make. Maybe then his damn body would stop making him feel
weak, he didn't like it - hadn't felt this way in many years. To be weak was to be vulnerable, and he would be damned if anyone saw him as such, not here where weaknesses was picked apart like dead carcases by buzzards.

Bottling it up, he scribbled his name on it, and began to put his things away, he wasn't in any rush to be shoved at trying to get the bloody thing on the desk first - he wasn't thirteen years old anymore no matter what his body looked like. Once he was packed he put the vial on the table, and began to make his way out of the potions classroom behind everyone else - well almost everyone else.

"It's interesting isn't it?" Tom Riddle said from beside him, smirking in a very cat that caught the canary way.

"What is?" Harry asked, blinking at the teen, he had a feeling he wouldn't like what come out of the teens mouth next.

Tom hummed, before drawing closer, confident and powerful, and he damn well knew it, "They say you hadn't attended magical school before now, that you lived with a Muggle Aunt and Uncle," or squib he added mentally. Successfully keeping his disgust for Muggles hidden - it was too public for that after all.

"What about it?" Harry enquired tersely.

"Where they right?" Tom queried his intense gaze boring into Harry's, normally people couldn't meet them, and they had to look away.

"Yes," Harry drawled somewhat cautiously.

"You are picking up things remarkably well for someone who supposedly only knew about magic for two days," Tom stated, narrowing his eyes, the boy wasn't at the least bit intimidated, intriguing.

"Oh? How's that?" Harry asked indifferently.

"You know spells beyond third year curriculum, and I've just watched you brew a potion without even once looking at your book or the board for direction." Tom replied somewhat smugly.

"And?" Harry smirked deviously, letting Tom know he couldn't care less if he knew.

"You should have more care," Tom warned, beginning to feel respect for his fellow Slytherin, he hadn't denied or confirmed it verbally but had a look on his face that said it all for him. "I am probably not the only one that noticed." why was he even warning the boy? It was decided very unlike him, but he knew that he would never be able to blackmail him, it wasn't even the slightest bit worried by the fact he knew.

Harry cocked his head to the side, green eyes boring calculating into brown - almost black - eyes. Nodding curtly he left without another word, he couldn't believe Tom Riddle had warned him, oh he knew it hadn't been all out of the goodness of his heart, probably would have tried to blackmail him but saw he didn't care. The fact he added the second part of his statement indicated that he had changed directions. Oh if only he could read his mind and find out what he was thinking, he hadn't exactly wanted to be on Riddle's radar so soon, least of all not in this way, there was no way he would give up on answers.

He had a feeling things were about to get very interesting indeed. Sighing softly, he made his way to the hospital wing, he had no idea where to brew the potion, but he did contemplate doing it in
the Slytherins shower room, nobody would be in there until after dinner tonight at the very least.
Chapter 8

Lord Of Time

Chapter 8

“Ministry of Magic, Auror Department, main room!” Albus Dumbledore shouted into the flames before he pushed his head through making a Floo call to the Ministry. As always the room was rather quiet, people through the lives of Auror’s were always spectacular and that they were always on the move, one adventure after another. That wasn’t the truth, a lot of the time they spent in the offices waiting for call outs or tips offs on dangerous wanted wizards, people desperate enough for the rewards that came with finding a known fugitive. “Hello?” he called out to catch someone’s attention.

“Can I help you?” droned a tired Auror, gazing at the fire expectantly. Usually those that Floo called were in need of something, usually an Auror.

“My I speak to Auror Aaron Moody or one Philipp Prewitt?” Albus enquired giving the Auror a smile.

“Aaron!” yelled the Auror.

“What is it, Mallard?” Aaron shouted back, from somewhere at the very back of the room where dozens upon dozens of filing cabinets were stored.

“Who are you?” Mallard asked the face in the fire.

“My name is Albus Dumbledore, I am the Head of Gryffindor house and Transfiguration teacher at Hogwarts as well as Deputy Headmaster,” Albus told him.

Mallard rolled his eyes when he looked away, his name would have done well enough, “Dumbledore, he wishes to speak to you, hurry up!” the main Floo was supposed to be used for those that needed help, it was used for all sorts of things when it shouldn’t be, they abided by the rules only when the head Auror was there, or the Head of the Department of Law enforcement and the occasional time the Minister was in their presence which admittedly wasn’t often.

Cursing in annoyance, he grabbed what files he had in his hand and thumped them on his desk, before making his way to the fireplace. He couldn’t understand why the Deputy Headmaster would get in touch with him of all people. Kneeling on the floor, where a cushioning charm was permanently embedded so they didn’t end up with sore knees. “Can I help you?” he asked, sounding professional despite the fact he’d not interacted with the elder wizard before.

“Yes, I hope so!” Albus said kindly, “I’ve been informed that you are on a student of mine, Hadrian Peverells case?”

“Yes,” Aaron was still perplexed; surely he knew that he wasn’t going to be able to give out information.

“Has there been any word on his relatives? I wish to see if there are other family members out there, perhaps a sister of brother that wasn’t mentioned. He has until the summer holidays and if no family is found he will need to be placed in an Orphanage.” Albus said sounding worried, “Have you found out anything? I understand it should be kept quiet, but I am concerned about him, after everything he’s been through an orphanage is the last place for him.” lying through his teeth.
“It’s been four days, and you know how bad the entire continent is right now, the have a lot more to worry about than unclaimed dead bodies, I’ll be surprised if Auror Dalca gets back in touch.” Aaron admitted darkly, Dalca was tired, noticeable even over a Floo connection he had sensed it, things weren’t going well over there. He wished he could help, but the Ministry wasn’t having anything to do with it, insisting that their own people could handle it - that he and the others were needed here. People were also fleeing the continent trying to get to countries unaffected by it, but with the Muggle war getting out of hand as well things were becoming even more dangerous.

“How about the addresses in the UK could they lead somewhere?” Albus asked desperately.

Aaron frowned, “I’m sorry but I cannot say any more, I will give updates to the Headmaster as they are prudent,” he’d already said too much, he was bound by the law of privacy, Albus Dumbledore had no say whatsoever on Hadrian Peverell and that was how it would remain.

“It is for his own benefit, I would have liked to know he was with family come this summer,” Albus said, “But I understand if nothing else can be said…”

“Good, as I said before, I will be in touch with Headmaster Dippet,” Aaron stated a little more kindly, he after all did just want what was best for his students by the look of things.

“Very well,” Albus said, “Good day to you,” sighing in frustration he stepped away from his fireplace ending the Floo call perplexed and agitated. It was just too bad Doge wasn’t on his case, that way it would have been very simple, but Doge hadn’t heard anything about the case and wasn’t friends with either men. To approach them now would be suspicious, after all everyone knew Doge and himself were very good friends. Doge was working his way into the Wizengamot, so far it was met with resistance but he was nothing if not determined.

There was something about the situation, he wasn’t sure what it was, he couldn’t help but think this was something Gellert was up to. Perhaps to gather allies within Hogwarts walls and that wouldn’t do at all. It was a little too convenient that a powerful boy was cursed and ended up in Hogsmeade of all places. The thought that he had walked into the trap and brought the boy to Hogwarts concerned him too. He would need to keep a very close eye on him, and Horace would help with that one. If he was mistaken then there would be no harm done. Sitting at his desk, he wondered ‘what are you up to Gellert?’ with growing trepidation. It didn’t help that the boy never once met his eye, which indicated he knew about the ancient arts of Occlumency and Legilimency and knew he was proficient at it, that he would know if he was lying. The letters lying opened on his desk didn’t help matters, each more desperate than the last, begging him to help them.

Glancing at the time, he stood up, forcing his worries and fears down, he moved towards the door and unlocked it opening the door he told the third years to enter, it was at the height of irony that both Tom Riddle and Hadrian Peverell were now in his class first thing this morning, as if he didn’t have enough worries. Gryffindors and Slytherins, he waited patiently for them to all sit down and get ready for his lessons.

Harry sat down at the very back of the classroom, it would ensure that Dumbledore couldn’t try sneaking into his mind and it let him watch the entire class. Tom Riddle and Avery were sitting directly in front of him, and most of the Gryffindor sat on the opposite side, just like they did in his time actually. Tom Riddle was surrounded by what he daubed ‘First generation Death Eaters’ they were all rather solemn in this classroom, so far they were constantly excited from what he had seen, albeit it wasn’t much he’d only been a few classes with them. He did constantly have to remind himself that they were only thirteen, still students no matter what they’d done thus far.

He sat drumming his fingers on the Transfiguration book he had taken out of his bag, as he waited on Dumbledore speaking. It seemed even now he had a flare for dramatics, it was rather annoying.
Yawning tiredly, he forced himself to sit up so he wouldn’t be tempted to fall asleep. He had successfully brewed the potion that would get rid of this disgusting body, well, the second try, and the first he had forgotten an entire stage of the potion causing it to explode. It had been totally embarrassing; he had never exploded a potion, even when he was just a first year. Admittedly they didn’t turn out right sometimes, but never outright exploded, thankfully he had been in the Room of Requirements, which he had remembered at the last minute as he prepared to brew his potion. He’d then spent an hour extra working on the potion and having to sneak into Slytherin common room past curfew.

The Slytherin’s didn’t care what you did, just as long as you didn’t get caught, it was very different from Gryffindor, and he would have been scolded like an idiot for going out in the first place. Hell his dorm mates had just gave him a look before going about their own business, Harry honestly didn’t know what to make of it. He did wonder what happened when you DID get caught, but he wasn’t willing to test that theory, he would just wait to see what happened when someone else eventually did.

He’d taken the potion four times, once each morning, mindful to take it when he was alone, he didn’t want anyone being too curious about him. He couldn’t take it more often than that, not only would it hurt like a bitch, but it would do undue damage if he got too big too soon. Not only would it feel as if he was experiencing a growth spurt magnified ten times, it would make his bones brittle, easy to break, the dangers were more than obvious in the book and it wasn’t a chance he was willing to risk.

That’s not to say it was a pain free process, but the pain happened during the day, not while he was trying to sleep. He’d never had a proper growth spurt like boys his own age because of the severe malnutrition he had been dealt with at the Dursley’s, so the first time he’d understood the term was when he had taken this potion the first time. His pain tolerance had been considerably lower, but not too low that he could claim it was the worst pain he’d ever felt. Even now the pain he was experience was just an annoyance in the background.

“Today class, we will learn the Geminio Curse, or as it’s also known the Doubling Charm. It is a very dangerous piece of magic and should not be handed lightly. It is the intent behind the spell that is most important, now if you do not concentrate fully you will end up casting a charm that will double the item of your choosing until the spell begins to deteriorate. Nothing can stop it, hence why it should never be used for your amusement.” Albus Dumbledore said, staring at all of them over his half-moon spectacles. “Now the spell is aimed at creating an exact replica of the target entity. If you duplicate something rare and expensive, the copy is of course, worthless, a cheap imitation.”

Hands immediately raised in the air, mostly from the Gryffindor side.

“Ah, yes, Mr. Potter?” Albus said, gesturing towards one of his favourite students.

Harry had to stop himself from jerking, his green eyes moved towards where Dumbledore had pointed. Potter? It had to be his grandfather then, he had been in school the same time as Voldemort? As far as he knew though his father had been born late in his grandparent’s life although he wasn’t exactly sure how they died. How can that be true if his grandfather was in school now? Harry mentally calculated how old he would be when James was born, and found himself baffled. They hadn’t been that old, but he had to remind himself most partners had children straight away, perhaps they had been trying for years and the story spread as if they had been trying for decades as apposed to how long it really had been.

“Will anyone know if it’s a copy?” the Gryffindor student asked eagerly.
“Not by looking at it, but any detection spells will uncover the fact that it’s a copy,” Albus explained smiling at him.

“Now what closely and listen to the incantation,” Albus said sternly, “Geminio!” pointing it at the dark detector on his desk, and immediately afterwards there was an exact replica of it, sitting right next to it, twins in every single way. “As you noticed it was only replicated once, just as I wanted.”

Harry raised his hand.

“Yes, Mr. Peverell?” Albus said, with less warmth than he had when answering his precious Gryffindors.

“Does it work on books?” Harry asked, noticing the lack of enthusiasm, at least McGonagall didn’t actually favour the Gryffindors and outright hate Slytherins on principle. He was getting more and more annoyed at Dumbledore each passing day he was in his company. Other than Severus there hadn’t been a single Slytherin the Order, and even then everyone had not trusted Severus one iota. The prejudice wasn’t too bad right now, he knew it would only get worse - probably due to the fact they somehow found out that Voldemort himself came from Slytherin.

“No,” Albus replied, his eyes twinkling just a little, “Any book written after 1920’s was charmed to prevent this spell being used on books so that the bookshops weren’t put out of business.”

Harry nodded but he knew all charms have a counter spell; it is possible to remove it and then duplicate it. At least he assumed so, it would take a lot of work to do it, but he wasn’t interested in copying books even if it would have been handy. Just copying one of the student’s books for next year and having more money to get his school uniform. It just depended on what happened when he finally got to Gringotts, he’d decided to go the day the students went to Hogsmeade. That way he would be less likely to be caught, although it seemed as though he could go and the Slytherins would have his back just because he was one of them. A novel experience.

If it was the same here as it was in the future, then there would be a Hogsmeade trip within the next fortnight maybe three weeks. There was always one just before Christmas, so the students could get presents and the like if they wanted. Which meant he had a timetable in which he had to find the ritual, otherwise he would need to get there not using magic. Damn the trace to hell and back, he was feeling vulnerable, and he didn’t like it. In Hogwarts if you did Wandless magic it wasn’t picked up due to the amount of wards and students that were usually within it, use your wand to cast anything…dubious you’d know all about it. While Apparation wasn’t dubious it would raise flags.

“Mr. Peverell, when in my classroom I demand that you do your assigned tasks and in a timely manner, three points from Slytherin!” Albus said, annoyed at the boy spending his class lost in thought.

Harry’s head jerked up, slowly becoming more aware, his lip curled very subtly but he managed to keep it back. His gaze roamed around the classroom, arching an eyebrow when he saw that nobody had yet to even successfully cast it. Nose twitching, he cast the Charm on his quill and watched another appear in its place. Hogwarts was more advanced here, this spell was a forth year one he had learned from McGonagall he remembered because of the Tri-Wizard tournament. Maybe he shouldn’t have done that, but sometimes his anger just got the better of him, and darn it, made him do things he knew he shouldn’t. “How is that Professor Dumbledore?” Harry asked a sarcastic smile on his face.

“Very well done,” Albus said grudgingly, “Ten points to Slytherin,”
“Thank you, Professor,” Harry said, managing to actually sound genuine. From the corner of his eyes he saw the Slytherins looking at him torn between being impressed and worried as they glanced at Tom Riddle. Hmm, he would need to be careful; he didn’t want to actually have a furious Tom Riddle on his hands.

Cocking an eyebrow a smirk on his face, he stared at Tom but he as always was staring back amused. It was rather annoying he had to admit, to have the boy staring at him like that every time they were in the same room. Perhaps he had been a bit too hasty in revealing that his story wasn’t true, there was no way Tom Riddle would let it rest, he would want to know the real story - real history, not that he’d ever figure it out of course, but still. As long as he was left alone he couldn’t care less, he wasn’t about to become one of his lackeys. Didn’t that defeat his ideas? On trying to turn Tom Riddle away from his murderous rage and a path that would see the darkest times magical Britain had ever known?

Then of course, Tom cast the spell immediately afterwards and it worked, not that Harry had any doubt. He did notice to his adding anger at the old fool that he deliberately avoided looking over after seeing Tom cast the spell correctly. Damn it, Dumbledore had no clue to what Tom would grow up to be; he had absolutely no right to treat him like that. Hell the fucking git had nearly killed him too many times to name but he wasn’t doing anything, so Dumbledore had no right to play the self righteous bastard.

“Does he do that often?” Harry asked casually, turning sideways, his back against the wall his feet up on the chair. Having already done his spell for the day, there was nothing else to be doing in the class. They didn’t learn more than one spell, since more often than not all the students needed one or two lessons to get the spell cast properly. Sometimes they even needed more than that, like Neville, poor guy, if only he’d gotten a real wand when he should have, he wouldn’t have had so much trouble.

Avery turned slightly but otherwise ignored him, not that Harry was particularly bothered since he hadn’t spoken to him.

“Avery, does he do what?” Tom asked facing Hadrian with a bored mask firmly in place. He was twirling his wand around in his hand not noticing Avery watching it as if it were a poisonous snake.

“Do I really have to say?” Harry said dryly, knowing Tom already knew he was too observant of his surroundings, probably due to his upbringing at the orphanage.

“He does,” Tom admitted, “He doesn’t trust me, hasn’t done from the moment he met me. If anything happens I am the first person he suspects.”

“Ah, but how often did you actually do the thing he suspects?” Harry said smirking deviously, a chuckle working its way out of his mouth.

Avery shifted slightly, peering around before facing the front again his neck slightly red.

Tom didn’t reply but that didn’t surprise Harry the slightest.

Sighing softly, he looked at Dumbledore before fishing out his Ancient Runes book from his bag, he didn’t have the subject until Wednesday but he found himself fascinated by it. His belief that nothing new could be learned about Ancient Runes was wrong, people were still creating Runes today, for their own purposes. In fact Tom Riddle had used Runes in his resurrection ritual. Not that he had realized it at the time; everything had already been set up for his appearance. Harry’s eyes widened, he was thinking of the boy more and more as Tom Riddle instead of Voldemort. Arithmancy had also played a large part in it, when he’d found the ritual amongst the Riddle
mansion he had been quite frankly awed by how intricate the design was. He’d stayed in Riddle mansion for six months without trouble, after all nobody suspected Harry would ever go there. Unfortunately they had found him in the end; all the books and ideas had gone up in flames with it.

Books, thought Harry, a nagging feeling in his mind, before he sat up properly, of course. Dumbledore wasn’t he Headmaster, he hadn’t gotten rid of the books in the library yet, he might just find the book he needs for the ritual to get rid of the trace. If it was in Hogwarts though it would be in the restricted section. He didn’t have his cloak, he wouldn’t be able to sneak in, and he would need to ask permission…unless he could somehow call the cloak to him? No, his grandfather would probably tell Dumbledore and if they found it on him they’d accuse him of stealing. Still that cloak was his, he felt possessive of it, it was the only thing of his father he’d ever had, along with the map. But it had been made for him, for him to harness according to Death.

He couldn’t wait until this class was over; he had to see if he was right!

“Mr. Peverell, come up here please,” Dumbledore insisted from behind his desk, looking unimpressed - probably due to the fact he was reading a book that wasn’t on Transfiguration in his class.

Harry stood up and made his way over to his professor, “Yes, Sir?” he replied, his gaze on the desk, which he idly noticed was exactly the same one McGonagall used in his time.

Albus handed over a large bundle of parchment, “This is homework I’ve assigned since term began, you have until after the Christmas holidays to hand it in.” once again irritated by the boys refusal to look at him. “If you need help my door is always open.” once again trying to get the boy to look at him.

“Thank you, Sir,” Harry said taking it and turning away back to his desk, there were about ten assignments in his hands. No other teacher was demanding this of him, at least none he had been in class with. In fact they were always helpful, insisting that he just listen in, and they would inform him of things he didn’t understand - if he didn’t understand the work material.

Dumbledore really didn’t like him.

The Slytherins all looked away hiding their amusement to which Harry just grunted in annoyance.

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Harry hastily made his way to the library during his break; it was empty bar the librarian, who most certainly wasn’t Madam Pince. It was a thirty-something looking wizard, he reminded Harry of Gilderoy Lockhart, just the way he had his hair and his baby blue robes. The wizard turned to face him surprised to see a student here during lesson hours, at least a third year Harry deduced since sixth and seventh years didn’t have as many classes.

“Can I help you?” the wizard said, gazing questioningly at the young boy who was just standing there. “Are you looking for a particular book?”

“Er…yes,” Harry said wandering along to the desk, “I’m looking for Faith Cattermole’s book, Rites of Rituals?” Harry made himself sound unsure.

“It’s mentioned in one of the books I bought,” Harry said shrugging sheepishly, “I only just learned about the magical world and I wanted to see what a ritual is, but if I’m too young I understand…I’ll read it when I’m older!” Harry proclaimed proudly. He knew it wasn’t considered a dark book,
most rituals in it were ‘light’ but Dumbledore hadn’t cared, he just wanted anything associated with
the Dark Arts gone.

“Ah,” the wizard relaxed seeing it was only curiosity, completely being brought in by the innocent
exuberance Harry was showing. “You will need to have a teacher’s authorisation, it is in the
restricted section,” he pointed over to the left when he explained.

“Oh, well what age do you need to be to get authorisation?” Harry peered up at him innocently. He
knew damn well what age, Hermione had talked Lockhart into it when she was twelve years old
there was no limit. So either he had to sneak in like he had suspected or get someone to allow him
entrance.

“You only need to have a teacher’s authorisation,” he explained, smiling at him. It was good to see
a student taking their studies seriously, none more so than Tom Riddle who spent a lot of time
within the library, mostly looking through the historical achieves.

“Thank you!” Harry exclaimed, “I have to go, my class will be starting soon. Bye!”

“Goodbye,” the wizard stated, watching Harry walk out with a run in his step. Shaking his head, he
got back to work, grabbing the trolley and moving around his library, putting the returned books
back in their places. Which was a great many, since a lot of students used the library he would say
at a time there are two hundred students taking books out.

Harry slowed down once he was out of the library, a frown on his face; he made his way down to
the hospital wing where he was having two double periods of healing. That option hadn’t been
available in his time either, so much knowledge had been lost that it was unbearable to witness. If
there was a chance he could change what was to come, he had to start with Tom Riddle and
Dumbledore, he had to prevent him becoming Headmaster of Hogwarts…but he had no clue on
how to go about that.

Dumbledore’s hypocrisy was beginning to get on his last nerve though.
Chapter 9

Lord Of Time

Chapter 9

Harry walked around the room of requirements, all masks he wore completely removed knowing that nobody could disturb him in here - even if they tried to get in themselves. It was impossible, thanks to Neville; he knew how the room worked in its entirety. He carried with him a box filled with stones, and he looked the blue crystal stone etched with runes, making sure he had the correct one as he laid it in optimal position. Glancing at the book as he did so, for reassurance that he wasn’t doing it wrong. Once he had the next position he placed another stone imbedded with runes and put it in its allotted slot. An entire week it had taken him to etch the runes he needed for the trace removing ritual. He knew a single wrong mistake could cost him, so he took his time, delicately crafting the runes to the best of his ability.

Slotting another one at the bottom of the intricate design, and then placed the very last one to the side, he would put it in place once he was inside the rune stoned positioned pentagram. He picked up the book and began to read it once more, more to reassure himself that he was right - even though he knew he was. The book he had copied from the restricted section after sneaking in at five o’clock in the morning, he knew there wasn’t any silent alarms set to wake up the current caretaker, Harold Wren, he was a wizard, it was so completely odd seeing someone cleaning up messes using magic after all the years of seeing Filch do it by hand the muggle way. An injustice if he ever saw one, the squib absolutely loathed them all on principle he had no magic, it was almost like Hagrid all over again - Dumbledore had no shame. He knew better than to open it, since they screeched something awful. Instead he had copied it, slipped out as if he had never been there and went back to bed, nobody the slightest bit wiser to his deeds - perhaps except Tom Riddle. He hadn’t seen the book; he just stared at him blankly before his lips twitched into a devious smirk before he hid behind his green hangings.

It was nothing new, the boy continued to watch him all the time and Harry in turn just gazed back. Although a challenge of sorts had happened between them without him realizing it, both tried every school day to outwit the other in class, and he had to hand it to Tom, he kept up with him without trouble. He shouldn’t get so much pleasure out of it, after all Tom was fourteen years old, whereas despite appearances he was twenty one. Although his raging libido indicated otherwise, he cursed his luck at having to go through puberty - again, at least he was able to control himself moderately.

He knew for his plans to work, he should be becoming friends with the Slytherin’s, particularly Tom to influence him. Influence was the wrong word really, all he wanted was to show Tom an alternative way to his path, show him how wrong he was about all he thought he knew. Of course, it had dawned on him that Tom knew but discarded it in a bid to gather more followers, and keep their allegiance. That was a worrisome thought and he hoped he was wrong.

He’d decided a few nights ago to allow Tom to come to him that way he could do what he needed without arousing suspicion by cosying up to him, in what could be construed as an insincere move to gain affection and integrate him within the Slytherin society. Only an idiot wouldn’t realize that Tom was at the top of the food chain, and while he couldn’t care less, he did want to change things and sitting on the sidelines wouldn’t help him. No, that was the sort of thing Dumbledore did, he was nothing like that manipulative, prejudiced, suspicious old fool.

So when and if the opportunity arose, he would take it.
Stepping into the pentagram, his wand with him, as vital for the ritual to work completely. He moved the stone runes to its correct location and breathed deeply. Anticipation thrumming through him, excitement tugging at the bottom of his stomach. He always got that rush when he was doing something forbidden; the Slytherin in him quite frankly enjoyed it when he did things nobody should get away with.

“Sevoco summmoveo vestigium helcium omnino tumultuatio desino,” Harry chanted fluently, having practiced and memorised the words with ease. The runes began glowing all around him, blue hues shaping the pentagram so much that Harry had to close his eyes or risk going blind with the intensity.

“Sevoco summmoveo vestigium helcium omnino tumultuatio desino,” Harry repeated the words as directed by the ritual, gasping in astonishment when he felt his magic and the runes flare together, immersing him in its awesome power.

“Festinatim mea praecantatio egomet prensatio ollud nullus,” Harry added rasping through his muddled thoughts; the feeling of his magic and the runes combined was making him feel light-headed. His magic flared further, causing him to sway his eyes dilated his mouth open slightly.

Harry vaguely felt a small tugging at both his core and the wand twitched in his hand as his magic leached the trace from both items - thus giving him the ability to cast magic whenever he pleased. He was too content to worry too much, still feeling the absolutely magnificent feeling of being magically submerged, he felt safe, happy, and as if magic itself had chosen him as a favourite.

Unfortunately that feeling quickly ended, as the runes glow began to rapidly deteriorate once its task was done. All too soon Harry was left swaying once more, this time allowing himself to fall to his feet in exhaustion. Not only had it magically drained him, he felt as though he had duelled for hours, physically exerted. Up close on the stones he noticed the runes were gone, the stones cracked in different places effectively making them useless, not that they were significant to him. They were just stones he’d collected from the black lake transfigured into blue crystal.

Squeezing his eyes closed, he rode through the exhaustion, he couldn’t pass out here, and it was much too risky. Sneaking in a few minutes or an hour at latest after curfew wasn’t too bad but staying out of bed all night? He wasn’t sure the Slytherins would cover that long - not willing to risk their own arses, but he didn’t definitively know that. Opening his eyes he weakly began to put the crystals back in the box, not even having the magical reserves to banish them. Once they were safely together and the pentagram shape gone, he silently conveyed his wish to Hogwarts. To put the crystals in the lost and found room, that he would return for them at some point. Then abruptly just like that the box simmered out of view much to Harry’s relief. That was one less thing to worry about; crawling on his knees he grabbed the book and closed it before slipping it into his school bag. Normally he would shrink it, it didn’t matter, a teacher would need a reason to search through his things and they didn’t have one.

Grunting in frustration and strain he managed to get himself to his feet, even though he still felt shaky. He was just about to leave when a potion popped into existence, arching an impressed eyebrow, he picked up the vial knowing what it was, to be sure he sniffed it and dabbed only a little onto his lip and nodded as he felt even just the dribble he used working on him. Downing the potion in one go already feeling better, or rather his magic did, he still didn’t feel right physically but nothing a good nights sleep wouldn’t cure.

Sliding his invisibility cloak around his shoulders, he began to move from the room. It felt so good to have his cloak back; he hadn’t realized just how much he missed it until it was quite literally flying at him as if he had summoned it. He later realized from Death that he had in fact summoned
it just by willing to be the owner. He had panicked of course, the heirloom had been in the Potter family for many a generation, there was no way that anyone would get away with what probably looked like stealing. A regular invisibility cloak, almost an exact duplicate of the one that was now Harry’s without the specialty of it being Death’s cloak now resided in Potter heir’s trunk. It would never be noticed, and so Harry now had his cloak to aid him without fearing discovery. His footsteps remained unhurried and unheard as he made his way back to Slytherin territory - the dungeons. He wasn’t quite late for curfew yet, but he also didn’t want anyone nosy to know he’d been in the seventh floor corridor. He wasn’t aware if Tom or even Dumbledore come to that, had found the room yet and he wasn’t willing to risk the thought that he had - either of them.

As soon as he entered the dungeons he swiftly removed the cloak after making sure he was alone, before sliding it into his bag and uttering the password for Slytherin this month, 'supreme' honestly, how nobody ended up realizing they only need to utter the most ridiculously smug words to get into Slytherin territory he didn’t know. Admittedly it was easier to get into Ravenclaw, since you were basically told in the guise of a riddle.

The door opened and Harry made his way to the only corner not in use ignoring the fact everyone had stopped talking, and absently began to remove the stuff he needed to complete yet another Transfiguration essay then the noise started back up again. The quicker he got them done the better, he had been mistaken, and the number of essays was in fact higher in number than he had deduced, fifteen essays in total he had to complete. Well it was down to ten now, and he had made sure there wasn’t a single mistake so Dumbledore couldn’t use it against him.

He did open his book under the pretence of working with it to do his homework, even occasionally looking over at it for the sake of appearances. He didn’t know if Tom Riddle had told all the Slytherins or not, but just in case he was going to make it seem as though he was just a normal thirteen year old - if such a thing was possible. Sooner than he expected his hand began to cramp and his body protested at the long period of sitting hunched over writing. Dropping the quill he massaged his hand and absently stretched his neck muffling a tired yawn.

“I’m sick of that stupid Mudblood!” Avery said very loudly, evidently getting into a heated argument or debate with someone that he would say was Amycus Carrow if looks were anything to go on. “She thinks she’s so smart!”

Harry snorted in amusement, the irony was whoever they were talking about probably was smarter than most of the wizards sitting around Riddle smug in the knowledge that he was the next coming of Merlin. He didn’t need to read their minds to know that’s what they were thinking, glory hounding idiots, in it for the laughs and power that came with Tom. Unfortunately his snort wasn’t as low as he had hoped as the group were now eyeing him.

“What’s your problem? Going to be a blood traitor and stick up for the Mudblood’s?” Avery snapped, not appreciating being laughed at least of all by a Slytherin - his own housemate. “Or are you insulted because you are one?” his sneer making him look ugly and pug like.

“Correct me if I am wrong, but the term blood traitor is reserved for those that defend Muggles and their rights,” Harry stated sharply, his gaze never wavering from Avery, as he crossed his arms and folded his legs together a picture of a wizard unbothered by the current conversation. “For those that marry Muggles. For a pureblood such a mistake is idiotic at best, perhaps further tutoring on your part will help with that?”

Avery just scowled furiously at the teen, hating how he was so…so relaxed and scared in the face of his wrath. Everyone was scared of him, at least the younger years and those not in his circle, they all learned that he wasn’t to be messed with.
“No? Nothing to say?” Harry muttered sardonically, “Perhaps your grasp on the English language is weak at best? Its little wonder you stick to your little words and think everyone around you is stupid because they are in fact smarter than you, your ego cannot take it can it?” his lips twitching, he was enjoying this but he shouldn’t, he was trying to prevent this group from committing mass murder somewhere down the line.

Dorea giggled behind her hand, unable to help herself, giving the teenager a look of respect. Walburga Black’s lips were disappearing as she suppressed her own amusement, nudging her to be quiet, they didn’t want Avery’s ire on them after all.

“She shut up, you filthy little Mudblood!” Avery stood up hissing at the teen.

Those of the older lines, especially the Black’s shook their head in embarrassment for their fellow Slytherin. They knew the Peverell line quite well, and knew they had moved to America at one point, they’d obviously at some point returned to the UK where it was quite obvious Hadrian had grown up, if his accent was anything to go on. They were featured prominently on the sacred twenty-eight. Not even the Founders of Hogwarts were on that list.

“If anyone asks what you want for your Christmas might I suggest a dictionary? Again you’re repeating yourself; it’s entirely bothersome to have a conversation with someone on repeat. I think even a parrot is more capable of expanding his vocabulary than you.” Harry suggested in a bored tone.

“I see you aren’t denying it!” he spat his entire face flushed red in anger and embarrassment getting steadily darker each giggle he heard. “SO I’m right!” he added triumphantly - which was short lived.

Harry scratched his neck absently, “Are you sure you are a pureblood? Anyone with half a mind knows very well that the Peverell is a long standing line,” Harry said languidly leaning into his chair. “But if it contents that pea brain of yours, think what you like.” he wasn’t Muggle-born, he was a half-blood and he was rather proud of that fact.

“BOMBARDA!” Avery snarled out through gritted teeth at the boy, not thinking of the consequences of such an action - just acting on his fuelled rage.

Harry quickly dived out of the way; doing a cartwheel much to the gasping astonished Slytherin’s who also moved away from the oncoming duel, seventh years quickly cast containment spells to prevent any misfired or redirected spells from hitting the younger students. All of them intrigued by the move he had pulled, quite sure they’d never seen anything like it. If he had done this when he was attacked by Grindelwald’s men no wonder he’d survived. “I see to top it off you don’t like the truth?”

“CONFRINGO!” humiliation and potent rage filled the teenager; he’d never been more humiliated in his entire life.

Harry just sidestepped it, making a show of boredom, “Finished?” he queried; he was definitely warding his bed tonight with an extra layer of spells.

“Expelliarmus!” he cried out.

“You are aware I do not have my wand out aren’t you?” Harry cocked his head to the side, “Perhaps getting someone to check your sight might be a good idea.”

“TORMENTO!” roared Avery seeing nothing but red now.
Harry wished he could say he was surprised that he knew that spell, but he wasn’t. Knowing the wards wouldn’t hold up against that spell, he turned to the side, and found himself gaping slightly for just a second in the face of someone he knew all too well… albeit obviously older in the memories he’d seen. Eileen Prince - Severus Snape’s mother. Harry didn’t even think twice after that he just grabbed the stunned girl and yanked them out of the path, not soon enough since the spell grazed him just enough to activate the spell.

Other than a grimace Harry didn’t outwardly react to the torture spell that had been cast on him. Instead he glared at Avery that promised retribution if he didn’t let that spell up now. Unfortunately it just infuriated Avery more that he wasn’t on the floor screaming in pain.

Then just like that, the tables turned, as Harry waved his hand upwards, and Avery was sailing through the air, thumping on the wall with a cry of agony as his body protested at the rough treatment his wand clattering noisily to the floor thankfully unbroken. He scrambled for purchase unable to get any as he dangled from the wall twenty feet from the floor the magic seemed to be coming from his neck specifically. Terrified beyond belief all anger faded from him - fast. As he spluttered for breathe at the feel of the powerful magic emanating from his neck and the Peverell.

“Try anything like that again, Avery, and the next breath will be your last!” Harry growled out furiously sounding demonic, his magic cloaking the common room in its entirety. So much so that hardly anyone dared to breathe.

“Enough,” Tom Riddle stated calmly, but the order behind his words were clear ‘stop it now’. When nothing happened immediately he frowned and stated more sharply. “He has learnt his lesson, let him go.” he had his wand out, but it wasn’t pointed at Harry, instead it was pointed towards Avery who wasn’t even looking in their direction he was still staring wildly around grasping at the wall as if he was hoping somehow that he could find stability on it.

Harry left his hand fall back down, and almost immediately Avery fell fast towards the ground.

“Arresto Momentum!” Tom chanted, slowing his descent instead of stopping it as he could, causing Avery’s already sore body to take another tumble against the high backed booth’s that served as seats and to the floor. He deserved everything he got and more, he’d already warned the idiots that Hadrian Peverell was off limits. He glared coldly at the boy on the floor, his promise clear; he would pay for this stunt - just as quickly as he Avery alone.

“You alright?” Harry asked the first year, wondering if he had manhandled her too badly.

“I’m fine,” Eileen insisted nose in the air.

Harry’s lips twitched, nodding his head he moved back over to his belongings and collected everything before gliding up the stairs without saying another word. Only then did the Slytherin common room burst into animated conversations of what had just happened as well as speculations especially on him not reacting to the spell much to the awe of everyone. One thing they knew for certain - they were never, ever going to piss off Hadrian Peverell.
Chapter 10

Lord Of Time

Chapter 10

Tom watched the scene, his dark eyes gleaming; it was obvious at least to him that Hadrian Peverell didn’t want an outright confrontation yet wasn’t backing away from one. It’s the most he had ever seen him talking - other than when he was required to in class if the teachers ask him questions and such. He loved the rush that challenging the other teenager gave him. While the others could keep up with him on the written work on most things, none compared to him on a magical level except Hadrian. He knew there was no way he had just learned about the magical world, he suspected he had always known, but from whom he had no idea.

He hated Muggles, Tom shrewdly picked up on, and it was concealed, but definitely there. Something must have happened to make him hate them; unless he had been brought up by pureblood’s and copied his own parent’s stances. He wished he knew his background, he had looked himself, but Peverell name was mentioned quite a lot in history, nothing decent in the past three decades. No death listings either, so they must have died in the Muggle world, but it made no sense. They couldn’t have died abroad unless they had gone abroad leaving their son at home. Because Hadrian would still be in whatever country they died in, it was just as simple as that until he found the Ministry, but then the Ministry would have found out and advertised it. So he was back to square one when it came to him.

He wanted to shake his head at the idiocy of Avery, he thought just because he was a pureblood he had a given right to say whatever he liked without consequence. Arching an eyebrow as the teen kart wheeled out of the oncoming ‘Bombarda’ Avery had cast silently impressed. Withholding a snort of amusement at the implication that a parrot was smarter than him, it was the way he said it, in such a Slytherin manner that he felt a stirring of respect. Avery was mediocre in some classes, but Ancient Runes was where he excelled and it wasn’t an easy class. Although he needed everyone’s help when it came to Arithmancy he though idly.

He wanted to close his eyes in humiliation at having someone so idiotic as a…friend when Avery tried to take Hadrian’s wand away, when in fact he didn’t have it out. It was perhaps best to rethink his decision to allow Avery to be part of his exclusive group. Instead he just stared in disbelief, his face pretty impassive.

Then he had to go do something utterly stupid like casting a TORMENTO curse. Rage replaced any other feeling, not only was he using his wand to cast the spell like an insipid fool; he was doing so against a boy he had declared off limits to their mocking and bullying ways. He still wasn’t sure whether he was protecting Hadrian or his so called friends, seen as he didn’t know well enough he had just implemented it just in case.

Tom stiffened and wanted to roll his eyes at the fact the boy just had to save the first year student; did he have no self preservation at all? Of course, he froze completely when the spell connected on him and remained standing and mostly unaffected by the curse.

A shudder passed through him, along with every student in the common room he’d bet, when Hadrian unleashed the full extent of his magic for all to feel. Wandless and Wordlessly levitating Avery up against the wall, where he crashed against it, crying out. His anger was quickly replaced with tenseness of the possibility of a threat, Tom sneered, and he would be feeling much worse soon enough. Turning to Hadrian, respect and fear prominently battling inside him, he was
powerful, extremely so, equal he would say to him.

He wasn’t sure what to think of that. He as always pushed it aside to deal with later when he was alone, and get onto the most urgent thing at the moment.

“Enough,” Tom stated surely, standing up, none of his thoughts displaying on his face. A frown passed over his features when he wasn’t immediately complied with. For a second he thought of showing his own magic, but nixed that idea, Hadrian had every right to stand up for himself otherwise he would have become a target by the majority of Slytherin house as a coward. Not even his word would have been able to quell the most of their ridicule not that he thought the boy would roll over and show his belly. “He has learnt his lesson, let him go.” his wand slipping into his hand, having a feeling he knew what was going to happen.

As for why he knew? Because it was something he’d do himself. Then just like that Hadrian dropped his hand, willing to let Avery fall the entire way without remorse. He vindictively would have allowed it, but unfortunately questions would have been asked if he had been forced to take the fool to the hospital wing. “Arresto momentum!” he uttered allowing Avery’s plummet to the floor slow down significantly, but he still fell with indignity and no small amount of pain. At least his bones weren’t broken in the fall he thought savage amusement.

He heard Hadrian asking the first year if she was alright and turned around himself, only the boy was once again on the move, having received an answer from the female Prince. Without another word, he just gathered up his supplies, put them in his bag and disappeared up the stairs to the dorm. Immediately speculation was rife, all of them coming to the same conclusion he had weeks ago - Hadrian Peverell wasn’t a weakling new to magic, he was powerful, smart and worthy of their respect.

He ignored the gossip and stared at Avery, waiting until the boy focused on him. He jerked his head to the others, and they immediately knew what he wanted. They helped Avery up, moving up the stairs to the dungeons and into a corridor nobody ventured near and into the cold empty room. Once upon a time it had probably been a dorm room or they’d planned it as such - but it had evidently been unused for many years.

Lestrange immediately cast a silencing spell around the room and locked the door, before standing guard all the same. Nott stood at the other side of the room, his eyes alight with anticipation, it was always fun when someone else was on the receiving end of Tom’s anger. Of course…if it was you, then it sucked, nobody wanted to be targeted by Tom Riddle.

Avery finally looked up and met the stone face of Tom Riddle and began to tremble faintly.

"What did I tell you about Peverell?" he spoke with deceptive mildness, not that he needed to speak louder - the silence in the room was deafening.

"I'm sorry," Avery spoke, apologetic and wary.

Tom just stood there and then Avery began to scream, inflicting the same curse Avery had tried to use on Hadrian - but at least Hadrian was man enough not to scream or wet himself.

He stopped it as abruptly as he started it, "I will not tell you again, the next time Avery, you'll wish you had listened." that’s if Hadrian didn't do as promised and kill the fool. Turning swiftly, Tom left the room, leaving Avery to pick himself up; he deserved it for trying to use it on someone else. He’d used his wand! He could have gotten caught and expelled! He’d taught them better! Stupid, idiotic fool.
Tom Riddle entered his Dorm room, followed by Lestrange and Nott, Avery was noticeably absent, and Tom had a thoroughly satisfied look on his face. He paused to look over at Hadrian, arching an eyebrow more amused than anything. He was sitting doing his homework on his bed, his wand lit and tucked behind his ear giving him enough light to work with in order to get what he would bet was the Transfiguration assignments Dumbledore had given him done. Lestrange and Nott grabbed their nightwear and shower bag before leaving without a word - not even daring to look Hadrian’s way.

“Avery can still walk I hope?” Hadrian enquired, his green eyes gleaming with otherworldly knowledge.

Tom glanced back over, and like any Slytherin, just quirked his lips, answering without verbally saying anything to confirm or deny it. Hadrian nodded his head before going back to his homework, frustration clear on every line of his face, although what was causing it Tom could only guess. Frowning at the way his thoughts were currently going, feeling exasperated and annoyed. He quickly put his pyjamas on and climbed into bed, his curtains closing immediately afterwards.

Harry sighed, he was sick and tired of writing so much, he felt as though his hand was about to fall off. No other teacher had given him homework, not even when homework was passed out to the rest of his class. He needed no other proof at Dumbledore’s churlishness, grimacing as cramp began to run down his wrist, he stopped writing again and began to gently massage it. While it would have been fine for some homework but to give him so much? It wasn’t right; the teachers of all his other classes were just giving him the material he missed to catch up in class. All of them really happy with his progress, saying he would catch up in no time at all.

Shuffling the paper over to the drawer and closing it, letting the ink properly dry, he capped the inkwell once more before shoving everything in his square case he used to carry his writing utensils; it even had a small knife in it - used to sharpen his quills. Dropping it into his trunk, he let it close with a loud thump, leaving it open definitely wasn’t recommended - only when it was closed did his wards work in keeping sticky fingers out of it.

Speaking of sticky fingers, he had probably blown away any chance of Tom Riddle and he becoming friends - of a sort, since he wasn’t sure Tom did friends. Although unbidden he remembered what Voldemort said during his rebirthing ritual ‘look Harry, my true family has returned’. Of course normal families didn’t curse each other to hell and back, or kill them. No, he didn’t love much, or at all, if he did he just had a terrible way of showing it. How could he really? He wasn’t shown how to love, all he had known was hurt. Harry grudgingly understood that, before Hogwarts he hadn’t known love either, it had been their choices that made them different, although given what he knew now…he would have rather been alone than having traitorous backstabbing fuckers instead even if it had led him down the wrong path. If anything Tom would see him as a competition for his place at the top, whether he wanted it or not, or would see him as a threat. Either one didn’t help Tom see he had a different way he could go about his path - one with actual less resistance. He’d fucked up, but he couldn’t have let Avery do that without retaliating, it would have just painted a big red target on his back - from his own house. He would have been seen as weak, unworthy of being in Slytherin.

It never once occurred to Harry to kill Tom and save everyone in the future.

Harry sighed before yanking his own hangings down, putting up his wards - although he didn’t think he would need them - especially if the look on Tom’s face was anything to go on. No doubt
Avery had paid a heavy price for him showing how powerful he was to the other Slytherins. Placing his wand under his pillow and closed his eyes, trying to sleep. Closing his mind off, so he didn’t think about the sinking sensation in his stomach, he really didn’t want to have to watch his own back for four years well the rest of this year and four years he supposed.

Tom’s head hit the pillow on his bed, his skin still tingling phantom-like from Hadrian’s magic, he couldn’t help but compare them both. He had started Hogwarts and kept to himself just like Hadrian when he was eleven, ignoring the Slytherins and anything they said to him. Until one third year Slytherin in particular made the mistake of trying to target him for showing him up in front of Slughorn by correcting his answer. He quickly won the respect and fear of all his housemates when he retaliated, none more so when they found out he was a parselmouth, that he was Slytherin’s heir. Which was as always kept quiet, along with all other secrets within Slytherin. Nobody would find out about Hadrian’s show either, not even Slughorn.

He should be feeling threatened, someone with that much power, equal to his own. Yet he didn’t, in fact he wanted to know Hadrian, he was smart, powerful noticed things and didn’t seem to have a desire to use that power to take his place amongst the Slytherin ranks. Hadrian knew about the ranks and social necessities in Slytherin, the Head Boy Mark Flint had spoken to him weeks ago about it, he had heard and seen the conversation - not that they had been aware of the fact. Hadrian had looked thoroughly bored throughout it all, admittedly amused at certain points in the chat.

He was the only third year that didn’t seem to wish to win his favour, didn’t desire to be near him for popularity, protection or just for more power or the feel of it at least. Not that he had a need for it; he had power of his own. He wasn’t scared of him, but he had yet to see him in action, even then he had a feeling it wouldn’t phase him the slightest. He would bet his school books that Hadrian hadn’t been speaking about what he had done to Avery but rather what he, Tom had done. He knew he had done something to him…punished him somehow. Maybe some of the other Slytherins had warned him who knows?

Shifting slightly, his stomach curling in the beginning spikes of arousal shot through him, as Tom thought about what had occurred. The effortless way he had spoken to Avery, dodged his spells, stood through the torture curse, his face filled with fury and wrath. His cock twitched, as he suppressed a moan, he was utterly breathtaking, even if he was a little short, but he had shot up in height since appearing at Hogwarts. His dark eyes gleamed in wicked satisfaction, Avery had paid for his earlier transgressions, and he had told everyone that Hadrian Peverell was off-limits. He couldn’t get answers if they alienated him after all could he?

Not that he’d had much opportunity to get answers, Hadrian was hardly ever seen, and he disappeared after dinner and usually only appeared well after curfew and went straight to bed. He’d only ever sat in the common room a few times doing his homework. Today had been the third time, he remembered once again the way the boy said the word Muggle, with barely concealed distaste, he didn’t like them, if the rumours were to be believed he couldn’t blame him - not that he would have if he didn’t have one, since he loathed the very air they breathed.

If Avery prevented him getting his answers and caused the boy to distance himself further he would feel the full extent of his wrath for the rest of his life however short it was. The vengeance filled green eyes filled his vision again, distracting him needlessly, and Tom couldn’t find a single reason as to why that was a bad thing - for now.

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Every student third year and up were all excitedly chatting (with the exception of the composed Slytherins) dressed up in their warm winter normal clothes, getting ready to go to Hogsmeade for
the final trip before Christmas and New Year. It would be nearing the end of January before they had another trip, so they planned on getting everything they needed while they were out.

“Hadrian?!” Dorea Black, dressed impeccably as was standard for Black’s - especially in this time.

“Yes?” Harry enquired, looking at up at the third year Black, standing next to her was the elder Walburga Black. Both of them had electrifying grey eyes, eyes Walburga had given her sons to, both Sirius and Regulus. From what he could remember of reading on the Black family tapestry she was the daughter of Pollux Black and Irma Crabbe.

“Aren’t you coming to Hogsmeade?” Dorea asked, noticing he wasn’t rushing his breakfast or even dressed to go outside.

“I can’t go, I have no guardian to sign the permission form, and there’s nobody else that can,” Hadrian explained, shrugging his shoulders but remained looking at the girl. It was so odd; this was his grandmother, someone he had never met before in his life.

“Yes you can,” Walburga spoke, sounding nothing like she did in her horrific portrait. “The second you were sorted into Slytherin Professor Slughorn became your temporary guardian, at least until they find somewhere for you to go. Even after you have somewhere Slughorn can and will be a sort of magical guardian while you are at Hogwarts.”

Harry stared frozen, “And does whether you have Muggle guardians affect that, not that I do.” he asked with deceptive mildness, his hands bunched into fists, breathing harshly.

“It’s especially if you have Muggle guardians, you need someone magical to go to, and it’s your head of house…” Dorea taking over from Walburga, gazing at the teen curiously. Wondering at his reaction, she could see no reason for it unless someone had told him that he couldn’t go and he was now finding out he could.

“I see,” Harry stated curtly, pissed off beyond belief, McGonagall had lied to him, he shouldn’t have been surprised but he was. She was neither a parent nor a guardian what a lot of shit; she could have signed that form for him after all. His anger wound off quickly, she had only been looking out for him, and they had thought Black was hunting for him. Still the fact she had lied to him annoyed him beyond all measure, she wasn’t fit to be anyone’s head of house. Ignoring him, not believing him, telling him to keep his head down when Umbridge was using a blood quill on him the list was endless. “Thank you for informing me.” he added to the witches, inclining his head slightly.

“It was our pleasure,” Walburga replied in the usual pureblood fashion. “Is there anything you’d like us to bring you from Hogsmeade?” glancing briefly at her friends who had also gathered around, ready to head out.

“It was our pleasure,” Walburga replied in the usual pureblood fashion. “Is there anything you’d like us to bring you from Hogsmeade?” glancing briefly at her friends who had also gathered around, ready to head out.

“Thank you for the offer but no, thank you,” Hadrian said still feeling amused, his little display was…well let’s just say everyone was going out of their way to help him these days. Not for the usual ‘I scratch your back you scratch mine’ deal the Slytherins liked so much. He never took advantage of it though, especially since it seemed to be mostly the female Slytherin’s. “Is Professor Slughorn accompanying you to Hogsmeade today?”

“He always comes,” Tom Riddle said smoothly, “He never misses an opportunity.” of what Tom Riddle didn’t elaborate but he didn’t need to for Harry to know - he knew what Slughorn was like.

“Then I’ll speak to him upon his return,” Harry replied, “Have fun.” he wasn’t quite sure whether he meant it or was being sarcastic. Thankfully the way he was speaking due to him being older
didn't cause him to get odd looks since it was the pureblood way to communicate.

“Students!” Dumbledore called, “Those of you who are attending Hogsmeade today, please form an orderly line in the courtyard.” his eyes flickering to Hadrian, a smidgen of guilt sliding up his heart. Dippet had been updated as always from Auror Moody and Prewitt. They actually had information this time, and it was true, everything he had said. Yvette Peverell King was in fact a squib, the only sister of Fredrick Peverell, Hadrian’s father, Yvette had married Patrick King and when his parents died - having no other magical relatives Hadrian had gone to the squib sister. His mother had no living family either, squib or otherwise. The hotel had been attacked by Grindelwald’s men, for reasons they still didn’t know yet, and only two bodies were unclaimed, the Kings. The attack had been as gruesome as it was described; Hadrian was the only one who had survived the massacre. Which the Muggles were under the impression that they had been accidentally gassed due to wear and tear in the gas line.

“And Mr. Peverell, Headmaster Dippet requires your presence immediately after lunch today.” Albus added as he swept from the Great Hall his mind still on the teenager. The Gryffindor’s following first and obediently behind him talking animatedly and excitedly.

He wasn’t a spy sent by Grindelwald at all, what still confused him was the teenagers reluctance to look into his eyes - he was obviously hiding something, just not what he had suspected. He may feel a little guilty but that didn't prevent the ominous feeling of foreboding deep in his heart.

He tried to shake it off but for the life of him - it refused to move. None of this showed on his benevolent face, as he beamed happily, as if nothing made him feel better than chaperoning students to Hogsmeade.
Harry remained eating his breakfast at a leisurely pace; he had to make it look as though he had absolutely nothing to do after all. He wondered if Slughorn really could decide whether he could go to Hogsmeade or not. He guessed he'd find out later after dinner when he would ask. Not that he would be bothered overly much if the answer was negative, he wasn't really a teenager, Hogsmeade had quickly lost its appeal after a year and months of visiting the place. Mostly he summarized it was so much fun was because he was breaking the rules, otherwise the appeal would have been lost a lot sooner. His thoughts left him wondering why he even wanted to see about going. To get out of Hogwarts - away from Dumbledore and prying eyes for a sort while without arousing suspicion.

Looking around noticing that the younger years were beginning to leave the Great Hall, having finished their breakfast. In groups of three to five conversing with each other, planning their days now that the older students were gone - and they were free to roam the school without bigger students being around. It didn't surprise him to hear that many Ravenclaws were going to the library to study, while the N.E.W.T's and O.W.L's students were away. Picking up his bag, he followed the students out of the Great Hall, and making his way up to the third floor to the 'Serpentine' corridor it was named on the actual map of Hogwarts. Nobody used it though, anything remotely Slytherin sounding was rejected by the Gryffindors and with it the Hufflepuff's.

Before long he was standing before the one-eyed witch statue, looking around to make sure he was unobserved, he removed his cloak and flung it over himself. Removing his wand he uttered "Dissendium!" and with a grumbling click the passageway opened to him. Sliding in he closed it tightly, sighing in relief, removing the cloak again, keeping it bundled up under his arm, just in case he needed it again. The passageway was exactly as he remembered it, disgusting, draughty, horrible but blessedly free of any sort of animal - rats more specifically.

He knew the moment he had passed through Hogwarts itself, the distinctive shimmer of protective magic disappeared leaving the area extremely vulnerable. Many passageways had become victims of that, although he wasn't sure if it was true in this time or not. It would be definitely something worth investigating at one point or another, since he still had no idea where they went - obviously somewhere in Hogsmeade like the other ones. He pondered briefly whether he should Apparate now, and be done with it or wait until he got through tunnel and to Honeydukes. Since nobody was familiar with this particular passageway, he decided he should be safe to Apparate.

Which he did after sliding his invisibility cloak back into his bag, he appeared directly outside of Gringotts. Looking around noticing that it wasn't too busy, it was the weekend, so he wasn't surprised really. Those that weren't already working were sleeping in. Not wishing to remain too long lest he be caught, he quickly made his way to one of the counters, thankfully a few were free.

"Good morning, may your coffers always replenish," Harry said, "I wish to speak to someone privately about my inheritance and quickly." he finished curtly, hoping they wouldn't do the disservice of treating him like a child when he was being respectful to them.

The goblin stared at him for a few seconds before nodding curtly, "Follow me," quickly stepping
from his podium he moved swiftly through the bank, taking the boy with him making it clear to security that he was with him. Nothing about the bank had changed; Harry couldn't help but observe it was still that gleaming marble building with dozens upon dozens of goblins. He followed the goblin to an office and was extremely surprised when he closed the door and sat down at it. He blinked almost owlishly, there was a hierarchy within the Goblin nation, you work your way to the top in the following order - miner, cart puller, cashier, stock marketers which sometimes became the managers of accounts who's owners were proud of the amount made. Then there were the actual managers of the accounts, to hold the position was very high indeed. Which begged the question, why was an account manager doing playing at cashier? Surely not that much had changed in fifty years!

"My name is Ironclaw, how can I help you Hadrian Peverell?" Ironclaw stated, gazing at the child before him very aware that he was more than he seemed - but what? Well that was something not even a creature like he could guess.

Harry barely blinked, he was aware of the complexity of the charms and spells within Gringotts, allowing the Goblins to know everyone that walked through their doors. Although during the war they'd been removed - thankfully. Otherwise…no, he didn't even want to think on them. He thought disgust rolling through his stomach, disgusting betrayers that they were, no he wasn't going to think about it. "I require an inheritance test," Harry finally said, he wanted to see if his real name would appear or if Death had made it absolute.

"That will cost two sickles," Ironclaw replied, his gnarly hand open waiting for the money. Harry dug into his bag and removed the required amount from his pouch, it was a good job he had some money set aside after buying his things. The goblins never joked about money, nor did they do things for free if they could do it for a fee. He plopped the silver sickles into his hand, before sitting down.

Once Ironclaw put the money aside he gathered up the necessary items for an inheritance test, placing a small white bowl, a dagger and a long piece of parchment and a bandage in front of Hadrian. "Make a small cut in your palm, put the blood into the bowl and then write your full name on the top of the parchment." he directed grimly after dragging a long black nail down the entire length of the parchment.

Harry grabbed a hold of the dagger, and sliced his palm open without so much as a grimace or becoming squeamish at the sight of his own blood. Squeezing it closed, he watched red liquid drop into the bowl until he was sure there was enough to write his signature with. Picking up the bandage, he wrapped it securely around his wound; he would need to see about getting a potion for it before anyone noticed it. Once it was tied securely, he picked up the black quill dipped it into his own blood before writing 'Hadrian Peverell' in his loopy scrawl. He had no middle name that Death had told him so was under the assumption he probably didn't have one.

After that he used his wand to remove every single drop of blood from the bowl, quill and dagger leaving nary a trace behind only then did he sit down. He therefore didn't see the look of respect on the goblins face when he began that process, as Ironclaw realized he wasn't dealing with a normal ignorant fourteen years old. In fact you'd be hard pressed to even find a pureblood seventeen year old gaining his inheritance doing such a thing.

By the time Harry had sat down the blood he found was acting like the Marauders map activating. Only it wasn't black ink but rather his own blood expanding over the parchment, writing names on its own. It wasn't merely just an inheritance test, it acted as a family tree, with only a small amount of direct family, the grandparents and of course the parents instead of a full fledged one, but it did
bring up any results that might be further down the line.

Gringotts inheritance test for Hadrian Peverell

Father - Fredrick Hadrian Peverell (Pureblood)

Mother - Samantha Patricia Everard-Peverell (Pureblood)

Maternal Grandfather - Sam Richard Everard (pureblood)

Maternal Grandmother- Patricia Abbott-Everard (Pureblood)

Paternal Grandfather- Hadrian Jackson Peverell (Pureblood)

Paternal Grandmother- Margaret Avery-Peverell (Pureblood)

Harry inwardly rolled his eyes; honestly, he'd made him a complete pureblood? He had heard of Everard he just couldn't think of where though and it was bugging him - he felt as though it was something he should know. It made him wonder how Death had managed to make him someone he wasn't; it was quite scary to be truthful. Unless…the boy had been real and had died in this timeline and he was basically just taking over his life? It was horrible to contemplate that he didn't feel overly bothered about that fact.

Sole Direct Line Descendant

Gryffindor

Peverell

Everard

Indirect Line Descendant

Slytherin

Potter

Abbott

Avery

Black

Crouch

Crabbe

Harry inhaled sharply; he had somehow retained nearly all his bloodlines just scrambled up, with a few new added ones like Abbott and Avery. He wondered how that worked, how he was indirectly a Potter yet still the sole Peverell, but he just assumed that if he were to 'die' then it would go to Charles then James before coming back to him in the form of Harry Potter. He must be a Slytherin indirectly through the Peverell line, but he wasn't the direct descendant, no that belonged to Tom Riddle. He couldn't claim anything from the indirect lines, only the ones that he was solely directly descendant from.

"What age do I need to be to gain access to my vaults?" Harry enquired, after silently
contemplating the results; the goblin said nothing - waiting patiently for his attention to snap back. He sincerely hoped there was money in the vaults or he would go nuts at Death, he needed money to survive this time.

"Fifteen for the Peverell vaults, seventeen for the Everard and Gryffindor vaults," Ironclaw informed him, not that there was much in either the Everard and Gryffindor vaults, mostly heirlooms and books. Which admittedly Gringotts would pay a fortune for and that was just a single book.

Harry mentally cursed, "I don't suppose my...parents opened a trust vault?" Merlin he hoped he didn't have to use those words very often, it felt very wrong to utter the word parents for those people written on the paper. He wasn't their son; to him his parents would always be James and Lily Potter. "Everyone does it."

Ironclaw gave him an odd look saying nothing other than the look in his eyes that indicated he though Harry was mad.

Harry closed his eyes and groaned, pressing his uninjured hand to his eyes and pressed deeply. Cursing inwardly again, it must have been something parents did during the wars with Voldemort - if the look on the goblins face was anything to go on it didn't happened right now. "What about emancipation...let me guess I have to be fifteen?" Harry hated how petulant he sounded but this sucked.

"Indeed," Ironclaw confirmed.

So he had another year without money, he could last a year; he had everything he needed right now, well mostly. It was the summer holiday's that made him nervous really. He knew he was going to end up in the Muggle world during the bloody Blitz - he didn't care that he knew they'd win! It was going to be torture, the dropping bombs, everything, it was going to be awful. With so many to look after maybe he could sneak away? But to where? He had no money, no means to keep himself safe for the months he'd be quite literally having to make do on his own. He would have to find a way to make money, and do it quickly.

"May I have an inventory of all items in my vaults or will I have to wait until I take control of them?" Harry asked he was curious to see what he owned.

"You will have to wait, an inventory can be done as soon as you sign for your Peverell vault," Ironclaw replied.

"Thank you, Ironclaw, may your coffers never empty," Harry said once again.

"May your gold ever flow," Ironclaw said in reply, his lips twitching at the irony of that statement.

Harry just grunted a bit, also understanding the irony, but not being offended. Swinging his bag over his back after putting his inheritance test in, and strapping it to his back. Well, just one more years, at least he could buy proper equipment and school uniform next year. Glancing at the time, just after ten, he would be back at Hogwarts by half past, which left him an hour and a half until lunch then he had to make his way to the Headmaster's office.

Harry walked into the library, noticing that most of the tables were taken up by first and second years. His eyes zoned in on one particular student working alone, his green eyes glimmered softly. Wandering over, he tapped her on the shoulder sniggering at her squeak. "Hello, Myrtle, mind if I
sit down?" he asked still sniggering slightly.

"Hadrian!" Myrtle said a huge grin appearing on her face.

"Looks like you've been taking my advice," Harry said, pointing to the book, nodding his approval.

"It worked," she said reverently, gazing at him in awe.

"Don't look at me like that, it was just a piece of friendly advice," Harry said uncomfortably. "Your Head of House should have helped you."

"Professor Meadowes doesn't really notice much," Myrtle commented, shrugging her shoulders pretty much used to the way it was even if she was only in her second year. Absently pushing her large glasses back up her nose, only for them to fall right back down to where they were when she looked back at her book.

"Remove your glasses," Harry insisted, coming to a decision.

"Why?" she asked suspiciously.

Harry just grinned as he remembered that look in the past. "Do it," he urged, wondering if she would trust him.

"I can't see without them," she whined, refusing to do it.

"Please?" Harry then asked, his face showing how serious he was - he wasn't kidding with her.

Pursing her lips, she reluctantly took her glasses off, keeping a tight grip on them as if she suspected he wanted to make off with them. "Sano Oculus!" Harry cast so lowly that nobody could hear what he said, as soon as her glasses were off not giving her the opportunity to put them on or stop him in any way.

Myrtle squeaked indignantly, before she began to rub at her eyes panicked beyond belief - wondering what he had done to her.

Harry grabbed a hold of her hands, stopping her from rubbing at her eyes, watching as comprehension began to draw. Watching as her eyes went from narrowed as she tried to see with her limited vision to wide with wonder when she realized she could see without the aid of her glasses for the first time in her life. A small smile played across Harry's face as he finally let go of her hands.

"You created a spell to correct someone's eyesight?" Myrtle said in wonder. She almost wanted to ask if he really was a Slytherin! Not many of them went around smiling at people, or worse still helping them without wanting something in return.

"Yes," Harry replied the affirmative, it was a spell that he had created in the future.

"You could get rich with that spell!" Myrtle exclaimed quietly, remembering she was in the library after all.

"I could...couldn't I?" Harry said thoughtfully a smirk appearing on his face, that was definitely a way to go about getting enough money to stay somewhere during the holidays.

Now she could see why he was a Slytherin, it made her shiver, he was very cute, she liked him a lot. Quickly digging into her bag, she grabbed her allowance and let it clatter in front of him. "I
know it's not much...but if you want I can ask my mum for more!” she was a Warren; they didn't exactly struggle for money.

Harry blinked and stared at the two galleons and sickle, before his gaze went back to her, "Keep it; I didn't do it for the money." Harry told her and it was true, anything to keep her alive and out of that damn bathroom when the time came.

"No, you take it," Myrtle insisted shoving it back, "I get more allowance in a few days anyway."

"You get allowances during the year?" Harry asked surprised, he'd only ever had two backstabbing friends during Hogwarts years; neither had gotten an allowance during the year, Granger only ever got money for birthday and Christmas. Well why Weasley didn't was pretty self explanatory. Weasley liked to get jealous over having no money, yet Fred and George had managed to get money together during Hogwarts - so if he had wanted it enough he could have. Instead he just liked to silently seethe about his money and how lucky he was.

"Yes, I owl order books," Myrtle replied, showing exactly why she was a Ravenclaw. "I've got third year defence book coming, I can't wait to read it, and it has a lot of neat spells."

"Fourth years better," Harry commented, standing up and moving towards the fourth year section and selecting the book and moving back over plonking it down beside her other book. "The hexes are easy to cast but the counter isn't easy to find," they were in different sections of the books to make sure you were reading properly.

Myrtle startled suddenly when she heard the lunch bell go; she stared at the time surprised it was time already. A huge grin spread across her face, it was so great being able to see without her glasses, and she owed him so much. She couldn't wait to tell her mum what Hadrian had done for her. "Thank you." she said belatedly realizing she hadn't done so yet.

"You're welcome," Harry said shrugging his shoulders. "Are you heading down to lunch?"

Myrtle once again gave Harry one of those looks causing him to frown, trying to decipher what that look was. Glancing in her eyes, he gleaned her surface thoughts by accident, which quite thoroughly depressed him. She was hoping to have a friend in him, someone to talk to so she didn't feel so lonely in a school packed with people. She didn't think he (Hadrian) would want to be a friend of hers, but all the same she couldn't help but hope that just once things would be good for her. She was like Neville, fading into the background, never truly noticed or seen, he hadn't remained that way - hopefully he could find a friend for her - not that he didn't want to be...he was in a different year, had lots to do - he didn't even have time to make friends in Slytherin never mind anything else. Yet seeing the look on her face, he just didn't have it in him to say no.

Harry inwardly scoffed, some Slytherin he made, even after being betrayed so many times he still had to give someone a knife to stab him in the back. No, he would befriend her just until he managed to get her a friend of her own - get her noticed then he could back off slowly until they just spoke when they saw each other or something. "Did you hear my question?"

"You want to wait on me?" Myrtle asked incredulously.

"Well we won't be sitting together since we aren't in the same house but sure, I'm hungry so hurry up and sign those books out." Harry said pointing towards them, giving just a slight smile.

"Okay," Myrtle gushed in her usual squeaky voice, rushing towards the wizard who magically scanned her books. She raced back as if suspecting that Harry would change his mind.
"Let's go," Harry said, and they both began leaving the room. "So... do you have siblings?" he asked actually curious.

He didn't notice the second year Slytherin that had been watching them both, or that he began following them due to the fact a lot of students were now leaving the library and heading down to lunch.

"A younger brother," Myrtle beamed, it was obvious by the look on her face she adored him. "He's five years old."

"That's young," was all Harry could think to say, wincing inwardly; he would have been only seven when he found out that his older sister was dead. Had he attended Hogwarts? Saw his sister's ghost? Or had his parents refused to let him attend? Had they moved away? He honestly didn't know and had never thought to ask ghost Myrtle.

"My parents thought I'd be an only child," she giggled in her usual way.

"Has Hornby left you alone?" Harry then asked, as they descended the stairs.

"Mostly, you were right when I started hexing her back she stopped, she's still nasty though," Myrtle revealed. She couldn't say anything about her glasses anymore she thought with a wicked grin of her own. It had definitely been worth the money she gave him for it - even though he hadn't asked for it. She knew he was an orphan, didn't have money due to the fact he was wearing second hand clothes and used second hand books. If he helped people with their eyesight he would get enough money to buy new things. She would definitely mention it in passing to those who needed glasses. Help Hadrian after all he had helped her. She owed him that much.

"As long as you don't take what she says to heart you'll be fine," Harry informed her, "I'll see you later alright? Headmaster Dippet wants to see me after lunch."

"Bye," Myrtle said, nodding her agreement, before she went to the Ravenclaw table and Hadrian made his way to the Slytherin one.

"Enter," the voice of Dippet said strongly.

"Hello, Headmaster, you wished to see me?" Harry said, peering up at him shyly.

"I do, come sit down nothing to worry about!" Dippet said, smiling at the shy student, he would find his feet of that he was sure. He was surprising all his teachers; they could only gush over him during the latest staff meeting after he had enquired on their newest student and how he was finding his classes.

Harry took a seat on the ornate plush furniture, it was crafted in purple, and in fact all the seats were. No sign of greens, yellows, reds or blues - no prejudice against houses. The table was the same one that Dumbledore used, without all the excessive instruments laded everywhere. He had a hawk, a beautiful one at that sat on a perch, eating away at a big piece of meat by the look of things. The window was open allowing it to come and go as it pleased.

"Your office is really nice," Harry eventually said after he realized he was staring.

"Why, thank you, Hadrian!" Dippet said, "Now I've been contacted by the Auror's on your case."

"Oh," Harry said, staring at his fingers, "What does that mean?"
"Auror Dalca in Romania got in touch with Auror Moody, their bodies were unclaimed, so they were cremated, but stored away. They are currently being brought over here, with every respect." Dippet said, whether they deserved it or not was another matter entirely. "It has been confirmed that you have no other living aunts or uncles, and you have no godparents, I am afraid that means you must be sent to an orphanage during the summer." his face grim and filled with sorrow.

Harry clenched his fingers together, "But sir…the war…"

"I know, Hadrian, I know, it's not ideal but it's only for the summer when you will be back here,"
Dippet said quietly, knowing nothing would soothe him. "There is nothing I can do, it is the law."

Harry just nodded his head without a word.

"A car will be taking you from Kings Cross to Wool's Orphanage, where they will take the very best of care of you." Dippet told him; at least there he would have a friend and fellow wizard with him. Tom was also a resident in the orphanage, Albus said it was a good one, and they would be cared for, as Albus had been there he had to take his word for it.

Harry's eyes had widened comically, Wool's Orphanage? He thought they would take care of him there? Of course they would, they'd just gone about creating the darkest wizard ever by giving him tender loving care! Dippet sounded so sure of himself though…had his kindness been feigned? Did he really not care? Harry sighed softly; it was the law, that couldn't be denied. It wouldn't be long, if he saved up enough money he wouldn't go at all. "Yes, Sir." Harry said quietly, his shoulders hunched.

"Just remember that if your life is in danger you can use magic," Dippet reminded him. The war was dangerous and he didn't want anything happening to his students. Hence he was going against everything by telling him this, but it was true nonetheless.

A vulnerable smile bloomed on Harry's face; his green eyes twinkled slightly showing his happiness. "Thank you, Sir." he said once more - he didn't feel completely better but knowing that Headmaster Dippet cared enough to say that did mean a lot. He did care after all, and it settled something in Harry's heart.
Chapter 12

Lord Of Time

Chapter 12

The past few months had been extremely odd to say the least, it was now the end of April, Christmas and New Year had gone and past. Nothing was said about Tom’s birthday, and Harry had felt extremely sad for the teenager. He knew what it was like for your birthdays to be ignored, but it shouldn’t have been the same here at Hogwarts, unfortunately he couldn’t even say happy birthday since how the hell was he supposed to get out of knowing his birthday? So he had kept his silence on the matter. He had gotten some things for Christmas though from those he was closest to, the other purebloods. What was odd was the fact Tom rarely let him out of his sight, the only time he got rest from the staring was classes he didn’t have with him - most obvious one being healing. Which he was currently attending, able to relax he was utterly perplexed by his odd behaviour. It made him anxious and suspicious, did he know? Was he suspecting something? But he knew that it was impossible. Nobody could actually think up - you are the Master of Death and you came back in time - no, there was something else going on and he couldn’t put his finger on it.

It had happened around about the same time that the students from Ravenclaw with glasses flocked to him all wanting their eyes fixed - and without needing to actually say anything he had a business venture which saw him with a sizable income. Myrtle had gone around telling everyone five galleons! And they hadn’t even thought twice about handing it over. It hadn’t been long before the rest of the student body had found out either, the money pouch now rested in his breast pocket, he kept it on him at all times. Those that hadn’t been able to afford it, he had done regardless of whether he got their money or not. He felt it unfair, quite a few Slytherins sneered at his actions, Avery and Lestrange amongst them while quite a few of the others commended him on it for gaining their loyalty, that it was such a Slytherin move to make causing the others that had sneered to shut up. Avery was never confrontational; he did have his way of letting Harry know he despised him though. He wasn’t an idiot he knew why Avery never outright said anything to him, due to Tom’s ever quivering temper no doubt. Although he never showed it amongst the students, nor in front of him funnily enough, he just knew him well enough (and wasn’t that bloody shocking?) to know when he was pissed off, being able to sense Tom’s magic also helped too. They always disappeared to somewhere within the vastness of Slytherin common rooms. Another way he was alone and able to get away mostly to the library.

Dumbledore had toned down the looks for a while, but he was still watching him, in fact it was more of an irritated yet suspicious admiration he seemed to have now. Due to the fact all the staff had of course learned of the fact he was correcting the eyesight of all the students. He had taken a lot of delight in giving Dumbledore all the homework he had heap upon him within two months of getting it. He had done it in full view of the staff after going to the staff room after conveniently ‘forgetting’ to give it to him during Transfiguration.

-----0 FLASH BACK 0------

Harry knocked on the door to the staffroom, where he knew very well there was a staff meeting currently being held. He almost jiggled around in anticipation; he had been considering doing this for the past week. Being amongst Slytherins was bringing out his rather vindictive side…oh who was he kidding? He’d always had a vindictive streak and it had come out much earlier than this.

“Can I help you?” his Ancient Runes teacher said as she opened the door, he was once again struck by how young she looked compared to how she did in his time. Admittedly he’d only ever seen her
at meal times at the Great Hall, but he still saw her. Bathsheba Babbling, she didn’t have make the
students work hard, she was strict but fair like so many of the teachers here.

“Um…” Harry looked around wide eyed for show, stepping back, “I…er…it doesn’t matter,” he
squeaked out his surprise.

“Mr. Peverell, you came here for a reason, we don’t bite,” Babbling teased him, her lips twitching
in obvious amusement.

“I forgot to give Professor Dumbledore my homework, I saw him come in a few minutes ago, I
didn’t…expect…” Harry murmured overwhelmed.

“Go on then,” Babbling urged, opening the door further, the eyes of all the teachers landed on him.

Harry made a show of taking a deep breath before hurrying over to Dumbledore, dipping into his
bag catching him frowning out of the corner of his eye. Biting his lip to stop himself smirking, he
started pulling out all his homework watching his eyes go wide and glance around the room
apprehensively. Harry almost cackled in delight, it was so much fun getting Dumbledore to react to
anything after seeing him always composed no matter what he was doing in his lifetime. “I finished
my homework early, I know I had another fortnight to finish it, but I didn’t want to lose points! I
meant to give it to you after class but I totally forgot.”

With that Harry continued to take out the rolled up parchments and hand them to the sinking
Transfiguration teacher. He found it increasingly difficult not to giggle, but he somehow managed
to keep himself composed. Eventually the long pile stopped, as he had made a show of removing
them one by one, so it merely looked worse. “I did them all the best I can, I promise, and thank you
so much for helping me understand Transfiguration so well! Although my hands did hurt after so
much writing!” Harry gushed, to add to it all he noticed the Headmaster entering the room by
another door he hadn’t noticed. “There, that’s them all.” he said standing up, slipping his bag over
his shoulder again, “I’m sorry to have interrupted your meeting; I’ll just go now, sorry!”

He turned around and walked out sliding the door closed as slowly as he could without drawing
attention.

“How much homework did you give him, Albus?” Slughorn demanded indignantly, “How dare
you give my Slytherin’s that amount of homework without informing me?!”

Harry’s shoulders shook as he laughed out his amusement silently before the door closed with a
definitive click. Nothing else could be heard, but that didn’t surprise him, there was a silencing
spell around the room. With a vindictive grin, he walked off towards his class whistling a tune
under his breath.

That would teach the old fool.

“What has amused you so much?” Tom said, surprisingly Harry, causing him to turn around
exasperated, he couldn’t get away from the teenager, he somehow found him no matter where he
went. Tom’s lips just twitched at Hadrian’s annoyance, he felt it was more to do with the fact he
could surprise him than anything else.

“Went to give Dumbledore my homework,” Harry shrugged seeing no need to keep it a secret, his
smirk flashing out again just remembering the look on his face.

“That makes you so amused?” Tom asked doubtful, his voice smooth as always.

“In front of the rest of the staff,” Harry said an air of exaggerated innocence put on.
Tom snorted at the look, finding it amusing despite himself.

“From what I hear Professor Slughorn wasn’t happy,” Harry said his eyes wide in feigned confusion. “It was just too bad there’s a silencing spell on the room…it sure would have been amusing to hear the rest of it to say the least.”

“I’m sure,” Tom replied, before they began walking to the Great Hall to grab a snack - it was break time after all. Only Tom notice the looks they were getting from everyone, and quite literally basked in it. Together they were going to be unstoppable, he was determined of that - he didn’t care if Hadrian was willing or not, he would wear him down in time if he had to. Considering what he had seen and observed from Hadrian so far - he knew it wasn’t going to be a problem.

Hadrian was his.

----------0 End of Flashback 0----

“Now last week we learned the Ferula spell, that helps you give patients or even friends aid in the form of a bandage during battle until they can get proper help by a heal--” Yaxley paused as the door open, he didn’t normally get disturbed unless someone was injured during one of their other classes - which had only ever happened once so far this year.

“I am so sorry, Healer Yaxley, please don’t let me interrupt, I just need a word with Irene,” a petite black haired young woman (older to the students) stated as she quickly walked up to the aforementioned witches office.

“Not a problem Apprentice Pomfrey,” Yaxley stated courageously, before turning back to his class. Which he was beginning to enjoy more than any other. Hadrian Peverell was a natural healer, he had tested him after two weeks of being in his classes. He was ecstatic really, judging by the surprised yet stunned look on his face he hadn’t realized, but that was perfectly normal, he hadn’t found out until he was fifteen. After Hogwarts he had gone straight on to be an apprentice with one of the most renowned healers of her generation, he had passed within a year and a half. He was kept very busy, due to his knowledge on dark curses and his natural ability.

Harry gasped softly, gazing at the woman in wonder, this was Madam Pomfrey? Bloody hell, she was an Apprentice! He had to wonder why she hadn’t finished it and remained only a Medi-Witch. Had she immediately became an employee at Hogwarts or did she go on to work at St. Mungo’s for some time? He also wondered who she was apprenticed to, was it Chang? This was the first time he saw her so he assumed not, perhaps she had taking a healing course and was just friendly with her enough to go to her if she needed help or encouragement.

“Today we will be learning how to close wounds, now it’s a complicated spell that will take considerable power and dedication to learn.” Yaxley informed the third years sternly, this wasn’t a class for the faint hearted, it was during these classes he found out whether they had the heart to be a healer or not. It’s not everyone that could stand the sight of blood. He’d had many students wishing to be healers but unable to push aside their feelings to help others.

Harry raised his hand, his head cocked to the side from where he sat, half the beds in the infirmary were gone, replaced instead with seats and tables for them, admittedly there weren’t many students actually taking a healing class. He put his quill down once he had finished dictating what the teacher said - as he had demanded the second they sat down.

“Yes, Mr. Peverell?” Yaxley made a gesture for him to ask away.

“How are we going to properly learn the spell?” Harry enquired.
“Once I am satisfied you all know the spell properly we will be visiting St. Mungo’s to see the spell in action, perhaps even use it if the occasion where you are allowed occurs.” Yaxley replied most didn’t trust the students to perform the spell so the likelihood of more than a few students getting to use the spell was slim to nothing.

Everyone nodded eagerly.

“Now to start you must clean the wound, ‘Tergeo,” is the word, it cleans up the blood, ooze anything that’s stuck in the wound so it can be healed without risking infection. Then once it’s cleared you use the spell “Confervo,” that will knit the skin back together. Now it depends on how long the wound has been there, whether it heals without scarring, unless of course it’s a cursed scar then there is nothing further than healing you that magic can do.” he pointed to the board, with the spells names and what they did written clearly for them to see - also how the spell is said to help them get it down better and additional information as well. “Write down everything that is on the board.”

Harry really liked Yaxley; he was nothing like his son…or was it grandson? Hell for all he knew it wasn’t his direct branch but from a brother branch of the family tree. He also really liked the healing class, not only because it was interesting but because he was actually learning things he didn’t know - albeit there was a few things he did, but considering the length of time he’d been in the hospital wing (and amount of times) he would have obviously picked up a few things over the years. During his last life (his past but in future) he had let everything heal naturally unable to heal himself.

After twenty minutes of writing everything down, they stopped and waited for their professor to continue, which he did almost right away - predictably since he always did during every class. There was a lot to cram in especially considering they only had the class one a week, albeit even if it was a two period class stuck together.

“Now do any of you know of another way to heal injuries such as cuts?” Yaxley asked of the students.

Three of the students raised their hands.

“Yes, Mr. Selwyn?” Yaxley pointed to the Ravenclaw.

“A Potion,” he replied confidently.

“Yes,” Yaxley drawled curbing his natural habit of being sarcastic before speaking again, “But which?”

“A Healing potion,” Selwyn guessed unsurely.

“Anyone else?” Yaxley queried glancing at the room. “Peverell,” he demanded, knowing his hand had also been up.

“Well…doesn’t Murtlap Essence heal cuts?” Harry questioned, already knowing the answer.

“Very well done, can anyone name another?”

“Essence of Dittany?” Harry chimed in after a few seconds of silence.

Yaxley smirked, “Indeed, very well, write it down for your homework I want a detailed description and the actions of those potion ingredients and why they would come in handy.” Yaxley pushed the board down showing the ingredients that Hadrian had spoken about. With one look from him,
they began to scribble frantically on their parchments. So far none of the students had declared themselves not up for this line of work, and couldn’t wait to see how these ones would turn out. Sometime a student did get one of the ingredients right, but never both of them, they were much too advanced normally. "Oh, and twenty points to Slytherin Mr. Peverell."

The rest of the class was reading from their book, but Harry wasn’t really reading it, he was stewing on the fact he would have to go to that damn orphanage. Here in Hogwarts he was secluded by everything, and quite often forgot…or rather allowed himself to forget that the Germans were dropping bombs on them, that the Muggle world was in a state of war. He had written to the innkeeper at The Leaky Cauldron to enquire about prices and discounts for staying over the summer holidays, only to be told point blank that he couldn’t stay there until he was seventeen without parental or guardian consent. He honestly didn’t know what the hell to do; he didn’t want to go to that damn orphanage. All that money he’d saved up, happy that he would be able to avoid it only to be slapped in the face. He could use an aging potion and go as an older wizard for the duration - nobody would be the wiser. Harry winced when he felt his mind being penetrated and yanked open by Death, damn it that hurt!

‘You must go’ Death revealed almost sounding grim.

‘I must what?’ Harry thought incredulously.

‘You must spend the summer holidays at the Orphanage, or at least part of it,’ Death insisted.

‘WHY’ he whined unable to curb his own thought process so he DIDN’T whine.

‘So you can understand him, he thinks he’s alone and that nobody could see where he is coming from’ Death replied softly.

‘I don’t know about that, I might not have been in an orphanage but I understand what its like to be alone!’ Harry stated sharply.

‘I don’t know about that, I might not have been in an orphanage but I understand what its like to be alone!’ Harry stated sharply.

‘Visit, huh?’ Harry muttered, sighing softly, rubbing at his temples outwardly, not really sure why they would have arguments centred on an orphanage or what it was like. ‘I really don’t like this’ Harry admitted stopping himself from gritting his teeth in frustration.

‘The choice is yours to make, Harry, I am only giving my advice,’ Death said, ‘But the best way forward is for you to go, things will begin to make sense very quickly’ his lips twitched just thinking about it, Harry would have someone he could rely on that would never change - and never be someone other than himself. Harry knew all there was to Tom Riddle other than his possessiveness of those he declares as his. Something that hadn’t happened in the previous timeline, and he would listen to Harry in a way that nobody else could get though to him. This was the best way forward otherwise he would never be telling Harry this…things were going to be difficult before they got better. Harry had figured out a way to avoid going, and it was true to his thoughts - nobody would have known better or found out for that matter.

‘What will make sense? You know what’s going on, that’s not fair!’ Harry complained but without any bite.

‘I know everything,’ Death taunted amused.

‘Yeah, yeah, no need to brag,’ Harry said, he wasn’t about to become dependant on anyone, so that
was his reason for not asking Death for every little detail. ‘Does Myrtle survive?’ his tone hopeful.

‘That I cannot say, there are things still in motion,’ it was true, it depended on a few actions as to
whether the girl would survive or not. He would never to the disservice as to lie, especially not to
the young Master of Death. ‘As I said, Harry, the choice is yours, I am afraid I must depart, you
know how to call me’ and with that Death departed once more.

Well it looked as though he was going to a bloody orphanage then Harry thought grimly, he didn’t
like this one bit but he did trust Death, he hadn’t steered him wrong yet and always made sure to let
him know that the choices were always his. He would do it, but if he ever did steer him wrong then
that was it, no second chances.
"Now to the House cup!" Dippet said cheerfully, standing up from his chair, gazing down at the students with pride and worry. The war was getting worse, or should he say both wars really, he was genuinely worried that he wouldn't see some of them again, well discounting the seventh years that were leaving out into the world. What a time to be leaving and looking for a job, he thought forlornly, he worried that Grindelwald would entice the students, that they would go overseas to help, and worse those living amongst Muggles would never be seen again due to the destructive nature of the German bombs. None of his concern showed as he had his cheerful mask up, as not to worry the students, "In fourth place we have Ravenclaw with four hundred and twenty-five points!" he applauded politely along with the teachers and students, the Ravenclaws however, despite applauding themselves were quite disgruntled at having coming last. They never came last - until now that is. They were renowned for their superior intellect after all.

"In third place is Hufflepuff with four hundred and twenty-six points!" Dippet cheered, and contrast to the Ravenclaws the Hufflepuff's cheered loudly undeterred by the fact they weren't coming first and gaining the House cup.

"In second place we have Gryffindor with an astonishing five hundred and ten points!" the rancorous applause from the Gryffindors revealed a lot about their nature. They were extremely disappointed that they weren't winning this year again, they'd won against Slytherin for three years running, it was a bitter pill for them to swallow.

"Now for the winners, with a groundbreaking amount of points ever gained, Slytherin wins the House cup with six hundred points!" Dippet said loudly so he could be heard at the end of the hall, the Slytherin's cheered loudly, their masks nowhere to be seen as they revelled in their victory over the Gryffindors - they had two bright ambitious third year Slytherins to thank for that, Tom Riddle and of course Hadrian Peverell. Dumbledore had removed some of those points, but they gained back double by the end of the day. Everyone in Slytherin always made sure that they couldn't give Dumbledore a reason.

It was perhaps why Dumbledore was applauding slowly, his twinkle nowhere to be seen as he came to terms with the fact Slytherins had bet his precious Gryffindors. His slow applause meant nothing as everyone continued to cheer, some teachers harder than others, due to the fact it was their house when attending Hogwarts itself. Quite a few of them had been Slytherins actually - five in total. By far the loudest of them all was Horace Slughorn. He was beaming with so much pride, satisfaction and oddly enough contentment as he stared down at his snakes, making it obvious to all, that he truly cared deeply about each and every single one of them.

Harry who glanced up and saw those emotions, well it caused an uncomfortable sensation in his heart. He'd known he cared, Slughorn had spoken to him quite a few times during the year and even going so far as to say if he needed someone to talk to his door was open. It was true; the Slytherins went to him with whatever problem they had. He had just assumed especially during his sixth year that Slughorn was just using them, trying to make a name for himself without doing anything. He had been so wrong, he cared, and his Slug club was a way to get closer to them all, in an adviser and mentor way, instead of just a teacher and Head of House. Slughorn had no children,
perhaps he regretted that and wished to have children of his own though guiding others? He wasn't sure, but what he did know was that anything he asked Slughorn would be answered. Hell Slughorn had even told Tom about Horcruxes! Wary during the conversation sure, but he still did it, and trusted that he wouldn't do anything with the knowledge. It was a hell of a burden to place on a man, perhaps he had changed when he realized what he had done. Maybe that was why he hadn't come close to anyone during that year (sixth year) at Hogwarts. Sitting down along with the rest of the Slytherins once again right next to Tom, whenever he tried to sit anywhere else he was just dragged along like a bloody doll. Which shouldn't be easy anymore, but he made it look effortless! Irritating wizard that he was.

"Finally got one over the Mudblood Gryffindors," one of the male Slytherins said grinning wickedly; Harry looked over and saw it was the Carrow twin Amycus Carrow.

Harry snorted, "Yes, because all the Gryffindors have Muggle blood," he sneered distastefully, "And you do realize that just because you were sorted into Slytherin it doesn't mean you don't have the capacity to be in the other houses, it just means you have more Slytherin traits...personally I think the hat put you here since nobody else would put up with you."

Carrors hands tightened on his cutlery, as he glared at Hadrian Peverell promising him retribution for this latest insult as everyone laughed at him. He hated the boy with a passion, and he couldn't believe Tom wanted him around. Nearly all year they'd had to put up with him, it didn't help that only he and Avery were the only ones that actively disliked him, the others had all warmed up to him even Lestrange...yet the boy continued on as if he couldn't see how angry he was and about to explode. His face blanked completely at the warning gleam in Tom's eyes as he looked at him briefly before turning back to his meal. He hated Peverell! When would Tom get sick of him? It had better happen soon! When it did he was going to enjoy showing that little snot his rightful place.

"We all have a thirst for knowledge, we all have those we are loyal to, we all have the ability to courageous and brave," Harry stated sharply, "The hat merely decides which part of our personality outshines all others. Mocking the Hufflepuff's for being loyal is like mocking part of your own personality and its pathetic." with that said, Harry started dishing up, putting as much food as he could on his plate, he had no idea when he would next have a decent meal. He frowned at his own thoughts, damn he sounded just like he did while at Hogwarts before going back to the Dursleys. He didn't see the surprised yet contemplated face of various Slytherins as they thought on what 'Hadrian' had said.

Harry looked up when he felt himself being watched, staring back into dark eyes that were as always shuttered, but he was rubbing at his chin a sure sign he was lost in thought or just considering what he had been told. He had seen him doing it many times over the past year, shaking off his thoughts he turned back to his dinner, determined to enjoy his last night at Hogwarts.

Despite his own determination, he couldn't help but reflect on the look Tom had supported when he had found out Harry would be at the orphanage. His eyes had darkened and magic flared slightly in his anger, but none of it had shown on his impassive face. He could only imagine what he was thinking, admittedly the dorm room had been dark but he was sure of what he saw. Tom made no further mention of it, but he had a feeling Tom would say something sooner or later - and it wouldn't be kind, if anything he would be threatened - something that hadn't happened yet in all fairness much to his surprise. Tom didn't want anyone to know about his life, it was something he had observed over the year, he dodged and redirected the questions when asked, in fact Harry didn't think anyone even knew Tom lived at an orphanage, while they all knew he was poor they didn't know anything else. In fact Tom hadn't even alluded to the fact he would be there as well,
and obviously Harry couldn't say anything either. He would need to work on his shocked surprised mask before that happened. Tom was just too damn observant and would know if he didn't do his level best to react how he should.

"Dumbledore doesn't look happy," Lestrange observed sneering at the red headed wizard, everyone in Slytherin hated him. With good reason, he always took the side of the Gryffindors over them, as if they were lying all the time.

"Does he ever?" muttered Avery, "The homework he gave us is ridiculous! Four feet! It's going to take forever to get that done and I actually want to enjoy my summer holidays."

"Then just do it the first few days you're home, that way you can spend the rest of the time 'enjoying your summer holiday'," Harry said as if he was talking to a really dense child. "Plus Professor Adage gave us five foot, so you should be grateful you aren't in that class."

"They shouldn't be allowed to give out homework for classes that are extra on the curriculum," Dorea said vehemently as she joined in the conversation.

"I don't know, I think it's interesting," Harry admitted, "Most of its theory and he said we have to think of an actual project that will take up an entire year, since you have to prove your backing of whichever theory you chose. Have you decided on one yet?"

"Actually I want to submit a theory on where Mud-ggle-borns get their magic," Dorea admitted, after swallowing her food, only then did she begin speaking again. Pureblood manners were well and truly bred into Dorea Black - but Harry hadn't expected anything else. Hadrian did not like the word Mudblood he had made that abundantly clear - although he hadn't given a reason as to why, since it was clear as day he couldn't stand Muggles. "I just don't know if I can think of anything that will disprove or approve any theory I come up with."

"That's easy," Harry said waving it off as his lips twitched in the dainty way she dabbed her mouth with her napkin.

"How?" Dorea enquired, frowning wondering what he could be thinking off that she had missed.

"Potions," Harry stated, saying nothing more, "I'm actually doing the same one, what about you Tom, have you decided?" he asked glancing at the teenager.

Tom flicked an invisible bit of lint from his clothes as he thought, "I have decided on the theory of why Squibs are born." he conceded after a few seconds of thoughtful silence - on their conversation at least since the Great Hall was abuzz with chattering students.

"It doesn't matter what you write, you never get taken seriously," Abraxas scowled further down from them.

"What did you receive for your project?" Harry enquired, hiding his amusement but his shoulders shook for a few seconds.

"Dreadful," Abraxas grimaced; he had promptly dropped the class furious at having suffered so humiliatingly. Thankfully his father hadn't cared, it wasn't one of the classes he took seriously - he had gotten off with it.

"Which one did you pick?" Harry asked genuinely curious. You had to pick from three theories and either approve them or disprove them or at least try. Squibs, Muggle-born's and oddly enough magical creatures like Goblins and how they harness their magic without a wand. Half the class had picked that one before the class was over; since it was an easy one compared to the others they
didn't even want to think on why there were squibs never mind where Muggle-Borns got their magic.

"Muggle-Borns and how they get magic," Abraxas quoting it.

"And? What did you decide?" Harry asked, noticing that most of the third years who took Magical theory were quiet listening in as well.

"That they steal our magic," Abraxas stated sternly.

There was silence all around for at least a minute before they jumped when Hadrian Peverell let out an extremely loud roar of laughter before slamming his hand down on the bench unable to contain his amusement apparently. The entire Slytherin bench didn't know whether to scowl at the loudness and uncharacteristic display especially for a Slytherin or join his merriment since it was rather contagious.

"Oh, that was a good one," Harry chortled wiping his eyes where a few tears of mirth had escaped. "Steal our magic; I'm surprised you didn't get a Troll for that one. Think about it for a minute, even we don't know how to siphon off magic from one person to another and we have magic, do you seriously think a Muggle could do the same? Do you truly give Muggles that much credit? Or do you think they have a cauldron full of secret serum somewhere that they go around injecting it into unsuspecting babies and just watch? Do you know how many Muggles reside on this planet? Millions, we are infinitesimal compared to them, if they could get our magic they would already have it." despite his amusement he was completely enraged, it was stupid things like that was going to cause big problems for Muggle-Borns in future. He knew how smart Tom was and to even contemplate that idea? It was stupid and just so not like him, he sincerely hoped it was the Horcruxes that damaged his bloody brilliant mind.

Abraxas had scowled furiously at the teenager's amusement but shocked indignation took its place when Hadrian implied he was giving Muggles any credit whatsoever. By the end though he was thoughtful, he hated the fact the boy sounded so…reasonable and right about everything he did and said. He loathed the thought of Muggles, despite the fact he'd never met one, and hated even more the thought of giving them any credit, so what could he do? Believe Muggles stole magic or drop his theory of that altogether? He did what any pureblood would, dropped it.

Dumbledore and many of the teachers glanced over to see what the noise was, most smiled, it was nice to see Hadrian happy, for most part he was so quiet all the time. He had every right to be after all he had been through, but he had survived and was getting stronger - happier now. They were amazed at how seamlessly he had joined with the others and kept up. He was a prodigy, there were two in fact, and both brilliant and they enjoyed having them in their classes. There was one who wasn't as happy as them in regards to Hadrian - and that was Dumbledore. He frowned at him, wondering what had him so happy…he quickly glanced at his Gryffindors making sure they were all there before nodding in relief. How that boy irritated him, Horace was still not speaking to him because of Peverells actions in the staff room that day. Even Dippet had been very disappointed in his actions, both reprimanding him for doing such a thing to a 'boy who had just learned about the magical world'. Even worse each essay had been done really well and he had no other option but to grade him with Outstanding on every single one.

Harry didn't dare even glance at Tom, he didn't want to see whether he believed it or not, but he had in the future with all of his heart. Either that or he had been indulging them just to keep control over them and have them doing his bidding so he could take over the magical world. Sighing in irritation, his mood abruptly shifting, but nobody commented on it having gotten used to his strange moods over the last year. Despite his moods he always had control over his magic, it never
once leaked unless he intended it to. Nobody wanted that power on them, they were all still in awe of what happened in the common room that day.

"Can you give me a hint to what potions?" Dorea asked her forehead wrinkled slightly as she puzzled about something.

"Um, I don't really know myself," Harry lied, "Why don't you ask Walburga? Did she take it?"

"I don't know, but Lucretia did, I wonder if she'll tell me," Dorea already finding a new suspect to pounce for information. She glanced down at Walburga.

"Nicely done," Tom commented his tone smug.

Harry turned to face him, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

Tom just hummed having nothing further to say, he didn't most days.

"Why are you all doing it alone?" Alphard questioned, arching an eyebrow curiously.

Harry blinked, "What do you mean?"

"The teacher said we could pair up," Alphard added dryly. "I'm working with Goldstein." the Ravenclaw he sat next to in class.

"Huh, I must have been distracted when he told us that," Harry admitted thoughtfully, "Hmm, I don't think I'll bother, too much hassle." making his mind up, they would just pawn all the work on him because he was 'smarter' just like any Slytherin would - it was in their nature. "Still I don't think this project will take an entire year, it just seems silly."

"It's not all you do in that class, it's a side project, most of the classes continue on as normal," Walburga said from where she had just sat down next to Dorea who had gestured for her to come over. "I chose creatures," Walburga her nose screwed up, "It was much easier than the other two options, I didn't care much for the class if I'm honest, dropped it after fourth year I had much more to worry about than magical theory." it was O.W.L's year after all, and her parents would have killed her if she hadn't done well enough.

"It definitely sounded boring," Lestrange stated, "I much prefer something I can learn and use, like Arithmancy and Ancient Runes." even if he didn't find it as easy as the others.

"They are the most useful," Harry agreed, "But the class is interesting, at least the theory's are and most of the debates." they had podiums for debates; it was to get everyone used to 'public speaking' without the nerves getting the better of you.

"But are you going to take it during your O.W.L's year?" Nott enquired neither him nor Lestrange or Avery took Magical Theory. Thaddeus looked over at Aiden to see him sitting sulking. He shook his head at Avery, honestly, you'd think he would get over it, but he hadn't. In fact whenever Hadrian was around he was quiet - it was rather immature, his father would have killed him if he saw it. Thaddeus personally liked Hadrian, he was amusing, he could keep up with them, his sarcasm was hilarious yet he was kind to the other houses, whether he was just kind or whether he had something bigger in the works at planned he had no idea.

"I don't know," Harry admitted, "I've heard it's really difficult, and with all the homework we are sure to get...it might be a bit too much. I guess it depends on what you do, Walburga do you know anyone who took it during their fifth year?" half way through turning from Nott to Black for an answer.
"No, but there isn't another project until sixth year, I think it's mostly just more difficult theory," Walburga commented, "Don't take my word for it, ask the professor, he'll know better than I what he plans to do."

Harry nodded thoughtfully, "Good idea,"

"I hope dessert hurries up, I have a book I need to return to the library," Lestrange said.

"Yes, I do too actually," Harry, "I don't want to forget and get stopped from taking books out!"

"You can take books out," Tom replied silkily. "They allow two books during the summer holidays only if he knows you take care of them."

"Really?" Harry said turning to face him, "Brilliant!" he had the perfect two he wanted to take with him.

"I never knew that," Lestrange said frowning in annoyance.

"You never asked." Tom replied promptly.

As always they never argued further with him and just sat back down to their meal. Harry would have laughed if his throat wasn't still sore from his hilarity with Abraexas, turning to look down the bench he saw him talking animatedly with another Black, Orion he thought it could be, Sirius' father, he certainly had the curly hair. The first time he and Tom had argued Avery, Lestrange and Nott had almost pissed themselves as they tried to blend in with the upholstery in the chairs they'd been sitting in.

-0 Flashback 0-

"No it isn't," Harry argued, pretending not to notice the rest of the groups jaws dropping in shock, or Tom's body stiffening as he began to get angry.

"Yes, it is." Tom replied his dark eyes gleaming in that vicious way.

"It's not a spell!" Harry stated calmly, opening his mouth to tell him what did when he was interrupted.

"It is." Tom stated, wondering if Hadrian was being deliberately obtuse what else could it be?

"No, Thestrals pull the coaches," Harry declared.

"I think we would see them, don't you?" Tom asked sardonically. Ignoring the way the others were trying to remain inconspicuous like idiots it was only drawing more attention to them.

"Some of us do," Harry replied, "They are an omen of death and generally considered bad luck because only those who have seen someone die can see them."

Tom narrowed his eyes further, wanting to scoff at the absurdity of invisible animals pulling the carts, but Hadrian seemed very adamant and it was very elaborate if he was just guessing. Seeing the determined look on his face was doing things to him other than thinking of torturing him, not that he would torture what was his. No, he was the one person that was safe from any of that, despite the fact he knew Hadrian knew what he was up to. He wasn't sure how, but he did at least partly.

"Honestly, they do, they're in one of the creature books in the library, they're winged horses, and
beautiful creatures really, just have a bad reputation." Hadrian said softly, almost whimsically. He had believed a spell brought the carriages up until his fifth year before, so he wasn't surprised that even Tom didn't realize what they were. He would soon though, if he went through with killing the Riddles.

"You can see them?" Tom enquired his tone completely bland showing nothing of his true feelings.

"Yes," Harry replied honestly. "The groundskeeper Pringle has a herd of them somewhere on the grounds,"

Tom made a noncommittal noise before he went back to his book, and the others all relaxed with silent sighs of relief.

-0 End Flashback 0-

Before long dessert was polished off and they were heading back to the common rooms, some more than others were feeling a little down at having to leave for to them - Hogwarts was their home, not where they were forced to reside during their summer holidays. Unaware of their similarities Tom Riddle continued to think himself alone in his thoughts, but soon…soon he would know for certain that there was one other who truly understood him and wanted nothing from him in turn - no sympathy or pity, and it was a good thing, for Tom didn't really know how to feel these things. Whether he was just incapable of them or that they were pushed far down inside of him in order to survive the cold harsh upbringing in an orphanage…remained to be seen.
Chapter 14

Lord Of Time

Chapter 14

"Peverell!" shouted Flint, as he made his way over to the group; Harry looked up curiously, wondering what the seventh year could possibly be wanting with him. Noticing that the others continued to board the train, which did surprise him slightly since they rarely left him alone. "Where's your trunk? If you leave it in the Dorms you won't find it there when you get back. Everything left behind gets thrown out by the House-elves. Do you need me to summon it for you?" he asked seriously, he took his duty as Head Boy very seriously, and despite the fact Hadrian was a third year, he had been watching out for him like a first year due to it being his first year at Hogwarts.

"I've got it here," Harry said gesturing towards his bag, "Where I'm going it's probably the safest if nobody sees what's inside it."

"True," Flint mused thoughtfully, "Alright, get on the train before it starts moving. Lets go!" he shouted to the others, once he was sure everyone was on the train he stepped on himself, he flicked his wand and the doors shut and heard them lock for the journey, keeping the students aboard the train safe.

Harry blinked normally it took ages for everyone to settle down into the train, it took forever to find a compartment to sit in. Had he really been that late onto the train that he had missed the rush? No, he was normally one of the last ones on the train at any rate, shaking off his inconsequential thoughts; he couldn't keep comparing Hogwarts here to Hogwarts in the future. Although how could he help it? Not only were the Slytherins much different from what he knew the classes and teachers were as well. It was depressing to think that the Slytherins he was friends with weren't around in his future, so many people died before his time, it was baffling to say the least, since he knew they could live up to over one hundred years old, just look at Dumbledore and Doge.

Wandering along the train, rolling his eyes feeling bitterness stewing in his stomach at the happiness and squeals of excitement he could hear from within the compartments he passed. He hated how despite the fact he was mentally older; he still felt like a thirteen year old, felt the same things he had during his real third year at Hogwarts. It seemed no matter what he did, he just couldn't find happiness. It was rather depressing, and he couldn't find it within himself to cheer up.

"Hadrian! We're down here," Nott yelled down at him, making his way a few feet from the compartment to wait for him, which wasn't long seen as Harry wasn't dragging a heavy trunk behind him. "Don't worry about the silence, it's normally like that on the way home," he warned him, telling him to keep his mouth shut without outright saying anything - ever the Slytherin.

"I doubt I'm going to be much of a conversationalist myself, Thaddeus." Harry murmured, knowing why the compartment was going to be silent.

Nott nodded his understanding; they all knew that Hadrian was going to an orphanage. He had no
family left, so it had been obvious to them before Hadrian had said anything. They weren't going to be able to write to him, they couldn't risk exposing the owls to the dangers of the Muggle war. Contrary to popular believe, owls weren't just used for delivering mail for the Slytherin's, they also had special attachments to their owls, and they were familiars after all. None of the Slytherins had cats or heaven forbid toads within their dungeons. Sliding into the compartment, he sat himself down on the opposite side from Tom, and right next to Nott who was sitting beside Lestrange and leaned against the window, gazing out at the platform. Why was he even considering this? It was utter madness, he was going to bloody London, in the middle of the Blitz, he was utterly insane, and surely there was no other word for it.

Then far too quickly the train began to move, picking up speed as it clacked against the tracks, moving them hastily towards platform nine and three quarters. So Tom was giving everyone the silent treatment then, he would have said it was pretty childish if he hadn't done the same thing, he'd barely ever spoke on the train ride back to the Dursley's. Sighing softly, he brushed his knuckles against his face, he felt as if his stomach wanted to jump out of his belly, he didn't think he'd ever been so nervous about anything - not even the trial for using underage magic. Someone from the orphanage was going to be waiting for him, or someone from the Ministry was going to take him to the orphanage, he wasn't sure which one comforted him at the moment.

Harry's gaze moved from the scenery to Tom, observing the teenager, he had his head buried in a book, his posture was relaxed and unbothered, but if he knew anything about Tom Riddle - it would be that he absolutely loathed returning to the Orphanage every year. He hated it so much that he had begged Dippet to remain behind, anything to save himself from having to return to a war infested country. If he really was relaxed right now, he would honestly hand over all his galleons. Tom still hadn't admitted to the fact he was going to be there too, so offering to share the ride to the orphanage was definitely out of the question. He couldn't deny he was wary of their meeting at the orphanage, he didn't think the others knew, and he would never want them to know something he considered as a weakness. The fact that he knew would be something intolerable to the control freak teenager.

They were striking alike, twice over if you will, and for some reason that didn't cause Harry the same concern it had when he was twelve years old.

"Are you doing anything special this summer?" Harry asked the others, ignoring the dumbstruck looks on their faces.

"No, not really," Lestrange admitted his gaze sliding over to Tom's temporary before landing on Harry. "With Grindelwald's forces it's being recommended that we don't travel anywhere. We normally go to France or Italy during the summer, but we haven't been for a few years due to the upheaval." he had to hand it to Peverell, he had guts in spades, the worst of it was that Tom never did anything to him either! They could have imagined scenarios like that and ending up being cursed.

"He isn't recruiting here?" Harry asked, his face blank revealing nothing, he knew they all assumed he had been attacked by Grindelwald or Grindelwald's men before he Apparated half dead to Hogsmeade. He had done nothing to indicate otherwise and it would remain so forever how long he stayed in this time.

"Why would he do that?" Avery scoffed; "He has those at Durmstrang, they learn more than we do at Hogwarts." he scowled here just thinking about it.

"Why would that bother you? Don't you get taught Dark Arts at home? It's much better that way anyway; you don't have the teachers keeping an eye on you just waiting to expel you like they did
Grindelwald." Harry shrugged, finding it entirely stupid. Draco had complained about it as well, it was rather annoying when he thought about it. "Plus learning the Dark Arts too early can screw with your magical core, why do you think Hogwarts doesn't teach it to the lower years?"

"Grindelwald was expelled?" Nott choked out, gazing at Hadrian in shock how the hell did he know such a thing?

"Yup, from Durmstrang, delved too much into the Dark Arts and they couldn't control him anymore, kicked him out," Harry revealed, so that wasn't popular information, oops, he would have to watch what he was saying. "Here's another piece of information for you, he's the same age as Dumbledore."

"How in Merlin's balls do you know that?" Avery said his voice filled with awe, looking at the teenager in a new light.

All of them came under the wrong conclusion that he had fought Grindelwald himself all those months ago, and not just his men. Of course, Harry was oblivious to this, as he continued conversing with them.

"Newspapers, the Daily Prophet to be exact," Harry confessed wryly, smirking at them. And they could find all the information they would need by going and looking through all old versions of the Daily Prophet, although maybe not at Hogwarts - Dumbledore had gone to great lengths to wipe that part of his history from the magical world - so nobody would find out just what he had been up to in his teenage years naughty, naughty Dumbledore. He didn't necessarily want them to find the information, no, he planned on using it if he ever needed to. He wasn't sure how far Dumbledore would go during his school years with him being a Slytherin and not a goody two shoe Gryffindor this time around. So it would be nice to have a handy bit of blackmail material. To share his blackmail material with other Slytherins was just madness. The information wasn't glaringly there, so they wouldn't find it unless they really dug.

"He must have delved really badly into them for Durmstrang to expel him," Nott commented, "I've never heard of anyone being expelled for that reason."

"I wouldn't know my information on Durmstrang is sketchy at best, I only know that the location is kept secret, and that it's in an area that's freezing cold - have you seen their school uniforms? - and their penchant for having more Dark wizards coming out of their school." Harry said thoughtfully. "I would say the majority of them are actually grey to be honest," at least they had been in his time. Krum was a prime example of that, and he wasn't prejudice either, how he wasn't was a bloody wonder. "Oh, and they don't let Muggle-Borns into the school either, although I cant say if it's the same for Half-blood's."

Avery, Lestrange, Nott and Carrow blinked at the vicious smirk that appeared on Hadrian's face - they couldn't help but wonder what the hell he was thinking about. It was quite scary how similar Tom and Hadrian could be, yet completely different at the same time.

"Just Mudblood's," Avery stated.

"Just Mudblood's," Harry scoffed, "We are all magical Avery, our world is infinitesimal compared to the Muggle world, and we shouldn't disparage them. Especially when it's obvious some of them are smarter and more powerful than old blood."

"You dare-" Avery started.

"I dare, I've seen Muggle-born students more powerful and smarter than the house of Crabbe and
Goyle...hell even Crouch, in fact one of the so called Muggle-Borns is ahead of you in four classes, and someone that's only known about the magical world for three years is beating you, a wizard who has always known about your magical abilities. The rampant prejudice is bloody stupid if you ask me, I mean honestly what is your problem with them?" Harry asked, leaning around Lestrange to see Avery who had moved seats sometime earlier. "Well?"

"All our holidays are being changed to suit the disgusting Mudblood's," snapped Avery in disgust. "They come here and change everything; it's not fair they should be changing for us! It's our world."

"How long has that been happening?" Hadrian enquired, surprised by the answer. "How long has it been since Christmas was called Yule? How long has it been since All Hallows Eve was called Halloween?"

"Too long! Long standing traditions in our world have been reduced to petty Muggle things."

Avery spat.

"You can't answer me can you? You picked up your belief from your parents I'd guess," Harry cried out exasperated. "You are clearly operating under the belief that we created the pagan holidays."

"It's our holidays," Lestrange pointed out, squinting at Harry as if he was something strange.

"Really? Well let me tell you something, paganism was celebrated by everyone, Muggle and Witch or wizard alike, this was well before there was a proper magical community, people with magic just hid who they were. Then Christianity was on the rise, and quickly before anyone knew it, the Pagan celebrations were changed to fit the new religion, Imbolc was forgotten, Beltane celebrated by some still but back then it was done under the cover of darkness for fearing being found out, Samhain became Halloween they mocked the religion by making it a day of dressing up as witches and other creatures. Lughnasadh is another one that was swept under the rug. The only ones that are really remembered in any capacity by our world are the equinox and the solstices. It's our fault that our own custom has been forgotten, not the Muggles, they and we adapted to survive the fucking crusades that swept over the lands. It's ridiculous that the Muggles have kept up on their history better than we have. Hell they even changed the dates of their own religion to suit the pagan holidays to make it easier. Jesus Christ wasn't born on Christmas day they shifted it just to fit in with their new world." Harry ground out harshly, before sighing in defeat. It was beginning to feel like an impossible task to get everyone to stop blaming the Muggle-born's. "If you want something done start petitioning to get the pagan holidays reinstated in the magical world. It's hardly our fault the Muggle-born's don't understand the true values and traditions of the pagan rites, they aren't gifted with the books that go down the family line so we can actually remember what things were like.

The remainder of the ride was spent in utter silence, not a single word was spoken.

They were quite frankly speechless.

The niggling of doubt had been set, what remained to be seen was whether they took it to heart.

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Harry said quick goodbye's to the rest of the third year Slytherins as he passed them on the train or the platform, he stopped at the gateway for what felt like hours but in reality it was only a few seconds before he summoned up his courage and passed through. The difference was immediately noticeable, the windows in the train station was blacked out, with some sort of mesh material
pinned up against it, presumably to save it from shattering. Everyone was hurrying along as if they were expecting an attack at any given moment. There wasn’t a single smiling face amongst them, they were clearly terrified but stood tall and continued on with their lives refusing to bow down to Hitler and the Germans who were bombing them. It was the faces of the children that got to him most, they were clearly hungry, tired and most importantly bored.

"Mr. Peverell?" questioned a man Harry would guess was in his forties.

"Yes?" Harry asked cautiously, gazing at the man, there wasn’t a sign that he was a wizard but he knew some were better at fitting in than others.

"My name is John Smith, I'm taking you to the orphanage," he explained, "Do you have any luggage?"

"Um…no," Harry murmured, and he quickly began to walk beside the stranger as they walked towards a car, or at least a version of it. There was no roof, just a screen it was like those old ancient things he’d seen on posters, although the black thing at the back might have been the equivalent of a roof though. He opened the door and Harry quietly slid in, clutching his bag close feeling extremely lost in this time. Swallowing thickly as he caught sight of the gas mask, bloody hell, why was he doing this? He thought as his heartbeat shot through the roof, trembling slightly his breath shallow.

He had walked to his own certain death, yet being here made him feel petrified. London had received the most damage because that was where the Germans had wanted to hit. Coventry was almost obliterated, if he remembered correctly, but his information could be wrong he'd only read a little about world war two in primary school and it wasn't as if the teachers were going to scare the hell out of children by informing them what really happened during war.

As they drove (slower than cars could in future - a lot slower) he noticed a blue police box sitting on the corner, and his lips twitched slightly in amusement. It reminded him of the show that Dudley liked so much, Dr. Who, although Vernon and Petunia had pitched a fit, they hated anything remotely resembling not normal or worse slightly magical. And what could be more magical than a time-travelling Doctor who dealt with aliens in the heart of London? Well most of the time, from what he had seen while cleaning it was always London.

His mind didn’t dwell on that for long, as he began to notice other things, like sandbagged buildings, the most stand out one was the police station. He had noticed a lot around the train station as well, but he hadn’t thought much of them, so that’s what they did with them. He’d only ever seen them used for one thing - putting around doorsteps when tides came in and flooding people's houses. It was on the news from time to time, but nothing too bad of course. Then they left the busy area of London and into the…less well off area, although how he could tell he honestly couldn’t say, since everything was boarded up and just…empty really everything seemed empty.

Then they drove to the left and he saw the orphanage, it was like one big sense of déjà vu, he opened his mouth to beg the guy to take him back to the train station, but nothing would come out instead he just swallowed the lump in his throat as he stared at the matron of Wool’s orphanage who was standing at the front steps, her face like stone as she watched the car. There were children of all ages running around, the entire area was bleak and desolate.

"There's no need to get out," Harry said hastily, opening the door and sliding out, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," John dipping his hat slightly before he began to reverse slowly from the orphanage gates and leaving Harry in what he felt were the gates of hell not the Muggle world. Taking a deep breath, straightening his spine, and slowly turned around and started walking
towards the woman he knew to be Mrs. Cole, the woman who ran the orphanage (or rather the matron).

"You must be Hadrian Pevriell, such a strange name," Mrs. Cole said, observing the teenager.

"It's Peverell, ma'am," Harry corrected her, remaining polite despite himself, biting down the urge to state that her name was strange, but the words she said to him were very similar to what she said to Dumbledore when he was enquiring about Tom Riddle - strange boy.

"Follow me," she stated curtly, her eyes darkening slightly.

Harry lay on the iron bedstead, in a squashed but very clean room, it was clearly meant to be a single, but was being used for two anyway. Two shabby mismatched wardrobes were at the side of the room, it was better than a cupboard, as for the bed and wardrobe he was used to second hand things - his so called family hadn't wanted to spend anything on him and gave him old stuff to use. The Dursley's weren't shy on punishing him either, scowling as the pain ebbed on his hands, stupid bitch, well he had made sure she got absolutely no satisfaction from it - he hadn't even twitched once. She'd used a bloody thick wooden switch to 'punish' him for taking back. As it stood now his hands were absolutely killing him. Bright red and throbbing painfully. He was not allowed any lunch, and wasn't to come out of his room until dinner. All because he'd told her how to say his name properly.

The small window was entirely blacked out; a small flickering weak bulb was all that lit the room. Of course, he missed Hogwarts already. Hell he missed the Slytherins even Avery; he wasn't going to be able to stay here for two months that was just going to be utterly impossible. He didn't have any potions to take away the pain in his arms, he vowed to himself to brew the potions he might need next year at Hogwarts. Although he certainly wouldn't be coming back here, that's for damn certain. He would be legally emancipated, which meant he could do whatever the hell he liked come his fifteen birthday and nobody not even the Headmaster (as fond as he was of him, seen as he was different from Dumbledore).

Harry was jerked awake by the door banging open so suddenly, cluing him in on the fact he had actually fallen asleep in this muggle hell! But it shouldn't have surprised him really, since he hadn't been sleeping well.

"What are you doing in here?" Tom Riddle hissed.

"Tom?" Harry asked, sounding confused. Sitting up and rubbing at his eyes as if he couldn't quite believe it only to wince in pain at his forgotten wounds.

"Hadrian?" Tom said barely hiding his surprise.

"Tom?" Harry echoed once more, "What are you doing here?"

"I live here." Tom told him his voice cold and empty.

"Oh, I don't suppose you can show me to the toilets or something? My hands are killing me," Harry asked him, he wasn't about to make a big deal about it, in fact he honestly couldn't. He was too tired, too scared and he bloody hurt, the last thing he wanted to do was go on and on about stuff he already knew.

"What happened?" Tom asked suspiciously, grasping a hold of one, leading it up towards the small weak light from the lightbulb.
Harry hissed out in pain trying and failing to yank his hand back. "Let go." he demanded, but Tom didn't, he just adjusted his grip so he wasn't actually pressing down where the bloody bitch had hit him.

"What did you do?" Tom enquired, his eyes flashing dangerously, he was quite frankly furious that she had dared to hurt Hadrian. Oh, he knew good and well who it was, she had done it to him often enough. Gritting his teeth, he hated this place, he couldn't wait until he was old enough to leave and never return. Two months he was going to have to endure of hell before he could go back to the safety of Hogwarts. Even the knowledge that he was at least getting away from the orphanage for nearly a year wasn't as consoling since he had no idea if he would even be alive to return.

"The matron said my name wrong," Harry explained, shrugging his shoulders lightly, "I told her how to say it right, and she took me to her office and started whacking me with a switch. Sounds to me like she was just waiting for an opportunity to do it, it wasn't as if I was nasty, I was actually rather polite. She called me Pivrell!" his tone indignant.

"She likes putting new orphans in their place," Tom said distastefully, "Come on, lets get you fixed before dinner." with that Tom dragged Harry out of the bedroom.

Harry gaped the entire way; Tom Marvolo Riddle was actually helping him? Going out of his way to help him? Instead of just telling him where to go? Why? That was very out of character even for him! He wanted to giggle at the looks the other orphans were giving Tom, they were terrified of him, they were avoiding him like the plague going so far as to run back down the corridor. Sighing out in relief as his hands were placed under the cooling water, blinking as the long nimble fingers caressed the sore hands, was Tom even aware of what he was doing? He could feel Tom's magic working itself into his skin, numbing the area completely. Natural healer or just powerful? Probably the latter. Looking at Tom, he watched him closely, but the teenager was concentrating on his task completely, Harry felt a strange pang in his chest. He'd always known he was good looking, but he'd never seen him attentive to something.

He wasn't sure what it was, but it made him feel something he wasn't familiar with. It completely eluded him but a bell ringing had him jumping and freezing his mind going blank was that an air raid siren?

"It's just the bell for dinner," Tom stated, seeing Hadrian freeze like a rabbit caught in the headlights. He'd obviously understood his reason as he slowly unfroze and relaxed - well slightly since he was tense but he couldn't comment since he too was tense. Although less so than Hadrian and that wound him up, he didn't like seeing him that way. He had dreaded so much getting back to the orphanage, not sure what the hell he would think of Hadrian seeing where he had grown up - having that power over him that he could tell the others. The urge to threaten and curse him had overwhelmed him completely. Then when he stepped foot in his room to find it occupied since the orphanage had taken in a lot of newcomers due to people losing parents and families with the bombs dropping down on them. Only to realize that it was Hadrian and he hadn't even made a single remark. He was the closest thing he had to a friend, although he knew he desired Hadrian more than just a friend, and he was determined to have him. Then all thoughts of cursing and threatening him had left him when Hadrian had told him his hands were sore, and he had known before seeing it what had happened. The urge to kill the matron was very strong, but as always he never displayed that anger or actually did anything about it - one day though he would kill her. For hurting Hadrian alone, he would absolutely make sure she regretted lifting it once against him.

If this was him now, what was he going to be like by the time seven came around and the Air Raid Siren began to blare?
Chapter End Notes

Will Tom find out about Harry being from the future? Harry slip up or Tom find out by accidentally looking through his thoughts - he is one of the most powerful mind readers since he's been doing it for years since he was a kid after all...or will Harry actually tell him the truth after getting a little bit too close? or will we leave that revelation for a few more years? although can you see Tom forgiving him when he's older and even more a control freak? or more change of him being more curious now as a teenager? anything you can add about WW2 will be very welcomed by the way! I've did a lot of research but there's always more information out there that I haven't gotten my hands on and I do want it to be as realistic as possible you know me by now :) I've read so much my brain is turning into mulch R&R please

What did you think of the whole paganism thing? a little reality mixed in with the story :) also another reason to prevent the whole blame the muggle-borns! going overboard or just fine?
Harry followed Tom to the dinner hall, where a lot of children were already seated eating food, they were all dressed in mismatched sometimes too large clothes but they were clean and warm. He noticed a few were supporting the same red sores on their hands as he was, even some he noticed not sitting properly and he couldn't help but wince. In his time such actions were considered child abuse, but here it was a wildly acceptable form of punishment. When he went to Hogwarts Filch had mentioned how he wished they'd bring back those types of punishment, and often wondered if they had just stopped or had been for a long time and he was just trying to scare the hell out of eleven year olds for shits and giggles. Filch had always been bitter, but how could he be anything but employed at Hogwarts where he saw generation after generation of witches and wizards graduate knowing he would be able to practice magic never mind graduate.

He absently caught the wooden tray that Tom handed him, his hands were no longer sore, Toms magic was doing its work all too well and for that he was grateful, even though he could have healed it himself, Tom didn't know that but had helped him anyway. He hadn't realized Toms magic worked that way, his destructive magic he understand and had observed well enough. He had began to realize months into ending up in the past there was more to Tom than he had known - but it shouldn't have surprised him but it did. He had assumed he knew more about Tom than he did just because he was from the future but it was a lot of crap.

Harry was brought out of his thoughts, staring down at the food he had been given, what the hell was that? That was supposed to be his dinner? There wasn't enough to feed a toddler never mind him. Feeling suddenly sick now, he moved to sit down on one of the empty tables and stared at the food with a scowl. When he said he missed Hogwarts he bloody well meant it. Closing his eyes in realisation, the food rationing, they were only allowed so much when the Germans began bombing the submarines bringing their food supplies during the war. Even after the war ended the rationing lasted for at least a decade afterwards. He knew he had to eat, at least something people were going hungry out there to just leave it was just horrible.

Scooping up the white stuff, still having no idea what it was he warily tested it with his fork, before gagging as the fork clattered on the plate. That was a very foul version of eggs; he was surprised he could taste what it was beyond the repugnant taste it left on his tongue. Wiping the fork as much as he could to get rid of all traces he began to eat the carrots - at least they were safe. Carrot, egg and potato what an odd combination, but during war they had no choice. He tried to remember that as he forced himself to swallow the bland food. The small scoop of potatoes had no seasoning and he doubted hardly any butter or milk. He ate as much as he could, he really tried, but even the food the Dursley's so graciously gave him wasn't as bad as this. He turned to stare at the others, they all ate the food as if there was nothing wrong with it, and felt pity.

"We have two hours before we have to leave," Tom stated as if he was discussing the weather, but Harry knew he wasn't, he was observing him in that way he always did.
"Go?" Harry blinked staring at Tom owlishly, until he realized that Tom was smirking at him then he narrowed his own eyes. He was being played, Tom was trying to figure out for sure whether he had ever been in the Muggle world or not. As always Tom was completely unabashed when faced with the knowledge he had been found out.

"Yes, we will be sleeping down in the train station," Tom explained, "The orphanage was evacuated to the countryside while I was at Hogwarts but they were brought back when it got too full."

"I…see," Harry murmured, his brow puckered, how the hell was he so good at everything he did? Performing Legilimency on people at the age of fourteen when he, Harry couldn't even close his mind at fifteen. The control he had over his magic was amazing; he was in awe of him if truth be told. It was a good job he was able to actually close his mind to intrusion, Legilimency didn't come naturally to him until he was nineteen both abilities had been perfected due to sheer desperate will. Then he realized what he had said, sleeping in a train station? That hadn't been something he learned while bloody learning about the war. Although he knew a lot of people had Air Raid Shelters, and used them, although when the war got worse only ten percent of the population had stayed in London the rest left. How the hell were you supposed to sleep in the train station?

"You've never been in the Muggle world have you?" Tom said very quietly, his eyes narrowed in contemplation. He was too emotional, from what he had seen of the past year it took a lot to get Hadrian angry or even show surprise. Yet since he came here he had been jumpier than a grasshopper,

"Actually, yes, I have, I grew up in the Muggle world." Harry said honestly, his eyes sincere. Just not in this time he thought to himself, for the first time he felt guilty about misleading Tom. He could never tell him, he couldn't tell anyone, who would believe him? Plus he would just be used or worse Tom could decide he was a problem and try and get rid of him. Although he didn't like to think that way about Tom he couldn't help it, it wasn't as if he was comparing him to Voldemort but he also couldn't deny what he knew. Next summer or the one after that he was going to murder his father and grandparents and even Death had told him it would happen - nothing he could do would prevent it. There was just too much anger in Tom when it came to his parents. Although he wished he could tell Tom about his mum, and stop the image he had of his mother being weak. When he had trailed his hand along the wall he had been so surprised by what he felt that it had completely shocked him to the core. Protection, very strong magical protection left behind from the only person it could have been - Merope Riddle. It definitely wasn't Dumbledore; his magic didn't feel like that. It might explain his advanced magic but that was guess work, Death might have a better idea than him.

"I just didn't get out much," Harry added, "It wasn't exactly my choice either." sighing softly, shaking off his thoughts, Harry stood up picking up the tray and looking around finding the bin and the trolley with trays piled up. He was starving, that food hadn't been enough, not after three large meals a day at Hogwarts and able to sneak into the kitchen for other food at night.

Tom remained sitting for a few seconds before joining Hadrian, he was missing something, but he had always been missing something. Although he hadn't thought about it much at Hogwarts, too busy doing other things, now that he had absolutely nothing to do it was playing on his mind now. The most maddening thing was he seemed like he was telling the truth, unlike the others he couldn't get a read on Hadrian, his mind was blank, just like Dumbledore and the rest of the teachers and some of the older students. He had never tried to delve further not sure how it works; he just knew he had been able to do it for years. A smirk twisted his face as he thought about Amy and Dennis and the things he had made them see in the cave. They hadn't said another single thing about him after that. They should never have said his mother had died rather than have a son like
him, his eyes darkened just thinking about it. Billy had said worse, that he was an abomination, a freak that didn't deserve to live, that nobody wanted him he had gotten him back too, hanging his rabbit from the rafters, and they all stopped bothering him. He liked it that way, nobody ever came near him, but the odd thing was he didn't just tolerate Hadrian like he did the other Slytherins he actually liked him from nearly the beginning. He was interesting, unpredictable, very strong magic even though he was a little too…friendly with the Hogwarts population.

Harry sighed wearily; "I need to get out of here." it didn't help that he was actually starving. He hadn't eaten anything since breakfast and that hadn't been a whole lot. He hadn't even thought about food restrictions, or the fact he would be getting such small meals, the worst of it was he had money, just not the right kind. All of his money was in galleons, although there wasn't supermarkets here, the entire ride had small shops selling certain things, like meat, vegetables, sweets nothing all together. It would probably take a long time to go shopping here in this time.

Walking out of the dining hall, he looked around curiously, he had a feeling the dining hall would be on the ground floor, so it stood to reason the front door would be around somewhere. He couldn't feel anything right now, he summarized the belated shock at his new situation was beginning to sink in. Despite having a mind that remembered being twenty-one years of age, his body was still only just fourteen years old. While he had known strife and worry, he had never known it quite like this. It didn't help that he was powerful; he didn't have the same control Tom did over his magic and emotions. Rolling his eyes heaven wards as he moved towards what looked to be the front door, constantly comparing himself to Tom was getting ridiculous. He couldn't help it though, especially when things like this cropped up, the blatant use of Legilimency, sating his curiosity about what happened while he was gone without having to ask anyone.

"Come on, I'll show you around," Tom stated, placing his hand on Hadrian's back and leading the startled boy from the orphanage and out into the fresh air. Ignoring the filthy Muggles that he had the unfortunate circumstances to have to live with. Fear in the ones that had suffered his wrath, those that seen him do something or suspected him and there were those that had been told. A sneer past over his features, causing them to flinch as they widened the berth between Hadrian and him as well as the rest of the orphans. Only to start in surprise when he saw Hadrian looking at him in bemusement, shaking his head. As they moved around the other side of the orphanage, Tom didn't once let go of him. Harry cautiously wondered what it meant, Tom didn't touch people more than necessary, and even then it was rare. At Hogwarts he would grab a hold of him so he followed, but didn't keep a hold of him for long afterwards.

"What?" Tom scowled but there was not much of a bite behind it.

"Nothing, but you can catch more flies with honey than vinegar, as the saying goes." Hadrian murmured quietly. "Fear only goes so far, but real respect and loyalty goes further. Fear can make even the biggest coward strike out in the most extraordinary ways; loyalty would see them sacrificing their lives for you. Whether you are a Slytherin, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw or Gryffindor, the whole world isn't divided into those houses you know. While its quite alright to let them know what you are capable of, so they don't think you're weak, continuing it in the long run…might be a mistake." he told him as they stepped into the woods behind the orphanage.

Tom leaned against the tree, going no further as he observed the teenager. "In the long run?" he questioned, suspiciously.

"Long run, we do have four more years at Hogwarts you know," Harry commented idly, as his fingers trailed from tree to tree as he moved along.

"And is that all you really mean?" Tom enquired, trailing to another tree so Hadrian was within
view at all times.

"What else could I mean?" Hadrian asked, cocking his head to the side. Was Tom smart enough to realize he was from the future? Or would he just think he was capable of seeing things, he did take Divination seriously, he wasn't sure why but if anything had happened like his end of the third year exam, it would have probably convinced him. Although he didn't think the current divination teacher had any seer abilities, he wouldn't know - he hadn't taken it and quite frankly he never should have. Tom even as Voldemort obviously had believed it wholly - otherwise why would he have gone after a baby?

Tom didn't reply, merely gazed at Hadrian in a very raw visceral way, he would get it out of him one way or another.

"Snake Speaker, you're back," hissed a snake.

Hadrian stared down at the snake, keeping his mouth shut, there was no way he was revealing that he was a Parseltongue. Tom was already well aware of his Slytherin heritage, he knew he was the only one left, well with the obvious exception of his uncle and grandfather…didn't he? No, he had been looking for the Riddles and came across Morfin, and put the pieces together, or rather having his theory that his father was in fact a Muggle confirmed.

"It's a grass snake, it's not often you see them getting bigger than a metre, this ones slightly bigger," Harry said staring directly at Tom before staring back down. "Are we near a canal, Tom? They're usually found around rivers, its beautiful." it was olive in colour with black bars running down the length of its body, with a yellow and black collar around its neck. Relaxing when he never once slipped into Parseltongue, he'd never really been able to control the ability, always assuming it was because it was transferred, it wasn't, and it had been his ability since birth.

"Yes, come let me introduce you to my friend, he won't harm you, in fact he's fascinated by you," Tom hissed, picking up the snake, facing the teen with smug superiority. Which of course slipped quite a bit when he saw that Hadrian was neither, scared nor overly impressed, just surprised. What he didn't realize was that Harry was just surprised by the manner he was speaking to it and the fact he had called 'Hadrian' a friend.

The snake flicked its tongue out, tasting the air around Harry, and Harry put his fingers up so the snake could taste his skin. He wasn't intimidated, or scared really grass snakes weren't poisonous, although he would bet one bite would hurt like a bitch. Once he was sure it had scented him, he stroked it scales, letting his fingernails scratch just lightly causing it to hiss out in pleasure at the contact. Harry smiled widely at the snake, as he continued to pet at it.

Tom watched him, his feelings growing further than he could process and understand, nobody absolutely nobody had shared his fascination with snakes. Of course, if Tom had taken the time to put any consideration into other people's feelings, he would have realized that they were simply scared of the creatures because they normally struck out at people - not everyone was a parselmouth. Even knowing that Hadrian was hiding something couldn't deter his feelings - caution had been thrown in the wind long ago. Well he was still cautious but the fact he had told him one of his secrets - one that only a few people knew was very telling. That and he had absolutely no control over Hadrian, not like the others in Slytherin - they were scared of him, Hadrian never was no matter what he revealed. The smile on Hadrian's face made him want to keep it there; he didn't think he'd ever seen such a sincere look of contentment on his face before.

"Is this your mate?" hissed the snake, the front of his body moving until he could see his snake speaker.
It was all Harry could do to stop himself from choking, as he tried to remain impassive, he could have patted himself on the back when he was successful. All amusement faded fast when he heard sudden blaring, his entire body stiffened in fear, it was loud grating and ominous sounding how the hell that could be he didn't understand it was just a sound.

"I have to go, get to safety," Tom hissed urgently to the snake as he quickly but carefully placed it back on the ground, the snake hissed in agreement right back before it slithered through the grass very quickly moving away until neither fourteen year old could see it. The snake understood the noise, Tom had explained it to him, all the snakes in the area knew Tom, had done since he was a young boy, and that was why they had no trouble approaching him or trusting those with him - although he had never had another with him before in the past they instinctively trusted that Tom - a snake speaker - wouldn't allow them to be harmed.

Harry grunted in surprise as he was yanked quite firmly out of the woods, almost tripping over at the speed Tom was going. Bloody hell he was fast when he wanted to be, he regained his feet and began to run with him, side by side, but he noticed that Tom didn't once let up on the grip he had on his arm. He noticed small lights he could see in the orphanage quickly being put out until the entire building was completely drenched in darkness. The brushed past all the huddled orphans with pillows and covers under their arms with a small square box that looked like old fashioned lunch boxes maybe? There was a box of them on a table at the side presumably each one held the same contents, but it was hard to tell seen it was so dark.

"Slow down, Tom!" Harry said as he tripped on the stairs, "I can't see where I'm going and I can't make my way around in the dark - I'm not familiar enough with the place!" instead of listening Tom gripped his shoulder firmer and continued but kept it at a slightly slower pace so Harry wasn't tripping up the stairs every moment. Harry tried to keep up with him, the slightly tugging and Tom's fingernails were digging into him quite painfully, although he didn't think the other teen was even aware of it.

"Do you have your wand?" Tom demanded as he grabbed his bag and began to place the things he held most dear into it.

"I never put it away," Harry admitted, moving to his end taking his black school bag from under his bed and swinging it over his shoulders.

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"I hate leaving my trunk," Tom muttered angrily, as he slammed it shut his eyes boring holes into it as if he could simply wish it small and make it so. He didn't dare do too much magic while he was here, he couldn't risk Dumbledore getting him expelled - never did he want to give the old fool the power he needed to get rid of him. All just because he could speak to snakes and suddenly he was evil incarnate, he thought viciously, he hated the old man.

Harry stood there for one intensive and indecisive moment before he made his mind up, "Reducio!" he chanted, and the trunk immediately shrunk down to a matchbox size.

Tom's gaze snapped up to him horrified, "What did you just do?" he snapped utterly horrified, he'd just used magic - with his wand! Out of school! "You're not allowed to use magic outside of school!" he managed to get out incredulously.

"It's okay," Harry said, wondering why he was so horrified by it, unless he thought they could both be expelled or that he would be blamed? "I...did a ritual that removed the trace from my wand back at Hogwarts. When I do magic it can't be tracked by the ministry."

"You can do that?" Tom's face morphed from horror to surprising delight at the thought.
"Yes, the book about them is in the Restricted section, I stuck in and copied the book…I'll let you read it if you like?" Harry said quietly.

"You had better!" Tom stated, almost wishing that he could read it right now, until he remembered why they were here in the first place, he snatched his tiny trunk and flung it into his bag before making sure everything was taken with them and turning to leave. He felt slightly better that all his belongings were together. He couldn't believe Hadrian had kept such a big secret from him, but he did wonder if he had done it because he had also shared one of his secrets. Either way he was determined to get the ritual and do it as soon as he could, then he would never have to be without his magic. He honestly could have kissed Hadrian there and then; he had given him the means to use magic all year around. His only irritation at the situation was that he hadn't known before coming back here. His sneaky little Slytherin, he would need to keep a better eye on him.

Harry laughed a little, seeing Tom's anger at only finding out was negated by the fact there was a ritual that he could use to enable him to use magic whenever he pleased without Ministry interference. Shaking his head, entirely too fond of Tom, but before he could think further he was once again yanking his arm from his socket, flicking the switch off turning the light out before they were once more on the move.

They were down the stairs in double time, handed a box each by the matron who was tense and worried, much to Harry's surprise. The younger children were crying almost silently, the older ones were tense but pale faced and petrified. They each had something with them that they obviously cherished, with the way it was clutched in their hands. Be it a book, a photo album, a small tin, one of them even had paper bundled up together? There were other adults there he hadn't seen before, Martha, Mrs. Cole obviously, and three men. Maybe a Gardner? A cook? And another watcher?

Mrs. Cole counted all the children, only relaxing marginally when she counted up the correct amount. "Now children, pick a partner and stick to them, nice straight line - come on!"

"We aren't going all the way to Kings Cross are we?" Harry whispered it would take forever.

"No, there is one closer," Tom explained impassively.

They remained silent the entire trip towards the station they were going to be sleeping in, the blaring continued, it wasn't one continuous tone, it blared for a bit then another bit then another. So there was silence between them, but it didn't comfort anyone, as they walked down the darkened streets to get to safety. In the darkened streets it was even more daunting, how had Britain remained so strong and undefeated in the face of this?

Then he saw the entrance, it was packed with people all lining up with items bundled up in their arms, families huddled together, older men and woman clutching each other close. Merlin help him, it was awful seeing this, Muggle or not, they were scared and there was nothing he could do for them. Seconds turned into long minutes as they all packed into the underground train station for shelter, there was barely room to move but that didn't even seem to perturb anyone. They just sat down, resigned, an older woman was knitting something in the corner, there was a train cart…sort of carriage thing with food and drink further up. The warble of music began in the distance causing Harry to try and peer around the bodies, a gramophone played some sort of song.

They say there's a troopship just leaving Bombay

Bound for old Blighty's Shore

Heavily Laden with time expired men
Bound for land they adore
There's many a airman just finishing his time
There's many a twerp just signing on
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean
So cheer up lads, Bless Em All!

Harry sat with Tom, watching the woman wind up the gramophone again; there was a family next to them playing cards drinking coffee from a kettle they'd brought down. Despite what was going on, he felt inordinately proud, he finally understood how it was that they could survive, and it was just human nature, the thirst to survive. Although the smell wasn't pleasant at all, these people truly refused to give in. Part of him had wondered if it was just how they wrote themselves, fearless, but seeing this he knew without a doubt it had been written properly all along. They hadn't been fearless, but somehow they'd rise above it and never surrendered. They had never once given in to the Germans, remaining proud and strong in the face of adversary. You would think Tom would realize the resilience of Muggles after going through this; perhaps he could make him actually see them in a better light? He'd never like them and probably always see them beneath him…he didn't know Tom's plans right now, they might differ from his elder version. He doubted Tom would tell him though, would he? Could it hurt to ask?

Time passed but Harry didn't dare sleep, he was just too wired up - too tense. The gramophone was playing another song, but it was getting distorted and warbling more - obviously it wasn't going to last long.

Good Night, sweetheart, till we meet tomorrow
Good Night, sweetheart, sleep will banish sorrow
Tears and parting may make us forlorn
But with the dawn, a new day is born
So I'll say goodnight, sweetheart, though I'm not beside you
Good Night, sweetheart, still me love will guide you
Dreams enfold you in each one I'll hold you
Good night, sweetheart, good night

The gramophone wasn't wound again, instead she merely put it away, obviously not wanting to play further - or perhaps having no other songs with her. Then people further down the station began panicking, about something that had been on the radio? Just then there was an almighty whooshing and a thunderous bang that caused the entire station to shake on its very foundations, as tiles clattered from the wall and hit people. Harry shuddered violently, his tremulous eyes wild as his thoughts took on a distinctively hysterical edge, what if he had changed too much coming back? What if the bomb did kill them both? His presence here had changed everything after all.

Only Harry would forget that Death had specifically told him that he could not die - nobody else would have forgotten such a large detail.

It didn't end with one, Harry unconsciously pressed himself back against Tom, and his magic
would protect both of them if anything happened. He was sure of it, even if he had to use a spell in front of everyone he would make sure nothing happened. Harry froze; the orphanage hadn't been there when they went in the future. Could it have been wiped out during the war? No, when Tom had been eighteen it had still been there, by then the war was over.

Harry's gaze met Tom's and Harry swallowed thickly, he was deathly pale and sick looking, he had never seen Tom look so terrified except that one time when the killing curse rebound on him again when he was seventeen in his first life. That look had remained permanently etched until his resurrected parody of a body had begun to disintegrate before everyone's eyes. This was fucked up, it was little wonder he had sought ways to prevent himself dying if this was what his summer holidays were like. By the time this night was over, his arms were going to be black and blue with the way Tom's hands were continuing to dig into him like this. The deafening banging continued for hours, but the shaking of the train station became less intense as the bombs moved further away.

Mrs. Cole was making rounds, seeing to all her children, the majority of them were asleep, huddled together for warmth. Her eyes came upon a sight that she could scarcely believe never in all her years had she seen Tom touch another person. He always stood apart from the masses, never letting another close to him. Sadness lingered in her, unfortunately it was that way for most orphans under her care, and they were so used to being hurt that they just didn't want friends or family anymore. Some were more forgiving than others, and when the orphans should stick together they didn't, they were so cruel to each other. Tom had done his share of horrible things, how he had done them was anyone's guess. He had been punished for the events, as she knew she must. He couldn't continue that way, he had to be perfect if anyone wanted to adopt him, and it's why she nipped any horrid behaviour in the bud. Especially back chat, nobody wanted an orphan that was rude, although it was doubtful they would be adopted now.

This horrible war…nobody wanted to take on children when they were busy trying to survive. Which meant the older teens would probably be drafted into the war, the younger ones would grow up without parents, she thankfully didn't have any babies to look after, and now that would have been ten times more difficult. The youngest child in her care was five years of age. Watching Tom with pride, obviously his new school of his was helping more than she realized. Tom probably knew Hadrian had lost his parents to this war, but of course, she had no idea the letter had been wholly misleading. It had been phrased 'family' and of course 'died' in the war, but it wasn't their war, it was the magical one at least to everyone other than Harry. None of this showed on her face, as she remained impassive before reclaiming her seat once she was sure everyone was alright for the time being.

Harry moved only slightly and opened the box, more out of curiosity than anything else, and found a very small selection of foods. Two little sweets, a half sandwich and an apple. Grabbing the sandwich he opened it wondering what it was, dreaded it more like, but found himself pleasantly surprised, it was tuna. Taking a small bite, he relaxed in relief when it didn't taste absolutely horrid. He gobbled it down absolutely ravenous, it was little wonder everyone ate the food they were given. The sweets were toffee he soon realized, but quite a bit of the wrapper was stuck to the toffee but Harry persevered and made sure it all came off before eating it. "I'm so tired," Harry murmured, hopefully the food would give him much needed energy. The terror he'd felt had tapered off leaving him feeling shaky and exhausted emotionally, nearly everyone around them was sleeping. There was a radio going on in the background, but it was too far away to hear anything.

"We'll be heading back soon," Tom replied quietly, sounding just as tired. He didn't understand
why Hadrian was reacting this way all day to everything that was happening if he had been in the Muggle world. The war had been on an entire year before he ended up at Hogwarts; surely he had experienced some of it even if he had been travelling. How they had succeeded was anyone's guess, travelling was restricted as far as he knew. He'd been terrified of a lunch bell for Merlin's sake. He acted as though the food he'd gotten was the foulest thing on earth - to be fair it was - but he should be used to it. He was so lost in thought, it took Harry's head falling against his shoulder to bring him out, he was asleep, and he'd never been this close to Hadrian before. He couldn't help but greedily take everything in, from his long eyelashes to his thin but plump lips. He absently moved the hair from his face until he realized what he was doing and dropped his hand back down. He had never cared about anyone before, what made him so special? He thought to himself, but he already knew exactly why.

And that was why Hadrian was his forever, naturally he didn't get a say - but Tom was convinced he could ensure it.

Chapter End Notes

There we go! I hope its believable because that's the most important thing for me :) will Tom still open the Chamber and find he Basilisk within despite his obsession with making Harry his? or will harry have already revealed that he's from the future and already knows what happens and thus stopping Tom from making the mistake of opening the chamber altogether? R&R please
Chapter 16

When Harry was led out from the train station after another loud blaring of the Air Raid Siren (which had him almost whining thinking there was another attack - he was too tried to put up with more right now) but as soon as it was heard everyone began to pack up their belongings and before long the station was emptying, Mrs. Cole was gathering everyone together and ushering them out of the underground and into the daylight they hadn't seen for over twelve hours. Harry gasped horrified, houses further down had been reduced to rubble, houses close to them, but further from the destroyed homes was also affected, and windows completely smashed in with rubble strewn across the place not all belonging to the homes. He saw children digging around in it, claiming pieces of it for themselves, how could they do that? It was metal they were collecting - scraps from the bomb?

Harry walked as he continued to stare around in shock, there was a woman dressed in some sort of uniform, a long black jacket and shoes, with a black helmet with a W etched on in white paint. When she turned around helping someone who was seriously injured by the look of things he noticed she had a sack on her back that said 'Air Raid Warden' in clear chunky black letters. A warden, well the name changed in future, since a warden was someone that put tickets on cars in his time. Clearly it was someone who helped injured people in this time, there was more than one warden he noticed as they continued walking back to the orphanage but this was a man, judging by the way he was dressed of course - since he had a gas mask on as well as his helmet. He couldn't help but shudder, how many people had died that night? What about the family, that's houses, had been destroyed? Where did they go? Were they now homeless during the worst period in history? Sighing softly, what did it matter he thought to himself disgusted, it wasn't as if he could help them in any way.

Just as they left the immediate area and the destruction he noticed that everyone was helping, the adults that had been in the station, they were helping people that had been wounded. Presumably taking them to a hospital of some kind, whether it was an actual hospital or a makeshift one they created to help the wounded in the immediate area he wasn't sure. He would bet that it was both, but whether they treated only soldiers in the makeshift hospitals or civilians as well, he didn't know. Then Harry noticed something out of the corner of his eye, a shoe, with a foot and bloody leg attached to it. His heart stuttered as he realized it was a child, a child must be stuck under the rubble.

Lurching away from the group, he bolted towards the rubble, his heart pounding heavier than his feet as he made his way over. Weaving through people, ignoring the shouting coming from one of the male workers from the orphanage he would bet. Once he got there he didn't dare scramble on top of the rubble for fear of hurting whoever was buried beneath. They were bleeding! They were alive whoever it was they were alive! Almost immediately as this penetrated his frantic mind he began to grab and lob the stones in the other direction far away from him but not ending up flinging them at someone else.
"What are you doing? You'll get locked up for the day!" Tom hissed as he finally got to Hadrian. "Just leave the Muggle to their own."

"It's a child, Tom!" Harry spat, "You can hate the adults all you want for not helping but a child has never done you any harm!" finally he lobbed the last bit of rubble away and scooped the child into his arms. His lips were tinged blue, he wasn't going to make it to the hospital, he was badly hurt, and pressing his hand against his chest, one of his ribs was broken.

Harry couldn't let the child die; it wasn't in his nature to stand by when he could do something to prevent it. Glancing around noticing people were coming forward, urgently letting his magic trickle though his hand, and straight into the child's chest, after half a second his breathing evened out and his lips lost some of the deep blue hue. The rib had snapped into place just as everyone descended upon him, he stood shakily, having had a lot taken out of him by using so much healing magic - he wasn't used to it. He had copied what Yaxley had done to him, but it had worked so he wasn't complaining. Although one thing had surprised him, the boy had innate magic, he wasn't magical, he didn't have a core, but part of his MOD abilities must allow him this information, he must be a descendant from a magical family, perhaps his father was a squib or mother? Who knew? Either way he'd summarise somewhere down the line he would have a child that was 'Muggle-Born'.

"Well done, son," one of the Air Raid Wardens said softly, "Why don't you give him to me? Everyone else is still waiting for you." he held his hands out but didn't grab the child from the young mans arms.

"GEORGE, OH MY GOD, GEORGE!" sobbed a woman as she came out of a shelter that had been created at some point. Tears were running heavily down her face, her face red, haggard and worn, she had obviously been crying all night but too terrified for her own life to come out of the shelter.

"Calm down," the Air Raid Warden said, "He will be just fine," he was paid to calm everyone down and help those that needed it. "We must get him to a hospital to be checked out Mrs. Granger." the warden pressed a calming soothing hand to her chest, stopping her from grabbing her son and causing him further injury.

Harry froze, his eyes going wide in surprise, his mind connecting to the Muggles for moments, it was enough time for him to understand that this was a descendant of Hector Dagworth-Granger, his son, Hector had obviously abandoned the woman, since he had gone 'missing' one day before she realized she was pregnant. She loved him so much that she assumed someone had happened to him. The son was all she had left of him, he'd married a muggle, and well that was a surprise. He flashed back to Slughorn asking Granger if she was related to him, and she had said no, she didn't think so, since he was a 'Muggle-born' there was no such thing. Could he have just saved Grangers father...or was it grandfather?

'Yes, it is' Death informed him making an entrance sounding thoroughly amused.

"I saved his life?" Harry murmured, not sure how to feel about that. "But I shouldn't have been here...are you telling he would have died? If he died then Granger wouldn't be born...I don't see how that's possible."

'Your presence here is changing things in small ways you wouldn't normally notice if you were just an average wizard.' Death informed him bluntly.

"So what...he would have died and Granger wouldn't have been born?" Harry asked incredulously. Now that wouldn't have bothered him, it was nothing more than she would deserve. As much as he hated Granger, this was a little boy, he didn't deserve what would have happened to him - but did
anyone deserve the fate they were doled out?

'Yes, they're trying to get your attention,' Death murmured quietly, knowing the Young master would need time to process everything.

"HADRIAN!" Tom shouted his face impassive but his dark brown eyes boring into his own were slightly concerned.

"Sorry," Harry said shaking himself out of his thoughts.

"He's in shock, he just needs somewhere warm and peace and quiet for a few hours," the warden said, speaking to one of the workers at the orphanage - whom Harry still didn't know the name of, delicately taking the child from 'Hadrian's' unresisting arms. Giving the teenager one last concerned look before rushing off with the child and his mother hot on his heels not letting George out of her sight for a second.

"Come, Mr. Peverell," insisted the janitor, guiding the teenager back to the group, without saying anything.

The walk back to the orphanage seemed even longer than it took to get to the station, but he knew that it wasn't possible, they were going in the exact same route as before. They were tired, hungry and he just wanted to sleep - for the others though he wasn't sure but they had slept, he had seen it. How the hell they'd managed to sleep at a time like that was anyone's guess, he had been bloody terrified, and a lot of the children were younger than him (a lot if you went by his mental age which he didn't) since he felt everything as a teenager would, going through all that again was annoying. He never thought he'd see the day where he was grateful when he saw the damn orphanage gates, but he was, since it meant he was just that much closer to getting some sleep. That was with an hour or so before lunch and just before Tom arrived in the room, it could have been less or more he wasn't sure.

"I'm not hungry," Harry protested as everyone made for the Dinner hall, although the rumbling of his stomach made sure Tom knew he was lying. He was hungry, but he was tired more - and truthfully dreading what would be served during breakfast. It wasn't the Orphanages fault; he knew that, I was just how things were here and now. It was all so bland, spices and sugar preserves were rationed, and stretching it out was the only way to have it last longer than a few days. If there was one thing the orphanage obviously didn't have a shortage of it was food, (before the war) since Tom wasn't in any way malnourished, he was perfectly healthy for a fourteen year old boy.

"You won't get anything until lunch if you don't eat, you can't just come to the kitchens and expect food here," Tom stated as he joined the queue.

"Yes, well I'll be using it as a pillow!" Harry muttered grabbing a tray before Tom could take two and pass him one - again it wasn't his usual behaviour and he was curious. Was the one at Hogwarts a front? Or was this one a front? Or did he just act different due to the fact he couldn't use his magic? Well, he could, so Harry wasn't sure why he hadn't yet. He was also very cold; he would need to use a warming charm, all night he'd been in that underground shivering in cold. He had been stupid enough not to bring a pillow and blanket, although honestly, he wasn't sure the blanket would have done anything to help against such coldness.

"You just might," Tom sneered coldly, as a bowl was placed on his tray then on Hadrian's, the look on his face would have had Tom laughing if he too wasn't impressed. A banana was also passed on the tray before they walked over to the table and sat down looking at the 'food' they actually had to consume.
Harry sighed, he just wanted to sleep, but he knew he had to keep his strength up, Merlin help him, he was going to be here for a while he would need all the strength he could gather. Death had been really quiet before contacting him just ten minutes ago, well he would be, thought Harry wryly, he would bet there were a load of souls to gather every night, everywhere around the world people were dying, not just civilians but soldiers as well as wizards and witches between bloody Hitler and Grindelwald. To think the wizard across from him had the capacity to be worse, no, not worse, just darker, the Darkest Wizard of all time. Somehow he could see Tom getting smug about that little fact - well if he didn't learn he died to earn the title. Well the food might not be too bad, thought Harry dubiously, as he picked up his spoon and dipped it in his meagre ration of porridge oats. Pressing it against his lips, he was right, it was bland, but it had some sugar in it, but he would bet it was powdered milk. It just had that waterish taste about it. Like the time where Dudley had poured a little milk into his one glass of water he was 'permitted' during his chores. He'd forced himself to drink it knowing he would pass out if he didn't. Frowning in irritation, he hated thinking of the Dursley's or anything that reminded him of them.

Tom ate his breakfast without so much as a blink at what he was receiving; each summer had been the same since the war started. Normally the food wasn't too bad, this he would admit with deep loathing and grudgingly so. Although compared to Hogwarts, all food here was bland, but that's only partly true, the orphanage was run on a budget, even before the war, and couldn't give all of them a three course meal, so obviously Hogwarts would win in the food department. Well in all departments really, but of course it was magic so it always will. Hadrian was a bit of a mystery, and he hoped over the summer he would figure him out completely. He suspected whatever he would find out would truly surprise him for the first time in his life. Nothing ever had, he had known he was special, even before Dumbledore came here to inform him he was a wizard. How he was a Slytherin was a bit of a mystery, since he went out of his way to help people, like that Muggle he thought with distain.

Harry absently picked up his banana and peeled of the skin, and ate it, it was surprisingly fresh. It only took the edge of the hunger rumbling in his stomach. He should be used to this, but he wasn't anymore. He hadn't missed any meals even on the run from everyone he had thought was on his side. Four years, he thought morosely, it had been difficult but he had been good at what he did. "So, what do you normally do during the day?" Harry asked absently, peering at Tom curiously, wondering if he would say anything - or if he actually stayed in his room.

"Sometimes I wander around London, other times I read." Tom revealed coolly.

Oh, he so didn't want to talk about it thought Harry, he hadn't used that tone on him since they'd gotten here. Which felt a lot longer than it had been in reality, it wasn't even twenty-four hours. Muffling a yawn, he stood up and once again put the tray on the table - none of the food had been wasted he had eaten it - it was better than nothing and even he knew that. As always as of late Tom was right next to him, and always made it seem as if he was leading, not following, he would have found it funny but it was just such a Tom thing to do. That and he was too tired to do much of anything, even yawning was more work than it was worth.

"Why did you look so stunned earlier?" Tom asked the very second he closed the door to their bedroom, now that was an odd thought; nobody had ever roomed with him. He knew it was because they were worried for the other orphans having to room with him due to his nature. Unfortunately they'd had no option with the war and children being orphanage.

"M' too tired Tom," Harry murmured sliding into his bed, his bag dropping from his aching shoulders.

"Can I at least see the book?" Tom snipped in annoyance at his questions not getting answered. He
had a feeling they wouldn't be either, and he wasn't sure how he felt about that. He would rather that than being told a pack of lies, but he wasn't used to people not telling him things he wanted. It was causing quite a dilemma in the dark wizard. Normally it would cause him to hurt them until he got an answer, yet he didn't want to do that to Hadrian, although he still wanted an explanation… how odd. How else did one normally go about receiving answers to their questions if you didn't do that?

Harry groaned, as he literally forced himself to sit back up, grabbing his bag he removed his trunk and made it its normal size and dug to the bottom where he was keeping it, wrapped in his invisibility cloak. Shifting things about he pulled it out, and handed it over, pulling the trunk to the bottom of his bed he shoved the bag under the bed once more before slumping down, as soon as his head hit the pillow he was out like a light. It was only day one and it had been hell of a day.

Watched humanity strengthen itself against an enemy that wanted them dead. Saw true fear in Tom's eyes, letting him see perhaps why the wizard in the question wanted to make himself immortal having to return to a war infested world. Saved Grangers grandfather or father, Merlin that was enough to blow his mind. He rather hoped not all days were like this one. To make matters worse Tom was beginning to suspect already…and with that Harry's mind went blank as unconscious claimed him - his weary, tired body succumbing to the much needed sleep.

With a startled grunt, Harry woke up, blearily looking around his heart hammering in his ribcage. He should have expected it really, with being confronted with the Grangers earlier; his mind had still been dwelling on it as he slept. How he hated her more than any others, Weasley he might have expected but Granger…fuck, he'd went to his certain death to save them only to be cursed the first time his back was turned, they'd killed him in the future just before he came back. He had felt the life draining from him, and he knew your body had to die before you could step before Death, just like it had when he was seventeen and the Horcrux was destroyed. They'd won in the end, or they thought they had, but if he had his way, nothing would be the same. With that in mind, he looked over at the other bed, only to find Tom sleeping, his head on his arm, the other on the book which was still open.

He was so hungry, he couldn't go another day without proper food, and he wasn't sure what he could do, if food was rationed then even if he had money he couldn't buy something. Then like a light bulb going off, he thought of something he hadn't earlier and wanted to smack himself, what an utter idiot he was. He absently touched the pouch around his neck, where his money was, he kept it on him at all times. With a light crack Harry Apparated away from the orphanage, and straight into the Leaky Cauldron, where food was being heartily served. Harry wanted to snatch it from them and gobble it down he was actually that hungry.

Fortunately he was also not stupid enough to antagonise anyone, instead he went to the counter and quickly ordered two large lunches to be put into 'to go' boxes. He was surprised by the price, it was rather low, the difference fifty years makes he thought to himself as he handed over the requested amount - sliding away with a quiet thank you before casting a disillusion spell on himself, so he could Apparate back - he didn't want to risk anyone being in the room. He never had gotten the hang of the Obliviate spell, well he could cast it but he hated doing it, it summarised it was something to do with the whole Lockhart debacle. Seeing what it could do if not cast properly, well it was little wonder why he didn't want to.

He reappeared in the room to find Tom staring at the space where he had just Apparated. With a deliberate flick of his wand, he removed the charm and appeared.
"Where did you go?" Tom enquired emotionlessly, never showing that he had feared the boy wouldn't return. He knew if that happened the Mrs. Cole would somehow blame him for something that hadn't happened. He thought that to disguise his own growing feelings - feelings he didn't want to outright analyse or admit too. He had grown up alone, independent he wasn't sure why he felt so drawn to him yet there was no denying he was.

"To the Leaky Cauldron, I'm so hungry, I can't just eat they're giving out," Harry admitted, unsurely handing one of the take away boxes over, very unsure whether Tom would take it or not. Not many people had ever helped Tom from what he could gather, not even his so called 'friends' then again would Tom have accepted the help? Or would he have seen that as a weakness? Tom saw a lot of things as a weakness, especially love. He saw it as a way to manipulate others, others that were weak for loving someone. For a moment Harry feared that he was right, that Tom wasn't going to take it - then he did hesitantly as if he suspected it to be a trick on his behalf. "I got you beef I know you like it best," was all he said before sitting on his own bed and digging into his own to go box.

Tom's eyes flicked to the box, surprise thrumming through him, nobody usually noticed things like that about him. Noticing that Hadrian was already digging into his food, he opened the box and began eating his beef stew with a spoon that was in the box, there were two rolls which he used to dip into it, enjoying the rich taste, his taste buds tingling in delight after enduring bland food. That wasn't all; there were ham sandwiches, with pickle on them, the way he liked. He ate one of the sandwiches but found himself pleasantly full, he decided to keep the rest of it for later. The beauty of the boxes it kept it fresh for however long it was left in the container. Or hot for a while depending on what was put in them, magic was just amazing like that - it just knew what was what. "Thank you," Tom managed to ground out, grimacing in distaste at having to say the damned words.

Harry just shrugged dismissively, making a point not to make any sort of deal over it, "its fine, they have to go boxes that keep filling up ever mealtime, if you pay for it in advance. It sounds like something we should do, although it can only be done for a fortnight supply then you have to go back. Maybe that's when the charm wears off? I don't know either way, I'm going to think about it." sighing softly, he leaned back against the bed contently nursing his full belly. As soon as the containers were completely empty they would disappear back to the Leaky Cauldron, magically of course.

"You can Apparate," Tom stated, "Even seventeen year olds have trouble with that, sometimes it takes them months to pass their Apparation licence. And there was your reaction earlier to the name Granger, despite your shock you were furious, I could sense it, your magic rolled around you like a storm." he was honestly surprised none of the Muggles felt it, but considering how they will have left - maybe the magic hadn't caused that much of a change. There was no Granger at school, and he couldn't possibly hate the boy he had just saved with magic...so what was going on?

Harry grinned despite the conversation; he would love to hear some of Tom's theories, although truthfully if there was anyone in this world that could perhaps figure out his real story - it had to be him. He hoped Death would come back soon, he really wanted to know how long he expected him to remain here, admittedly he had nowhere else he could go - unless...unless...he convinced Tom to write to Slughorn and get permission for both of them! But would Tom come? There was a huge difference between a little food (Which he was still honestly surprised he had taken) and staying somewhere else for two months...even if he hates the Muggles there was no way he would want to be indebted to him. Unless he could spin it in a way that made Tom think by getting Slughorn's permission it was him who was getting them out of there. It wouldn't be easy to manipulate him; he was the Master of Manipulation, even as a fourteen year old. He hated himself for this...but he couldn't leave Tom on his own, despite all the betrayal and hurt he'd been through was it wrong of
him to just want someone who gave a shit? The hat said he'd find his true friends in Slytherin so he was hoping that he would. He knew he would end up regretting this, Tom wasn't exactly going to turn out to be a loving law abiding citizen was he? Hell he might not see him again after he leaves Hogwarts - now that was a depressing thought.

A knock on the door interrupted them; Harry grabbed the container boxes and shoved it as far under his bed as he could before nodding to Tom.

"Come in," Tom said loudly, he knew only the Matron ever knocked on the door; none of the others had the guts, and would never come near his room.

"Here you are," Mrs. Cole said handing over something black to the teens, "Someone kindly donated these to the orphanage, to help you, especially during these troubling times. Remember lunch at its usual time boys." she had no expression on her face, and just as quickly as she entered she left, presumably getting around to the others to give them their diaries.

Harry stared dumbstruck, he'd never wondered before, yet he felt stupid for not realizing it sooner. Of course it had to have been the orphanage, Tom didn't like his real name - and didn't consider it his real name - no he thought of Voldemort as his real name so he wouldn't have bought it or stamped his name on it. He'd gone to great lengths to make the name Tom Riddle disappear. It obviously hadn't been the Slytherin friends; otherwise it wouldn't have been so…muggle and his alternative name would have been on it.

Gulping softly, sitting innocently in Tom hands was two black diaries. One with Tom Marvolo Riddle stamped on it in gold letters, and the other Hadrian Peverell.

A shudder ran through him as his own was flung over to him - which he caught with perfected Seeker reflexes.

'Bloody hell!' he thought bewildered.

Chapter End Notes

Hehe what did you think of that? I hope you are still enjoying the story! now will both teens make a break for it into the magical world? would one year make any difference between Tom wanting to make Horcruxes? Tom is also getting closer and closer to the truth without even realizing it! R&R please
"I hate my name," Tom said, sneering at his own diary, before flinging it into his trunk in obvious distaste. It was ludicrous and he would never use it, stupid rich people who felt guilty and liked to appear generous and since they couldn't hand over food they were giving other items to appear benevolent. There were a few rich people who 'donated' regularly to the orphanage, normally around Christmastime.

"Why?" Harry asked, playing clueless as he turned around to face him his own diary laying discarded at the bottom of his bed. Had he already begun using the name Voldemort? He had assumed it was a bit too early for that but maybe he was wrong. He knew two reasons why Tom hated his name in the future, one because he was named after a 'filthy muggle' and two because he felt it was too plain for a wizard like himself.

"It's such a common name," Tom complained, he was a wizard, he was better than them all so of course his name should reflect that. One day he would have a name that everyone whispered in reverence. Just wait until he was older, he would do it; he was nothing if not determined to see his plans through. Although he wasn't sure what those plans were, he only had tentative plans on that front.

"Were you named after your father and grandfather?" Harry enquired, all this lying was becoming bothersome, he had to watch himself every minute of every day lest he say something that he couldn't explain away. Truth of the matter was, Harry wanted someone to talk to about all this, other than Death - but he couldn't remain talking to him for hours upon hours. He was much too busy, thank to this damned war. There was nobody out there he could speak to, but he was used to being on his own, so why was it always so difficult?

"How do you know that?" Tom demanded suspiciously. His mind temporarily taken off just how much he loathed his normal name.

"It's the usual wizarding practice, Tom," Harry said giving him a strange look for his paranoia. "Most people call the heir…the first name after one of the grandparents and the middle name after the father. The second child if there is one gets the other names, although I didn't get one…my name is just Hadrian Peverell - no middle name." he said thoughtfully wondering why that was. He would never know, and Hadrian couldn't help but wonder if there had been a Hadrian in existence and he had died before he took over…or if Death had created his entire lineage from nothing.

Tom just nodded without saying anything further, he didn't dare even think about what he suspected. That his father was a Muggle, it was quite frankly horrifying to contemplate. Especially as a Slytherin and someone with a desire to go on and do well, admitting a Muggle father would cause all sorts of damage if they found out.

"I've never met anyone else named Tom, have you?" Harry added, well he did know one person in
future, the barkeeper at the Leaky Cauldron was named Tom as well. Other than that, it wasn't as normal as he seemed to think, at least not in the wizarding world, probably more popular in the Muggle world if anything.

"Well, no," Tom admitted his face screwing up just thinking about it.

"Do you know how popular Merlin's name was or Emrys as he was called was back in the day?" Harry said thoughtfully.

"No, what's your point?" Tom stated cautiously.

"There were lots of Merlin's and Emrys, but we only remember one," Harry explained, seeing the blank look on Tom's face he hurried with his point. "Your name doesn't define who you are, Tom, you define what your name is. You're the brightest student at Hogwarts, top of all your classes, a Slytherin just like Merlin was, you can go on to do extraordinary things like him, I know you could do it." hopefully he could stop him from trying to control the magical population the way he had thought to in future. "It doesn't matter who you are named after, it's not them that's the smartest at Hogwarts…it's you, so what does it matter whether you aren't named after a star? Or something really weird…can you imagine how they would have reacted if either of our names were like say Thaddeus? I mean look at the stink my last name wrought. Not that their names are original, they're just recycled from the family tree." they being everyone at the orphanage. Harry shrugged his shoulders absently, before lying back down on the bed, surprisingly he wasn't tired despite the fact he'd had only what? A few hours sleep at most. Perhaps given time Tom would be more accepting of his name and not utterly disgusted by it.

Tom stared at Hadrian thoughtfully, genuinely surprised enough that he couldn't think of anything to say for the life of him. If there was anything Tom aspired it was greatness, to be more than just a boy from an orphanage. To be remembered, revered by all.

"Tom, did you ever see anyone from the Magical world before you came to Hogwarts? I mean someone from the Ministry? Like the accidental magic reversal squad?" Harry asked curiously, his hand spread out against the wall humming softly, as if he found some sort of familiarity or comfort from it.

"No," Tom replied, honestly he changed the subject so constantly he found it hard to keep up. Especially when it came to his life, or where and how he had grown up. Everyone in Slytherin already suspected he hadn't come from a Muggle family at all, either that or he had phenomenal control over his magic - they weren't sure what to believe. He on the other hand knew Hadrian wasn't telling the truth, it wasn't just a gut instinct either, since Hadrian had confirmed it to him just days after starting classes. He still hadn't quite managed to figure out why he had been so… obliging in telling him that either - he certainly wasn't up for letting anyone else know.

"But you did magic, yes?" Harry enquired.

"Why do I get the feeling you already know the answers to all the questions?" Tom snapped out irritated, and he wasn't sharing how he knew either.

"Do you want to know why they never came? Why you weren't found before you were invited to join Hogwarts?" Harry asked, ignoring Tom's anger for the moment. "Despite all the magic you did…all the magic you performed on the Muggles."

Tom's eyes narrowed into slits, he wanted to remain furious, but the second those startling green eyes met his he was lost momentarily in their depths. "Why does it matter?" he gritted out almost petulantly. He desperately wanted to know how Hadrian knew so much yet was so obvious in other
"You do know the second someone performed magic on or in front of a Muggle the magical world finds out don't you?" Harry said quietly, "At least that's the way it's meant to be."

"Where are you going with this, Hadrian?" Tom sighed exasperated.

"Come here," Harry said sitting back up and edging towards the top of his bed, inviting the other teen over, his hand still curiously enough on the wall. "Come on, I'm not going to bite." he laughed at the look on Tom's face - he was probably wondering whether he had lost his mind or not. Maybe he had, he was taking a big risk in telling him this.

With a much put up on sigh, he moved over to Hadrian keeping a bit of distance between them, glancing at his suspiciously. Which just seemed to amuse Hadrian to no end, much to his consternation. He hadn't actually seen Hadrian intimidated by anyone, not even him. Part of him was curious about what he was up to though, but none of that showed on his face.

"Put your hand against the wall," Harry instructed him, watching him do it before he asked, "Do you feel that? The magic?"

"What are you talking about?" Tom blurted out, "There's nothing there!" he couldn't feel anything. He would have thought Hadrian was having him on if he hadn't seen his adverse reaction to pranks. It was the second time he'd ever seen Hadrian pissed off enough to unleash his magic, but not the amount he had in the common room he'd observed. Some idiot had tried to prank Myrtle, and Hadrian had taken offence, the instigator had ended up in the hospital wing repairing three broken bones instead of Myrtle, Dumbledore put it down to an accidental backfire of the 'toy prank' and Dumbledore had made sure his precious Gryffindor hadn't gotten points removed for trying to use such a dangerous 'prank' in school. Because there was absolutely no doubt that was exactly what it was. The look on Hadrian's face when Dumbledore made his announcement made Tom shiver with longing and desire. Even now remembering it could make him react like nothing else.

"Spread your magic out, let it touch the wall," Harry said softly watching him sombrely. "You'll feel it,"

Tom stared back surprised by his sudden mood change, before allowing his magic to flow through his arm up into his hand and through the wall, he gasped in astonishment, feeling the strange magic welcoming him as if it had been with him his entire life. This was a Muggle building why would there be magic here living in the walls unless a great big battle had taken place here? He knew it definitely wasn't his magic - nor was it Hadrian's. "What is that?" Tom asked wrenching his hand back, he'd never felt anything like it, warm, welcoming and something strange he couldn't identify it was too…positive for a boy like him who was used to negative emotions.

"It's like being bathed in a warm hug, its protective magic, Tom." Harry explained, "The sacrificial kind of protective magic, from your mum."

"My mother was weak!" Tom snapped getting off Hadrian's bed and putting distance between them. "She did not die to save me! She died because she was weak!" he repeated himself as if saying it once wasn't enough. Yet the trickling of doubt settled in deeply within him, if she was so weak why was her magic here? Hadrian couldn't possible know what his mothers magic felt like! It could be anyone's magic; he was an idiot to even believe him for a second. Yet the thought that she wasn't weak…he yearned for that.

"In some aspects she was weak, yes," Harry said slowly, "but that was due to the inbreeding in the Gaunt line."
Tom spun around incredulously, he had spent years getting every glean of information he possibly could. Three years it had taken him to get information on his family. Years of searching had wielded nothing on the Riddle family, so he had gone by his middle name Marvolo and there was plenty information on that particular person. A wizard called Marvolo Gaunt; the articles were about him and Morfin Gaunt being imprisoned for attacking Muggles and Ministry workers. He had just figured out at the end of the year for sure that he was Slytherin's descendant, yet here was a boy the same age as him telling him information on his own family? He didn't know whether to curse him or demand answers on everything he knew. It sunk in what he was saying, inbreeding? He said it out loud questioning it. "Inbreeding?"

"Your grandfather and grandmother were cousins; in their bid to keep the Slytherin line pure was breeding pureblood's that were…not right in the head as well as magically weak. If your mum had married a pureblood and had an heir the likelihood would stand that it would have been a squib. Its why such old lines are dying out." Harry said quietly.

"You know about my father?" Tom demanded, boring holes in Harry his hands clenched into fists. If he knew so much about his family then he must do, he certainly implied it by saying 'if his mum had married a pureblood'.

"Why do you think you're so powerful, Tom? The infusion of Muggle blood creates a wizard with extraordinary magical powers. While it's true it doesn't always work that way, nine times out of ten it is. Look at yourself, me and Dumbledore, we are proof of that." Harry pointed out.

Tom startled, looking utterly bewildered. "Dumbledore?" he spat, what did he have to do with this.

"Dumbledore's mother was a Muggle born witch, she married a pureblood, and she left behind two wizards with power levels off the charts. Not as powerful as you will become though, when you reach your majority there won't be many that can match you when it comes to raw power alone." Harry replied.

"And you?" Tom asked, sitting down, his brow furrowed as he thought on everything he was learning. It contracted everything he knew, yet he believed Hadrian for some reason - it just had logical sense to it. Why could Hadrian know these things? Even if he was brought up by someone from the magical world it shouldn't have been possible. How did he know so much about his family?

"Muggle born mother, pureblood father," Harry revealed honestly, and in future there would be one exactly like Tom - Severus Snape a powerful wizard but he never truly knew just how powerful Snape was, he hid how good he was, and never openly displaying his abilities - well aside from his brilliance at spell creating and potions - especially potions. "There's no such thing as Muggle-born Tom, two normal Muggles cannot create a magical child, and it would take someone with magical blood to join with a Muggle to create one. Such as a squib that's been cast out, or even a child with a magical father who doesn't have magic himself…can create a child with magical powers. Its all twisted within our DNA, a simple spell would show the Muggle-born's that they're descendants from the pureblood lines within Hogwarts."

"That's what you plan on doing for magical theory isn't it?" Tom blurted out understanding why he hadn't offered anything of the sort to Black despite the fact he had seen him looking up information earlier that day before she asked for advice.

"I'm also going to publish my findings, yes," Harry said he would change the magical world if it was the last thing he did. Oh, he knew not everyone would believe it, in fact there would be those that purposely ignore it - not wishing for it to be true. Since it would change every preconceived notion they'd ever had.
"How do you know all this?" Tom asked calmly, despite the fact he was anything but. "It's impossible for someone to know as much as you do; even learning everything there is to know in books or from someone. You know things you shouldn't, especially about me when even I don't know them! Or just recently found out! You weren't even surprised I could speak Parseltongue! You know things about me nobody - not even the others in Slytherin know."

Hadrian's gaze let him know that he knew just how badly Tom was taking it despite his impressive impenetrable masks.

Chapter End Notes

Will Hadrian tell him the truth or will he just tell him he is a seer but once its decide that will be there, it wont be changed ever once a explanation is given :) so if Harry tells him he's a seer he will stick with it because he knows if/when Tom finds out that's a life then that will be it - game over! I'm not sure why my muse wanted it to go this way, even i'm not 100% happy but if I tried to work around it then we (writers) all know what would happen I would get stuck and the story would just be lacklustre you never know I might just take it down and rewrite it! R&R please
Tom watched Hadrian's face, taking in every single facial change, not that there were many admittedly, but there were enough to see he was deeply conflicted, cautious and a little bit wary. It was as if whatever he knew was something that wasn't meant to be shared, which put Tom decidedly on edge. There was quite a lot he didn't understand about what Hadrian had spoken about, especially DNA but he could guess what he meant by it, although why he would call it that was a complete mystery. His mother had died giving birth to him, that wasn't sacrificial magic… and if she had why had everyone lied to him? And more importantly how did Hadrian know? It was beginning to do his head in, quite literally as he felt as though his mind was about to explode with all this information.

"Do you want the truth, Tom? I mean really want it? The genie cannot be put back in the bottle." Harry said slowly, unable to believe that Death was encouraging him to tell Tom. It was madness, he shouldn't be doing this, it would come back to bite him in the arse, probably in the form of being killed by Tom. Of course, he didn't like thinking that way, Tom was just a fourteen year old teen he wasn't Dumbledore and wasn't about to prejudge someone or manipulate someone into doing the same.

Tom arched an eyebrow at the very Muggle phrase, there was no denying that Hadrian had spent a lot of his time in the Muggle world, he was sure he had been truthful about that. In fact Hadrian had never outright lied to him; at least he didn't like to think so. Did he really want to know? Whatever it was, it was obviously serious from the way he was talking. He was too curious to say no, but he'd always been one for desiring as much information as possible from the world around him. "Yes," he stated calmly, before he actually thought about saying it.

"I'm not from this time," Harry confessed, keeping a close eye on Tom and his reaction.

Tom immediately frowned, as if he was trying to decipher the true hidden meaning behind Hadrian's words. Time-travel? Was it even possible? Nothing he had read so far in the magical world indicated that it could be done. In fact the only 'time-travel' that was written about was the time-turners and they only went back hours at a time. Could he be from the past? It would explain why he was so wary of this time, going from somewhere then into the future and finding out the Muggle world was at war…would be confusing. He'd never had trouble getting around Hogwarts either, so he'd obviously attended the school before being here. "How far forward did you accidentally come?" Tom asked, and how was his story able to be verified? Surely they wouldn't have let Hadrian remain at Hogwarts if they figured out he lied? Unless they knew the truth and the students were left to draw their own conclusions? Didn't anyone recognize him? He obviously knew his mother and well judging by the fact he was familiar enough with her magic.

"I didn't come forward, Tom, I came back," Harry replied, "Sixty years in fact." well actually more than sixty years, but he wasn't going to get into every little detail, what did it matter if he was off by a few years?
"You don't sound German," Tom stiffened completely, sixty years? It was mind boggling, he'd assumed a few years not bloody sixty. Sixty years made him seventy four in that time, it was seriously weird to think of it that way albeit if he survived at any rate.

Harry laughed a little, "That's because I'm not, they don't win, neither of them."

"If you're from the future, how do you know about my mother?" Tom said his eyes narrowing again. What reason would a boy sixty years in the future have with knowledge on the Gaunt family? The Germans didn't win? It seemed impossible right now, with how bad the war was, yet Hadrian was telling him that neither Grindelwald nor Hitler won? He felt a part of him relax with that knowledge, he survived he could have showed it in triumph from the rooftops.

"I only know the basics; I obviously didn't know her personally, but the wards..." Harry trailed off, "They're similar to the ones I lived under during my childhood. It's why nobody ever found you, or came here with the amount of magic you've cast on the Muggles."

"You keep saying that, but why would she want me hidden?" Tom scoffed derisively at the thought.

"She could have used magic to try and save herself without really knowing if it would save her life. At that point it was a fifty-fifty chance, and the Ministry would have come to find out what was going on and Obliviate the Muggles. So she had a choice, use magic without knowing full well what would happen, and risk the Ministry finding you or she could die knowing you'd be safe." Harry explained quietly, his face solemn. "You had a grandfather and uncle alive then, although I'm not sure whether he's still alive right now or not - I think he's in Azkaban but my knowledge this far back is iffy. They hated all things Muggle, they were pureblood fanatics and revelled in the fact they were the last direct descendants of Salazar Slytherin. What do you think they would have done to you, a defenceless baby, a half blood, with a Muggle father? They would have killed you the second the Ministry workers dumped you on their doorstep. She knew she had to protect you, that is why she ran, that was why she was so weak with hunger and thirst by the time she was due to give birth, she was destitute, Tom and truly a broken woman her love for you was all she had left. You were all she had left, never ever call her weak, she's the reason you survived. She had a choice that was why the sacrificial blood wards went up around the orphanage."

"That is not basic information," Tom said weakly, not sure what to think of all this. A very small hidden part of him hurt to hear that he had a family the entire time he was stuck here in an orphanage thinking he was an orphan. But he quickly snuffed it out, he had survived without a family, he didn't need them, and he would make sure they would regret it for the rest of their lives. The hurt never lasted long, it was quickly replaced with anger and rage, they would suffer - they would all suffer. "You know who I am, don't you?" he knew without confirmation, but how was it that he knew him so well?

"Yes," Harry told him honestly.

"You aren't family are you?" Tom truly dreaded the answer.

"Well..." Harry trailed off, watching Tom's eyes widen with disbelief, "Sort of, we're cousins, like ten times removed or something."

Tom let out an inaudible sigh of relief; thank Merlin for that, for a second he thought Hadrian was going to say he was his son or something. He knew it wasn't possible, he would never bed a woman that would never happen - at least not this point in time. He could never see it happening in the future either, he wasn't attracted to girls something he had come to terms with over a year ago just before Hadrian had shown up. "So you know about the Gaunts?" desiring to know more.
"The House of Gaunt was a Pure-blood family descended from Cadmus Peverell and Salazar Slytherin, and one of the Sacred Twenty-Eight. They had a tendency of marrying their cousins to keep their blood pure and to retain the traits of their ancestor, most notably the ability to speak Parseltongue. They were very wealthy and prominent once, having descended from many powerful witches and wizards. But their liking for grandeur in tandem with little sensibility at their indulgences meant the family gold was left in ashes long before you were born. Marrying their cousins led to an instability and violence that flourished through the generations. They now live in a shack just outside little Hangleton in poverty." Harry informed him, Tom could be considered just as unstable, but his looks and ability to blend in with his environment made him a bigger threat than the entire Gaunt line put together. "I am a descendant from Ignotus Peverell, the youngest brother."

"So you are a Slytherin as well? Why can't you speak Parseltongue?" Tom demanded. He had so many questions he honestly didn't know where to begin! But he was determined to get all his questions answered.

"I'm not directly related to Salazar Slytherin, I'm directly related to Godric Gryffindor, but I do have the ability." Harry confessed, wondering just how Tom would that that revelation.

"Can you really?" Tom hissed, his eyes set challengingly.

"Seriously, Tom?" Harry hissed right back smirking wryly.

"Brilliant!" Tom hissed his eyes twinkling deviously, they had their own language, he could speak to him about anything and nobody would be any the wiser. He didn't dwell on the reaction he had to Hadrian speaking to him in that language. The underlining hissing, the soothing sound to it, he crossed his legs and forced his swelling erection to recede. Perhaps it wasn't the best idea to speak Parseltongue after all. Nope, not the best idea, he scowled.

"Just be aware, Dumbledore can understand Parselmouth, although he can't speak it, but I don't know where or when he acquired the skill." Harry informed him cautiously. Was Tom happy about his ability to speak to snakes? Huh, that definitely hadn't been one of the reactions he had foreseen.

Tom scowled even more at that pronouncement, how he hated Dumbledore. "And what of my father?" he demanded.

"He lives with his parents in Riddle Mansion. He was tricked with potions, your mum fed him love potions, but he began to build up an immunity to it, and as soon as he regained his senses, realized he was married to a Witch he fled claiming bewitchment. The orphanage tried to reach out to him, to tell him about you but he told them you weren't his son. He never remarried nor had any children in future." Harry revealed, Tom really should be discovering all this himself, what if he was going to make the future worse by telling him all this? He just had to trust that Death knew what he was doing; he knew what was going to happen before it did after all. If this failed all he had to do was come back again - he could go wherever and whenever he wanted. If this didn't work out he would just have to start all over again younger and learn from his mistakes as he went along. Ah, what the hell, Tom knew quite a bit of what he already told him, in fact next summer...it was next summer wasn't it? No, wait yes, he hated having to work all this out. It wasn't next summer, it was the next again summer. He saw the darkening look on Tom's face, one he was familiar with, he usually wore it when someone was about to be in a lot of pain. Maybe Death was right, there was just no saving the Riddles - not that he cared overly much, he had seen and done too much in his life to really care about someone he didn't know anymore.

"And Granger?" Tom enquired, curious about that reaction. It's another reason why he had assumed Harry was from the past, perhaps knowing the Muggle or something.
It was Harry's turn to scoff, his eyes darkening considerably, his lip curling unconsciously, "He's the son of wizard, Hector Dagworth-Granger, but he isn't magical himself, in fact it takes two generations for it to show itself. In the form of Hermione Granger," he gritted his teeth viciously just thinking about her. "She and a few others were the reason I was so injured before I ended up here in the past." his hands were balled into fists as he tried to regain his composure. It felt so good to talk about it, and if there was anyone that would understand his drive for revenge on those who had hurt him it would definitely be Tom Riddle.

"Bet you regret saving his life now," Tom chuckled darkly, finding it ironic. Although he must have survived somehow otherwise he wouldn't have been around to continue his line. "Still he owes you a life debt, and since neither he nor his offspring will be able to collect it, that debt will go straight to her."

"No, not really, maybe at first, but he has nothing to do with what she did," Harry sighed softly, shrugging his shoulders. "He's just a kid; nobody deserves to die that way."

"If you know me, then you know what becomes of me," Tom said shrewdly. Which meant he also survived this hell somehow, it was a big relief to him.

"Yes, but I'm not telling you anything about your own future, at least not unless I have to," Harry informed him grimy, his face unrelenting. "Trust me, knowing about the future can change it in ways that even I don't want to think about. I've already changed so much by coming here, in small ways that even I cannot even begin to predict."

"What if it makes it better?" Tom pointed out hiding a sly grin on his face, he was sure he could get it out of Hadrian someway.

"But would you really risk it?" Harry said in return.

Tom frowned thoughtfully, would he? Dare he? Was it worth knowing things only to be disappointed if it didn't happen due to Hadrian's presence as he had said he'd changed things in small ways - things he hadn't predicted he'd obviously come across such discrepancies since. He wondered why Hadrian knew so much, there was at least fifty years age difference, was he well known like he had hoped? He didn't get why though, he'd always planned on changing his name, and then he remembered the beginning of their conversation…had he been manipulating him?
"You've been manipulating me all year haven't you?" Tom ground out, glaring at Hadrian.

"Nope, not really, mostly just the other Slytherins their beliefs are so idiotic, I mean really? Stealing magic? Did you believe that, Tom?" Harry stated strongly, glaring at Tom just as suspiciously.

"No," Tom eventually said, relaxing against his bed, rolling his eyes, it was stupid that he admitted to. "You know I want to change my name…which means I did do it didn't I?"

"I told you, I'm not telling you about your future, although why you didn't go to Gringotts and get it legally changed I don't know," Harry muttered petulantly.

"You can do that?" Tom perked up in interest.

"Of course, you can change it to either Gaunt or Slytherin if you don't want to be known by Riddle anymore. Tom Marvolo Gaunt has a nice ring to it, or even Tom Marvolo Slytherin. Either one will do since both are renowned; everyone knows the Gaunts are descendant from Slytherin line. Although you won't be able to do it as long as your grandfather and uncle are still alive, since they are the heirs to the line, technically at least since there is no estate left." Hadrian told him quietly.
Tom grimaced at the use of his first name, but it wasn't with the same loathing as before. Still the prospect of legally changing his name from Riddle, getting rid of his Muggle name sounded very good to him. It brought up all sorts of ideas and he quite frankly desired to go straight to Gringotts and get it done. Were the Gaunts that big of a threat to him? The thought turned his stomach, but he vowed that he would take them out before they tried anything with him. From the sounds of them, they were deranged, insane; perhaps it was best not to rock the boat right now. Not until he learned enough magic to defend himself, he swore when he returned to Hogwarts he would redouble his efforts to learn everything he possibly could. That and do the ritual the first night back and get himself free of the trace so he couldn't be caught, ever. "How much do you know about me? Do you know all my plans?"

"Plans change, you know, so I have no idea what you want to do with yourself right now, I do know though that you have some serious anger management issues, and you really shouldn't get so curse happy with those that follow you, take everything I've ever told you and really think about it Tom." Harry said seriously, before lugging under the bed and pulling out the box and began to eat the rest of the food within it. He only had a sandwich and fruit salad mix left, but it was more than enough for him - well right now at any rate. Soon he would be spending all night underground. "I can't stay in the Muggle world all summer, there's no way,"

"Where will you go?" Tom asked, hiding his anger, betrayal and hurt that Hadrian wanted to leave him to rot in this hellhole and go somewhere else. Unlike him, Hadrian had many friends who would welcome him for a few weeks from all houses. Although he had noticed he avoided the purebloods, like Potter, Prewitts and Weasley's instead spending time with half-blood.

"Well I was hoping you could convince Slughorn to write a permission slip for us to stay in the Leaky Cauldron or Hogshead but I don't want to do to that one despite the fact its safely within the Alley because Dumbledore's brother works there - and as much as they loath each other he might end up telling - I can do without Dumbledore finding out and forcing us back." he scowled at the thought.

"He's just the Transfiguration teacher, he has no say in what we do," Tom pointed out airily, evidently not concerned.

Harry smirked sarcastically, "Want to bet on that?" he said with a bitter look on his face, "He puts his crooked abnormally large broken nose in places he has no right, if he found out he would do anything in his power to get us back here." he had told the matron that Tom had to return every summer, just like he had told him he had to return to the Dursley's. He took far too much interest in what his students were doing during their time from Hogwarts and it was rather concerning.

"You really hate him don't you?" Tom said, mesmerised by the look of sheer disgust on his face. "$I never thought I'd see the day where anyone saw through his façade, well other than the Slytherins but most don't care anymore, he's always been that way and they're used to it. It's just me he seems to watch closely, its very annoying." he had completely forgotten about the idea of getting out of the orphanage earlier. Which of course only bringing up Albus Dumbledore could do, since it always sidetracked Tom Riddle each and every time. Or in future, way in the future, Harry Potter as well.

"Yes, I've always wondered about that, why did you get all loose tongued and tell him you could control animals and speak to snakes? I mean seriously, you don't normally talk to people full stop never mind tell them stuff like that." Harry said after swallowing his sandwich and gazing at him curiously. "$That's why he's so suspicious, not everyone has the amazing control over their magic like you do - not at eleven. He knows what you will grow to be, knows you'll be one of the most powerful wizards in the world. Considering what you told him he knows your magic is more
inclined towards the Dark Arts, you'll find it easier to cast the Dark Arts as your wand predicted."

Tom couldn't help but puff out in an extreme sense of smug pride and satisfaction. Although it also explained Dumbledore, then he realized Hadrian hadn't bloody said anything about his own hatred of Dumbledore, sneaky bloody Slytherin he thought with a sense of bemusement. "You didn't say why you hate Dumbledore." he was perhaps the sneakiest Slytherin he had met besides himself.

"No, no I didn't," Harry said giving him a knowing look, not caring if he had been caught out, but that look melted on his face replaced by fear as the Air Raid Siren began to blare. "I thought it went off at the same time every night?" he squeaked out, surprised out of his wits.

"Yes, because the enemy decided to keep it at the same time every night just so we were prepared," Tom muttered sarcastically already gathering everything up, his trunk was still shrunk from yesterday so all he had to do was slide the ritual book into his bag as well as his sandwich he wasn't giving that up for anyone - not even the suspicion of the matron.

"Funny," Harry muttered his own brain kicking into gear seeing Tom gathering everything of his together. "Make sure you give me that book back before we return to Hogwarts. I need to keep it hidden, the last thing I need is Dumbledore starting his crap on me, and I can't talk my way out of having copied it!"

"Like they'll care it's a book on light rituals," Tom snorted.

"The trace ritual is not considered light, Tom, especially not by Dumbledore. In the next sixty years a dozen classes get stopped, and even more books get removed from the library!" Harry muttered petulantly, as he shrunk his trunk once again. Just as he had picked it up the room was bathed in darkness as Tom put the light off, it's really one of the first things they're supposed to do really. You could end up with a hefty fine if you forgot to turn everything off it was on a poster in the hall way. You'd lose your allowance for a year if you left anything on. He wasn't sure how much allowance you could get during war - and what the hell you could spend it on really.

"He does what?" Tom spat indignantly. "So that's why you find a few classes harder than others," as if he finally understood.

"I suppose you could say that," he wasn't about to tell Tom he was actually twenty-one years old or that he was the Master of Death, considering just how terrified he was of dying it wasn't the best thing to do. Their conversation immediately halted as they began to run down the stairs, Harry had made sure to take a pillow and cover with him, although he should have placed a heating charm on it to keep him warm in the underground. Like yesterday they were given packed lunches and marched off down the streets, one of the caretakers coming out last after a few minutes of making sure every light in the building had in fact been put out.

All the destruction he had seen in the early hours of the morning was gone, as if the entire community had cleaned it up and helped everyone. "What happens to the people who've lost their homes?" he asked as they passed area he had helped the little boy. The amount of homes that were destroyed was horrific.

"I don't know," Tom frowned, at the unexpected question, throwing Hadrian a questioning look as they marched along. They kept at least a foot of space from the children in front of them but not too far - they didn't want to be too near the adults, of course, when 'they' appeared it was really just 'Tom'. "I think they stay in a shelter."

"The underground or a different kind of shelter?" Harry asked curiosity.
"Don't you know all this?" Tom muttered put out at having to talk about a part of a life he loathed beyond comprehension.

Harry leaned up, irritated that he was having to but damn it, Tom was just too damn tall even with the potions he was taking. "I only had a few years of Muggle history remember before going to Hogwarts? I know the basics but that's about it, I've never had to worry about this before, and I don't want to." he admitted with a whisper, before pulling away.

Tom gazed at Hadrian, seeing how badly he was taking it for he first time. He was very pale, his eyes wider than normal, despite the knowledge that Britain wins, he was terrified. Of course, he was too, but more used to it (and not to forget hiding it as well) the look struck a very deep protective cord in him, he wanted to protect him, and for once Tom didn't even think about arguing with his own thoughts and attraction to Hadrian. Which reminded him, "Why do you want me to ask him?" he asked, hopefully Hadrian would understand what he was on about.

Harry gazed at Tom blankly for a few seconds before recognition dawned, "Are you kidding? The guy thinks you're the second coming of Merlin!" Harry said snorting in amusement. "Even sixty years in the future he talks about you like a proud father." albeit also extremely ashamed one too, he often wondered if it was loyalty to a Slytherin or self preservation that made Slughorn keep quiet. He'd also wondered why the hell Tom had left Slughorn live with the knowledge he did. It had taken using the guilt he felt over another special 'Slug club student' to get Slughorn to hand the information over; he had been very fond of 'cheeky Lily Evans'. "You can get him do to anything, this should be a walk in the park for you."

"He likes you as well," Tom pointed out as they turned the corner to the underground and waited in the queue.

Harry scratched his chin absently, "Yeah, but I'd rather not risk being told no, so we go for the option that gets us the hell out of here with permission."

"What we?" Tom stated scathingly.

"Would you really stay here because you are too proud? I suppose I could help you get your own money so it wouldn't be 'charity' to you." Harry grunted but that would be revealing his secret room at Hogwarts. Ah, well, he would find it sooner or later and how it worked, sometimes he couldn't help but think Tom was just too damn smart for his own good. Although that wouldn't exactly work out well, it would require waiting until he returned to Hogwarts. Finally the queue moved quickly until they were underground, they were herded to the same spot as yesterday, at least he assumed so - it all looked the same really so how the hell was he supposed to tell.

Tom grabbed a hold of Hadrian before he sat down, guiding him towards the post and only then did he let him sit down, and he followed afterwards. "What did you mean by letting me get my own money?" he demanded having to keep his voice low so the others could hear, and lower than normal since sound reverberated all around the underground - the usual tunnel affect.

"Well you would be good at selling things, so I thought I'd show you to a room that's filled with lots of lost items over the years at Hogwarts. Although I doubt the wands would be any good to sell but there are lots of books and other stuff." Harry shrugged, "Or if you actually have money I can point you in the right direction for betting on a Quidditch match, who would have thought reading Quidditch through the ages would come in handy?" an ironic laugh left his lips.

"That's too risky, you said yourself you had changed things, there's no guarantee the right team would win," Tom said immediately, he didn't deal well in risk.
"I hadn't thought of that," Harry said quietly scrunching up his nose in thought, he would need to ask Death about it, he was sure what he had left wasn't enough to get them both a room as well as food for the rest of the summer. He hadn't made that much from the students at Hogwarts, while it was a lot of money; it wasn't that much at the end of the day. "Still something needs to be done, I'd like to get a decent night of sleep, and I'm not used to this anymore."

Tom immediately pounced on Harry's slip up. "What do you mean anymore?" his tone riled and suspicious.

"Er…well, I was raised by my aunt and uncle…Muggles that didn't like magic, that much is actually true, it's better to tell a variation of the truth than get caught in a lie. I lived in their cupboard under the stairs until I was eleven and the letters scared them into thinking wizards were actually watching the place when my letter was actually addressed there, so they moved me to my cousins second bedroom." Harry revealed already cursing himself for doing so. What the hell was he up to? You didn't tell Slytherin's information like that, it could be used against you. Flipping his thoughts off, he wasn't embarrassed by it, okay, maybe he was but not in the way anyone would assume. It would just make the Slytherins sure they were right about Muggles and hate them more - and understand why he hated them.

"Yet you still want to help them?" Tom scoffed finding it unconceivable.

"Well put it this way, Tom, Grindelwald has killed hundreds of people…we're all wizards should we all be considered evil? Despite the fact there are those out there that would do the right thing risking their lives to save others? We're all different, whether we are creatures, wizards, witches and yes even Muggles. Not all of them abuse their own, sometimes family actually means something." Harry said softly, sighing tiredly. "Condemning an entire species because of something a few people have done…then there is no hope for the world. Look around you at all these people, they're not going to give in, and they remain strong in the face of adversity. They're stronger than you think, don't see them as weak or beneath you, we have magic yes, but they create much more than we do - they're smart, they're inventive, yes they can be destructive so can wizards."

Tom just gave him a look that said he was off his rockers for even suggesting such a thing. He shivered cursing himself for not bringing his cover; he had been deeply unprepared for the siren to go off so soon. He blinked in surprise when Hadrian squeezed closer and threw the cover over him too - the warmth of it surprised him until he realized Hadrian must have put a warming charm on it. The heat sunk into his bones and gradually stopped the shivers. "I know you don't believe what I said, but you should think about it." Harry murmured quietly.

Tom just gave him a deep measuring penetrating look, as if trying to decide whether it was actually advice from something he did in future or if Hadrian was just being his usual self and trying to get others to see what he saw. Turning from the impenetrable green eyes, he looked around himself at everyone, watching families play cards, share food, listen to the radio and just boast moral by dancing and putting the gramophone on and listening to the songs. Mothers hugging children close, trying not to show their fear; it made his lip curl, and made him dwell on what he had learned earlier about his own mother. She had died rather than risk his life; it was a novel concept to Tom who had always assumed she was weak - unable to survive giving birth. It was to him, or had been very shameful especially for a witch. He always felt she should have been stronger. He was beginning to doubt all his own beliefs, he blamed Hadrian…looking down at him he grumbled silently to himself - he couldn't really blame him though. All he had done was told him the truth, he couldn't deny it, after all he could feel the magic in the walls himself.

Life was certainly not boring and uncomplicated with Hadrian around.
He would learn in time it was always that way.

Always had been too.

Chapter End Notes

First up HAPPY THANKSGIVING to everyone :) secondly do you want to see much more of their summer? perhaps another chapter of them getting permission and leaving for the Leaky Cauldron? Will Dumbledore interfere and have them back in the orphanage as Harry predicts? or will they be able to stay off his radar for the summer hols? will Tom spend time in the chamber getting control over the basilisk to use it before Harry intervenes? after all I don't want to change tom too much too soon :P or maybe not at all! will tom still be a slightly dark figure with followers and with a perfect figure in public? will Harry and Tom destroy Dumbledore? or will they just ensure he doesn't gain popularity? will we see the duo take on Grindelwald and steal Dumbledore’s would be thunder? R&R please!
A week had gone by and it was two days had passed since Tom had finally agreed and had written to Professor Slughorn with one manipulative, heart pulling letter that would have made even the most battle hardened Auror give in - Harry could understand how Tom was able to convince so many people, when he'd said Tom would be able to convince Slughorn he had known it, seeing how he managed to manipulate the adults around him was admittedly awe-inspiring that letter took it to a whole other level there just wasn't a word for how brilliant he was. Tom had written the letter and he had Apparated to the post office in Diagon Alley, unfortunately it wasn't where he remembered, instead it was further along just short of being in Knockturn Alley, and in a smaller building, he'd paid the money and the owl was sent off to Professor Slughorn, he had no idea how long it would take. He had also spent some more money buying food, he couldn't handle going without, he was just so hungry he could only imagine how the other orphans were feeling with the small amounts they got.

He knew he had to be careful with the amount of money he used, he knew he would definitely have to do some betting at Gringotts to replenish his funds and make sure he had enough to see them through the summer holidays and with a little luck some extra money behind so he could get new robes this year and definitely new scales, the other second hand ones he had weren't accurate and it was causing his potions to be slightly off colour. He wouldn't bet too heavily, he didn't want to risk Tom being right and his presence here having changed that much that the outcome of Quidditch matches would be different. He would do one or two with a small amount that he could risk, and if it paid off then great. If not then he wouldn't leave himself completely skint, and would as always make do.

Each Air Raid that occurred didn't ease Harry's fear at all, but he was becoming more accustomed to it, he was able to stop himself from being overwhelmed at the sound. Although he had to stop himself from trying to help afterwards, as masses upon masses of buildings were destroyed mostly flats and buildings around shipyards. In fact a bomb had dropped onto one of the shelters killing an estimated one hundred people, but they still said it was worth it and continued going. Morale wavered but never once did it truly give in, and Harry always made sure Tom saw that.

The day the underground was hit was the day Harry had quite literally had to stop himself Apparating both of them away and staying within the magical community where it was safe. It had been too close to where they were for comfort, he instinctively knew Death wouldn't let anything happen to him, or at least warn him but faced with the horrific nature of war his thoughts didn't come into it. He didn't think he had worried so much before in his life, it was constant on edge fear, hell he hadn't even felt that much facing Voldemort not even the first time.

"Come on, you need to get out of here," Tom said, grasping a hold of Harry's hand and hoisting him off the bed. Then marching him out of the bedroom, one hand on his back.

Harry went as directed, once again wondering about that, Tom didn't touch people full stop, yet he
was constantly keeping him near. Was it because he could use magic and get them out of there if anything happened? No, he had been doing it before he learned about that particular secret. Even at Hogwarts he'd been doing it, but not quite so touchy about it either. What alarmed Harry is how familiar it was becoming, he'd go so far to say he rather liked the comfort it offered him in this war infested world. "Where are we going then?" Harry murmured, muffling a yawn. He was sleep deprived, no matter what he just couldn't relax even with a cover with warming charms thrown over him. Then the bombs start going off in the distance causing the entire tunnel to shake with the strain that caused adrenaline to course through him leaving him nigh on exhausted by the time they returned to the orphanage. He got a few hours sleep then woke back up unable to rest again knowing soon enough the siren would blare and they'd be moving again.

"Not too far," Tom replied, grateful that no one was around, he didn't even have it in him to glare at any of them - he was too tired for that. Hopefully some fresh air would wake them up, he was beginning to lose hope that Slughorn would even reply, but as always he kept those thoughts to himself.

"Good, I don't think my legs can handle anything else," Harry admitted, rubbing at his tired eyes, they had chores to do later today as well. It was their turn in the garden to water the vegetable patch and add another lot to the expanding vegetable garden. It was better than washing all the clothes the orphanage went through then hanging them to dry in the kitchen. Which was ironic since everyone hated tending to the garden and would rather do the clothes, but Harry was used to the garden work and was able to do it without one of the caretakers breathing down his neck. He still didn't know any of their names either, well one, a young female worker called Martha but the rest were unknown still.

They soon rounded the orphanage and into the small forest at the back of it, the same place he'd come on the first day. Remembering the snake, his eyes couldn't help but dart around looking for it; he certainly didn't want to step on it. Chances are he would hear it before he saw it. It should still be alive, since the immediate area was undamaged of course - since no bombs had fallen this way. It was a water snake, so it would naturally stray towards rivers and such. Yawning tiredly he looked around until he came upon something he could sit on; it was an upturned tree that looked like it had fallen down a long time ago, judging by the moss covering it. He tested it only to slide down slightly, with a little tired laugh.

"I wonder where Slughorn spends his summers," Harry mused thoughtfully, "I wished I had known him better, so I would have a rough idea on how long we'll have to wait. For all we know he's abroad at some conference or party! Which I really hope isn't the case."

"So he's still the Potions teacher in your time?" Tom asked curiously, leaning against the tree keeping Hadrian within view at all times - as always.

"Temporarily, just for a few years," Harry admitted shrugging his shoulders as if it hadn't been a big deal. He wasn't entirely sure how long Horace had remained at Hogwarts after Voldemort's defeat; he had been on the run from all things magical by then. He's saved their arses - quite literally went to his own death and for what? For them all to turn their backs on him and call him the next Dark Lord. He wasn't sure why, maybe it was his ability to speak Parselmouth, the Horcrux or something...or the Deathly Hallows, either way they'd turned on him. It was too much to hope that they would treat him decently, that he would be given the same adoration as Dumbledore. Without money he'd been hiding out wherever he could, which included Riddle mansion where he had read a lot of work the wizard had done and for the first time realized just how smart he was.

Tom nodded unsurprised, he was young after all, at least for wizarding standards, and magical
people had the ability to live over one hundred years. Although he must leave at some point, since Hadrian had said 'temporarily' which implied he had retired before his time. Sixty years was a long time, it would make him really old by the time Hadrian came around, which by the way he was still getting his mind around even a week later. What got to him was the fact Hadrian got away with it, but maybe they were relatives that had died and he knew that due to the fact he knew quite a lot about this time he must have been really good at history. He hadn't asked yet, but he planned on it, he'd been asking a few small things here and there just to gauge how much Hadrian would actually tell him. Only a Gryffindor would come outright and ask everything, no he would build up to it, and catch him off guard enough to answer he thought with a triumphant mental grin. Of course, it was different from his usual tactics which usually just had him intimidating people into getting a proper answer. For some reason he wasn't sure why, he didn't think it would work with Hadrian. He hadn't asked yet, but he planned on it, he'd been asking a few small things here and there just to gauge how much Hadrian would actually tell him. Only a Gryffindor would come outright and ask everything, no he would build up to it, and catch him off guard enough to answer he thought with a triumphant mental grin. Of course, it was different from his usual tactics which usually just had him intimidating people into getting a proper answer. For some reason he wasn't sure why, he didn't think it would work with Hadrian. With his comments after he'd punished Avery that one time…he'd always known he knew, but baffled him how it could be…not anymore. Which made him wonder just how well the wizard knew him. It was obvious to him they had to have had at least some contact.

"If he doesn't get back in touch we could go to one of the ones in Knockturn Alley," Harry blurted out feeling like an idiot for not thinking about it sooner. "They don't really care about permission or the age restrictions, money is money to them and they'd take it. There should be one next to Borgin and Burkes, I don't know if its here now, I don't want to go too far in, I don't fancy having to fight off vampires…they'll see us as easy pickings." they didn't kill of course, they were randy buggers who tried to feed and have sex with anything that moved! The younger the better in fact, and who would be younger than them both? At fourteen and nobody would help them either, after all everyone should know better than to wander down there when they weren't off-age. "Added benefit of actually being cheaper, all the shops were due to the fact half the magical world refuses to go down there and Aurors are always closing them down because of their 'questionable artefacts and dark art section'."

"I've never heard of anything like that happening," Tom said suspiciously, "Maybe it only happens in your time." which seems utterly disgusting, just what had happened to the magical world in sixty years? It seems as if the Dark Arts was becoming even more of a taboo - it went against all he wanted for the future. He would find out for sure, well without giving away Hadrian's secret of course, but he was good at getting information he wanted without giving his own thoughts and feelings away.

"It wouldn't surprise me," Harry shrugged, the hold Dumbledore takes on the magical world was very deep, his belief became everyone's with the obvious exception of most pureblood families who all have books on the subjects and learn it before Dumbledore can get his claws into them. Something had to be done about that, but he wasn't sure just how he could prevent it, he was just one wizard after all - and Death said he was capable of it but was leaving it up to him to do. He appreciated that deeply even if it irritated him slightly, but if he asked for advice then Death would give it to him he just seemed to like him doing the deciding on his own. "Could the owl have come during the night and when it was unable to get to us return to Slughorn?" Harry mused thoughtfully changing the subject at ease.

Tom visibly startled at that question, he hadn't even thought about that possibility. The air raid siren or even the bombs may have scared the owl into returning to its owner, it would depend on when he sent it. Or worse killed during an attack, there were many possibilities he supposed. He wasn't entirely sure how owls worked, he hadn't owned one, and had no plans to do so either. If he ever got a pet it would definitely be a large snake, maybe two. "Maybe. Either that or he just doesn't care." Tom stated coolly. He was used to adults around him not caring so it wouldn't surprise him the slightest.

"Hmm, no, I think he will reply even if its to say no," Harry said thoughtfully, although when
cornered Slughorn liked to back away, so maybe Tom was right and he wouldn't reply if he didn't want to help them. Although emotional blackmail seemed to work, but he'd had liquid luck rushing through his veins when he did that, so maybe normally it would be the other way around he wasn't sure of the particulars of the potion. Whether it worked due to the manipulation or if the potion had made him act out of character. All the book said was it made them lucky and that it was extremely difficult to brew also that it was banned during Quidditch matches, tests and such, also toxic if consumed repeatedly. 

Tom snorted every so slightly, looking amused at the thought, honestly Hadrian's belief in some things were extremely hilarious. Not only because of what he'd been through (what he knew about at least) and still defended the Muggles but also his belief in other things. That was one thing he was determined to get out of Hadrian, who his relatives are…or will be as the case may be, he didn't care how long it took. He would torture and kill them for daring to treat a wizard (especially HIS Hadrian) like a lowly House-elf and he was pretty sure there was more to the story. 

"I guess we best head back, otherwise we'll get into trouble," Harry grumbled, normally he didn't mind gardening, in fact he found it relaxing but today he just didn't have the strength. 

Tom grimaced as if something foul had waved under his nose; he absolutely loathed doing anything in that orphanage, especially something like digging in dirt. 

Harry laughed at the look on Tom's face, more often than not Tom would just stand there while he did it all anyway. Well the garden at any rate, the rest they did as they were supposed to - Harry wasn't about to let him stand around while he did all that! He wasn't a push over, but he absolutely sucked at gardening, made more of a mess at it than anything else. With a quiet sigh they both began wandering back to the orphanage taking their time; now that they were outside they found it much better than being up in their cramped room. Say what you liked about the orphanage it was clean, although dark and gloomy but that might only be because of the war. Everywhere he went the windows were boarded up to the max. 

Just as they began walking up the steps, they found the matron waiting for them at the door, in her hands she had buckets with everything they'd need in them. One with a small spade and rake the other filled with water (which Harry took). With a stern look she passed them over, both of them took the buckets and turned around before going back the way they came - unfortunately not all the way. "Well, at least it means they'll eat more, I honestly have no idea where they get their energy," Harry said wryly, watching the youngsters play with what looked like a tire and stick as well as skipping ropes, one girl had a pull along dog that's tail was wagging around as it moved, some had little airplanes that they imitated as they flew around in the orphanage playground a few had dolls that looked bloody creepy if he was honest. Inside there was a large farm set that they were forbidden from taking outside. It stayed in the 'common area' with all the books and other toys. Not that he considered what the orphanage had as a lot, after growing up with his cousin, nothing seemed excessive, two bedrooms packed with stuff, yes, nothing here was excessive. They also had some board games, like Tiddlywinks; there was even a wagon in there. 

"Yes, because vegetables will fill you up," Tom muttered sarcastically, rolling his eyes as he glared at the vegetable patch in distaste. 

"You water, but keep away from the bit I'm digging up; I need to get the seeds in first before it gets wet." Harry told him, dropping to his knees and beginning to carve around a large square chunk of earth in front of him. Harry didn't need to look up to see the disgruntled look on Tom's face or to look over at the windows to know the Matron was watching them with a close eye. "Eat enough potato and you'd be full for days, Tom," Harry pointed out.
With a much put up on sigh, Tom dug the little watering can out of the bucket and ducked it into the other bucket and began to water the budding vegetable patch was growing under everyone's watchful gaze. The people in the area were handing in different seeds to the orphanage so they could grow their own vegetables, probably expecting them to grow it so they can eat it without having to do any of the watering.

Harry had to stifle his amusement, the look on Tom's face every time he had to do something so ridiculously 'Muggle' was hilarious really. He would sort of miss this place when they left, whether early or at the end of the summer. Not the muggle world, not even the orphanage, but it just being him and Tom against everything sort of way. That and getting to see him so normal…amongst the Muggles, doing normal things, like doing the watering or their usual chores. In a few years time there would be no force on earth that could make Tom do anything like this again.

"It is not funny," Tom stated staring at Hadrian who was busy with his task, doing it with efficiency that he didn't possess when it came to gardening. He was able to do it quicker and neater than their gardener! It's probably why the matron had given them this duty four times already. He was moving the grass into sections and rolling it up and away from the patch.

"Huh?" Harry said looking up, his face impassive but his eyes were sparkling.

"I know you're laughing at me," Tom told him, his eyes narrowed but they didn't hold any malice.

"How's that?" Harry enquired; he knew Tom couldn't read his mind.

"Your eyes are twinkling," Tom informed him, watching him begin to frown evidently he didn't like that. "Not like Dumbledore," he added with a sneer aimed solely at the Transfiguration teacher.

"Thank Merlin for that," Harry muttered returning to his task hoisting the last mount of grass on top of the other mounds he'd removed. Brushing the dirt off his hands absently, he dug into the bucket and removed the small shovel and packet of carrot seeds then began the painstaking process of digging holes and putting the seed in before repeating the process until every single seed was gone. Grunting exhaustedly, he sat on his backside, taking the pressure off his legs and knees that had gone stiff and numb, before claiming the watering can and watering the entire dry area he'd just created. He made sure to soak it thoroughly, or as well as he could with what was left, he was not heading to the kitchen to fill up a bucket of water and trail it through the orphanage. "There, done." he sighed before flinging everything back in the metal bucket. "It must be near dinner time, I wonder what they'll have today."

"It will taste nicer, it always does on the day they go to the shops," Tom informed him, it took hours, he'd been dragged along once when he was younger, shop to shop to shop of course he stole along the way, which was the only fun he had on the damn trip. He'd made Martha pay for taking him, by being utterly annoying all the way there and back, he hadn't been picked to help her again afterwards much to his satisfaction.

"That I'd like to see," Harry snorted handing over one of the metal buckets before he stood up, he was covered in dirt. He would need to change; he didn't want to spend all night underground with damp dirty clothes on.

"It's nothing like Hogwarts food, but it is better," Tom conceded, "For here at least." he added disdainfully as if he couldn't bring himself to say anything half way decent about the orphanage.

"I'll take your word for it," Harry replied as they began walking back, hopefully the air raid siren wouldn't go off until he'd been able to eat dinner and some of the food he'd bought for them both at the Leaky Cauldron. Lunch had consisted of cheese sandwiches. Although he'd take that over what
he had yesterday, it was what the matron had called 'dripping sandwiches' which was the most foul thing he'd ever tasted in his entire life. In fact he'd gone straight to the toilet and puked everything back up. Crusty bread with bacon fat mixed in with a few other things he couldn't and didn't want to name, he could have sworn he tore the lining of his stomach bringing it back up. The most horrific thing about the experience was everyone else had enjoyed it! He had to wonder if his was different from everyone else's the way they were going on. He vowed never to touch it again, no matter what.

Once they were in the entrance hall, Harry and Tom dumped the buckets for the matron to move - they weren't allowed in the kitchen and if they tried they were punished so nobody even ventured in there to put the buckets in.

"I need the toilet, I'll be right back," Harry said just as they were at the dining hall doors, that and he needed to wash his hands, no doubt the matron would whack him with her stick if he showed up looking like he did right now. He ran up the stairs and turned left and into the toilets and quickly relived himself before washed his hands thoroughly to get the mud that seemed caked on off him. His stomach all the while growled at the prospect of food, he kept all his food from the Leaky Cauldron until after dinnertime when the hunger was always at its worst. Although the porridge was filling, even he had to admit that, but they didn't have it every day, other times they had jam toast which definitely wasn't filling for a grown person.

He left the bathroom and was just about to start making his way downstairs when he was yanked into what he would realize in a few moments was a broom cupboard by what he assumed was the orphans before he was completely drenched as someone flung cold water at him before the door snapped shut with a click indicating that it had been locked from the outside. Harry narrowed his eyes, what were they five years old? Bloody hell, now he was soaked through and cold. He thought about using magic, but what if the idiots were still there? He couldn't hear them, turning to the side he pressed up against the door - nope, nothing wait…there, faint laughing. He definitely couldn't use magic, damn it, he did not like enclosed spaces, thankfully he wasn't claustrophobic who could be after growing up in a cupboard three times smaller than this one he was in?

Harry felt around for a light switch, to see if the cupboard at least had one, but he sort of thought it was probably too early for them to be installed in cupboards. Heck the Dursley's had installed that especially for him when he was a kid, although why was anyone's guess the more miserable he had been the better mood they were in. He couldn't feel any switch so assumed he was right, rolling his eyes, he contemplated what to do, the thought of giving the idiots any satisfaction wasn't appealing, he was an adult Merlin's balls! He shouldn't have to endure this that was it, if Slughorn didn't reply back he was leaving, this was just ridiculous.

He was just raising his fist to start pounding on the door when he heard the lock turning, and the door swung open. He wasn't wholly unsurprised to find Tom standing there. "Normally I would mentally complain about you reading other peoples thoughts but right now is not going to be one of those times." Harry admitted his hand slumping to his side as he swiftly walked out of the cupboard with a grumble, before quickly making his way to his and Tom's room to get a change of clothes.

Tom just raised a surprised eyebrow, he hadn't ever told anyone about that particular ability, and somehow it didn't surprise him that Hadrian knew what he was doing. He was already planning his revenge on those boys, they should have known better than to mess with his Hadrian. He was his, and would learn that in time. The others had to pay, had to learn not to put their hands on Hadrian. He wouldn't stand for it. Shaking off his thoughts he followed him to the room, by the time he got in he was already dressing in warm clothes, Goosebumps evident over his arms. He was
disappointed but didn't show it when he was covered back up in a thick warm jumper.

"We best hurry up before it's gone," Harry scowled, he felt like that's all he'd done all day, run around like a headless chicken.

"You might want to dry your hair before you end up sick," Tom pointed out tapping his foot impatiently.

"Nope, let's go!" Harry said and they both quickly got down the stairs and into the dinning room in record time. Slightly out of breath but they were determined not to miss dinner, even though they had something up the stairs to eat. What they had left wasn't enough to consider an entire meal, so they would also eat what they could here.

"Hmm, it does smell better," Harry admitted as they grabbed a tray each. "But that might be my hungry imagination," he added sarcastically.

Tom pursed his lips, despite that they twitched slightly showing Harry he was amused by his words.

"Tom," called Mrs. Cole, standing at the doors a pointed look on her face.

Harry and Tom turned to face her, Harry absently wondered what was going on, she rarely called him out on anything, just silently reminded them of their chores before going on her way.

"Yes, ma'am?" Tom said politely, gazing at her in confusion.

"Follow me," she insisted.

"I'll get our dinner," Harry said immediately taking his tray, as Tom left without another word. As he filled their trays he began to wonder what Tom could have done, they'd been together nearly all the time so if he was accused of something…there would nothing he could do they wouldn't believe him. It couldn't be anything good, she didn't acknowledge their existence unless they did something wrong. She did care about them though, they were always dressed and well fed and in a clean environment. Nothing in what he had always thought orphanages would be growing up with the Dursley's. That wasn't to say he wanted to stay here, he just had to acknowledge that it could be worse - a lot worse.

He piled the tray on top of the other, before very slowly making his way over to their usual seats and sat them on the table. Sliding Tom's drink over he sat down and took a few gulps of his own finding himself extremely parched. At least he had warmed up after the impromptu bath from the bloody idiots - he hadn't even gotten a good look at them so he couldn't say who had done it. It wouldn't take much to figure it out if he looked around and if they were there.

Tom appeared in front of him so quickly Harry could have sworn he Apparated - but that was just impossible everyone was still eating calmly. Blinking again he noticed Tom's rather triumphant look, he frowned wondering what the hell had caused it. "Um…everything okay?"

Tom then smirked and put a letter on the table.

It was from Slughorn.

"He said yes, then?" Harry deduced quickly.

"Yes," Tom said smugly, as if he'd never had a doubt.
There we go! so will Harry do some betting so he can get books for them to read? able to spend a fun summer (as fun as Tom can be at any rate) he's never going to be one of those wizards who changes especially in personality...and I hope you can all see from the story that Harry isn't trying to completely change Tom or even any of the Slytherins he just wants them to see the reality of it - like the muggle borns not being muggle borns...etc...he knows he wouldn't be able to change Tom completely...who wants to see him still a Dark Lord with Death Eaters...what were they called again? before they were daubed that at least! or will we see Harry able to prevent him ever becoming a Dark Lord but still remain a Dark Wizard? OR will he be a bit of both? regardless he will be one possessive SOB ... so how will Tom get back at them before they leave? need some non-magical vindictive ideas :D :D R&R please
Harry picked the letter up, and began to read the letter, which by the way had been sent through the Muggle post - no wonder it had taken so long. He had to admit it was probably the best thing to do, sending it through Muggle means that was, at least no owl would have been risked, it depressed him just thinking about it. He'd been very attached to his own owl, who had died, Merlin he hoped to get her again one day, his beautiful snowy Hedwig. Unfortunately that wouldn't happen for fifty years, that's if she was around then who knew what would happen between now and then. He was looking forward to finding out, just as long as he got out of here. Slughorn had given his permission, stating that he would pick them up at six PM on the dot and they were to be ready. It was today, he realized looking at the date, and August 14th obviously Slughorn hadn't realized how long it would take for the letter to get to them. It was a good thing they were mostly already packed, although they'd need to make a show of leaving with their trunks in full view leaving without them would be suspicious.

"Does Cole know?" Harry asked, staring at Tom who he realized had sat down and was quickly eating looking vaguely excited. He knew the only thing keep him unexcited was the fact he felt like a charity case Tom never relied on anyone, and he knew the thought probably left a sour taste in his mouth. Why he was going through with it though was a mystery, he had usual scenarios where Tom absolutely refused, yet he was coming with him. It truly baffled him and for once Harry wished he had even a smallest chance of reading Tom's thoughts, just too see what was going on in that brilliant mind of his.

At this point in time it was probably a good thing he couldn't.

"Yes, Professor Slughorn told me to give her a letter and once she finished reading it she dismissed me," Tom said smoothly, "Although if the Air Raid Siren goes, we've got to go with them, she isn't risking him not appearing on time or us ending up hurt." he sneered disdainfully.

"Was she being untruthful?" Harry pointed out seriously. Sliding the letter which he'd put back in the envelope over to Tom, it was his after all.

Tom grimaced, "No," he muttered grudgingly, before drinking his apple juice. His mind whirling on how to get back at the boys, the three of them had to pay. In hurting Hadrian they may as well have targeted him, and that was just unacceptable. He had just an idea on how to do that, it was just doing it without Hadrian any the wiser. Seen as he seemed to know him a little too well, it would need to be last minute and he would have to be extra cautious and sneaky about it. Then he figured out the perfect solution, absolutely perfect. He had to prevent the vindictive leer appearing on his face, they would regret it for months to come. His dark eyes sparkled in devious merriment he couldn't wait to do it.

Harry nodded letting it go without being smug about it, which would just turn Tom defensive and put him in a sour mood - at least until Slughorn came at any rate. At least something good had
come out of being here, it helped him understand Tom better, like Death had predicted but also let him show Tom that Muggles weren't bad or weak but strong and resilient in the face of adversary. He wasn't sure if he had exactly gotten through to him or not but at least he could say he tried. He didn't want to change Tom just show him a different view on things and maybe let it change the future too. It didn't take them long to finish their rationed dinner both of them in exceedingly good moods compared to an hour ago.

"I wonder what time it is now..." Harry mused, looking around for a sign of a clock; he needed to get a watch, especially if he was in these kinds of situations where he couldn't cast the spell to tell him.

"At least five thirty," Tom commented, dinner was served at five; he assumed at least half an hour had gone by since then.

"Then we have half an hour to kill," Harry said, "I think it's best if we get everything sorted now," he always was packed ahead of time when it came to leaving somewhere. Whether it was leaving the Dursley's or Hogwarts or the unmentionable - The Burrow. "You finished?" knowing he was.

Tom nodded curtly, still distracted by everything he wanted to do, he rarely used his Wandless magic, correction, he rarely used it now since entering Hogwarts. Having been under the impression his magic could be tracked and there was one thing he'd never risk and that was expulsion from Hogwarts. He'd had no idea about the magic that was keeping him safe from detection, so he could use his Wandless magic if he wanted to - and he definitely did.

Now to get away from Hadrian without arousing suspicion.

"Let's go," Tom said in agreement, once Hadrian had ambled back after putting the trays, plates, cups and cutlery away.

"Finally going to get a decent nights sleep," Harry said gleefully as they wandered up the stairs, both of them thrumming with excitement. "Hopefully Slughorn wont tell Dumbledore because I will be pissed if he does."

Tom just shook his head at Hadrian's display of emotion and words; he didn't believe Dumbledore would be a problem during the summer holidays. No, if anything he didn't want to think on the suspicious old man, even with Hadrian discussing it he truly didn't understand Dumbledore's problem with him. So what if he had good control over his magic? So what if he was powerful? Dumbledore was as well! He couldn't be that scared of other powerful wizards could he? It made no sense, but he didn't really care for making sense out of Dumbledore he doubted even if he understood him that it would make everything better - in fact he'd bet it would make it worse. He often thought it was more to do with his ability to speak Parseltongue than anything else.

"Do you know a lot about the Slytherin line?" Tom asked as they got to their level.

"A bit, why what do you want to know?" Harry enquired opening the door to their room.

"Have they all been considered evil?" Tom demanded.

"Well..." Harry said thoughtfully, "In my time there was students who said that there wasn't a single Parselmouth that was good...I was accused of being evil when I was twelve years old but I think it was more to do with the recent generations than past ones. I mean the entire line is made of extremely powerful wizards, Tom, and you know what they say about powerful wizards - they make enemies, I wouldn't be surprised if they'd done a lot of good things in the magical world but there's just some idiots who are so deeply prejudice that they can't see through it. It gets worse
down the line, I know of a few surprising couples that will come out in the next few years…and by
that I mean really surprising so it's obviously not too bad here and now. I think you're also mixing
up the characters of dark and evil, they aren't one in the same."

"You obviously mean Gryffindors and Slytherins then?" Tom said shrewdly.

Harry grinned and nodded as he packed, he was just so smart that Harry felt envious of his bloody
brilliant mind. He could spend a lifetime getting to know him yet never be able to work out how
that mind worked, he was a genius and Merlin the changes he could make to the magical world
was extensive, bring them into a whole new era of understanding magic using it without prejudice.
Yet the route he had taken was doomed to fail from the beginning. What caused it? What had been
the catalyst to turn Tom into a stark raving lunatic since it was quite obvious he wasn't one right
now. He was angry bitter and jaded but not to the extent he wanted to kill…it had to happen within
the next year right? Since it was exactly a year to the day when Myrtle was killed in the original
timeline. He said original because Myrtle had no reason to be there so she wouldn't be killed. Death
would be able to tell him, he could see everything, what had been, what could be, what will be.

'What do you want to know?' Death asked, making his way in that creepy manner into Harry's mind
so they could communicate.

'What turns Tom completely? Why does he kill Myrtle?' Harry questioned.

'He had no intention of killing anyone, her death was entirely accidental but he did use her death
for a purpose in the end leading to the belief that he had intended to kill her. She is a Warren, half-
blood or not she was never supposed to be a target only the Muggle-born's who were prejudice
against the Slytherins were targeted.' Death replied. It had been a case of wrong place wrong time,
quite literally.

'Do the Horcruxes make him unstable?' Harry enquired.

'To begin with they make him easier to anger, the first one makes no difference to his mind or
looks,' Death revealed, 'It is later Horcruxes and rituals that make him unstable, it made him desire
more power, drew him in, the more rituals he did and more Horcrux he created the less magic he
had at his disposal, nothing noticeable at first, but he soon realized he couldn't do Wandless magic
the way he used to, in his state he believed it to be a necessary sacrifice to attain immortality. That
was until he was faced with you, an enemy with stable raw magic at his disposal, in his mind he
believed the Death stick was the answer to his troubles. He fell to the allure that so many others did
and it only led to their deaths. Only one person can possibly gain more power from the Elder wand
and that is you.'

'I did wonder about that, he's capable of so much, even I know I wouldn't be guaranteed to beat
him' Harry nodded his agreement.

Death only chuckled, with his ordinary Wizarding magic that might be true, they were equals on
that ground, but with Harry's Master Powers he was unbeatable, just as the wand lore foretold.
Even Tom was beginning to realize that Harry wasn't to be messed with, it's what was drawing the
wizard to Harry at first, that and his looks and mind. Tom might dismiss things that annoy him
about Harry, but most of the time he was just as fascinated by Harry's mind as Harry was with his.
It was amusing to observe, the next year at Hogwarts was going to be…renewing for both of them
to say the least.

'Should I tell him about the Horcruxes and what they do? I don't want him to end up creating them
again, he's so scared of death that I'm afraid I might not even be able to convince him that it's the
wrong move to make' Harry said regretfully. He cared very much for Tom but if he started
mutilating his soul? He honestly didn't know what he would do...for his own sake and safety he would need to back away before the wizard saw him as a threat and tried to kill him. He'd barely survived being stabbed in the back by his so called friends...he couldn't live through it again, he just couldn't.

'I wouldn't suggest doing that just yet, I'll let you know if and when it needs to be done' Death informed him, and he would know after all - he was Death and his grand design showed him all things. Tom was protective and possessive now, but it was nothing on what it would be in a year's time, which was when it was necessary to prevent it. By then both of them would be enamoured and have a heavily invested sense of worth when it came to each other and the need to be what the other expected. To be worthy.

'Alright, so it was just Horcruxes and rituals that pushed him over the edge?' Harry felt there was so much more to it.

'Did you ever outgrow the belief that you were a freak easily? Even now you sometimes think of yourself in that manner...what do you think Tom felt whenever the students believed him and the other Slytherins were evil especially when a powerful wizard was always so suspicious of him?' Death pointed out grimly. He would find his own way to punish the Dursley's for that, although they had been punished by him during their other life while Harry was on the run. He had always watched over him, but until he had accepted being Master of Death he hadn't been able to communicate with him. 'He became what everyone expected him to be, his instability didn't help matters at all.'

'I see...' Harry replied darkly, he hated that term with a passion. He didn't think for a second Tom would ever be a light wizard, but it seemed there was hope to keep the brilliant wizard in front of him here and whole after all.

'You better finish getting ready, Slughorn will be there for you just moments after the siren,' Death informed him once more before he slid from Harry's mind. Amused by the plotting of Tom Riddle, yes, he wasn't a kind entity, rarely did he find much amusing but seeing how possessive he was and how he went about getting revenge was always fun to watch as long as it didn't involve Harry.

Harry finished putting everything away, and tapped Tom's trunk which was on the floor miniaturised - although not for long. They were leaving, he was so ecstatic; he could only imagine how Tom had felt after eleven years in this place. Well nearly twelve actually since he had started Hogwarts a year later due to his eleventh birthday being after Hogwarts started. "I can't wait to go to Gringotts, I want to see if I can win more money," he chuckled darkly, ecstatically.

He was so lost in his own thoughts that he failed to notice Tom's reaction to his seductive amusement.

"You're actually going to do that?" Tom asked, straightening up disapproval written across his face. This look usually had everyone bending over backwards to accommodate what he actually wanted done.

"Of course, not too much to begin with just in case you're right," Harry shrugged flippantly, he had meant to ask Death but as usual he always forgot something when speaking to the...er man? Being? Either way, he just got so distracted by the information he was receiving to remember everything. 'I'm not going to bring unwarranted suspicion on me, just enough money to get everything I need."

Tom barely refrained from gaping, not only was Hadrian acknowledging that he might be right but he was still going to do it. Oh, he didn't know why he tried with him; he would always do what he
wanted anyway. Despite his inward grumbling he found it difficult to keep the smirk of his face - it's probably why he liked the teen so much he wasn't like everyone else. He didn't bow and cower to his demands, wasn't afraid of him or his power, the rush of challenge in those green eyes, during classes, the amusement he got from various things he was such a Slytherin but there were parts of his personality that just didn't mesh with the rest of the Slytherins. Maybe because he didn't care about the hierarchy within Slytherin or saving face or perhaps because he had grown up in a different time? There were so many different possibilities it was hard to really pin point the most likely one. Maybe it was a combination of all of them at the end of the day.

"What exactly will they accuse you off?" Tom sneered derisively, after all they could never guess he truth.

"The goblins are smarter than everyone gives them credit for, master craftsmen and shrewd nose for business. Who do you think made all those purebloods as wealthy as they are? It certainly wasn't them all the time." Harry pointed out seriously, "Surely you've noticed they spend way too much for the salaries they get? That's if they even have proper jobs, trust them and give them the respect they deserve and they will do anything to ensure your gold triples in value. They've got the crap end of a deal, but they are fighters and so far they've fought for what they believed in and won multiple times."

"That is only because the Ministers have no backbone and back down." Tom said dismissively.

"Do you really believe any magical creature deserves to be treated like second class citizens?" Harry asked seriously, standing in the middle of the room his things already packed feeling a debate coming on. "That the have no right to a wand and the proper ability to defend themselves? I don't want to know what the others have told you, I want your opinion on them." he added as an afterthought.

Tom narrowed his eyes at the implication that anyone could or would manipulate him, "What makes you think it is not my opinion?"

"I guess I had hoped someone as smart as you would be able to see it objectively at least," Harry said shrugging his shoulders. "I mean have you even met a goblin? Been to Gringotts? Or does your money come with your letter?"

"Of course I've been to Gringotts," Tom snapped, irate and defensive about his pittance he got to buy his school things. "I get a voucher with my letter that allows me to withdraw money from the Hogwarts funds for students."

"I guess your charm didn't work on them?" Harry suddenly chuckled wickedly, as realisation hit, "Goblins won't react to charm, they don't trust wizards, they respect people who are curt, demanding untrusting yet willing to give some leeway, more importantly they respect power and money and those who study goblin customs. To try and suck up to them they see it as a great insult, it's why Dumbledore never gets anywhere with them despite the fact he fought for creatures freedoms. Or rather tried to, I mean everyone listened to him if he wanted it done…it should have worked."

Tom turned away to stop Hadrian seeing the bemused grin working its way on his face, he wanted to stay angry but it just seemed impossible. He knew it should irritate him how Hadrian knew him so well, yet it didn't, it made him feel smug, for reasons he couldn't fathom. Lugging his trunk he began to make his way out of the room, the book he'd conveniently left under his pillow ready for him to 'suddenly remember'and grab so he could enact his revenge before they left for the rest of the summer holidays. He did catalogue what Hadrian said about the goblins and filed it away for further thinking. He had been un-waveringly polite to them, just like he was with everyone around
him…well the adults and those idiots at school at least he thought with dark vindication.

They'd just begun to thump their trunks carefully down the stairs when the Air Raid Siren went off, causing Tom to grunt inaudibly his eyes narrowing slightly in his frustration. He wasn't spending another night in this world when freedom was so close within his grasp, he absolutely refused. Professor Slughorn had better get here soon, if not he was liable to lose his temper very soon and he wasn't famous for having much control over it.

"I wonder where he will appear, he didn't say exactly where to meet him," Harry said thoughtfully.

"If he comes in time," Tom corrected his tone bland.

"Has he ever been late?" Harry shouted curiously, he'd never once been late for a Potions class that he had seen. If anything Slughorn was always available with anyone that needed him even outside of school hours. He was always overly eager for companionship, perhaps because he hadn't taken a wife and he ended up lonely? Then again he was assuming Slughorn was attracted to the opposite gender apposed to his own…being gay here might be a bad thing he hadn't really thought about it. He had absolutely no idea; he'd never investigated that particular occurrence, here or in the future. The thumping of their trunks was hidden by the loud blaring coming from the nearest police station - at least that's where he assumed the air raid sirens were but that might just be rumours.

"Actually, no, not in all the time I've known him, even sick he just takes potions and gets on with his day, he's never been late or absent." Tom confessed in surprise as if he'd just realized for the first time the dedication of his Potions professor and Head of House.

"Well that's a good thing since it's four minutes to six, it will take a few more minutes for everyone to finish getting ready and grabbing their packed lunch." Harry said louder than he intended but with the siren going on and off he couldn't quite tell how low or loud he was talking.

Tom glanced at the clock in the hallway shocked; he hadn't realized just how little time he had to see it through. He might only get to enact half his revenge; still it would have long lasting repercussions. "Damn it, I forgot your book, go outside and wait I'll meet you in a few seconds." Tom said, putting on the self-disgust and irritation at seeing the look of surprise and suspicion on Hadrian's face. Yes, he definitely knew him too well he thought as he ran up the stairs, he continued hearing Hadrian dragging both trunks out before the siren began again quickly summoning the book once he saw nobody around and began to enact his revenge at long last.

Hadrian pondered whether it had been a genuine accident, but he didn't think so, Tom was meticulous, in fact he would go so far as to say he suffered from Obsessive Compulsive Disorder to some degree. He was always neat and tidy, especially his trunk, clothes and room even the Dorm. The others didn't keep it untidy, although that might be because of the room inspections Slughorn pulled. He couldn't see any other reason for wanting to go back, Tom was desperate to get out of the orphanage, desperate enough that he'd given up what he probably saw as a substantial amount of his pride to accomplish it. A Slytherin did not like to be in the debt of another especially a Slytherin.

Shaking off his absurd thoughts, it was just a forgotten book, not everything he would do would have a reason behind it, but he knew better than to truly dismiss his feelings on the matter. Was it really pertinent? No, they were leaving, but they were coming back eventually, so whatever Tom was planning had better be good without arousing suspicion on him. He snorted at that thought, Voldemort quite literally got away with murder for fifty years, he could pull whatever he wanted here and get away with it - of course he could and would.
He spotted Slughorn ambling through the gate, looking very at ease (which was unexpected especially with a bloody Air Raid Siren going) wearing a black suit, very Muggle and he actually looked really nice in it too. He didn't have the belly bulge he would definitely in the future. His hair was one colour instead of black and white in places, and he just had exuberance around him that he hadn't in his time. Weighed down with loyalty and guilt it had torn the proud man to pieces, there was no denying he was a Slytherin through and through and not just as a Head of House. He constantly found himself surprised when he saw the wizard after a couple of day's absence. He kept expecting to see the wizard he would become not the young-ish wizard he was.

Harry quickly thumped the trunks down the remaining steps; ignoring the curious and questioning looks the others were giving him and his professor. "Ah, Hadrian, glad you were so prompt in being ready!" Horace said smiling at the teen, albeit slightly confused; Tom was never one to be late. "Is everything alright with Tom?" naturally alarmed thinking he was hurt.

"No, professor, he's fine, he'll be right here, he's just doing something real quick since he was had to," Harry informed him, deliberately misleading him into thinking he was doing something for an adult. Hopefully Tom wouldn't come out with the book in full view, not that he thought Slughorn would care.

"Now do you both have enough money to stay there for the remainder of the holidays?" Slughorn questioned, gazing at Hadrian seriously, letting the seriousness of his question seep in before he answered.

"Of course, Professor!" Harry said gasping in feigned offence, "I'm not a thief! I would never do such a thing." well that wasn't feigned he really wouldn't steal - it wasn't worth the stigma attached to it.

"Oh, ho! My boy, I didn't mean to imply as such, I just wanted to be sure," Slughorn said patting at his arms smiling patiently. His sharp eyes momentarily gazing at the children who were all lined up, packed lunches on them pillows and throws and walking together. One woman in particular looked back at Hadrian and himself he observed, before nodding and continuing her journey to what he assumed was a shelter.

Harry stared down at the floor sheepishly, "Sorry professor," he said before glancing at the orphanage curiously, where the bloody hell was he? He couldn't keep distracting him forever. Harry exhaled in relief when he saw Tom coming out; there wasn't a book visible on him, had he used Wandless magic? He hoped so; he couldn't risk that book being found by Muggles or the professors at school.

"Professor Slughorn," Tom said politely in way of greeting.

"Come boys, we must depart as quickly as possible now," said Slughorn not leaving the orphanage but going further in, a few seconds later they knew they were heading for cover - into the forest.

'Did you get it?' Harry mouthed from behind Tom as he allowed the other teen to take back his own trunk.

Tom just smirked without mouthing anything, he was sure his point was already across.

It was, Hadrian relaxed and they quickly kept up with their teacher, eager as always to get out of here - especially know there was bombs going to be dropping any second now.

Chapter End Notes
And the next chapter is out for you to enjoy :) next few chapters them at Diagon Alley before back at Hogwarts since its not an important year, you'll see only around four chapters before its summer again...so what will happen? will I have Dumbledore force them back enforcing their hatred of him and quite possibly pushing Harry to making the decision he needs to make to prevent Dumbledore's hold on the magical world? if they do who will strike the blow that ends it? Tom do it and Harry receive his wand and it is his in the end? or will Harry do both? or perhaps nobody will be able to pin point it and the entitlement goes to both? R&R please
Slughorn gripped both of them tightly on the shoulder, flicking his wand around the area to ensure that no Muggle was in the vicinity to where he was about to Apparate. When the wand came back with just three presences in the radius miles, he relaxed and looked back to make sure they had a hold of their trunks before wrapping his magic in the three of them and Apparating to the Leaky Cauldron.

"Is it going to be safe here? I mean what would happen if a bomb came near?" Harry asked curiously, looking around it was very neat and tidy, nothing like the dingy place he had known. There was actual light in the room, he was distracted and looked immediately up at Slughorn when he spoke.

"The wards on the Leaky Cauldron will ensure nothing happens," Slughorn said grimly, when he'd received that letter from his Slytherins realizing their living conditions he hadn't been able to help himself but help, he knew they would go on to do amazing things these boys' mark his words, but to do that they need to be alive not killed or at the mercy of the bombs that dropped relentlessly.
"The Ministry has added a few as well, making it next to impossible for any damage to be sustained." he soothed him as they waited in the albeit small queue.

"Wouldn't that be odd? I mean if everything around it is utterly destroyed?" Tom enquired neutrally, arching an eyebrow hiding his boredom.

"The wards stretch out in a mile radius, it protects the buildings next to it, and so no it wouldn't be odd." Slughorn informed him, "You will be learning about warding this year if I'm not mistaken! Professor Meadowes usually begins teaching that after the winter holidays." he knew Felix quite well, and his schedule rarely changed if at all. He knew how curious Tom was, unfortunately he had somewhere to be, and couldn't quite take he necessary time to educate the curious youngster about warding.

"Horace how can I help you?" the owner of the Leaky Cauldron said with a smile, "You're usual?"

"Not today, Ross, these boys need a room for the remainder of the summer," Slughorn said, patting both of them on the shoulders. "Is there any available?"

"You're in luck, there is one," Ross said nodding his agreement, moving over he grabbed a key with long strip of plastic beside it, that prevented anyone from unlocking the door magically whether they were in or not. The strip of plastic was just placed on the back of the door for the duration of the stay. Even housekeeping had to knock on the door and be granted entrance otherwise they wouldn't get in. "Fill that in," he added also floating a clipboard over to the teacher.

Slughorn nodded, "Three Butterbeers," he added moving towards a table realizing he wasn't going to get away as quick as he thought, thankfully though he had hopefully enough time before he was expected at. The boys followed him as he quickly wrote with the self inking quill, as the boys Head
of House he knew everything about them, so had no trouble filling the blank spaces.

"Thank you, Ross!" Slughorn said joyfully taking a large gulp from the brown glass bottle. "Have you boys finished your homework?"

"We've not had a chance to do it," Harry admitted pensively, "We're down in the underground all night, when we get back we're so tired that we fall straight to sleep. We get up around lunch time and we have chores to do all the way to dinner then the Sirens go again."

Slughorn grimaced, that wasn't a summer holiday anybody wanted, at least here they would be able to relax and not worry about the damn sirens. He noticed it was just the single parchment, no others tucked underneath it, good that made it less complicated as he flicked the paper up to observe this. Yes, he wouldn't have been very impressed if they had shown up without their homework done, but he hadn't realized it kept them up all night and that they had chores. Thankfully the rest of his Slytherins were safely in manors spread out all over the United Kingdom. Not that they would be hit, even if bombs did go near, but for all intents and purposes the land was barren, same could be said for what the Muggles saw of Hogwarts.

"Drink up," Slughorn insisted, as he stood and made his way over to Ross once again and passed it over wordlessly, accepting the key and card without a word, before silently gesturing towards the boys to come with him. Flicking his wand and uttering the words made the trunks levitate through the air towards him. The Leaky Cauldron only had one level so it didn't take long for the trio to make it to the room which was number eight.

The trio found the room and Horace opened it for them, before gesturing towards the trunks and placing them down at the bottom of their temporarily beds. "I will be by in two days to make sure you're settling in, and every two days after that to make sure you are behaving." he warned them still smiling, he had no doubt both boys would behave, he never had any trouble from Tom and hadn't this year from Hadrian.

"Yes, Sir," Tom and Hadrian echoed their agreements perfectly calm.

"Very well, I'll let you two settle in," Slughorn said ambling from the room, placing the card behind the door to do its job and gave them another nod before closing it and Apparating away.

Harry turned and grinned, where he got the energy to feel so excited he didn't know, but looking at the bed he felt it waver slightly as he slumped down on it sighing in relief. His unopened bottle of Butterbeer was clumsily put on the table as he lay down; thankfully it remained standing and didn't go crashing to the floor.

"You know what?" Tom said as he sat down graceful as always. "It's annoying that the magical world doesn't have a library, it would be great being able to read more books this summer." wishful thinking since the magical world didn't have a library. He too absently put his own Butterbeer down, but it was open and he occasionally took a sip of it.

"It's a good idea to have," Harry agreed, "Start a petition and hand it into the ministry or wait until you're out of school and make sure it happens then."

Tom snorted at the idea; he did things to suit his needs and himself, not others.

"Hadrian?" Tom said after a few seconds, but there was no answer, arching an eyebrow he peered over to find him fast asleep. It was a good idea to get some sleep but he was too full of energy and exited at the fact he was out of that orphanage, that he would never have to go down to the underground again, that he was blessedly safe at long last. He just had to figure out a way to get
money and fast, as much as he liked Hadrian he didn't want to be in anyone's debt.

With nothing better to do, he brought out Hadrian's book; his pocket was expanded to let even large items go inside of it. Flipping the book open, he began to read it for the second time, despite the fact he remembered most of it. He'd already read the first through third year books five times, as well as a lot of books in Hogwarts library. Just reading the bit about the trace being removed caused excitement to thrum through him, he didn't dare do magic here, since he wasn't under his mothers protection wards. Which he still had trouble believing actually existed! If it hadn't been for the proof he would have been liable to believe it wasn't true.

Before long the flipping of the book pages stopped and the reading did as well as Tom thought about what could be going on in the orphanage now. A sadistic grin flashing across his face, they would be in trouble for months to come, it was nothing more than they deserved. He would have liked to have made sure they were actually in the room, but what he had done was sufficient in making his anger disappear.

As soon as he had gotten the book he'd made his way to their rooms and summoned a hoard of food, mostly the sweets, bread and other edibles that could be eaten alone. The sweets he had removed some of the outer wrappings and placed in his trunk the wrappings went with the bread and stuff under the bed. He left crumbs upon crumbs lying, from the bread without making it too obvious, he didn't want them to realize the boys had been set up after all. Then to finish it off, he left the room light on, not only would the matron be furious for stealing food the other orphans would be too, and added to the fact the lights were left on causing them to get fined hefty. They would notice the lack of food right away as soon as they got back to the orphanage; the bread was always kept in the same place as were the sweets. He had wanted to lock them in their room, stop them from leaving during the evacuations but he hadn't had the time to force the boys to do what he asked. Still they wouldn't be getting allowances, the others would beat on them and the Matron would give him chore after chore in fury - they wouldn't be granted respite any time soon.

It was nothing they didn't deserve he thought with smugness, before finishing off his Butterbeer and shrugging his shoulders, the tiredness was beginning to set in now, although he was sure he could stay up for a few more hours if push came to shove. Without undressing he slid into the bed, and within moments he actually fell asleep, a weight he hadn't realized he was carrying around was lifted off.

Tomorrow he could finally do whatever he wanted, he thought before unconsciousness claimed him.

Harry yawned and blinked at the ceiling in front of him, before blinking again, where was he? Had he moved through time without realizing it? Jerking awake, he sat up abruptly, looking around his heartbeat calming as he realized he was just in the Leaky Cauldron. The purple canopy he was seeing was just the bed, he looked around the room, but Tom wasn't anywhere to be seen, although it looked as though he'd been doing homework and for quite a while, bloody hell how long had he been asleep? He thought as he saw the size of parchment Tom had gotten done already.

"Tempus!" Harry muttered, as the time appeared before him in big bold red letters. Huh, it was actually quite early all things considered, but he had slept from what half six he would say until now. He'd definitely needed it though; he hadn't been sleeping right at all. Eight o'clock, well he had been sleeping an extraordinary amount of time, it was definitely time to do something, and homework seemed a pretty good guess. He chuckled wryly, remembering the look on Dumbledore's face as he removed all the homework he had given him. He'd never forget it as long
"What's funny?" Tom enquired in that usual demanding tone of his as he entered the room - having obviously been in the bathroom if his undressed state was anything to go on. He stood there looking like a fashion model with a towel wrapped around his waist as well as a towel worn casually around his neck. His hair gleaming with wetness and occasionally dropping water droplets down his chest.

"Oh, nothing, just remembering Dumbledore's face," Harry said flippantly as he shoved the covers aside. "Is there any hot water left?"

Tom just gave him an incredulous look.

Harry just rolled his eyes, it was habit Merlin's balls! If you didn't get a bath or shower quickly at the orphanage you ended up bathing in cold water. It was different here in the magical world; of course, he could just heat the water up with his wand and have a bath whenever he pleased. He padded over after flinging his jacket on the bed, peering in he found the towels had already been replaced. Grinning in contentment he began to run another bath as he quickly stripped of his clothes, he had a lot to do today and he didn't want to waste time. He guessed the homework could wait a while, he wanted to bathe then get something to eat quickly he was actually really hungry he realized as his stomach growled loudly at him as if to remind him of that fact. He was also thirsty, and probably should have drunk some of the Butterbeer; thankfully it only took a single spell to make it cold again otherwise it would have been utterly disgusting. Butterbeer did not taste nice when it was warm and had been left lying all night.

Just as he had stripped completely he turned the taps off and tested it, before submerging himself in the tub. Flicking his wand he opened the door with his wand and summoned his shower bag, only once it was safety within his view did he close it again. He didn't have much of anything, if he won anything at the gambling he planned today then he would definitely get himself some new stuff. Wait, what if he couldn't bet? He wasn't legally off-age yet? Cursing under his breath, he hadn't even thought of that! They would be too smart to be fooled by aging potions, damn it, he was a bloody idiot! He kept forgetting he was so damn young.

Which meant he would need to go to Knockturn Alley after all, which was where the big betting took place, either that or Hogshead, which he…wouldn't have to avoid if he took an aging potion - nobody would know who he was. Hmm, he would try at Gringotts first; the betting in Knockturn Alley was mostly card games and the like, with the occasional big Quidditch game betting. He really hadn't thought this through. Hopefully Tom might have a solution, although how against he had been against him betting anything, he knew the bloody boy was going to be inordinately smug about it.

Half an hour later he exited the bathroom, "Tom? I've completely forgotten something…I can't bet at Gringotts at least I don't think so…I think you need to be off-age or at least emancipated…what do you think? And you don't need to look so smug!" he threw over his shoulder without needing to look at Tom.

Tom just glared at Harry's back half amused half exasperated, "I don't know, why don't you go to Gringotts and find out first before we have a useless discussion on what you need to do?" he wanted no part in losing money.

"It's not useless, Tom, we need every penny we can get! I think if we calculate it up, I'll only have around thirty Galleons for food if I set aside all I'll need for the bed and breakfast money and having a roof over our head does come first!" Harry told him firmly as he began to dry himself off and dress. At least he wouldn't have to worry about that next year, come his birthday in September
he was officially emancipated. He could do whatever he liked and even Dumbledore couldn't tell him what to do. He was considered an adult so even he couldn't force Tom back to the orphanage if he gave permission for the teen to stay with him. "At least I can owl order stuff come September but its no good for new robes."

"You need new robes?" Tom enquired sitting leisurely on the bed gazing at Hadrian his face impassive despite his thoughts.

"Of course, I've grown a lot over the past year," Harry said giving Tom a strange look over his shoulder.

"You have, perhaps a bit too much," Tom mused out loud.

"I may have used a potion that doesn't exist yet," Harry admitted quietly, he couldn't risk anyone overhearing them.

Tom chuckled wickedly. "Inventing spells and potions…you most certain as far away from a Hufflepuff or Gryffindor as one could get."

Harry shifted, "Hat's always said I'm Slytherin," Harry told him, telling him he completely truth without being honest. He thumped his chest closed, as he finished getting ready, "But as Slytherin as I am…I don't want to take credit for other peoples work."

"So you actually invented the spell to correct other people's eyesight's?" Tom asked in query.

"Yes, but I didn't expect it to get around! I just wanted Myrtle to stop crying about being bullied for having big glasses!" Harry said. "I wanted her to stop being bullied for it, and then it sort of escalated from there, especially when she gave me money and started telling everyone and she even told them I wanted money for it! I'm glad for it though," he had wanted to stay under the radar now everyone thought he was a genius.

"You have enough money for us to stay and for food, I would suggest you don't bet anything, we will have enough money to get our school things in a few weeks, everything will turn out well, and as soon as we get back to Hogwarts you are showing me that room so I can pay you back." Tom said adamantly.

"I'll show you it, just don't be too hasty about selling things, some of the stuff is bound to be old and rare now," Harry said, "I'd suggest making sure you know everything about it before doing anything. Once that happens definitely get the Black's involved."

"The Black's?" Tom blinked uncomprehendingly.

"Yeah, although it might just be Orion and Walburga's…but they will have one of the biggest libraries in the world…or should I say the biggest collection of Dark Art books? Either way, it's quite extensive so maybe you should ask them if you find any of note. Also maybe keep one for your own collection?" Harry suggested, shrugging his shoulders. "But maybe you're right, perhaps I shouldn't risk betting, if I even can, if we are carefully we'll get through it and come September we will be back at Hogwarts."

"Orion and Walburga?" Tom asked with deceptive mildness, a show that he wasn't bothered about the subject at all. Of course, Harry just turned to stare at him as if he knew what he was thinking. He couldn't manipulate him to get what he wanted; all he got when he tried was amused green eyes sparkling at him in that knowing way - like now.

"They are the oldest Black's in this generation, even if it's two different direct lines," Harry said
sticking his tongue out as he thought about it. It disgusted him really; how they could do that marry their own children together to preserve their line.

"Do they end up with squibs?" Tom asked seeing the look and misinterpreting it.

"No, actually from what I know of the Black line...Orion and Walburga's kids end up the sanest of the lot, but there's definitely a strain there." Harry said sadly, thinking of his own godfather. "In fact the direct line is gone, the only remaining family are females and one was actually stricken off for marrying 'beneath' the family. Another family line to bite the dust. There's nothing I can do to change it either, its going to happen they believe so much in blood purity they can't see what its doing to them...messing with their mind and magic." Harry was genuinely saddened by this.

So they do end up together, Tom thought, wondering what else he could figure out about the future while Hadrian was in a giving mood. The thought of the Black family line dying out was quite frankly horrifying to the boy who wanted to preserve the magical world, make it better. How did he save a world that seemed like it was on its own path to self distruction! It seemed to him that it was too much for just one man, in one single lifetime.

Chapter End Notes

Don't know if there was even betting in the 40's tried googling and that wasn't much help lol! ...and if they were then they were most likely have to do it as adults...so it seems to me that is - that it shouldn't happen and I want it to be realistic! :D so there we go another chapter for you to enjoy I think tomorrow i'll update something else I've just been too sick to write much over the past week or so. Thank you for all your wonderful comments they've made my day especially when i'm feeling miserable and sick right now :) so questions...I can't think of anything is there anyone you'd like to see in the story more? any Gryffindors? will we see a jealous Tom before Hogwarts starts back up when Hadrian sees his friends in Diagon Alley? :D R&R please
Chapter 22

Tom sat in the corner, keeping an eye on Hadrian and his idiotic antics; honestly, he wasn't sure why he had even come. Yet the thought of anything happening to him had him jumping at the opportunity, or so he insisted despite the fact he knew good and well Hadrian could defend himself. Even the seventh year Slytherins at Hogwarts was weary of him, of them actually, but that was beside the point. He was standing beside one of the bookmakers and was placing two bets, one for the Quidditch world cup and a bet for the British and Irish Quidditch League. He had to dig his fingers into his palm, to stop himself dragging Hadrian out of the pub. He couldn't believe he was wasting money on betting of all things! Admittedly the amount wasn't all that large, but the overall betting meant whoever won would end up with quite a windfall of money. He had his doubts about Hadrian ending up with it though. Not just solely because he didn't believe they would win, but because the bookkeeper was a sleaze ball, he looked as though he would gladly take the money but not pay it out.

His face smoothed over and he sat up straighter as he observed Hadrian turning around and wandering back over to him.

"You have completely lost your mind," Tom informed him as soon as Hadrian was next to him.

"No I've not," Harry told him grinning, Tom had pouted all the way there, well his version of pouting at any rate, which means he'd been quiet and sullen over the fact he was 'wasting money'. "Plus I just got an additional twenty galleons for fixing those girls eye sights," apparently they'd graduated the year before from Hogwarts and heard about it, what concerned him was the fact they shouldn't have known he was here or what he looked like. Gleaning their thoughts he saw that they weren't a threat and sisters to one of the Hufflepuff girls he had fixed earlier in the year. "So I've not really lost anything strictly speaking, plus I'll have more when the games end."

"If you say so," Tom said dryly.

"Come on, let's go exploring!" Harry insisted.

"I did see a shop on the way that looks interesting," Tom admitted, standing up and the two teens began to leave the pub.

"Which one?" Harry asked curiously, his black eyes were filled with excitement; it must have really got his attention. Tom didn't get that look in his eye often; he'd only seen it appear a few times, first when he told him the truth and the last time when he read the book on the trace and its removal. It was information, knowledge that Tom desired more than anything else in the world. He knew whether he wanted to or not, he would have to go, Tom would be dragging them there.

"Borgin and Burkes," Tom informed him.

Harry groaned, of course, the one shop he had never wished to step foot in. "Wait...you've never
been in before?" he belatedly realized to some shock.

"When I come here I only gather my supplies then leave," Tom replied his tone perfectly neutral, giving nothing away.

Harry stared at the teenager, he was very antisocial, and he truly didn't know or like interacting with people. He preferred manipulating them in all honesty, its how he had been before he became friends with…no, and he didn't want to think on them. The first time he came was exactly how Tom described usually being here. "Not this time." he told Tom vehemently.

"No, not this time," Tom replied his tone and gaze indecipherable as he stared into green eyes before he abruptly began moving again as if he wanted to put distance between them - or perhaps the current thread of conversation. It shouldn't surprise anyone that it would be a bit of both. He didn't go too far ahead, but enough that he had to wait for Hadrian at the entrance of Borgin and Burkes. He couldn't comprehend why Hadrian would want to be near him, he knew his true personality, understood him on a way nobody else could, saw through any mask he employed and made him feel vulnerable for the time in his life. He was welcoming it, when he shouldn't.

"You know he might kick us out," Harry mused, as he opened the door, blinking as he looked around, it looked different, there wasn't as many items lying around as he remembered from his trip there. Tom made a beeline for the books; Harry chuckled in amusement, but began to look around himself. He froze when he saw someone…his eyes going astonishingly large. A fat older lady with a very familiar pink wig on and set of baby pink silk robes on, it was Hepzibah Smith! Bloody hell! She was looking around for more antiques by the look of things. He knew she had a house full of them, due to the memory he had seen from a House-elf that Dumbledore had tracked down the one Tom had set up for her murder. Of all the people in the world, it had to be her? He shook his head, no; he wasn't going to think on what could be.

The cupboard was still there; he observed wryly, he would bet the other was still within Hogwarts. They were handy to have, he would need to buy it one day, and since it was a single one its value couldn't be considerably much. Knowing where the second one was - was admittedly incredibly handy, he could even sell them together for more than double the value. Touching it thoughtfully, it was definitely something worth looking into. Although he would have his inheritance in September, he wasn't just going to spend it without looking out for the future. He wasn't even sure how much he was getting or if it would even compare to the Black and Potter vaults he'd had in his time.

Hell he'd probably get a fortune for Rowena Ravenclaw's lost Diadem if he wanted to, since he knew exactly…wait, no he didn't, all he knew was that it was at the base of a tree in Albania forest, she hadn't told him exactly where in the future, but Tom had gotten it out of her and found it so he could use it as a Horcrux. He was hoping that he could talk Tom out of that at least.

Speaking of Diadems, there were rows upon rows of jewellery in front of him, people's inheritances, stolen goods that had been brought here and sold and desperate people in need of money he thought with real bitterness. He felt his magic unleash slightly, they were utterly disgusting bastards preying on the weak and vulnerable and bloody proud of it too if their bragging was anything to go on.

A little greenish gleam caught his eye and all the breath left him as he gaped in utter shock, he was frozen like that, for a long time, just staring at it. The locket of Salazar Slytherin was right here in Borgin and Burkes, but how? His neck jerked to the side so fast towards the woman, it couldn't be could it? He'd always assumed she's picked it up long before this…Salazar Slytherin's locket just sitting there for what? Fourteen to fifteen years? It just seemed ludicrous, especially for all those
That come down here who revered in the wizard and all he did. It wasn't as if she was dead in this new time he'd created...so why?

"Tom!" Harry hissed bolting towards him, "Distract her," knowing she'd probably be just as attracted to him as she had been in a few years...well that just made his stomach turn.

Tom just looked utterly bewildered for a few seconds before he smoothly and calmly said "You owe me." after regaining his Slytherin senses.

Harry looked at him before grunting, "Fine!" he groaned before rushing back over before she could reach the class case. He took only a second to wonder if he shouldn't have thought it through before he said to Borgin, "I'd like to purchase this." his tone blank pointing towards the locket impassively. If this had been the moment it was meant to happen, then judging by Smith's comments to Tom (pensive memory) then Burke hadn't been happy that it had been sold. Did that mean Burke had kept it? And Borgin had put it up on display and sold it without care? He did suspect Tom had murdered Burke, since he had mysteriously gone missing; now he couldn't blame him for every death...but he must have guessed that Burke had bought it from his mother...and killed him.

"That will cost seventy galleons," Borgin said, not moving from his position, dismissing Harry as a potential customer.

Harry let out a sardonic bark of amusement, "You paid ten galleons for it, I'll give you fifteen and not a Knut more!" he said darkly.

"Seventy or get out," Borgin stated sharply.

Harry narrowed his eyes, unleashing his magic, letting the wizard taste it, watching him shiver in dread and revelling in it. They bullied people out of their artefacts and sold it for six times more than they paid for it. With a sweet smile on his face, he told Borgin angelically, "You know," he said conversationally, "I would hate for my accidental magic to go 'poof' I wonder how much of the shop you could save from the flames of Fiendfyre? Such a shame I really should have more control." he sighed shaking his head, letting more loose. "I mean would you ever recover? A scared Hogwarts student accidentally coming in looking for a way out and being hurt..."

Borgin swallowed thickly, eyes wide and fearful as he stared at the demon in front of him. He could only be thirteen or fourteen years old and the magic...dear Merlin...the magic; he hadn't felt anything so oppressive in his life. He had no doubt whatsoever that the little beast would cast the charm that could quite frankly destroy his shop in seconds along with half the Alley. It was choking him, warning him. Stumbling over to the case and unlatched it with shaky hands before he removed the spells keeping it safe from thieves. "Quite right, ten galleons is what we paid...fifteen seems fair." he said trembling slightly. His legs felt like they were made with jelly, and when the magic finally began to recede he wanted to slump in relief but he refused to show any weakness in front of this boy.

"Glad you agree," Harry told him, digging into his pocket and beginning to count it up and hand it over as if he was doing the wizard an honour. As soon as he gave the wizard the galleons he snatched the locket up, this locket and the ring was all that was left of Tom Riddle's inheritance, the ring he'd probably get when he set his Uncle up - if he even does it this time around given what he knew he might just actually kill him too.

Harry turned away and had to stop himself actually laughing, Tom was as always utterly enchanting her, and Smith's cheeks were inflamed red. She was sick, he was underage, but he couldn't deny that he was glad it had gone the way it had. Smith was extremely wealthy, if she'd
came over while he was purchasing it, threatening Borgin might have been a futile effort with her flinging her unlimited funds about. No matter what Borgin or Burke were wizards who strove to make as much money as possible. He best get them out of there before the favour he demands was...he shuddered just thinking about it. There was a reason you did NOT give favours out in Slytherin, not unless there was a very good reason.

"Tom! Come on, we're going to be late," Harry said in mock panic, grabbing at Tom's arm and getting them out of the shop and running until he was far enough away that he would see the wizard if he actually tried anything to get back at him. Nothing, the coast was clear, he leaned against the wall, and they were just at the entrance now a few steps they'd be in Diagon Alley again.

"What happened back there? You're magic went crazy!" Tom insisted he wouldn't rest until he got every single detail from him. It had been glorious to see, if he was honest with himself. Still, he hadn't felt it that strongly in ever even when he'd gone nuts at Avery he hadn't felt so...powerful, seductive and alluring. He was beginning to understand why the Slytherins flocked to himself.

"I got angry, but it worked out," Harry said smugly, "Thanks for the help," now he had to decide when to give it to Tom, for his Birthday and Christmas? He was actually dying to give it to him now! But it was expensive to give over for nothing, no, he would force himself to wait until Christmas.

"I'll be collecting on it," Tom warned.

"Obviously," Harry said dryly, as if he had any doubt about Tom Riddle letting a favour slide - the thought was laughable. "Do you want to go and get an ice cream for lunch?" he added, seeing the ice cream parlour, he hadn't had one in years, quite literally, thirteen he thought to himself feeling rather depressed by that thought.

"You don't have enough money to waste," Tom pointed out, "Don't count your chickens on that bet." he warned his distaste clear.

"Tom don't worry, I'll get the money, even if I don't there's still enough to get us through the last few weeks...the money for the room has been set aside, as well as the money for our dinner boxes," Harry said eyeing him strangely. Was it the fact that he felt money was being wasted or was it because Tom wasn't used to people going against anything he said? Or was it general annoyance that he had to rely on him due to the fact he had no money?

"I see," Tom replied, shrugging his shoulders he didn't care whether they got one or not. It explained Harry's actions this morning, dividing the money up as he had before shoving most of it into a pouch and the rest had gone into his pockets. He'd begun to think he wasn't the only compulsive one out of both of them. "Fudge sundae?"

"I'll get us a seat," Tom stated, seeing a flock of people coming up the Alley towards this section, unsurprisingly it was busy due to the fact it was the summer holidays. Most purebloods would only ever come to Diagon Alley or Hogsmeade. He felt deeply uncomfortable about allowing this, but he was determined to pay every single penny back, and he was keeping an account of what he used. As he took a seat at a table for two - he did not want anyone having the audacity to sit next to them his eyes narrowed suddenly and lip curled in disgust as he realized there were Muggles here, with what was probably a Muggle-born student. Even if Hadrian was right about them, they still had no right to be here, not the Muggles at any rate. They could tell the other Muggles and that was a frightening prospect to him.

"Here," Harry said, putting a large fudge sundae down beside him, ice cream, and a large dollop of
whipped cream, nuts, fruit and syrup. It had been extremely weird seeing Fortescue young, almost as odd as seeing Ollivander like that. He'd just stood there for a few minutes feeling wrong footed for some reason. Surely if anything seeing Tom every day should be the weirdest? Maybe it's because he was used to it? Or because Tom didn't look like Tom by his time. It reminded him that he was out of his time; everything here was almost alien like. Yet it was better than the alternative, he had been killed by his own ex-best friends…no, he didn't want to even think about it. Sometimes he wished he could just Obliviate himself of the horrible memories and just live for once in his life without stress or the burdened knowledge that he was so bloody un-likable that nobody stood by him. Sitting down with a scowl set on his face, well that had truly ruined his good mood.

Tom arched an eyebrow at Hadrian's suddenly dour mood, but he made no comment on it, a few others in Slytherin had over the past year, when they were more comfortable with him. He had just stared at them until they'd looked away feeling uncomfortable, that had amused him. He did wonder himself, but given his own moods he could guess. The rest of the visit to Fortescue's remained rather quiet but neither minded very much - they liked silence compared to the others who could never seen to shut up. That's not to say they didn't talk.

"What were you up to in Borgin and Burkes?" Tom asked it had to be something worthwhile; Hadrian wouldn't give or ask for favours for any other reason. It wasn't out of ignorance; he knew how Slytherin worked, although a few things seemed to amuse him more than others. "What did you buy?" he had managed to observe Hadrian while he spoke to the obnoxious woman. She'd gone on about how she was Helga Hufflepuff's heir, and how she frequented Borgin and Burkes looking for antiques. She'd done most of the talking allowing him to hear and see the majority of what was going on at the counter. He would definitely be thinking up something worthwhile to pay him back.

Harry looked up lowering the ice cream back to the container, looking at him intently. "I was getting something back, something that would have ended up in the wrong hands." he told him slowly.

"And why would you know that?" Tom asked dubiously, utterly perplexed. "You had no plans to go into Borgin and Burkes," he added.

"No, no, I didn't. I had no idea it would still be there, and in fact I'm not sure why it still was." Harry replied, "But I'm not going to complain about it."

"What is it?" Tom was really curious now.

Harry dipped into his pocket and pulled the locket out on its chain and handed it over.

Tom was surprised by the weight as it was dumped into his palm, it was a locket he realized, with embedded emeralds creating an intricate 'S' but it almost looked snake like. Hadrian wasn't from this time, so why would he know about the locket and why was it so important?

"That locket belonged to Salazar Slytherin; in fact in the portrait you'll notice he's wearing it." Harry informed him watching a gleam enter his eyes, the same gleam that screamed he wanted it. It was the one he'd given Smith without the red gleam due to the fact he hadn't created any Horcruxes yet. "It stayed in your family, it was one of the items that they never gave away, and your mum had it, until she had to sell it in order to get food and shelter. Unfortunately she didn't even get a quarter of its true worth, and the money they gave her didn't last long, it's why she ended up on the streets of Muggle London." Harry told him sadly. Tom's face went blank as always when personal information came up. "I was going to give you it for your Christmas or birthday, but since you asked…you can have it now, it's by birthright yours anyway. Just consider it an early birthday and
Tom blinked, "Why?" he couldn't fathom him at all, and it was beginning to wear on him. He got himself indebted to him by way of a favour all for that? It hadn't been something for Hadrian but himself. He'd outright stated he wanted no favours for it, just to consider it a gift. He was the smartest student at Hogwarts, yet he couldn't figure out Hadrian. He had figured out absolutely everyone else around him, and was able to use it to his advantage. With him it was different, it was always different and he was making him feel things he wasn't accustomed to. He wanted him yes, but it was beginning to be so much more than that. Especially with the way Hadrian was bringing him with him, he'd had no reason to do that, but he had, now he go to eat his first ice cream sundae and his first proper gift (he didn't consider the stuff he received from the orphanage as gifts they were useless items) one that was extremely valuable and part of him. He wasn't like the other pureblood's or Slytherins, but there was no denying he belonged in the house of the snakes. Was it what he had been through? He could manipulate people like the rest of them, hell he'd just seen it! He still didn't know what he had been through though, it had been implied but getting anything else out of him proved to be futile, he was very stubborn and unmoving on the subject. His smug sense of satisfaction that he could get the information out of him had long since faded.

"Because I wanted to, plus you'd have gotten it in a few years anyway, this way a House-elf wont pay the price," Harry told him wryly.

Tom's eyes nearly widened at the implication behind those words, but he successfully managed to keep his face set the way it was. That was it, he gave up! There was no way a House-elf would have had the locket so the only thing that made sense was that he may have either killed the original owner or used the Imperius on it to get the locket and set the House-elf up. He was more concerned about a House-elf than whatever else he did?

"Hadrian!" a voice said filled with excitement.

"Myrtle, hey, how are you?" Harry said smiling at her as he turned around in his seat letting Tom think it through. He still felt odd calling her Myrtle, for some reason he still felt as though he was calling her by her last name when he knew it wasn't. "Who's this?" he could remember seeing him around Hogwarts but he wasn't familiar with his name.

"I'm good, my mum and dad can't get over how different I look without glasses," she giggled in that way. "This is Richard; he's in Hufflepuff at Hogwarts one year older than me."

"Nice to meet you," Harry said without prejudice. "What have you been up to anyway?"

"Not much, just visiting Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade, well after I finished all my homework, we can't go anywhere on holiday." Myrtle sighed in irritation, "I so wanted to go somewhere."

"Yes, but it's better than ending up dead," Harry pointed out seriously.

"That's what I said," 'Richard' stated giving Myrtle an 'I told you' look.

Myrtle just rolled her eyes, "What about you two?" she asked.

"Same, although we still have homework to do," Harry said.

"There's only two weeks... well almost of the holidays left to go!" Myrtle looking aghast in a typical Ravenclaw fashion.

"I know," Harry agreed wryly. "We'll probably be doing some tonight there isn't much to do around here." same stuff different decades, honestly it was ridiculous. The most fun around here was
sitting in an ice cream parlour talking even the Muggles advanced beyond that.

"Well if you need help let me know," Myrtle said, but she doubted he would, she suppressed a giggle of delight at the look Tom threw her. Ooo, he liked Hadrian, this year at Hogwarts was going to be so fun, and she wondered if Hadrian even knew.

Tom was incensed at the idea that Hadrian would need her help when he was there, but she didn't even seem perturbed by his glare. Which made him glare more fiercely at her, telling her without words to back the bloody hell away from what was HIS! He clutched the locket tightly as he continued warning her.

"I will," Hadrian said grinning at the thought, she might be a Ravenclaw and smart, but he knew more - a lot more.

"Bye!" Myrtle said grasping Richards hand and wandering into the ice cream parlour.

Harry chuckled watching, she was going to be just fine and he was glad for it.

"What's funny?" Tom enquired perplexed; he couldn't see anything funny that had transpired.

"They're holding hands," Harry said, "She's got a boyfriend but she's not ready to admit it or she would have introduced him as such."

Tom sniffed but eventually turned around to see for himself just slightly, and his shoulders unconsciously relaxed.

Chapter End Notes

There we go! what did you think? Tom's finally getting an idea that Harry really knows who he is and what he's capable of and is still sticking around! hmm I wonder if I should put in a bit where Harry actually sees it and steps in or just allows it to happen...what do you think? Did anyone get the reference to Tom wishing to create Horcruxes in the last chapter? 'too much for one man to do in one lifetime' haha I think one or two of you got it though :P will Tom unleash the basilisk on Hogwarts? and will Harry put a stop to it before Tom ruins it for himself? something to think on since this year he's only going to be interacting with it ;) but don't worry I still have a few things to put into action that I know happens while Tom's at school...things nobody even thinks about ;) but is mentioned in one of the books :D its going to be so much fun! like the diary and things R&R please
Chapter 23

Tom packed everything neatly into his trunk, for the first time actually leaving it all out until the morning they were due to head off on the Hogwarts express. Usually at the orphanage he had everything packed all the time, he just didn't trust his things around the other orphans. Especially not his magical items, those were the most precious things he'd owned... until a few weeks ago that is. He hadn't taken the locket off since he got it; it was definitely his most cherished possession. Grabbing his robes he added them to the corner in a neat bundle nodding in satisfaction that everything was in place. His bag was already packed as well, with a change of uniform and a book to read for the journey and of course a box of food.

"That's the room been paid for and the keys returned," Harry told Tom as he quickly gathered his own things, there was someone already in the room cleaning it up for the next occupants. Tom hadn't been happy that Hadrian had let her in, but she was currently keeping out of their way in the bathroom sensing Tom's frustration at her. Of course Harry had just laughed out his amusement as he went down the stairs to pay Ross what they owed. "I'm glad the check-out time was so late, saves us from having to wait around for hours." he added before shrinking Tom's trunk and watching as he put it in his bag.

"You are the impatient one," Tom commented dryly, "I on the other hand wouldn't have cared." zipping the bag back up.

"Yeah... for now," Harry muttered quietly as he left the room.

Tom narrowed his eyes, giving Hadrian's back a speculative look before smoothly slipping his bag over his shoulder and following him out of the room. They had waited until the last possible moment to catch the train, since Hadrian was going to Apparate them straight to the magical platform. How he planned on doing that without at least a few of their fellow students seeing them was anyone's guess. After all he was illegally Apparating, and you could end up with a fine. He just got to the pub when Hadrian gestured to him to come, so he made his way over, giving a tense smile when someone bumped into him and apologised. None of his real thoughts of feelings appeared on his face.

"Close the door and let's go," Harry said his hand out waiting.

Tom closed the door and grasped a hold of his arm, not accepting his hand. The feeling of being sucked through a pipe evaded him before he knew it; he was standing at the platform beside a beautiful Scarlett train, steam bellowing from the chimney, as a whistle sounded, either indicating that it was the last call or five minutes to go. Considering there was nobody around, with the obvious exception of the parents waving, they realized that the train was in danger of leaving without them.

Tom grabbed Hadrian and bolted towards the nearest door, which was thankfully still open, he had
just propelled them both in when the doors began to close. "That was close." Harry commented, his
green eyes sparkling with vitality. The adrenaline rush was just...so familiar that he loved it. "It's a
good thing our trunks were already shrunk."

Tom just huffed out in bitter sardonic amusement; go figure Hadrian was enjoying this. That was
something else he could add to the list, he was an adrenaline junkie. Personally he found nothing
amusing about risking ones own neck for the sake of amusement or fun. "Let's just find our
compartment."

Harry sniggered as they began walking through the train, he peered in each compartment, replying
to the various hellos' he and Tom both received from the students. That was another thing, he had
known Tom was brilliant, part of him had also known that he was liked but just how popular he
had been - that had been unknown to him. But of course he could get absolutely everyone to adore
him - wrap them around his bloody fingers.

"Tom! Hadrian! We thought you missed the train!" Thaddeus' face lit up in relief when he saw
them through the small gap Hadrian had opened in the compartment. Tom was always the first one
there, they'd looked through all the compartments twice before settling down in the one they were
in now, feeling as though they were missing their wand. The others all wore similar looks on their
faces, something people not in Slytherin would be hard pressed to get from them.

"You think I would miss the train?" Tom enquired pointedly, as he claimed his usual seat.

"No, of course not," Avery replied right away.

The others refrained from rolling their eyes; Avery had always been one of the worst for trying to
cosy up to Tom. Sometimes it was embarrassing to see, but most days he didn't try too hard for that
they were grateful. It had gotten worst last year, particularly after Hadrian had shown up and added
another to their little 'group'. Hadrian had quickly made his way up to the top section of the
hierarchy. Hell he could compete with Tom for the actual top spot if he wanted, although nobody
knew who the hell would win between them. They were both powerful, scarly powerful really;
both had no qualms about using that power either. Although they hadn't seen Hadrian using it other
than self defence when he was really pissed off.

Nobody wanted to test the boundaries with him, not even the Head Boy who had been the former
untouchable until he'd tried to put 'Tom' in his place due to the fact they'd all thought he was a
Mudblood. Big mistake, he had promptly been put in his place so to speak. He'd been there, and
seen it with his own eyes, the fifteen year old had fallen like a sack of potatoes and started
screaming in agony without Tom needing to lift his wand - there hadn't been any sign of a spell
either. Normally Slytherin's didn't give in so easily, they continued trying, but he hadn't, he had
even refused to meet Tom's eyes for the duration of his last year at Hogwarts.

"Who are Head Boy and Girl this year?" Tom asked politely, but there was a demand behind that
thinly veiled 'question'.

"Walburga Black for Head Girl, Cygnus Black for Head Boy," Rabastian informed him.

"What about the other houses?" Harry asked curiously, glancing back at them.

"Who cares?" Avery sneered.

"Me, or I wouldn't have asked," Harry replied icily giving him a look as if to say he was an utter
idiot. Great, he was going to have to endure his bloody pettiness all year again; he had forgotten
how annoying it was. Feeling irritated he turned back to the window and just stared out at the
scenery as the others all chatted; his good mood had turned sour - damn Avery to hell. That was until a statement a while later caught his attention.

"Fourth year, you know what that means!" Rabastian chuckled as he rubbed his hands together.

Harry turned to stare, cocking his head to the side. "What?" he asked arching his eyebrow.

Lestrange grinned and proceeded to explain, "There's always a Yule ball for forth years and up, it's probably the only decent thing that happens at Hogwarts."

"Wait…a Yule ball?" Harry managed to rasp out, looking horrified. One had been enough; he was not attending that stupid ball again. "Every year? People went to one last year? When? I mean a lot of people went home for the holidays…it's not exactly normal behaviour to go home when something like that's going down."

"No, it's a few days before the holidays, so people can attend and still go home for Christmas."

"Ah," Harry nodded thoughtfully, "So this happens every year you say?"

Tom listened to the conversation from behind his book, glancing at the others and due to his position was able to see them all perfectly well - it's why he had chosen to always sit there from the first time he sat on the Hogwarts express. Nearly every move he took or observed was carefully calculated. It would appear that the Yule Ball was no longer a yearly occurrence in Hadrian's time. What the hell happened to Hogwarts? The books, the classes, the traditions? Considering he'd managed to do all that logically he had become Headmaster and survives at least another sixty years.

"It's tradition, it started during the first ever Triwizard tournament and has remained so each and every year." Nott explained further. "It gets bored after the second one the others say, but the fact they still attend means they're talking out of their arses. The Slytherin's wouldn't go if it wasn't brilliant."

"So you can't be invited if you're…say a year younger? I mean with someone else that's fourteen?" Harry enquired curiously.

"No, it's never been done at least," Lestrange said scratching his chin thoughtfully. "Although I am now wondering if it's a rule or not."

"Why so you can take Eileen Prince and try to convince her father to allow you to court one another?" Avery said derisively. "That's not going to happen."

Harry choked before facing away from them all; biting his tongue badly enough to cause it to bleed and sting like hell. Not sure what to think of a fourteen year old…although he could be fifteen he had no idea - lusting after a twelve year old kid it was disgusting. Avery was right though, it wouldn't happen, or maybe that's why she'd left the magical world. Lestrange ended up married to someone else, but he wasn't sure who, he didn't know much about this generation. All he knew was he had at least two sons, Rabastan and Rodolphus Lestrange, powerful, sadistic and without a decent bone in their bodies.

"You have a problem with that?" Avery asked irately.

Harry turned to face Avery his eyes glinting with warning, his patience was wearing thin. "Unless you want all your teeth knocked the fuck out, I suggest you keep your comments to yourself, is that understood? I don't give a damn what the hell you're trying to prove, but I've had enough of your
shit already and we haven't even reached Hogwarts. Stay out of my way."

Avery turned pale but his face remained defiant, refusing to bow down to Hadrian but everyone couldn't help but notice he didn't say a single word further. He had obviously taken Hadrian's warning to heart.

Tom just smirked from behind his book; he had been waiting on it happening for a long time now. Avery had kept pushing, taking little digs at Hadrian due to the fact he'd been pushed down the hierarchy the moment he showed up. He was getting fed up with it himself, yet he couldn't intervene not without a good reason. If he had then it would have just made the situation worse. Avery hopefully would give it a rest, if he knew what was good for him at least. He thought with amusement, he knew Hadrian could be just as cold and ruthless as him. He had the capacity to be, but he rarely showed it. He had in Borgin and Burkes, he showed it when necessary or when confronted with a situation he didn't like.

All of them looked up when an announcement began to play all around the train, informing them that they would be soon pulling up to Hogwarts. Harry grabbed his bag and pulled out his brand new Slytherin tie and folded it in place before making sure it was fit snugly under his chin. After that he simply clipped his new cloak around his shoulders and he was ready for the day. His wand was already strapped to its holster on his wrist, he only ever removed it to clean it now and again despite the fact it wasn't needed. He had bought everything new with the money he had gotten from the bets much to Tom's testiness.

A booming laughter had them jumping slightly. "What the hell…"

"Hagrid," Harry said his tone impassive yet an odd note to it that nobody other than Tom seemed to pick up on. It was something Tom intended to interrogate him on later to find out more.

"That oaf!" Thaddeus muttered, rolling his eyes. "Can't believe Hogwarts is letting it half-breeds."

"He's magical, magical blood runs through his veins, like him or not everyone with magic deserves to be here." Harry stated sharply. "One of the best duelling champions is a bloody half-breed!"

"Who?" Lestrange asked interestingly.

"Find out," Harry said shrugging his shoulders, oops, obviously it wasn't well known. Although how nobody had figured it out was anyone's guess, Filius Flitwick was far from inconspicuous for Merlin's sake. He had the characteristics of a goblin, small, not the best looker...his skin was dark although not too dark like Goblin's but that was probably due to the human DNA in him. He was vicious when he wanted to be, there was no denying he was a fantastic dueller, obviously, he had won the international duelling championship multiple times. Although he wasn't sure of the number here in this time, he had won this summer he'd seen it in the newspaper.

"Where are your trunks?" Thaddeus asked changing the subject as they all removed their trunks from the compartments above them.

"Shrunken and in our bag," Harry informed them, he had no worries about the others telling on them, it was more than their lives worth and they knew it. "Let's start going now, I'd rather not be in a queue," he added stepping up and opening the door to the compartment before ambling out. The others followed closely behind him.

"What the hell is he doing?" Avery muttered, gazing at the half-giant suspiciously.

"Do you hear those sounds?" Nott asked, but whatever it was - nothing made a sound again.
"Whatever it was…it can't be good," Harry said pensively, staring at his back, he knew Hagrid's penchant for dangerous animals. Thankfully he knew it wasn't a dragon since he'd always wanted one implied he'd never had one. Whatever it was, his room mates would probably complain about it and whatever it was would be removed. It had sounded like a cat or something so hopefully it was just that, a cat. It was weird seeing Hagrid in school uniform, he looked neat and tidy, his enormous beard was absent and as he noticed when Hagrid turned around, his beetle black eyes were gleaming. The spider, Aragog, bloody hell, how could he have forgotten? When did he find it? It was small so…some time next year before Tom set him up?

"Why is that?" Tom asked staring down at Hadrian.

"I'm not sure, just a feeling I have," Harry said honestly, it was almost like the feelings in first year, the bad feelings he'd had that something was going to happen. It couldn't could it? The chamber wasn't going to be opened until next year, they were safe surely! Yet he couldn't shake the feeling off completely.

He would face it as he always had - head on.

"That's us," Nott said, opening the door once the train had stopped, heading straight for the carriages, the first years were being called by the caretaker further along the front of the train. The five of them clambered on and the feeling of excitement grew, they were back at Hogwarts again. Tom was just looking forward to getting the trace off him and visiting the Room of Requirements.

Chapter End Notes

Ooo is Hagrid going to get on the wrong side of the Slytherins and start the whole thing off? or will Harry manage to prevent Hagrid from being a complete and utter idiot and stop him? hmm will Tom ask Harry to the ball? Will Tom take Harry to the chamber? and will he offer the suggestion of using the basilisk shredded skin to make money?
Chapter 24

Lord Of Time
Chapter 24

"What's wrong with you? You're acting like you've got a wand shoved up your backside, its Halloween, relax a little," Thaddeus said wryly, staring at the teenager who looked as though he'd just lost all his favourite books, toys and part of his body as well. There didn't seem to be a reason for it either, usually something annoyed him. Unless just wakening up on the wrong side of the bed had done it, since he'd been in that funny mood throughout the day from the moment he woke up.

"That's my problem," Harry muttered with a grimace. Glancing over and arching an eyebrow seeing Hagrid hoarding food into his bag. It's something he had used to do, but then he'd been starved and it was mostly habit. He wondered if Hagrid's appetite was as big as the half-giant would get in future. He already towered over all the students in the Gryffindor table, big and bulky, the amount of food he'd packed away said his hunger was just as big. He was distracted by his grandfather, who was grimacing in distaste at Hagrid for some reason, maybe they didn't get on?

"You don't like Halloween? Who doesn't like Halloween?" Thaddeus aghast as the others just chuckled as they listened.

Harry turned on the bench to stare at Nott curiously, "Let me get this straight, you all hate the fact the pagan holidays have been…stopped, but you like Halloween? I'll bet Christmas as well, who doesn't like getting gifts? Are you sure you're against Christian holidays as you profess you are?"

Harry twirled his apple absently as he waited for a reply he knew probably wouldn't come.

Thaddeus stared indignantly, opening and closing his mouth but nothing came out.

"He got you there," Dorea Black laughed, from two seats down.

"He also changed the subject," Thaddeus pointed out, trying to change it back over to the previous line of conversation.

"Ahh, but it didn't make my questions any less true, you can't pick and choose which customs to follow its called being a hypocrite." Harry pointed out as he bit into his apple, it was a normal one he'd gotten from the kitchens earlier, and he didn't want the toffee coated ones. He wasn't a child anymore, and never really had been. Food was one thing he'd never turn down though, but unlike the others (minus Tom of course) were gorging themselves on as much sweets as humanly possible. He'd already put a select few in his bag for eating during the next few months. He didn't see the point in buying any when there was a table full for him to help himself with.

"Hadrian," Tom stated sharply, there was definitely something wrong with him; he was actually goading people in the Great Hall of all places. It was fine to do it with just the Slytherins around but not in front of the teachers and the rest of the student body.

"Yeah, yeah, wrong place wrong time." Harry grumbled, biting into his apple again, he hated this time of year, this day specifically, ever since he learned the truth. He rolled his eyes and ignored
the inhaled shock at all sides, everyone else might be too afraid to stand up to Tom but he wasn't one of them. They should know that by now, honestly, you wouldn't think he'd been here for a year now the way they acted.

Tom just chuckled more amused at the looks of those around him than anything else. Although it was true, if anyone else had spoken to him like that they would have paid the price. He couldn't lead them if they didn't respect him and he intended to lead them, he had a world to change and change it he would. Hopefully with Hadrian by his side, and not because of his knowledge, admittedly that would be a big help, he was a Slytherin after all, but just for the boy himself and his powers but those were just bonuses (his knowledge and power) in his book. He wanted him, badly, but he wasn't going to do it with flowers and words, but he also knew he couldn't demand his affection so he would have to work on that. Just as soon as he worked something out.

"What did you receive for your theory of magic project then, Hadrian?" Carrow enquired, sitting down in his seat after speaking to a few of the younger years and helping them with their homework. On that very subject, which reminded him of the fact Hadrian had been one of the few taking the extracurricular class. He had hated him when he first appeared, but the others had knocked some sense into him, he was trying to do the same with Avery…he wasn't sure how it was going yet.

"I don't know, I've not gotten it back yet, we have that class only two times a week, and the teacher is probably still trying to get through the list of all homework that's been handed out." Harry shrugged, "I wont be surprised if we don't get the results until just before Christmas." he had been in touch with publicists and planned on publishing his work, he'd held a lot of details back of course, he wasn't an idiot, he wouldn't risk anyone taking credit for his work. He might have been in Gryffindor originally but he was meant to be a Slytherin and spending time in the snake den especially with Tom he was even more cautious. He had everything lined up, the company was prepared to publish and print it for him. It would shake the pureblood fanatics to the very core of their foundation.

He was going to have so much fun with that.

"Wait I thought we only had theory once a week!" Dorea joined the conversation sitting across from them.

"We did," Rookwood said in agreement. "Last year, but this year we only have it once."

"Never mind…Hadrian made it sound like he had the class less this year than last semester." Dorea said shaking her head a little.

"Yeah I did, didn't I?" Harry admitted, realizing the truth of it. He didn't apologize, Slytherins rarely apologized for anything.

Dorea just gave Harry a droll look not amused but unsurprised by the fact he didn't say the simple word 'sorry'. Honestly, boys, they were so full of pride that it was rather annoying. "Oh, by the way, Samantha was looking for you, she asked me to tell you, please stop getting the muggle Borns to speak to me," she sniffed disdainfully. "I'd rather nobody got the wrong idea, if word got back to my father I'd never be allowed out the house again."

Harry snorted in amusement, "I have no doubt, but I didn't ask her to speak to you, you must have been one of the more approachable Slytherin's in our year." he said amused, smirking at her disgruntled look. He wondered if his grandfather mellowed her out or if she just realized love was more important than prejudice. Although for all he knew his grandfather might be just as prejudice. He hadn't spoken to him once or even looked at him much. Heck all the friends James supposedly
had were pureblood's, a Black a Lupin and a Pettigrew as traitorous as he was. He had no idea
when his grandparents die, for all he knew it could be before Lily and James married, considering
they weren't in the wedding photos it was a good assumption. The pictures, the only pictures he
had left were gone, he hadn't even thought about them before this. Out of all his things, two items
were the most precious, the cloak and album. They were alive during James' sixth year since Sirius
said he moved in with them so between James being sixteen and eighteen they die in that
timeframe.

The main course disappeared after it had all been eaten, followed of course by the platters upon
platters of desserts with mixed in bowls of sweets and other treats. Harry grabbed a selection
before sliding them into his bag before swinging it over his shoulders. "I'll see you back at the
dorm," Harry told them.

Tom's eyes swung to Avery's and gave him a pointed look; it was his turn to watch Hadrian. He
wasn't sure if Hadrian knew what he was up to, he hadn't given any subtle indications that he did at
any rate. Usually he got a smirk or a knowing look when it came to things Hadrian knew about.

"I have homework to do, I'll come with you," Avery said disgruntled, as he rose up to follow
Peverell, it's the first time he'd ever been asked - go figure it would be the Halloween feast. He
knew better than to argue, he also knew Peverell was utterly untouchable, Tom had made that very
clear the first night back at Hogwarts. Then he'd proceeded to tell them exactly what would happen
if anything happened to 'Hadrian'. It had almost made him pee his pants with the intensity of his
magic. Which of course made him loathe Peverell all the more, why did he deserve Tom's attention
so much? His protection? It wasn't fair; everyone else had stuck by him for years not Peverell.

"Alright," Harry shrugged, having no doubt he had homework, sometimes Lestrange and Avery left
it to the last minute - quite literally. Sliding from the bench he gave everyone a nod before he
walked from the Slytherin bench and made his way to Samantha Creed and accepted the scroll
from the Gryffindor smiling at her and giving his thanks, ignoring the blush that set about her
entire face as he always did when others reacted that way to him. Well, Myrtle and a few of the
elder students were the only exception to that. Harry Idly noticing that the hulking figure of Hagrid
was no longer around. Myrtle had been that way in the beginning, but she had flourished, saw him
as a good friend, had a boyfriend of her own now and her confident had skyrocketed as had her
participation in class, none of her so called bullies ever dared to bother her, not only fearing his
retribution but hers too. She wasn't the meek girl she had been a year before and Harry revelled in
the knowledge he had helped create the confident girl before him. She was nothing like the ghost
he knew and he would be damned if he ever let it happen. He also knew Tom was visiting the
chamber, he hadn't heard anything in the pipes though so the basilisk hadn't been let out to roam
yet. He wasn't sure what to do with that particular situation, he just hoped that Tom wouldn't let it
out…he prayed to Death that Tom had at least listened to him about the things he'd said. Only time
would tell if he was right or not.

"Let's go," Avery said grimacing at the fact he was anywhere near the bloody Gryffindor table
voluntarily. How could Peverell stand being near them? That was another thing he hated, Peverell
freely associating with those outside of his house, associating with those of lesser blood -
Mudblood's - it wasn't meant to be that way, he was changing the status quo. Instead of enjoying
the rest of the feast he was leaving early with him. Great, just bloody great.

Harry threw Avery a suspicious glare; nobody and he meant absolutely nobody ever told him what
to do, not anymore. He certainly wasn't about to let Avery of all people order him about, but he
brushed it off, he knew he was just in a seriously messed up bad mood. It wasn't anyone's fault that
they didn't understand since he wasn't in the telling mood. He was definitely glad to see the back of
the usually annoyingly loud Great Hall though and into the silent hallway.
It was silent, for all of a few minutes as they left the chaos of the hall behind them, but Harry's well honed never dimmed senses felt something was watching him. Freezing cautiously, his wand flicking out as he heard the sound of claws on the marble flooring, turning suddenly, almost jumping before sighing in relief when he saw it was just a small tabby cat. Bloody hell, he thought warily, he was definitely tenser than he thought if he was imagining things. He needed to sleep this off, sliding his wand back in his holster then he made the mistake of turning around.

Something launched at him from the shadows, latching onto his neck with its razor sharp teeth, Harry could do nothing other than bellow out his agony as blood gushed through the open wound, the thing opened its jaw presumably to bite again, that was when Harry who had never been one to take anything lying down, used all the force he could muster and throw a bout of Wandless magic into his hand and shoved the thing off him and into the staircase causing it to howl, yelp then whine in pain before quietening completely lying on its side unmoving - it was a wolf like creature - of all things. It was the last thing Harry really saw before he fell backwards his legs splayed to the side, as he went white due to the blood loss.

It shouldn't have surprised anyone that every single person in the Great Hall jumped and began panicking when they heard the screaming. Curiosity won over that fear, and everyone began to make their way out of the hall, almost hurting each other in the process to see what was going on. Tom of course, was one of the first to get up being very familiar with everything that was Hadrian. For the first time in his life he felt true fear, even the orphanage, the bombs, the war…paled to comparison when he saw Hadrian pale, almost lifeless with blood surrounding him.

"Hadrian!" Tom said horrified as he knelt down next to him, checking for a pulse his eyes wider than normal. His own heartbeat was through the roof, he couldn't feel anything under his own shaky fingers, and he couldn't tell if Hadrian was alive or not. "GET THE BLOODY HEALER!" he snarled at one of the Slytherins closest to him, his black eyes glaring ferociously, becoming even more threatening when they landed on Avery.

Harry choked out a sardonic laugh but it sounded bitter and broken, as he remembered something from his past. It had been a clue all along but he hadn't thought about it, he'd just assumed Tom was lying or something about it. He should have known better, other than his first year Tom…no Voldemort had never lied to him.

Carrow would have wet himself if he hadn't had such ridged control over himself, he didn't dare look but he was pretty sure everyone in Tom's circle felt the same. He didn't think he'd ever seen Tom more furious before in all the time he'd known him. Thankfully he didn't have to hunt the Medi-witch Change down, since he heard her shouting furiously at the students before she actually used magic to cause a force field to part them so she could actually get to her patient.

Just as she knelt before Hadrian her emergency supply kit fell with a thump right next to his head and not too far from the Medi-witch. "Blood replenishers, give him four!" Change barked as she started chanting urgently, her entire face screwed up in determination as magic poured out of her with a vengeance revealing her true level of power - one that people didn't really expect a healer or a Medi-witch to have. She never stopped chanting as inch by inch the large wound on Hadrian's neck slowly began to heal along with the arteries that had been damaged.

Tom didn't even think he grabbed the bag before any of the teachers could even think to move in and offer assistance. He rummaged through the bag until he found the potion he wanted it was murky red. Using his teeth to remove the cork, he dumped the potion down Hadrian's throat and didn't even think twice about rubbing the other side of his bloody throat. He didn't even pause.
before uncorking another one and feeding the next one. Four, he realized, was the most they could
give someone, it was no guarantee that it would work. The last two were quickly shoved down
Hadrian's throat, despite his coughing and spluttering as he tried to breathe. To most it was horrible
to see but Tom was just glad - it was a sign that Hadrian was still there - still alive. The rest could
be dealt with in time; a little pain was nothing on being dead. Or so he tried to tell himself, he didn't
know why but seeing Hadrian in pain was hurting his chest like nothing before.

He had to focus on something else, anything, he didn't like that feeling and he wanted it gone, now.
Then he caught sight of the animal by the stairs, the great big oaf was clutching it in his enormous
hands tears pouring down his face. Then anger began to consume him, and he let it, feeling more
natural, normal really and that he could deal with much more easily than the feelings Hadrian
evoked in him.

"Is he going to be alright?" Tom asked as politely as he could, none of his rage showing, paying no
attention to the fact his hands were saturated in blood that was quickly drying. He wanted so much
to grab her and forcefully demand an answer from her but he didn't, somehow against all odds he
retained that impulse.

Albus Dumbledore watched the boy surprise written across his face, if he hadn't known any better
he would say Tom was genuinely concerned about Hadrian Peverell. He knew how the boys mind
worked; saw the darkness in him while everyone was fooled by his charming façade. There could
be no way someone so evil could be drawn to another, unless it was solely for his powers, the
thought of both of them together frightened him more than even finding out what happened to his
sister. They were powerful, and that boy was the last direct descendant of the Peverells, he had
done his checking. He knew Charles was Ignotus Peverells descendant and that Tom was Camdus'
heir, which meant this boy had to be Antioch's heir; it was the only thing that made sense. All
information told him that the Peverell line was the first pureblood line to go extinct when it came
to having a male heir. Obviously they were wrong, but he was having trouble digging up
information. He did teach students full time and he was the head of Gryffindor he didn't have
unlimited time to dig all day of the week.

"He'll be fine," Change told him firmly, but truthfully she honestly didn't know she could only hope
that she was right. Getting off her knees once the last big of skin finally closed, standing up she
conjured up a stretcher underneath Hadrian and had him floating in midair. Without another word
to anyone, she hastily walked away, up the stairs and out of view of the suddenly whispering
animatedly students.

Tom snatched the bag the healer had left behind, as well as Hadrian's school bag; as Dumbledore
bent down to retrieve it. No doubt going to use it as an excuse to nose around for more information.
"I have it professor Dumbledore; I'm going up anyway, thank you." Tom told him politely giving a
small smile for added benefit before quickly sliding along and up the stairs before anyone
specifically Dumbledore could say another word. It wasn't curfew so none of the teachers could
stop him anyway.

He got to the hospital wing doors which were wide opened, to see the healer putting Hadrian on the
bed closest to her office door. He presumed she was casting a diagnosis spell, for the first time he
regretted not taking a healing course. He didn't like relying on anyone, even a healer to help
Hadrian, someone that was his, his to care and protect his. He said nothing to the healer as he took
a seat beside his bed.

Once the healer left, he took out a book and idly began reading it, making a mental note to pick up
some healing books when he returned the other library books he'd borrowed. He would never be
cought unprepared or worse useless if such a situation happened again and he was nothing if not
"How is he?" a voice interrupted his reading.

Tom turned unsurprised to see Myrtle there; Hadrian was fond of her for some reason. They had nothing in common, but he wasn't blind to the influence Hadrian had over her, and his ability to make her stand up for herself. He could admire that, at the very least, since he absolutely loathed people who let others walk all over them and bully them. He seemed to have a few weak spots when it comes to bullies and those being bullied. Hadrian had threatened Philip Pucey when he'd been toying with the first year Eileen Prince when she had been unable to perform a simple shield charm in Defence at the beginning of term. He had agreed with Pucey it was embarrassing, but Hadrian didn't just defend anyone, not against the Slytherins at any rate, so he would wait and see what happened over the next few years.

"I do not know," Tom informed her.

"Its curfew soon," she said thoughtfully, "I um…bought some food up," she handed over the plate with a small half-hearted smile, not in the mood for much pleasantries. She knew Tom obviously wasn't, did he even realize how he felt? She couldn't help but wonder. Surely he did he was very possessive, they were cute together. She wandered around to the other side and sat down, ignoring the gimlet glare. She was more than used to them being sent her way from time to time, she thought concealing her grin with her hand. She didn't even blink when Tom placed the food uneaten on the cabinet underneath the shelf with quite a few blood replenishing potions.

"What happened after I left?" Tom reluctantly asked since he knew none of the Slytherins would come and he wanted information.

"Headmaster Dippet took the head of houses with him to his office along with Hagrid, the caretaker took the creature away, he says he thinks it's a wolf cub and he's probably right. I didn't find out whether it was alive or not though." Myrtle informed him. Although it didn't look like no werewolf cub, it was more like a full grown one to her. "I did overhear the Headmaster say they would be speaking to Hadrian when he woke up, maybe to get his side of it? I'm not really sure." Tom nodded curtly, finding Myrtle's serious voice was much more tolerable than her excited squeaky one, although he'd only put up with it twice. He'd literally had to dig his nails into his hand to prevent himself cursing her, it had been so annoying. She'd eventually lowered it a few octaves. "I see." Tom said smoothly, his eyes darkening when he thought of Hagrid, how he wanted to kill the half giant, do something, anything, especially torture him for his actions.

He narrowed his eyes, Hadrian had been very squirrelly today, had he known something like this would happen? Had that been the reason for his bitter laugh? The thought of that answer being yes infuriated him, when he woke up and he got his answer it bloody well better be a resounding no, otherwise he was going to make him regret putting himself in danger and making him feel this way. He clutched the book tightly in his grip, nostrils flaring, disgruntled by the fact he couldn't immediately get his answer, but…hopefully soon he would.

Chapter End Notes

(During Harry Potter and The Chamber Of Secrets, Tom Riddle said to Harry while he was in the chamber about Hagrid 'that the oaf 'Hagrid trying to raise werewolf cubs under his bed, sneaking off to the Forbidden Forest to wrestle trolls.' So this idea came
from that. It's not hard to disbelieve considering he's going to try raising a giant bloody spider next…although the Troll thing might be hard to believe lol but considering everything else was true I wouldn't put it past it! Who wants to see that happen before next year? Haha well there we go what did you think? still enjoying it? Will Tom and Hadrian go together just as friends (Yule ball) or will Tom ask Hadrian to go as his partner? or will their relationship remain a secret? R&R

HAPPY NEW YEAR GUYS! I DID SAY I WOULD POST AGAIN BEFORE ALL THE BEST FOR 2016 :P

Oh here's a nice bit of trivia for you, 18 years ago Harry Potter 1 (the book of course) was released? I was 10 believe it or not! :O haha where's the time went? and the first time I heard it was when the teacher read it to us in one of my classes :)
Chapter 25

Lord Of Time

Chapter 25

The relevant teachers began to enter the Headmaster's office along with Rubeus Hagrid who was still sobbing his heart out completely heartbroken and terrified. Armando claimed his seat; while waving his wand and the appropriate amount of seats appeared so all the teachers could sit down as well as one scared teenager. They all took seats apart from the current Care of Magical Creature's teacher, who was bent over examining the creature that had bitten a student. They all knew it wasn't a werewolf, the moon wasn't full.

Kettleburn brushed his hand over the fur, putting it to sleep with a spell so it wouldn't wake up - the pain it would be in was probably bad - better to do it humanely.

"What is it, Silvanus?" Dippet enquired his face a grim mask of worry.

"A werewolf cub," Kettleburn informed them, looking a cross between excited and aghast. He was known to be quite reckless, a prankster at heart, but he'd never gone as far to bring in a werewolf cub into a school full of children, it was usually himself the stunts he pulled backfired on.

"Isn't it a bit on the large side to be a cub?" the Head of Ravenclaw, Meadowes asked, glancing at the creature on the floor.

"Well, it has the name on a technicality; this creature was born to two werewolves who found each other on the full moon. The cubs were coined werewolf cubs and the name stuck, as it stands he is only nine months old, it still has some of growing to do." Kettleburn insisted, it was the size of a adult male human standing up, it was luck that Peverell was still breathing, he'd seen smaller animals maul a person in less time. "Where Mr. Hagrid managed to find one and get it away from its pack is anyone's guess." it was pretty damn reckless and that was saying something since he himself was impulsive.

"It's alive?" Beery asked, looking slightly uncomfortable at being in the room with it.

" Barely," Silvanus replied blankly. "He needs help or he definitely won't survive."

"Mr. Hagrid, where did you get him?" Dippet asked, staring at the Gryffindor with sternness that warned him against lying.

"I'm sorry!" Hagrid boomed out his terror, wailing, "I didn't mean for this to happen! He's a good boy; he didn't mean ter hurt anyone."

"Mr. Hagrid, answer my question!" Dippet's voice got a little deeper as he got more annoyed; it was hurting his ears having to listen to him shouting like that. "Where did you find him?"

"Near where I live, in the forest of Dean," Hagrid blubbered out, tears running down his face as he stared at the floor unable to meet any of their gazes.

"What made you think that it was okay to bring a werewolf cub into my school?" Dippet commanded.
"I didn't mean for this ter happen!" Hagrid said once more, shoulders heaving as he finally quietened down vocally and tried to breathe and calm himself.

"Armando he is only twelve years old despite how big he is, he's made a mistake, I'm sure I can drive home how serious it was during detention." Albus said soothingly, "I will make sure nothing like this happens again."

"Is there a chance of infection?" Dippet ignored his deputy for a moment as he turned to Kettleburn.

Slughorn paled at that pronouncement, he hadn't even thought on that possibility. He was extremely fond of Hadrian, the thought of the bright future being snuffed out due to possible werewolf infection was daunting and horrifying - this was one of his Slytherins for Merlin's sake, and he prayed to whichever deity might be listening for Hadrian to recover fully without a problem.

"Well, they're the offspring of two werewolves, I've never heard of it occurring but these creatures are supposed to have near human intelligence and obvious be smart enough to avoid human detection…he must have felt trapped, lashed out." Kettleburn answered, "I cannot answer that accurately, only healer Chang can."

Dippet nodded, they couldn't come up with a punishment until they knew all the facts. But there would be a punishment; he couldn't believe a twelve year old had been so stupid as to bring a wolf cub into his school especially the size of it! Of all the things that had happened during his tenure as both a professor and Headmaster he hadn't come across a student doing something so reckless before. He honestly couldn't think of a punishment suitable, with or without the possibility of a teenager being infected with lycanthrope. Hadrian Peverell had nearly died again, this time under his care, he was furious. He was half tempted to think of expelled, but Albus was unfortunately right, despite his large stature he was just twelve years old - and they did make mistakes.

"If you will excuse me, I wish to check on my student," Slughorn declared, knowing nothing would be decided at the first meeting - it never did happen that way. He stalked out of the room, letting the door bang closed as he made his way to the hospital wing as quickly as possible.

"I assume Rubeus is free to go?" Albus stated, glancing around the room at the others in disappointment, Rubeus hadn't meant any harm; he was just twelve years old and had made a little mistake. The drama was unnecessary if you asked him, and his opinion did matter most to Armando, so he would have to come later and speak to him without the others around.

"For the moment," Dippet replied, glancing at the subdued boy. "Silvanus you know what to do?"

"Of course, I'll go immediately," Kettleburn said nodding his understanding. He guessed he was going to the forest of dean to find out if the pack of werewolf cubs were still there, so if they didn't kill it the animal could be brought back where he belongs to his pack and the wild not some cage in a dorm. The chance of it being allowed to live was slim, it had almost killed a student - a Slytherin to boot - who will probably order it to be put down. Although the boy was actually attentive in his class, and treated him and the animals with the appropriate amount of respect.

"Good," Dippet nodded, "You may resume your normal duties ladies and gentlemen," one by one they began to leave making sure all their students returned to their dormitories. Albus guided the guilt stricken student out of his office, causing him to shake his head once more. What a night, during Samhain too, or Halloween as the youngsters called it. He still celebrated the pagan holidays, as his family had done before him. Somehow he just wasn't in the mood tonight.

With a resigned sigh he stood up, and made his way to his fireplace, it was time to see how
Hadrian was himself, as he used the Floo Network to call upon the healer from his office. One he was done with that he would need to get the House-elves to check every nook and cranny of Mr. Hagrid's Dorm room and make sure there was nothing else there.

Two Days Later

Harry inwardly groaned when he felt himself coming around, his neck felt like it was on fire, he was extremely thirsty and his stomach was complaining too. Why was it always him? He really, really had the worst sort of luck on Halloween, even when he wasn't Harry Potter. Next year he was hoiling up and not coming out until the bloody day was over. He wondered if it had happened in the old timeline and whether it had hurt someone or just been found.

'It got free the last time yes, but they weren't as severely wounded like you were.' Death informed Harry as he slid into his mind.

'Who got hurt?' Harry enquired curiously; obviously it had happened the last time around since Tom had found out about it. So that had been a stupid thought, during the whole first Horcrux/diary thing he'd said Hagrid had raised werewolf cubs and fought trolls in the forbidden forest, in his time there were no Trolls other than the one in his first year so was that true too?

'Aiden Avery and Mikhail Mulciber,' Death revealed.

'And Hagrid wasn't expelled then? With the influence their fathers have? They are pureblood's and that society is quite influential in this time aren't they?' Harry thought curiously. Not to mention the mothers, they would have been furious as well, they might not have political influences like their husbands but they were very protective of them children were cherished, loved and adored in the magical world each one was a blessing. Abuse didn't happen here, as odd as it sounded, it just didn't, although he would say what the bloody Longbottoms had done to Neville was abuse, they may not have lifted a hand to him but they'd scarred him for life that it took seventeen years for him to find himself and become a confident man under difficult circumstances too.

'The whole incident was swept under the rug, as I am afraid this will be too' Death told Harry sounding extremely vexed. Dumbledore was able to work his manipulations even now, without the aid of being the most famously revered wizard in all of the magical world. He really hoped Harry would ask his opinion on how to deal with him or come up with the idea he hoped and prayed he did.

'WHAT?!' Harry shrieked mentally, his body twitching as he tried to restrain his fury. He'd felt himself dying for Merlin's sake! And if he had been a normal wizard he would have bloody well died, Death had been keeping him alive he had felt that unique power of his. 'How the hell can he get away with that?'

'I would wonder why you suspect Dumbledore of all people, but you are smarter than you like to believe you are' Death replied amused, 'He didn't gain his manipulative tendencies when he won the war Harry, it was always there, his mother was much the same and raised them to lie, cheat and get their own way mostly to prevent the authorities ever finding out about her daughter. Albus being the eldest took to it like a duck to water, Aberforth was much younger and felt it entirely dishonest. Aberforth and Ariana took after their father.'

'I see,' Harry grumbled, 'How long have I been out? It's been longer than a night…'

'Close your eyes, dig deep inside you, the information you desire is there within you, use the full
power of Death. You've been unconscious for two days, and quite a lot of people are worried about you.’ Death said smugly, at least here Harry had the amount of friends he should have, not two who pretty much used him and kept genuine would be friends from getting near. Although Tom certainly scared his fair share away when they looked at him, it was quickly becoming his favourite thing to do watch the pair of them. Harry was so oblivious you wouldn't think he was out of his teens at all.

Two days? Merlin he's half expected it to be worse, so in that time he'd been bitten Dumbledore had convinced everyone that Hagrid deserved to be let off? Sighing softly, he didn't hate Hagrid, never had despite his hero worship of the old fool when his life had been torn asunder, but his penchant for dangerous animals had almost gotten him killed twice now. Sending him into a spider lair for information, and now with a damn wolf, he should have realized months ago, but he'd brushed it off like an idiot. If he brought in that damn spider next year he was going to go absolutely crazy. He didn't care if Hagrid was already the size of a damn bus.

The feeling of Death abruptly leaving had him frowning, he didn't normally leave without saying anything. Shrugging it off, he opened his eyes and was met with the hospital wing, it didn't escape him that he had been injured pretty much the same time last year and in the hospital wing for months recovering from all the spells Granger and Weasley had flung at him while he'd been in the future. Grunting in pain he sat up, his arms straining to take his weight but thankfully managing to do so. He blinked at the sight of the cards, flowers and sweets at the bottom of his bed. There were more on the table to his side he realized. Curiously plucking one from the table he read it, it was from Myrtle and Richard. Shaking his head at the poetry, he put it back on there was more here now than he'd ever gotten each time he landed in the hospital wing when he was so called 'famous' here he was just a regular student who had friends who actually cared and it made him feel… exhilarated, happy and more important content despite what had happened he was very happy to be here and now, his life was actually worth living.

He'd turned down his fair share of those asking him to the Yule Ball though. A few had asked him before their eyes had widened and they'd squeaked before fleeing, it reminded him of the time Weasley had tried to ask Fleur, but he was no vela so it was curious.

Swinging his legs out of bed, he looked around for any sign of his belongings; he found some things when he opened the cabinet he would bet it was Tom who had put everything there. Grabbing his things he stood up wobbly at first, before he regained his footing before making a beeline for the bathroom.

He locked it immediately behind him; before ambling over to one of the sinks, making sure it was dry he put his clothes and the shower bag in the bowl. Turning his head to the side, he grimaced he could see scarring, there was obviously nothing to reduce scars in this time, it might explain the state of Professor Kettleburn in future. Obvious the scar salve won't work on old wounds, it was ugly, and the bite mark had mangled his entire left side of his throat. Moody had been the same, so it must have been a new invention during his time…dittany didn't even get rid of scars just healed the wounds. With the wound so fresh it looked ten times worse, there were blots of blood all around his neck that had been missed but the immediate area was clean and sterilised.

Turning around he walked to the stall putting the shower bag in the slot and stripped off the hospital pyjamas and jumped in the shower and began to scrub himself clean. Being extremely careful with the delicate skin around his neck not wanting to tear it back open. He didn't stay in too long; the longer he stood there the more pain began to lash out from his neck and down his chest and arm.

Stepping out he dried himself off with a spell and packed everything away not up to doing it
himself. Back at the sink he dressed slowly almost jumping out of his skin when the healer knocked on the door and admonished him for even getting out of bed. Harry just chuckled tiredly at that, she would learn he rarely did what he was supposed to. He'd only behaved the last time due to the fact his mind was in a bit of a spin and he had been grievously injured. He supposed the same could be said for this time, but if he counted how many times he'd 'almost died' he'd use every finger and then some.

"I'll be right out," Harry shouted through the door, scratching at his chin absently, he would need to shave soon, he thought as the prickly hairs tickled his fingers. Summoning his shower bag he opened the door and stepped out to face the irate healer.

"You shouldn't be out of bed young man," Chang said staring at him sternly, tapping her foot. She'd almost had a heart attack when she found the bed empty when the ward alerted her to students coming into the hospital wing.

What was it with people tapping their foot when they were annoyed? Poppy used to do it all the time. "I'm okay, I've had worse remember?" Harry pointed out, the wrong thing to do since her expression tightened considerably.

"I know," she replied, she'd had trouble keeping him alive until the experts arrived and everyone fought to keep Hadrian alive - she'd feared so many times that he was gone, that she should have defied Albus and taken him to St. Mungo's but somehow against all odds he'd fought to stay alive while they worked. "Are you in pain?" she belatedly asked, realizing he hadn't had any pain relief, and he'd been awake Merlin knows how long.

"A little," Harry said grimacing as he was reminded of the pain.

"On the bed, now, Hadrian!" Chang demanded as she rushed off towards her potions cupboard and collected the ones she needed for him.

Harry reluctantly did as he was told; he knew if he kept going against her he wouldn't get out any time soon. She wasn't as easy to sway as Poppy had been, or should he say would be? Either way, he slid back into his bed, rolling his eyes skyward. Tom was sitting next to the bed, a book in hand reading his face impassive.

"Hi, what's been happening?" Harry asked, turning to face the healer when she returned to his bed, handing over a potion, which he recognized and drank down, then another, the pain reliever which he snatched up immediately relaxing with a sigh.

"Do not get out of bed," Chang said giving him a pointed look, "Breakfast will be up in a few minutes."

"Yes, ma'am," Harry said reluctantly. Turning back to Tom he found the teen staring at him intently, blinking in confusion he waited. "So?" he added urging him to speak.

"Nothing much," Tom replied, other than the fact he had thought up a million ways to make sure Hagrid paid for what he'd done.

"Hagrid is off limits," Harry warned.

"Excuse me?" Tom exclaimed harshly, unable to hide how surprised he was by that proclamation. Was Hadrian really giving Hagrid a free pass and actually protecting him from all Slytherin's that would want retribution?

"If anyone hurts him, they'll answer to me," Harry told him, but he couldn't help but wonder…
would this truly move Tom to seeking another way to make him pay? What if he was making things worse by doing this? He hated not knowing, it was doing his head in.

"Why?" Tom demanded furiously.

"It's not his fault the damn teachers aren't doing anything about it," Harry hissed, "It's all down to Dumbledore as usual."

Tom blinked immediately confused, "You've been unconscious why and how would you know anything about the giant oafs punishment?" or lack of one, if you believe Hadrian.

Harry huffed in bitter amusement, "Do you seriously think Dumbledore would punish any of his sainted Gryffindors? No matter how bad the transgression is? The rest of the teachers probably bow to his every word." he was becoming more and more Slytherin he realized, sainted Gryffindors? Yes, he was going Slytherin, and guess what? He didn't give a crap because for the first time in his life he was living by his own rules.

"Professor Slughorn wouldn't stand for that," Tom waved the concern away not truly believing that a student could get away with almost killing another without some sort of punishment.

"You are aware that they're good friends aren't you?" Harry informed him sounding amused. "They started working at Hogwarts the same year."

"You seem to know a lot about everything, especially the past," Tom commented, leaving unsaid 'especially for someone from the future'.

"Yeah, well, it was needed," Harry replied honestly.

"Yes, but why?" Tom enquired, not even twitching when food appeared at the bottom of Hadrian's bed.

"Honestly? I don't think you want to know." Harry answered.

Tom was just about to open his mouth to demand an answer from him when the door opened and Slughorn entered. He looked relieved to see Hadrian awake, as he wandered over. "Hadrian, my boy, I'm glad you're awake, how are you feeling?"

"I'll be fine," Harry said giving him a smile, "Although I was wondering if I could use one of the labs to brew a potion?"

"Well you have my permission, Hadrian just as long as I know you're a hundred percent healthy," Slughorn replied unusually serious for their Slytherin head of house.

"Thanks, professor," Harry said sincerely.

"You're most welcome, unfortunately I didn't come just to ask how you were, a decision needs to be made regarding the creature that bit you, and since it hurt you and you are emancipated it is solely your decision what happens to it." Slughorn informed him gently as if he was afraid of scaring Hadrian.

"It's still alive?" Harry asked surprised, the amount of magic he'd flung into it he was genuinely amazed it had survived.

"Yes," Slughorn replied nervously.
Harry zeroed in on that tick immediately, the teacher wasn't good at hiding his nerves especially when interrogated or asked questions that make him uncomfortable. "And what exactly does everyone wish to do with it?" as rumour went, a pack was supposed to live in the forbidden forest at the kindly permission of 'Albus Dumbledore' which if it was true meant it happened once Dumbledore became Headmaster so they couldn't wish to put it there surely?

"There are two options, send it back to its pack in the Forest of Dean or put it to sleep," Slughorn relaxed at this line of questioning.

"Forest of Dean? How the hell would he have gotten it from the Forest of Dean?" and away from the pack at that.

"He lives nearby," Slughorn confessed.

Well that information was new, he'd never really thought on where the hell Hagrid lived. "He took a cub away from its family?" Harry gritted his teeth at the stupidity of it.

"Yes," Slughorn said a scowl of his own appearing very briefly.

"Send it back," Harry said shrugging his shoulders, he knew the werewolf cubs didn't normally go for humans, it avoided them, so why it had decided to lash out was anyone's guess...perhaps fear? Being around so many humans locked up relying on a bloody giant to feed it and probably not getting the nutrients it needs.

Tom silently seethed, Hadrian was far too lenient on that damn creature, and he should kill it and be done with it. He hadn't slept too well since that incident, things did NOT get to him so he loathed the fact that this was. "What is being done about Hagrid, Professor?" Tom asked his head of house, none of his anger showing - as usual.

"Ah, yes, well," Slughorn said, clearing his throat, "He will receive detention, for a fortnight."

Harry gave a bitter chuckle, "Let me guess, Professor Dumbledore?" his anger suddenly mounting, he was so goddamned sick of Dumbledore and his leniency; he shouldn't be around anyone, never mind children.

Slughorn blinked in surprise, "Well, yes," he answered. "I did press for a harsher punishment," he felt the need to tell him.

Harry's face went stony, this couldn't continue, Dumbledore couldn't just let the Gryffindors off with whatever they wanted. Even as a Headmaster he had done the same thing, it would spiral out of control and make the prejudice between both houses so much worse. Here and now it was mostly Muggle-born Vs Pureblood other than all out hatred against Gryffindors etc... in his own time both problems were ten times magnified. Something had to be done now, he knew what would happen if it continued. Without further ado Harry stood up ignoring both his teacher and Tom before making a break for the door magic pouring off him temporarily with his short slip in temper.

Tom watched him go before he lurched from the seat, abandoning the book as he tried to catch up with Hadrian. The last time he'd seen him in a mood like that he'd levitated Avery for Merlin's sake, he didn't even want to imagine what he might do to Dumbledore. He knew Hadrian absolutely hated Dumbledore, he suspected even more than him, and that was saying something. Surely he wouldn't be stupid enough to do anything to the deputy headmaster where everyone could see him and when the man himself knew it was Hadrian?
He cursed when the length of the corridor leading to the great hall was deserted, he must already be in there. He ran faster, hoping he was overreacting and Hadrian was just going for breakfast or to let off some steam somewhere else…maybe the common room? Yet he knew his thoughts to be untrue, especially with the way Hadrian had left, he was after Dumbledore.

He slowed his pace down as he skidded to a halt outside the Great Hall, and slid into the room, unsurprised to find Hadrian there.

"Tell me, Dumbledore, if it had been any other student other than your precious Gryffindor would you have made sure the punishment was so lenient? Two weeks detention! TWO WEEKS DETENTION for almost being killed?" Hadrian hissed in his teachers face. "Or is your problem the fact that I am in Slytherin and you hate our guts?"

"Mr. Peverell, do not make this situation any worse," Dumbledore warned standing up at full height trying to intimidate him into silence.

"OR what? Apparently I can go around almost murdering students and receiving only two weeks detention!" Harry snapped out.

"Twenty-five points from Slytherin, Mr. Peverell for disrespect." Dumbledore cautioned.

Harry laughed bitterly, "So my disrespect is worth twenty-five lost points but almost dying I see isn't even worth a single lost point from Gryffindor? You're supposed to be teachers, a student almost died in your care and…that's all its worth? Two weeks detention and I'll bet my vaults that they're with Dumbledore a man who is evidently known for his favouring his own house!"

The Slytherin's watched wide eyed, they'd never seen anyone speaking to Dumbledore that way in their entire years at Hogwarts.

"Mr. Peverell, stand down," Albus warned.

"You shouldn't be allowed anywhere near children!" Harry spat, fighting against the arms that wrapped around him as he continued his diatribe. "You shouldn't be a teacher! Look at what happens to them when you're around! They get away with murder, or almost commit it and you just let them off! Ariana's death should have drove that home you-" Tom silenced Hadrian and wrestled him out of the Great Hall, but not before seeing Dumbledore swaying dangerously looking as though he was about to pass out in shock, terror and fear. Who the hell was Ariana? And more importantly what had happened to her?

"Calm down," Tom ordered, using that tone of voice on him for the first time, but Hadrian was beyond listening, slamming them up against the wall, the fire in Hadrian caused desire to lick down his spine, the defiance, the fact he could cause Dumbledore untold damage, his magic, everything just overwhelmed him about the teen and before he knew it he slammed his lips against Hadrian's and possessively kissed him, which ceased Hadrian's struggles. "Mine." Tom declared tightening his hold as if suspecting he would run.

Harry just stared his green eyes impossibly wide utterly stunned.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lord Of Time

Chapter 26

Harry continued to stare at Tom unable to fathom a reply, his mind whirling dangerously out of control. How the hell could he have not seen it? Well of course he couldn't see it, Tom rarely showed his own emotions, even he found getting Tom to show anything difficult and usually only when he was extremely surprised or pissed off. Like the day he hadn't denied he knew all about magic to him during the first week, or when he handed over Slytherin pendant without expecting anything in return. He knew everything there had been possible to know about Tom…but this? Well the last thing he'd ever thought about was his sexual preferences or whether he would have a bloody partner - which he had never had - with Horcruxes and his soul split he'd probably never desired anyone…although there were rumours about Bellatrix but he'd never really bothered about it - he had more important tasks at hand…rather they had been at the time.

Everything was now precariously hinged on a cliff edge; he didn't need to be a seer to know that. If he said no, there was a chance Tom would pull away completely, close down and become who Harry feared he would - a split soulless wizard whose obsessions just carry him over until it ended him. Obsession and pride, two very stubborn personality traits, they overtook everything even common sense from time to time. Or there was a chance that Tom could become relentless in his pursuit of him and resort to hurting others…he honestly didn't know what Tom would do, this unknown territory was quite frankly worrying.

No, he couldn't do that, he swore he would never become Dumbledore or anything like him. He couldn't agree to be with Tom just to change him or try to at any rate; he didn't think it was possible for anyone to change Tom much. That and he was through thinking of others before himself. It had to be something he wanted…but did he? He was attracted to Tom, there was no denying that - he couldn't think of anyone who wasn't drawn to him, he was bloody gorgeous, smart, powerful and the downside? He had sadistic tendencies and he wanted to rule the world. Being attracted to someone didn't make it alright either, he knew how things could go, better than anyone could possibly imagine. What if he agreed only for Tom to go down that road? He wouldn't be able to handle it. It wouldn't be his Tom if he separated his soul. His Tom? Harry thought mentally shouting, what the hell? Swallowing thickly, feeling as if hours had passed in reality it was only seconds.

Could he talk him out of creating Horcruxes if he even did it this time around, perhaps without the prejudice he wouldn't let loose the basilisk, wouldn't create the diary so it could 'finish Salazar Slytherin's noble work'. This was so complicated…and sort of depraved…he wasn't really fifteen years old, he wasn't a teenager…wasn't it sort of illegal? Did he care? No, not really, he really was turning into a Slytherin he mused wryly.

Opening his mouth, intending on asking Tom for time, just so he could get his head around it, when he actually looked him in the eye and his breathing hitched. Was that actually hope concealed within those black depths? Oh shit, was he being manipulated? Tom was just bloody amazing at it, there was no denying that. The thought of being manipulated himself though left a
bitter taste in his mouth, it had happened to him for seven long years. Then predictably, Tom's face
became completely blank before he pulled away, turning to presumably go to Slytherin common
room.

"Tom, wait, it's not you..." Harry grimaced at that excuse, but continued on. "There's just a few
things you don't know about me yet...okay actually a lot of things it might change how you feel
about going down this road." his green eyes boring straight into Tom's leaving no room for the
other teen to doubt him for a second.

Tom turned back to face Hadrian, his gaze intense as he stared at him, judging him, but those green
eyes he liked so much were very sincere. What could he have to say that would change this? He'd
long ago lost the suspicious than it was only his life Hadrian had known about, he knew things
about Slughorn, about Dumbledore for Merlin's sake and he was older than him by at least fifty
years! A lot of others he was familiar with too, he would bet Eileen was too, and Hagrid.

"Look...just follow me," Harry said, walking away from the direction of the dungeons and began
making his way up the stairs. He gait was a little slow, the pain reliever he'd taken only worked so
well, but considering there was no Severus Snape around to make the potions better well, he would
have to do with the mediocre ones that Slughorn brewed for the hospital wing. In other words the
potion was barely taking the edge off the pain. He took them to the only really safe place from
eavesdropping the room of requirements - more specifically the room of lost items - they could
poke around while they spoke. The room was large and they'd only scraped the surface Tom
unsurprisingly had uncovered a few gems and had given him his money back already.

Crossing back and forth impatiently, glancing around to make sure the corridor was truly deserted
before opening the door that appeared there. Luckily there weren't any portraits so even the
Headmaster was unaware of the room, even Dumbledore could be for all he knew. Sighing softly,
looking around once again struck by the fact the last time he saw this room as Harry Potter it had
been burning ferociously to the ground. The room had never worked again, he had walked passed
it for what felt like a million times and nothing had appeared, not even as a closet. It had been
destroyed; the fire had obliterated it and all the sentient magic keeping the room alive and ever
changing.

Only Tom would choose this moment to remain stoic and quiet, anyone else would be asking a
million questions by now. It was as though he was trying to get answers from him without having
to ask. He couldn't feel any probing at his mind shields - not that he ever had when it came to Tom
- so he was safe from that at least. Harry touched his tingling lips, rolling his eyes, honestly, he was
acting like a love struck twelve year old, he hastily shoved his hands down but his treacherous
stomach felt full of butterflies and his lips continued to tingle. "I am not really fifteen years old..."
Harry confessed, turning to face Tom, "I...when I came back to this time I was fourteen again."

Tom's eyes narrowed until his eyes were naught but slits, "What age are you?" he hoped that he
wasn't about to hear that Hadrian was a middle aged man or worse.

"I was twenty-one when I came back, so technically I'm twenty-two now," Harry informed him
slightly sheepish, scratching the back of his head.

"That is why you knew the material so well," Tom stated bitterly.

Harry shook his head, "Half the material we learn in this day and age isn't available in my time
anymore, I'm learning as I go just the same as you in nearly all my classes other than Defence
Against the Dark Arts, Transfiguration and Charms. Why do you think I spend so much of my time
with my head buried in books?" it was true, healing, Ancient Runes, Arithmancy, magical theory,
ancient studies, magical law and finances all subjects new to him that he'd never taken before.
"Even Alchemy when I take it."

"And Dark Arts?" Tom enquired silkily.

Harry chuckled humourlessly, "Same, in my time especially for me it wasn't something I could possibly read about. You think the prejudice is bad now? Sixty years later people are prosecuted for it ten times worse and more often. The UK magical Britain is a mockery compared to other places; I honestly don't know why anyone wants to live here." Harry then added smugly, "But when it comes to the Dark Arts, even defence against it, I am very good. Always have been best grades all the time, out of all the students. Even learning the first time around and I had only just found out about it. Me, better than those who knew magic from the get go."

"And that's enough of that, I'm spending way too much time with you, Tom, I'm beginning to sound just like you." Harry muttered dryly, shaking his head when he realized how it sounded.

Tom smirked smugly despite everything he'd learned; truthfully none of it bothered him. A frown overtook his smug look, as he realized that if Hadrian had been twenty-one years old the likelihood of him being married was very high. It left a coiling cold feeling in his stomach. The thought of anyone having seen him, touched him in any way infuriated him. Then again if he was raised in the Muggle world perhaps not? "Did you have an arranged marriage contracted in your name?" Tom enquired, trying to sound flippant but he failed spectacularly.

"You're asking me if I was married?" Harry chuckled darkly, his green eyes gleaming with hatred. "No, Tom, I wasn't, my pureblood father married a Muggle-born witch, she was quite powerful and smart herself. Why do you think I believe that half-blood's are much more powerful? That and I can see what happens to those who believe wholly in the whole keeping their lines pure crap? Most of those end up gone, Couch, Carrow, Moody, Black, Lestrange and probably a few others I'm forgetting. I mean there are so many Black's here that my head is spinning trying to remember them all! In my time they're gone, nearly every single one of them only three females remain." most of them actually died for Tom's cause but he wasn't about to tell him that. Hopefully it wouldn't happen this time around.

"Who was Ariana?" Tom demanded, relaxing slightly at the knowledge he wasn't married or hadn't been, but there were still a lot of questions he wanted answered. He moved around the room, absently sorting through the books, trying to find ones that were worthy of reading and selling.

Harry joined him, "Do you really want to know? I mean can you know and not use it against him?" or hate Muggles more.

"I'm afraid that cat is long out of the bag," Tom snorted derisively, relishing in Dumbledore's expression as he forced Hadrian out of the Great Hall. Finding a book that looked half way decent and sliding it into his bag for later perusal.

Harry winced, "Yeah, I let my anger get the better of me, Merlin knows what he's going to do now," flipping the books on his hand to the other side they were just first year books and absolutely no use to him. Sighing softly, "Ariana was Dumbledore's sister, she um…she was the youngest, when she was six years old she was attacked by three Muggle boys, don't ask me how because I don't know and I really don't want to know what the hell they did to her." Harry said seeing the probing look on Tom's face.

"All I know is whatever those boys did to her…scarred her for life, she refused to use her magic again, and you see the boys saw her performing accidental magic. It broke something in her, mentally, Percival Dumbledore was absolutely furious, he got the truth and tracked those three boys down and killed them for what they did to his daughter. He spent the last years of his life in
Azkaban, dying on the island, known as a Muggle hater, he refused to tell the Ministry why he’d one it, from then on in Kendra Dumbledore kept her daughter a secret, bringing up Albus and Aberforth to lie, manipulate and whatever else just so her daughter wouldn't be discovered and sent to St. Mungo's."

"I see," Tom replied, wondering what it had to do with what happened to Hadrian.

"Not using magic caused her core to become seriously unstable, most of the time she was just a frightened young girl, until her magic acted up from time to time. In the end she had a fit, when her magic acted up again, and it killed her mother. Both boys let everyone believe she died due to a backfiring charm. Albus of course then became her guardian, Aberforth knowing his brother wanted to leave Hogwarts to look after her but he convinced him to return. He was the only one that was able to calm her down, and she ate when he asked more than even when her mother tried to get her to eat. He was gone the day Ariana had the fit that killed their mother." Harry continued to explain.

"Knowing his brother?" Tom enquired realizing they were getting to the juicy details.

"Dumbledore returned to Godric's Hollow to look after his sister angry, bitter, he didn't want to look after his 'damaged' sister or wayward brother his words not mine. He felt trapped, his magic and talent wasted, until a certain someone appeared in Godric's Hollow."

"Even you'll know who he is, Gellert Grindelwald, Dumbledore's lover."

Tom's eyes widened comically unable to hide his reactions and making no attempt to afterwards.

"Gellert came to Godric's Hollow after being kicked out of Durmstrang for excessively using the Dark Arts; you can imagine how bad it must have been to scare the teachers there, who actually teach the subject. His aunt is the one and only Bathilda Bagshot."

"Who?" Tom frowned, he wasn't familiar with her, and by the way Hadrian spoke of her she was obviously well known.

"Oh, you won't know her yet," Harry said realizing his slip up, shaking his head. "She writes a book that gets used by every student here at Hogwarts. Its title is 'Hogwarts a history' it won't be out for a few more years."

Tom nodded curtly, before sliding yet another book into his bag as they continued with their quest as they spoke.

"Anyway, they became fast friends, since they were both very smart and ambitious, Dumbledore chose to ignore Gellert's penchant for violence because of his love for him." Harry's voice took on a sarcastic turn there. "Then they began to plan to take over the wizarding world and make Muggles subservient for the 'greater good'."

Tom gaped, "You're joking right?" he had to be, it was so bloody ludicrous really.

"No, I'm not, Aberforth found out and kicked up a storm, suddenly all three of them were arguing and fighting. Ariana hearing the commotion tried to intervene, then suddenly they all burst out into a duel, no one knows just who struck the blow that killed her, whether it was Dumbledore or Grindelwald. Either way Gellert ran away, continued with their plans without Dumbledore. In the end he became a Transfiguration teacher, stewing in his own guilt, hid all his sordid past, and that's the way it remained for a long, long time."

Tom just wordlessly shook his head and perched himself on a chair that had been untangled from
the mass of furniture days ago. When he wondered about it, he certainly hadn't expected anything like this to come to light. No wonder Dumbledore felt guilty.

"Right now there are people all over the world begging for his help to end Grindelwald, since he is powerful enough to stop it, but he refuses, too terrified of meeting him. Too scared of the prospect of finding out it had been he who cast the curse that killed his sister. He puts it off for as long as possible, but in the end he cannot stand the guilt of what his ex-lover is doing and duels him." Harry revealed, they'd gotten well off topic but getting it off his chest was…exhilarating. Of course Tom already knew bits and pieces of this, he'd told him. "Both of them are obsessed with the Deathly Hallows…do you know what they are?"

"The Deathly Hallows? They're out of a children's tale, they don't exist." Tom pointed out, almost bewildered by the conversation change, thankfully he was smart enough to compartmentalise it all and proceed further. "So why would they be obsessed with it?" but his mind drifted to one night the tales had been brought up, and how the others had derisively mocked it and Hadrian had just smirked in the background thoroughly amused. He was not going to be told the Deathly Hallows existed - it was impossible. He was saying that a lot this evening and he didn't like it. Unfortunately he was too exasperated and surprised to be truly angry.

"Oh, no, they exist alright," Harry grinned savagely. "They're also more important than just mere artefacts that can do what they say in the story. I mean surely you've noticed that stories the Muggles grew up with like sleeping beauty and such are similar tales in the magical world…but the prince was actually a wizard with the antidote on his lips that revived her. There are dozens of them I could go on, but I can't be bothered, just know that all legends are true, all Muggle and magical alike there's truth to it all, they come from somewhere." flipping open a chest, and peering inside, arching an eyebrow impressed, digging in bringing out the bag full of coins, he opened it and found galleons. He'd estimate around forty or fifty at least, he flipped it into his pocket. "Oh, someone was definitely up to something illegal." he said wryly bringing out the crate of love potions. He flipped out his wand and banished them immediately. "This trunk is at least fifty to sixty years old, some good books in here too, you'll like them." giving it another once over before sliding the trunk across.

"The hallows?" Tom demanded expectantly, ignoring the enticing trunk for the moment.

"What? They exist," Harry said turning to face him trying to hide his merriment.

"And does he get them?" Tom asked, already making plans to get them before the old fool just to screw with him.

"Well…yeah for a brief stint," Harry acknowledged, "One longer than the other two."

"What do they do? If they're more than just what the story proclaims?" Tom enquired, his mind whirling as he tried to remember everything he'd read about that particular tale. Cloak of invisibility, a resurrection stone and the death stick, two of the brothers died one murdered one suicide the other survived until he passed the cloak onto his son and parted with death as old friends. What else did the story say? That was it, nothing more specified. He longed to leave and go to the chamber, where he could get some solitary time and think on everything he'd just learned.

"One of them belongs to you," Harry told him, having no intention of telling him about the fact had made him immortal, he wasn't under any circumstances going to have that rooting in Tom's mind, but push come to shove he would tell him everything if he ever considered creating a Horcrux.

"The brothers in that tale are the Peverell brothers; the middle brother Camdus should be familiar to you."
"The resurrection stone?" Tom muttered incredulously, of course he would get the least exciting, he cared not about some resurrection stone or speaking to the dead there was no point to that.

"Yes, I am a descendant from the youngest, the cloak of invisibility, which I might have stole and replaced with a different one..." Harry admitted.

Tom let out an incredulous chuckle, "I assume it was sold?" he then asked.

"No, I sort of stole it from my own grandfather," Harry said sheepishly.

"There's only one person rumoured to have such an item..." Tom told him thoughtfully, "I am unsure if it's true or not, but I'm inclined to believe it."

"Charles Potter, yes," Harry nodded, "He's too proud for words," he was quite possibly the only student in Hogwarts who required glasses now; he refused to let him near his eyes. He didn't think it was anything to do with the fact he hated Slytherin's, at least it didn't seem to be the case at all.

"You're a Potter?" Tom rubbed his temples; he'd had enough surprises for one night. He looked nothing like Charles Potter or his father. He was much better looking than either Potter could ever hope to be.

"If they did a test it would prove conclusively that I was Hadrian Peverell, magic covered its tracks all too well. I wasn't about to let anyone have my cloak, it's too handy, nobody will notice for a few generations when it begins to fade anyway." Harry said smugly, being Master of Death had its perks he had to admit although he certainly didn't admit it often. It might just last James thought-out his school years if he's lucky. "Your grandfather or uncle probably has the Gaunt Ring which is the resurrection stone in their possession. It's the very last thing they have in their possession. It's very last thing they have to their name, since obviously you got the locket." and in a year or so he would also have the ring. It would never work for Tom like it would for him since they were actually his. All of them.

"Did you have someone you liked in your own time?" Tom asked changing the subject he needed time to think, shrinking the trunk he put it in his bag.

"No, I spent six years running from...people," Harry replied darkly, "I never had the chance to have a relationship, with anyone." even if he had he wouldn't be about to spill it to Tom, by his earlier proclamation that wouldn't have been a good idea. 'Mine' it should scare the hell out of him, but for some reason it didn't. It excited him on a level that he hadn't felt in a long time or perhaps at all.

"Who?" Tom demanded icily, despite the fact he felt self-assured with the knowledge that nobody had or would ever get to see Hadrian other than him. Hadrian was his completely.

"I'm not talking about this anymore; I want to forget about it." Harry shook his head refusing to tell him, just like he wouldn't tell him more about the Dursley's.

Only Harry shouldn't have underestimated just how smart and ruthless Tom could be about getting answers - even without Harry telling him. The list was becoming quite endless, and Tom wasn't one to forget even if he knew he would have to wait years to get his revenge on those who had hurt what was his.

Chapter End Notes
Well there we go Tom now knows most of the truth will we see tom trusting Harry with the chamber in the next chapter? giving Tom the idea of the usage of basilisk skin to make money? hmm the yule ball too and of course Christmas and new year aka - Tom's birthday...I wonder what Harry can get him what do you guys think? he's already gotten him the locket...some books? a young Nagini? (probably not alive I know but hey it could be fun) or will that wait until their seventh year? not sure what else can be added in the next chapter if you can think of something let me know so I don't have to go back when I realize there's a few things I should have added! R&R please

And just for clarification Harry isn't a werewolf - he was bitten by a werewolf cub - the offspring of two werewolves and non contagious :) just like the werewolf cubs from Fixing Past Mistakes :)
"Why the hell is he letting that half-breed get away with it?" Lestrange asked bitterly, Hadrian was a friend and he was furious that he was giving the oaf a free pass. After what he had done? Bringing in dangerous bloody creatures to Hogwarts - he had almost died and he could scarcely believe what Tom had told them although it had been reluctant he was very angry himself angrier than Lestrange had ever seen him and he had seen him in a lot of stages of anger over the years. They all had in fact, but last night they had been told and the magic that spat from Tom in his anger had been as terrifying as it was magnificent. He held so much power, and he was unafraid to use it, he was so charismatic he couldn't help but be drawn to him and his brilliance. Sleep hadn't come easy for any of them, as confused as they were; it wasn't exactly a Slytherin move to make.

"You heard who he blamed," Tom drawled from his seat in the common room beside the fire, finding himself amused at their confusion, it wasn't often they felt that way. He unlike the others held a suspicion that Hadrian knew Hagrid in the future and was going easy on him. He hadn't explicitly said anything, but that was Hadrian for you. He was at the top of the hierarchy so technically he could go after the sorry excuse for a wizard without suffering repercussions, the others wouldn't dare to in the face of Hadrian's wrath. He on the other hand was contemplating the idea on whether it was worth trying to get revenge on the oaf, Hadrian seemed to know him in a way he had yet to understand and know Hadrian in turn. So actually doing anything might not be a good idea, at least not yet, he had to gain Hadrian's complete trust first. So if he said he didn't touch him then he would believe him. Clearing his thought his lips twitched in devious amusement, their confusion morphed into awe plain a simple.

"Yeah, I think everyone heard," Carrow said in admiration. "I mean bloody hell, Dumbledore looked ready to pass out, Healer Chang had to give him a potion then he fled like the hounds of hell were on his back!" nothing, absolutely nothing would ever beat that sight.

"It was awesome!" Dorea insisted from the couch beside a silent Walburga who nodded her voice full of breathless amazement.

"Oh, Please, it isn't that difficult to wind a teacher up," Avery drawled unimpressed trying to imitate Tom, shaking his head in annoyance, all last night and this morning all he heard was how great, awesome, amazing, inspiring it was. He was sick of it, and wished they would start talking about something else already. He was tired of Hadrian Peverell, period.

"Wind?" Alphard Black snorted derisively, glaring at Avery from his conjured black chair from beside him. "He crushed the old fool, I don't know what he said but it destroyed him."

"Nobody's seen him since, he wasn't at breakfast and he's always at breakfast!" Mulciber insisted smugly. Unfortunately it wouldn't last forever; he would be back to normal soon regrettably.

"Neither was Hadrian, everyone noticed," Nott added his eyes shaded with worry. Slytherin's all
stuck together, so they'd just made it seem like Hadrian was still recovering from the animal attack. In reality he had been up all night, nightmare after nightmare, although he hadn't admitted that but every few hours his magic would flare up in the dorm and he'd bolt upright in his bed. They hadn't heard anything due to the silencing charms but they'd seen and sensed it. It's probably what had Avery in such a foul mood.

"Did you see the looks the oaf was getting? All we need to do is sit back and watch," Rosier added joining in the conversation that seemed all Slytherin's were chipping in.

"What do you mean?" Tom demanded, glancing over at Rosier in question, silently insisting on an explanation and quickly.

Rosier wanted to start it with 'Are you kidding me?' but he thought better of it - quite rightfully so. "The Ravenclaws and Hufflepuff's like Hadrian, they're angry with the lack of punishment too, at least some of them, they'll get the payback for us. I might just point a few in the right direction."

Rosier smirked in malicious glee. At least the older years, since it would take quite a bit of punch to hurt the damn half giant.

"Interesting," Tom muttered, a frown working onto his face, his worry for Hadrian was blinding him, and he hadn't noticed the dissension in the ranks so to speak. He could not let himself waver like that again, he could do both, would do both in future anything less was not tolerated. He should have noticed that the others weren't happy, and if he hadn't been up half the night and worried he would have. It was why he didn't do well with emotions, they hindered you, made you miss things, but he was Tom Riddle, he got what he wanted, when he wanted. He wanted Hadrian badly; he would just have to ensure to keep a good eye on his surroundings from here on in. As soon as Hadrian came down, he was going to the library, he had family to look up, and he wanted to know about Marvolo Gaunt, his so called grandfather his black eyes gleamed just thinking about him. He wanted to know if he was alive or not since Hadrian wasn't sure or as he had said (he was iffy with accurate information this far back).

"In fact most of the Ravenclaw's will be in the library before lunch, I'll head up then," Rosier insisted, before burying his head in his homework, he preferred to do his homework on Saturday so he could do whatever he wished on Sunday.

"No they wont, it's Saturday, they'll be completing their homework in their common room or Dorms," Hadrian informed Rosier flippantly, just like a great deal of the Slytherins were, and he should know, he was friends with a Ravenclaw. Although that Ravenclaw would probably call him 'best friend' not that he minded too much. He was just passed that stage, that and the last two best friends he'd had betrayed the hell out of him and back again. "Those that haven't got boyfriends or girlfriends at least." he rolled his eyes, bookworms they may be but they still went through puberty and became interested in the opposite sex. One could argue based on the feelings he kept getting when he looked at Tom that he hadn't gone through it last time he was this age.

"How are you feeling?" Walburga asked, truly concerned eyeing the wound on his neck barely withholding a wince at the sight.

Harry turned to the sound of the voice, noticing where she was looking and absently touching his neck, it was still delicate and extremely painful to touch. Between the pain, the nightmares and the fact he'd actually been attacked by a werewolf cub and let his anger get the better of him - you bet your ass he was feeling worried and apprehensive he had no idea what to expect from Dumbledore - he feared he'd poked a sleeping dragon. He wasn't scared of him per se, just worried due to the fact he had no idea what he would be dealing with. That equalled up to one hell of a bad nights sleep. "Er…I've had worse," Harry said dismissively, even if he wanted to say he hurt like hell - it
wasn't a Slytherin move and no Slytherin would admit weakness. He was touched by her concern though, considering what she had turned into in his future…er…past, Merlin he hated tenses. It was the future but his past.

"Don't bother sitting down, we're leaving," Tom stated as Hadrian was about to sit, he stood up imperiously waiting for him.

"Why?" Harry queried curiously, rolling his eyes at the others, he didn't think he'd ever get used to the constant sharp intakes of breaths and looks just because he didn't bow to Tom's every word or demand. They'd done all their homework already, even if Tom disappeared for half the night after curfew every night. He knew where he was going obviously, but he refused to worry about it until there was something to actually be concerned about.

Tom just came forward and as he usually did started guiding Hadrian out of the common room, a hand on his back keeping him securely beside him. "Where are we going then?" Harry asked yawning half way through, he was still tired. He was unaware of the Slytherins shaking their head in amused disbelief, only Hadrian would dare to question Tom Riddle. Some were now more used it now than others.

Tom only answered Hadrian once he had closed the portrait firmly shut, "Library." he answered in his clipped tone.

"Alright," Harry shrugged, not really bothered where he went, but Tom didn't usually invite him or anyone actually when he went to the library (or chamber come to that). Even more odd was the fact Tom had brought him breakfast before joining the others downstairs in the common room. Of course he brushed it off saying he didn't want him missing classes so he had to 'keep up his strength' he liked the challenge apparently. Harry suspected it was more to do with the fact Tom didn't want him out of his sight. Considering what he was up to, it wasn't exactly a comforting thought but he hadn't heard anything through the pipes so again he refused to worry.

"I'm going to find out about my grandfather and whether he is alive," Tom confided, as they moved up the stairs, meeting only a few people as they passed due to the fact it was Saturday morning and everyone was either sleeping in, doing homework or just chilling out.

"I'm guessing not," Harry muttered quietly but Tom heard him and glared at him furiously.

"If you know something I suggest you tell me," Tom hissed as they stopped.

"Calm down," Harry grumbled, "The likelihood is pretty high, I said I don't know when he died that's true, but I know a year from now he's definitely gone." next summer to be precise, since that was when he confronted Morfin Gaunt, found out that his father really was a Muggle then sent postal killed him his grandparents then framed Morfin, he would feel sorry for them but honestly? He didn't care. Maybe that made him a bad person, but they were supposed to die, its how it was, Harry frowned, was this part of his Master of Death feelings? Or was it just because Death had told him there was no saving them that he really didn't care about a faceless person in the crowd? He couldn't exactly call Tom Riddle faceless; he knew what he looked like after all. An older version of the irritate teen in front of him. Oh he knew why he was annoyed; he thought Harry had held out on him.

No, it's because they deserved it, the way Morfin and Marvolo had treated Merope had been terrible and that was with what he had seen, what were they like behind closed doors? Probably worse, he hated abusers more than anything else in the world. He had every reason in the world to hate them; he'd been abused all his life. As for Tom Riddle Senior he had abandoned his own son,
only the lowest of the low could do something like that.

Tom's anger abated a pensive look taking over from it; he almost wished he could Legilimency Hadrian and get all his information that way. He didn't dare, one he had shields, two he didn't know how strong they were, three he would never purposely hurt him. He didn't know why either, why Hadrian was so different that he wanted to cherish him, look out for him he'd never felt it before.

"Wait...but how is that possible?" Harry was muttering a look of realization filtering over his face, "He couldn't have been nobody lasts that long in Azkaban...that's just sick. There's something seriously wrong with the old fool." a disgusted look appearing.

Tom blinked at the rapid change, noticing someone was coming there way, he guided a shocked Hadrian into the library, giving the Hufflepuff and Gryffindor a pleasant smile that he in no way felt. He squared them away in the corner and cast a silencing spell over them so nobody could overhear them. He watched every expression on Hadrian's face curious about what had caused it. "What is going on?" this time it was a demand he wasn't able to curb.

"Marvolo Gaunt? Definitely dead, Morfin said he had been dead for years when the subject is brought up in a years time," Harry explained, Dumbledore had all those memories of Tom, now he had to have gotten it from Morfin and to have done that he had to have actually got the memory from the guy, met him and extracted the memory. There was no way Morfin lasted fifty or sixty years in Azkaban. That added to the fact a House-elf had been imprisoned (admittedly that was Tom's fault) when it had confessed to accidentally killing Smith by lacing her nightly drink with poison. A House-elf surely wouldn't have lasted that long in Azkaban either, it just wasn't possible. The only way the memories could have been collected was if Dumbledore had gotten them much earlier, like soon after they happened. Dumbledore had been spying on Tom after he left Hogwarts apparently, and for years, that was stalking and disgusting.

"Why do I get the feeling it was I who asked him?" Tom replied his tone cool and shrewd.

"Because it is," Harry answered honestly, he already suspected and suspecting something was as good as knowing he was right when it came to Tom's brilliant mind. He definitely had to stop him from opening the chamber that was probably the catalyst of Dumbledore being determined to 'prove' Tom was evil once and for all since he hadn't been able to prove he opened the chamber which really was idiotic how many others could open the chamber to begin with? Honestly Harry believed Dumbledore knew and just didn't care until the death toll turned too big to ignore, like he was doing right now with Gellert. Just wanted to be the hero and stamp down his own true belief's that the wizards should rule over Muggles.

"And who else was there?" more importantly who betrayed him? He certainly wouldn't have shown up with Dumbledore so he didn't understand.

"Nobody," Harry revealed he knew Tom would figure it out.

"Someone got the memory from Morfin Gaunt?" Tom guessed accurately.

Harry nodded, his mind still whirling with the information he'd just realized, all those years he had known and did nothing. Expecting him to kill him off on the say so of a bloody prophecy, well screw that. Dumbledore would rue the day he had decided to manipulate him. He was going to make his life hell starting now. Come hell or high water he would see him utterly destroyed loathed by the magical community and all his dreams shattered beyond repair.

"You're on Dumbledore's side," Tom concluded, utterly bewildered, he was as dark, his magic was
dark, why the hell would he consort with Dumbledore? He acted like he hated him, more than him for Merlin's sake. Betrayal and raw fury began to brew within him, unable to believe he'd been duped. His wand began to vibrate as his magic flared as his anger mounted.

"Correction was on Dumbledore's side," Harry informed him grimly. Thank Merlin they were in a public setting - of sorts - otherwise with the way Tom looked right now he honestly didn't like to think whether he would have cursed him or not. "Name someone Muggle raised that doesn't to an extent revere him. It didn't help that my so called friends were in awe of him as well," Harry clenched his hands into fists, hissing through clenched teeth just thinking about it.

"I assume it was those same friends who hurt you before you came here?" Tom enquired, his magical display disappearing.

Harry chuckled bitterly. "Yes, Tom…I spent six years at Hogwarts being manipulated by everyone around me, I was incredibly naïve once upon a time hard as it may be to believe. I wasn't strong like you, I was beaten down and just so glad to be away from my so called family that I didn't question it the way I should have. Good things rarely happen to me, but coming back here…I would go through everything all over again just to ensure it happens despite some of it being nerve-wracking, the Muggle war and all, I'm happy, I have real friends and genuine respect from the others for something I'm doing. I'm living, not surviving. I'm not going to apologise for something I didn't really do or understand." especially not considering that Tom had been the one trying to kill him since he was in nappies. Then again, Dumbledore and his order of the chicken had been after him just as long after he defeated him. Wincing slightly, he touched at his throat, not only was it killing him but it was beginning to get sore the more he spoke.

His life had been one long continued bid for survival; this past year…it had been heaven to him.

"One day you will tell me everything, from start to finish," Tom vowed, giving him a deep penetrating look realizing that he wasn't ready to speak about the hardships he'd faced or able to if his hand on his wounds was anything to go by.

"Maybe one day," Harry agreed, "Right now I'm going to head to the lab and brew a decent potion, that's if Professor Slughorn isn't letting everyone else brew as well," he wasn't in the mood to talk to the members of the Slug Club today. He would bet next year Tom would be in as well, apparently he didn't just let any age in, only fifth year and up. "Unless you want to do the ritual first?" he wouldn't be saying anything the runes were done so the rest was up to Tom.

"I have the perfect place we can do both," Tom said coming to a decision, if Hadrian was working with Dumbledore then he would find out once and for all. There was one thing he was sure Hadrian didn't know about, the chamber of secrets, if Dumbledore suddenly started paying more attention to the girls bathroom then he would know Hadrian wasn't to be trusted.

"Alright," Harry said softly, wondering why Tom wasn't still in a huff, he hadn't exactly explained much; surely the suspicion was still there? Without a word Tom stood up, and Harry realized perhaps he was still in a mood. Sighing softly, perhaps he had screwed everything up before it even started. Damn it, he wished he'd never opened his damn mouth now.

It didn't take them long to get from the library to where they were going, which was down a set of stairs and onto the first floor. Tom looked around cautiously before sliding into the green door girl's bathroom, Harry's lips twitched, before he too entered the bathroom it hadn't changed much at all - much like the rest of the school. Tom was leaning casually against the wall, with a smug look plastered across his face.

Harry walked right over and hissed "Open!"
Tom huffed indignantly barely heard over the sound of the sink parting, he even knew about the chamber of secrets?! That defeated the entire concept of a secret chamber if everyone knew. Only Salazar Slytherin's descendants were supposed to be aware of this. Hadrian had already admitted that he wasn't directly Salazar's heir but in fact Godric Gryffindors. "You knew," Tom said silkily but resignedly. Did this mean he could actually trust him? He knew about the chamber but obviously hadn't told Dumbledore...at least he was assuming not.

"Took me a year to find it," Harry confessed a sly smirk on his face. "Although I'm not sure where I can brew here,"

"You didn't find the hidden room?" Tom relaxed against the wall at least he didn't know everything then.

"Is it the bit where the mouth opens?" Harry deduced he hadn't seen anything other than a sixty foot gigantic pain in the ass that nearly killed him coming at him.

"Yes," Tom replied, bemused by his description of his ancestor's secret chamber within its actual secret chamber.

"I know the password but never looked into it," Harry informed him, with that he jumped down the pipe, his wand out lighting up the area as Tom followed as always managing to look graceful even sliding down a bloody sewage pipe. Merlin was there anything he didn't look incredibly hot doing? Even angry he had an aura surrounding him that made him utterly indescribable. While when he was angry everyone just backed away terrified - yeah, he wasn't even the Dark Lord in the making, smooth.

Tom caught Hadrian staring at him appreciatively; it was the first real indication that Hadrian liked him back he'd seen so far. Never removing his eyes from the green orbs he wandered over, "Why don't you take a picture? It would last infinitely longer," watching in fascination to the point of arousal as Harry turned bright red, flushing beautifully under the light of his wand. This kind of reaction couldn't be faked, he was genuine. He didn't feel bad for doubting him, it was just who he was - and Hadrian had given him cause to doubt him.

"Shut up," Harry said embarrassedly as he tore his eyes away, refusing to meet Tom's.

Tom grasped Hadrian's chin and delicately (aware of his injuries) turned him back around, "Why don't you make me?" Tom found he loved teasing him and vowed to do it more often. Especially with the colors he was going, right at that moment he was tempted to believe there was no way this boy had ever been twenty-one years old before returning to the past, but he definitely hadn't been involved with anyone considering how easy it was to fluster him.

"I am not doing this here, the stench if awful and I need to get off the massive pile of fish bones before my shoes permanently stink." Harry protested the butterflies were crawling up his bloody chest, what was wrong with him? He wasn't really fifteen years old damn it, why was he so nervous? He had control of his emotions so why was it so difficult around Tom?

"Are you sure?" Tom enquired, close enough to breathe the air Hadrian exhaled, only when he visibly gulped did he back off seeing Hadrian's jaw drop before he turned completely smirking triumphantly as he walked over to the next door. Hissing himself this time to open it. Nobody knew about Hadrian's ability yet, they hadn't used it despite the fact they could have, the knowledge that Dumbledore knew had deterred that excitement completely. "Coming?" he asked over his shoulder as it opened.

Harry pursed his lips before grudgingly moving, why had he said he wasn't doing anything again?
Oh yes, because he was an utter idiot. Looking back at the spot longingly before cursing himself again, he wasn't really fifteen years old, he wasn't really fifteen years old, and he wasn't really fifteen years old. Too bad he wasn't able to convince himself no matter how many times he thought it.

"If that basilisk eats me I'll haunt you forever, and I'll know exactly where you'll be so you can't outrun me!" Harry warned him.

"I have perfect control over her," Tom insisted seriously, obviously not in a joking mood, at least where it came to Hadrian's life apparently. "Just stay behind me, you'll be fine."

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Rest in Peace Alan Rickman :( This poem is from Fixing Past Mistakes but it seems appropriate to put it up.

"There are no words ...what can I say?
At last his sweet soul winged its way
To peace and freedom in the sky
Where never again will he suffer or cry.
It's all part of Merlin's great plan ... Which remains a mystery to man.
We cannot understand His ways
Nor can we count our earthly days.
But who are we to question and doubt?
Merlin knows well what He's about;
He knew he longed to "go to sleep"
Where only angels, a vigil keep.
The pain of living grew too great
No longer could he stay and wait;
He did not want to leave you, dear,
But he had finished his work down here.
So he closed his eyes and when he awoke,
These are the words the Master spoke ... "Welcome, dear child, you are Home at last,
And now the burden of living is past.
There's work for you in My Kingdom,
And you are needed and wanted here."

So weep not, he has just gone on ahead,
Don't think of him as being dead.

He's out of sight for a little while,
And you'll miss his touch and his little smile,
But you know he is safe in the home above
Where there is nothing but Peace and Love.

And, surely, you would not deny him peace ... 
And you're glad that he has found release.

Think of him there as a soul that is free,
And Home at last, where he wanted to be."

Chapter End Notes

A small bout of insecurity from Tom but things bounced back pretty quickly i'm not sure to have it a regular thing or if maybe have Tom observe something that convinces him once and for all that Harry is truly on his side? what do you think? R&R please
"Speak to me, Slytherin, greatest of the Hogwarts four!" Tom hissed - Harry of course, understood it so it wasn't hissing to him. Then just like what happened when Harry was twelve, the large Slytherin stone face was moving, the mouth moving down leaving a large black hole in the centre, and the ground started to rumble, as the Basilisk began to move. This time Harry wasn't horror-struck, but at the back of his mind, he could hear Tom hissing 'kill him' shaking off his dark thoughts, it wouldn't happen this time around, well not to him at any rate and hopefully not at all not under Dumbledore's nose.

The Basilisk emerged from the hole, stopping mere centimetres from Tom, its eyes were different, it had some sort of while shield down over its eyes. The amber bled through, but it was still nearly impossible to see it. "What did you do to its eyes?" Harry asked confused, as always his self preservation nowhere to be seen as he stepped forward and pressed his hand and began to stroke the large serpent. It twitched as if surprised by the fact anyone would touch it, but that wasn't surprising it had been down there alone for a long, long time. "Hello, beautiful." Harry hissed, scratching his scales lightly.

"Haven't you read upon Basilisks?" Tom stated haughtily. He had read absolutely everything he could about them after he found the chamber and realized what resided within these walls; he was a Slytherin after all. No not just a Slytherin, the Slytherin.

Harry grinned in amusement at his tone of voice, "No, not really," nearly being killed by one had kind of taken any curiosity about the creatures from him post-haste. The bottom half of the Basilisk was immersed in the small pool of water at either side of the chamber, it's too bad he hadn't known he was coming down here, the poor thing was starving. He had House-elves, Peverell House-elves, but would they be able to hear him down here? It is a secret hidden chamber so the likelihood of them being able to get through was extremely small.

"The Basilisks have two sets of eyelids, this one prevents anyone from being killed by its gaze while ensuring it can see," Tom informed him, sounding like a textbook.

"Foot note, gazing at a reflection of the basilisk results in petrifaction," Harry added wryly, "My suggestion is don't let the basilisk out, trust me it won't end well."

"And what exactly will you do?" Tom asked his eyes narrowed, "Will you go against me?" he demanded to know, stepping up into Hadrian's face. As always his attempts at intimidation failed where Hadrian was concerned, he quite frankly just looked entertained.

"At some point I'll probably argue with you when it comes to some plan," Harry said, his green eyes sparkling unafraid of Tom. "But honestly? I don't think I'll care enough to actually go against you, but who knows? I don't know everything."

Tom backtracked at that pronouncement, "So why is it a bad plan?" he enquired, not that it
mattered since that particular plan had been placed on indefinite hold. After everything he'd learned he realized the potential Muggle-Borns held in ensuring that magic flourished and prevented the decline in the pureblood society. So far he and the professor for Magical theory were the only people to have read Hadrian's book, although a few chapters had been sent off to a publisher. It wasn't just a theory, he had all the proof he needed that Muggle-Borns actually came from pureblood backgrounds, whether it took only three or four generations or seven or eight the magic always came back. It had been his reason for so long, the desire to finish of Salazar Slytherin's noble work. He didn't deal well with changes, but he still had many plans he wanted to see through.

"Other than the fact someone dies and the school ends up near enough closed? Oh nothing," Harry said flippantly, watching Tom pale at the implications behind that statement.

"I see," Tom stated coolly, but his face was slightly paler than normal, if Hogwarts had been closed then he would have returned to the orphanage earlier. The thought alone was abhorrent to him; he loathed the place with all that he was, always will. Just the thought had Tom remembering why they were down here in the first place - the ritual, which he wanted done immediately. "Let's go," leaving the Basilisk where it was to do whatever it liked, he moved towards the small bridge that the mouth created, and moved into it, watching Hadrian's face as he did, seeing him blinking in surprise and gazing around in awe.

"This is amazing," Harry said, "There must have been books here once upon a time," he added gazing at the empty shelves, moving towards them, "You know pureblood's always have these secret compartments in their libraries, you might find a few, if the books were removed after Salazar Slytherin…unless they were just created and not used," considering he'd managed to find the time to bring a basilisk down he believed the possibility of something being down here. Sliding his fingers across the wood, looking for the slightest break that indicated the possibility of a compartment. The room was empty, but he would bet once upon a time it had been used for something - a sitting room perhaps or a secret library? The only other door was straight ahead, to which Harry assumed was the potions lab. Judging by this room he heavily suspected that the other room 'potions room' would be pretty basic or worse empty.

Tom's eyes lit up at the small prospect of touching something of Salazar Slytherin's, something nobody else had touched since the founder's time. It was something to look into for sure, even if he came up empty handed he still had one of the most recognized items of Salazar Slytherin's, the locket, and his locket. It was the most precious item of his, that anyone had ever given him and he would cherish it and keep it with him.

"Did you bring the crystal runes?" Harry asked turning to face Tom probing for an answer.

"Yes," Tom replied, eager to get the show on the road.

"Pass them over," Harry commanded, holding out his hand, it was a testament to how much Tom wanted it done that he simply handed them over with only a look that said 'I'm doing it because I want to not because you insisted' sort of imperiously way. Harry just dug into the box and began placing them in the shape of a pentagram as he had for himself, leaving one out so Tom could enter the space. He handed it over as Tom stepped in, tapping where it was meant to go with his foot. Tom did as directed, but he already knew the book back to front, so it was no surprise when he began chanting fluently and without pause.

"Sevoco summmoveo vestigium helciun omnino tumultuatio desino," Tom chanted fluently, having practiced and memorised the words with ease. The runes began glowing all around him, blue hues shaping the pentagram so much that Tom had to close his eyes or risk going blind with the
intensity.

Harry shielded his eyes with his arms, keeping them up knowing it wasn't over and the light would continue to get brighter.

"Sevoco summmoveo vestigium helcium omnino tumultuatio desino," Tom repeated the words as directed by the ritual, gasping when he felt his magic and the runes flare together, immersing him in its awesome power. Making his own feel all that much more powerful and there was nothing Tom desired more than power.

"Festinatim mea praecantatio egomet prensatio ollud nullus," Tom added strongly through his muddled thoughts; the feeling of his magic and the runes combined was making him feel light-headed. His magic flared further, causing his eyes dilated it took everything in Tom's power to stop himself swaying or showing any reaction to what was happening.

Tom felt a small tugging at both his core and the wand twitched in his hand as his magic leached the trace from both items - thus giving him the ability to cast magic whenever he pleased. Which did please him a great deal, he would never be made to feel vulnerable ever again.

Unfortunately the pleasant feeling quickly ended, as the runes glow began to rapidly deteriorate once its task was done. All too soon he felt like swaying once more, it was due to exhaustion. Not only had it magically drained him. Up close on the stones he noticed the runes were gone, the stones cracked in different places effectively making them useless, not that they were significant to him. They were just stones he and Hadrian had collected from the black lake transfigured into crystal.

"Give yourself a few minutes to recover," Harry said when he saw Tom trying to walk so soon after the ritual, he was exhausted Harry could see that - it was just Tom's usual stubbornness keeping him standing. Even at fifteen he refused to show emotion convinced it was a weakness, but for some reason he was being allowed to see through it all sometimes. "You'll only exert yourself if you don't, just sit down for a second." with Tom's stubbornness dealt with he began to banish the crystals, they had no further need for them. Although Tom was scowling like a petulant child much to Harry's not so secret amusement.

"The Slytherin's aren't happy that you've declared Hagrid off limits," Tom idly stated, as if he wasn't bothered about it. Somehow sitting on stone floor, he looked elegant - stunning as if he was merely sitting for a photo shoot. "They're demanding answers as to why. It's not a very Slytherin move to make." 

"Haven't you realized by now that I don't care about what people think?" Harry answered bemused.

"You do know him in your future don't you?" Tom was just asking for confirmation at this point as he gazed at Hadrian knowingly as his body began to recuperate from his display of magic earlier. The ground was freezing cold, but he paid no mind to it. "I'm going to guess he was one of the few that didn't betray you."

"I wish," Harry snorted, "No, it wasn't quite like that, but this way…I can prevent him from becoming sickeningly loyal to the bastard…and with a little luck turn that loyalty to me. He owes me and he will do everything in his power to repay that loyalty."

"Of course," Tom stated, shaking his head just slightly, the ultimate Slytherin move, would he ever truly understand Hadrian's motives? Just when he thought he knew and understood them, another piece of the puzzle falls in his lap. He just worked different from most Slytherins, was that the reason for helping Myrtle in the first place? And the others? He was respected and liked by the
majority of Hogwarts, just as he was but his approach was cooler and Harry's open and friendly.

Harry just flashed him a grin before standing up again wishing to see the only room he hadn't seen yet. Excitement thrummed through him, there wasn't much that could surprise him these days so it was brilliant to learn something new - and not just in classes. Opening the door he blinked in surprise to find it a fully functional lab, right down to all the items you'd need. Caldrons along the wall, potions, vials, an assortment of knives, spread out in their own space, gleaming marble surfaces, and a wide array of books against the far away wall. Turning back to face Tom, who had turned around to observe him, "Did you do this? Or was it already like that?" curiosity getting the better of him.

"Both, I brought things from the Room of Requirements the cauldrons that weren't useless, the glass and silver set of knives and brand new mortar and pestle. I even found a wizarding chess set, it was one of the first to be made, worth a fortune." Tom replied as he got to his feet, feeling a little shaky but more than ready to move on.

"And ingredients?" Harry enquired disappearing into the room fully now.

"Cupboard," Tom replied smugly.

"You found all this in the room of requirement?" Harry asked doubtfully, as he gazed into the cupboard before his head peered around and looked at Tom in question.

Tom just gazed at him as if he was insane, "Any ingredients in that room are useless, dried up and quite frankly would explode any potion you were working on."

"Tom..." Harry sighed in exasperation. He couldn't say anything either because he had stole ingredients when he was a student. He had assumed that Tom didn't steal once starting Hogwarts too scared of ending up caught and expelled. "I notice there's no basilisk skin in here." "The Basilisk is not being killed for its part," Tom said vehemently.

Harry blinked, well he was attached to the basilisk then, same with Nagini but he'd always assumed it was because of the Horcrux. Maybe he truly had trusted and loved her - as much as his twisted mangled soul could at any rate. "I didn't say that, a basilisk sheds its skin, Tom, like all other snakes, leaving behind a sixty foot shed skin that's worth millions of galleons. It's been thousands of years since a basilisk was seen, never mind the ingredients freely available. That and snakes are supposed to be milked of their venom, it's bound to be uncomfortable for it that its not been done in centuries. Another ingredient worth a fortune, the purebloods would pay an arm and leg for it. Gringotts will see it done anonymously for a fee...well that and opening a vault under your name since you'll need one for them to transfer the funds into." Harry shrugged before his eyes roamed over every vial to see if the ingredients he needed were all there. There was just no point to lugging them all out only to find out they were short.

To his relief everything he needed to create the potion was there, grabbing an empty vial he created a large box, and began to place the potion ingredients into it, so he didn't have to take trip after trip to gather them. By the time he emerged Tom was sitting on a stool a book open at the workstation across from his.

Once Harry began preparing it though, Tom continued to watch him closely, keeping an eye on what he was doing his curiosity shining through. The ingredients that were going in and in that order he suspected some sort of rejuvenating healing potion of some kind, it was as though he was mixing the two potions together and adding others, creating something else entirely. After watching him for an hour he observed that it was a salve, it had hardened slightly.
"You've brewed this a lot," Tom stated if he was correct with his thoughts on the potion he certainly wouldn't be happy to learn why he needed to remember it.

"I needed to brew a lot of potions," Harry admitted grimly. As he levitated the cauldron and tipped the contents out into a large jar that should hold it all. It did, flicking his hand he turned the tap on and levitated the cauldron with his wand placing it in the filling sink, before letting the tendrils of magic fall away. He screwed on the lid keeping the potion secure until it cooled down enough for him to use it, then turned the tap off with a flick of his finger. "Half an hour until lunch." he commented out of the blue.

"What does it do?" Tom asked picking it up, the heat of it resting on his hand, but the jar had been spelled with a cooling charm, preventing it from burning him.

"It will repair my skin so the scar fades; thicken my skin so it won't hurt anymore." Harry informed him, taking it from Tom and sliding it into his bag. "I almost don't want to go, Dumbledore is going to be on my ass worse than ever," grumbling under his breath, he cleared up the mess he made, knowing if he didn't Tom wouldn't budge until he did. He was one clean nut (he refused to ever use the word freak) not even when it was a normal word used to describe someone the proper way.

"If you don't you'll been seen as a coward," Tom made no move to gentle the words - he didn't have it in him.

Harry rolled his eyes, "I'd like to see you put up with Dumbledore, he's going to be beyond intolerable."

"I have done, still do," Tom replied blandly, the last thing he really wanted to do was speak about Dumbledore of all things.

"You think what you have now is bad? If you'd continued with this, Tom, he would have kept in your own words 'an annoyingly close watch on me after that'," Harry laughed at his attempt at sounding like Tom, especially the look on the others face - he so wasn't used to people mocking him that's for sure. "Come on then, let's head up."

"Lets," Tom replied moving out to the other room and picking up the box and his bag before shoving the box in and shrugging his bag over his shoulders.

"Do me a favour Tom, feed the Basilisk when you come down here every night," Harry said as he wandered up to him ready to head up.

"How do you suggest I do that?" Tom asked sarcastically, "Fill it up with cupcakes?"

"I'll show you were the kitchens are," Harry replied, as they climbed out the mouth. Tom hissed at the Basilisk to return which it did before he hissed once more, closing the mouth and entrance so the Basilisk couldn't re-emerge. "Actually you better not, I'll call upon one of my House-elves they can give you the food without worrying they'll tell the Headmaster." unlike his feelings for Dippet he actually respected Dippet and it showed.

Tom nodded curtly, still smarting (or more accurately feeling jealous) at the fact Hadrian was actually the Lord of his estate, the Peverell estate. He himself wasn't able to claim the Gaunt estate, not until he got rid of his Uncle at any rate, and he was very tempted to do just that. Not that there was anything worth taking, he'd bet, but he would make sure nonetheless. As Hadrian said he didn't know everything, so the information that the Gaunts squandered everything might be wrong - there very well may be something left in the Slytherin Estate. If not well he had the most important
parts - the name, an actual estate and respect for coming from an old family and he was confident he could make money to fill a vault at least, especially if what Hadrian said was true for this time not just his own, that shed Basilisk skin was worth a lot of galleons.

Harry happened to glance back and see the jealousy written across Tom's face, but to others I would have come across as avarice not just for money either, but things Tom desired in general like the locket it had come out then. He wanted a lot of things, probably too many things and too soon. But what was wrong with desiring things? Everyone felt jealous of someone. He had felt Jealous of Weasley when they met, of his family, the love he got from them and in turn the idiot had been jealous of him and his so called fame. He'd never realized how lucky he had it, just continued to simmer with jealousy while playing his friend only to turn on him. In reality you would expect someone like Tom to be jealous of families, but he just sneered at them when he saw them unimpressed. It was ironic since a lot of people were probably jealous of Tom too, his looks, his power levels, his ease at his schoolwork and grades too.

They got back up the pipe with a hissed 'stairs' much to Harry's secret delight, another new piece of information he hadn't known he'd wondered briefly how Tom was getting up and down, well wonder no more stairs were magically concealed within the pipe allowing them to get up - it wasn't any less messy than going down in fact it was worse, due to the hard work it took to get up them. He'd only went down for one reason though, to stop Hogwarts from being closed, and alright he had given a shit about Ginny back then too - as much as he hated to admit it.

"Alright I'm impressed," Harry muttered as he flopped up on finally in the girl's toilets again. "Although I am curious why you wanted me to come," the 'it's not like you' was left unsaid.

Tom didn't reply he just closed the chamber entrance without pause. He didn't need to explain himself, plus he didn't want anyone asking Hadrian out to the Yule ball, if anyone took Hadrian it would be him. He had glared in warning at anyone who dared to open their mouths and planned to ask, and it had worked he thought smugly. So he definitely planned on having him with him at all times.

Harry just silently gave up, shrugging his shoulders before grasping the sink and pulling himself up. "Time to face the music."

Tom just snorted; trying to convince himself he wasn't amused, Hadrian had a flare for dramatics - something that was becoming increasingly obvious the past day now.

Of course, Tom would realize that Harry didn't dramatise anything, he understated it - big time.

Things were about to get entertaining.

Chapter End Notes

Yes guys I'm back and sorry for being away so long---- SO Will we see Hagrid publicly apologising and formally acknowledging the life debt between them? Will Tom tell the others or let them continue to plot and plan? Will someone try to ask Harry out and this time Harry catch on to what Toms been doing? or will Tom outright tell this other person that 'Hadrian' is going with him...will Dumbledore continue to ignore Harry for he rest of the weekend before getting on his case on Monday or will he be in the great hall plotting and planning ways to make his life hell? I did say I didn't want him evil, just the usual Dumbledore we always had to put up with...so that
requires thinking on just how Dumbledore would have reacted if his life story had been implied during his life so what do you think? R&R please!
"Mr. Peverell!" Professor Slughorn boomed out as soon as Harry stepped foot in the Great Hall for lunch, all the Slytherin's refrained from cringing, he rarely called his favourites by their last name, and 'Hadrian' was definitely one of his favourites, right up next to Tom. By the time Harry looked up, Slughorn was making a beeline for him, an unusually severe look on his normally joyful face. The Great Hall was silent watching the Head of Slytherin approach Hadrian, not wanting to miss anything that happened. So they heard his next words.

"What have I done now?" Harry cried out in exasperation. He'd expected Dumbledore to single him out or something, probably not in the Great Hall, but with just a small possibility. So seeing Slughorn so pissed off was a surprise, he stared perplexed as the wizard approached him.

"Follow me," Slughorn demanded; as soon as he got within ear shot of Hadrian, "You may go for lunch Tom," he dismissed his favourite, honestly most days they were like Siamese twins, never one without the other. He followed Hadrian when he turned to leave the Great Hall, looking quite puzzled.

"Do you have any idea what I've been doing for these past few hours?" Slughorn snapped, gazing at Hadrian with disappointment, exasperation and barely concealed worry.

Harry took a step back, frowning at his Head of House, utterly bewildered about what was going on, "Um…no?" he replied his green eyes brighter than normal showing everything through his expressive features.

"I've been searching every inch of this school for you! Where have you been?" Slughorn demanded, his anger draining at the uncomprehending look on Hadrian's face. How bad was his life that someone trying to look out for him was completely unknown to the teenager?

"I just…um did some reading in an abandoned classroom," Harry replied, he couldn't very well say he had made a potion and helped Tom remove his trace now could he? Not even to Professor Slughorn, he still didn't understand what all the fuss was about.

"Do you not realize just how badly injured you were? You should never have left the hospital wing! Everyone has been fanatically worried about you!" Slughorn scolded, "I really should remove points for disobeying Healer Chang," here he pursed his lips, but he couldn't really do that since Hadrian didn't understand why this fuss was created by the looks on his face. "If you are ever sent to the hospital wing again you do not leave until you have permission, is that understood? You could have taken a sudden turn or anything, and you had potions you were supposed to take." or worse still, the thought that he might have been kidnapped from under their noses.

"Err, I promise and I won't leave without permission, Sir," Harry said, why was a big deal being made? He'd snuck out of the hospital wing dozens of times in his own time and never once had anyone said anything. Hell, Poppy hadn't even came after him once or asked the teachers to, and
she did care about her patients…unless…she had complained to Dumbledore and the old wizard had just dismissed her? Or maybe McGonagall had dismissed her? "I'm really sorry I caused so much worry…I didn't think it mattered so much."

"Of course it does, you are under our care, and we care about all our students, now after lunch we shall get you to Healer Chang to make sure your escapade hasn't caused any damage." Slughorn said pointedly, he wouldn't take no for an answer. "As for the comments you made in the Great Hall…" he added getting stern again.

Harry cringed waiting for it; he was so embarrassed he had lost control like that.

"You were right, this was a serious incident and it should never have been swept under the rug…” Slughorn stated. The teachers were wondering what they'd been thinking quite frankly at wishing to forget it happened so quickly, what occurred had been very serious business indeed. It shouldn't have taken the victim of the attack to make them realize this; needless to say they felt terrible.

"Hagrid isn't going to be expelled is he? I was just thinking maybe a oath or Vow not to bring in anything else might be enough," Harry said in a rush as if 'defending' Hagrid but really he was just hoping the oath or Vow idea might take root in his Potions Master. He would rather not have a nest of Acromantula's at Hogwarts at all. There was enough in the Forbidden Forest without that too. It wasn't enough to have Aragog but the idiot had to bring him a 'friend' so he didn't get 'lonely’ honestly Hagrid was…a piece of work sometimes here he was thinking of the Dragon and how much trouble they got into helping him - unaware of the damn shenanigans he'd gotten into in the past werewolf cubs and Acromantulas what the hell had Dumbledore been thinking even contemplating the idea of letting him near children? Oh yes, he didn't really give a shit.

"No, no he isn't being expelled," Slughorn said, gazing at Hadrian shrewdly, oh he knew there was more to each of his Slytherin's than they displayed, they easily forgot he was a Slytherin himself. He knew how they thought and acted, he himself had once upon a time, still did every now and again. Nonetheless the idea was a good one, and it was the least the Gryffindor could do considering he had almost murdered someone by sheer negligence, it was a good job it didn't happen when he was seventeen or the Auror's would have been called - and nothing would have saved him. Hagrid was having detention with him though. "You do have detention with Professor Dumbledore for the way you spoke to him, just a week because of the circumstances leading to it, you were understandably upset," and because he had a point but he wasn't about to voice that thought. He had argued about that and thankfully gotten his way. Quite frankly Albus' reaction was surprising and suspicious, he had no idea who Ariana was, but obviously Hadrian had hit quite a tough spot. How he knew though was anyone's guess, since he didn't even know who this Ariana was, it wasn't a student, they'd became teachers at the same year so it wasn't a student before his time either. The way Albus was reacting to it now though didn't sit well with him, he could sense something brewing and he worried.

"Oh, okay," Harry replied, shrugging his shoulders in a helpless fashion for show. "What time?"

"Seven o'clock sharp," Slughorn said, "Now lets get back in, I don't know about you but I've built up quite an appetite this morning!"

"Yes sir," Harry said it was true he was rather hungry but that's only because he hadn't eaten since dinner yesterday.

"Oh, and Hadrian?" Slughorn said, putting his arm on Hadrian's shoulder, stopping him just shy of the doors. "If you ever need to speak to me, no matter what or why…you know you can come to me don't you? About anything or anyone."
"Thank you, professor," Harry said sincerely, giving him a small smile before wandering back in.

"Hey, Hadrian are you okay?" one of the younger Ravenclaw's asked followed by a lot more of them from various other Ravenclaw's basically just asking how he was, if he felt okay, whether he had recovered or not. "Hello, Professor," he said as Slughorn passed.

Slughorn merely replied in kind, "Enjoy your dinner, young Smith."

"I'm fine, thank you though," Harry flashed them a grin.

"Did you get my card and gift?" Myrtle asked, gazing at Hadrian in concern, the bite looked very inflamed.

"Um, actually everything is still back in the Hospital wing, I haven't even had a chance to open anything yet." Harry admitted sheepishly, "I'm sure I'll love it though, thanks!"

"You're welcome; I'll be in the library later if you want to join us?" Myrtle questioned.

"Actually I have detention for a week with Dumbledore, so I won't be able to join you at all this week," Harry admitted letting some of his bitterness bleed through.

"WHAT? Why? They can't just give you punishment for telling the truth!" Myrtle cried out in injustice, those around her all vehemently agreed with her, giving their own protests at the treatment.

"I may have told the truth but it's the way I said it I think," Harry shrugged, "I'm hungry so I'm going to head to my table, I'll talk to you guys later, alright?"

"Alright, I'll see you later," Myrtle said, not even attempting to hide her concern.

"Bye, Hadrian!" Goldstein chimed in.

"Cya!" Harry added waving as he quickly moved towards the Slytherin table before he could be spoken to again.

"He's just out of the hospital wing and he's serving detention?" Myrtle hissed in displeasure glancing up at the Head table.

"I know it's disgusting!" Steven Selwyn practically hollered his agreement.

Olive Hornby scowled into her food, as she ate it, ever since that boy had turned up her life had gone down the crapper. She used to be the most popular girl in her year, putting the ugly girls in their place, having the respect of her peers - who would do whatever she asked at the drop of a hat. Then Hadrian Peverell had gone and screwed it all up, making them laugh at her! At her! She was a pureblood, it was she they should follow not a half blood like Warren. She wasn't up to challenging her just yet, she'd quite literally gotten her ass handed to her, she'd learned a lot of spells from her brother, but she needed to know more so nothing like this could happen again. Would the desert come already? She wanted to get to her dorm, this was ridiculous, it was Hadrian this, Hadrian that.

The little piece of news Harry had let slip was rapidly making its way around the Great Hall like a bush fire, and the teachers could do nothing - say nothing - since the students weren't being very loud, if anything they were quieter than usual, in an uncommon show of unity all four houses were united in their belief for once - it wasn't fair what they were doing.
"Myrtle, do you know who Ariana is?" Goldstein asked since Myrtle was Hadrian's friend, and she may know.

"No, I can't find any references of an Ariana at Hogwarts either, it's strange," Myrtle answered, "I went back fifty years of Hogwarts school records."

"Why didn't you ask him?" Selwyn asked he wanted to know so badly.

"I didn't think about it," Myrtle frowned, "Quite frankly do you really want to know? Dumbledore looked ready to drop like a sack of potatoes, Hadrian's getting detention for mentioning her, whoever it is, its probably bad news and if you want to get on Dumbledore's bad side...keep digging, we'll lose a tone of house points same as he does to the Slytherins."

"But you're digging!" those surrounding her protested in sync.

"I know," Myrtle grinned giving that evil cackle that raised the hair on Harry's neck each time he heard it. She wanted to know, she was the ultimate Ravenclaw, the desire for knowledge burning within her. Rowena Ravenclaw would have been proud.

"What happened? What did Slughorn want?" Dorea Black asked curiously, from her side of the bench as she stared at Hadrian who had literally just sat down. Everyone was waiting for his answer, although admittedly half were trying to pretend they weren't listening at least.

"Oh, what I suspected would happen," Harry shrugged as he began to put food on his plate, his stomach rumbling hungrily at the aromas still wafting from the still hot food. Putting a lot of vegetable on his plate, especially potatoes. Sighing in exasperation seeing everyone at his table blatantly waiting for an answer he replied, "I got detention for a week for the way I spoke to Dumbledore, and reprimanded for sitting in an unused classroom and leaving the hospital wing without permission."

Tom concealed a smirk behind his hand, proud of the way he lied so casually to everyone. Unused classroom indeed, the chamber was the best thing about the school, he was proud of it, and the lengths his ancestors had gone to in a bid to keep the chamber exactly what it was meant to be - a secret.

"I have to go back after dinner," Harry added disgruntled, he hated the hospital wing and he hoped that Healer Chang wasn't going to make him stay another night. "Did we get any homework the past two days that I was out?"

"I've put them on your bed," Tom answered him coolly, to say he'd been bored was putting it lightly, he missed the challenging between them in class. It had made him think more heavily over Hadrian, that and of course the fact he'd felt so much seeing him lying there, he wasn't used to those emotions, but he was proud that he'd kept his wits together, it told him that he could do anything. If it had been anyone else, absolutely anyone, he wouldn't have cared, just watched the commotion blankly with curiosity.

"Thanks, how many assignments though?" Harry asked, homework, something he hadn't missed when he left Hogwarts. He did it though, this was his fresh start after all, and he'd be damned if he screwed it up - unless he already had - but no, there was no way Dumbledore would risk anyone finding out about Ariana by making such a big deal out of it, and everyone had probably seen his reaction earlier and probably curious about it already.

"Two, Ancient Runes and Transfiguration," Tom replied, irony seeping into his last word.
Harry chuckled dryly, "Of course," was all he said in answer.

"I assume you informed Mr. Peverell of his detention?" Albus enquired of Horace expectantly.

"I did," Slughorn replied tensely, he was deeply unhappy with Albus' decision to go through with Hadrian's detention so soon after getting out of the Hospital Wing. He should be taking it easy, it just wasn't like Albus, and he was worried too. Something was clearly going on; Hadrian knew something that was turning Albus who was usually quite happy and genial into a vindictive wizard. He wasn't the only one to notice either, Septimus had been giving Albus odd looks too, an upon speaking to the Arithmancy teacher realized that they were on the same page thought wise - not really a good thing - he didn't want confirmation on what he was thinking. Nothing about him had changed, not his voice, not his general countenance it was merely his actions that alluded to a vindictive side to Albus he'd never noticed before.

"Good," Albus said, his gaze turning to the boy, his insides quivering, he put his cutlery down unable to eat a single bite more. He wasn't even sure he wanted to see the boy much less serve his detention. Ever since he'd uttered that word his entire world had come crashing down around him, he felt suspicious of everyone around him. Did the Slytherin's know? Did Horace know? Did the other houses know? Did his Gryffindors know? Did the teachers know? His greatest shame…his greatest sin and that boy knew…who else did? He was quite literally terrified of everyone finding out. Gellert surely couldn't be that heartless to do this to him? There were only two people alive that knew, then he remembered his brothers words that he'd so callously spat at him 'You can hide it all you want, but sooner or later the truth will come out Albus!' was he living up to that promise? Had he told people? "Actually Horace, would you mind taking his detention tonight?" he had to know for sure, if his brother had done this he would never forgive him.

And if he hadn't…then he would need to expose this boy as a spy, because surely it was the only possible way he knew such intimate details about his life.

"Very well," Horace sighed out in agreement, he already had Hagrid in detention so what was one more? Perhaps seeing what he had done would help Hagrid understand the ramifications of his actions. He'd almost killed one of his Slytherins and that wasn't tolerated. One of his brightest Slytherins at that. The entire school was in outrage, the teachers had so far stopped four attacks that they'd seen on the half giant.

Chapter End Notes

okay there we go the Slytherin's are going the extra mile to ensure Hagrid gets whats coming to him without touching them himself lol would you like to see one of the attacks? will we see the fight between Albus and Aberforth? will the public find out about what Harry knows or will that happen once he graduates Hogwarts? if theres anything else you want to see remember to review about it - might be something I'm overlooking...which I have a feeling I am but I cant quite put my finger on it! will any of the Slytherins push their luck with Harry or will it only be Avery who needs a telling off? do you want to see his punishment for 'neglecting his duties and letting harry be hurt?" or will tom just punish him for something else or will we see Harry sticking up for him ending the animosity between them? or will that jealousy always be there? how do you want to see Tom ask Harry to the ball? demanding? expectantly :P or will we see Tom actually asking after one person too many asks? R&R please!
Chapter 30

Albus ate nothing while he waited for dinner to finally be over, he didn't want to call anymore attention to himself by leaving early. He ignored all the looks he was receiving from the students too, even his Gryffindors much to his annoyance and underneath it all a little hurt. He was their Head of House, they adored him yet they dared to look at him as if he was something foul under their noses? Which brought him to the thoughts…did they know? He couldn't hear them from his seat up here, but surely they had no other reason to be so off with him? Straining slightly, trying to hear what was being said he failed spectacularly.

"Do you know what's wrong with the students tonight? They're not their normal buoyant selves!" Albus said somehow managing to sound concerned for them, gazing around, not everyone was glaring up at the table but there was enough to concern him - from all four houses too. Sweat began to gather at his temples, Albus managed to unobtrusively dab it away while wiping his mouth. He was so cold, almost shivering yet he would bet the temperature was same as always.

"No, no they're not," Septimus replied coolly, glancing at the students himself, they were angry at something that much was obvious. He'd never seen them so united in anger before, sad yes, horrified yes, usually while reading the paper and seeing what Grindelwald was doing to the magical world and how many had died during a raid or whatever he was doing at the time. He did notice eventually that the glares were more directed towards Dumbledore than anyone else, curious, what had gotten them so riled up? The chances of them finding out were slim to nothing.

Albus gave a near inaudible sigh when the main meal disappeared replaced with dessert, twenty more minutes to endure then he was free to leave. Thankfully he didn't need to patrol until curfew which gave him a few hours to try and figure out what was going on. He had to know how the hell Hadrian Peverell had figured out about his sister, he'd made it next to impossible for anyone to stumble upon it. This was no accident, someone had told that boy, he heavily suspected Grindelwald but he had to be sure. He couldn't just accuse anyone without proof; otherwise it would everything very complicated very fast.

"Aren't you going to eat, Albus? You're favourite has been served, lemon tarts," Horace pointed out, dapping his mouth with his napkin, his voice going muffled each time he did. The remains of the gravy disappeared as he joyfully began to plate up some sugary treats for himself. He chose strawberry tart; it wasn't as sour as lemon and he didn't like the taste as Albus did apparently.

"I don't mind if I do!" Albus said somewhat more cheerfully, "I'll have to remember and thank the House-elves," he always had a soft spot for anything with lemon in it, especially lemon tart and his favourite lemon drop treats. Regretfully it wasn't something he could freely get these days, the muggle companies no longer sold them to him, and they were on rationing or some such thing, because of the war. So he definitely wasn't missing out on an opportunity to indulge himself. He added a few lemon tarts to his plate, salivating at the idea. The wizarding world didn't make anything as wondrous as the Muggles did.
Of course, that indulgence he wished to partake in couldn't quite be handled on his nervous stomach as he soon found out after a single bite. His stomach was rolling, nerves were getting the better of him, it's the same feeling he got when begged for help from strangers who wanted him to help end Gellert once and for all. He couldn't bring himself to do it, not only did he care deeply for the wizard despite what he was doing; he was terrified of what he could find out. He didn't want to know if he'd accidentally killed his own sister, it would literally destroy him. Just like this was destroying him. He needed a calming draught before he confronted his brother.

It seemed with desert the students began to sheath their daggers and actually begin to cheer up from whatever was bothering them. Or it may have had something to do with the influx of sugar they'd just consumed. Unsurprisingly it was the Ravenclaw's that began to leave first, in fact nearly the entire third through seventh left at the same time, looking as though they were on a mission.

"Excuse me," Albus said apologetically, "I have something that requires my urgent attention." finally seeing his chance to leave without arousing questions he did not want to answer. In fact he would not answer them, he hadn't felt so anxious in a very long time, not since he was a teenager and he hated it.

Everyone murmured their acceptances, not in the slightest bit interested, despite Dumbledore's worries - or perhaps it was his overconfidence in the belief he was in any way interesting, which he wasn't, he was predictable, at least he had been until this whole debacle had happened with Hadrian Peverell, since then he'd been highly strung. That itself didn't gain their interest, it caused their concern, and not wholly for the teacher himself.

As always, Tom was watching everything with keen dark eyes, he alone observed how worried Dumbledore was when the students began to get agitated with the old wizard for his detention when Hadrian was just recovering. Hadrian seemed to have quite a big pain tolerance, despite the fact the wound had been healed, it had to hurt like blazes, yet he ignored it and brewed potions. He's already known about his tolerance though, he'd stood through a torture curse that he'd seen bring every other classmate to their knees, screaming in pain yet he'd stood through it and then flung his magic at him Wandlessly. Seeing Puce moving from the corner of his eye, he glanced just slightly, watching Dumbledore in his disgusting robes stand up - ready to leave.

"Are you finished, Hadrian?" Slughorn asked as he descended the teachers table just after Dumbledore did.

Harry groaned, "Do I really have to go?" without waiting for a reply, he gave a long suffering sigh as he collected his stuff, "I'll see you guys later." with that he walked the Slughorn who was walking quite fast, he had to remind himself he wasn't fifty years older like he had been in his own time.

"How are you feeling?" Horace asked Hadrian, watching him closely.

"I'm fine, professor," Harry said giving him a sideway glance and a small smile of reassurance.

"Good, your detention will be with me tonight, so come to my classroom," Horace added as they continued ascending the stairs, making their way to the hospital wing.

"Sure," Harry said in agreement, well that was great, his detentions weren't really detentions, and he was a bit like Lockhart when it came to detention, although he'd prefer Slughorn to Lockhart hands down. Not that he had to worry about the Lockhart of his time, since he wasn't even an apple in anyone's eye yet. There wasn't a Lockhart in the school that he knew off, but it was bloody wild being in the same school as people he knew in future. There had been Neville's grandmother and grandfather! McGonagall who was still here and a lot of other people to name them would take all
night. "Will I be serving all of them with you?" he couldn't see Slughorn doing detention at the weekend, this was the weekend he held his 'parties' the term 'Slug club' hadn't been brought up yet in all his time so perhaps it hadn't been coined yet.

"No, just tonight," Slughorn informed him, "Ah, our wayward wanderer has returned to you, Healer Chang," he added as he opened the hospital wing door Harry following behind him only to gulp at the look on her face. She did not look happy at all, Chang stood her hands on her hips, eyes narrowed, nostril flaring.

"Um…hi?" Harry said, arranging his face to sheepish and apologetic.

"On the bed, right this minute young man," Chang instructed grimly.

Harry withheld a sigh, he was too old for this crap, but outwardly he was only a teenager, so he trod over and sat down on the bed, waiting for her to give him a final check over. He wasn't going to stay the night, even if she tried to demand it. The Hospital wing compared to everywhere else was cold, and that was saying something since he actually lived in a dungeon in Slytherin for Merlin's sake. The sheets were too thin, that was also another thing that hadn't changed. Harry wasn't fond of being cold, not after having to sleep in abandoned buildings on the run for years, the constant cold was annoying, but not completely unfamiliar unfortunately, he'd been raised in a cold cupboard for ten years after all.

"Right, let me see, you may leave if you wish, Horace," Chang said scurrying over, her hands warm against Hadrian's skin and tilting his head to the side so she could see the wound more clearly.

"I'm sure Hadrian, here, can make his way to the common room on his own once you're done," Horace said honestly, turning to Harry receiving his confirmation nod, "No detours," he warned the teenager before backing away, a joyful "Goodnight," thrown over his shoulder.

"Are you in pain?" Chang asked softly, prodding at the delicate skin.

"It feels like you're poking me with a knife if that's an answer," Harry replied, stifling his amusement at how quickly she pulled away with a guilty look on her face.

"My apologies, on a scale from one to ten how would you describe the pain?" she then asked, her wand out dancing intricately as she performed an advanced diagnosis, the beam of light shot out of her wand and entered Harry, briefly making him glow as it mapped every inch of his body from the inside out. The glow stopped but the spell remained active for a few more seconds before paperwork shot out of her wand.

"It's sore but I can live with it," Harry replied, he wasn't going to overplay the injury, he didn't care if it was un-childlike - or teenage like - thinking of Draco Malfoy who complained for weeks over one little scratch. He honestly couldn't see how Draco Malfoy and Abraxas Malfoy were related. Abraxas had fallen off his broom during a Quidditch match last year, broke his arm in two places, continued the game and then walked to the hospital wing unaided and his face stoic. "I wouldn't mind a pain reliever though," he admitted purely as an afterthought. The pain was running down the side of his throat and further still causing sore and stiffness in his shoulder, and the healer prodding at it hadn't helped matters either.

"You've been quite lucky, it seems to be healing just fine, and you do understand how dangerous it was to leave before I had ensured you were healing properly?" Chang admonished the careless teenager.
"I honestly didn't think anyone would care," Harry admitted quietly. Poppy had never came to find him for Merlin's sake, the rules here were a lot more secure than they were in the future. Between the tests that get done on the students when they first came to Hogwarts, then the tests each year to ensure the students were fit enough to play Quidditch to how concerned everyone was over him it was confusing for him, he wasn't used to it. The blatant look of worry and anger on Slughorn's face when he saw him, now this?

Chang sighed, putting the paperwork of Hadrian's latest scan on the table beside her as she sat down on the stool, "You aren't used to being anyone's concern are you, Hadrian? It's quite obvious, but things are different now. We might have hundreds of students roaming the halls, but it doesn't mean we let any slip through our fingers - especially if they've been hurt. Just make sure - heaven forbid - if you end up in my hospital again that you wait until you're giving the all clear."

"Tell that to professor Dumbledore," Harry sighed, rubbing his eyes. "I don't think he likes me very much, he keeps looking at me and sometimes he even glares at me as if I've done something wrong." Harry had to hold in a snort, doesn't like me very much, that was a good one. Hopefully bringing that to the attention of the teachers would make life even more difficult for Dumbledore. Eventually he was going to do whatever it took to get rid of him, there was no way he was going to let Dumbledore become Headmaster - he just couldn't - not after all the damage he was going to do. Right now it was best to start small, work up to something big, so he would be trusted - despite the fact Dumbledore hadn't yet risen to ultimate fame by defeating Grindelwald he was still well liked by staff and students at Hogwarts. If he went in guns blazing it might cause a big backfire.

Chang glanced at the teenager in concern, worried that things were a bit too much for him, "Remain seated, I'll go get that potion for you." she informed him before she was off.

'Death, am I going about it right?' Harry wondered his eyes closed his lips twitched when he felt the usual invasive feeling of his mind being opened up as if he didn't have the strongest shields one was possible of having. It felt like forever since he'd spoken to him but really, it wasn't.

'You want to know if the public will be on your side?' Death summarised.

'Yes,' Harry confirmed, wondering whether Death was reading and seeing all his thoughts or if he just knew everything being what and who he was.

'What is the entity of your plan?' Death asked, making Harry curious.

'You don't already know?' Harry couldn't help but tease him smirking internally.

'Your plans are overlapping,' Death replied a little dryly, 'At this moment in time I cannot give an answer without knowing fully what your plans are.' he was on the cusp of deciding whether or not to bring Grindelwald down and actually prevent Dumbledore's rise to fame. As he had told Harry, they were overlapping, making it impossible for him to know whether it would work - whether he had chosen for sure to go after Grindelwald. After this discussion he would be able to give him a definitive answer.

'Interesting, so it's all hanging on whether I do something isn't it?' Harry mused speculatively. 'Something I'm thinking about doing'

'Indeed' Death replied, unsurprised by Harry's grasp on the matter, he had always been smarter than he let on, even as a young child. He'd wanted so badly to fit in that he'd pretended to be a mediocre wizard, except in his favourite classes - leaving the smarts to Hermione Granger. It was why he had been able to run and hide from them for so long, those idiots he'd called friends had been so sure they knew him that they'd been chasing their own tails for years before they'd cornered him and
almost killed him - and would have if not for the gifts he had given the boy. It had been pure luck on their part, and luck that Harry had been weakened physically and mentally due to all he'd endured. Now he was better, at least as well as he would ever get after everything that had happened. That's not to say this life would be all sunshine and daisies, but at least he wouldn't be stabbed in the back - at least not if he could help it.

Harry thought back on what he'd been thinking just a while ago, it had mostly been about Dumbledore, then just like that he realized what Death was hinting at. 'Let me guess, whether I decide to actually defeat Grindelwald myself?'

'Got it in one,' Death replied, 'You are best waiting until you graduate, around about the same time Dumbledore took him out in your time. I think you realize by now you can't save everyone' or whether he even wanted to. Harry wasn't the saviour he had been all those years ago, he was just plain and simply a survivor. He'd save someone if he could, if it happened in front of him, but he was done worrying about nameless, faceless people he couldn't save.

'And that will work?' Harry pressed cautiously.

'You must understand this, Harry, Dumbledore will always have people on his side, he's very good at getting people to see him side. The majority of the people won't care or believe him if you do defeat Grindelwald, you will be the hero, but you know yourself what comes with being in the light of the public and as a hero.' Death advised leaving it on the table for him to decide on his own. 'Chang has returned' he added, leaving his mind, knowing Harry wouldn't be able to focus on both of them at once, and she would just end up concerned that he'd hit his head when he fell after being bitten, if he remained unfocused for any length of time.

"Drink this, it will make you feel better," Chang said, handing over the medium grade pain reliever, she didn't give out high grade pain relievers unless she had to - they were very addictive much like Dreamless sleep draught. Hadrian had already been on a high dose when he was first brought into Hogwarts.

"Thank you," Harry murmured gratefully sighing softly as it got to work, aches and pains he didn't realize he'd even had leaving as well as the throbbing on his neck and shoulder.

"If you are still in pain tomorrow morning, come here and I can give you something for it," Chang informed him, she didn't just hand them out, especially not pain relief potions. No, she kept an eye on all of those, and never gave them out; they had to come here for it. They never got more than she prescribed either.

"Okay," Harry nodded his agreement as the healer took back the empty vial she'd measured out for him and slid it into her apron. She would clean it out as she did to all others and returned them to Horace so they could be reused.

"Good, now don't do anything too strenuous, get some rest and let your body recover, it's had a hell of a shock, if not I'll have you back here before you can protest." Chang warned him.

"I have detention," Harry told her, "But I'll rest," and do the homework he had as well, Harry hopped off the bed, ready to return to the common room, for all of ten to twenty minutes before he had to leave for detention. With a little luck he could get one of the essays done before he did. "Bye," he added sliding out of the room before the healer could say anything or actually force him to stay.
Albus stepped into Hogs Head Inn, as usual the floor was so filthy that it looked as though it didn't have a floor but rather the building had been built around the earth on the ground. The rest of the building wasn't much better either, the small dirty, dingy room was disgusting, you could barely see out of the window that was encrusted with all sorts. He absolutely hated being here, for more than one reason, as always Aberforth's establishment didn't have many customers, and those that were, kept their heads covered, and kept themselves to themselves. Why anyone would wish to stay in such a place continued to elude Albus, but from time to time the building did come in handy for things he needed or meetings he wished to keep on the down low.

Albus barely refrained from flinching at the sight of his glaring brother, even after all those years it hadn't gotten better. His brother hated him so completely they could barely stand being in the same room as one another for longer than a second. He didn't even have to read his mind to know what he was thinking, blaming him for what happened to their sister. Aberforth needn't bother; nobody could hate themselves more than he did for what happened. Regardless of the glare, he walked over to the counter that his brother was futilely trying to clean - it was truly a lost cause.

"What do you want?" Aberforth asked, a scowl crossing his face, he wasn't in the mood to deal with his scheming brother.

"We need to talk." Albus said looking around almost warily, he didn't want anyone hearing what he was about to say. If word actually had gotten out his question would be seen as affirmative to the 'gossip' and that was the last thing he needed.

"Its here or my office," Aberforth stated sharply, satisfaction coursing through him at the way he paled. Oh, he knew Albus wouldn't go near his office, never had done and probably never would. The portrait of their sister hung there, and the guilt prevented the fool from going near her.

"This is important," Albus pressed, swallowing thickly, avoiding looking at the door that led to Aberforth's so called 'office'.

Aberforth just looked at his brother blankly; the chance of it being important was actually slim to none. Both their versions of what was important differed, and it always had.

"Aberforth," Albus groused at his brother, irritation setting in.

Aberforth just walked away, refilling a customer's glass and accepting the money for it, putting it in the till. Albus would fold if what he wanted to talk about was important to him, and it obviously was if he was here. He was just beginning to wipe down the far side of the bar where there weren't any customers at the moment when his brother entered his vision again looking extremely vexed.

"Did you tell anyone about Ariana?" Dumbledore whispered urgently, his voice wavering just slightly at saying her name, it felt like forever since he'd actually said it.

Aberforth's interest was peaked, someone knew about his little sister - enough information to rattle his brother? That was fascinating. "Just who do you think I've told?" he replied flippantly. And he was rattled; he was actually so badly affected Albus didn't even think to put up a silencing charm.

"A student at Hogwarts knows I have to know what you've said!" Albus hissed under his breath, his blue eyes darting nervously around the room.

"A Hogwarts student?" Aberforth queried, his eyes lighting up slightly, "Who?" he'd had a few students from Hogwarts in during the summer, which was unusual, normally his place was avoided - although admittedly a few of the older Slytherin's came in during Hogsmeade visits.
"Hadrian Peverell," Dumbledore informed him, some of his anger bleeding out just saying that name. "Did you say anything?"

Aberforth was beyond impressed, his brother was scared of a Hogwarts student, no, and he knew why he was scared. He didn't want the news to get out, the only reason he kept quiet was out of respect for their father. His dad had died to keep Ariana safe from St. Mungo's, from a life of imprisonment in a hospital. Say what they like, Ariana would have been stuck there it was no better than a jail cell. Not that being out had truly helped, the whole incident had hurt his sister, incarcerated and killed their father and eventually caused the death of their mother. "Long brown hair? Green eyes?"

"Yes, what did you say to him?" Dumbledore hissed out believing that his brother had said something.

"Nothing, but I did see him around during the summer, he came in regularly," Aberforth replied, "If he's a Peverell as you say, you do remember were our sister was buried don't you?" he added caustically. "Ever thought he got curious and did his homework?"

Albus' jaw came slightly unhinged at his brother's words; to be honest he hadn't thought of that at all.

"Let me guess, your bright mind thought either I had told him or Grindelwald had?" Aberforth sneered the word out, he absolutely loathed the wizard and if he ever saw him again nothing would stop him getting his revenge on the bastard that had helped destroy his family. He said helped because Albus was as much to blame as Grindelwald. Seeing his brother flush slightly confirmed his suspicion. "Get out of my pub!" he spat but kept his voice low so not to draw attention. Accusing a child of being in league with Grindelwald, Hadrian Peverell looked to be around fourteen or fifteen years old. If it hadn't been a Slytherin he would best the idea wouldn't have ever crossed Albus' mind, he was so prejudice that it made him grit his teeth in fury. He'd always been that way, even back at Hogwarts he'd refused to associate with them, he was an utter hypocrite given what he'd wanted to do at the age of eighteen.

Albus looked around cautiously, relaxing a little when he realized his brother hadn't drawn attention to them. Knowing his temper, he knew he should leave, and that's what he did, with a regretful sigh he walked away.

Neither brother noticed the shadow in the corner, carefully concealed especially his blonde hair that gave off like a halo, his grey eyes glimmering victoriously. He knew someone who would love to get their hands on this information, it was time to write to Hogwarts, write to Tom.

Harry opened the door to the potions classroom, finding the professor and Hagrid already there. He could feel the remnants of magic lingering in the air, he hoped Slughorn had taken his suggestion and actually made Hagrid take an oath or vow. If he had concentrated hard enough, he probably could figure it out but he was too tired for that. He might be used to pain, but his body still tired and he was that, extremely tired.

"Hello, professor," Harry said as he walked in, and took a seat, his bag thumping on the floor where he dropped it, while he waited on Slughorn telling him what to do. He stiffened slightly when he heard sniffling; Hagrid it seemed was just as emotional as a teenager as he was sixty years later.

"Did everything go well with healer Chang?" Horace enquired.
"Yeah, she let me go, I promise," Harry replied, knowing what he was really asking - or he assumed so anyway. He honestly couldn't tell with this time, he wasn't used to teachers caring or bloody listening.

"Good," Horace said firmly, making a mental note to speak to her later, find out how he was really doing, he looked utterly exhausted.

"What do you want me to do?" Harry then asked after a few minutes of silence.

"Do you have homework to complete?" Horace asked, standing in front of the teenager, he would give him a short detention then send him to his common room.

"Um, just Ancient Runes," Harry replied surprised. He'd had the time to complete his Transfiguration homework, which was easy for him. Nott had tried to borrow his Charms homework (which was three feet) since he and Tom were the best at it, and they never asked Tom so it was him they asked. Which of course he'd agreed to for a boon, to pick up whenever he wanted to, since it was due in tomorrow Nott agreed somewhat reluctantly - boons were never taken lightly by the uptight purebloods. Uptight they may be, but when they granted favours they did pay you back, loyalty was everything to them.

"Then why don't you do that? Afterwards go back to the common room," Horace answered, before moving over to Hagrid and placing a large roll of unused parchment in front of the teenager and gave him a pointed look.

So lines it was, Harry couldn't see what he was writing though, but seeing him hunched over in school uniform was bloody weird. Sure he'd gotten a glimpse when he was twelve years old, but it had been dark in the memory Tom had shown him in the diary. He hadn't gotten a good look, and he only saw Hagrid occasionally around the school, it wasn't as if they were in the same classes or anything. Shaking off his thoughts, he picked up his bag, and took out his Ancient Runes book and some parchment, ink and a quill before absently beginning his newest assignment.

During the next hour or so there was silence in the room, besides the scribbling of the quills against the parchment. Slughorn was sitting at his desk, eating his way through a box of chocolates while reading a book looking as though he was enjoying himself. Occasionally drinking from a goblet, and Harry highly suspected it wasn't pumpkin juice. The urge to tell him if he wasn't careful he would end up extremely well rounded in the years to come was strong but he refrained. He obviously did enough exercising to keep the weight off; either that or he hadn't built his 'network' to the extent that he got sent things every day yet.

Flicking through his book, he looked up part of his answer before writing it in his own words; he was distracted by Hagrid speaking. Looking up he noticed that Slughorn had disappeared. Great, just great. Then he actually looked at Hagrid and was taken aback, he looked as though he'd been playing with his half-brother. That is to say he had a large bruise on his face, Harry winced seeing it, and the Slytherin's surely hadn't done that? It was difficult to use magic on a half-giant they were impervious to a lot of magic…surely no student had the ability to cause that much harm to him?

"What?" Harry finally said none of what the half-giant had said had sunk in.

"I am sorry, I didn't mean fir this ti happen," Hagrid said, his beetle black eyes filled with sadness tugging at what was left of Harry's heartstrings.

"What did you think would happen by bringing in a bloody wolf-cub? Tearing it away from its family?!" Harry snapped, regretting it immediately, damn Hagrid to hell.
"I…I…" Hagrid was at loss for words, looking away guiltily.

"What do you want to do when you leave Hogwarts?" Harry asked, changing the subject completely.

Hagrid beamed at him despite his sore face, as if Harry had just forgiven him. "I want ter work with animals, dragons mostly."

"Then leave off the pets you want to care for now, if you keep this up you'll be expelled, which you would have been if it had bitten one of the other Slytherin's." Harry stated sharply. "Just concentrate on your schooling, and then you'll get your wish of working with dragons. Which means no more bloody werewolf cubs or whatever else you want to look after…if its not an owl, cat or toad do not bring it here or anywhere near Hogwarts." he warned him, feeling a bit hypocritical since he technically allowed a Basilisk to remain under Hogwarts.

Hagrid dumbly nodded his head.

"What happened to you?" Harry then demanded gesturing to his face, he would bet part of the bruise was hidden by his long shaggy black hair.

"I fell," Hagrid replied immediately.

"Anyone help you fall?" Harry asked suspiciously, knowing a rehearsed answer when he saw one.

"No," Hagrid denied, not quite meeting Harry's eyes.

"Slytherins?" Harry demanded, his eyes narrowing further.

Hagrid merely shook his head, actually meeting Harry's eyes, out of all the people the Slytherin's hadn't been the ones to 'teach him a lesson' he might not be the sharpest knife in the drawer so he had noticed it and kept waiting for the other shoe to drop and for them to join in but so far they'd done nothing.

"Then who?" Harry snapped, irritated by the vagueness.

Hagrid said nothing, but their short discussion was interrupted by their professor returning, Hagrid went back to his lines.

"Finished?" Horace asked, glancing at Hadrian who was no longer writing.

"Yes, sir," Harry replied honestly, he had finished his homework.

"Good, you may go, no dawdling go straight to the common room," Horace instructed.

"I will, goodnight professor," Harry said, mentally making a note to get to the bottom of what was wrong with Hagrid. He might not be overly fond of him, but bullying? He detested bullying with a passion - too many years of being a target himself had ensured that. Standing up, he rolled up his parchment and slid his things back into his bag, making sure the ink top was secure - the last thing he wanted was his ink spilling all over his new books and bag.

"Goodnight, Hadrian," Slughorn answered as he reclaimed his seat, the clicking of the door letting him know Hadrian had left the room.

Chapter End Notes
Just a heads up reminder that Malfoy was a seventh year when Harry first appeared, so he has indeed graduated. Do you want to see a flashback to Harry going to the bank to get his lordship? I couldn't fit it in without adding another chapter of this year when its already going so slow as it is lol its still before xmas and yule... I definitely didn't want this story to be as long as it seems my stories are these days but i'm rapidly realising its not an option :P so will the boys get jobs during the summer to keep busy? or will they just enjoy their time away from the school and getting to be normal...and working on their relationship? R&R please
Harry relaxed fully once he was in Slytherin common room, which did make him feel the irony, who would have thought he'd feel at home, surrounded by future Death Eaters and a Dark Lord in Slytherin territory of all places? Sure most of the Death Eaters here were dead by the time he'd been born; it was mostly their offspring and Tom that had made his life a living hell. Or helped at any rate, he couldn't fully blame them for everything. If the Ministry and Dumbledore had done the right thing, he would never have gone to the Dursley's and had a proper upbringing with Sirius. What kind of idiot didn't realize that the finger wasn't blown off but rather cut off? Even the Muggles would have realized that. Instead they'd rather celebrate the downfall of the darkest wizard in the magical world and sweep his parents death under a rug and use a child as a beacon of all things good and light or scapegoat when they felt like it. No he'd been raised as a weapon, abused and ignored in a bid to make him stronger yet malleable enough to do what needed done to defeat Voldemort. Worse was his so called best friends had been in on it, what kind of eleven year olds thought that it was right to do what they planned? There had been no reprieve for him. Not even after defeating Voldemort, he'd been hunted down continuously until they'd got what they wanted - him dead.

He'd used to think Slytherin's were dark, evil, such an insipid idiot he'd been as a child. No, they just knew what they were fighting for even at the age of eleven. They were loyal to their dying breath for a single cause they believed in. It took a lot to shake their faith in that one cause, here he was thinking of Severus Snape. Contrary to popular belief Slytherin's didn't stab each other in the back for a better position. They tried to better themselves, no doubt, would regularly duel to prove they were better, once it was over they'd go back to normal. Some were never challenged; he hadn't been since coming but had seen quite a few duels. It always amused him how they could duel so fiercely then go back to laughing and chatting afterwards (if they hadn't been hurt in the process, then they were sent to the Healer with a thousand excuses on the tip of their tongue).

"Hadrian, sit over here," Tom demanded imperiously, gesturing towards the very taken seat beside him, with just one look to Avery, the teen stood up and moved to the only other available seat within their little group. Tom knew the anger was just simmering under Avery's skin, he was curious to see what would happen when it exploded. It never ceased to amazing him how they would be cursed by him without feeling angry yet when he paid more attention to someone else they got jealous and angry. Four years at Hogwarts and he was still analyzing and categorizing them, he needed to know which strings to pull if he needed something after all.

Harry refrained from rolling his eyes, not at Tom, but at the fact Tom was going to make Avery snap, he had no doubt sooner or later he'd have a fight on his hands. Hopefully later, but that wasn't exactly a Slytherin move to make, even if it made the others look down on you for attacking someone when they were weak, what could they do if you advanced in the ranks regardless? He had no concerns though; even injured he knew he could take the wizard on without a doubt. "Only because I'm exhausted," he murmured quietly, giving a soft sigh when he sat down on the green leather couch, grinning at the exasperated look Tom gave him.
"How did detention go?" Thaddeus asked, before scowling just thinking about Dumbledore, they all hated the old man something rotten. "What did the old fool have you do?"

"Wasn't Dumbledore," Harry told him, suppressing a tired yawn, "Slughorn told me that I was serving detention with him tonight."

"That explains why you're early," Lestrange said, never once looking up as he scribbled away on his parchment, getting his homework done.

"How would you know? You've been doing homework since dinner," Mulciber snorted in amusement, peering at the sheepish Rabastan.

"-That's the Ravenclaws been infor-" Alphard stopped in mid-sentence, surprise flickering through his grey eyes that marked him a Black, when he saw Harry sitting on the couch, he should be in detention. "-med, honestly you'd think they'd know everything reading a book." he tried of course, like any Slytherin to make his slip unnoticed as possible and try and cover what he was really going to say.

"I knew it!" Harry snapped, "You've been using the other houses to get revenge on Hagrid, it stops now."

"What makes you think that?" Alphard cried out in surprise, as he ambled over conjuring a seat and sitting down beside them.

"I wasn't born yesterday, I knew the second I heard that none of the Slytherins had attacked him something was up, and it was just a matter of finding out what." Harry informed them amused. He wasn't angry, not really; in fact it warmed him that they were loyal enough to seek vengeance on someone who had hurt him. He wasn't used to that kind of loyalty; he'd certainly take this over the light side any day.

"And just how did you come to know the Slytherin's hadn't touched your precious Hagrid?" Tom enquired smoothly, a dangerous note in his voice.

Harry snorted, "Precious? Hardly. Had detention with him, how else?" it wasn't as if Hagrid was in any of his social circles if he could call them that, he merely had acquaintances outside of Slytherin probably Myrtle being the only exception. "It stops now, you've had your fun, I mean it, if I find out you've been encouraging anyone to curse him I'll do to you what you're trying to get them to do to him considering the spells they're having to use to have any affect on him it will land you in the hospital wing for at least half the year." he met their eyes, showing them all how serious he was.

"Why? The son of a bitch deserves it!" Nott protested most heavily at the ultimatum Hadrian had delivered.

"Probably," Harry shrugged, knowing that if it hadn't been him it would have been one of the other Slytherins who almost died, "It's not about whether they deserve it he's fucking twelve years old no matter how much older he actually looks, he's a kid, a stupid one, he's learnt his lesson, plus once it stops and word gets out that I put a stop to it..." Harry purposely trailed off a vicious grin appearing on his face. "It will be me that he looks up to, not Dumbledore."

"Dumbledore? Why would he look up to Dumbledore?" the name as always was spat out with extreme prejudice and distaste.

"Are you kidding? Haven't you heard the rumours? The students think it's only because of Dumbledore that he's still here, which is largely right I suppose, but when he realizes I'm helping
"Why do you want that half-breed's loyalty?" Avery scowled in distaste at the mere thought, "He's a Gryffindor." which was said with more distaste than the mention of 'half-breed'.

"Not this again," Harry heaved a sigh of irritation, "We all have parts of Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw in us, they're all just personality traits for Merlin's sake, the stupidity of the houses is utter nonsense, just because Dumbledore is Gryffindor don't cast his stink over the entire house, in fact I'm pretty sure Dumbledore manipulated the hat into putting him into Gryffindor, he's too manipulative, he gets away with things that Gryffindors don't have the savvy of succeeding at." hopefully while he was here he could stop the house prejudice as well as everything else Dumbledore had probably spurn by just being the way he was.

"He's right." Tom replied smoothly, "The right set of circumstances can turn even the most foolhardy Gryffindor into the perfect Slytherin." and he really wanted to put it to the test. That quietened them down immediately, nobody and Harry meant nobody in Slytherin contradicted Tom, with the obvious exception being him. It was amusing to see the proud purebloods cling so tightly to Tom, as if they had an deep seated need to follow someone, give their lives purpose, to be drawn towards power. He didn't think he'd understand even if he spent a thousand years trying to, he was beginning to wonder if he could actually stop it, stop everything that went wrong or if it was just too much even for him. There was one thing he did know though, if he was going to defeat Grindelwald he would need to keep up his training, he couldn't let himself get out of shape. He'd never been a follower not really, he'd just gone along to fit in, and he'd never been a true willing leader, it had been thrust upon him.

Loud thumping on the common room door had them all twitching in surprise, "I wonder who that is," Dorea said as she stood up and wandered over, opening the door which couldn't be opened from the outside unless they had the password. Which evidently the person on the other side didn't, which was why they were all curious, absolutely everyone had stopped what they were doing, craning their necks to see better past Dorea and to the entrance itself.

"Um…er…healer Chang said to bring this to Hadrian Peverell," the fifth year Hufflepuff said nervously, who wouldn't be with the eyes of the entire Slytherin house staring at you.

"Hadrian it's for you," Dorea gestured to him.

"Bring it over for me, Dorea, please," Harry asked, realizing what it was, but he didn't want to move, he was too tired.

"Thank you," Dorea said plucking the box from the Hufflepuff's hands before the door slammed shut.

"Who was that?" Harry asked there was something really familiar about him.

"Adam Amos Diggory, pureblood, always Hufflepuffs, lost his brothers to the Dragon pox, he's the only heir to the Diggory line now," Thaddeus answered in usual pureblood fashion. "They're thirty nine on the rich list last time I checked."

Harry gulped, well that explained why he was so familiar, it was Cedric Diggory's grandfather. Hell everyone was someone's grandfather or mother for Merlin's sake. It was quite weird seeing a woman that looked like Bartemius Crouch Junior, or rather who he would later look like when he was born. People seemed to forget where they came from, Bartemius Crouch Junior's grandmother was a Slytherin, and it had annoyed the hell out of him trying to figure it out - who she reminded
him off. He'd seen Alan Pettigrew sneaking off under an invisibility cloak! He hadn't realized at
the time what Crouch had said to him, about him being forced to live under Pettigrew's invisibility
cloak after his father 'rescued' him at his mothers pleadings her final wish. Under guilt that he
hadn't been a decent father or husband he had given into her demands and removed his son from
Azkaban. Alan Pettigrew was actually quite handsome, sixteen years old, wavy brown hair, cheeky
smile, thin and wiry; nothing at all like what his son would look like. "I think someone will need to
do a recheck," Harry snorted, he was curious where he stood on this so called 'rich list'. Either he
had been oblivious to it during his own Hogwarts years or it had been stopped.

"Here," Dorea plonked the box on his knees.

"Thanks, Dorea, you're the best," Harry said giving her a grin, which faltered when she blushed, oh
hell no, he didn't want to even go there. Too late he had. Now he needed to Oblivate himself, post-
haste. She was his grandmother for Merlin sake! He needed to get out of there fast, "I'm heading
up for the night, I'll see you all later." with that he hoisted himself up, balancing the box
precariously before quickly making his way up stairs inwardly shuddering.

Opening the door with his hand, catching the box before it fell on the floor; he wandered in and sat
down on his bed, going through it all. There had to be dozens upon dozens of cards, all wishing
him well after what happened. He felt the ice around his heart thawing somewhat, they cared about
him, not the stupid hero his time had daubed him. It wasn't just Gryfffindors that cared (some even
had gift vouchers to Honeydukes), no these names were familiar and from all different houses.
Picking out one of his gifts, he opened it, grinning when he saw his favourites nestled within the
box, these were from Myrtle. Putting the sweets from his favourite Ravenclaw aside, he began to
open all the rest, all of them sweets of some kind, by the time he was done his bed was covered
from head to foot. Shaking his head amusedly, he bent down and opened his trunk before gathering
up the sweets into the box Myrtle gave him, expanding it in the process he'd just put it in his trunk
and was straightening up.

A startled squeak left his lips when arms enveloped him, he would deny that to his dying breath
though. "What was that about?" Tom demanded, jealousy simmering through him. Hadrian was
his; he shouldn't be flirting with anyone else! He absolutely forbade it.

"What was what about?" Harry asked, having a funny feeling where this was going, grunting
slightly when Tom tightened his hold on him possessively. Merlin it should worry him, but instead
all he felt was a sense of smug satisfaction that Tom felt that way.

"You know very well what I'm talking about," Tom stated right into Hadrian's ear, they wouldn't be
disturbed he had told the others they weren't to come up until curfew.

"You seriously think I would do anything with Dorea Black?" Harry managed to choke out,
grimacing at the images it was planting in his mind; he really needed to be Obliviated of this past
half hour. "She's my bloody grandmother for Merlin's sake Tom, I don't know about you but I'm
not really into incest." whether he was in this body or not, the names written on his blood test
meant nothing; he would always consider who he was before as his real family. James Potter and
Lily Evans-Potter would always be his mother and father. Charles Potter and Dorea-Black Potter
would always be his paternal grandparents, unfortunately he didn't know the names of his maternal
grandparents, even Dudley didn't know their names Petunia had been such a sour faced woman and
never mentioned them bar once, hating the fact they'd loved Lily when she was nothing but a
'freak' according to his hateful aunt.

Tom froze at that pronouncement. "Dorea Black and Charles Potter?" he hadn't seen that one
coming a mile away, a light wizard and a dark witch, what would happen if Hadrian had changed
the past so much that they didn't get together? Would Hadrian cease to exist? That thought left him cold as he tightened his hold further he would need to keep a keen eye on them in future.

"Yes," Harry replied exasperated, "Now please stop talking about it before I gouge out my eyes," he shuddered a little.

Tom chuckled, it was barely audible but since they were standing so close Harry had no trouble hearing it.

"Sweets from your fan club?" Tom queried having no trouble changing the subject, well the little crush Dorea Black had on Hadrian would amount to nothing, and he would still make it clear that he was his though.

"Oh no, never call them that," Harry said shaking his head, breaking away from Tom and laying on his bed with a sigh, "Anything but that actually." it reminded him too much of a past he would rather forget. "But yes they're from the others, Myrtle got me my favourites, yours is in there as well, help yourself if you want."

"Would you rather I call them friends?" Tom said, sneering the word but he was amused.

"Call them what you want," Harry murmured, "Tom…what was your first few months at Hogwarts like?" silence followed the question and Harry began to think Tom wouldn't answer. He was curious, a boy who for all intents and purposes was a Muggle-born, only recently learned of Hogwarts, with no known last name sorted in Slytherins dungeons. It couldn't have been easy by any stretch of imagination.

"Extremely difficult," Tom replied eventually, his tone cold, he didn't want to talk about it but if he wanted Hadrian to tell him things he would need to return the favour - and if it helped Hadrian trust him completely then he would do it. "I was unaware of the hierarchy system, but I soon came to know, sitting at the bottom didn't sit well with me. I studied day and night, helped by natural affinity for magic, then in a single day it all changed and I suddenly had the respect of the entire house after I was attacked by a higher year, when he wanted to put me in my place. Something he regretted wholly until the day he left Hogwarts." cold satisfaction coated his voice, the pain had rendered the idiot incapacitated for days, the Slytherins as always covered and Slughorn merely thought he'd been suffering from a cold.

"How quickly did you realize you weren't Muggle-born?" Harry asked sitting up there was still a lot he didn't know about Tom.

"My first year, I learned that only descendants of the great Salazar Slytherin could speak to snakes," Tom said smugly, "It's when I began searching for information on my parents, to find out what happened to them." he'd been so sure his father was a wizard and his mother had been a Muggle. High hopes that his father was out there, unaware of his existence. It was only when he couldn't get any information on the last name Riddle did he begin to highly suspect the truth. He wouldn't wait to get rid of that name, and his father would pay with his life for abandoning him.

Harry nodded having already known part of that information, his thirst for knowledge truly knew no bounds, and he'd known that but to have begun at eleven? He truly did have one of the brightest minds of his generation, he didn't count, he wasn't as book savvy as Tom and he wasn't truly from this generation, added to the fact he was mentally twenty-two or was it three now he wasn't keeping track of that age anymore. He had fully embraced his life here, and he was determined never to look back, with Tom's prying it was a little difficult to do that but he was resolute in his determination to succeed here and live not just survive. He had everything here he needed and wanted.
Gleaming black eyes observed him from the flickering candles in the corners of the common room, carnal appreciation and possessive need to own clearly written in their depths. He knew Hadrian could be quite vicious himself, but due to his insistence of going soft on Hagrid…he began to wonder if Hadrian appreciate and understand just how cruel he could be? Could he care for him knowing how he punished the others? Perhaps letting him see a meeting would let him know whether Hadrian could stay with him for the long haul…he knew if they went any further he would never let him go.

In fact he seriously doubted he could ever let him go even now. He never let go of anything he wanted.

Meanwhile down in the common room...

"Druella, will you do the honour of accompanying me to the Yule ball?" Rabastan asked the female Rosier formally.

"I accept," Druella replied, giving him a very wide toothy smile, like all females excitement thrummed through her she couldn't wait to pick a dress for the occasion, she must write to her mother at once.

"Brilliant," Rabastan said, formalities out of the way, with that he wandered back over, they would discuss times closer to the day naturally.

"What are you doing?" Aiden hissed, "We're not to take anyone,"

"What gave you that impression, Avery?" Mulciber asked, a frown appearing on his face, everyone took a date well almost everyone, and it was just one of the rites of passages especially for the first ball.

Avery turned to stare at Mulciber in confusion, how could he have been the only on to see it? Had they not been paying attention, "Tom doesn't want us to have partners for the Yule ball." he told him slowly, disbelief written across his face, they honestly hadn't been paying any attention.

"He told you that?" Rabastan seemed more amused now than concerned, he ha a good idea why Aiden was saying what he was.

"Well, no, but he's made it pretty clear," Avery stated surely.

"Pretty clear how?" Mulciber demanded an explanation, judging by how relaxed Rabastan seemed Avery was probably blowing whatever he'd seen or heard out of proportion - he hoped.

"He glared everyone who brought up the Yule ball and worse when they worked up to asking,"

Avery replied, shaking his head, were their heads buried in the sand?

"And who were they asking?" Rabastan hid a smirk behind his hand, bloody hell how obvious could Avery be? He was acting like a clueless eleven year old virgin for Merlin's sake.

"Ah!" Mulciber caught on, relaxing into his seat, sighing in relief, well at least he wouldn't have to retract his invitation to Gaylene Lestrange, Rabastan's cousin, who he was very protective of he'd had to promise not to do 'any funny business' oath wise before he got permission - not that he'd asked for it.

"What, ah?" Avery's eyes snapped to Mulciber perplexed, was he missing something?
"Answer the question, who was being asked every time Tom glared?" Rabastan asked, glancing briefly at the stairs, straining his hearing just to make sure nobody was coming down to the common room. Judging by the look on Tom's face nobody was going to be coming down those stairs from their Dorm room any time soon.

"Um… I only really noticed it when it was Hadrian I think," Avery admitted thoughtfully.

"Exactly, and what did he tell us at the start of the year just a few months ago?" Rabastan couldn't believe he had to spell it out for him.

"The usual," Avery replied immediately.

"To keep our hands of Hadrian, quite literally, keep our hands off, he didn't mean fighting - he can take care of himself, Tom especially knows that." Rabastan continued on. "He doesn't want anyone taking Hadrian to the ball."

"Except him," Mulciber added with a chuckle.

"You what?" Avery rasped out gaping at his friends, stunned to the core. "You're kidding!" there was no way Tom would prefer Hadrian over everyone else here surely? Yes he was powerful but come on? He'd only been around a year, the rest of them were just as smart what made him so damn special?

"I can't believe you've not noticed," Mulciber shook his head. "Where's your mind been these past few months?"

Carrow just smirked, he'd long ago gotten over his distaste for Hadrian, in fact when his ire wasn't aimed at you he was actually really funny, his sarcasm knew no bounds. Unfortunately Avery just got angrier and angrier, he was treading on very thin ice when it came to Tom and if he didn't stop he'd know all about it. Tom wasn't exactly the most patient of people that was putting it lightly really; if he didn't stop he would find himself looking in on them from the outside. He was quite honestly surprised it hadn't happened when he'd been stupid enough to cast both a disarming charm at an unarmed opponent then a torture curse using his wand of all things. "I guess you best be quick about getting a date," he commented wryly.

Avery groaned piteously at that realisation. "Oh Merlin!"

"I think he's got it," Carrow threw at Rabastan.

"You think?" Rabastan laughed stretching out on the couch languidly.

Chapter End Notes

As you know I don't normally do underage anything… but the story is advancing and there's not much I can do to hold it back :P I suppose there's plenty they can do that isn't going the full way :P as long as you're not apposed to that idea anyway :D I didn't get the opportunity to put the Gringotts thing in either, I'll have to wait until a perfect opportunity arises, not that it will be a long flashback, but Harry gaining his inheritance etc… I can see the Goblins helping Tom set the Slytherin vaults back to normal when the skin but would they truly make him heir when one was still alive? even if its just a useless one do you think they're capable of it? R&R
Chapter 32

During breakfast it seemed nearly every student at the Slytherin table received one thing or another, all boxed up for a journey towards Hogwarts whether it was Owl Order or something from their parents. With it getting so close to the Yule ball, well, most pureblood's had tailors who created the dresses for them from scratch. You could tell from the squealing of the witches that it was what had come, they'd been talking about it long enough. If Harry had cared to look he would have seen it was the same for a lot of people at the other house tables. Yet Harry wasn't interested in that, he was currently reading the missive he had received from the publishing company he had sent his work too. They were publishing it for him, two hundred books to start with and if they sold well more would follow. Harry didn't think it would if he was honest, it wasn't a book they'd want to believe in, and it completely contradicted their own solid beliefs. Purebloods were too proud to let the book tarnish their views, hopefully he was wrong though. The proof was all in the book, now that was something that couldn't be rejected. At the bottom was a check for Gringotts, he would need to get it put in the bank soon.

They'd even given him an advance on the book, he'd made sure to get 'Advance against royalties' when signing the contract. They'd actually tried to get him to sign a flat fee contract, with a measly four thousand galleons. They must have thought he was a fucking idiot, they'd chosen the wrong one to try and con. It made Harry realize the book might actually be more popular than he was betting on. A flat fee was a set amount of money for signing over the rights of the book, and nothing else no matter how well it sold, Advance against royalties was a combination of an advance against his book and money for each book that was sold. He would have gone to a different publishing company but he decided against all the drama just made it clear to the company that he might be young but he was far from stupid, that they give him respect and a decent offer or he'd look elsewhere. He'd signed the contract and burnt the apology they'd sent two days ago, now he had his money, and his books would be on the shelf within a week.

"When's the next Hogsmeade weekend?" Harry asked, as he filled his plate with food using only one hand, he didn't want to get grease all over his paperwork or check come to that.

"First day of the Christmas holidays, which makes it the twenty-second," Carrow informed him, he'd just been looking at the announcement board earlier this morning to see for himself. He didn't have anyone's gifts yet, so he'd had to see if he would need to get it over owl post or if he would be visiting.

"Last visit before Christmas," Harry mused, it would be simple enough to sneak away and Apparate to Gringotts put the check in his account and take some money out and get everything he needed. He would have to buy everyone something this year, seen as they'd all gotten him something for Christmas last year and hadn't expected something in return. He knew them all, but well enough to know what the heck they'd like? Nope, definitely not, although considering the length of time Tom spent poking around in their minds he wouldn't be surprised if he knew.
"Are you actually coming this time, Hadrian?" Alphard questioned as he ate his breakfast.

"Yes, I've got to make a pit stop at Gringotts though," Harry replied smirking in amusement at the egg that fell and splattered all over Alphard's front causing him to curse in annoyance. He shook his head, it was hard to believe Alphard was a part of Tom's group, he'd always assumed he was one of the few Black's who hadn't been part of it. He had given Sirius money after all, and been stuck of the family tree for his 'betrayal'. Maybe family had come first to him; either that or he just had no kids of his own to leave his money too. He wished he'd paid more attention to the family tree, he didn't know as much as he wished he did.

"How are you going to get there?" Avery asked, speaking for the first time in at least fourteen hours, he hadn't said a word after coming up the stairs to the dorm last night. He'd just gone right to sleep, even when he was awake this morning he'd been sullenly quiet.

"One or two ways," Harry told him simply as he grabbed a piece of toast and began to butter it. So two days until Hogsmeade visit, that hadn't changed, if he remembered correctly there was always a visit to the town on the first day of the Christmas holidays. He remembered his fourth year clearly; it had been the day he'd sneak food out to give to his godfather glad for the temporary reprieve from classes and homework while he tried to deal with the whole tournament.

"How?" Avery asked again.

"Now, now, a magician doesn't give away his secrets now do they?" Harry replied wryly, before turning away making it clear that the conversation was over. He knew Hogwarts back to front, in ways these boys would never discover. Not that it would get him to Diagon Alley of course, just Hogsmeade, but he could Apparate there or use one of the old fireplaces that weren't monitored anymore, and plenty of Hogwarts was abandoned and no longer monitored. Although if he wanted to go to Hogsmeade he would need to actually leave with everyone else. So sliding into the toilets in the Leaky Cauldron or something was probably the easiest way. Hogsmeade wasn't what it used to be, the excitement he once felt at attending had long gone. He usually only went when he wanted something, or if he was bored and genuinely had nothing better to do.

"Girls," Mulciber muttered shaking his head in exasperation watching as they all began to leave the Great Hall giggling as they exclaimed over their clothes choices for the Yule ball. Even his own date was joining in, and she was one of the more sedate witches in their year. It was half of why he'd asked her, that and he did fancy her.

"Watch it Mulciber," Lucretia Black warned, reminding the wizard that she was still there, but she was older and had already been to a few and wasn't as excited as her cousins/sisters and their classmates.

"Sorry," Mulciber squeaked, nobody not even him wanted to go against Lucretia, she had a mean streak in her a mile long, as her last boyfriend could attest to, he'd ended up in the hospital wing needing a very personal part of him reattached. It would also explain why she'd been unable to get a boyfriend since.

"What about you, Hadrian? Do you have a date to the ball?" Lucretia asked, her grey eyes sharpening when everyone in the vicinity stiffened noticeably. Interesting, she idly wondered what was going on there, she was sure she'd find out sooner or later.

"I'm going but without a date," Harry shrugged, a smirk twitching at the edge of his lips, he had to find out what Tom had said to them, they were all acting edgy, as if a nest of a Acromantulas was coming at them. Alright that might not be the best example to choose, it would be weird knowing that there wouldn't be a nest of Acromantulas out there, the oath would prevent Hagrid from
bringing in anything else. It would make the forbidden forest all that safer, more room for the Centaurs. He wondered if the Centaurs realized who he was, what he was and sensed a change in everything. He could just imagine them, gazing at the stars insisting that mars was bright tonight. Grabbing his bag from under his bench, he put the letter and check in before zipping it back up again.

"Nobody does without a date, it's the whole point," Lucretia informed him, "It's a ball, its proper to take a date." the pureblood thing to do.

"You've found someone then?" Harry teased, already aware of her 'reputation' as it were.

"Of course," Lucretia replied sounding slightly insulted. "I'm attending with Vincent Crabbe," he was tall, dark and handsome, exactly like herself.

"Which ones that again?" Harry asked quietly to Tom.

"He sits next to Raymond Skeeter the Ravenclaw in Defence," Tom replied automatically.

"Ah," Harry muttered nodding his head, Skeeter now that was a name he was familiar with, he even had the same blonde hair as Rita Skeeter. Although this Vincent Crabbe looked nothing like his grandson, too tall for one thing and smart. Vincent Crabbe was part of the top ten when it came to grades he'd noticed. His grandson was thick as a wooden plank, perhaps it was the inbreeding showing through in that generation.

"You really should find someone to go with," Lucretia insisted, "Fiona still doesn't have a date," most boys were intimidated due to her height, she towered all over the boys in the year. She was just as tall as her older brother Mark Flint, who had left school a few years ago. Gulping suddenly at the intense stare from Tom who was seated to the left of Harry, well, that might explain everyone else's reactions. "Never mind, I'll ask Jugson," she hastily added, her heart pounding in relief when that glare let up, Merlin she'd never actually been under Tom's intense scrutiny before, and she never wished to again.

"She's a good Quidditch player," Harry said, trying to ignore that Tom was scaring everyone witless, even the most fearsome witch in Slytherin.

"They need more girls on the team," Lucretia turned back to Harry, her face alight with passion. Fiona was one of the first girls who had been given a place on the Quidditch team. And let's face it she was the best of all the students in Hogwarts, even the boys they would have been nuts not to let her in. They wanted to win more than they cared whether she was a girl or not.

"Yep," Harry agreed, "They should, I've never seen a Quidditch tryouts though so I can't say which girls would be best suited."

"Gaylene and Alecto for sure," Lucretia insisted eagerly.

"We're having tryouts for new beaters after the Christmas holidays," Philip Pucey informed him, "Any good?"

"Why after Christmas holidays?" Harry asked bewildered, it was usually at the beginning of the year they held Quidditch tryouts, for obvious reasons.

"We're using our reserve beaters right now," Philip admitted, "We need our best to beat Gryffindor."

"Alright," Harry shrugged, finishing off his breakfast, two more days of class then he was free until
January when the school started back up, he could hardly wait. He'd been contemplating the idea of actually leaving Hogwarts for the holidays, going to Hogsmeade or Diagon Alley, but he didn't want to risk Dumbledore trying anything. No it was risky enough both him and Tom staying there during the summer holidays. And that would continue, even after the damn war ended, they weren't returning to that orphanage, it was partly what drove Tom even deeper into the darkness, the Horcruxes, the madness that followed. No, he was always going to be dark, Harry had no illusions about that, but there was dark then there was deranged and evil. Tom was smart as hell, and he could go places, if he didn't become so obsessed with dying, there was a possibility he could keep that sanity and go far. Not that Dumbledore could force him to return, he was emancipated but Tom couldn't be until he got control of his estate and requested it himself.

"Budge along, I need something to eat before I got to class," Druella demanded of Harry as she grabbed the only toast left on the table, which incidentally was right next to Harry. Causing Harry's cutlery to go flying to the floor, Harry barely managed to stop everything going with them. Sighing in annoyance he bent down to get them, his chain fell out which caught the female Rosier's attention.

"You have your heir ring?" Druella blurted out, surprised as hell, it caught everyone's attention within hearing range.

"Lordship ring," Harry corrected her, as he absently slid his chain back under his uniform. He'd snuck out of Hogwarts on his birthday to get emancipated at Gringotts so nobody could tell him what to do ever again.

-0 Flash Back 0-

Harry slid out of common room firmly tucked under his invisibility cloak, thankfully without anyone even glancing his way, it seemed he could still be sneaky when he wanted to. Everyone was still packed from dinner, a birthday celebration cake had been put in the middle of the table, all cut up ready to go to everyone, his biggest of all, thankfully nobody had sung happy birthday to him, now that would have been surreal. It wasn't the first time it had happened, it had been done last year when it had been Abraxas' birthday, then someone else, and he wasn't sure who just knew it wasn't his circle. Nothing like that happened in all his years when he was in Gryffindor, just another sign that Slughorn actually cared about all his students and well enough to remember their birthdays. Oh he had no doubt the House-elves made it, but they would need to be told by the Slytherin head of house.

Harry made his way to the statue, muttering 'Dissendium' before squeezing through the opening and down the short stone slide. It was freezing cold; the air around him was frigid. Yawning tiredly, he continued to trek through the secret passageway, he had stayed up well past midnight, and it was something he had never outgrown. As a lonely boy he'd done it, wishing for something better, then even at Hogwarts, and passed Hogwarts too, it was just the one little tradition he'd kept for himself. Unfortunately his birthday wasn't during the holidays anymore, so he'd gotten six hours sleep, he'd been fine with less in the past, but this body wasn't used to it. With his quick sure strides he managed the trip in thirty minutes instead of the hour they usually took in the past. Although he knew he would take another ten minutes at least to get up the stairs, two hundred stairs to be precise, and yes, he had counted in the past. It was why he was able to predict when he was up far enough to stop himself head butting the trap door that led up to Honeydukes. Not that he had any plans to actually go into the shop, they had anti-Apparation spells up after-hours obviously the security was to stop whoever wanted to just pop in and steal the sweets. Of course, the couple that ran the shop the very young Plumes had no idea of the secret entrance in their cellar. This spot
was the only place you could Apparate from, the wards all down the tunnel connected to Hogwarts preventing anyone from Apparating. Which is exactly what he did, after bunching up the cloak and putting it in his expanded pocket of his cloak. He appeared right outside of the magnificent marble building, excitement thrumming through him, to know nobody would be able to control him, or force him back to the orphanage was exhilarating to say the least. He'd never had that opportunity in the future, well his past, if he'd known he would have been here the second he turned fifteen, screw the wards, screw Dumbledore.

He wasn't that person anymore, no expectations, no lies and no deceit.

Quickly looking around, his green eyes looking for any sight of teachers, he wasn't stupid the teachers were free to come and go as they pleased - well maybe the exception to the rules were the Head of Houses, he didn't know. He was satisfied after scanning the area that there was nobody there that could get him into trouble, so he swiftly headed up the stairs and into Gringotts, he didn't dally for even a second, just headed straight for one of the teller goblins.

"Good evening, I would like to speak to Ironclaw immediately," Harry stated sharply, Ironclaw was the one he had come to see in the past, and he wanted to deal with him again that and he was sure Ironclaw was the manager of the Peverell estate, he certainly knew information about it, but all goblins might, he could be being presumptuous for all he knew.

"What is it regarding?" the goblin asked, its sharp teeth bared slightly in what might be a sneer or grin it was hard to tell.

"My inheritance and emancipation," Harry stated, "It's Hadrian Peverell,"

The goblin looked at him, black eyes gleaming in a way that suggested the goblin was impressed. He obviously realized he was out of school illegally to get this done. The goblin turned around and began to speak rapidly in Gobbledegook, and Harry in turn just waited patiently, there weren't too many people at the bank right now.

"Room five, down the hall," the goblin told him, his long gnarly finger pointing towards the entrance that was guarded by both wizards and goblins.

"May the gods grant you more gold," Harry dipped his head in respect, before he moved on having given the goblin the customary greeting when you were done. It was their version of goodbye, all races had their cultures, even ones that were part animal like the Centaurs. He wandered right past the guards, having no fear that they would attack him since the goblin he'd dealt with just now probably told them he was fine to go through.

It didn't take him long to find the fifth door, which by the way wasn't numbered, but Ironclaw's name was etched into it. He gave the door a single knock before entering; no doubt they had ways of telling one another if and when someone was coming. "Evening Ironclaw, I do believe you know why I'm here," he said in amusement, smirking as he claimed his seat.

"I had a feeling I'd be seeing you tonight, it is why everything has been prepared," Ironclaw said shrewdly.

"Excellent, then let's get this done." Harry said, nodding once, if Ironclaw was not the account holder goblin he would be by the end of this meeting, he liked him; he was smart, shrewd and respectful.

"These are the emancipation papers," Ironclaw informed him as he rummaged in his desk pulling out three scrolls, placing them in front of the teenager. He could sense he wasn't the normal wizard,
there was something about him, and he just couldn't put his finger on it. He was something more, dangerous even, extremely powerful, he had puzzled over it long and hard and still didn't come up with it, it wasn't a creature inheritance, the wards in the bank would have picked it up whether it was dormant or not. Ironclaw's lips twitched when he didn't immediately just sign them, good he was smart. Someone had raised him right.

Harry read each and every sentence carefully, before signing it, placing that one on his chair, seen as it was his copy apparently. He then proceeded to read through the other copies and sign them, one was to go to the Ministry archives and one was for Gringotts itself. "Any other copies that require my signature?"

"No, that part is over, now you need to sign these contracts to take up the head of the Peverell estate, just be sure to sign them as Lord Hadrian Peverell; otherwise they won't be legally binding." Ironclaw informed him, handing over two other rolled up documents.

Harry accepted them, removing the wax seals, and began the long arduous process of reading more legal documents. Sometimes they could make your head spin, thankfully though despite not having been taught how to do anything like this, such as reading, what to look out for etc…he did quite well all things considered. They were as he said, contracts that would see him becoming Lord Peverell, head of the Peverell estate, and nobody would hold power over him anymore. Sighing both, one for himself and the other for Gringotts.

"As I always suggest to my clients, you should have a will written up so the estate doesn't go…" Ironclaw was interrupted.

"To the Ministry?" Harry sneered, "Don't worry, that I will never allow to happen, I refuse to see my money used to fund politics and polices that only benefit those within the Ministry itself and not those outside its walls. If you give me the paperwork I will fill it out and return it once I'm finished and it will be sealed."

"Speaking of seals," Ironclaw replied, digging into his desk once more, he pulled out a square blue box, satin, and slid it across to Harry. Along with a stick of wax, and another document Harry assumed was the will.

Harry accepted it, opening the box with a click and a small secret smile bloomed on his face. Nestled in the box was the ring a so called coat of arms he knew as well as his own mind. He traced it delicately, the cloak/triangle symbol, the circle/resurrection stone and of course the one through them both, the line/death stick. The symbol of the Deathly Hallows reduced to people simply believing it was merely a coat of arms. Shaking his head in disbelief, he slid the large ring onto his fingers, and watched it magically reduce in size to fit him to perfection. He felt the magic flaring within him, accepting him as the Lord of the house, finding him worthy. This hadn't been worn in so long, the Peverell name had ended with the men didn't have male heirs.

"Would you like to make some investments?" Ironclaw enquired curtly.

"Yes, both Muggle and magical investments," Harry stated immediately, "I want a large share in automobile manufactures from the Muggle world and anything dealing with upcoming technology. From the magical world, Cleansweep Broom Company, the Comet trading company," both broomstick manufacturers, Nimbus wasn't created yet, but he would certainly make sure he got in on the investment when it did. He thought about investing in the Thunderbolt Company but they would have a lot of problems in future. He could sell his shares just before two thousand and fourteen, which was where they went completely downhill after a broomstick was smashed to bits after being hit with a bludger, after all they should be able to withstand hits like that. "Add the thunderbolt company as well."
Ironclaw's eyes were slightly wide, he'd never seen anyone so decisive before, and one had to wonder why he was so confident. He began to write it down, realizing that Hadrian Peverell wasn't messing around.

"In the next few years I want controlling shares in the Daily prophet and all publishing companies," Harry stated thoughtfully, "Do you think you could accomplish that?" he challenged Ironclaw.

"You wish for me to be your account manager?" Ironclaw sat straighter, having suspected it when he began speaking so openly about the investments he wished to make.

"As long as I see progress I don't see why there will be a problem with that arrangement," Harry stated seriously, subtly telling the goblin that if he tried anything or didn't do his job he would be quite happy to find someone else.

"You will need to sign a document letting go of the current account manager, and another putting me in his place." Ironclaw said, scribbling away hastily, filling in the blank spots on two separate forms before handing them over.

Harry sighed inaudibly, alright he was getting sick of signing his name, thankfully he remembered to sign it LORD HADRIAN PEVERELL.

"I take it that is us done for tonight?" Harry enquired, letting him know he was through with the meeting without outright stating it.

"Everything needing your immediate attention has been dealt with," Ironclaw confirmed, copying the documents Hadrian had signed and handed them over. "I will begin procuring everything you wish as soon as possible."

"Nothing too ostentatious, I don't want attention drawn to myself, especially the Prophet and publishing companies," Harry warned him, he wanted it kept on the down low.

"Understood," Ironclaw replied, not in the least surprised, most pureblood's when they began trying to gain controlling factors in company's they didn't make a show of it, they did it subtly.

"Good," Harry replied, placing all his paperwork in his pocket, and unhooking his chain to attach his lordship ring to it before hooking it back in place and sliding it under his clothes. "It's been a pleasure doing business with you, may the gods grant you more gold, Ironclaw." with that Harry made his exit after getting the return greeting from his new account manager.

-0 End Flash back 0-

"Lordship? At fifteen?" Lucretia gaped, she'd never heard of that happening, not in all her years. "No way!"

Harry arched an eyebrow, "What?" all the pureblood's surrounding him were the same.

Lucretia's jaw snapped back into place as she regained her decorum, "It's just I've never heard of it being done before."

"Now you have," Harry replied simply, Ironclaw certainly hadn't told him that titbit.

"Earliest I've heard of anyone gaining their Lordship must be eighteen years of age." Carrow joined
in the conversation.

"Most people aren't the last heir to their noble house," Harry pointed out, wishing for the attention to be off himself as quickly as possible.

"Still…what's it li-" Rosier was cut off with the warning bell going off causing them all to jump from their seats to hastily make their way to class the current conversation forgotten for the moment.

Chapter End Notes

There we go for those who wanted to read the part at Gringotts :) next chapter Hogsmeade and perhaps the Yule ball...hmm wonder what I should have Harry buying Tom...bit too early for Nagini...and he already has the locket...will we have books and spells written in Parselmagic? or will it be something they actually do out of boredom? any other prospective investments he could make? :D haha its been fun looking them all up let me tell you :) hmm I know the story is going so slow but I just don't want to spoil it with too many time jumps...I guess that's what I get for starting it so early! will Tom want to make Horcruxes and have Harry talk him out of it? or will it never be mentioned due to Tom not feeling the need for them yet since he isn't going back to muggle hell every summer? R&R please

A/N - Thank you to those guys who let me know about a few mistakes I made - that was with googling it too! but what can I say its 4 am and I'm tired LOL!
Days had passed into weeks, with Hadrian continuing to take his detentions with Professor Slughorn instead of Dumbledore until now. The old wizard had actively been avoiding him, both in class and out of class. It was odd, he had to admit, he was just so used to Dumbledore's suspicious gaze following him everywhere, well, him and Tom actually. It had been that way since the first moment he woke up back in time. Now though he had obviously regained his scattered bearings and was now deciding he would take his detentions. Or rather detention, since it was his last one, then it was the holidays, Hogsmeade trip was tomorrow, which he actually found himself looking forward to more than usual.

Hadrian wandered up to the Transfiguration classroom door he knocked and waited.

"Come in!" called the voice that Hadrian once upon a time would have done absolutely anything for.

"Professor," Hadrian said nodding curtly, walking over to the desk that Dumbledore silently gestured towards, as he approached it he found parchment and ink already on it, waiting for him. Sliding into the desk, he removed his bag and slid it at the back of his chair; it looked as though he wouldn't need his own supplies. There was nothing on the parchment to indicate what lines he was to write. "What am I to do?" Hadrian eventually enquired when it was obvious the wizard wasn't about to tell him. He kept his anger at the old fool carefully hidden, as he always did.

"I must not disrespect my teachers," Albus informed him, blue eyes sharp and penetrating as they gazed into green before moving off, he couldn't hear a single errant thought, he had protections on his mind. Something he had figured out a while ago, but still hoped to get a glimpse of why the boy was here, what his plans were.

Hadrian barely withheld the snort, respect him? When he constantly read peoples minds? Treated the ones he didn't trust with distain? Like they didn't matter? It wasn't just him and Tom either, he treated all the Slytherins the same, and it was as if he had something against them, like he hadn't grown up past the house rivalry once he left Hogwarts. If he'd ever wondered why most (most not all) Death Eaters were Slytherins well...seeing this he no longer had to wonder. What lasting impact had that distrust had on every single one of them?

He said none of the thoughts on his mind, it was best not to rock the boat, plus he couldn't be blamed for losing his cool when he'd heard about what Dumbledore had done after he'd been attacked. He'd always been quick to anger during his later teenage years, some would call it 'teenage rebellion' or 'immaturity' but the truth was, it was years upon years of pent up frustration just coming out of him continuously. Being blamed for things not his doing, for having relatives that hated him, being kept in the dark, then the manipulation and blatant prejudice with him, bring put before the Wizengamot for underage magic! It had been nothing but a showcase of power between Fudge and Dumbledore added with all the expectations that had been heaped upon him for
years. Damn right he had exploded, especially when his so called friends had sided with Dumbledore during the summer before his fifth year. He'd stupidly thought once he made his feelings clear they wouldn't do it again, boy was he wrong, they'd stuck to him to the end and after doing what he told them - to kill him and kill him they did, well mostly, since he had died technically before facing Death once more, who gave him the greatest gift. A chance at new normal life, well as normal as his life could ever get at any rate.

"Mr. Peverell I would like if you didn't destroy the schools equipment," Albus admonished his student, having seen the quill snap in half in his grip.

Dumbledore's words snapped Hadrian out of his thoughts; he realized belatedly that he hadn't even begun writing a single word. How long had passed since he sat there lost in his own mind? Shaking off any remnant thoughts of his old life, he flicked his wand out of his holster and fixed the quill refraining from looking up at Dumbledore in a way that said 'are you satisfied' instead he dipped the newly repaired quill in ink and began to write, the quicker he was out of this room the better, he felt tense just being around Dumbledore on his own.

Hadrian wrote 'I must not disrespect my teachers' time and time again, focusing completely on his task, refusing to allow himself to dwell on his past, which had soured his mood more than just knowing he had detention with Dumbledore tonight. Damn Dumbledore and the bloody memories he evoked just by being there. It was ironic that Tom didn't have that affect on him, not anymore, and he wondered why? Even before he became attracted to him it had been that way, maybe it was because he'd quickly stopped seeing 'Voldemort' or the destruction he could still potentially do. He just saw a smart, dedicated, determined boy that didn't want to return to a war infested world filled with Muggles that didn't understand him.

As the seconds ticked away into minutes, perhaps an hour by now, and Hadrian was surprised by the silence. He'd suspected Dumbledore would ask questions, even threaten him in some very subtle way that couldn't get him into trouble if he told anyone. Dumbledore was very good at that, so yes, he did feel a smidgen of surprise. It just went to show that he didn't know Dumbledore as well as he liked, perhaps he wasn't like his older self right now in all ways - not completely at any rate.

Flipping the paper over, he began the long task of writing yet more lines, he didn't even pause when his wrist and hand began to cramp. He just wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible. Although the more he wrote the more cramped it became - to the extent that he literally couldn't write anymore. The quill fell from his limp fingers as Hadrian began to flex, massage and work the soreness from his hand.

"Mr. Peverell, have you considered doing a family tree spell to figure out who your parents are? I know the spell that will reveal six generations if you would like to try it?" Dumbledore asked, his tone soothing, blue eyes glimmering, surely that would get his attention and then he would be able to find out more about the boys family. He often wondered if he was even from the real (original) Peverell family branch and that it was merely a coincidence and that a Muggle family had come along with the name. Tom and the others would definitely abandon him quickly if they realized he wasn't a pureblood. He was one hundred percent positive that this boy wasn't part of the main branch, not only had he done his research as a young teen he had been very thorough when he came across the boy. Without friends whatever his plan was...perhaps it would not come to head, he suspected still that Gellert had sent him, but to what he had no idea, bring him down? Because Gellert felt betrayed that he hadn't followed him down the path of madness? He would never allow that to happen, he had spent too long building himself up.

"I already know," Hadrian stated calmly without looking up, well evidently he'd been right; his
earlier surprise was for naught. Although he didn't idly wonder why he was offering that, he was up to something, but Hadrian honestly didn't care, it wasn't as if he'd find out he was from the future, not even the goblins realized, whatever his powers were...as Master of Death, that gave him the ability to jump in time...was astonishingly amazing and he was able to change his blood, his name, his life. Absolutely everything was covered, magic covering his tracks or something. It never failed to awe him when he actually allowed himself to think about it.

"You've already done the spell?" Albus enquired, allowing some of how impressed he was to bleed through, if only to try and put the boy at ease enough to talk more.

"No," Hadrian shook his head as he continued writing, not playing into the old mans games, he'd done for years but he had no need to do it now.

"Then how did you figure it out?" Albus continued to dig, quickly becoming exasperated with the teen and his short responds.

"Gringotts," Hadrian replied sighing in relief as the edge of the paper came into view, as he hastily wrote the sentence again officially taking up all room on both sides. Glancing at the time, for the first time that night he realized two hours had passed.

"I'm sorry, Gringotts?" Albus couldn't quite hide his surprise from his voice, but thankfully he didn't think the teen had picked up on it.

Hadrian had picked up on it, "I'm done professor," he stated, rolling the parchment up once he was sure the ink had dried up. Standing from his seat he passed over the lines, knowing they were going to probably just put in the bin.

"When did you go to Gringotts?" Albus pushed for answers as he took the parchment and placed it on his desk he had no use for it but answers? Answers he wanted - definitely.

"Does this have something to do with school?" Hadrian asked finally staring at Dumbledore, blue clashed into green.

"No," Albus blinked and answered honestly.

"Then I have no reason to answer what I do in my own free time," Hadrian said, getting a great amount of delight in denying Dumbledore his answers, watching greedily as his eyes darkened, oh this was his favourite past time, making Dumbledore's true colours come to light in any form. With that battle won, he turned and swiftly left the room in a manner that would have made even Severus Snape proud.

Hadrian - 3 Dumbledore - 0 and yes he was counting.

All things considered he was still lucky that he hadn't received more detentions from Dumbledore himself. Professor Slughorn wasn't exactly a disciplinarian; he'd done homework or cut up potion ingredients during his detentions with him. Stretching his shoulders and neck languidly, he made his way through the hall, down the set of stairs and rounded the entrance hall and down to the dungeons, absently waving to the people he passed who said hello or waved themselves.

He'd gotten used to it, people actually interacting with him because they wanted to, because they liked him, actually liked him for himself not some disgusting hero worship because of what happened when he was a baby. Scoffing at his maudlin thoughts, he whispered the password to get into Slytherin common room, and stepped in with a grateful sigh. His workload was immense, he was taking a lot of classes, and none that doubled up though, thankfully, somehow he doubted the...
Ministry in this time would give a teenager a time-turner for such a frivolous reason as taking extra classes. Things were much more strict, and he would bet his arm and leg Dumbledore had probably pulled favours to ensure Granger had that time-turner, keeping her complacent, making her revere him all the more.

He noticed there were only a few people in the common room, three groups of what he was sure were first years (four students in three different groups) at each corner probably doing homework. Slumping down next to the fireplace, muffling a tired yawn, he had all his homework done, so he could at least relax a little, who would have thought so many classes would be a bit much for him? He'd been through so much shit already, part of him even wondered if it wasn't the classes or workload, but everything he knew that could be coming. The chamber, Grindelwald, just everything really. Of course, he had started his training again, but he'd had no choice but to find an empty room within these dungeons. He just needed solitude, somewhere he could practice safely and he'd found that. Always making sure to use five harmless spells on his wand afterwards lest anyone be tempted to use the Priori Incantatem spell for whatever reason. Of course, what Hadrian failed to realise was his new body wasn't used to what his old self was.

It was a very good thing he'd taken up training again.

Hadrian leaned back against his allotted chair, closing his eyes taking a few moments to rest. He was very tempted to just head to bed, he had done some training earlier before his detainment, which probably helped his anger in all honesty, prevented him from snapping at the old wizard - saying things he truly wouldn't take back. Minutes or hours could have passed when Hadrian jumped when he heard people screaming something about Hadrian and a snake.

Blearily opening his eyes, his head jerking to the side where the snake was, it finally sinking in what they were screaming in terror over. "Stop!" Hadrian commanded in Parseltongue just as the snake's fangs were inches from his leg, he could feel it even through his clothes, and it was that close to him. He let out a shaky breath when it listened to him. His gaze snapped briefly to the door of the common room only to see someone sliding out, but the back of a uniform was all he saw - he wasn't sure who it was. "It's alright, calm down," he soothed the first years who had stopped screaming, and were now gaping at Hadrian in obvious shock. Although to be fair, Hadrian mused, it might be the fact that one of the most venomous snakes in the world was in their common room. It was a Taipan snake, it was usually only found in Australia, someone had brought this over from there and put it in this room and out of them all it chose him to strike out at? No, this as no coincidence. Perhaps he could find out just who had tried to kill him, not that it would have worked mind.

"Hello, little one, where did you come from?" Hadrian hissed at it, gently and slowly lowering his arm, he wasn't stupid enough to move quickly and risk the snake actually biting him out of natural instinct with people being so close. And Taipan snakes were extremely deadly, death could occur within an hour, and that was even with the antivenin.

Avery bolted through the common room door, one goal in mind - to find Tom and tell him what he'd just learned. There was no way Tom would be happy about this piece of information, this was his new way back into a better position in the group. Hadrian would be shoved aside, if he survived, he was sure of it. Tom wouldn't trust Hadrian if he found out the boy was keeping secrets from them, from him. He ran up the stairs, winding himself, but not really caring as he bolted towards the library where the group was at the moment. At least they should be but the library closed at eight o'clock.
Turning another corner, he all but flew into them, actually did, causing both Thaddeus and Avery to crumble to the floor, Thaddeus screaming in agony, "I'm going to kill you, you bloody idiot!" he snarled, holding himself as agony thrummed through him, during their tumble to the floor Avery had kneed him in the balls. Breathing heavily, he grunted as he got himself to his feet, making no attempt to help Avery up still furious with him.

"Sorry," Avery said, still winded from his breakneck run through the school, the library must have been closed for some time - since nobody had come out to scold them for making any noise whatsoever. His body heaving as he tried to get as much air into his burning lungs. He wasn't used to running around like that, it was 'undignified of a pureblood to rush anywhere' according to his parents. Trying to regain his composure, not wanting to give them the impression he was eager to spill the information, Avery didn't exactly want blamed for it.

"Why are you running in the hallways anyway?" Carrow frowned, the last thing they wanted was points removed from Slytherin, they were actually in the lead already, and it wasn't even Christmas yet. It must be important obviously, which was the reason he asked.

Tom had begun moving, not even the slightest bit interested in what Avery had to say, suspecting it would be something incredibly boring at any rate. However his gait stopped immediately upon hearing what Avery had to say.

Avery became annoyed when Tom began moving again, not interested in what he had wanted to tell them. Well he would change his mind soon enough, he quickly spoke making sure it was loud enough for Tom to actually hear him from the distance between them, "Hadrian's a Parselmouth, I saw him speaking Parseltongue with my own eyes!" Avery insisted, his eyes wide, clutching his side trying to ease out the stitch that seemed to have taken up permanent resident on his side.

Tom frowned, his back still turned to the others, wondering why Hadrian would even speak the language of the serpents without a reason in the middle of the common room of all things. Even Hadrian had admitted in the past he'd usually only been able to speak it when a snake was nearby, that he didn't have the full control over the language like he (Tom) did. Without looking back he began to swiftly make his way to the common room, suspicion and concern squirming like a living thing deep in his gut.

"What do you mean he's a parslemouth?" Thaddeus asked, his aching groin forgotten, shaking his head wildly not truly understanding what the hell was going on. He noticed that Tom was on the move though, so quickly jerked his knees into action and began to follow Tom curious about what was going to happen. He heard the others beginning to catch up, their feet loud against the silence as they jogged.

Carrow noticed Avery didn't speak again after that big bombshell he'd let loose. He bore holes in his head as they moved, it was just too convenient that Avery was the one to overhear him, what had he been up to? Surely he was looking at this all wrong? Avery was jealous but he wouldn't risk Tom's wrath by doing anything to Hadrian. The niggling feeling remained but he tried to ignore it as they all finally caught up with Tom just outside the common room.

Anticipation rolled through Avery, he found it very difficult to keep his face schooled in a confused yet shocked mask. It had been Avery's intention to let the snake bite him, kill it then save him (if the healer could save him), it would elevate his status in the group instead of keeping himself positioned at the bottom. He honestly couldn't care what happened, he just wanted to be better than everyone else, wanted things to go back to normal before Peverell showed up and ruined everything.

The portrait swung open to reveal Hadrian sitting in his usual chair by the fireplace, his fingers
stroking soothingly over a very poisonous snake. That stood out sure, but what stood out more was the poisonous green glare Hadrian was currently shooting Avery from where he stood in the middle of the group. Another thing Carrow noticed - the common room was utterly deserted.

"What happened?" Tom demanded as he approached him, his dark gaze checking every inch of Hadrian for any sign of injury, calming down when he saw he looked unharmed. He stood right next to him, his intense eyes boring down on him, possessively, ardently.

"Why don't you ask Avery?" Hadrian hissed out furiously, his glare never once letting up, Avery had just tried to kill him; he certainly wasn't going to let that go. Surprise flittered through the gaze of the group despite the fact they'd actually just been told about it - they hadn't really believed him. Mulciber gaped his jaw slightly unhinged, Tom had known, it was obvious he wasn't displaying any sign of surprise, shock or incredulity just like they were as they watched in half wonder half shock.

Chapter End Notes

I've been wondering how to make Tom lose his cool and actually torture one of them with Harry present so Tom can see Harry's reaction :D and this came to me surprisingly easy yesterday...sooo here we go will it finally make Tom relax and realize Harry wasn't going to leave him...will Harry stop him going to far cementing his position? :D two birds one stone, revelation that he's a Parselmouth too and the fact Avery's gone too far! so will Avery be found 'missing' or will he be thrown from the group and become even more hated by the entirety of the Slytherin population? how will everyone react to Harry also being a parseltongue? Will it make them accept him even more as Tom's significant other (when it gets out since its only really the close group that know and Lucretia) or will they stupidly try and impress Harry thinking that he would try and take Tom's spot at the actual top of the hierarchy instead of sharing it? R&R please
"I'm asking you," Tom hissed back automatically, his gaze never wavering from Hadrian's even as Hadrian continued to bore holes into Avery's head. If looks could kill Avery would be dead already, and that saying had never been truer than at this very moment. His eyes were like green ice, yet so fiery at the same time, he knew there and then that he would never have to worry about Hadrian; he could look after himself, in any situation.

Oh he had no idea just how well Hadrian could look after himself.

"Another snake speaker?" the snake hissed, its head coming up tongue licking at the air, getting Tom's scent memorised.

"Yes, this is Tom," Hadrian hissed back, returning to stroking the beautiful scales, his green eyes then latched onto Tom's almost challengingly.

Thaddeus held his breath, unsure of what to do, what to think as Tom and Hadrian seemed to have some sort of conversation without saying anything; they just continued to look at one another. You wouldn't think seeing this that they'd only known each other a year. He would have felt jealous if he wasn't relieved, although why he was relieved was a mystery to him. Maybe it was knowing Tom had someone that he could actually feel things that he wasn't completely impenetrable, that he could show he cared. Before Hadrian had come into the picture Tom had always been cool, bored and aloof, now? Well he smirked more, took great delight in the challenge, and he definitely cared about Hadrian more than he'd seen him care about anyone else. He'd never said anything out loud, not even to the others but he suspected they thought the same.

Tom bit his tongue, trying to stop himself from reacting to Hadrian, how he was sitting so casually with a deadly snake on his lap, stroking it, hissing in Parseltongue, it turned him on like nothing else ever had. The fire in those eyes, the challenging nature, he wanted to tame him at the same time let his real nature shine through. They were alike he and Hadrian, powerful, smart, hiding who they truly were from the masses. Oh, he wanted to show Hadrian who was the boss around here, but in a good way, too bad they had an audience.

"Where is everyone?" Tom asked sharply looking around as if he suspected he'd missed them during his first look around.

"Dorms," Hadrian replied, knowing without him needing to say anything that he would call a house meeting, he wouldn't want anyone talking about the fact he little ability. Especially with things the way they were with Dumbledore, already so suspicious of him.

Tom nodded sharply, "I won't ask again," He stated, he damn well wanted to know what the hell was going on. No matter what happened, Tom could see Avery in the middle of the group looking worried; his stance screamed that he wanted to flee. Seeing Avery looking pleadingly at Hadrian was the last straw. "NOW!"

The group jumped at his harsh words, he was always calm, always, and he never lost it, not even
when Hadrian had been injured, yes he'd been worried, but even then when he spoke it had been calm and controlled. Their eyes shifted towards Hadrian to find him cool as a cucumber, how he did it was anyone's guess, since they were all quite worried themselves.

Hadrian turned back to stare at Avery, then very slowly a bloodthirsty smirk began appearing on his face, as he ignored the pleading looks on the boys face. He wasn't about to let him away with it, not only would the others suspect and make them look down on him, it would weaken his place in the hierarchy system they had here. He always told himself he didn't care, but for some reason, he couldn't quite let it go either. "I just had a lovely conversation with this snakelet, apparently someone matching Avery's description decided to let loose one of the most poisonous snakes in the world next to me. I wish I could say I was surprised to see you all come flying in but I wasn't, definitely would have been disappointed to have been proven wrong." the last part was spoken sarcastically.

Tom wasted no time in turning around to face Avery, tearing into his mind, too furious for any subtly uncaring that he fell to his knees. The others quickly made theirselves scarce, moving away from Avery, not wishing to be in the way of Tom's revenge and punishment. All of them had suspected there was more to it, and knew without even needing confirmation that it was likely true. Avery had never appreciated what Hadrian did for the group, how much a difference he made.

It didn't take Tom long to find what he was looking for, he was an expert at this having been doing it for years. He withdrew from Avery's mind, his fury showing on every line of his face, he now knew every plot, every plan he had to take Hadrian down. Just because he was jealous of Hadrian, of his place at his side, his powers, his ability to get respect without even trying from the moment he appeared.

Lashing out he threw a non-verbal 'Tormento!' at Avery, who was too terrified to even move, let alone try and defend himself as his mouth had up until that point been opening and closing wordlessly.

Carrow with one look from Tom, moved towards the portrait and closed it, sealing himself off from the common room, to make sure nobody happened upon them, security first and foremost was always on Tom's mind. He was always extremely cautious about what magic he used here too.

Tom straightened out further, belatedly realizing he was actually cursing Avery as the red anger that had descended him began to fade just enough for him to think clearly and coherently. The urge to turn around and see Hadrian's reaction for himself was very strong, yet he felt a smidgen of worry slither down his spine, what if Hadrian didn't react well to it? He hated the fact he wanted… no desired Hadrian's approval, he wanted this powerful, gorgeous, amazing wizard to accept all of him. He had no idea if Hadrian knew him well in the future, knew how he could be…it was the unknown and that didn't sit well with him, made him want to lash out. Avery was the only one he could actually lash out at so he cursed him yet again with another non-verbal 'Tormento'.

Hadrian cocked his head to the side, wondering why Tom wasn't using the Cruciatus Curse; he'd seen him using it when he was less furious. He knew Tom had already used that particular spell; he'd used it on the Muggles who had said something to him in the caves while in the Muggle world. It was one of the few titbits of information he'd learned from Dumbledore. It had definitely been the Cruciatus Curse, it was one distinctive curse that there was no mistaken it. Was he actually going soft on Avery? After what he had done? It made him inwardly bristle, feeling slightly insulted, Avery had tried to kill him, he deserved to suffer further.

Lestrange, Nott and Selwyn watched both powerful wizards from where they stood, quiet like, cautious even though they knew instinctively that they wouldn't be targeted, that their ire was
directed solely at Aiden Avery. Hadrian had never been at a meeting, they'd never questioned Tom on why, and since it was pretty obvious he was part of their group. A few had assumed Tom didn't want Hadrian knowing everything, some thought that Hadrian wouldn't approve and Tom knew that, others suspected it went deeper but even they didn't consciously believe that, after all why would Tom be afraid of showing who he really was to Hadrian? It would suggest he was afraid, no, apprehensive really. It didn't mesh with all they knew so they discarded it unaware of how close to the truth they really were.

Rabastan Lestrange's gaze moved subtly as possible over to Hadrian, inhaling sharply, damn, they'd seen Hadrian be ruthless before, but this? There was clear murderous intent in those deadly green eyes of his. If he'd had any doubt about Hadrian's capability of understanding Tom (which he didn't) it would have been cleared right up. He was more furious and deadly than Tom right now, but that made sense, since Aiden had just tried to kill Hadrian after all. Glancing up at the others, he could see caution and surprise flickering through their usually impenetrable 'pureblood' masks.

Thaddeus cocked his head to the side hearing the head boy sternly telling the others to go back to their dorms immediately, or they would be put in detention. Avery's screams must be making them all worried or curious, you could never really tell, especially with the first years. Then it was cut off, they'd obviously put up silencing spells, which was probably a good idea for here. Flicking out his wand, he murmured a silencing charm under his breath; the spell took affect as a glow wormed its way around the room before it disappeared. Now nobody would hear anything. There was no way Tom was anywhere close to finished, not with this sort of transgression. He had broken the number one rule, the only rule that really mattered most, always look out for your own. Sure they tried to get one up on each other, but damn, nobody had thought of actually killing the other. Hadrian was one of the only male Peverell purebloods they'd seen in a long time, if this got out… let's just say Avery would wish he was dead, it was anathema to do such a thing especially in pureblood society. No matter whether he lived or died, there was no going back, not now. They had lost a friend today; tomorrow he would be their enemy.

Despite the fact he was glaring holes into the petrified figure of Avery, he could still see the looks the others were shooting at Hadrian. Whether it was a good thing or not remained to be seen. He knew he couldn't put it off further without coming across as anything approaching vulnerability and that was something he would not, could not tolerate. His eyebrow quirked slightly at the bored look on Hadrian's face, out of all things he'd expected boredom wasn't one on his list - on any of his lists. This was coming from a wizard who cautioned him on using fear as a motivator that it could backfire. He had forgotten about that until now that was, it seemed his worries were for naught.

"That all you've got?" Hadrian said a devious smirk on his face, causing the others to squeak quietly, presumably at his audacity or perhaps the fact they were shocked he had the guts to stand up to Tom when he was in this sort of mood.

Tom's eyes flashed with a few unidentifiable emotions, "Trust me, I'm just getting started," he replied a bite to his voice rising to the challenge.

Hadrian merely 'hummed' in reply, his gaze thoughtful before he swiftly stood up; the snake was carried with him as he approached the crumpled figure of Avery. Everyone held their breath, especially as Hadrian lowered the snake into Avery's line of sight. "No, no, no, no…no," Avery whimpered trying to drag his painful body away from the dangerous snake.

"Do you have any idea of how excruciating it is to be bitten by a Taipan snake? How much pain it puts your body through? As the venom slowly makes its way around your system? Shutting down
your internal organs bit by bit until you're nothing but a hallucinating quivering wreck?" Hadrian asked coldly, causing shivers to go down everyone's spine and not all the same reasons. "Nine times out of ten the venom is so potent that even with the antivenin administered your body can't take the strain and it slowly shuts down." Hadrian hissed to the snake, warning it not to bite him, as he slowly lowered it even further; putting the snake right next to Avery's eyes, watching him pant heavily, his eyes wide with terror, the smell of urine permeated the air. "Please, stop, help please!" he begged his friends through chittering teeth.

"Pathetic!" Hadrian spat, guiding the snake to settle itself around his neck, "I've had worse spells cast on me and I kept walking, kept running! All you are is a cowardly privileged piece of trash and weak! I've put up with you for far too long, hoping you'd get a bloody clue."

"I'm sorry," Avery whimpered out, giving out a strangled yelp when Hadrian gasped his robes and forced him up slightly so they were face to face.

"Not good enough. I've had enough of people stabbing me in the back, and let me tell you something else, if I thought I could get away with it I would kill you were you lie, and at least I'd have the guts to do it to your face." Hadrian snapped, "Maybe I can't do it right now, but someway, some day, I will get you and I will end you." Hadrian warned him, his green eyes glowing with determination. Being on the run and having only himself to rely on for years had changed him… being hunted down and killed by those he had once thought of as friends…no family, had changed him completely. He wasn't evil, there were lines he would never cross, but he was tired of being everyone's doormat, this was a new life for him and he would be damned if he ever let anyone walk all over him. To prevent that he had to show he wasn't willing to take piss from anyone. If he did kill him it was no great loss to anyone, his son was just as foul and pathetic. Admittedly it wasn't Avery who had turned his back on 'the cause' so to speak, it was ironically enough the Malfoy's.

His anger was still thrumming through him, he needed an outlet, otherwise his magic was going to explode and possibly hurt someone who didn't quite deserve it. Staring down at Avery, his eyes narrowed further, he wasn't the wizard he was back in fifth year, and what he did next was proof of that. Hadrian spread out his right hand, allowing his hand to hover over Avery's chest, pouring all his hated, anger, disappointment and more importantly his rage into non-verbally using a spell. Red light encased his hand before it shot out at the wizard who was still begging and pleading under his breath.

Everyone bar Tom inhaled sharply once more, knowing the spell, everyone knew the colour of the Unforgivables, and they were like no other colour of spell. They needed no other clarification, but they got it all the same, as Avery let out an inhumane shriek of agony, his body twisting and arching in an impossible display, as his hands scratched at his body, trying to claw the pain away but never getting a reprieve.

Pride and smugness clawed at Tom's very soul and heart, yet another sign that Hadrian was meant for him, was just like him. The Unforgivables were impossible to use non-verbally or Wandlessly according to the books, yet he could, and Hadrian could too.

After exactly sixty seconds Hadrian broke the spell's affects, "Did you know the body can take four minutes of this spell before it begins to affect your mind? Can't do anything to anybody if your mind is mulch and you're locked up in St. Mungo's wards for the insane." Hadrian said conversationally, "Won't be able to tell anyone anything that happened either, death would be too good for the likes of you, try anything and I mean anything ever again, and this is exactly what I will do to you." his anger was now gone having vented. Standing up he swiftly kicked Avery, knowing it would be agonisingly painful with his nerves shot to hell, and it did judging by the
muted scream he let out.

"Get him out of my sight before I do kill him," Hadrian told the others, turning around his face a neutral mask giving none of his feelings away.

"But…but the spell…" Thaddeus muttered still rooted to the spot.

Harry chuckled humourlessly, "Let me guess you believe there's spells up at Hogwarts that alert the teachers to dark spells being used?" snorting derisively, wandering away from Avery, "Its not true, it's merely a deterrent to prevent you, well that's not entirely true, it's the trace, the Ministry can pinpoint it to Hogwarts but they would never know which person specifically cast it unless you were idiotic enough to leave it on your wand for all to see. There's too much magic on Hogwarts itself and too many people within her to accurately say where the spell was cast." when Hadrian moved passed Tom, he was surprised when the wizard drew him to himself, clutching him tightly, and his actions obvious to all there. Claiming.

"Mine," Tom growled possessively, laying claim to Hadrian properly for the first time in front of everyone. Biting down on his neck, causing Hadrian to yelp slightly only to glare at him that was definitely going to leave a mark. Then of course, he suspected that it was exactly Tom's plan judging by the smug look on his face. Out of the corner of his eyes he observed their reactions; none of them were really surprised, well except Avery he noted.

If it was even remotely possible, Avery grew significantly paler, he hadn't believed the others, had downright refused to believe them actually…now there was no denying it. It was the last thing he saw as his body shut down unable to cope with further stress.

"Go," Tom stated making sure they took Hadrian's order as if it were his own.

Lestrange opened the door and peered his head around, "You can come back in now," he told Carrow before moving to help Thaddeus lift Avery, grimacing at the smell of pee. "Showers?" he suggested, and Lestrange nodded vigorously, they weren't letting him back into their dorm room smelling like that. All of them made a mental note never, ever to piss off Hadrian. They'd all thought it, but now they knew what they had to look forward to if they did piss him off. Between the three of them, they lifted the unconscious wizard and made their way up the stairs with a great deal of difficulty.

"You do know the levitating charm works don't you?" Hadrian called after them, only after watching them struggle for a few minutes. Stifling his laughter (the snake winding down his body to sit by the fire) at the curses he heard then the spell, and then they were gone up the winding staircase. Turning his attention back to Tom, he gazed at him in wonder, wondering why he looked a lot lighter, less troubled, why he would outright declare his intentions, he'd never expected that, nothing he knew about Tom Riddle had prepared him for it either.

Suddenly Tom gripped his neck and hair tightly, closing the distance between them and attaching Hadrian's lips to his own, pouring all the feelings he didn't dare name or say into it, at the same time making sure Hadrian couldn't get away from his claiming, not wanting any excuses to come between them. His grip tightening, his other hand snaking around his back bringing him impossibly closer as the wanton moan that left Hadrian's lips. Keeping a hold of him, he turned around, guiding them both up the stairs to the dorm, going slow so neither of them tripped up especially Hadrian since he was walking backwards.
Haha! were any of you honestly expecting that from Harry? do you think he went too far? Is he losing himself or has he just been through enough that he knows he has to do whatever it takes to make people less likely to stab him in the back? Is he being drawn into Tom's web not even seeing what's happening? or will Harry still prevent the worst of what's to come by giving Tom sage advice? i wanted to get the yule ball done this time but oh well, too much happened to just skip to a happier occasion :D will Avery be in attendance? or will he honestly be pushed aside and forbidden from interacting with anyone? R&R please
"That is what you're wearing to the Yule Ball?" Lucretia asked the other female Black's by her side looking just as aghast. They were dressed in the finest material money could buy with jewellery presumably that was kept in the Black vaults for special occasions adorned their necks and wrists. Extremely old fashioned pieces that were probably handed down from the family - or they could very well be new pieces that they'd bought, Hadrian wasn't sure what the fashion was supposed to be like in this day and age - he had no interest in it.

"You all look absolutely stunning," Hadrian said, trying to take the attention off of him.

All of them began preening at the praise, temporarily off the topic for now.

"Now where are your dates?" He added to ensure it stayed of the topic of his choice of attire. "Don't tell me they're taking longer to get dressed." he teased, grinning wryly.

"Boys!" Dorea sighed shaking her head, "They always go up at the last minute." she groused.

"That's because they don't take forever to get dressed," Hadrian replied with a sardonic grin. A sigh of relief left his lips when he heard the tell tail thumping of feet in the boys staircase, they were coming and would definitely not get on at him again. He had no interest in buying fancy dress robes with his money to wear for one night, it was pointless, especially considering he would be taller and filled out more by the time next year came around. Not that he was considering going - no way.

"Ready to go?" Vincent Crabbe enquired, arm out ready to escort Lucretia to the Yule Ball.

Hadrian shook his head, he was already off to a bad start, and he was going to be abandoned before the nights end girls liked to be complimented, especially when they'd gone all out to impress their partners. Most of the first through third years were off to one side of the common room, some despondent that they had to wait to go, some sulking that they weren't invited and others were jealous of the gorgeous robes. The only one older than thirteen was Avery, who was right in the corner trying to become one with the walls or invisible. Either one would have been fine by him; the boy had been cowering away from him since the other night. Which did provide a source of entertainment for Hadrian, he'd expected himself to feel some sort of guilt over it but he didn't, he'd been pushed to the edge and had retaliated in a way he hoped the boy would learn from and never try anything again, he liked it here.

"Hadrian?" the others called, when they realized he wasn't with them.

Hadrian sighed and grumbled but reluctantly got to his feet, practically dragging himself along. Ignoring the looks of incredulity from the others. They couldn't understand why he didn't want to go, didn't want to make the effort either.

"Stop looking as though someone has just killed your dog," Thaddeus, "It's going to be fun!"
"Sure," Hadrian muttered dryly, "So much fun," jumping slightly when he felt a hand slip into his own, squeezing it, he didn't need to look he knew it was Tom. He stared at their joined hands struck dumb, he couldn't get used to it, and it was just so different from all he thought he knew about Tom. "Well, at least the food will be decent."

"Decent? It's the best!" protested one of the girls who Hadrian couldn't put a name to at the moment, since they were altogether and giggling like there was no tomorrow.

"Well, considering I've had worse maybe you're right," Hadrian shrugged, he just couldn't be bothered with all the fuss, once was enough for him in his lifetime. The Slytherins in his life before coming here had always been so calm, aloof and centred, even at the ball, it was odd to think they had been just like this excited as everyone else but just putting on a front as they did every day. Just like he did as he exited the common room, he was a Slytherin now, always was meant to be, a sneaky smirk appeared on his face at the thought of the others reactions if they for one second found out that he was once a Gryffindor.

Not even Tom knew that titbit of information actually. Probably would never get to know either.

"You've been to a Yule Ball before, at least once probably more," Tom commented, his tone sure slowing them down so the others were further in front of them. He did not want anyone learning what he knew, he was very smug about the fact he knew about Hadrian and he would ensure nobody ever found out he would keep Hadrian safe from all and any threats.

Hadrian turned to face Tom as they walked slow, "Yes," he admitted cautiously. "Once," he added thoughtfully.

"What happened?" Tom demanded feeling jealous that someone had probably taken him to the ball that he wasn't getting to experience Hadrian's first time. The only thing that helped his jealousy was the fact Hadrian didn't seem to want to go, obviously something had happened. Something bad that put him off all balls.

"We uh, had to have dates, it was just a one time thing, special occasion because something was going on in the school," Hadrian admitted quietly, "Didn't care about taking anyone, but I kept being told I had to, so I ended up reluctantly picking a partner, shared one dance with them which resulted in me stepping on their toes more times than I can remember, she was bright red, she couldn't wait to get away from me," Hadrian laughed in amusement, shaking his head.

"And why did you pick a female partner?" Tom enquired genuinely confused, so much so that a small wrinkle began to worm its way onto his forehead. While it was unusual for two men to come out it wasn't something scorned, the only scornful thing about it is if they didn't have heirs, and there were plenty of women out there who prefer not to marry that could have a child for them, surrogates.

"Because I hadn't quite figured it out yet," Hadrian replied honestly, that and his life was a spectacle everything he did examined under a microscope, even if he had known he would never have thought of asking a guy, his life had been hellish enough as it was. Truth was he was too busy staying alive to give a hell about having someone in his life. "I've only ever really been attracted to one person."

"Who?" Tom tried to keep his anger at bay, he would obliterate that person from the face of the earth, and Hadrian would have eyes for only him.

"You," Hadrian snorted, rolling his eyes, he was still easy to anger, easy to get jealous, and when had it stopped being scary and started being funny? Even if he had been attracted to anyone else he
would never reveal it, who knows what Tom would do. Oh he knew alright, he'd bloody wipe out an entire line just so whoever it was wasn't born. Tom was never going to be a good guy, but he hoped at least to prevent some of the more radicalised ideas the pureblood's held.

"Good," Tom hissed into his ear, pressing him closer, putting his lips over the bite mark he'd given him feeling a sense of smug satisfaction. Everyone knew now, well those in Slytherin, but he would make sure there was no mistaken who Hadrian belonged to by the end of the night.

Hadrian pursed his lips, trying to stop himself from reacting but damn it, he was in a teenager's body, he was reacting like any other teenager would. He couldn't help it, it was so damn hot, it shouldn't surprise him that Tom was sexually advanced, and he was advanced at everything he did - good at it too. A shiver passed through him remembering the other night, Merlin if he hadn't been so exhausted he would have thoroughly liked to have continued.

"I don't suppose I could convince you to go back to our dorm?" Hadrian whispered, hotly against Tom's face, feeling the affects he was having on him.

"Do not tempt me," Tom replied visibility having to force himself forward instead of doing what all parts of him wanted to do - run back to the dorm and claim Hadrian as his own properly.

Hearing giggling stopped Hadrian in his tracks as he groaned, he hated girls and their need to gossip. He knew who it was without having to look. "Myrtle," Hadrian grumbled, which just caused her to laugh, wriggling her eyebrows at him.

"It's about time," was all she had to say as she sauntered by and wandered right into the Great Hall her boyfriend following trying to suppress his own amusement.

Hadrian groaned, "Well, now everyone will know,"

"Do you have a problem with everyone knowing you are mine?" Tom didn't hesitate in that question as soon as she was gone, still keeping his arms around Hadrian not letting up for even a second.

"You don't?" Hadrian replied arching his neck so he could look at Tom over his shoulder utterly perplexed. He thought he was passed the ability of being surprised. So far he'd been right on so many things that life was predictable and that was all good, he liked it like that even if he sometimes felt a little bored but that's why he'd started up his training again. Shouldn't he be glad that some things were a surprise?

"I want everyone to know you're mine, so they know to keep their hands to themselves," Tom stated possessively.

Hadrian laughed, "That sounds about right," he said grinning widely. That was definitely the Tom he knew, possessive bugger that he was he thought fondly.

"You'll always be mine," Tom said sternly, he would never let him go.

Hadrian's green eyes twinkled deviously, "Just as long as you remember you are mine too." equals he thought and for some reason the prophecy wasn't even thought of. It was no longer a concern, he would never let it be, and he would ensure Tom didn't go down that real dark route. He could still be the domineering leader, still make the changes he wanted but he would not stand by and watch him consumed by the dark. He didn't want to change him, not completely, just stop him from making Horcruxes...from making mistakes that he wouldn't realize he was making by splitting his soul to pieces. He knew what happened when ones soul was twisted from Horcruxes, it was a
horrifying thing to contemplate.

Tom paused briefly, before nodding just the once. He could live with that, Hadrian claiming him, they were both powerful, equally so, Merlin just thinking back on what happened the other day got him extremely excited to say the least, and at all the wrong times too. He'd had to literally force himself to think about Dumbledore in nothing but the sorting hat to take care of his problem, his robes concealed the rest until it abated. He had known there and then when Hadrian used that curse, that he was the one for him and that he would never let him to. It was why he made it more than clear to everyone. He was his. He had always wanted to lead alone, felt that emotions made you weak, until he had came into his life, wreaked havoc on him, his emotions and made him feel more alive than he'd ever felt in his life.

"Come, appearances must be kept," Tom stated before leading them to the Great Hall.

"Damn it," Hadrian cursed, he had so hoped to get out of it.

Tom just gave a little huff of amusement before his game face was on, seeing his…partner? Staring at him, he turned to face him, "What?"

"Just admiring," Hadrian teased, smirking a little, "You're very good at this." the fake smile plastered on his face, the genial look, he'd always been in awe of how good he was since coming here.

"Of course I am," Tom stated haughty, with that he touched the doors and they opened easily enough to allow Tom and Hadrian entrance. Tom kept moving them towards the Slytherin table, keeping an eye on Hadrian's reactions thought-out it all.

Hadrian's first impressions left a lot to be desired, it was exactly the same as it had been in his fourth year, literally there was nothing different about it. They hadn't put up new decorates, just old ones that had been lying around for generations. He might not like the ball but it was a proud honourable tradition to these pureblood's, another reason they hated Dumbledore it seemed. The music thumped loudly, a lot of the students danced, and yes, even the Slytherin's but with a little more gracefully. Yule was something that the pureblood's felt the need to be part of, with a little luck he may be able to continue them to help ease the damn pureblood Vs Half-blood crap that will only worsen given time.

"Do not even think about asking me to dance," Hadrian warned him, knowing Tom would never do such a thing, and he couldn't help but laugh at the indignant look on his face.

"I don't dance," Tom replied blandly as he interlocked their fingers together and put them on blatant display in front of everyone.

"Didn't take long, he's already burning a hole through our heads," Hadrian hissed in Tom's ear, knowing it wouldn't out them so to speak, since the music covered it anyway.

Tom didn't even need to ask who the 'He' was; both of them spoke about Dumbledore's unnatural obsession of them quite often. Although that was Hadrian's term, not his, he wouldn't call it 'Unnatural obsession' he just referred to it as an annoyance. Dumbledore always kept an annoyingly close watch on him, and it just made Tom more secretive, making sure he was never caught. He would never give Dumbledore the satisfaction of catching him in the act and trying to get him expelled.

Black eyes met green eyes, and before Hadrian knew what was happening, Tom drew him closer, laying claim to his lips, not for too long though, but he did bite Hadrian's bottom lip as he
withdrew, satisfaction written all over his face was the first thing Hadrian registered.

"Overly possessive idiot," Hadrian muttered knocking their foreheads together, "He's intolerable as it is without adding fuel to the fire."

The majority of the female population felt both devastated that two of the best looking wizards were taken...with each other and equally wanting to coo over them and how cute they looked together. Regardless of their feelings they were happy for them, Tom and Hadrian were awesome despite the fact quite a few there didn't like Slytherins overly much - too closed off for that - Tom and Hadrian weren't the same.

Surprisingly the night went fast when both boys began to debate about Arithmancy and Ancient Runes the night seemed keen on passing them by. Judging by the more cheerful attitudes of the Slytherin's they'd managed to smuggle in alcohol.

"Want some?" Thaddeus asked, providing Hadrian of all the proof he needed, his breath stank of Fire Whiskey.

"You're going to get in a hell of a lot of trouble if the teachers smell that," Hadrian pointed out his nose scrunching up at the stench. It was watered down and probably disgusting, especially in pumpkin juice, but they'd probably only managed to get one of the older students to get them one half litre between them if he had to guess.

"Oh please, do you think old sluggy doesn't know?" Thaddeus tisked.

"Oh I have no doubt he knows, but if the other teachers found out he would need to plead ignorant," Hadrian pointed out in amusement.

"Told you it would be fun," Thaddeus said ignoring Hadrian's words.

"And you've had way too much to drink," Hadrian replied with a wry grin, wondering how much of Thaddeus was in his son or grandson, because he got on with him the best, and wondered if he would have gotten on with him if he'd been sorted into Slytherin when he should have been. No point to dwelling on it, he would never go back to that life, his life was here now.

"No I've not," Thaddeus protested, pointing his finger at Hadrian, but groaned and put it down when all he saw was three or four of them.

"Uh-huh," Hadrian said turning to face Tom he didn't look amused at all just vexed. "Oi let them have fun, wait until there's a reason to get pissed off before doing or saying anything."

"What makes you think that?" Tom arched an eyebrow.

Hadrian just stared at him, "You're worried they'll blab to someone," he eventually answered.

"Coming out for a smoke?" one of the sixth years students asked, Hadrian didn't know his name despite seeing him around Slytherin all the time.

"Count me in Fergus," Carrow commented immediately.

"They aren't talking about Muggle cigarettes are they?" Hadrian whispered to Tom, not wishing to embarrass himself.

Tom nodded in distaste.
Hadrian just blinked blankly, in his six years at Hogwarts he'd never seen a single person smoking, they must have cut down on it or something...either that or he just hadn't noticed. It wouldn't surprise him if it was the latter, he'd always been too busy, and only really had a few friends. He just couldn't picture the likes of Seamus and Dean sneaking off to smoke, it just seemed so wrong somehow. In fact in all his years he hadn't actually observed a Wizard or witch smoking at all. Even more wrong was the fact the uppity purebloods were actually smoking.

"How about heading back? They'll be distracted for at least another hour...we'd have the entire dorm to ourselves..." Hadrian asked his green eyes twinkling. They'd showed their face, they'd talked, had a decent enough time, enough was enough though he just wanted some peace and quiet. He'd never been one for big celebrations like this, he'd spent his entire childhood secluded and alone, so it was little wonder he hadn't taken to it when he was older.

Tom agreed immediately.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter I promise will be solely focused on the boys :) I'm just wondering whether to have them going all the way or not, still being hit with those pesky under age thing especially since Hadrian's technically over 20 years old...but if you all are all right with it then I don't have a problem going for it :D do you think its in a Slytherin to give up? Will Avery leave well enough alone or will he try something again before too long? if so I'll definitely need to look into my brain box to find something unique like the snake ;) would need to be next year since i need to move the story along LOL definitely didn't think I'd be up to chapter 35 and still on an unimportant year but I hope i've made it filled with things you've liked though R&R please

Think I'll Update Fixing Past Mistakes tomorrow or the next day depending on how much I can get written out I'm just so sorry that I can't write as much as I used to anymore :( feel guilty as hell - there was a time I could write 10 pages in a few hours and get it up and posted EVERY SINGLE NIGHT.
Chapter 36

Hadrian could have cheered when he saw his dorm, thank Merlin for that, he hated big gatherings, but this one wasn't so bad, the attention hadn't been on him, nobody was glaring at him spitefully because they thought he'd put his name in a damn cup to compete in a dangerous competition. Still he wasn't one for partying, he didn't know if it was because he hadn't done it as a teenager that he just couldn't get into it now or if he honestly just couldn't be bothered with social gatherings and interacting with everyone in an 'official' type setting. Or it might be the fact he was in Hogwarts and Dumbledore was there, Hadrian wasn't over what the old fool had done, and never would be. As Severus had said he'd been raised like a pig for the slaughter. A very accurate description, especially considering Dumbledore had wanted to make sure he didn't live passed defeating Voldemort and used his so called friends to ensure it.

Hadrian quickly stripped off his robes and one of his fancier shirts, nothing special but as he'd said he had no desire to spent his money on robes he was only going to wear once. Next year he would probably grow more due to the potions he was still taking, he'd put on a sufficient amount of weight, and gotten taller, not as tall as Tom though, he doubted he ever would. With his training he would regain the muscle he wanted as well, since he wasn't playing Quidditch and that was vital in his strength before this all happened.

Hadrian almost jumped out of his skin when he felt cold digits wrap around his hips and drag him forward towards Tom. How can a single touch just scream 'mine' or was it like this for everyone Hadrian couldn't help but wonder quietly to himself? He honestly couldn't say for sure, his mind from the age of sixteen till the day he (Harry) 'died' had been all about survival, maybe he'd just been able to relax here that nobody could possible use him just because he was 'The-Boy-Who-Lived. This second chance had been exactly what he needed, he truly was Hadrian Peverell now, not just in name but in allowing his true self to shine through. No, not just shine through come out fully.

"What are you thinking so hard about?" Tom enquired, his gaze roaming over Hadrian's bare torso. He had changed a lot since the first time he'd seen him undressed. He wasn't underweight anymore, he no longer looked like a first year as Thaddeus had so eloquently put it back then. Not that his weight had been much of a thought, no, it was more along the lines of how the hell someone could be so small and thin yet so capable and powerful. It had made him realize stature didn't mean a damn thing when it came to magical prowess and he made a note never to judge people based on their looks alone when it came to searching out abilities.

"Doesn't matter anymore," Hadrian said truthfully, there was no point to dwelling on the past, if only it was that easy though. He was going to make damn sure Dumbledore didn't get his greedy hands on the magical world the way he did in his lifetime though, even if it meant he had to kill Grindelwald himself. Anything was better than what had happened, nobody should have that much power, and he was doing his best to make all students see that - with Dumbledore's help after letting Hagrid stay when he'd almost killed him. "I know what I have to do, but I have time before I need to do it." he would do it when it was meant to go down, it was the only time he knew where and when Grindelwald was at. He couldn't save everyone and have it happen sooner, that was
something Death had told him and he believed it.

"And what exactly do you have to do?" Tom asked suspiciously, gazing at Hadrian seriously, knowing his answer wasn't going to be something he'd like. He didn't believe for a minute Hadrian would hurt him, not anymore, he'd had plenty of opportunities to do that. Even as he spoke or though his fingers couldn't help but trail up and down the smooth expanse of chest bared before him, the urge to claim him was getting more and more overwhelming as the days passed. He wanted Hadrian forever, and he would, he just needed to go to the library and do what he did best - research.

Hadrian shivered at the feel of those long dexterous fingers on him, and found he had to actually think about what he'd just thought only a few seconds earlier. "Um…make sure something bad doesn't happen." he finally replied, using his foot then toe to get his shoes off and kicked them under his bed, the very one Tom was currently sitting on.

"Silencio!" Tom muttered sealing them in a bubble, not even bothering to use his wand, best be cautious since it was obviously something involving the future. "And what is this bad thing?" Tom demanded, cursing his own curiosity, this wasn't exactly going the way he had hoped.

"You think Dumbledore is bad now?" Hadrian said, waiting until Tom nodded curtly, "Then you don't want to see the future, he has everyone following his every word. No, nearly everyone, not everyone trusts him but that majority doesn't matter. The Ministry, the Minister, even those abroad due to his influence as supreme Mugwump, the head of the international confederation of wizards and chief warlock of the Wizengamot. Everyone looks at him and sees someone that was never proud or vain; he could find something to value in anyone, however apparently insignificant or wretched, the champion of Muggles and Muggle Borns." his lip curled as he thought of Dumbledore, unable to contain it.

"He has none of those things, so what does he do to gain the titles?" Tom enquired, realizing it was what Hadrian wished to prevent. The thought of Dumbledore's influence being so well rounded left him disgusted, he could imagine the world Hadrian had been forced to endure and it wasn't a pretty picture.

"He defeats Grindelwald, gets the Order of Merlin first class and all those titles, they even want him to become Minister of magic, but he refuses, did the smart thing, influenced each generation of students, picked out the ones he liked for his own purpose, he's sort of like Slughorn actually but playing on a much grander scale. And without the good intentions, although he will spout his 'for the greater good bullshit' and they'll eat it up. I can't let it happen, no I won't let it happen." Hadrian vowed, he would do all in his power to see it through.

"So you're going to kill Grindelwald?" Tom asked barely concealing his doubt and the rush of worry and fear that spread through him like wildfire. The urge to tell Hadrian he wasn't going to let him do anything like that was strong, but the worry that Dumbledore could have so much influence was stronger. One thing he did know for certain was he wasn't going to allow Hadrian to do this alone, he would make it clear they did it together or he would stop him by any means necessary. That way he could ensure that Grindelwald couldn't do anything to Hadrian.

"No, defeat him, as in stop him," Hadrian shook his head, and he hoped it was easy with the wands allegiance belonging to him, he was the Master of Death, the wand belonged to him just as the resurrection stone and invisibility cloak did. He knew he would have a hell of a duel on his hands, but he had to do it, there was no other alternative. He didn't blame anyone for thinking 'Defeat' as in 'dead' he had assumed the same thing until he'd came upon the truth. The irony wasn't lost on Hadrian considering it was Tom that eventually put Grindelwald out of his misery.
And it had been a misery, stuck in a prison cell for what…fifty years or so? Hadrian had barely coped with being in his cupboard for ten years…he could have shuddered at the prospect of bring in there for decades.

"You would risk your life to stop that?" Tom asked only slightly incredulously. What the hell had Dumbledore done to piss Hadrian off so much that he would go all out to ensure the old man suffered? To take away anything and everything he'd accomplish? It reminded him never to piss Hadrian off that was for damn sure.

"Damn right, I would." Hadrian replied without a seconds doubt, unbuckling his belt he took off his trousers and shoved his sheets aside and slid into the warm bed. He heard the distinctive sound of Tom removing his own shoes before the wizard was straddling his hips and leaning over him.

"Remind me never to piss you off," Tom said quietly, despite the fact he didn't need to - he had put up silencing spells after all.

Hadrian laughed, "Shouldn't it be the other way around?" he knew what Tom could do if he was pissed off.

"Both ways then," Tom replied staring into those heated green eyes, he liked every part of Hadrian, there was nothing of him lacking, there and then he knew he was the luckiest son of a bitch that ever existed. He was glad he had met him, pleased he had come here, and now he was his, and he would make sure Hadrian knew that and would never forget it.

Hadrian made a small sound of agreement, the feel of Tom around him, his smell, his touch, his presence and the feel of their magic surrounding him made him forget everything, like he existed at this moment solely for Tom. "You're getting way to comfortable on top," Hadrian said green eyes gleaming challengingly.

Tom threaded his hands through Hadrian's, "I'm always going to be," Tom stated, fire rushing through him at he challenge in those fiery green eyes that led him like a moth to the flame. Instead of giving him a chance to reply, he heatedly pressed his lips to Hadrian's, his kiss nether gentle nor unnecessarily violent, the kiss still said all the things that Tom didn't, and just the way Hadrian liked it too, judging by the other days reaction and this one too. Tom pressed himself further against Hadrian, squeezing his thighs against Hadrian's legs, keeping him exactly where he wanted him.

"You keep telling yourself that," Hadrian said breathlessly as they broke apart for air, his insides squirming at the look on Tom's face, the desire to own, was clearly written within those depths, all that was missing was the red gleam he was used to in the future. They would never appear though if he had anything to say about it.

"Really want to make that challenge?" Tom declared, not even the slightest out of breath. Tightening his hold on Hadrian so he couldn't even budge for a second.

Hadrian grunted trying to move from where he was pinned quite successfully, "Won't always work," he then taunted, a strangled moan leaving his lips as Tom suddenly attacked the hickey he'd ravaged onto his neck the other day. It was very sensitive, boarding on slightly painful, he was only slightly relieved and more disappointed when he stopped, only to bite his lip as he found another sensitive spot on his shoulder to bite and suck at.

Tom moved his hands to Hadrian's hair, his thumb stroking idly as he claimed Hadrian's lips once again. It was only when the need for air grew to great that he reluctantly let go, staring down at the equally powerful wizard who squirmed lightly against him, his face flushed red, green eyes
sparkling in desire, his lips blood red from their activities, watching as he gulped at his stare, becoming even more flushed if such a thing was possible. He licked his lips as he stared at Hadrian's little form, dear Merlin he wanted him far more than he'd wanted anything else in his life. He had to have him, and he would, tonight or tomorrow morning he would go to the library and find the best way to ensure it. Nobody else would ever get to touch him, see him this way, he was his.

"Mine," Tom whispered reverently, as he stroked back and forth along his jaw, listening to the gasp that left his dazed Hadrian's lips, feeling smug and superior knowing that Hadrian was just as affected as him. Well that and the very glaring indication straining beside his own erection. They wouldn't last long at this rate, Hadrian didn't seem to know how to lay still.

So suddenly that Tom didn't even realize what was happening, Hadrian had their positions reversed, having used all his energy to flip them over. A satisfied grin overcame his features, "Told you," Hadrian murmured before he sucked one of Tom's nipples, remembering how sensitive his own were, a gleeful grin appeared on his face when Tom moaned. He tortured them for a short while before Tom's fingers wove themselves through his hair again before urging him up, he slid up, slowly, causing Tom to spasm underneath him. Hadrian pressed his forehead to Tom's breathing raggedly, still squirming, he wasn't going to last much longer the feeling in his gut was spreading further and further.

Tom wrapped one hands around Hadrian's back, pressing him impossibly close, his other hand still wrapped in his hair, keeping his face within sight, black eyes gleaming with possessiveness, he wanted to see Hadrian come undone on top of him, wanted to see him lose all focus and control, see the look on his face as he came.

He was close, Tom realized, as he watched Hadrian savagely bit into his bottom lip trying to quell any noise. Tom rescued the flesh with his thumb, before kissing him again, he would never get enough of this, never wanted to. "I want to hear to you," Tom admitted, his body aflame, just imagining a vocal Hadrian.

"Tom," Hadrian rasped out, groaning softly, eyes falling closed he was so close.

"Open your eyes," Tom demanded, but hearing Hadrian say his name like that, it was too late, everything narrowed completely as his body spasmed out of his control, coming hard and fast, his semen coating his underwear a matching wetness in Hadrian's too. Seeing him taut like that, blissful look overcoming his face, it was worth it even if he hadn't seen it properly, there would be other times. A shiver danced over him just remembering how Hadrian had said his name, bloody hell, he thought as his spent member twitched in remembrance.

They said nothing as they just enjoyed the feeling of utter bliss, curled up against one another, knowing they would be safe with the other.

Tom's eyes snapped open, blinking blankly wondering what the hell was going on, then the feeling of heaviness on his right arm had him looking over. Hadrian lay curled up beside him, head on his chest and arm, cutting the circulation off by the feel of it. He was peaceful, serene, and he didn't want to wake him up. He was going soft, he realized, but that didn't matter to him, not with Hadrian if it had been anyone else he would have cursed them for even making him think such a thing. Which reminded him, he had sworn to find a way to tie both of them together, obviously marriage was out of the question since they were both underage, but he was sure there were other ways.

Grabbing a pillow he slowly unwound himself, until Hadrian was lying on the pillow and not his chest and arm. Sliding a strand of hair away from Hadrian's face, he had to have him completely, he wouldn't stand for anything tearing them apart. Everyone would know he was his properly,
legally in a sense, and Hadrian would too. He would kill his uncle and regain his proper title, Lord Slytherin, it did have a ring to it, perhaps he would even keep his first name…a shiver danced over his back remembering Hadrian's earlier words, perhaps there was nothing wrong with his name after all. He couldn't imagine any other name falling from those lips, it just felt wrong.

Tom quickly got dressed, despite how late it obviously was due to the curtains being drawn on every single bed including his own, presumably one of the others had done it for appearances sake. Ensuring he had his wand on him, Tom left the dorm, silently walking through the halls making a quick beeline for the library, taking care not to be caught by the caretaker, he didn't want to deal with that sort of nonsense.

He didn't care how long it took, he would find something and made Hadrian irrevocably his, unaware of the fact that Hadrian was in fact already completely irrevocably in love with him.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you've enjoyed this chapter and it was enough for now ;\) so do you think Tom should sneak out during Christmas and kill his uncle or should he wait until the summer holidays? doing it during winter holidays would give him an alibi after all...hmm from what I can remember its a year early though right? he does it during the summer next year or is it this year? oh dear i'm definitely going to have to look at my timeline for this story :D haha R&R please
Chapter 37

Lord Of Time

Chapter 37

"Hey, weren't you all planning on going home after the party?" Hadrian asked them in surprise as he blearily made his way down from the Dorm. As pureblood's their parents had the pull to do just that, send Portkey's, let their Head of House know and bam they were back home in their manors for the remainder of the holiday despite signing up to stay. He was only slightly surprised that Tom wasn't there, if he got up early, he was always guaranteed to be in the library.

"Not this year," Thaddeus groaned, looking pale and sick to his stomach, glaring at Hadrian just a tad seeing he was perfectly fine. "My parents are having a large ball tomorrow, everyone was invited of course, those gatherings are extremely boring." well everyone except the Avery's. What Aiden had done hadn't just screwed him over, but his parents too.

"But the Yule ball isn't?" Hadrian asked would he ever figure these people out? Watching as they banished the wrapping paper that had been used to wrap their Christmas presents which they'd already opened by the look of things.

"Our parents would be there," Carrow explained, grimacing, "We would be expected to be on our best behaviour, sit like little good heirs and speak only when spoken to." he avoided them as much as he could; the worst one was definitely going to be his seventeenth birthday. Despite the extravagant gifts he'd get, it was going to be the most boring day of his life, the only upside? He could legally drink.

Hadrian nodded thoughtfully, wondering idly if he had been brought up by his parents if he would feel the same. Bored of all the parties, knowing his dad…there would have been a few amusing parts to the whole thing. James Potter had been a prankster at heart, even after he grew up, although he had no empathy for those he tormented in the name of fun. His pranks were harmful in nature, made him have a lot of enemies, of the pissed off kind not murderer although that might depend on who was asked.

"By the way Hadrian, the pocket watch? It's brilliant, thank you," Thaddeus said excitedly, it wasn't plain like the one his parents had given him years ago, it was green, with the Slytherin coat of arms on it, it was like he had actually made it himself or altered it at least.

"Glad you liked it," Hadrian replied wryly, it was difficult as hell to buy for the guys who already had everything they could possibly want. He'd never had that problem before; Ron was fine with sweets or something similar and books for Hermione. His heart hurt just thinking about them, what they'd done to him, how they'd so easily discarded seven years of friendship and actually tried to kill him multiple times over the years. He rarely thought about them, at least by name, it certainly caught him unaware.

"Aren't you going to open yours?" Rosier prompted, still a little unsure since he hadn't been part of the 'main' group as long as the others that's not to say he wasn't confident and full of himself, he never displayed his insecurity that was a death sentence in Slytherin especially while moving up the hierarchy.
"Probably after breakfast," Harry said shrugging indifferently, growing up with the Dursley's had certainly made sure he didn't expect things from anyone, although it made him feel great that people did want to give him a gift. Even if some of them are way over the top expensive, but that was pureblood's for you. Glancing over at the Christmas tree, he saw that it was completely empty, the gifts had obviously been moved to the dorms at some point - he honestly hadn't noticed.

"Man you did that last year," Thaddeus said shaking his head, groaning as his head throbbed. 

"Why haven't you taken a potion?" Hadrian asked drolly.

"Slughorn is keeping the potions locked up," Thaddeus groaned in despair.

"I like him," Hadrian grinned widely, finding it amusing, he was letting them suffer, at least for now. He'd bet Slughorn helped them before they went to breakfast, he wouldn't let the Slytherin's lose house points. He was as mad as McGonagall would get in future when it came to being the best house.

Thaddeus just glared some more, he wasn't sure how much longer he could wait for Slughorn to take pity on them. The thought of a big mug of coffee was very appealing; it would help his stomach for one which felt like it was trying to climb out of his body. He was tired; he'd spent half the night puking in the toilet, the thought of actually eating was making it roll. "That's it I'm not waiting anymore." he declared.

"You don't have to," Rabastian Lestrange stated as he walked in, he had a tray of vials in his hands.

"Did you brew them?" Hadrian enquired curiously, as the door closed behind him nosily since nobody was holding.

"No, Slughorn caught me on my way back to the common room," Lestrange explained. "I also got a copy of your book for Christmas,"

Hadrian blinked blankly, "Wait, your parents actually bought you the book?"

"Yeah," Rabastian said nodding, "I've already read the first few chapters, and it's brilliant by the way,"

"That's a surprise," Hadrian admitted, leaning back in his chair thoughtfully, he'd assumed the purebloods would avoid the book and declare it nonsense.

"Why?" Rosier asked.

"Because it totally denounces their belief," Hadrian explained, "Pureblood's especially, it contradicts the belief they've been fed for generations, I honestly didn't think they'd read it, you know assumed they would blacklist it and continue on with the conviction that marrying within your family makes you stronger not weaker."

"No, it's a well rounded argument, if it can be called that, you covered all your bases," Rabastian, "I'm not that far in and I can see that myself. I really can't wait to read the rest of it, so let's go get breakfast so I can." he added impatiently.

The others were too busy sighing in appreciation when they took the potions to respond.

"Should have walked slower," Hadrian smirked, as he stood, "That isn't enough for everyone that drank." he observed the numbers of potions from the tray. His words had the other Slytherin's who had remained sitting slouched bolt upright to get their own hangover potion before they ran out.
"You did that on purpose," Rabastian commented as he began walking, the others would come when they were ready.

"Doesn't make it any less true," Hadrian laughed in amusement. Opening the door they both left, letting the others come when they may.

"Why didn't you drink with us last night?" Rabastian asked curiously, facing Harry, maybe he would find out why Tom didn't either. Both of his best friends acted like old men, didn't have fun, didn't let loose, didn't drink, sat and talked at parties, it was exactly how his grandfather was.

"Why is drinking so important to you?" Hadrian answered the question with a question of his own. "All it results in is people thinking they need to drink as an excuse to have fun."

"It's a rite of passage!" Rabastian exclaimed, "Everyone drinks…well nearly everyone."

"Well I'll pass that particular rite of passage, there's nothing fun about drinking then spending your night puking in the toilets, telling yourself you wouldn't do it again but only to - yes, do it all over again." Hadrian told him wryly. Even as a teenager he hadn't been bothered about drink, probably a result of his uncles drinking habits, drinking whiskey and scotch in large glasses like it was juice every night. In fact Seamus and Dean had been the only drinkers in the dorm but it was light stuff.

"Have you ever been drunk? I mean something other than Butterbeer but it's not really alcoholic so it doesn't really count," Rabastian questioned, entering the Great hall, unsurprisingly the house tables were there - too many had stayed during the holidays this year to make it one table, which had only happened once during his years here.

"Course I have," Hadrian replied honestly, shaking his head, "More than once," his entire life had been turned upside down, of course he'd drank. Which he immediately regretted, how he had managed to get away before they caught him was anyone's guess. Sheer dumb luck that time. It was sort of why he refused to drink now, he couldn't let his guard down even here, who knows what the hell he'd say. "And not Butterbeer, which is my favourite by the way." he told Rabastian as he sat down, Tom wasn't here so library it was.

"Happy Christmas," Myrtle said hyperly, thrusting a brightly wrapped package under his nose causing Hadrian to go cross-eyed and place the egg on his plate, having just filled it up ready for a big breakfast, the others weren't eating so much, just single slices of toast - unbuttered.

"A book from a Ravenclaw?" Hadrian teased, accepting the package, "Thank you Myrtle, I'm sure I'll love it."

"Aren't you going to open it?" She asked expectantly, sitting down on the seat as if she did it all the time - which she assuredly did not.

"I'm eating my breakfast," Hadrian protested, but caved at the look on her face, "Alright, alright, I'll open it," pushing his breakfast aside. He ripped the brightly and perfectly wrapped package in half to get to the contents, and it was a book. "It can't be…"

"What is it? I can't read it…I had no idea you knew another language," Rabastian said nosing in, trying to see what it was.

Hadrian turned to stare at her, his face was a blank mask quite possibility for the first time since he met her, "How did you know?" his tone booked no excuses.

Myrtle blinked in confusion, "I've heard you both speaking it, I had no idea it was a secret…" she trailed off.
"Please tell me you didn't spread it around," Hadrian groaned.

"No, I didn't tell anyone," Myrtle reassured him, she hadn't really had a chance, she'd asked her dad for the book out of their vaults without telling him who it was for. It had come this morning so she'd wrapped it and given it to him as a present.

"Where did you get it?" Hadrian asked, as he reverently trailed his hands over it. Parseltongue books were extremely rare; they'd at one time belonged only to the Slytherin family, since it was only them that could read the books. They'd written books for themselves and their kids, so they compiled a long list of 'first editions' although how they could be called that he had no idea since only one book was ever printed of it.

"From my family vault," Myrtle said after a few moments of silence, as she contemplated on whether to tell him or not.

"You had a Parselmouth in your family?" Hadrian asked, his brow furrowing, could Tom have deliberately went after Myrtle having found out? No, Death had said her death was accidental, but he'd taken advantage of it, so obviously that wasn't the case at all. He felt someone sitting down stiffly next to him, and he didn't need to look to know it was Tom.

"Not that we're aware of," Myrtle admitted, "My great-great grandfather was friends with Corvinus Gaunt back in the seventeen hundreds, from what we could make out from Abraham Warren's diary it was given as a gift for helping with something secret, but the next passage never made sense, it was like he'd stopped writing then started again after forgetting he was half way through his own musings."

"Do you know what it says?" Hadrian asked out of pure curiosity.

"Something about a bathroom, the rest of the writing is completely indecipherable." Myrtle shrugged, "My dad's obsessed with finding as much as he can about the family tree. It was all he would talk about for months when he learned something new. We are all Ravenclaw's that piece of information was repeated a million times."

"The seventeen hundreds, right around the time plumbing was invented," Hadrian said flashing a knowing look at Tom, whose own eyes widened, Hadrian leaned over whispering, "Both of them somehow, despite being students managed to keep the entrance secret while installing the sink and creating the new entrance as we know it. They must have been brilliant; I mean a Ravenclaw and Slytherin working together? The fact it isn't widely known means he didn't tell anyone. Ever." to a Ravenclaw it was bound to have been extremely difficult to keep such a momentous secret.

"It doesn't mean they were students," Tom pointed out a flaw in his logic.

"I suppose, but it does make the most sense if they were," Hadrian mused thoughtfully. Turning to Myrtle he asked her a question, "Do you know what age he was through the journal?" diary was such a girlish thing, journal sounded so much better and manlier.

"He spoke about Hogwarts so he was at school, I'm not sure what year my dad would though, I only half listened." Myrtle admitted sheepishly. "Why do you want to know? The book is only mentioned once in passing, that much I do know he was disappointed - dad wanted to know more."

"This is amazing Myrtle, thank you," Hadrian said, grunting when she hugged him quickly before scampering off towards the Ravenclaw table with a quick 'Bye!'

"Girls," Hadrian muttered shaking his head, but he had a smile on his face as he looked at his book.
It really belonged to Tom, this was his family's heirlooms that had been squandered, not this particular one, and no Corvinus Gaunt had gifted a piece of priceless work. Had Abraham Warren known what he'd been handed? Although one might question why he gave him something he couldn't read…unless…unless it could be learnt, maybe he had been able to read it? It could be spoken, that was proven.

"I don't get it, what language is it in?" Rabastian asked, truthfully he hadn't been listening, he didn't like Myrtle or the fact Hadrian had close ties outside of the house. Well it was more to do with her being a female Ravenclaw, than the girl herself.

"You completely zoned out didn't you?" Hadrian asked him green eyes glimmering in amusement. Catching sight of the rest of the Slytherin's making their way into the Great Hall looking much better than they had a while ago.

"Maybe," Rabastian said, his tone sheepish but his face never wavered from its set mask - ever the Slytherin even on Christmas day.

"This was written by one of the Slytherins, I mean the actual Slytherins," Hadrian answered his previous question, opening the book to see if his or her name was written down. Rowena Slytherin, Hadrian's hand trembled, this must be Salazar Slytherin's daughter, the date was right around the time he would have had children, years before he left Hogwarts. "Merlin, how could he have given this away?" he'd definitely been a snake speaker; otherwise the password wouldn't be activated with the language.

Tom was staring at it pretty much the same way Hadrian was - as if it was a national treasure, to them it was.

"Some friend you've got there," Rabastian whistled appreciatively, awe in his dark eyes.

"Yeah," Hadrian admitted with a choked laugh.

"Some friend for what? What's going on?" Thaddeus asked, going straight for the toast.

"Fried food is good for a hangover by the way," Hadrian pointed out, "And nothing." before looking at Rabastian, "If you do discuss it use the common room," knowing the wizard was probably dying to tell them all.

Rabastian nodded his head in respect to the demand, and understanding it for what it was.

Placing the book back in its wrapping paper to keep it safe while he finished his breakfast. This was a book he definitely didn't want to get grease or juice on. Seeing the look on Tom's face caused Hadrian to grin, "You want to read that right now, don't you?"

"No," Tom denied, eating his own breakfast without even pausing for a moment. While the book was enticing, really enticing his real thoughts were on the book in his cloak pocket. It held he bonding he wished to perform with Hadrian, he wanted them to be together forever, he wouldn't tolerate anything less. He was his, and he'd be damned if anyone else ever got to have him. And he hated the fact he was nervous, he never got nervous.

"Liar," Hadrian replied quietly, bumping his shoulder, "You get that gleam in your eye whenever you really want something," he added pointedly. He knew Tom well enough from both sides of life to recognise the signs. The only difference was there was no red avarice gleam in his eyes.

Tom didn't reply but Hadrian wasn't surprised really, they instead just quickly finished breakfast.
"Come on, let's head down," Hadrian said dropping his fork having finished his breakfast, wiping his hands on a few napkins before picking up the book. He was very glad he'd spent that small fortune on Myrtle's gift; she definitely deserved it after this irreplaceable gift.

Tom didn't need told twice.

Unbeknown to Hadrian...his life was about to take another spin. An emotional one - he had always assumed he would be alone after all.

Chapter End Notes

There we go! Hopefully Tom's still fully in character :D possessive little bugger lol! what else is supposed to happen? oh Tom's birthday! Will Tom set his uncle up for the murders of the Riddles or will he actually use him to kill them then make it look like suicide? or will it go as it is did in Harry's time? Would Tom still be able to take over the Slytherin name with his uncle alive? or would he actually need to kill him? Will he be given a reason to in the next chapter or will Tom come up with the idea when he was meant to? Either way he wont have much 'family' left Tom hasn't changed completely and i think this happening is needed as a reminder! lets just hope Hadrian can keep him from doing his extremely radical stuff R&R please!
Chapter 38

Their return to the common room was quiet, which was nothing unusual, Tom never really spoke unless he had something worth talking about. Rabastian was already immersed in the book Hadrian had written. Hadrian had absently opened all his gifts he'd received from the others. Mostly advanced books, they knew him well enough to know that the Hogwarts curriculum wasn't challenging enough. They also knew he woke up early to practice magic, or as he called it training. Tom had taken to accompanying him and watching silently or reading, he already knew what Hadrian was up to after all he had admitted it. He made sure to thank those he saw for the gifts he'd received. Especially the big box of sweets from the three Black girls, there was absolutely everything in there, even sweets he didn't like. The largest selection was definitely the Honeydukes finest chocolate, all flavours.

They were definitely surprised when the door opened and their Head of House, Professor Slughorn walked in. He had a large box floating behind him. "Good morning, I hope you're all having a wonderful Christmas," he beamed at them, greeting them happily.

"Morning professor," they chorused together, some adding, "Happy Christmas," as well.

"Does he do that every year?" Hadrian whispered to Rabastian who had curiously looked up from his book, he was sitting on a chair next to the couch where he and Tom sat, the roaring fire keeping away the cold winter chill.

"Yeah, without fail, he doesn't stay long though," Rabastian answered, marking his page in the book seen as he wasn't going to be reading it any time soon.

"Ah," was the only answer Hadrian gave in confirmation of understanding Rabastian. He'd known Slughorn cared; it was shown in everything he did, while he did have preferences nobody was completely left out. Never in his six years at Hogwarts had his Head of House came to the common room and wished them all a Happy Christmas. Don't get him wrong he didn't particularly hate Minerva McGonagall he just believed she didn't make a good caretaker for children. She'd ignored him so many times, one time about the stone then she wouldn't let him tell her about the Blood Quill Umbridge used on him.

"Mr. Peverell, it seems you've got quite a fan base," Slughorn commented as he handed Hadrian the large green box.

"What?" Hadrian managed to squeak out, his green eyes astonishingly wide. Accepting the box with a dumbfounded look on his face. His heartbeat shooting through the roof, this was the last thing he wanted…but he calmed marginally, they might not be fans per se, they might actually be filled with ridicule. "I thought…why didn't they write to the publishing company?" why had he not just written it under a false name? He just hadn't thought at all.

Tom just sniggered under his breath, black eyes gleaming with amusement.

"You might want to get a publicists, I have many that I could recommend to you, should you wish
to proceed," Slughorn assured him, "They are the best in their fields, they will be able to go through all this for you and send out the appropriate responds, replying to even some fans will make them more appreciative and in the long run help you aspire your goals."

"Um…I have no desire to be famous…" Hadrian muttered, seeing the look of disbelief on Slughorn's face he added, "Having people taking pictures of me, intruding in my life and thinking they have a right to run it…isn't what I want."

"Ah, but there are always much greater benefits," Slughorn chortled, but his eyes were filled with understanding.

"The benefits don't outweigh the negatives." Hadrian commented honestly.

"Ah, but you must remember that with you being the first male heir of the Peverell line in a really long time, especially considering they thought the line had died out, you will be quite the celebrity in elite circles." Slughorn pointed out honestly, best prepare him for that at the very least. "Now, would you do me a great honour and signing my book?" he asked bringing out a copy of Hadrian's book and a self inking quill.

"Oh, you aren't kidding are you?" Hadrian said, taking the book, considering all the professor had done for him and Tom, getting them out of the Muggle world early, it was the least he could do he supposed. Feeling very self conscious but refusing to show any sign of it, he signed the book H. Peverell. Mentally reciting to himself that he wasn't Lockhart. "Anyway, there's no saying whether these are all good letters…"

"The cursed ones have been removed and sent to the Auror department." Slughorn reassured him as he accepted back his book and quill, putting them away in his cloak pocket once again.

"Wait…the mail gets screened?" Hadrian asked feeling a little indignant; he'd thought that was an invasion of privacy when Umbridge had done it.

"Cursed mail gets redirected, Hadrian, not read," Slughorn informed him solemnly, "It's much too dangerous to allow just everything through, especially in a school filled with children. They are always informed of any threats to their lives and every measure is taken to safeguard everyone. Many enemies had a tendency to target the children of the elite pureblood's they're in conflict with."

"Well that makes sense, so I've got someone wanting to kill me?" Hadrian enquired, nothing in his tone indicated he was even slightly scared.

Slughorn was taken aback by his demeanour, he looked as if he was just suggesting the weather could get worse, not that someone had potentially tried to kill him and he wasn't sure how to respond to that for a good few seconds. He did however, notice that Tom had gone completely stiff his eyes gleaming darkly, and he cared about Hadrian deeply apparently. "The curses haven't been identified yet, and since it's Christmas day, I think it will be a few days before I hear back from them."

"They won't contact me directly?" Hadrian enquired casually. Surprised the school wasn't dealing with it themselves, it was the way it had been in his time, it was as if Hogwarts had been a law onto itself.

"Every Slytherin here at Hogwarts is under my care, including yourself; until you are eighteen years old you'll be considered my ward while you are within the castle grounds." Slughorn explained, thinking Hadrian didn't know everything yet, but surrounded by Slytherin's there was
little doubt he would be caught up to speed.

"I understand," Hadrian replied nodding his head in thanks, deciding against informing Slughorn of his Lordship status, he frankly didn't want it to get around the school, Dumbledore mostly. "Although I'm surprised you aren't asking Professor Merrythought to identify them."

"Oh dear me, no, that is a job for the Auror's dear boy," Slughorn waved away his question still smiling. "You shouldn't worry yourself about it; I'm sure it's nothing too serious."

Hadrian nodded once in agreement, it seemed to him as if Hogwarts and the Ministry worked in sync together instead of being at odds all the time. The longer he was here and the more he noticed the greater his fury was at the way the magical world had developed - if such a thing could be coined development since it really wasn't. He couldn't blame Dumbledore for everything, but it was getting more and more difficult not to, because it all seemed to revolve around him. Tom did his share of fucking up the magical world, but hopefully not this time around.

"Are you all caught up on your homework?" he asked the others, gazing around the room critically.

A chorus of 'Yes Sir' went around the room.

Slughorn nodded as if he'd expected that answer, "If you need help, you know my door is always open." he informed them, as he did regularly, mostly so the first and second years so they knew he was available and he would help them in any way he could.

'Thank you professor' a smattering of first years said, knowing it was aimed at them due to the fact the professor was actually looking at them while he spoke.

Hadrian dumped the box and its contents on the floor at his feet, scratching his chin thoughtfully, honestly unsure of what to do. He'd never had fan mail, never in all his years…which was oddly suspicious when one thought about it, after all he'd been revered from the moment the curse rebounded on Voldemort. Surely he would have been overwhelmed with mail? He had never thought much of it at all. It was actually really disturbing, he was so lost in thought that he didn't even hear the rest of the conversation they had with Professor Slughorn before he left.

"Are you alright?" Tom enquired, regarding Hadrian shrewdly. He looked stunned, but not for the reason in front of him, obviously something from the past (his future but Hadrian's past) had bothered him. He had learned to recognize when he was thinking of things that had happened to him. He'd had no other choice but to after all, since Hadrian had mental walls he didn't penetrate out of respect and well the more obvious reason that Hadrian would feel him reading his mind.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine," Hadrian muttered shaking off the remnants of his thoughts, that wasn't his life anymore. He had a new one, which was much simpler even if the classes weren't all that good.

"Come with me," Tom said, smoothly getting up, as always making the statement seem like a demand, but when it came to the others he didn't even bother with the pretence and just told them to follow him and expected them to knowing they never would without consequence. Not that they thought about it they clung to his every word he thought with smug satisfaction. Unfortunately for him Hadrian wasn't willing to play along, he was still standing alone by the time he got to the stairways to the dorm, and he paused and gave Hadrian a single look, a tiny bit of amusement in his eyes at the simple challenge that was Hadrian.

The others just gazed at Hadrian now, no longer feeling the need to get dramatic over their relationship. Hadrian was never going to just roll over and play the game Tom obviously wanted him to. It was good in a way, it would help calm Tom down and give him something to care about.
- and he did a great deal they could all see it. Many still felt envious of the powerful couple, the heir of Slytherin with the last Peverell heir, one hell of a power couple.

"Oh, alright," Hadrian grumbled, standing up, he flicked his wand and the pile of presents he'd just opened flew into the box of letters. Picking the one box up, he made his way over to Tom, and walked up the stairs with him, absolutely not following him. He didn't want to talk about his past, hopefully Tom wouldn't push but he always did when it came to finding out more he thought sardonically to himself.

Hadrian put the box on his bed, taking out his gifts, the book Myrtle had given him already safe within his trunk not risking it for anything. The sweets, books, vouchers and everything else he'd gotten were put in his trunk too; he did nab a chocolate frog from his box of chocolates and sat himself down on his bed, gazing at the box silently willing it to go on fire. It didn't of course.

"I want us to do this ritual," Tom said, for once his voice wasn't as assured or confident as it normally always would be.

Hadrian froze, gazing at the book his heart pounding again, he let out a shaky breath when he observed that it couldn't be the book about Horcruxes. It was not the right colour or size of the book they'd found in Dumbledore's office. Glancing at Tom's face, Hadrian saw that he was completely inscrutable; he was literally giving nothing away.

Opening the book at the bookmarked page, his eyes grew wide again for the second time in less than an hour. Bonding? This was a book on bonding! Basically marriage, what the hell! Had the Horcruxes truly done a number on Tom that he just lost all sense of himself completely?

'No, it was always there, he closed that part of himself away to do what he needed, your presence here has altered his perception, he knows he doesn't need to do it alone - that he can have someone at his side without judgement of being weak, as seen as human,' Death revealed, his presence as always a surprise to Hadrian as he effortlessly penetrated his mental shields and wrapped his mind to prevent anyone eavesdropping on their conversation. He knew he had to give Hadrian an insight to what Tom felt and thought, since the wizard wouldn't do so. Not out of vanity but rather he'd never had another person in the world to share his thoughts with - none that he had let in at any rate.

'Even towards the end?' Hadrian asked his heart in his throat. Tom couldn't have found out about him, it was literally impossible…so he actually did just want to bond with him it was quite a shock to the system.

'Especially towards the end, he realized he wouldn't come out of this intact, especially when he realized the Horcruxes were being destroyed. But he was too proud to back down, it was his life's work,' Death explained.

'Way to humanize him,' Hadrian thought, but hadn't that been why Dumbledore showed him all those memories? Then again he could have totally misinterpreted his lessons; it wouldn't be the first time. Dumbledore as much as he tried couldn't control what Hadrian thought. He tried, tried to stop Hadrian seeing the sameness between Tom and Hadrian insisting choices was what made them truly different. Dumbledore had probably just tried to make him see that Tom was always destined down the road he'd taken. Even at the age of eleven Dumbledore had totally distrusted Tom and never gave him a single chance. Admittedly he had been wrong to hurt those Muggles, but he'd never had a chance to learn right from wrong or alternative ways to deal with his anger with Dumbledore branding him as the next Dark Lord in the making.

'I am merely answering your question; there is always more than one facet to a human being. Even
one as damaged as Tom Riddle became. It's very easy to look at someone and make judgements
about them, their present and their past. But you'd be amazed at the pain and tears a single glare or
smile hides. What a person shows to the world is but one facet of the iceberg hidden from sight.
More often than not, it is lined with cracks and scars that go all the way down to the foundation of
their souls' Death said profoundly. 'You might want to answer him,' he added sounding deeply
amused before he departed, despite not being able to communicate with Hadrian he could see
everything, nothing was closed to Death himself.

"You seriously want to bond with me?" Hadrian blurted out, his eyes never wavering from Tom's
who was like a human statue he was so still he could barely see even his chest rising and falling.

"Yes," Tom replied curtly, feeling as though he was being made a fool off. "Would you answer
me?" having to bit his tongue from saying the horrificaly disgusting word 'please' he wasn't that
desperate - or so he tried to convince himself.

Hadrian shook his head upon realising they couldn't, there were so many reasons why they
shouldn't - not yet. "We can't…"

"Why not?" Tom demanded coldness settling in, he hadn't been sure that he knew Hadrian's
response but he'd let himself hope like an utter fool.

"If we did this before you took up your lordship you'd still be known as…” Hadrian grumbled
having to say it, "Lord Peverells consort." grimacing in distaste. "As soon as the bond takes…
which by the way doesn't require consummation as you'd believe…it just reaffirms it, it still goes
by the date we actually agreed to the terms. I know it isn't something you'd want."

"Lordship or heir ship?" Tom unconsciously relaxed and became critical, sitting down on his own
bed; it wasn't a no so surely Hadrian wouldn't go through all this to just tell him no in future?

"I don't know, I never really paid all that much attention to the rules and regulations of pureblood
society, I had much more pressing concerns when I did join the magical world." Hadrian revealed
honestly, "I just know bonding to someone who is a Lord already would completely nullify any
house the other person belonged to. Its why the wizards are always at least a year or so older than
the witches they marry but usually its only qualified to witches that marry wizards…I'm sort of
assuming it would work the same way if we did bond." that and he would also have to reveal
absolutely everything to Tom if they did bond, because once they were there was no going back, he
would immortal, not that it would bother Tom of course, since that was one of his main goals, or
would be at any rate. Hadrian didn't want to risk Tom wanting to do it which was why he'd never
mentioned being MOD to him. He'd never thought he would want to tell anyone, or that he'd get
the opportunity to. He cared a lot about Tom, the good and the bad, but could he really tell him
everything? He'd already revealed pretty much everything, just omitted a few details really. Would
Tom see it like that though?

Tom quickly realized he would need to read up about this, if it was true he would need to deal with
his uncle much sooner than he wanted to. Tom stood up, "You coming?" Tom enquired.

"Going to the library are you?" Hadrian said, glancing up at Tom, his green eyes glimmering with
amusement.

"Yes," Tom stated, slightly disgruntled that Hadrian knew him so well, yet another part of him was
glad for it - a very small part that he rarely acknowledged.

"Ah, what the hell? It's better than reading through these," Hadrian said glancing at the box briefly
before joining Tom. He felt a tingle going up his spine, something was going to happen very soon,
he could feel it he just had no idea what.

Chapter End Notes

I hope I'm not humanising who Voldemort was but expanding on it, even the baddest of guys in the world want a family...anyway I hope you're still enjoying the story! Will Harry follow Tom suspecting something is up? or will Tom have to do this alone? Will things begin to shift from the reality Harry knows to something different? he's been there long enough now that surely somethings must change! will Dumbledore try to interfere with Tom's emancipation and Lordship? he's known who and what Tom is from the day they met after all :P the heir of Slytherin :D R&R please
Chapter 39

Lord Of Time

Chapter 39

"Here, you both missed lunch," Carrow said, speaking for the group, as he put two plates on the table having been hiding it from the librarian. Selnick wasn't too bad when it came to being strict, but food was obviously the number one rule in the library that he stuck to.

Hadrian glanced at the clock blinking in surprise, they'd actually been in here for over five hours, bloody hell, and he'd never spent such a long time in the library before. "Thanks," he murmured gratefully, biting into the sandwich they'd brought him, cheese, ham and pickle, it was one of his favourites. Damn Slytherin's weren’t half observant, even his so called best friends hadn't known his favourite foods, just Dobby. "What have you guys been up to?" he asked after swallowing his bite, quite quickly to take another, he really was hungry.

"Nothing much, just went for a fly," Lestrange said as he took a seat, the others followed, Nott, Carrow and Dolohov. "You really should have given Quidditch a try; you're bloody brilliant on a broom!"

"I love flying, Quidditch I can do without," Hadrian shook his head, who would have thought he'd ever say those words? Quidditch he could do without? His eleven year old self would have screamed at him for his 'blasphemy' no doubt. He’d been proud of the fact he was the youngest seeker of the century, still proud but it was nothing he could talk about without people here thinking he was lying through his teeth. He didn't have the urge to play here, he wasn't burdened with fame and people loving or hating him at the drop of a hat. Another reason he'd rarely gone flying, well that and the brooms sucked, he was used to flying a damn Nimbus and Firebolt for Merlin's sake, those old school brooms were pathetic next to them.

"Never!" Lestrange said vehemently, "Quidditch is the best."

"Hardly," Tom stated. It was a foolish waste of time, flying around on a broom after a snitch or hitting Bludgers.

And that was it, another word wasn't said on the subject much to Hadrian's amusement, he watched them with twinkling green eyes. He never got bored with the hold Tom seemed to have over the others, his word was law with them and that was it. Hadrian's gaze shifted to Tom's, staring at him pensively, wondering what it was that held three generation of wizards and witches enchanted with him, it wasn't his looks, since by his time he didn't have the looks to enchant others into following him. Was he truly that powerful? Or was it the hold he had being Salazar Slytherin's heir? Part of it he suspected was how far the magical world had declined, when Dumbledore took up the unofficial throne and changed so many laws and made a branch of magic almost extinct as if the devil itself was imbued in it. Hell it could be a combination of all of them that he thought could be the reason.

The loud clearing of a throat had Hadrian blinking and coming back to the current conversation going on around him, which sounded to Hadrian a little bit too forced as if they were trying to pretending not to know what was happening. Far from being annoyed Tom was sitting there
smugly, honestly Hadrian half expected him to start prancing around like a proud peacock. Hadrian just rolled his eyes, of course Tom thought everything was about him…but in this case it might be true but he wasn't going to admit it - that would just make him even smugger although he didn't think it was possible.

Hadrian stretched out languidly; he'd been in the same position for hours, "IS there anyone out in the pitch right now?"

"It's Christmas, there's no schedule," Carrow said, watching Hadrian put a bookmark in the book he was reading and swipe it closed.

"That didn't answer my question," Hadrian pointed out, picking out two other books he wanted to take with him.

"I don't know there obviously wasn't when we left," Carrow said shrugging his shoulders, "Why?"

"Just curious," Hadrian replied, "I was thinking of going flying for an hour or so later."

"You said the brooms suck," Lestrange said blinking in surprise. They'd been trying to get him to go out for a game of Quidditch for how long? And all of a sudden he wanted to go flying? Would he ever understand Hadrian?

"Well, there is that," Hadrian grumbled, "Honestly, I can't wait for the day they make a decent racing broom."

"Why don't you just fly yourself?" Tom pointed out.

Hadrian's jaw dropped, "Don't tell me you can do that already!" Hadrian couldn't help the whine in his voice, he really couldn't, and thankfully it wasn't too full on.

Tom just smirked at him, his dark eyes gleaming with satisfaction and self pride.

"Wait, you can fly too?" Dolohov asked his question aimed at Hadrian not Tom.

"I've done it once…" Hadrian said slowly, but not in this body, and not alone, he thought to himself. "I've never actually tried to do it again though, and when I did do it…it was sort of in an emergency, my magic reacted I doubt I'd be able to do it again without training myself first."

Tom bit his tongue to stop himself from asking questions that would surely raise a lot of eyebrows. He was curious when Hadrian actually had learned, he had a feeling it was older than they were right now, probably a lot older and Hadrian had obviously had trouble with it judging by the fact he couldn't believe Tom had been able to do it so soon. It was curious that Hadrian had the ability to do what he did pretty much, but he couldn't fly? Interesting, indeed.

"I've read those books; do you need information on them?" Dolohov enquired, reading the titles upside down.

"We've all read them," Carrow said amused, they were forced to memorise all books pertaining to pureblood society, so they were never unprepared for anything. Including etiquette, laws and rules of elite society, it was by far the most boring stuff, but their parents always insisted it would be used later in life and if they wanted to be heirs they would be required to be able to recall this information at the drop of a hat.

"It's drier than mummies dust." Hadrian added, "I have no idea how you managed to remember any of it."
"It's important, especially when we come the heir, you really should have read it before you became Lord Peverell," Dolohov.

Hadrian narrowed his eyes, sharply looking around and giving Dolohov a 'shut the fuck up' look, he didn't want anyone knowing about his status. He'd rather it not get back to Dumbledore; he was annoying as hell as it was, without him knowing more about him. "I'd rather the entire school didn't know in time for dinner," he stated, his annoyance obvious.

Just then Rosier came jogging over, panting heavily, extremely out of breath. "Uh, can you come down to the common room…that Taipan is freaking out the first and second years, it keeps slithering all over the common room."

"I thought you all liked snakes?" Hadrian asked innocently, and he pulled it off quite spectacularly.

"Not poisonous ones," Rosier squeaked, clutching his ribs as he tried to regain his breath.

"Alright, I'm coming," Hadrian shrugged, his lips twitching at the relief lit all over his face. "Just give me a few minutes." with that he took his three books over to the desk for the librarian to check out for him. The librarian gave him a smile, used to Hadrian and Tom being in the library quite often, although usually not for five hours straight. As soon as he had his books, he was about to walk out, only for Tom to jerk him back by the back of his cloak. Hadrian just huffed quietly and waited, used to Tom's ways by now.

Ten minutes later they were speaking the password to Slytherin Common room.

"Alright you, stop terrorising everyone," Hadrian hissed, hiding his amusement from the snake.

"They smell of fear, stupid humans," the Taipan snake hissed back, sliding across the room to get to Hadrian, slowly winding itself around his leg and further up. The sighs of relief from the students caused another burst of hilarity at the situation.

"They fear you, you have an extremely potent poison in your fangs that can kill us, and they'll always fear you." Hadrian explained.

"You don't," the Snake said, sounding petulant.

"No, but me and Tom have a distinctive advantage," Hadrian said wryly, shaking his head, unaware of everyone silently watching him converse with the snake with reverence. Tom didn't speak very often, in fact in the past few days they'd heard it more than in all the years he'd been at Hogwarts. They were all envious too; Tom and Hadrian had everything, powers, looks and an ability that all Slytherin's would kill for. "So stop terrorising everyone or I'll either put you in a tank or leave you in the forbidden forest to fend for yourself. If anyone and I mean anyone finds out you're here, a teacher, you'll be taken away to the Ministry and locked up and packed back to your own country." He added, not sure if it was true but he believed most of it was, the Ministry would take it, and the snake was a dangerous breed.

"Fine," the snake hissed, sulking as it wrapped itself around Hadrian's neck, hissing in content at the heat radiating from what he considered his human.

Hadrian laughed, shaking his head slowly; it wasn't half a temperamental thing. "You don't know anyone that would be able to tell me what age he is and whether he's healthy?" speaking to the group as he sat himself down, dumping the books on the table.

"Lord Jackson Yaxley will be able to help you," Rosier said, sitting down on his conjured seat.
"My healer?" Hadrian asked perplexed, "Isn't there someone more qualified like a vet?"

"He is a vet, he has more than one Mastery," Carrow explained.

"Your healer?" Tom asked his voice deceptively smooth.

"He is," Hadrian stated, "I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for him, he created the counter-curses for all the spells that Healer Chang couldn't remove. A natural healer, they're really rare."

"Not really," Dolohov shook his head, "There are five that I know of working in different departments in St. Mungo's. Lord Yaxley didn't go there because they are forbidden from taking on independent cases, and personally I don't think he likes people telling him what he can and can't do."

Hadrian just nodded idly, but Tom had understood, even natural healers were things of the past during Hadrian's life. What the hell had happened in the next six decades that caused such a decline in the magical world? Natural healers are very well respected, and they could heal people, in ways that normal healers couldn't hope to achieve. "I wouldn't either! Who are they to decide what someone does in their own time? Not everyone can afford to go to St. Mungo's!"

"Why would that bother you? You're one of the richest Lord's with only a few in front of you." Nott replied quite frankly amused by his statement.

"Even if I explained you wouldn't understand, you've never had to go without," Hadrian replied coolly, "Never had to go without food, shelter, warmth, endured pain because nobody took you to a healer, if you did experience that even for a day you'd think differently about those who actually need a hospital but couldn't go because they have no money and no means to get it. How many wizards and witches have died because they couldn't get help from St. Mungo's? How many have suffered because of it? And it's not just Muggle-born's either! Its Pureblood's too."

Thaddeus' amusement faded fast; instead a solemn look replaced it. He had nothing he could say in turn to that statement. He'd never really thought about it before, where did they go if they couldn't afford St. Mungo's? Perhaps his father would be able to enlighten him.

"Surely there's somewhere for them to go," Carrow frowned.

"What to someone down Knockturn Alley who isn't qualified to transfigure a water goblet never mind try and diagnose someone? Or heal them?" Hadrian snorted wryly; then again he wasn't sure if the clinic was here in this time. "That just makes it even worse, we're stuck in the nineteenth century, and as much as Muggles suck at least they've actually advanced passed using bloody ink and quills and oil lanterns and actually look after their own. We're backwards compared to them, and if we don't get out of it, we will remain this way even in the new millennium."

"Look after their own?" Dolohov scoffed, "They've made a war!"

"Oh and we're completely innocent are we?" Hadrian asked sarcastically, "Grindelwald is just a nuisance? Come on, don't start statements if you've not got anything at all to back it up it just makes you look stupid."

Dolohov's nostrils flared but he said nothing, just silently grinding his teeth.

"How would you go about making our world better?" Lestrange, causing Rosier to nod vehemently.

Hadrian shrugged, "Need a Minister that isn't scared of his own shadow, willing to do whatever it
took, whether they were liked for it or not. Need to get the Wizengamot onside, they're the ones with the true power, considering most of them come from high up pureblood societies all you'd need to do is prove your lineage and standing, make sure they knew you were a force to be reckoned with. Get all the information you possibly can on them, so you would know how to play them. Play nice at first, but after a while of them treating you like a child, show your power, that way you'll have a good understanding of what they're really like when they're not sucking up to you." Hadrian's smirk was truly vindictive. "Because guaranteed they'll be as condescending as hell thinking they know better, then just like that the tables are turned, everyone's always respected power, followed it, revered it even, there's always more than one powerful person in play, so it also helps by being recognized for your good deeds over political clout, they'll remember you that way."

"Such as?" it was Tom who spoke, his tone thoughtful.

"Playing on their sympathies has always worked, changing laws to better the lives of magical creatures is another way, playing the hero, people will want to vote for you, be your friend, or at the very least claim to be one. Giving out advice, being humble yet strong enough to stand your ground and not let them walk all over you." Hadrian said thoughtfully. Kill a dark lord who is terrorising the magical world would also surely work he thought sardonically to himself. He wasn't sure how Tom had gone about it the first time, whether he'd done it the wrong way or if Dumbledore had just been too big an influence at that point. He would soon find out if Tom could do it without Dumbledore or not, since Dumbledore was never going to get to spread his 'anti-dark' disease all over the magical world. Tom had just made it even easier for Dumbledore to spread how dangerous the Dark Arts were.

Thaddeus listened intently, watching the expression of Tom and Hadrian's face as one spoke the other listened. He'd always known Tom would go places when he left Hogwarts, he had so many ambitions, it also helped by surrounding himself with pureblood's who could help him achieve that greatness. As he listened he realized it wasn't them that was going to help Tom go to the top now, it was Hadrian. He seemed to be able to read people, knew them, how to get a desired results out of something. "Was that why you rarely spoke until..." Thaddeus paused, "Until Avery started?"

"It's easier to observe your surroundings when you blend into the background," Hadrian admitted, smirking.

"That's cute; you actually thought you ever blended into the background?" Carrow said in a teasing tone.

"Didn't I?" Hadrian blinked glancing at him in confusion.

"No," Carrow said laughing a little, "You were the talk of the castle the second you accidentally Apparated to Hogsmeade. That didn't change after you woke up, everyone was curious about you."

"Hmm," Hadrian muttered, stroking the snake around his neck disgruntled.

Chapter End Notes

There we go! the next chapter up for you, I meant to get Tom motivated but i guess it got sidetracked...Will Tom kill his uncle and his parental family and claim the fortune? or will he merely kill his uncle and father and make it look like they'd fought to death? Getting the Riddle money in the process when he 'meet's' his grandparents who are bound to be really old by this point and considering who they are they will want
someone to carry on their name...I'm truly stuck on that BUT his fathers death is going
to happen it was implied earlier on in the story Death said Harry wouldnt be able to
prevent it since some hate just runs too deep and Tom hates his father...R&R please
"What are you up to?" Hadrian asked Tom, his green eyes piercing and filled with suspicion as he entered the dorms; Tom had parchment rolled up all over the bed. It wasn't normal parchment but magically copied text from books (it was impossible to copy the entire book but pages could be copied like a scanner), presumably from the library...and there would be only one reason Tom wouldn’t check the book that is if he was up to something, so his instincts were right.

"What makes you think I'm up to anything?" Tom enquired his gaze innocent and confused.

"Really?" Hadrian smirked, damn he was really good, if he hadn't known Tom as well as he did he was sure he would have fallen for it hook line and sinker. He sat himself comfortably at the end of Tom's bed, leaning against one of the oak posters, "Is that how you're going to play it?"

"Yes," Tom replied, his face becoming blank.

"Then you don't trust me," Hadrian stated, somewhat disappointed.

Tom chuckled darkly, "That won't work with me." he replied his tone filled with genuine amusement, he was the master of playing others like a fiddle, he knew all the rules in the book, Hadrian would never get one over him. Although he had to admit it was amusing to see him try.

"Believe it or not, Tom, I wasn't being manipulative," Hadrian admitted, "I had thought after all this time and everything we've shared that you would be able to trust me with anything. Thing's are different, changing from what I know, but not that much, I would have greatly liked to have given you my own opinion or suggestion whether it was used or not I wouldn't have minded."

"And what exactly do you think I'm up to?" Tom asked challengingly, not truly expecting Hadrian to know.

"There's only two things I can really think of," Hadrian shrugged, absently summoning his box of chocolates and raking through to find something, passing over Tom's favourite dark chocolate from Honeydukes, their own make as he did so. He began chewing on a sugar quill that tasted like strawberry this time, the sugar crumbled in his mouth, as he ate it.

"Which are?" Tom asked impatiently, really curious himself to see if Hadrian's suspicions were anywhere near the truth of what he was doing - which he seriously doubted.

"First but least likely, something to do with the chamber and using the basilisk," Hadrian replied, "Or second but most likely, something to do with killing your relatives."

Tom had to clench his jaw to stop it from unhinging, which he would never allow to happen he had more decorum than that. How could he possibly know that? He hadn't planned on it being known that he did it, and he would never tell anyone he wasn't stupid enough to do something like that. He had planned to release the basilisk but his plans had changed...he felt very naked next to Hadrian who seemed to know so much about him.
"I can see I'm right," Hadrian pointed out without smugness, "I can also tell you why you're doing it as well."

Tom's nose twitched as he picked up the bar of chocolate, despite the fact he should be furious and confused as to how Hadrian knew so much, since he was sure he would never be caught, he'd never allow himself to do something so insipid like that he also felt a sense of pride and smugness, despite everything he knew Hadrian still chose him, well mostly, since it wasn't beyond him that Hadrian had not answered his question that day. He wouldn't give up though; he would bond to Hadrian no matter what it took. He should be used to it really, but this was the first real instance where Hadrian had guessed what he was doing apposed to him being told what he would do in future. "Go ahead," Tom replied, it was just curiosity now and maybe mixed in with acknowledgement that Hadrian would be right, there was little doubt about it.

"Why we both know I'm right? And this really isn't the place to talk about it, anyone could overhear," Harry pointed out, after chewing the end of his sugar quill, he picked up a second one and bit into it, this one was lime, Harry always thought they should be coloured but they never were, they were all just like Hedwig's feathers, pure white despite whatever flavour they were.

"Silencio," Tom muttered his finger twitching but other than that he didn't need to make any other move to silence their dorm room. He also pointed towards the door and locked it with a simple "Claustra," the door clicked locked tightly, and depending on the amount of magic he'd put into it, whoever tried to open the door may not successfully be able to.

"Probatio!" Hadrian cast, waving his wand, just because he could use magic without a wand, didn't mean he had to. He would prefer to use it only when he must - if a situation arise when he didn't have access to his wand. He noticed Tom watching intently, both to his wand movements and the spell itself. He wasn't sure whether he was disappointed or not by the lack of any spying charms, maybe Dumbledore wasn't desperate yet. Then again Tom hadn't truly shown all his cards yet.

"I am not familiar with that spell," Tom informed him with a hint of curiosity in his voice.

"Because it hasn't been invented yet," Hadrian shrugged, "It reveals any spying devices, even including Animagus' that might be in the vicinity." and yes he was rather proud of it.

"Paranoid much?" Tom teased him, but he had an approving look on his face.

"Damn right," Hadrian replied wryly, "With good reason," he'd been spied on too many times to count, he would be literally revealing all those times way into the night if he began to reveal all those times.

"Anyway, my suggestion? Kill two birds with one stone, it will prevent any suspicion falling on you and believe me Dumbledore will know when they turn up dead." Hadrian informed him, closing the box and floating it back over to his trunk, he'd had two large sugar quills and his mouth felt like sandpaper.

Tom scowled, "He has always distrusted me," still suspicion wasn't exactly enough to have anyone arrested.

"I've always wondered why he never told you about your uncle being alive; I mean honestly, it seems as if the whole Parseltongue incident seemed to have made Dumbledore irrational when it comes to you. I really don't get it, and the prejudice isn't so bad in this time either. You've looked up all information regarding the Gaunt's right? Has there been any incident in the past with a Dumbledore and Gaunt? Or even a woman called Kendra?"
"I would definitely have noticed any confrontation between any Gaunt and Dumbledore," Tom shook his head nixing the idea immediately.

"True," Hadrian conceded thoughtfully, "Anyway, your uncle and father have been at odds for years, way before you were even born. It wouldn't be hard to use the imperious curse and get them to kill each other,"

"A muggle wouldn't get the best of a wizard," Tom sneered at the very idea.

"Are you forgetting so readily what the war is like? What their weapons are like?" Hadrian pointed out shuddering a little himself. "They are capable, do not underestimate them. Your father is really rich, and while the Gaunt's have nothing of value they have land, if you could get your hands on the Riddle inheritance the entire town would be yours to do as you wished. You don't even need to like it or even want to move there. I know how convincing you can be, you'd have your grandparents eating out of the palm of your hand. They're really old now and probably don't have long left either."

"And you believe Dumbledore won't suspect that?" Tom asked dryly.

"It's less suspicious than what you plan to do," Harry snorted in amusement. "While the Muggles won't know what happened, Dumbledore gets the muggle newspapers, and it will stick out like a sore thumb. Not that it matters if you keep Morfin alive he'll uncover the real memories." and do absolutely nothing about it.

"And what were those real memories?" Tom asked his eyes narrowed.

"You went to visit your uncle, that's when you found out your father was a Muggle and you lost your temper. You went to Riddle Mansion to confront him I assume since I didn't actually see anything other than yours and Morfin's confrontation. You killed all three of them then modified Morfin's memories so when they Auror's came calling he confessed and spent the rest of his life in Azkaban prison." Hadrian told him honestly, "Some time during that period, Dumbledore went to Azkaban and got what really happened out of him. Do not use memory charms, they're too unreliable."

"You realize that this is the first time you've revealed anything without me having to squeeze it out of you?" Tom told him curiously, wondering what had caused it. Was Hadrian trying to protect him and make him go down a different route? Why wasn't he trying to stop him? honestly, he didn't think he'd ever understand Hadrian fully.

Hadrian laughed until his stomach began to hurt, "Oh, you were serious," he said as he calmed down, "There's nothing I could say or do that would have you sparing them Tom. In fact I've probably increased your desire to make them pay." how Morfin had treated his sister, how his father had left, how he had denied his existence when the orphanage got in touch, and there is no doubt Tom felt something for his mother now, even just a little.

"You've been there, you can Apparate us," Tom stated, it would be much easier than getting the bus. It would require less time as well.

"I could," Hadrian replied, blinking in surprise, he hadn't expected those words out of Tom's mouth; he actually wanted him to go?

"Then we go tomorrow," Tom declared.

"It's your birthday tomorrow," Hadrian pointed out.
"Exactly, very easy to sneak out during the party and come back no one the wiser." Tom replied smugly.

"Party? You actually want a party?" Hadrian blurted out surprised.

Tom just stared, they partied whether it was his birthday or not, it was New Year's Eve.

"Alright," Hadrian agreed, nodding, tomorrow it was then. Why wasn't he protesting? Had he truly resigned himself to the fact he knew he couldn't save them? Death had told him as much, maybe it was because he didn't know them, and he didn't feel a connection to them? He knew what it was like to want revenge and not be able to get it, that was also another reason. "I'm going to get the others and go flying, I'll see you later." he knew better than to ask if he wanted to come, Tom hated Quidditch and wouldn't be seen flying on a broomstick. Before he was even out of the room, Tom had his face buried in his notes he'd taken, scribbling away.

New Years Eve

Tom and Hadrian had waited until everyone was blind drunk before claiming they were retiring for the night. Making a show of going up the stairs, despite the various protests. Avery was already in bed, he wasn't allowed to attend any social functions, he had literally shot his own foot by messing with Hadrian the way he did. Tom crept closer and cast a sleeping spell to ensure Avery remained asleep, since his conversation with Hadrian yesterday, he was determined to be doubly cautious when it came to his plans from here on in.

Since neither of them had drunk so much as a glass of Butterbeer, both were as sober as one could be. Hadrian grabbed his invisibility cloak and at the same time Tom cast a spell to disillusion himself. They couldn't both go under the cloak, it would be impossible, nearly all the Slytherins had been there at one point, the first through third had already retired to bed at the Prefects demands, a small portion of the upper years chose to retire on their own or were currently emptying the contents of their stomach in the toilets. Judging by the stink they could smell he would guess a lot of them had missed and or passed out in it.

"Ready?" Hadrian commented quietly.

"Yes," the disembodied voice replied.

Opening the door just enough so that he and Tom could get out, they began to make their way back down. Thankfully nobody had chosen that moment to go back to the dorm or toilets. They swiftly made their way down the stairs, any noise their feet made muffled by the loudness of the music and voices echoing all around the common room. It was getting from the stairs to the portrait that was going to be the hard part.

So without time to waste, both of them made their way across, bumping into each other, neither could see the other but they were just glad they weren't bumping into the others. It had been a sight to see, or was a sight to see all of them letting loose and having fun, none of their pureblood decorum was anywhere to be seen.

"Anyone up for a fire whiskey?" Carrow challenged, the bottle dangling from his hand.

That had everyone crowding around the fireplace, leaving Harry and Tom free and clear - they didn't hesitate for a second they ran the rest of the way to the door and slid outside. "Does he know?" Hadrian whispered.
"No, but I did give it to him before I left," Tom said smugly.

With that they both walked out of the dungeons and to the main entrance of Hogwarts only to be met with resistance.

"It seems our plans are ruined," Tom stated staring at the locked door in irritation.

"Hardly." Hadrian replied, an idea already forming. "Get under the cloak, I can't guide you otherwise."

Feeling Tom bump into him, he successfully managed to get the cloak around both of them, as always Tom grabbed the back of his cloak as he was prone to doing. He made his way to the one eyed witch hump, tapping the stone and uttering 'Dissendium' and grinning when it opened. He slid through, moving so Tom had enough room to stand beside him. Once they were both in and the secret entrance once again closed, he removed his cloak.

"We're safe now," Hadrian said. Tom then reappeared having removed the spell from his person.

Hadrian guided them both through the secret entrance, he could do it blindfolded, and he knew the area well. He began to slow down five minutes later when the passageway began to get smaller. He pressed up into the stone, grunting in strain, there must be something on top of it…hissing in frustration he put all his strength into it and it finally moved, Hadrian quickly shoved whatever it was away and slid the stone along the floor sighing in relief, his arms were shaking but he felt nothing but a sense of accomplishment.

Peering through the hole, he found it was an extremely large box of chocolates. It had been a hell of a weight; he wouldn't be surprised if there was a dead body in there not chocolate he thought wryly. Climbing through he righted the box and had all the chocolates floating back into place with a single flick of his wand.

"Where are we?" Tom asked as he came through the opening as well.

"Honeydukes," Hadrian explained, "We'll be safe to Apparate out, and it's those that coming in that get deflected off the wards." Hadrian placed his right hand on Tom's shoulder before memorising where he wanted to go, focusing solely on the area he had been Portkey'd to during the third task, the mansion might be different so he didn't want to accidentally Apparate them somewhere else. The landscape was extremely different from his time, so he could only hope he got it right. With that in mind he gathered his magic and Apparated them - without a wand. When you first learned you needed a wand to Apparate and Disapparate but Hadrian wasn't a newbie to magic.

Hadrian stared at Little Hangleton; the mansion was breathtaking, so different from what he remembered. Extremely well kept, he could hear horses neighing in the distance, probably due to the fireworks, (why the hell were they letting of fireworks during a war?) that were exploding colourfully in the night sky. Moving forward, he stared down at the grass, this was where Tom's father would be buried, where he had been held captive while 'Voldemort' was resurrected. What if he couldn't stop it? What if Tom still became Voldemort? It wasn't fear for the future but him, he cared very deeply for him, for Tom, in the past year he had grown attached, but he could never continue to love Tom if he traded his soul for a cheap imitation of immortality, and become insane, short tempered and someone truly fearsome. He would never let Tom treat him how he treated the Death Eaters, and if he severed his soul so many times, then he knew it would only be a matter of time before it did happen. He wouldn't stay, and in the end it would result in a fight, a fight between him and Tom…what if the prophecy could never be ignored? No, Harry thought viscously straightening up proudly.
He was Hadrian Peverell, used to be Harry James Potter, he had defied death so many times, he was the Master of Death, immortal, time meant nothing to him, if it didn't work out then he could do it all over again. He would never let Tom destroy his soul, his mind, his sanity for anything. He had the whole world in his hands, it was his to do as he pleased and he finally understood what Death had been subtly telling him for over a year - he was just ready to accept it now. And wasn't that just Harry's way? Accepting anything if it helped someone he cared for.

Tom watched Hadrian penetratingly, he was completely frozen on the spot, the only reason he could see that happening is if he was overwhelmed, and to be overwhelmed then he must have some sort of memories of this place, which of course he knew Hadrian did. The question was why, had Dumbledore brought him here? Or was it just the one memory? But that made no sense to him, since Harry had spoken about the memory just yesterday with him without freezing. Then just like that Hadrian came out of it, determination radiating from him, if his sudden clenched jaw and posture was anything to go on. What could he say; he was very good at reading people, even Hadrian although it wasn't all the time with him.

"Let's go." Hadrian said abruptly, throwing his cloak over himself, they didn't want to be seen, not that it was possible at this time of night, but the mansion did have some light peering through. He held one side of the cloak up for Tom to get under; it was much easier to go together than both invisible trying to get up there on their own.

They had to take their time making their way through the graveyard, since the area was completely in the dark. The light showing through the mansion (despite the fact there was a damn war going on and they shouldn't have any light showing through) not that it would affect them, since they had money to blow away if they were ever fined for it no doubt, was the only thing leading their way forward.

Stepping through the gates, Harry heard faint whistling, glancing towards the area where he'd heard the noise, he realized it was a kettle; it must be the outhouse that Frank Bryce stayed in. Frank had served in the service during the war, this war to be specific, he had been injured badly, his leg, which had affected him right up until he died. He wondered if it was a different caretaker and gardener in there, but it wasn't why he was here. Moving forward, all this darkness was depressing, the darkest period in Muggle history still had two more years to go before it would end.

Tom took the lead once they were at the large oak door, which was unsurprisingly locked, but not for long, nothing was locked or safe when it came to wizards or witches. They only opened it enough to fit through before closing and locking it again. The house was lit up like the fireworks earlier, each room was brightly lit from what Hadrian could see, and the chandelier was beautiful Hadrian had to admit.

Using a spell to determine how many people were in the house, it came back with just two, both he and Tom. Sighing in relief, he removed the cloak from both of them noticing the odd look on Tom's face.

"Are you alright?" Hadrian whispered quietly, as he moved into the living room, there was a Winchester rifle in a case at the top of the fireplace. The family was rich; they probably hunted animals for sport, which means they probably had other guns on the property, which would be an ideal weapon of choice.

"I could have grown up here," Tom stated his voice dark and dangerous; he was furious and hurt even though he'd never admit it - not even to himself.

"I know," Hadrian replied, and that's probably what set Tom off completely when he confronted his father in what should have been a year's time. Thankfully this time he'd had ample time to deal with
the fact his father was rich, and could have raised him that way too. "He'll probably have the second biggest bedroom," he mused, the parents would have the Master bedroom obviously.

Tom nodded curtly, turning swiftly, he made his way up the stairs, they were obviously out celebrating New Year, and thankfully it was near enough midnight so hopefully they wouldn't need to wait too long. They hadn't planned for this; it was the middle of war, why would anyone be celebrating?

"Well it certainly looks like it has only one person staying in this room," Hadrian commented after Tom opened the door, quickly glancing in the cupboards just to be on the safe side. He was serious about not wanting to use the Obliviation spell, it could be undone. "Definitely." he determined, it was Tom's fathers room. The bedrooms light had been on as well, did they just not care that their carelessness could have killed not only them but everyone in the vicinity in little Hangleton. Not that it would happen of course, since the town was still standing in future.

Tom absolutely refused to touch anything in the room, so instead transfigured a chair and smoothly sat down each move looking as if it had been carefully calculated for weeks. His aristocratic features showed none of his turmoil as he gazed at the door as if somehow willing for this to be over.

Hadrian snorted in amusement, only Tom would conjure up a damn throne to sit on. "Comfortable?" Hadrian asked smirking a little. "I hope you're not expecting me to sit at your feet."

"That is a very good idea," Tom replied, glancing at Hadrian with a heated look on his face.

"In your dreams," Hadrian chortled, shaking his head, he did wonder about one thing, whenever he saw 'Voldemort' he never had shoes on, but Tom always did, was it something he developed after creating Horcruxes? His resurrection? Or just something he came to prefer later in life? Grunting as he was grabbed by the arm and plonked down on Tom's chair, his arm wrapped around his midsection tightly.

"Is that so?" Tom asked, seductively.

"Seriously?" Hadrian muttered he was turned on by this? Or was it the prospect of revenge? Knowing Tom it was probably a combination of both. He couldn't help but shiver in delight as Tom's fingers crept up his stomach, as his breath ghosted his neck. "They could be back any second." damn it he wasn't about to have sex with Tom here of all places, and bloody hell, how was he so good at making him squirm?

"And?" Tom asked his tone low, the feel of Hadrian all over him was very heady, and it grounded his anger, the anger he really wanted to let loose on all the remaining Riddles, yet Hadrian's plan had set something off in his mind. The Gaunt and Riddle property and land being his, privacy, prestige and money was what it screamed to him.

"And I'm not going to be found in a compromising position here of all places!" Hadrian protested, a half squeak half moan leaving his mouth as Tom twisted his nipple until it was a hard sensitive nub. He managed to get to his feet and turn around, thinking of the most disgusting things he could, as he rubbed at himself unconsciously trying to get rid the sexual tension stirring in his body and only making it worse. Tom just chuckled at him as he watched in amusement black eyes gleaming possessively.

"It's not funny," Hadrian stated, a trickle of a whine leaving his voice but barely discernable. Biting his tongue as Tom's hands raised his t-shirt and stroked his sides, urging him forward but without any force, giving him a choice this time. The look on Tom's face made Hadrian unable to deny
him, he had never had anyone look at him that way, he caved and Tom positively radiated smugness out of every pore.

"With that look, I'm half tempted to get back up," Hadrian said, now straddling Tom at his words Tom's fingers pressed him closer, not that he would be able too, with the solid grip Tom had off him and his position which would make getting away next to impossible. One of Tom's hands removed from his ass and his long nimble fingers wrapped around Hadrian's delicate neck, giving him a strong bruising kiss as his fingers stroked the side of his neck feeling the elevated heartbeat as he did so.

Hadrian greedily breathed in air when Tom's lips finally parted from his, Merlin this was so wrong being so hard, so excited at the prospect of being found like this. Either it was just Tom or he was finding the danger exhilarating, which was possible, since he had lived and breathed for it for so long. He was happy with the life he had, he didn't miss the constant danger so why would he get a thrill out of it?

"You...are...mine," Tom enunciated carefully, between sucking and biting at Hadrian's neck, groaning himself as his constant wiggling was putting pressure on his engorged cock. He loved being able to turn Hadrian into a loud quivering wreck, he was so easy to arouse it was heady and enticing. Although he wasn't being particularly vocal right now, but he knew if he wanted to he could.

His thumb turned Hadrian's chin upwards, satisfaction thrumming through him when he saw the marks were bright red. They were definitely going to turn purple, he thought smugly. Inhaling sharply as Hadrian ground into him, thrusting their clothed erections together causing pleasure to shoot through them.

In return Tom bit Hadrian's earlobe teasingly, causing Hadrian to writhe against him, their lips met once more, both of them battling to dominate the kiss, as pleasure furled through them, causing them to gasp in pleasure as their stomachs felt as though a dozen butterflies had been released inside.

Hadrian groaned, ripping his lips away, breathing heavily, moaning at the feel of Tom's lips at his neck, he couldn't help but cock his head to the side, giving him better access, he scooted back just an inch or so, and unzipped Tom's trousers and began to stroke the engorged cock, feeling it enlarging in his hand, the pre-cum leaking from the tip, allowed Hadrian to jerk him off much more effectively. The underwear made it restricting but he didn't much care as his pleasure began to overwhelm everything so completely he was finding it hard to think.

The firmer Hadrian touched Tom, the faster the pre-cum leaked from the engorged shaft; euphoria overcame Hadrian at the feeling of power, of having Tom squirming and moaning under him. Perhaps using this throne (no doubt Tom would always call it a chair) had been a good idea.

Only a few more seconds after Hadrian felt the stirring of his orgasm approaching too many emotions and the constant motion of his hips, rocking back and forth, it hit him suddenly, his body writhing as he ejaculated, his body slumping slightly, he was only half aware of the fact Tom had cum as well, as it splattered all over his hand. They just sat there for who knows how long, basking in the afterglow.

The next thing they became aware of was the loud chiming of the clock as it struck twelve times.

"Happy New Year, Tom," Hadrian murmured, only slightly glad when a cleaning charm washed over the both of them. He was definitely a kinky wizard, something he definitely hadn't pegged him as, getting his rocks off waiting for revenge.
"Happy new year," Tom replied, his fingers running over Hadrian's face, a soft look on his face, soft but still possessive, nobody would ever see Hadrian like this, he would kill anyone that tried... he was his.

Chapter End Notes

:D I hope you enjoyed this chapter which admittedly wasn't as long as I would have liked but i'm sure the next chapter will be filled with enough action to satisfy everyone :) I know they didnt go all the way but as you are all aware i dont do underage, not even if both of them are so until they're sixteen you won't be seeing much of going all the way :P anywhere you want to see them having some fun :P i just had to have Tom depraved enough to get all hot and bothered over getting revenge :D hahaha and Harry for a whole different reason :) I'm really having a lot of fun writing this story I hope you're having fun reading it! is there anyone you'd also like to see more off especially before they're graduating :P will someone still end up on the receiving end of Tom's anger and ended up petrified? or something different? just thinking of things for the future to use now lol R&R please
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lord Of Time

Chapter 41

Time seemed to crawl by for the two wizards, it didn't seem likely that the Riddle's would be back
tonight, but it was impossible, they wouldn't have left all their lights on if they had no intention of returning. It seemed normal customs were still in full effect even during the war, but given all
Hadrian had seen, it didn't really surprise him. It wasn't easy to break the human spirit, this was
their way of giving the finger to their enemies, Britain refused to bow down, to surrender, they
triumph over them and come out stronger than ever before. If anything that one defining moment
should make Tom realize how resilient Muggles were, how strong to overcome all adversary. He
didn't want Tom to like them per se, just realize they weren't the weaklings he thought they were.
Their weaponry was just going to get even more…well terrifying might not be the right word, but
there was just no other name for it, since their weapons weren't exactly a good thing not just for
wizards and witches just people in general.

"If you did get this place what would you do with it?" Hadrian asked, he was leaning against the
windowsill, they reminded him of the alcoves at Hogwarts. The blackout blind things were firmly
in place, but not properly, it was as though it had been done half heartedly or in a rush. It had been
such a run down place in the future, Tom had wanted nothing to do with it, using it for convenience
during the months leading to his rebirth, and having to leave it behind when he got away to reveal
that he was in fact back. He'd had to flee the scene, taking up residence in Malfoy Manor.

"Nothing," Tom stated, sneering at the thought of needing anything from the Riddle's, he didn't
care how much it cost or admittedly how nice the mansion was. It was a damn sight better than the
orphanage he had grown up in because his father was a disgusting coward who refused to own up
to his sons existence.

"I think that could be a mistake," Hadrian commented, sighing softly, boredom was getting the
better of him, it was past three o'clock in the morning, they'd been here for over three hours
already. "Little Hangleton is a small village and the Riddle's own the area, just out of little
Hangleton is the Gaunt shack and the land they have, putting up wards would secure you the
largest and grandest of all manors, the pureblood's would be eating their hearts out, its easy enough
to expand and as you know the bigger the property the more respect you get - pureblood's confuse
the hell out of me." he admitted wryly.

"It's a show of prestige and money, the more you have the higher your standing, the more they
wish to be like you and use you for their own ends but it goes both ways for most part." Tom
replied automatically, he had spent enough time around pureblood's and had learned all their ways,
what he hadn't got word of mouth he had gotten from reading their thoughts. "It's almost as
important as your name," only almost though.

"Power, name and fortune," Hadrian muttered amused, "The three big things required to rub elbows
with any elite society." Muggle or wizard something they had in common. "Truth is they're a bunch
of sheep who like to think they're better than everyone else."

Tom smirked ferally, "That is what makes them perfect followers."
"It's also what makes them ultra competitive," Hadrian said derisively, "Take Avery for example, although I'm not quite sure why he took to antagonising me, its usually just Muggle-born's and half-blood’s the others take aversions to. He went into a lot of trouble to get me out of the picture."

Tom's smirk disappeared and his face darkened like a stormy cloud, "He was jealous, still is, he believed he was better knowledgeable in whom I should date than I."

"Wait, what?" Hadrian turned to face Tom gaping just slightly, completely stunned. "He's gay?" he couldn't have changed the past that much that he'd made Avery's sexual preferences to a complete turn.

"I believe he was more attracted to power, he inevitably wished to join the house of Avery with the house of Slytherin," Tom replied, he had gleaned every single thought from the wizards head in his fury to find out what had happened.

"Well that makes more sense, although he's probably already contracted to marry someone right? Most pureblood's are by the time they get to Hogwarts." Hadrian mused, "It's funny how the presence of one person can change things, he's one of your first you know."

"Pardon?" Tom enquired arching a perfectly sculptured eyebrow at Hadrian, not understanding, and definitely not liking the sound of what he was implying. Avery might have superficial resemblance to Hadrian, dark hair, light skinned, but that was as far as it went, Hadrian had perfect features, the most mesmerising green eyes, while Avery was plain next to Hadrian, relatively unspectacular. There was no way he would have ever been attracted to him.

"First D…follower, and three generations after were yours too." Hadrian replied, he'd almost slipped up and called them Death Eaters, yikes. Contrary to popular belief they hated the name, the media had daubed them as such, and their original name and goals had perished with it. They had called themselves knights, and he would bet his fortune Tom saw himself as the Merlin of the group. "The looks have deteriorated over the years, just like the Parkinson's, its hard to believe they're related. Admittedly there is some resemblance though, which continues to highlight through the generations."

Tom nodded, now that made sense, but Avery was never going to be one of his, not after his stunt that had almost cost him Hadrian. He wasn't a forgiving person, neither was Hadrian, he wouldn't be surprised if he hunted Avery down and killed him after school finished. Thankfully they weren't the only branch of the Avery line, Aiden had a cousin who could take over as the male heir should anything happen to Aiden.

'Do not let the father talk,' Death warned Hadrian, he had been called here due to the impending death of the three Riddle's, the first indication that things weren't going as Hadrian thought they were. He was proud of the process both boys were making, there was hope for the magical world after all. Although Hadrian was one determined young man, always had been, he had no doubt he would and could go to great lengths to accomplish what he desired most.

'Why?' Hadrian enquired, barely wincing now used to the feeling of Death coming to him when he least expected it - or when he did too. He had a good idea why he was being told what he was, but he did like confirmation.

'You already suspect' Death revealed. 'Senior will say a lot of unsavoury things, especially about Merope and it will result in Tom getting furious,' not that it took much, Tom didn't have very much control over his anger oddly enough Hadrian was able to soothe some of that anger, not that it would be realized tonight. Knowing that time was of the essence he left once more so not to distract Hadrian from the task at hand.
"Don't let him talk, cast the spell as soon as he walks through the door, trust me," Hadrian said abruptly, warning him not a moment to soon, as loud joyful laughter was heard in the distance. If Tom did let his father speak he would lose his temper and kill the old man himself. It was said Tom looked a lot like his father and wondered what he looked like…and if he prevented Tom from creating Horcruxes he could end up looking like him in future. So he was curious, in a macabre way it seemed. If he truly had been fifteen years old he would never have stood for this, stood beside Tom with his plans being what they were, but a lot had changed since he was in his fourth year at Hogwarts. Tom was now fifteen as well, since his birthday had technically passed now. He had bought Tom a protection amulet, imbued it with as many spells as he could think of, and the majority of them were from the future so it added to the safety measures, the amulet unsurprisingly was the Slytherin coat of arms. Tom was proud to be a Slytherin as well as be IN Slytherin it was no contest really.

Tom frowned but inevitably nodded curtly, sitting up straighter, his wand noticeably absent - he didn't need it after all, especially not to cast the imperious curse, which he had been casting since he was a young child. Getting people to do whatever he pleased, for however short a time he had the curse placed on them. Anticipation thrummed through him, soon he would get his revenge on the muggle who had given him his name, who had abandoned his mother, and more importantly abandoned him.

Hadrian turned himself so he was facing the door, his face impassive but his eyes gleamed with curiosity. He had to purse his lips listening to the drunken singing 'For Auld Lang Syne' it was the one time nearly the entire world was in sync, a tradition, nearly everywhere sang that song on this night, even the pureblood's surprisingly. He did wonder if they realized they were singing songs that were written by a muggle. Well technically it's a poem that had become a song. His amusement didn't last long, as thoughts began to plague him, did he ever wonder about the son he'd abandoned? Why had he never remarried? Had what Merope done caused that much psychological damage to the man? Had he even told his parents about his son?

Tom stood up, his eyes glacial as he stared at the door, his anger beginning to get the better of him. The urge just to kill him was so strong, when he first began looking for his father he had stupidly hoped perhaps he had no idea he existed, or just didn't know where to find him…anything was better than the orphanage. Hadrian's hand on his shoulder, looking at him in understanding caused some of the anger to diminish so he was able to control himself as precarious as it was.

"I'm surprised they socialise with anyone in the village, they're as snobby as hell, believed they were better than them, just because they have money." Hadrian admitted, they called the Gaunts white trash actually, and it was a good job their property wasn't in little Hangleton otherwise he was sure they would have had them completely homeless instead of living in a derelict shack.

"And you want me to look at them?" Tom pointed out imperiously.

"Oh believe me, you'll get along just fine," Hadrian said sardonically, "Or wait until they die and claim the estate, nobody can say you aren't his son." he looked like him, too much like him for their to be any contest. That and he was on the birth certificate, no there definitely wouldn't be a contest. They would just need to keep an eye on the old couple.

Tom finally understood what Hadrian meant by that statement as the door finally opened, the drunken Muggle groggily making his way into his room, not even realizing there were two people in it and a chair (or throne Hadrian would insist) that shouldn't be there. His jet black hair, with a few smattering of grey if you looked hard enough, was smoothed into place. His eyes were identical, light skinned, tall it was like looking in a mirror.
Those black eyes squinted suddenly, "You..." he slurried in shock, before they glazed over, a sure sign that the curse was now in affect. He straightened up as if the alcohol was no longer affecting him, and it wasn't. Tom Riddle Senior no longer had control over his body or actions. He turned around and began to make his way back down the stairs, leaving Hadrian to realize that Tom had wordlessly given his father orders, something that was increasingly difficult to do, not that he was surprised.

"Let's go," Tom said coolly, he wasn't going to return to Hogwarts and wonder if it had worked. No his father would pay, and he wanted to see his revenge played out. With that Tom disappeared under a disillusion spell, but Hadrian had no trouble keeping up, he could see the indentations in the carpet from where Tom was moving, quickly shuffling under his cloak he followed his footsteps. Which went down the stairs and outside the manor, the father was steps ahead of them, a shotgun in hand.

Ten minutes the three of them walked in silence, and in a single file too. The Gaunt shack loomed closer each move they made, the snakes were pinned up everywhere, the gate, the fence and the house. It made Hadrian grimace in disgust, killing snakes was just wrong on so many levels, especially considering they could understand them. The Gaunt's should revere them, not use them as decorations. The Taipan snake he had was in the dorm, he had warned him against moving especially tonight, since they were all going to be blind drunk, it was best to stay out of the way. He hadn't even considered killing it despite the fact it was one of the most poisonous snakes in the world.

Hadrian remained outside, as did Tom as the father entered the shack, which wasn't hard everything was rotten, all that was heard was "What are you doing here you disgusting filthy Mugg-" then the shotgun was fired, then the thump of a body hitting the floor, Hadrian idly wondered if it had been a kill shot if that was the case...what would they do with Tom Riddle Senior? Then green light encompassed the house, and another muted thud alerted them to their plan working...perhaps a bit too well.

Straining to hear, Hadrian moved forward a little, there was nothing not even pained groaning to indicate that Morfin Gaunt was still alive. He didn't want to summon Morfin's wand, he didn't want to disturb the scene of the crime. The Auror's in this time investigating a wizarding death might be a bit better at it than the Auror's from his time. "Invenio!" murmured Hadrian, and the spell came back empty, despite the fact he knew two people was inside, they must be dead. "They're dead." he informed Tom, and he relaxed, obviously very glad that they were both dead and had paid for their sins against his mother and him. There was something else there, he wasn't quite sure what it was but Hadrian knew he'd figure it out.

Tom moved towards the door, his sharp gaze looking around at the dwellings, this was Salazar Slytherin's heirs, living in squalor because they couldn't manage their money. He would bring the name back to what it was meant to be, he would be the heir, the lord of the Slytherin line. He wouldn't have the money if it hadn't been for Hadrian, he would never have thought to use the Basilisk skin and venom to make money, Gringotts did get a percentage of it, but they were the one selling it for him. Considering basilisk shed every year, he calculated in regards to fortune he would have by the time he left Hogwarts, he deduced he would be at least in the top ten.

He gazed at the bodies, one bloody and the other looking untouched, he felt nothing but cold satisfaction.

"Come on, we better get back to Hogwarts," Hadrian said quietly after watching Tom staring at the bodies for what felt like hours presumably since his feet were pointed in the direction of the house. "The longer we're out the more chance we have of being caught."
"We'll be fine, nobody will be stupid enough to refute our statements," Tom assured him.

"Fine I'm tired and cold, I want to head back," Hadrian stated, and staring at dead bodies wasn't exactly his idea of a good time. This was Tom's revenge, the people he wanted to get revenge on weren't twinkles in anyone's eyes right now, even when they were, they weren't going to be the same people he knew. His chance of revenge was gone, but at least Tom had gotten his at least, and hopefully without rousing Dumbledore's suspicion. "Plus magic was just done in front of a Muggle, the authorities will be here soon I think." they always knew when magic was performed in front of Muggles - although how long it took was anyone's guess.

"How exactly do you suggest we get back? You said it yourself, the shop only activates the wards when someone tries to get in not out." Tom enquired, they couldn't walk in the front doors they were closed up, probably due to the fact they knew people would be drinking.

"We'll be Apparating straight back to the tunnel itself, not the shop nor Hogwarts, there's a small area where the wards don't have covered." Hadrian revealed.

"Why didn't you Apparate from there?" Tom asked momentarily puzzled.

"Because it's difficult, it's right at the bottom of the steps. We'll need to be crouched down, which you know makes it difficult and the landing a bitch. I would have done it if there was no alternative." Hadrian admitted, "It seems we don't have one now, I'm not waiting around for the fireworks... so to speak." he added remembering the earlier fireworks. He still thought they were insane letting fireworks off during war, might as well light up a neon sign telling the enemy where they all were.

"Then do it," Tom demanded.

Hadrian moved towards where Tom was, feeling around for the invisible wizard, it didn't take long at all. Grasping a hold of his arm, he breathed softly, he hoped to hell this worked, the landing was going to impossible. Closing his eyes he envisioned where he wanted to go clearly, remembering exactly where the hole in the wards was he coaxed his magic over them both before Apparating, there was no way they'd get away with staying out of Hogwarts all night, not without being caught and even Professor Slughorn wouldn't cover or be lenient with such a blatant show of disrespect towards school rules.

The next thing that went through both young wizards was pain, from their heads smashing into the passageway ceiling, they both crumpled to their knees, clutching at their foreheads as agony thrummed painfully through them. Regardless of that pain each of them flexed their limbs, feet, legs, fingers, arms and torso, they had Apparated fully in tact, now that was something they wouldn't be able to explain considering neither of them were legally allowed to Apparate anywhere ever.

"Are you alright?" Hadrian rasped painfully, removing his cloak for the moment, relaxing a little as the pain slowly, very slowly began to diminish.

"Fine," Tom replied, his tone slightly off giving away his lie, he certainly never would be attempting such a stunt again.

"Right," Hadrian said, doubt coating his voice as he slumped down on the very bottom step letting the pain slowly fade. It was more a jarring shock and a knock to the head than anything else really. "You never took the ring." he realized quite shocked, Tom liked to take trophies.

"Ring?" Tom queried, able to see Hadrian but he couldn't see him.
"The Gaunt ring, the last of the heirlooms besides Slytherin's locket." Hadrian explained, technically it belonged to him really. They were his items, they would all be in his possession one day. The day he fought Grindelwald and reclaimed his wand for himself was the day the hallows would be reunited with their master once more. Tom had worn it as a trophy before deciding it would be his Horcrux, for some reason Tom had never realized what it was. Then again even if he had Tom probably wouldn't have cared, why would he? The only contact he wanted with the dead was the Inferi at least that version of him. He didn't consider them the same person, despite the fact they were really, just different versions.

"Does it actually belong to Slytherin?" Tom demanded. Hadrian remembering the ring at this moment made him wonder if the ring meant more to Hadrian than he let on, perhaps it said more about Hadrian than when he was said and done. He would ask him later, catch him off guard. Even as he thought this, he knew it wouldn't happen, there was no way to catch him truly off guard, he was careful, just like him.

"Not Salazar no, but it has been in the Slytherin line a long time," Hadrian commented, rubbing his temple, Voldemort was a version he hoped to never see in Tom. Oddly enough the name Voldemort had never been brought up, had his conversation with him been enough to eradicate the thought of changing his name? None of which he had said had been untrue, the person was responsible for what they make of their name. Although it could be his decision to go through Gringotts and get his name changed legally. As well as he knew Tom he didn't know his every single thought. He certainly hadn't seen this, them together, when he first caught Tom's eye during his first day here in this time. Especially given the fact he had particularly be dismissed by Tom as something inconsequential and unimportant. Tom had probably learned never to read a book by its cover, for it was very deceptive - he had changed his tune pretty quickly.

"Are you alright?" Tom asked, his voice slightly concerned, he was awfully quiet and he had already recovered, sure his head was still throbbing occasionally but it was easily dismissible, and Hadrian had a high pain tolerance.

"Yeah," Hadrian murmured bringing himself out of his thoughts, "Let's head back." he added, standing up shakily at first, but soon regained his bearings. He shouldn't be going back to the dorm to sleep, he'd bashed his head, admittedly it wouldn't be the first time it had happened, although it was the first for it being his own fault.

"Let's," Tom replied, not bothering to unveil himself, he would just need to reapply it in five minutes once they reached the other end of the secret passageway. Since he wasn't using his wand it was taking quite a bit out of him. It never used to, but he'd never had to do coursework and his Wandless magic. He knew the more he continued the better he would get at it. It didn't take a genius to figure it out, he had been able to do small things to begin with and now he was capable of things the magical world said wasn't possible. Like being able to perform the unforgivable curses without a wand, both he and Hadrian could against all odds. Both of them were going to be powerful, Dumbledore would truly rue the day he messed with both of them. Especially considering he had the upper hand through Hadrian, the knowledge of what was to come.

The world wouldn't know what hit it, between the pair of them they were going to change the magical world - and for the better. Tom Riddle's version of better at any rate whether that was a good thing or not only time would tell.

Hadrian would have given anything for the Marauders map right now, he thought as they approached the statue concealed entrance. He put his cloak over him once more before they climbed out once ensuring the coast was clear. The teachers wouldn't be out making rounds at this time of night, it was probably fast approaching four am, but he wasn't taking a chance. They might
still be out and about making sure all the students were where they were supposed to be and safe, they weren't stupid enough to believe that there was no drinking going on especially by the seventh year students.

The map, he had three more years of Hogwarts still to go, he wondered if he could actually make a map, Sirius and Remus had given him a rundown of what they'd done to it when he had asked, before their deaths obviously. It hadn't been a step by step instructions, just more of a boasting about what they'd done as teenagers during the Christmas at Grimmauld Place. If his father, godfather and Remus could make it as teenagers surely he could too? He had more experience than they had when they made it.

Grunting in shock when he was grabbed around the middle, he forced himself to keep silent, and realized moments later why. When he'd been deep in thought he'd completely forgotten about the stairs. Tom had just saved him from falling down an entire flight of stairs, how he'd realized that he was distracted was anyone's guess, he had a damn invisibility cloak over his head after all. "Thanks," he muttered breathlessly, "Why and how?" wondering when Tom was going to let him go, he was pressed between him and the stair post and not lightly either.

"You get really quiet when your deep in thought, that and your feet were scuffing another sign," Tom whispered, and he was glad he had caught the signs and him in time.

"Makes me wonder…what exactly is there to be curious about when it comes to me?" Hadrian said breathlessly, it was just recently that the Slytherin's, more specifically Carrow told him everyone had been curious and still were since the moment he'd Apparated into Hogsmeade.

"Everything," Tom said possessively, and he wouldn't rest until he knew every little thing, thought, fear that Hadrian carried with him. Now that the danger was over, he reluctantly moved back a little.

"How come you aren't even slightly tired? We've not had sleep for over twenty four hours now," Hadrian asked, his voice sounding amused. Then all that was heard was light footsteps, each other could hear them, but the portraits remained blessedly asleep, snoozing in their frames. Whether they actually slept or not was anyone's guess, the portraits didn't give away all their secrets after all.

"I just have more decorum than to display it," Tom said haughtily.

Hadrian laughed quietly, having to muffle it, "You've taken a Pepper-Up potion haven't you?" he guessed still chortling.

"Perhaps," Tom replied, not actually admitting to it and curiously enough not denying it either.

"That's definitely a yes," Hadrian replied, "And it was absolutely a great idea." he was going to be asleep the moment his head hit the pillow. Thankfully they wouldn't need to get up early, they still had a few days holiday before being forced to return to classes again. He wasn't looking forward to the tediously numb classes, although he had to admit he did enjoy a fair few, and those were all ones he had not taken or could not take in the past, his past.

Tom merely chuckled at him as they effortlessly got back on the ground floor and headed straight for the common room. They didn't see a single ghost, House-elf or professor the entire way, the school was in darkness and silence. Barely whispering the password, they stepped inside, grimacing at the smell wafting towards them, the smell of sick, there were bottles strewn all over the floor, the smell of alcohol made it a safe bet that there was also spills all over the place.
Hadrian removed his cloak and flicked out his wand and cast a weak "Lumos!" just so they could actually see a few feet ahead of them to get safety to the stairs. The pair of them stepped over anything that wasn't the stone floor, bottles, cups and spills. You would think they'd be safe reaching the stairs, they were wrong, they had to go on their tip toes to get up them without standing in anything and the smell? It almost made them retch up their own food. "The dorm better not be a mess," he cursed, as he finally made it outside his own dorm after stepping over a drunken idiot who had obviously NOT been able to get back to their dorm and fell asleep where they were.

Opening the door he sighed in relief when he wasn't met with more repugnant odours. "Nox," the sight of his bed was very welcoming, he'd barely taken a few feet towards it when he was prevented by Tom's hand around his wrist, urging him towards his bed. Rolling his eyes, he just shrugged and toed off his shoes and shoved his invisibility cloak and his every day cloak under the bed, then took his trousers and socks off before sliding under the warm covers, as predicted the lack of sleep caught up on him as soon as his head hit the pillow, the last thing he felt was Tom's arms wrapping around him and pulling him close before he was out for the count.

Chapter End Notes

Anyone having trouble with this story with the huge bomb dropped by JKR and the others with the cursed child? Don't worry no spoilers but bloody hell! I did not see that coming a mile away! Thankfully i'll get my groove back pretty quickly and hopefully this will be the only chapter thats a little lacking something i just dont know what...or why either maybe it was the fact i was babysitting and didnt get to sit and type it all at once or the book maybe a combination :D R&R please
Chapter 42

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lord Of Time

Chapter 42

Classes soon enough resumed within Hogwarts, leaving the Christmas spirit behind and got back to normal. Hadrian mostly felt sorry for the House-elves (he knew they had enough magic to clean with a click of their fingers though so it wasn't so bad, they didn't have to get down and dirty in the disgusting sick that people had left in puddles on New Year), he was pretty sure it wasn't just the Slytherin's that celebrated so vivaciously, although during his schooling while in Gryffindor there hadn't been a single party quite like the one he'd experienced these past years as a student in Slytherin. Sure Fred and George had snuck in Butterbeer and treats, but fire whiskey had been a precious commodity that not many Gryffindors brought out to share. Most Gryffindors in his time were actually Muggle-born's, Half-blood's or purebloods with not much in the way of wealth. While everyone within Slytherin had more than they could spend in a single lifetime. There hadn't been three wars yet that decimated the magical population.

"I hate the first day back," Lestrange groaned, sitting there looking much like an inferi, he was utterly exhausted. He hadn't been able to sleep before one am, and was back up at six to get ready for the day ahead. Despite the fact he was exhausted he hadn't neglected his pureblood decorum, he was impeccably dressed and for most part didn't show just how exhausted he was. His back straight, calmly eating breakfast he was hungry but his stomach wasn't quite agreeing with him.

"You say that every time," Carrow said rolling his eyes, after summer holidays, Christmas, Easter and so on. "We have DADA first thing, you best be awake for it," Merrythought was harsh on slackers, and more often than not did something productive after the holidays, last year had been a duel, everyone loved practical lessons.

"You wrote your essay didn't you? Professor Slughorn won't let you hear the end of it if you haven't!" Hadrian asked, sliding down to sit on the bench opposite them, his bag plonking on the floor as Hadrian began grabbing toast, wedging sausage and bacon between them, and began to chew on them hastily, absently adding a lot of scrambled egg to his plate, he had approximately five minutes, which would leave him only with five minutes to get to class. He noticed a lot of the others had already left, or were in the process of gathering their bags to go.

"Oh no," Lestrange whispered horrified, his eyes extremely round, he'd completely forgotten his potions essay.

"Here's your mail, the owls were getting impatient," Carrow said, handing over the small bundle of letters, unopened and put them beside Hadrian's breakfast so he could pick them up before he left.

Hadrian snorted in amusement, "Guess that's your lunch hour taken up then," he commented as he ate his scrambled egg hastily swallowing thickly before saying. "Thanks Amycus,"

Lestrange grunted in annoyance and agreement, he couldn't go to class without it, and he wasn't going to ask anyone to help, he wanted to go an entire year without owing someone a debt to collect later. It wasn't just small things anymore; they were becoming more unreasonable and bothersome as they got older. He'd usually ask Avery…unfortunately he couldn't do that not
without commit social suicide. He missed him, he'd grown up with him after all, but his actions were inexcusable. He was lucky he hadn't been bloody killed, a poisonous snake of all things, he just wished Avery had spoken to him so he could have talked him out of it or something.

"Where's Tom?" Dolohov asked, glancing at Hadrian waiting for a reply expectantly.

"He's coming," Hadrian replied he'd literally just jumped out of bed got dressed and came down; Tom was probably just out the shower. He wasn't exactly vain about his looks but he did use it to get what he wanted, that and he always kept up an impeccable appearance he acted more 'pureblood' than the actual pureblood's did. The first thing he'd done with money was buy clothes that would make even the pureblood's sit up and take notice as if his powers didn't do that for him already. They'd never slept in quite so badly before, he nor Tom had ever actually missed breakfast. While Tom had never been starved, there was never quite enough food to go around especially after the war had begun.

The warning bell chose that exact moment to go off.

Cursing he stood up, swung his bag over his back and quickly nabbed a couple of napkins and filled pieces of toast with bacon, harsh browns, egg, black pudding and sausages for Tom. The others stood up automatically and followed him, much to Hadrian's confused amusement, and he wasn't Tom why would they act like he was? He smirked a little and sped up, they did too automatically he really had to suppress a laugh.

It didn't take them long to reach the DADA class, the classroom door was open but the teacher wasn't anywhere to be seen. Hadrian walked in and took his seat at the back of the classroom, noticing a cupboard at the front of the stairs to the teacher's office, the others sat in the two rows of seats in front of him. The majority of Slytherin's trickled in and sat down before even a single Gryffindor made an appearance. Charles Potter was one of them, apart from his green eyes it was scary how much he had looked like him, he would go so far as to say he looked more like his grandfather than he had his dad.

Tom made his appearance directly after him, annoyed at Hadrian's attention being on someone else, a Gryffindor of all things, but the jealousy wasn't there, of course it wasn't, and he knew the wizard was Hadrian's grandfather. He slid into the inside seat, setting his bag on the floor beside him everyone aware of him and his power.

"Here," Hadrian said, passing over the two napkins wrapped breakfast filled toast. It went without saying that he had better be quick in eating it, if Merrythought caught him she'd deduct points…or maybe not given that it was Tom, he could charm any teacher into getting what he wanted, with one exception - Dumbledore.

"Thanks," Tom murmured gratefully, glancing up to make sure the professor wasn't there and began to eat. If it had been anyone else to hand it to him he wouldn't have said a word.

Sudden thumping had the Gryffindors jumping in fright and startling the Slytherins. "What the bloody hell was that?" one of the students cried out.

"Well…this is going to be an interesting class," Hadrian said staring at the cupboard that once again thumped, it didn't startle anyone this time.

"What is in there?!" another student asked a little worriedly.

"A Boggart," Hadrian commented.
"A Boggart?" squeaked one of the Gryffindors eyes wide.

"I've heard of those, they're amortal shape-shifting non-beings that take the shape of whatever we fear the most." Charles Potter said, staring at the cupboard curiously. "Nobody knows what they look like, since as soon as it comes out it transforms into the shape we fear the most."

"Very well done, Mr. Potter, ten points to Gryffindor!" Merrythought exclaimed as she entered the classroom. "Can anyone else tell me anything about them?" seeing hands raise, she pointed to Tom, "Yes, Tom?"

"The spell to counter their attack is 'Riddikulus', professor, but one must think of something funny or amusing to transform it into," Tom said smoothly. His hands swiping at his clothes to ensure all crumbs were gone, the napkins in his pocket already.

"Ten points to Slytherin, yes, Riddikulus is the only known way to counter a Boggart attack," Merrythought said, standing in front of her desk. She noticed that Hadrian Peverell had his hand up, so she called on him too, wondering what he could add. "Yes, Mr. Peverell?"

"They're sentient to a certain degree," Hadrian informed her.

"I am afraid that it is incorrect, Mr. Peverell," Merrythought replied, "But it certainly is something worth thinking about."

Hadrian just hummed, sitting back, he wasn't about to argue with the teacher, ignoring the sniggering, or the muttered words of him being 'stupid' coming from the Gryffindors, he knew they were from personal experience. They didn't just take on the form of something that scares you; it can literally make you feel the same thing too. Like the Dementor his Boggart had transformed into, he had felt its affect as if had been the real thing, admittedly not quite so fully but enough. He'd even heard of a Boggart transforming into a Banshee, and their scream had affected the classroom causing DADA to be cancelled and the students taken to Madam Pomfrey. He ignored the looks the others were giving him, he knew what they were thinking, wondering if he was just guessing or if he was actually right - and they had to admit that Hadrian was never wrong. He doubted the Dementor was still the thing he feared the most, and wondered what it was his Boggart would turn into now.

"Now stand up in a single row on the left side of the room! Nice and carefully you'll all get a turn!" Merrythought admonished them, levitating the desks to the other side of the room before bringing the cupboard closer, so it wasn't stuck in a corner and she could help if they needed it. The banging got intensely louder as if it sensed everybody's fear from the other side of the door. "Wands out!"

Hadrian leaned against the wall coolly, he had done this once, and there was nothing exciting about it to him. Tom was in front of him; they removed their wands, and began to utter the spell when they were asked to. Hadrian cocked his head to the side, watching the others step forward one at time to face their fears. Mummies wrapped in bandages, large spiders, snakes, rats, Thestrals, quite a few had what was probably their parents, judging by the resemblance saying they were failures and not worthy of being the heir, Avery saw his own dead body with a puncture wound to his neck, which was most definitely supposed to be a snake bite. Others had people Hadrian didn't recognize appearing, dead.

The row was starting to thin down, and the teacher had only had to intervene once so far, Lestrange stepped forward confidently, wand raised waiting, and he didn't have to wait long. A large hissing basilisk appeared, and it definitely wasn't hissing in snake language, because neither he nor Tom could understand a word it hissed. "Riddikulus!" Lestrange rasped out, shuddering, not quite looking at the snake for fear of it killing or petrifying him. The snake turned into a harmless dog,
which yapped playfully causing everyone to laugh and coo over it.

Carrow went next; facing his father telling him he was a failure, "Riddikulus," Amycus cast and his father was gone replaced by a clown. Hadrian definitely wanted to know where he had seen a clown, that was definitely a Muggle thing…at least he assumed so; he'd never seen a clown in the magical world.

"Interesting," Hadrian muttered quietly, Tom's lips twitched, giving a nod, he was thinking the same thing.

Dolohov stepped forward, and saw Avery, Lestrange, Tom and Hadrian all denouncing him, but before anything too vicious could be said, he had cast the spell, it turned into a jack-in-box one of those really old fashioned wind up ones.

"Very good," Merrythought said, nodding, she'd assumed for a moment there she would need to intervene.

Orion stepped forward, gripping his wand tightly, squeaking when his worst fear showed itself, a very large werewolf, snarling with its sharp pointy fangs glistening in the moonlight. "R-r-r-Riddikulus!" he managed to get out, then the werewolf had on a red cloak, no teeth and very large eyes, a nod to the child's tale they were told as young children.

"Oh my what big eyes you have," one of the Gryffindors said in a high pitched voice laughing uproariously, the other Gryffindors laughed with him.

Hadrian watched Tom closely; he was the only one he'd known what the Boggart turned into. It was obvious really, Tom had been scared of death from a young age, and he would see himself dead, although this one would actually be Tom not the Voldemort look alike. He was correct of course, it was himself dead he was seeing, Hadrian thought with sadness, but his eyes widened in shock when it morphed into himself dead, now that would have been freaky if he hadn't seen himself dead-like by a Boggart before. Instead all he felt was shock that him dying was one of Tom's worst fears, it spoke volumes…a lot of volume actually.

"Riddikulus!" Tom stated confidently, he would never let either one happen, he would ensure that.

"Next," Merrythought said, gesturing for Hadrian to move forward. "Come now, Mr. Peverell, we don't have all day."

"I don't think it's a good idea," Hadrian said, he wasn't sure if anyone would be affected if his Boggart was still a Dementor but they could be.

"If you want zero points for today's class then very well," Merrythought barked.

A lot of the students were laughing now.

Hadrian sighed, "Very well, on your head be it," Hadrian informed her and stood in front of the Boggart before she could say anything. The Slytherin's sensing it was going to be something dramatic took a few steps back just to be on the safe side, unfortunately they weren't any safer there than anyone else. The room began to get freezing cold, as one by one each of the students began to succumb to their worst memories, the teacher completely paralyzed as a Dementor began to float in the middle of the classroom.

Only once his own memories began to get the better of him did Hadrian flick out his wand, "EXPECTO PATRONUM!" and a Jackal of all things leapt from Hadrian's wand causing many of the pureblood's to shriek in horror knowing what that spell did to dark wizards. It didn't happen; the
jackal instead surrounded the Boggart, forcing it back into the cupboard before Hadrian slammed it shut with a loud deafening thud. The room remained ominously silent, as the students continued to shudder under the affects of the Dementors.

"What on earth is going on here?" Professor Boots cried out as she entered the room having heard the loud commotion. The Muggle studies teacher froze at the sight of all the students clearly affected by something…but what? She couldn't see anything that could have caused it.

"We were being taught how to defend ourselves against a Boggart, Professor Boots," Lestrange explained straightening up refusing to show fear. "Hadrian's Boggart was a...a...Dementor."

"Mr. Peverell are you alright?" the professor immediately asked, zoning in on him concern splashed across her face.

"I warned Professor Merrythought that it wasn't a good idea," Hadrian said, not even glancing at the teacher but just watching the jackal roam around the room.

The Muggle studies teacher immediately twirled around in search for her colleague, eyes widening in shock when she saw the fully fledged patronus. Gaping in astonishment, she literally had to stop herself thinking on it further, she had to ensure everyone was alright, she'd never expected to hear that they'd just faced a damn Dementor and somehow were feeling its affects. Then she saw her, quickly grabbing a hold of the catatonic woman, she began herding her from the classroom, making her way the few doors down to the hospital wing, calling out for Healer Change before she'd even opened the door.

"Dear Merlin, what happened?" Change asked, moving forward worried for the vacant woman.

"Mr. Peverells Boggart turned into a Dementor, the entire class is feeling the affects," Boots quickly explained in a hushed rush.

"POPPY! Come at once!" Change called out, "Put her on the bed, inform Poppy to give her a calming draught." with that she was stepping out her ward and making her way to the Defence classroom.

For the half hour, Healer change was truly run ragged as she got all the students to the hospital wing and administered calming draughts to them all. Then she'd had to contact both groups head of house to be there and the Headmaster, Merrythought was the worst off, understandably she wasn't a child and had more memory's and things to fear.

"How is everyone?" Dippet commanded as he entered the room, his eyes filled with concern for each and every student.

"Some are sleeping it off as you can see, some are still feeling a bit of a chill," Change informed him, as she placed a cup of hot chocolate in the hands of each student that was still awake. There was a chocolate biscuit on the saucer for them that would get rid of any lingering affects.

"How are you feeling, Hadrian?" Dippet asked, sitting down next to him.

"I'll be alright, Headmaster," Hadrian said giving him a grateful smile.

"The thing you had to fear is fear itself, you are a constant surprise," Dippet said, patting at his arm. If he had known Merrythought's plans he would have pulled Hadrian from the class. Out of fear that seeing his attackers again could cause him more emotional upheaval when he was just
learning to live a normal unencumbered life. It was nice to see Hadrian enjoying himself, laughing, making friends; he'd feared for a while that Hadrian had just been too damaged by his life with the Muggles to adapt. He'd thrown himself into his work, then suddenly he and Tom were talking and eating together, he was exactly what Hadrian had needed, calm, just as much a hard worker and had a group of friends.

"I did try and tell her it was a bad idea," Hadrian added, pretending to be scared of possible expulsion.

"Oh, dear me, no, you aren't responsible nobody is," Dippet waved his concern away. Glancing up he looked for Tom and he didn't need to look far, he was on the next bed after all, you'd never find one far away from the other. "How are you fairing, Tom?"

"I'm fine, Headmaster Dippet," Tom said, giving him a smile, the only ones that knew it was completely fake was Dumbledore, Hadrian and of course their close friends.

"There's no need to be so strong all the time, Tom, you have good friends who will be there for you when you need them," Headmaster Dippet informed him sympathy written across his face. The newspaper had reported a fight to the death between a man Tom Riddle Senior and Morfin Gaunt, with how pale Tom had gone, it had been obvious to all that at least one of them was a family member. Probably his father and he knew Tom had grown up in an Orphanage, what a way to find out your father had been alive, in a wizarding newspaper reporting his death.

Tom turned to face Hadrian, black eyes possessive, "I do, Headmaster, I know," Hadrian would do absolutely anything for him, that much had become obvious on New Year. It had been the turning point for Tom, and unfortunately the Boggart had opened up another one before its time.

Dumbledore just observed the scene suspicion churning in his gut, he had done something about it, he had anonymously written to the Ministry and implied they should question Tom Riddle days ago, that not everything was as it seemed. He wasn't sure if anything would come of it, he knew the history between Gaunt and Riddle, and it had started long before the boy had been born. He was positive that Tom Riddle had something to do with it, it was all too convenient, and he couldn't remove the boy's wand and check it, not without cause, and the Auror's didn't exactly need cause, just suspicion. He couldn't let them two out into the world if they were breaking the law.

"Headmaster Dippet?" a voice called out walking into the hospital wing, eyes widening when he saw it was full of students.

"You called the Auror's?" Hadrian squeaked out in shock, finding hilarity in Auror Prewitts eyes widening as well as the look of confused bafflement on Dippet's face. "I conjured a patronus when I realized what was going on! I didn't mean for anyone to get hurt!"

"Calm down, I'm sure they aren't here for that," Dippet calmed the hysterical wizard down, before standing up and heading over to them, he noticed that Prewitt was with his usual partner Auror Moody.

Hadrian turned to Tom, raising an eyebrow, questioning whether Tom had been able to glean their surface thoughts to find out why they were there. He was just sitting there his brow furrowed, either he was thinking about what he learned, or he hadn't been able to get anything from their thoughts and he didn't like it. He wasn't sure which way he preferred it be. Turning back he found that the Headmaster had left with the Auror's, seeing a flash of buoyant orange robes his eyes narrowed suspiciously, Dumbledore was the nosiest wizard in the world, there was no way he wasn't curious about what was going on…unless…unless he knew already…
Climbing out of bed, he put his cup down and napped his biscuit and made his way over to Tom's side, Tom shuffled to the side and Hadrian climbed beside him. "What did you get?" Hadrian whispered into Tom's ear, keeping an eye out on Dumbledore, who was watching them, his blue eyes filled with fire.

"They're here to question me," Tom told him, keeping his voice very low too, he'd only gotten it because of their surprise when Hadrian had distracted them enough with talks of Patronuses.

"I think Dumbledore's behind it," Harry whispered, he hadn't done that in the future...or maybe he had, perhaps he'd charmed the Aurors...who knew? Or maybe they hadn't had much to investigate due to the fact that Morfin Gaunt had confessed everything.

Tom's eyes flashed furiously, his teeth bearing animalistic like, the feel of Hadrian touching his hand, "Calm down, they won't think a fifteen year old did it, alright? They've probably been told by their superior to investigate for the sake of covering all bases and return to the Ministry. I know you can do it," he added smirking a little, before getting himself comfortable and eating his biscuit. He had missed Transfiguration with Dumbledore, then Potions after lunch.

Hadrian noticed that Lestrange was scribbling away at the end of his bed, and he would bet anyone ten galleons that it was that potions essay he had forgotten. It wasn't long before an annoyed Dippet and sheepish Auror's entered the hospital wing again. All the while Hadrian rubbed his knuckles against Tom's hand. Trying to tell him to keep his cool without saying any words.

Well they wouldn't be laughing at him anymore, he thought staring at the Gryffindors before trailing back towards his own housemates, the teacher was still catatonic, she would also be forced to revaluate her belief that Boggarts weren't sentient. He certainly hadn't seen all this occurring when he stepped forth to face the blasted Boggart.

Chapter End Notes

well what did you think of this chapter? :D lot of action in it and during school time too :D I know i've been having it happening in the halls or common room too much so i thought i'd try something in the classroom...any suggestions are welcomed and thank you to werebunny for the idea for Hadrian's patronus ;)) you're awesome! how long will tom wait before trying to gain his lordship? will Dumbledore realize what he's doing and try and prevent it only to be outsmarted by Harry again? will Dumbledore begin to really meddle in their lives? or will they just evade him? will Riddle Mansion become Slytherin Manor? or will they go to a Peverell ancestral home? maybe a different one each time? will we have Dobby make an appearance? we know House-elves die...or at least can die due to the fact Kreacher is old and the house-elves heads in Grimmauld Place but its never specified how :P or is that just a bit too predictable? probably...oh well we can wait :D R&R please
"Irene may we have use of your office for a brief interval?" Dippet asked. A frown still present on his face. The Aurors had brought the letter they had anonymously received, and the writing was familiar enough that he knew who had sent it. Albus had tried to hide his most obvious handwriting traits, but he wasn't anyone and was very familiar with his deputy Headmasters writing, the way he looped the y, g and a was extremely telling. He didn't understand why he would write such a disgusting letter, Tom was just a young boy, and he had seen how desolate and pale he had become upon reading the newspaper. He felt awful at the way the young orphan had found out about his family. Now this? Albus accusing the lad of having something to do with it when it was obvious what had happened. No he was quite frankly flummoxed at what Albus was doing, and he was very disappointed that he would mark Tom's name on a feeble suspicion. He wasn't sure whether to call Albus out on it or let the matter rest and keep an eye on things. If Albus kept this vindictive streak against a fifteen year old student it meant he truly wasn't the best bet for being his deputy headmaster. It had been in his thoughts especially after Albus giving three years worth of homework to Hadrian, a boy who had been tortured and hurt beyond his comprehension.

"Of course, it's empty at the moment, go on through," Irene Chang said, happy enough to let the Headmaster and Aurors use her office.

"Tom?" the Headmaster said as he approached the teenager's bed, "Do you have a minute to speak with the Aurors?"

"Now why would the Auror's need to speak with my student?" Horace demanded before Tom could reply, eyes narrowed as if he sensed a threat against his snakes.

"We need to ask him a few questions," Auror Aaron Moody said trying to soothe the irate teacher who had his arms on his hips looking to protest loudly.

"Not without my presence, I am his head of house and he is my ward while he is within these walls," Horace replied immediately none of his suspicion leaving him.

"He's correct of course," Dippet confirmed it was in the rules, "Legally you cannot speak to him without his head of house and the headmaster present."

"Why do you need to talk to him at all?" Hadrian asked, already knowing the answer but knowing that any friend would ask that exact question.

"It's a private matter, we merely need his help," Prewitt commented, they weren't in the business of revealing private details of everyone's lives or worse questioning them in front of others. They weren't legally allowed to reveal any information to anyone actually unless they were directly involved. He could feel the eyes of all the students boring into him, all trying to listen in on what was revealed so they could gossip about it.

Tom gracefully moved out of the bed, standing up without a single sign that the Dementors had even affected him, and perhaps they had not. He rounded the bed and stalked over to the office,
looking as if he was the one doing the leading, much to the amusement of the adults, who of course, assumed Tom, was just eager to get this over with.

Horace was the first to walk after Tom, and quickly got enough seats conjured for everyone who would be at this little meeting. His mind whirling, wondering what on earth they would need Tom's 'help' for, not that he believed it was to 'help' them there was something going on and he wanted to get to the bottom of it quickly.

"Now what is this about? Tom needs to rest, he's had quite an eventful class this morning," Slughorn said imperiously, sitting up straight and staring at the Aurors.

"Just a few questions," Prewitt said, trying once more to calm Slughorn down.

"What do you need to know?" Tom asked staring at the Aurors, his face set in a serene mask, keeping his suspicion and fury tucked away. If Hadrian was right and Dumbledore had done this, he was going to make sure the old fool paid for this. Dumbledore couldn't have any proof whatsoever, yet he'd called on the Aurors? On HIM! Calming himself, Hadrian's voice echoed in his mind that he could do this. Of course he could, he'd charmed almost everyone he had met. He knew what others thought of him, 'brilliant but parentless, so brave and a model student' even Horace knew he was going to go places in society.

"Do you know Tom Riddle Senior?" Moody asked getting straight to it.

"It depends on your definition of know, sir," Tom said smoothly, his dark eyes gazing earnestly into the Aurors.

"Have you ever met him?" Moody corrected himself, feeling right a right idiot for doing this.

"No, sir," Tom said quietly, looking down at his feet giving a little sniff, "I had intended on looking for him once the war was over and I had graduated Hogwarts. I had no idea if he was alive or not, all I had to go on was my birth certificate which listed him as my father. I grew up in an orphanage you see, and I assumed at first that my father was a wizard, but using my name I looked up the school paper archives to find any mention of them, but there was no Riddle's mentioned, but I did find a mention of Marvolo, I believe he might be my grandfather, unfortunately he died many years ago." bringing up his status always made people feel sorry for him.

Moody shifted uncomfortably, "Have you ever met Morfin Gaunt?"

"No, sir, he is my…uncle but I never met any of my family, it's just recently I found the newspaper on him, I had plans to visit during the summer…" Tom said his face coming up, a look of sadness in his eyes, "If I had gone sooner…maybe this wouldn't have happened and I might have gotten to know my family now they're all gone."

"Not quite," Prewitt couldn't help but feel sorry for him, judging by what they'd unearthed during the course of their investigation it was a good thing Tom hadn't confronted Morfin Gaunt, not only was he crazy but he was a pureblood fanatic, there was every chance Morfin could have killed the teen. Not that he would reveal that titbit, let the boy live with his hopes and dreams, no need to tell him something nasty when he had grown up without family. "You do have your parental grandparents, they live in Little Hangleton," the fighting between Morfin and Tom Riddle had been ongoing for years, they had been called out numerous times to Obliviate the muggle so he didn't remember magic being cast on him by Morfin Gaunt. It was an open and shut case, he really shouldn't be here. The note was obviously from someone who was trying to stir up trouble.

"Oh," Tom muttered, wondering when this interview was going to be over, it seemed to him that
even the Aurors didn't want to be here.

"One last question then we can let you get some rest," Moody informed the dazed teen, "Where were you on New Years Eve?"

"New Years Eve? Celebrating my birthday with my friends in our common room, me and Hadrian left just before midnight... to go to our dorms." Tom said with exaggerated innocently.

"I trust you are done interrogating a fifteen year old wizard," Horace stated sharply, furious with them, he knew what they were accusing Tom of, how could he not? They weren't exactly being subtle about it.

"We are, sorry for interrupting," Prewitt said seriously, both Aurors vacating their seats solemnly.

"What exactly do you think I did?" Tom asked standing up when the Auror's did, as if he finally understood the meaning behind the questions.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," Prewitt said firmly, "We were merely obligated to ask a few questions."

Armando Dippet shifted just slightly extremely uncomfortable; he knew the real reason why Tom had been asked those questions. To say he wasn't happy with his deputy headmaster was putting it very lightly indeed.

"You did think I had done something though, right?" Tom queried. "Is there a way to prove that I didn't... I don't want any blemishes in my record..." he had never even served detention, he was much too careful for it.

"Actually there is a way," Dippet mused thoughtfully, "May we see your wand, Tom?" the Headmaster proceeded to ask.

Tom didn't want to hand his wand over, the thought of anyone touching it made him really angry. He didn't like anyone (Hadrian being the obvious exception) touching anything that belonged to him. Nonetheless he handed his wand over, already aware of what the Headmaster was about to do and his would truly eradicate any and all suspicion which was completely fine with him.

Armando Dippet quickly used the reversal spell that showed all the spells that Tom had used and the date they had been used. They only went back as far as they needed to go, and other than class spells, his wand had absolutely nothing worthy of note come from it. Satisfaction thrummed through Dippet, he had been right of course, Tom was not guilty, which made him more furious with Dumbledore for the stunt he just pulled. "Here you are, Tom, go on, return to your friends," he urged the teenager, giving the Auror's a severely disappointed look before he too vacated the healers office, the Aurors quickly made themselves scarce as well seeing the look on Slughorn's face.

Tom only partially relaxed fully when he saw the Aurors backs leaving the hospital wing, to say he was on edge would be trivializing things. He knew he was free and in the clear, but the fact Dumbledore had gone to those lengths to try and have him arrested made him wary. He moved back to his bed only to find that Hadrian was either feigning sleep or had actually fallen asleep in the last what? Fifteen minutes. It was difficult to know for sure even though they'd shared the same bed every night since New Year. He had used some strenuous magic, a patronus of all things. Sliding in, he sat on the pillows on his side, content just to sit there. He could see his year mates glancing at him curiously, obviously desperately desiring to ask him questions about what had just happened but not having the guts to do so, especially without gauging his mood. Hearing the
Headmaster speaking again, temporarily roused his curiosity, as he glanced up to see him talking with Professor Merrythought. Along the way, realizing that many of the students had already left, mostly the Gryffindors that weren't unconscious, his friends had remained behind waiting on him presumably.

"How are you feeling?" Dippet asked his Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher. Being in the presence of a Dementor wasn't the most pleasant experience.

"I'll be fine," Merrythought smiled but it was a bit off, she should have listened to the child, but they had to experience their fears in a safe environment and face them. She wanted to know they could defend themselves against everything, especially Boggarts which can cause paralysis until they got over their fears and fought back.

"You should rest for the day," Dippet informed her, patting her shoulder softly. The teachers were all up in a tizzy, the Transfiguration class and Potions as well as Defence obviously had been cancelled as it was only right that the students get some form of help. "Classes have been cancelled; give you and the students a chance to recuperate."

"What happened? Did one of the students go for help?" Merrythought asked, moving up the bed a little so she was sitting up.

"From what I've pieced together from Cinder it appears as though Hadrian successfully cast a fully fledged patronus to ward off the Boggart-Dementor, Cinder heard the commotion from next door and came to see what was going on, everyone was promptly brought to the Hospital wing for treatment." Dippet informed her.

"A-a-a Fully Fledged Patronus?" Merrythought squeaked, eyes astonishingly large.

"Indeed," Dippet said proudly, Hadrian had come along way, and he was even more happy that his decision to allow him to attend Hogwarts where his gifts were truly flourishing.

"I think a hundred points to Slytherin is in order," Merrythought said. "It seems he was right all along."

"Right?" Dippet prompted curiously.

"He said that Boggarts were somewhat sentient, considering the fact the Dementor was merely a Boggart we shouldn't have felt the force of its true nature, it gives credence to his idea." Merrythought explained.

"There's always something new to learn," Dippet nodded thoughtfully, and that was the beauty of magic, it was eternal, ever expanding and they still had so much to learn from it. He could just imagine what the wizard world would be like in the next century, how advanced they would be. Especially with wizards like Tom and Hadrian for example, extremely bright and liable to bring the wizarding world to a new age.

"Yes, yes there is," Merrythought agreed.

Tom turned away from the conversation not really interested anymore, that was another hundred points to Slytherin, they were well and truly in the lead now, it would the other houses ages to catch up with them - if they ever could. Slytherin truly was the best house to be in, and this proved it. He noticed Dumbledore's gaudy robes from the corner of his eyes, and pointedly ignored him, knowing he was probably dying of curiosity. He was glad the old fool hadn't been allowed in.

Turning to Hadrian, a soft indiscernible sigh leaving his lips, contrary to how it looked, he had...
been shaken by the Boggart, seeing Hadrian dead had terrified him to the core, even more than his own death. He would never let it happen, to either of them, he would ensure that. It was only his convictions that had enabled him to cast the spell with his usual amount of confidence.

Before Hadrian had come along he had thought he was happy, but really it had been contentment, that he was slowly but surely gathering his own base, controlling them, manipulating them into doing what he asked them. Not that he had a fight on his hands, they were all too eager to do whatever it is he asked. He'd never been interested in a relationship either, nobody had interested him the slightest, they were all predictable within a few days, and while they were quite powerful they were nowhere near his level. He'd never been interested in just sitting down and talking to the others. Their constant whining about Muggle-born's doing better than them, or how their parents were forcing them to go to a party or Ministry function and how terribly boring it was. He knew he needed them so he had silently endured it, they would help him with his plans in the long run, over the years they'd learned when he didn't want to listen to them and shut the hell up.

Then along came Hadrian, powerful, smart and mysterious, could give him a run for his money and more importantly was more Slytherin than anyone else bar him. The unfamiliar feelings began to creep up on him, wanting to talk to him, keep him close, and keep him safe. Possessiveness he knew, but only to material items never with a person and never so strongly. The thought of anyone ever touching him caused his magic to wreak havoc within him. Along the way he had taught him a thing or two, not just him but the whole of Slytherin house. He cared very much about him, but he wasn't sure how Hadrian felt about him in turn...he had never once brought up the idea of bonding again. He was trying to give him time to decide, to bring it up himself but he was running low on patience.

Dumbledore had tried to ruin that, ruin it for them, for him, his eyes darkened considerably, he would find a way to make him pay.

"Hadrian? Hadrian, come on, wake up," Tom whispered giving him a little shake to wake him up.

"Hmm, wazzit?" Hadrian murmured, his bleary green eyes opening staring at Tom in disorientated confusion. He'd fallen asleep? Red splashed across his face as embarrassment flowed through him. The patronus used to take a lot out of him, but not anymore, or rather it shouldn't have, this new body wasn't used to the strain, and he hadn't immediately banished it hence it had soaked up more of his magic.

"Let's go, you can sleep in the dorm, or common room, we do not need to attend any classes for the rest of the day," Tom said, watching the red flush on Hadrian's cheeks in fascination, that was a first, and he found it extremely alluring and hoped he would get to see it again one day. Right now he just wanted to get them away from Dumbledore the further the better in his opinion.

"Alright," Hadrian agreed, muffling a yawn, as he wobbly stepped out of bed.

"Perhaps Mr. Peverell, you should remain in the Hospital wing until you recover and let your friends head out?" Dumbledore said with deceptive mildness, he wished for nothing more than to rush off after Horace and find out what had happened with the Auror's, had they not used the spell on his wand? They should have, it would have showed his guilt without a doubt. So yes, he really did want to know what happened, unfortunately Horace had furiously stormed out of the hospital wing, having previously ensured all his Slytherin's were well.

"I'll be fine," Hadrian said curtly swaying just a little, not in the mood for Dumbledore's false concern. He suspected Dumbledore wanted that time to talk to him, but would he hell. He felt arms wrapping around his midsection and pull him close, he didn't even need to look to know it was Tom staking his claim. He was grateful for it nonetheless, as he didn't feel safe on his feet at the
moment, now that the adrenaline had worn off.

Together they both began to leave the hospital wing; the other Slytherin friends had their back and walked out together. They were positively bursting with questions they wanted to ask, but they stretched their pureblood decorum to the max as they suppressed their desire for answers at least until they got to their common room. They occasionally glanced at one another knowingly; it seemed like forever before they reached the portrait and quickly called out the password and clambered in after Tom and Hadrian.

"Accio Hadrian's blanket," Tom summoned Hadrian's favourite throw, something he had gotten him for his Christmas. It didn't just have the Slytherin emblem for Hogwarts but Salazar Slytherin's personal crest, he had at that point particularly declared that Hadrian was his husband to be, what could he say? He wanted everyone aware that Hadrian was off limits to them. He wasn't sure whether Hadrian understood it or not, while he knew a lot some information, it was the whole pureblood scene he was sorely lacking. He would see to it that he knew and understood everything though before they left Hogwarts. It was fluffy and soft, and Hadrian seemed to love it, he certainly slept with it every night. He found it amusing, or had, until he realized that Hadrian had never had a proper blanket or duvet growing up, and well the covers at Hogwarts weren't his, the blanket was and if anyone tried anything with it, he wouldn't want to be in the same room with them. There was also the fact he'd never been given anything personal or that he really liked as a gift that wasn't tarnished with betrayal. He had vowed there and then that Hadrian would never experience anything like that again; he would protect him from everything and everyone.

Hadrian plopped himself down, wrapping the throw around him and snuggling into the couch, Tom moved him so his head was on his knee, and he was still feeling out of sorts. He could smell himself and Tom on the blanket and it soothed him for some weird reason. He was drowsily falling back asleep, the feel of the flames pleasantly against his skin from the fire in the fireplace.

"How the hell did you manage to cast a fully fledged patronus!" Thaddeus blurted out as he sat down, still reeling from that.

"By pointing my wand, moving it in a circular motion and saying 'Expecto Patronum'," Hadrian said dryly, eyes still closed, the feeling of Tom's fingers carding through his hair, he knew it was probably more for Tom's sake than his, he had no doubt the Boggart had affected him more than he was letting on.

"But Dark wizards can't cast it," Lestrange said his voice hushed, as if he was talking about a forbidden subject.

Hadrian sniggered before it became a full blown laugh; it exhausted him tremendously, so he had to force himself to stop, "Where did you get that idea from?"

"A dark wizard once cast it...and he was consumed with maggots. It killed him; dark wizards can't cast that spell." Thaddeus continued on.

Hadrian scoffed, "Lies, anyone can cast that damn spell if they have the power for it, the power being a pure untarnished memory, one strong enough to cast a fully fledged patronus. I'm dark and as you can see, I didn't get eaten by a bunch of maggots. Some stupid idiot of a light wizard probably came up with the rumour, 'Oh look at me, I can't be a dark wizard I can cast a patronus,' no, its nonsense. Maggots, Patronus' also serve a secondary use, you can use it to send message."

"Messages? How?" Carrow couldn't help but scoff at the absurdity.

"Go up the stairs," Hadrian said, his tone going dark, "That's the third time I've been laughed at
today and it's pissing me off," he growled. Tom glared at them all in warning; he wouldn't tolerate it much longer either. Nobody laughed at Hadrian and got away with it, he would find a way to make Carrow regret that.

Carrow gulped visibly, eyes wide, he decided against not going, he didn't want to piss Hadrian off anymore than he already was right now. He fled up the stairs as quickly as his two feet would carry him, waiting patiently for what? He honestly had no idea. Then a few seconds later he jumped when the Jackal patronus appeared through the wall startling him badly. He was glad he was alone; otherwise he would never have heard the end of it. 'Come back down,' it said in Hadrian's voice! Carrow stayed there dumbstruck despite the fact it disappeared again, only once he'd gotten over the shock did he stumble blindly back down. "That was bloody amazing!" he managed to get out through his shock and awe.

Hadrian just shrugged, he'd mostly done it out of spite since Dumbledore had been the one to twist the use of the Patronus to messenger. Now he couldn't claim that, just one of the many things he would be screwing up for the old fool.

"Did you come up with that?" Tom whispered quietly into Hadrian's ear, his fingers still carding through Hadrian's hair, it was a very addictive feeling.

"No, Dumbledore," Hadrian whispered, and despite his whisper the vindictive satisfaction in his voice and on his face was obvious.

"What about not wishing to take others accomplishments away from them?" Tom said chuckling at his devious partner.

"He's an exception, the obvious exception," Hadrian sneered thinking about the old fool, shivering at the dark chuckle he heard, Merlin how could a simple chuckle do wicked things to his thoughts and body? It was utterly ridiculous. "You do know the Jackal represented you don't you? I don't remember much about the animals in the patronus section, but I remember enough to realize that it represents you." quite obvious really, Tom was his only real connection here except Death of course, and the other Slytherin's but they were just friends, Tom was different obviously.

"I know," Tom said in smug satisfaction, his eyes glowed as he stared at Hadrian, oh he knew from the second he realized what it was who it had represented.

Hadrian rolled his eyes, "Of course, I've just helped stroke your ego further," he teased, nudging him lightly, sighing softly Merlin he was just too tired. His eyes closed, and he fell asleep listening to the rumbling of Tom's chest and the distant sound of the others chattering quietly.

Chapter End Notes

There we go! another chapter nothing as exciting as the last chapter i'm sure! i'm not sure what else can be written before i have them finishing for the year then starting their fifth year and owls at Hogwarts :) definitely know whether they're going for the summer...will Hadrian begin to work himself into the pureblood society by throwing a party or will he wait until he is seventeen and legally an adult and taking up the true responsibilities of being head of house? would you like to see Harry's portfolio now and what he has? hmm will Tom be given Morfin's special affects and incidentally the ring? will he make it into something more sophisticated (platinum or gold?) and give it to Harry as an engagement/bonding ring? truly begin the courting process which lasts a
year...by then they'd be sixteen and legally of age :D would you like to see Tom getting his inheritance? some sort of test making him worthy of the hidden Slytherin fortune? money or will it be a property or too cliché and Tom have to work hard to build up an extreme fortune worthy of the Slytherin name? he already has a lot of money from the basilisk skin and venom some going to gringotts of course. is there anything im missing out on in the story that you might like to see? R&R please
Chapter 44

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lord Of Time

Chapter 44

Tom was woken up early by Lestrange informing him that there was mail downstairs in the common room for him. Which was odd, he rarely received anything this early; usually he opened his mail in the Great Hall during breakfast. He wondered what Abraxas could be getting in touch with him for and so early too. Slowly unwinding himself from Hadrian, who remained deeply asleep, he grabbed his gown, put it on and tied the cord around him as he slid into his slippers. With that he put the covers back so Hadrian didn't end up cold, he was already ill as it was with the flu. Making his way down the stairs, he observed that there weren't many people up, just Lestrange and Carrow, working on their homework last minute as usual.

Tom went over to the chute, and flipped through the mail, and taking his own (and Hadrian's) before sitting down in what Slytherin knew to be solely his seat. Opened his mail, finding it from the Ministry of Magic, which made him cautious, why would they be writing to him? The answer was quite quickly unveiled, they were sending him his 'Uncle's' things, or at least the items actually worth anything. A death certificate, a ring and a snake skin wallet that looked utterly disgusting, inside was a galleon and a few sickles and more importantly a key, a Gringotts key, probably to the empty Gaunt vault. He took the money and the key and quickly banished the wallet having no desire to own anything of Morfin Gaunts. They must have concluded their investigation and filed it as solved otherwise he wouldn't have received Morfin's things.

"Is Hadrian alright?" Lestrange asked, genuine concern crossing his features, wizarding flu was a nasty thing to have and it killed wizards and witches, not so much these days but it still happened enough to be concerned about it.

"He's fine," Tom replied immediately, Hadrian had been immunised against wizarding flu as a child in the future he was assuming. Hadrian had just insisted it was like a very nasty cold, not that he'd know he'd continued, he'd never been sick a day in his life apparently. Being locked up away from everyone and their germs would accomplish that Tom conceded. He had a feeling Hadrian had actually told him for his own benefit.

Making a decision, Tom left the common room without another word and made his way back up the stairs, he entered his dorm quietly and began to dress as quickly as possible, sliding the items he wished to take into his pocket including the basilisk venom and skin he had collected just last night. He didn't bother with a shower; he wanted to get this done as quickly as possible now that he had decided to do it today. Despite his haste to dress he was as always impeccably attired, sliding from the room, he made his way back down stairs.

"If Hadrian doesn't attend breakfast bring him something back, he needs to eat, do not disturb him just put it on the table under a warming charm until he comes down." Tom demanded they were already nodding in agreement to his demands, without more ado he exited the common room knowing Hadrian would be fine until he returned.

There was nobody outside in the halls; it was still a bit too early for them to go to breakfast since it wouldn't be served for at least half an hour yet. Tom went up the stairs and made his way directly
to the one eyed witch, he may have only gone this way with Hadrian once, but it was enough for him to remember it by. He ensured that nobody was watching before sliding through into the secret passageway, and lighting it up with a bit of Wandless magic. The magical globe of light followed beside him, bobbing up and down as he walked. It was the next part that had him apprehensive, the shops opened really early, and the owners might already be in the shop. So once he approached the stairs, he cast a concealment spell upon himself and levitated the stone when he got to them a few minutes later. The cellar of Honeydukes was in darkness, satisfaction thrummed through him as he stepped up and let the stone slot back into place.

Just as he had done so the door opened and light spilled in, Tom remained where he was completely still, watching as a woman he saw in the store from time to time come down the steps. Once she was away from them, he silently as possible began to walk up the steps, but the shifting of the boxes helped keep his footsteps silent. He made sure nobody was at the top of the shop before freezing the bell and opening the front door, only once he was out did he unfreeze the bell and begin his journey towards Gringotts, removing the concealment charm when he was further away from the shop.

Excitement thrummed through him, he had a greater understanding on how to deal with the goblins now, thanks to Hadrian and Abraxas, although considering the money he was bringing in for them and himself they afforded him a lot of respect. This would be the third time he would use them to sell the basilisk skin and venom, which was bringing in a lot of money much to his satisfaction. Perhaps he had been too hasty in trying to treat the goblins like everyone else; apparently charm didn't get you everywhere, who knew?

Striding in as though he owned the place, he had not dressed in his school inform for this, nobody in the magical world knew him personally so they wouldn't know he attended Hogwarts but wearing the uniform might as well put a sign that he was out of school without permission over his forehead. He certainly didn't want any of the teachers (Dumbledore being the exception) keeping an annoyingly close watch on him if he was found out of school without permission.

"I would like to have a private meeting with Ironclaw," Tom stated as he approached the front desk, being curt without condescending as Abraxas had suggested.

"And did you make an appointment?" the goblin asked, its beady eyes glimmering as it stared at Tom.

"I have no need," Tom stated, "I have business with him, fetch him immediately." Tom added getting annoyed but keeping his head, he didn't want to antagonise them he was here for something far more important than scoring worthless points with a goblin.

The goblin smirked a little before barking orders in gobbledegook; the goblin presumably there to escort people to the vaults immediately scampered down the hall and passed the armed guards. Tom couldn't help but relish the power he had even with the Goblins, money truly did open a lot of doors that would have otherwise remained firmly shut, and it would help when he had to deal with the upper elite purebloods. He knew it wouldn't be easy, but considering his name change, perhaps it would be easier than he previously thought. Before long Ironclaw was making an appearance, silently gesturing for him to come forth, he sternly reminded himself that he needed them, and that cursing them wouldn't achieve anything. So with a blank mask he did as Ironclaw wished, and followed the creature towards his office.

"How can I help you today, Mr. Riddle?" Ironclaw asked, taking his seat gesturing for Tom to take a seat on the other side of the desk.

"I am here to claim my inheritance," Tom said smugly, glad to be able to say those words. "Which
I believe to be at least the Gaunt and Slytherin estates, while I am here I wish to change my name to Slytherin."

"An inheritance test costs two sickles," Ironclaw informed him as he began to remove the necessary items for the ritual.

Tom removed the galleon from his pocket and handed it over with an imperious air around him. Tom watched him place a small white bowl in the centre of the table, a dagger next to it and a bandage just off to the side. "Cut your palm and let the blood flow into the bowl, write your full name on top of the parchment where it's indicated." Tom picked up the dagger and made a small incision, letting a few droplets of blood fall in, he placed the bandage on the cut afterwards before taking the quill in his other hand, and began to write out his name in his usual calligraphic writing.

Tom Marvolo Riddle

And the blood began to expand, the runes glowing very briefly before they were gone, and the line continued.

Father - Tom Riddle Senior
Mother - Merope Gaunt-Riddle
Uncle - Morfin Gaunt
Parental Grandmother- Mary Riddle
Paternal Grandfather - Thomas Riddle
Maternal Grandfather- Marvolo Gaunt
Maternal Grandmother- Merope L. Gaunt

Tom arched a perfectly sculptured eyebrow at the list; there was information new to him on the list. It seemed Hadrian was right; wizards did seem to continue to reuse their names over and over again. His maternal grandmother named her daughter, his mother, after herself, he was surprised Marvolo hadn't just named his son Marvolo as well and gotten it over with. It wasn't just the wizards either; the Riddle's had reused Tom now for three generations.

Sole Direct Line Descendant
Riddle
Gaunt
Slytherin

Indirect Line Descendant
Gryffindor
Peverell
Black

There wasn't much co-mingling of the pureblood lines, but that didn't surprise Tom since he knew the Gaunt's had continued to marry within the family, cousins mostly. It was actually kind of sick
when you thought about it, especially knowing what he did now about the consequences of interbreeding. Merlin, he loathed that word it made them sound like dogs.

"First you must sign your emancipation papers," Ironclaw said, passing over the relevant items, already banishing the blood and quill now that they were used. The bowl was scoured magically and put back in his drawer for whenever he would need it next, he'd used it more this year than he had in the past. He nodded in approval at the fact Tom was reading the contract thoroughly, taking his time and ensuring it was legit, which it was of course. They'd been in business for a very long time, having to fight for it too, from the backstabbing ministry wizards who wished to control the economy as well as the law.

Tom signed them and handed it back over, only to be given a copy for his own perusal.

"This is to officially change your name to Slytherin, despite the fact you will be a Slytherin in name, you cannot use the Slytherin estate until you are seventeen years old." Ironclaw informed him as he handed yet another contract over for the teen to sign.

"Very well," Tom sighed, but he'd figured as much since Hadrian had made an offhanded comment about it, it wasn't as if he had anything he wanted from it anyway, other than the name, he would make the Slytherin name great again. He was well on his way, in a few more years the basilisk skin and venom will ensure the vaults had more than it had seen in generations. Giving the contract a read over he signed it with his new name, Tom Marvolo Slytherin, he'd never thought he'd see the day where he kept his name, well Tom, anyway, he'd hated all part of it, yet things had changed over the course of the last year or so.

"Do you have the recently deceased Lord Gaunt's death certificate?" Ironclaw enquired his hand out waiting for the paperwork.

It took Tom a few seconds to realize what he wanted, and that he did indeed have it, sliding his hand into his pocket he withdrew the necessary documents and handed it over with a flourish, accepting the paperwork to take on the Lordship, he began to read it as the goblin did with the death certificate before it was copied and the original placed on the table next to him. Once he had read it properly he signed his new name, Lord Tom Marvolo Slytherin, the smugness he felt practically oozed into the ink.

"I assume there is not a Lordship ring for the Gaunts?" Tom asked, annoyed by that fact. He passed it over after removing the copy; he folded the copied documents and placed them within his cloak pocket for safe keeping.

"No, but one can be procured at a price," Ironclaw stated, as always it was about money, they liked money the more the better. "Or designed."

"That is doable, I shall think up a design and get it back to you if I am interested in using your services," Tom stated, he wasn't stupid enough to tell them outright he would use them and he would shop around to see what his best offer was in regards to having one made. In fact he had seen a jewellery shop on his way here; he doubted very much they had the ability to design Lordship rings. He had quite a few designs in mind actually, and it was entirely up to him if he wanted to change the Gaunt coat of arms now. He planned on changing a lot, so why not the coat of arms too?

"As I suggest to all clients, you should write up a will so the estate doesn't fall into the hands of the Ministry," Ironclaw suggested, it had been suggested to Morfin Gaunt who had taken umbrage at the implication and walked out. Thankfully though there was an heir stepped forward, to prevent the complete death of the Gaunt and Slytherin bloodlines.
Tom had to forcefully bite his tongue to stop himself from saying what he really wanted to. Instead he just nodded his head while keeping his tongue clenched between his teeth lest he say something he’d regret. The thought of dying had always been a bit of a sore spot for him, especially these last years with the Muggle war and being forced back each time away from his real world. Not something he would have to worry about this year; he had more than enough money to see him staying at the Leaky Cauldron for the entire summer. Standing up, he accepted the additional will information and slid it into his pocket, having no desire to even gaze upon it let alone fill it out.

"Do you not wish to make some investments?" Ironclaw enquired.

"Not today," Tom stated, he would get some advice from Harry who had more than tripled his own income with ludicrous investments. Or rather what he thought was ludicrous but the fact Hadrian had foreknowledge of it, well obviously it was going to do well. He had done a few of his own that Hadrian had suggested but it was nothing big as of yet. "I do wish to have my vault added to the Gaunt’s."

"It will be done," Ironclaw nodded, it wouldn't even take a moment to have it added to its list.

"It's been a pleasure, may the gods grant you more gold, Ironclaw," Tom added. Remembering goblins names was a way to gain their respect along with giving them their proper greeting.

"And may your coffers never empty, Lord Slytherin," Ironclaw said, and with that he watched the young man retreat, he had a feeling between Lord Peverell and Lord Slytherin he'd have his work cut out for him.

Upon his return to Honeydukes he found the jewellery shop once again, a thoughtful look on his face, making an abrupt decision he entered the store determination radiating off him.

"Hey, how are you feeling?" Mulciber asked, when he noticed Hadrian making his way down the stairs from the dorm. "Rabastian brought you something to eat," he pointed towards the still steaming plate of food they had brought back with them after breakfast.

"Where's Tom?" Hadrian asked surprised that he'd left his side; he hadn't for the past few days.

"Don't know, he got a letter and left well over an hour ago," Rabastian explained.

"Ah," Hadrian murmured making his way over, sitting down even coming down the stairs had taken a lot out of him, "Thanks Rab," he didn't even have the strength to say his full name.

"It's fine," Lestrange said, shrugging his shoulders. "Tom asked us to do it," feeling surprised by the nickname.

"Of course he did," Hadrian said dryly, shaking his head, he began to shuffle his breakfast around his plate, not having much of a desire to eat anything, but after a few minutes he did reluctantly try some scrambled eggs.

"Do you want any books from the library? We're going to head up in a few minutes to get the books we need to get the rest of our homework done," Mulciber explained.

"No, I've got a few coming through Owl order, hopefully today," Hadrian said shaking his head, "And I've already done my homework," there was not much else he could do as exhausted as he felt.
"Alright, we're going to head up now, we'll see you later," Mulciber said, standing up he and the others left the common room headed for the library.

Sighing softly he put his plate back on the table, leaning back and was content just to sit there, anything was better than sitting in his bed all day. Although he hoped to feel better soon so he could at least have a shower. It was just the thought of standing even for five to ten minutes was enough to make him nix the idea completely. It had been hard enough to come down the stairs, with two walls to help him along the way. His eyes popped open when he felt something touching his hand, only to gape in shock. Avery was holding out his wand, the tip of the wand facing him, offering his wand and life to Hadrian to do as he saw fit.

"I willingly bind my life to yours Hadrian Peverell, I will act as your shield for as long as you wish, this is my solemn oath so mote it be," Avery whispered, bowed low his wand still out, facing down, willing to become Hadrian's servant in the only way he could conceivably apologise for his actions throughout the last two years.

Hadrian continued to gape for a few moments before he regained his bearings, "Have you spoken to Tom about this?" Hadrian asked, he wouldn't be happy if he hadn't been consulted on the matter whether Avery was a member of his group or not. Judging by the way Avery stiffened up he already knew his answer. Those in the common room were watching avidly, eager to see what was going to happen.

"No, I haven't," Avery admitted not once moving from his position.

"Why are you doing this?" Hadrian asked suspiciously. "Is your family pressuring you into doing it?"

"No, while I don't care about my parents…I care about my sister, she was contracted to marry Bartemius Crouch, but Lord Crouch has retracted the contract and my sister is devastated she loves Bartemius..." Avery admitted, "If I can get our name in good standing again the contract can be put forth again."

Hadrian's eyebrows climbed higher, Bartemius Crouch? The Bartemius Crouch? Avery said he loved his sister? Yet she'd died alone in Azkaban, or rather alone full stop while her so called husband was busy climbing the ladder trying desperately to become the Minister of magic and her brother was busy serving Voldemort too busy to give a shit about her?

"What is going on here?" Tom growled, standing at the portrait his magic whipping around him as he stared at the scene in front of him furious beyond words.

Everyone that wasn't Avery and Hadrian quickly fled to the dorms, nobody wished to even try and get passed Tom - nor did they want their ire on him no matter how curious they were about what was happening with Avery.

Chapter End Notes

Oh dear what will happen to Avery now? Will Tom actually like Avery's idea and use it to ensure Hadrian is even more safe or will he end up tortured for even approaching Hadrian after what he did? Especially seeing as Hadrian is a little bit vulnerable right now :P or a bit of both? will Tom bring up the bonding again too impatient to wait for Hadrian to decide or bring it up again? R&R please
Chapter 45

Lord Of Time

Chapter 45

Tom continued to glare at Avery, his magic becoming more and more unstable the longer he stood there taking in the scene in front of him. To say he had felt his jealousy and suspicion rear like a snake to strike when he walked in was putting it very lightly indeed. He loathed anyone being to close to Hadrian, especially if he wasn't there, not that Hadrian was one for flirting with anyone, it was just that he was extremely possessive. The urge to curse Avery with the Cruciatus curse was very strong, but if he wanted answers he knew not to use that particular curse, he wouldn't get anything out of anyone after it was cast. It was worse because Hadrian had never answered him about bonding. He felt insecure and he did not like that feeling at all. "Well?" Tom whispered deadly, not having to raise his voice to get a desired reaction from anyone.

Avery remained in the exact same position, his body tense as he waited on the inevitable curses to come his way. He deserved them really; he knew the rules in Slytherin better than most. He had broken the status quo, broken the most important rules that governed them. In turn he was discarded as he should have been, since he had been shoved aside it had been unbearable, nobody would talk to him, and so many times in the past many weeks he had turned to say something but he knew it wouldn't be welcomed. His hold on his wand became slacker, not wishing to break it when the inevitable cursing started.

"Tom," Hadrian said, his tone cautioning him from acting irrationally, knowing him well enough to realize his temper was close to rearing its very ugly head and in a very dark fashion. "Let him speak." he would have stood if he'd been able to, but Avery was quite literally in the way, but Hadrian was unsure if he'd be able to keep his damn strength long enough to remain on his legs without them bucking.

"He had no right approaching you, let alone speak to you," Tom spat out, his eyes flashing with vengeance, Avery had tried to kill Hadrian, his soon to be bonded, he would see to that. Tom didn't fail not in anything, and he refused to have this as his first failure. He tightened his hands into fists, in his anger he knew he might hit Hadrian and not Avery, something he refused to do, ever. Especially not when Hadrian was as weak as he was at the moment.

'His loyalty to you can be second to none,' Hadrian hissed, 'In the future he's an important part of your...circle, as are his son and grandson, and more importantly his sister, she will give birth to a boy whose loyalty will outweigh all others. Another thing changed if the Avery's name is not restored that boy will not be born.'his agitation obvious at how he had changed such a drastic thing just by being there.

Tom paused for a few moments to think on what Hadrian had just revealed; he could see by the expression on his face that he was extremely disgruntled by his presence changing things from what he knew. He wondered if it was because Hadrian liked knowing what was coming or if he disliked the idea that he had changed so much, like Granger's fate, he was supposed to die and with it his future tormentor would not have been around he was admittedly fascinated by how much one persons appearance could change so much, it could be said that one ripple can affect everything, but to see it put to the test was intriguing to say the least. Unfortunately Hadrian obviously didn't
share his curiosity over the changes, but this was admittedly different. That boy, he wondered who it was, how he affected things so much, Hadrian obviously wasn't that close to him having called him 'that boy' and not by his name, which did ease something in him.

'Explain what happened, from start to finish,' Tom demanded, his gaze solely focused on Hadrian with heat and determination. The others would pay for leaving Hadrian on his own defenceless and sick especially with Avery in the room.

'Let him explain,' Hadrian hissed out, he had no idea what was going on, he had no clue as to why Avery had suddenly done this, well except his sister thing, the rest of it was lost on him. The whole willing to bind his life to him thing, he wasn't sure if it was just a saying or if Avery actually could do it…or whether it was actually already done…it sounded like a oath with the 'so mote it be' at the end, he was so damn lost he really needed to get some pureblood books…since this was probably a pureblood thing.

Tom stared at Hadrian perplexed, was it exhaustion or something Hadrian didn't understand? He was willing to bet that it was perhaps a bit of both. Honestly, he didn't understand why Hadrian didn't just pick up a book on the subject, and it wasn't his unwillingness to learn since Tom rarely saw Hadrian without a book. He made a note to get the best book for the subject out of the library and give it to him; it explained everything in great detail. It definitely had been the best book on the subject for him. He was getting well off topic, he thought to himself in consternation.

"Where are they?" Tom asked his tone dark.

Hadrian didn't need to ask who he was talking about; it was pretty obvious judging by his mood at the moment. "They're at the library," Hadrian explained tiredly, he was too exhausted to deal with dictator Tom right now. And there was no doubting that it was dictator Tom that was at the forefront at the moment. Tom hated not knowing what was going on, that and the fact someone had disobeyed him was making him even more unreasonable, hopefully what he'd said would be taken into consideration.

"How are you feeling?" Tom asked completely disregarding everything when he sensed that Hadrian was probably too sick to be out of bed still. He moved towards the chair, ignoring Avery as he pressed his hand against Hadrian's forehead, frowning at the heat emanating from the teen who leaned into his cool touch. He definitely needed something to help bring his fever down, the urge to force Avery to leave and get a pepper-up was strong but he didn't trust him one bit.

"I'll be fine," Hadrian sighed, he just hated being sick, and especially on the weekend, there was nothing worse. He had to admit he was slightly taken aback and surprised by the fact Tom was so concerned, concerned enough to forget his earlier ire at the situation. Not something he'd ever thought he'd see.

"I'll get you a pepper-up potion as soon as we're done here," Tom informed him, in other words he would send one of the others to get it, they would regret leaving him alone.

"Stand up!" Tom stated curtly, glaring at Avery who still hadn't moved.

"I can't," Avery said, sweat beating against his brow and his neck, "Not until Hadrian rejects or accepts my oath," he'd already acted like a complete and utter Gryffindor by proposing this without a single ounce of Slytherin cunning, knowing it was his only option, he wasn't going to defy tradition as well. He would rather take any torture heaped upon his person than disregard their traditions in such a manner, traditions he had been brought up knowing and revering as the very foundation of their society
Tom's eyes narrowed impossibly further, "What oath?" he demanded hotly, even more furious, but part of him was glad he had come when he had, so he could prevent whatever it was that Avery was trying to do.

"Life shield," Avery confessed, glancing warily up at Tom, the coolness of the dungeons drying his sweat only for more to replace it. Part of him was glad; the feel of the sweat running down his neck was entirely unpleasant.

Tom froze, "Do you find me inadequate in my ability to care for my intended?" Tom hissed out, his teeth gritting as he tried to contain himself, which worked by vividly reminding himself that Hadrian was far too close and the backlash would be terrible, add the fireplace well it just didn't bear thinking about.

Hadrian arched an eyebrow at his words; it's the first time since Tom had asked for his hand that he'd said anything. Oh he knew about the quilt though, he wasn't completely stupid, and if Tom thought he didn't know - he was most assuredly wrong. He didn't know a lot about the old ways like the purebloods but he wasn't completely in the dark. Although right now it definitely felt like he was, since he didn't understand what life shield meant but obviously Tom did and he'd taken it offensively. He would need to think on it later, but one thing was becoming apparent, Tom wouldn't give up until he got what he wanted - which was just exactly who Tom was.

"No," Avery said emphatically, "There would be nobody better," he added, stroking Tom's ego, but it was also the truth, but he would have said anything to avoid the magic he could feel leaching from Tom, it was dark oppressive and violent in its intensity. "I've done him wrong, this is the only way to make up for it and regain his trust and so you know that I won't betray it. I will be your most loyal, not for the oath but because I realized my mistakes…” his jealousy had gotten the better of him, he wanted things to go back to the way they were, and yes, even with Hadrian, it was better than what his life had been like these past weeks. Who would have thought Tom's network extended to the outside world to the other purebloods?

"How did you word it?" Tom asked his gaze becoming calculating and shrewd, perhaps Hadrian had been right, and perhaps Avery's had the capacity to be extremely loyal to him and his cause. His cause, he hadn't exactly put it that way before. He sensed the truth in Avery's words which immediately consoled him, the thought of anyone finding him inadequate in his abilities to protect his intended had indeed infuriated him.

"That I will willingly bind my life to Hadrian Peverell, I will act as a shield as long as he wishes," Avery murmured, quite surprised he hadn't been cursed yet, although he wasn't going to be so quick to let his guard down. It wouldn't be the first time Tom had delayed in punishing them after some perceived slight wrongdoing. It went without saying that he couldn't betray Hadrian, the bond would not allow it whether it was specified in the wording or not. It was just basic wording he'd used, he hadn't wanted to make the oath too binding and end up screwing up somewhere.

Hadrian's eyes widened, bind his life to him? He needed to speak to Death right now! And he'd barely thought it when the familiar feeling of his mind being invaded enveloped him.

'Yes,' Death said, sounding amused, he hadn't heard Hadrian quite so clearly or fanatically before.

'If I agree to that bond, Avery won't be literally bound to me right? He won't be immortal?' Hadrian asked in a rush, while he didn't like the thought of anyone binding themselves to him, he had to admit he felt better knowing that Avery wouldn't try anything to him. Tom didn't know he was immortal, and if he came back again…Tom might not believe it. In fact he probably wouldn't he'd think it was some sort of plot Dumbledore had cooked up to try and catch him out by using someone he cared about.
'No, the bond would merely be until he dies,' Death reassured him, thoughtful, Hadrian was quite the unique individual, anyone else would have salivated over having someone to be their shield, it bound two families quite close, such a bond hadn't been used in decades, it was quite obscure, this Avery had done his homework. There was nobody more honourable that Avery could have chosen to bind himself to, despite his sorting into Slytherin. 'Your intended is trying to get your intended, just call me if you have any more questions, now excuse me I have souls to collect' and with that Death left Hadrian to his decision, already knowing it, since his mind had been made up from the second he had answered his turbulent thoughts.

Death's last fleeting thought before he transported himself to Germany was It was a good thing he had thought to inoculate Hadrian's new body otherwise the flu would have killed him.

"Hadrian?" Tom called out, pressing his hand against Hadrian's forehead once more, checking to make sure he hadn't gotten worse in the half hour since he checked him last.

"M'tired," he didn't want to talk, perhaps getting up had been a bad idea. Too bad he couldn't talk to Tom in his mind, it would certainly make it easier, and he just wanted to sleep.

"Accept the bond," Tom informed him imperiously, he wasn't going to take no for an answer here, Hadrian would do what he asked. "Just say the words, 'I accept your vow Aiden Avery, so mote it be,'" figuring Hadrian might not know the official response on this matter. "Do it." it would be added protection for Hadrian, not that he would need it of course, but it certainly didn't hurt either.

"Will you stop if I do?" Hadrian murmured, having every intention of accepting the bond but Tom didn't need to know that now did he?

Tom's lips twitched, only Hadrian would ever dare to speak to him that way, and he suspected it was partly what drew him towards the teen. "Yes," he answered, feeling smug and satisfied that he'd gotten his way, although he would have had a bigger argument on his hands if Hadrian wasn't sick with the flu.

"Fine," Hadrian rasped, "I solemnly accept your sincere vow, Aiden Avery, so mote it be," magic flared between himself and Avery, binding the wizards to their word.

Avery stiffened, swallowing thickly, feeling the full extent of Hadrian's magic, the forbidden thoughts that Hadrian was even more powerful than Tom washed over him, dangerous thoughts indeed, a shudder ran over his prone form, withholding a whine when he felt that oh so powerful magic leave him, Merlin, he was so envious of Tom and Hadrian, they had magic off the charts, powers that he and the others could only dream about, finally he could move, but he was quite honestly unsure whether he actually wanted to or not.

"Go and retrieve at least a dozen vials of Pepper-up potions, half from the infirmary and half from the potions cupboard," Tom stated sharply, "Be quick about it and bring it up the stairs." at least Avery was here so someone was fetching it. Neither Slughorn nor Chang would blink if a few pepper-up potions went missing; it wasn't exactly on the watch list. A lot of the Ravenclaws actually stole them when they had colds to get through classes instead of letting their bodies' rest, which resulted in a stay in the infirmary.

Avery did stand up then, shaky at first, he'd experienced every emotion possible in the past half hour. From hope, expectation, fear, terror, relief and now he felt a little numb that it was done. He did feel a little more normal and at ease having been given something to do, and actually being acknowledged, he no longer felt invisible and insignificant something that had been intolerable and nobody would know but it had hurt a great deal. Without a word to either Tom or Hadrian he made his way out of the common room, making his way directly to the student potions cupboard to
retrieve the vials of potions. Feeling a sense of accomplishment.

"You shouldn't have gotten up," Tom said, turning his attention back to Hadrian to find him almost asleep on the chair. "Come on, let's get you back to bed." as much as he wanted to ask Hadrian the question that was burning inside, he didn't, now definitely wasn't the time. Grasping Hadrian's elbow he got the teen to his feet, gripping him tightly around the middle before leading Hadrian up the dorms. Which was easier said than done, but they got there in the end.

He put Hadrian in his bed after he removed his cloak and shoes, Hadrian's bed had been unused for a while now, "You got letters from Gringotts this morning, I'll put it on your drawers." which had been levitated closer to his side of the room so Hadrian could fetch whatever he wanted within reach. Tom reached out and placed the letters on the top of the drawers as he said he would.

"It's probably just another statement and an updated version of everything in my estate," Hadrian murmured quietly, trying to stay awake, the pepper-up potion sounded divine. "You need to go and get something to eat, I mean it," he'd missed breakfast, that much was obvious since the others would have waited for him and not returned to the common room without him.

"It's over already, I will attend lunch and bring something back for you," Tom promised as he slid onto the bed, sitting on top, toeing his shoes off and picking up his book he promptly began reading. Making a mental note to also go to the library after lunch and pick up the book unless one of the others had the book in their trunks.

"What were you up to?" Hadrian asked curiously, turning around, kicking the covers off him a little, and feeling too hot now. It was never ending, hot, cold, hot then cold again, he still wanted that shower, maybe he could do that after he got that promised pepper-up potion.

"I went to Gringotts," Tom explained, his book forgotten, as he stared down at the feverish green eyes, he kept forgetting how well Hadrian knew him. "It's a good thing I didn't go earlier; apparently I needed Morfin Gaunt's death certificate to become the Head of the Gaunt estate."

"Me neither, but Gringotts knows whenever someone dies," Hadrian murmured, partially confused, "Maybe its something they came up with later."

"Perhaps," Tom replied idly.

"So what name did you take?" Hadrian asked, not that he truly cared, as long as he didn't go by the name of Voldemort that is, although there was plenty of time for that, he wasn't exactly sure when Tom actually became Lord Voldemort, just that he had by the time he created the first Horcrux with the accidental death of Myrtle. He sincerely hoped that it wouldn't happen, if anything happened to his friend he would be furious.

"Slytherin, Tom Marvolo Slytherin," Tom said smugness dripping from every word; he was finally done with his disgusting Muggle fathers name. The money he'd saved so far was now part of the Gaunt estate, when he was seventeen the Gaunt and Slytherin estate would be merged, and he would work extremely hard to give it the status it deserves no matter what it took.

"I'm glad you kept your first name," Hadrian said, his gaze passionate, he meant every word and it was clearly written across his face. "At least you won't have to retake your O.W.L's with your new name then, since we haven't taken them yet." they would be taking them soon enough, in fact this time next year they would be.

Tom's lips twitched, genuine happiness flowing through him, Hadrian accepted every dark sordid part of him without qualms. He just wished Hadrian had said yes to him when he asked to bond.
The uncertainly and not knowing was driving him to distraction. A knock on the door had Tom's thoughts changing direction, after a few minutes the door opened, and Avery's head peered around the doorframe, straight at Tom's bed knowing by now, despite the fact he hadn't been part of the group, that Hadrian and Tom were always on that bed when they were in the Dorm.

"I have the potions?" Avery questions, still unsure of his position despite the fact he'd sworn the oath, it wasn't going to be easy and he had everyone's forgiveness to work on but he could do it.

"Bring them here," Tom said sitting up straighter, gesturing for Avery to come to him.

Avery quickly moved over, handing the vials over which were in a hastily transfigured plain beech box.

"Have you finished your homework?" Hadrian asked Avery, knowing he had a tendency to wait until the last second, he was worse than Lestrange and Carrow put together.

"Yeah," Avery answered, giving a firm nod, without friends or social gatherings his homework certainly hadn't suffered, it was the only thing that helped ease the boredom.

"Here," Tom said handing him one of the potions after inspecting it to make sure it hadn't been improperly brewed.

Hadrian accepted the vial and gulped it down in one single swallow, sighing even as steam poured out of his ears, he could already feel himself improving vastly. Potions were just awesome like that, while it was still working at full capacity he was definitely heading for a shower. Sliding out of bed or trying to as Tom grabbed a hold of him.

"Where are you going?" Tom stated firmly, he should stay in bed and recover.

"I'm going for a shower, I'll be back in ten minutes, then I'll get some rest, I promise," Hadrian said dutifully, knowing Tom wouldn't let the fact he should be resting go.

"Fine," Tom grumbled half heartedly, hopefully Hadrian would be back before he had to head for lunch. He had no idea how impossible it would be to keep Hadrian in bed, there was nothing worse than lounging about for him, he was used to being on the move.

Albus Dumbledore was quite frankly perplexed, Armando had been quite distant and cold as of late, which wasn't like him at all. In fact if it wasn't about the students or the school itself, Armando insisted they had nothing to talk about. He felt rather hurt by being ignored by someone he regarded as a close personal friend. Even Horace had been in an odd mood since the whole Auror debacle; every time he tried to speak to his good friend he almost had his head bitten off. He absolutely refused to speak on the subject, and he had tried every way to make it so. He knew nothing of what had gone on in that room, and it infuriated him, and there was nobody he could glean the information from, Tom Riddle had never met his eyes fully since his first days here at Hogwarts. The Aurors had never approached again and from all indications he'd picked up from Doge was the case was closed. The Aurors were obviously incompetent if they hadn't checked his wand, unless Tom had charmed them as he did everyone else, you would think Auror's would be wiser to manipulation but apparently not.

His eyes narrowed in on the subject of his thoughts walking through the Great Hall with Hadrian Peverell. Jealousy shimmered through his gut just watching them. Neither was afraid to show their affections for one another, unaware of all the jealous looks they received from other students that could have been him and Gellert if only he'd been able to keep his lover from such a dark path. One day Hadrian would wake up and realize he too was with a dark evil wizard and leave. He wished he
could spare the boy that heartache, as much as he distrusted Hadrian he distrusted Tom more. The boy had been evil long before entering the halls of Hogwarts. Nothing would change his path now, perhaps he should have a little conversation with Hadrian, he had tried in the hospital wing that day, but after how he had been with the young teenager he wasn't quite so trusting of him. He couldn't very well get someone else to do it, since they were all blind to the true nature of Tom Riddle.

The boy still looked quite sick, he had missed his class on Friday due to his illness, straightening his spine, he made his decision, he would give the boy detention and have a long conversation with him about suitable partners and seeing beneath the surface, that what one saw wasn't how someone always was. He was so sure Tom kept his true nature hidden from Hadrian; he would never be able to comprehend someone seeing another's true nature and being able to accept it. Perhaps because the thought of what those two powerful wizards could do shook him to the core, and had since their relationship had become increasing obvious to him.

"Hey, Hadrian, how are you feeling?" Myrtle asked Hadrian as she approached the pair.

"I'm fine," Hadrian replied as he always did, "Sorry I missed the get together," they had a get together in the library, mostly just him and Myrtle, sometimes both their boyfriends or even a few friends, Myrtle continued to improve magically, especially in charms and defence, thanks to the books Hadrian recommended. Just because she could defend herself now, it didn't mean she wanted to stop. She was only so good as long as she continued to learn at least according to Hadrian anyway.

"It's fine, I just did some reading in the common room instead, I've been meaning to give you this since the news of what happened in defence got out, but it didn't come until three days ago," Myrtle informed him, handing him the brown paper wrapped book. "It's about Patronus' and the spirit animal; I thought you might like to read up on what your spirit animal represents. It's a gift, I hope you like it,"

"Thanks Myrtle," Hadrian said with a grin, it wasn't uncommon for either of them to buy each other books, in fact Hadrian had bought her four already, ones that weren't available in Hogwarts library. Myrtle had basically done the same, getting them either from her vault or buying a couple here and there. He didn't tell her he already vaguely knew what his Jackal represented or that he knew it represented Tom, she had thoughtfully bought him a gift she thought he would like, and he did like it, it was another book for his growing pile.

"What have you done to Dumbledore, by the way?" Myrtle asked to the surprise of Tom and Hadrian.

"Excuse me?" Tom asked smoothly, wondering what the hell she was talking about.

"Well when you walked in he was glaring, and I swear I saw him look jealous, then the anger took back over, in fact he's still boring holes in my skull," Myrtle murmured shuddering a little, it was an intense stare nobody could blame her for her reaction.

"Interesting," Tom replied silkily, refusing to look over, he did wonder if Myrtle was accurate in her guess, anger he understood, Dumbledore looked at him that way quite often, but jealousy? A slow smirk spread out across his features, remembering Hadrian's talk on how Dumbledore and Grindelwald had wanted to be benign overlords to the Muggles until one of them killed Ariana Dumbledore. There was a chance that Myrtle was right and Dumbledore was jealous. The thought of it had him having to suppress an unseemly cackle of amusement; he honestly never thought he'd see the day. Instead of cackling he just tightened his hold around Hadrian, being more than obvious about his actions, and once again had to suppress the urge to look over at Dumbledore.
He was unable to do so completely, he caught the look on Dumbledore's face as he looked at him from the corner of his eyes. A smooth laugh left his lips, before they tugged up into a smirk of triumph, unlike Dumbledore, Hadrian would never leave because he saw and knew every part of him.

"What on earth tickled you?" Hadrian asked glancing at Tom in amusement, it wasn't often he heard such a genuine laugh from Tom, at least not here in the Great Hall of all places.

"Nothing," Tom insisted, pressing his forehead against Hadrian's, the pepper-up potion was working well since he was quite cool still.

"Alright," Hadrian said, not quite turning around yet, he did wave goodbye to Myrtle who insisted she had to get back to her seat.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter until the summer holidays! and then on to fifth year...oh boy it's going to take forever isn't it? At least its a regular updated one and I can slot the years into four chapters I'm hoping to at any rate! So any ideas on what I could use for classes? I do like it when i have them interacting in class...hmm I'll need to think on everything they learned in defence and see if there's anything i can use to spice the story up a little :D Still didn't get around to explain the jackal patronus but I will! Would you like to see more of Avery's thoughts leading up to and after the oath? R&R please
Chapter 46

Lord Of Time

Chapter 46

Hadrian grumbled under his breath, he'd woken up extremely early, and for the life of him he just could not get back to sleep no matter what he did. The books he'd owl ordered had come on Saturday a few hours after lunch, giving him something to do this weekend, as Tom had foiled each attempt he had at getting out of bed unless it was to use the toilet. His green eyes snapped open, staring at the canopy above him, well there was one thing said for this weekend, all the rest had made him feel a lot better.

Glancing to his left he stared at Tom, he was deeply asleep; he looked years younger without the masks he liked to keep up while he was awake. Next year Tom would be a prefect, and he would look exactly like Hadrian knew him from the Horcrux in the chamber of secrets. Still utterly gorgeous, not that he'd thought that at the time, no he'd just been calculating their similarities, looks, magic, abilities, home life at least what little of it he had revealed. Tom had thought he was an orphan; the Horcrux only had memories of until it was made, and Tom went to visit the Gaunt shack looking for his grandfather but found his uncle who told him about his father leading to the events of the second Horcrux being made. Yes they were alike, more than he had fathomed before he came back here. The care in which Tom exhibited had surprised him though, the time he'd been attacked by the cub, he had been unconscious and therefore hadn't seen how deep Tom felt for him.

There would come a time where he had to tell Tom everything, he knew about the hallows, he knew about him being back in time, but he didn't know about him being Master of Death and immortal to boot. He didn't want to tell him, at least not yet, it had made him nervous but also made his heart soar when Tom declared he wanted to bond with him, it showed he cared, wanted him even, and Tom didn't even know about his immortality yet. What if telling him had the opposite affect? What if he began to distrust him? It had been a long time since Tom found out nearly it all, and they'd been together quite a while, what if Tom saw it as a betrayal?

He didn't want to lose Tom, and he did want to stay with him, did that mean he wanted to bond with him? The patronus sure gave the indication that he had fallen for him quite hard. These feelings were all so unfamiliar to him; he had felt fondness and platonic love for his friends that had long ago turned to hatred, betrayal and disgust. He had felt fondness for Sirius, he had been devastated when he died, but he wasn't sure he could honestly say he loved him, he hadn't been in his life long enough for that. What he felt for Tom was different, nobody had treated him the way Tom did, and nobody had really cared like he did. Was it love? Just the thought of being away from Tom made his heart ache, the thought of Tom turning his back when he learned the truth… and that he'd kept it from him.

Sighing softly, Hadrian decided to get up, he really didn't like the turn his thoughts had taken and really early too, and so he slowly removed himself from Tom's arm, which had been clinging to his stomach. Everyone else was still asleep, although they might not be for much longer, it depended on the time, which to him seemed to be going slower than normal. Opening his drawers he pulled out clean uniform and everything he'd need, grabbing his shower bag he exited the dorm as quietly as possible so he didn't wake everyone. Heaven forbid if he did that, they would complain all day and he definitely didn't want to deal with that.
A quick shower later, Hadrian dried himself off, flinging the used towel into the laundry basket, where it disappeared immediately; Hadrian didn't need to wonder where it went like he had when he was eleven. There was another basket just like the one here in the utility room next to the kitchen where it was transported to for the house-elves to clean and replace in the dorms. Hadrian stepped up to the mirror once he was dressed and began to fiddle with his tie, a Slytherin, who would have thought it, he mused to himself, as he always did when he saw himself with his uniform on. Two years since his life had changed for the better, and he'd only really had one life threatening situation happen. It was a bloody miracle is what it is was. Hopefully he hadn't just cursed himself by thinking about it; it would just be his luck.

Grabbing his shower bag, he non-verbally as well as Wandlessly dried his hair. He entered the dorm again, dumped the bag and gave his hair a quick brush before tying it up. Everyone else was still asleep, he moved over to Tom's bed and grabbed his shoes from under it and made his way back out the dorm, sliding his shoes on as he did, and the dungeons floors were always freezing. He made his way down the stairs, shivering slightly in cold; the fireplace wasn't even on yet. Moving towards it flicking his wand, he murmured quietly, and fire spat out of his wand and landed in the grate. Almost immediately the vicinity began to warm, slumping in the seat, resigned to wait until the day started when he noticed a book open on the table, his lips twitched, he wondered if it had been Tom who left it there or if someone else had read it. It's the book Myrtle had given him on Saturday, he had left it lying in the common room, not something he usually did but he'd been sick.

It was open at the Jackal section; someone had obviously wanted to see what his spirit animal represented.

Jackals are often mistakenly thought of as lazy scavengers who don't like to take risks or venture outside of their own territory. The Jackal are often misrepresented. They don't like to take risks, feel most comfortable on their own turf, and favour long-term survival over momentary satisfaction. But to consider these traits as negatives is to misunderstand the Jackal completely.

Jackals are notoriously hard to read. On the outside they often look bored, disinterested, and lazy. On the inside, however, they are constantly re-evaluating situations and making plans for the future. Jackals have a deep-seeded need for long-term security that heavily influences most of their behaviour. To being secure means being able to live day to day on autopilot - having a comfortable routine that they can change at their whim but will always be there for them to fall back on. They don't mind living in squalor and eating scraps if it leads to an eventual reality of comfortable, if not extravagant living. In truth, Jackals desire the finest homes, possessions, food, and drink. Though they can be self-indulgent, they will never sacrifice their future security for momentary bliss. Everything Jackals do is in an attempt to realize the fantasy of being set comfortably for life.

They have a hard time living in the moment, and are prone to depression and sulking because their goal seems so far away. Jackals need to learn to take pleasure in each day and not just use it as a platform to get closer to their future. If they don't, they risk missing out on their own lives as they are living them.

Though they have a reputation for being sullen, evasive, and even moody, Jackals are actually quite social by nature. They prefer a small, close, consistent group of friends to having a wide variety of acquaintances. With close friends they will let their guard down and will share their innermost feelings, which they typically bottle up, and on a good day can be as charming, funny, and giving as anyone. Their idea of giving is more likely to be in the form of introspective, emotional support rather than the giving of money or material possessions - for everything dollar they give away is seen by them as taking them one step further away from security.
When they do have to enter unfamiliar social situations, Jackals seem surprisingly at ease. In reality, they are observing, evaluating, and reacting to their new acquaintance, maintaining a neutral politeness and general friendliness until they have decided whether or not to share elements of their true selves with this stranger. This goes for casual social situations as well as dating. Leaving themselves open for rejection is anathema for a Jackal, and violates their innermost need to feel comfortable and secure. This makes finding a partner a slow and challenging task.

When they do fall in love, though, Jackals are true companions. Jackals mate for life, and will defend their family and closest friends with surprising ferocity. A Jackal may let you look at their territory, but they will never let you take it without a fight. The true duality of this sign comes through in love. Few things can distract them from their keen focus on their future goals, but this is one of those few. Once you have partnered up with a Jackal, they consider you a part of their plans for the future, and can even be a bit possessive over this relationship.

Hadrian finished reading it, that was definitely Tom through and through, he was curious to see what the Stag meant, flipping through the book, he found it quite quickly. 'Highly sensitive and have a strong intuition. You have the power to deal with challenges with grace. You master the art of being both determined and gentle in your approach. The wisdom imparts those with a special connection with this animal with the ability to be vigilant, move quickly, and trust their instincts to get out the trickiest situations.' that definitely sounded like him alright. From what he knew about his mother, she was pretty much the same, his dad not so much. Closing the book firmly, he might read it one day, but he had no real desire to read through a book filled with 'spirit animals of Patroni' even if it was a gift.

"Accio school bag," Hadrian cast, summoning his bag to him, he had forgotten to bring it with him when he left the room, thankfully all the books inside were ones he was due for today he had packed his bag last night out of boredom. He slid the book into his bag, just because he didn't want to read it all, it didn't mean he wanted to let the others get their hands on it. Most were actually really greedy despite the fact they had more money than they could spend in a lifetime and weren't above petty theft. He brought out his portfolio absolutely everything about his estate was in here, he hadn't had a chance to look at it yet.

Turning to the investment list, he noticed the percentage he had in the Daily Prophet had gone up, it was now at forty-five percent, another six percent and he would have controlling shares, which is exactly what he wanted, the Ministry of Magic would never get to use the paper to spout their own propaganda at the press. Not that it seemed to be a problem here, from what he read of the Daily Prophet it seemed to write the truth, about the war with Grindelwald and how bad it was overseas. The broomstick manufacturing companies weren't high up yet, one as little as five percent and the thunderbolt company was thirty two percent, none were going to be as well known as the Nimbus company though, that was the one he definitely wanted to get shares in when it started. The professionals immediately all start using it, at least until the Firebolt made an appearance on the scene. Nimbus wouldn't be around for at least another thirty years, it was around 1967 it was created by Devlin Whitehorn if he remembered correctly.

The goblins had gotten him shares in the Audi car manufacturing business, which was an old one, but Ironclaw also got him significant shares in the Ferrari car company per his demands it was only a few years old. You would think companies would be suffering due to the war, and some were, but the car companies certainly didn't seem to be he thought to himself, looking at the income he was getting from them. The rest were what he'd asked for publishing companies.

Flipping through more pages, he noticed a list of upcoming businesses that needed money to take off, allowing people to invest in them, and Hadrian curiously read through the list, flipped the page and continued on. One did catch his attention, Zonko's joke shop, Hadrian frowned, wasn't it
already there? He could have sworn he had heard others talking about it, perhaps it was a different joke shop and he'd just assumed it was Zonko's? Tapping his chin thoughtfully, they would be successful, and have absolutely no real competition until Fred and George... that's if they opened their own joke shop. Making a decision he grabbed a piece of parchment and began to write to Ironclaw, crouching just so he could write on the table properly. He would send it away when he was on his way to Ancient Runes. He slid it into the front of his bag so he didn't have to rake through it later.

The rest of the portfolio was properties he owned, or rather that were lying almost derelict since the last Peverell, properties that the Potter's had not claimed, either unable to do so or were willed to others who hadn't used them. They were scattered all over the world, nine in total, three manors, three town houses, three villas. The manors were the ones that held his interest; they were in Britain, one in Scotland and the other two in England, presumably one for each of the Peverell brothers? No the line had continued on long after them, but not too much longer, presumably when the line had merged with the Potter line, with only girls being born.

"You're here," Tom stated, as he made his own appearance in the common room, Hadrian glanced up briefly, blinking in surprise at the worry veiled behind those dark eyes.

"Yeah, I woke up hours ago, I couldn't get back to sleep," Hadrian offered up the information, "Probably had too much sleep this weekend," he added giving a small smile to reassure him that he truly was recovered, before he immersed himself in the three sheets of paper he was interested in.

"What are you doing?" Tom enquired, sliding into the couch next to him, glancing at the portfolio, arching his eyebrow and grimacing in disgust at the so obvious Muggle companies he had. "Muggles? Really?"

"Tom we are a tiny community compared to the Muggle world, take a look at the profit difference between them, and that is during a war, can you imagine what it will be like in a few years?" Hadrian pointed out, moving the parchment so he could see it properly; it was a significantly higher profit margin. "This way they can prove useful and more money can be put into the magical world and help relieve it of its stagnant stillness, wizards are ridiculous for not investing in Muggle companies."

"Perhaps you make a good point," Tom murmured grudgingly, able to see for himself that Hadrian was correct and not wishing to fully admit it.

"As for what I'm doing, I'm looking over my properties," Hadrian added thoughtfully, "They need a lot of work, they're practically derelict, but still standing, I'm thinking of having the goblins find workers to at least work on the structure, anything else I can do myself during the summer."

"That is House-elves jobs, not a Lord's work," Tom reprimanded, his lip curled at the thought of Hadrian doing anything resembling house work.

Hadrian glanced at him, smiling wryly; just thinking of the times at the Orphanage, Tom hated doing anything mundane and had made that more than clear. "I'd rather do it myself, although House-elves would certainly help," Hadrian said thoughtfully, his green eyes glimmering with a hint of sadness, thinking of Kreacher and Dobby, the two house-elves he had grown very fond off, one who had died and the other who he had kept at arms length after the war when he became a wanted wizard once more. What would happen to Dobby now? He was a Malfoy bound House-elf, Hadrian realized, his smile turned quite vicious, they served Tom, or would, and also would do anything he asked, including handing over Dobby. When that day came he would take great delight in watching it.
Tom shifted just slightly at the look on his intended's face, by Merlin he hadn't seen that look since he'd crushed Avery like a slug, make him realize just who he was dealing with. Desire coiled with him, remembering the incident and seeing the dark look on his face. The sound of footsteps forced him to rein it in; it also brought Hadrian out of his thoughts.

"What do you know about buying House-elves?" Hadrian asked the others as they piled into the room, a lot of other years followed either leaving the common room immediately or sitting on one of the chairs, waiting for their friends to come down.

"Well it's not common, you have to wait until they have babies, then they're sold," Lestrange admitted, shrugging his shoulders.

Hadrian gritted his teeth hearing that, "How long after they are born are they ripped from their families?"

"Every family that has one does things different," Aiden said eyeing Hadrian warily, they could see he was pissed off, "Sometimes they're given over as gifts or for a truce, some families wait until the young ones are old enough to use magic and learned how to clean from their parents." he told him the complete truth knowing if he found out later it would just anger him more.

Tom refrained from commenting that they were just creatures, knowing that the comment wouldn't go over too well. For some reason Hadrian had some sort of emotional attachment to the creatures. The look in Hadrian's eyes when he spoke about how he'd gone about getting the locket had given that away, now there were definitely not any doubts left in his mind. He didn't feel strongly enough about them in general to try and get Hadrian to change his mind.

There would come a time when Tom realized there was no such thing possible.

"I can ask around if you're interested?" Aiden asked, not sure whether Hadrian actually wanted one or not or if it was just a general question.

Hadrian's lip curled slightly just thinking about it, "Do it, although I'd prefer it if they are ready to work," in other words, he wanted one who had spent time with its parents, at least getting to know them before they were sold off.

"Alright, I'll write to my parents," Aiden informed him, taking his oath and position as Hadrian's shield seriously, the others were still getting used to it, the not so subtle glances they gave each other totally gave them away, not such a Slytherin move to make really. There was no denying that Lestrange was happy to have his best friend back into the fold though, the others weren't as forgiving but they'd get there, if there was one thing Slytherins knew it was loyalty.

"Let's go," Tom stated, breakfast had already started and he wasn't about to be late for class, especially considering it was Dumbledore's class. He was too much a model student for Dumbledore to get away with giving him detention or losing points without question much to his smug satisfaction.

"I agree, I'm starving," Hadrian agreed, shovelling his paperwork back into the portfolio and putting it back into his bag, clipping it shut before he shoved it over his shoulder and with that they all exited the common room, there were still a few people mingling around, but they were paid no mind. He would read them more thoroughly later and decide upon a property.

"So why do you want to buy a House-elf?" Lestrange asked curiously, not too scared to ask questions to Hadrian, Tom on the other hand he would never ask questions regarding personal matters - not if he wanted his sanity to be kept intact. "I mean you're in Hogwarts…you don't have
any use for them, and you aren't allowed to bring your own."

"Same reason as everyone else gets one, to clean," Hadrian informed him dryly, refraining from rolling his eyes.

Tom suppressed a smirk, Hadrian knew very well what they were asking but he just seemed to love winding them up, to see if they would actually ask what they wanted to know instead of being subtle about it. The way he said it completely destroyed any chance of a continued conversation while he was at it, he was definitely good at what he did.

"I can't wait to see the look on Dumbledore's face," Hadrian commented out of the blue, his green eyes glittering almost vindictively.

Tom didn't bother suppressing it this time, as a chuckle worked out of his throat, sometimes they were so very different…and other times it was as if they could read each others minds, so alike that it was quite scary…to others at any rate. He was looking forward to the look on his face as well, none of the teachers were yet aware of the fact he had gained his inheritance, didn't know that he was no longer a Riddle but Lord Slytherin. He had imagined the look on Dumbledore's face numerous times over the weekend. "Indeed," Tom replied succinctly.

"Want to bet a galleon all the ways you imagine it pale into comparison with his real reaction?" Hadrian teased Tom quietly, a wide grin on his face, it had become his favourite past time to wind up Dumbledore. He could use it really, bring him down a few pegs, he wasn't infallible no matter how much he liked to think he was or omnipotent. He didn't expect it to continue, Dumbledore hadn't gotten to where he was by being stupid, no Hadrian knew he had to watch his back, go too far and he had no idea what Dumbledore could or would do.

"Of course it will," Tom taunted, smugly. He was looking forward to seeing the genuine look on the old fools face. He was pretty sure that the other Slytherin's were as well, at least those in his circle, they were the only ones that knew. His face smoothed over as soon as they entered the Great Hall, the group made their way over to their usual place, and sat down eager to eat and get to class for once.

"Do you think Merrythought will be back this week?" Rosier questioned from further down, "I never thought I'd say this but I miss her, she's much better than the idiot we've got now."

"He's not too bad," Hadrian acknowledged, "But I have to agree, he doesn't know what the hell to do with a class." compared to the DADA teachers in his time he was better, maybe not compared to Moody and Remus though. "I get the feeling he's never taught before, I'm not sure why he didn't just pass out quizzes."

"He's probably just passed his mastery, he looks what? Twenty-two? It's about the right length of time to complete a Defence Mastery." Lestrange admitted, wiping his mouth of the grease.

"I thought it only took two to three years to complete…" Hadrian questioned.

"That's a degree, a Mastery requires five years," Lestrange shook his head, "A degree is all you need to teach but Mastery's are hugely sought after, not a lot of people bother to go the five years though."

Hadrian gave Lestrange a strange look, he knew of quite a few people who had Mastery's, perhaps it wasn't a lot when compared to the overall wizarding population.

"I plan to take mine," Lestrange said smugly.
"In what?" Hadrian asked, shoving his plate aside as he once more dug into his bag, and brought out a new piece of parchment, deciding to have the three manors go through intense repairs, he could decide which one he liked best once Hogwarts was done for the year.

"Defence Mastery, my father has one," Lestrange proclaimed proudly.

"I see," Hadrian said, hiding his surprise successfully, he'd sort of always assumed the pureblood's were lazy and had no real plans to get jobs or the like, they had enough money to see them living several lifetimes after all. Draco Malfoy certainly hadn't had any ambition, nor had Lucius Malfoy other than throwing his money and climbing up the social ladder. Merlin the world truly had gone to hell, had it gotten so bad that Slytherin's found it difficult to get jobs or have Mastery's? Or had they just decided to be as bad as everyone thought they were? He didn't know and it did perplex him.

"What about you?" Lestrange asked, watching Hadrian scribble away quickly on a piece of parchment.

"I honestly don't know," Hadrian admitted, at a loss, there was so much he wanted to change about the magical world, he couldn't exactly do that and have a full time job...at least he didn't think he could. The only thing he had genuinely liked doing was teaching, it had been what he'd done, he'd taught a lot of his peers how to defend themselves, only because Umbridge had refused to do so. He had also enjoyed writing his book, which had surprisingly been a big hit, it had flown off the shelves, and more had to be printed. He didn't want to be an Auror despite what he had told McGonagall, he'd done that solely to piss Umbridge off and the expectations the others had that he become one.

"I wouldn't worry about it," Tom stated, seeing that Hadrian was in deep consternation. "Not everyone knows what they wish to do career wise so soon, many take a few years out of Hogwarts to find out what they truly wish to do." not that he actually wanted Hadrian to do anything, other than be at his side. He had never asked Hadrian if he'd had a career or aspirations before he came here; he had been in his twenties after all, now he was indeed very curious. It wasn't something he could ask here, he would need to wait until they were alone.

Hadrian wiped his fingers before folding up the letter, they needed sealed before he sent them, but he wasn't bringing out his seal here, Dumbledore still didn't know about his Lordship, none of the teachers did actually. He would do it when he was at the Owlery; he decided sliding the letter next to the other one, both of the destined for Gringotts. Zipping the side pocket up, he slid his bag over his back, before grabbing a few slices of toast, he was actually still hungry. He was just about to turn around when Tom grabbed a hold of his arm, preventing him from leaving.

Dumbledore from the head table noticed it, his eyes narrowed in on them, feeling even more cautious, perhaps he best get Hadrian checked for any compulsions and curses. Tom had already admitted his abilities in those areas, he could get people to do whatever he wanted, and in other words he was already using the Imperius curse before his entrance into Hogwarts.

"Miss me already?" Hadrian teased quietly into Tom's ear.

"Amusing," Tom said wryly, taking his own bag and only then did both of them make their way out of the Great Hall, his 'friends' following them, returning the legion of hello's they got in the hallway. Hadrian had been famous and was used to it, not to this extent, for some odd reason other than the first week of pointing and staring, not many had actually tried to befriend him. He was more popular here for a reason, than he had been before, and he found it utterly hilarious.
They traipsed up the stairs making their way to the Transfiguration classroom, taking their seats at the back of the classroom, none of the Slytherins ever argued about the seating arrangements. "You've forgotten one important detail…" Hadrian said, looking as though he'd just had an epiphany.

"About?" Tom asked turning to Hadrian temporarily confused.

"Dumbledore rarely calls on you," Hadrian pointed out, in fact he did it what…two or three times a year if he was lucky.

"Damn," Rosier grumbled in disappointment.

"Good morning, students," Dumbledore said, beaming happily at them, as if nothing pleased him more as he grandly entered the room.

A few students replied, if one had been other to observe they would have realized it was only Gryffindors, Dumbledore's favourites.

"Then I'll have to make him," Tom replied, but he knew that wouldn't work either.

"It would be amusing to see you try," Hadrian laughed a little, paying no attention to Dumbledore as he spoke, but that was nothing new.

"Mr. Peverell, when you come to my class I expect you to pay attention," Dumbledore admonished, "Detention tonight, with me," shaking his head severely disappointed with him.

"Yes, Sir," Hadrian replied his face going blank as he regarded Dumbledore, his fury barely concealed, he knew, he just knew Dumbledore had come to the classroom with that plan in mind and used the first available excuse.

"Now turn to page fifty-seven," Dumbledore said, his attention now back on the students, "Today we are going to learn about another area of Transfiguration. Vanishment is the art of causing things to Vanish; to make things go into non-being. Vanishment is moderatley difficult and is considered one of the hardest transfigurations to be tested on in one's O.W.L exams, which you will take next year, the difficulty of the Vanishment to be performed positively correlates with the complexity of the organism to be Vanished…for example, invertebrates are easier to Vanish than vertebrates…now can anyone tell me one of the incantations for a Vanishment spell?"

A lot of hands went up, all eager to please the powerful wizard.

"Yes, Mr. Potter," Albus said, pointing towards one of his favourites, he was by far one of his best students.

"Evanesco, Professor," the Potter heir replied confidently.

"Precisely, ten points to Gryffindor," Dumbledore said, beaming proudly. "Now hand these out to everyone and practise, do not be discouraged if you do not get it the first time, remember, it is a difficult spell to master." he passed the box filled with pin cushions to the nearest Slytherin, "Now eyes front, I will give you a careful demonstration, as always, pay close attention to the wand movements."

"If there was ever a time I wished I could read your mind…it would be now," Tom whispered, once again seeing the look of vindictive satisfaction on Hadrian's face.

"You'd get amusement out of it," Hadrian agreed, green eyes twinkling, "I set a snake free. Well I
made the glass disappear, and then made it reappear after my cousin fell in and the snake got out. That was before I knew about magic." it was one of his most amusing accidental magic incidents, the top definitely had to be Marge being blown up like a balloon, no contest.

"Mr. Pev..." Dumbledore's voice began his tone filled with warning. "Evanesco!" Hadrian said confidently, knowing it would work, refusing to even look at Dumbledore, he was really pissed at the old man, and he was going to have to bail on Myrtle again! He couldn't be at two places at once, so he would have to tell her he couldn't make it. Not that she needed him anymore, it was more to just talk rather than learn spells.

"Well done," Dumbledore said, barely able to conceal his grudging respect, "Ten points to Slytherin,"

And Tom...not to be outdone, did exactly the same thing with the same results, this time before Dumbledore could conceive looking away, so with a small barely discernable grimace he added, "Ten points to Slytherin, Mr. Riddle." the Slytherin's all at once inhaled in anticipation, waiting on pins and needles.

"I no longer go by that name, professor," Tom told him angelically, a small smile on his face.

"Excuse me, Tom?" Dumbledore asked, staring blankly at the teenager, not understanding what he was getting at.

"I received my inheritance and changed my name," Tom said slowly, as if he was doing it solely for his teachers benefit so he could keep up, really he was doing it just to wind him up. "I see," Dumbledore replied, a little twinkle coming into his eye, realizing for a certainty that Tom definitely was behind the deaths of his father and uncle, he finally understood the reasoning behind it, he should have guessed. "Very well Mr. Gaunt,"

"Oh, no professor, I didn't take on the Gaunt name," Tom replied sweetly, ignoring the shocked whispers going around the Gryffindor side of the room. His proclamation of his name would have sent him into fury if he hadn't already been aware Dumbledore knew who his family was, he had kept it from him. "I took my true name, Tom Marvolo Slytherin," he finished smugly, watching Dumbledore avidly.

They had been right; none of his visions came close to the look on Dumbledore's face. Dumbledore was actually gaping at him, his twinkle vanished completely. It was the best look he'd seen on the old fool yet, and the entire class was going crazy as they processed the information.

"SILENCE!" boomed Dumbledore after he slowly but surely came back to himself, his twinkle ampped up, and his face became genial once more. "This is a class, save your gossip until lunch."

Tom turned to Hadrian to see him barely containing his amusement; Tom literally had to bite his tongue to stop himself laughing. He had never seen such near childish abandon on Hadrian's face before. He vowed he would make sure to put it there again, somehow someway.

**Chapter End Notes**

Alright so it might take more than just this chapter to reach the end of the year...and
sorry about my mistakes in the previous chapter they are taking their OWLS this year and they will be going into their fifth year next year which is when they'll start attending the Slug club Will Hadrian even get asked to go? or will Tom have to persuade Slughorn to allow it?! Sooo will we have Myrtle attending them with Harry and Tom or will it just be them? bearing in mind that Myrtle is the best in her class :D in most classes due to Harry's teachings anyway R&R please :)}
Chapter 47

Hadrian made his way to the Transfiguration classroom, still annoyed beyond belief at Dumbledore. He had intended on giving him that detention before he even walked into that classroom and to top it off he hadn't wasted a second in giving him it for the first available half assed excuse. If one of his precious Gryffindors had done it (and they did do it) would they have received detention? Would they have hell. No, he was up to something, he and Tom both knew it, they just didn't know what he was trying to accomplish. There would have been a time where he had been excited, happy even to meet a younger Dumbledore, to see what he was like. He had been such a naïve little shit back then though, he thought with self disgust, he knocked loudly on the door, his lip curling when he heard the old man bidding him to enter.

Erecting his mental barriers, pushing down all his hatred behind them, he didn't need to worry about Dumbledore getting into his mind. Death had informed him that it would be impossible to do so, his mind was protected to the greatest extent, after all nobody should have his knowledge. It was imperative that nobody ever found out unless he wished it of course, but Death had added that even without the safety measures taken, that he would have honed his abilities so much so that even someone as powerful as Tom or Dumbledore wouldn't have broken his barriers. He wasn't just a wizard anymore, he was Master over Death, and that made him the most powerful being to walk the world. The older he got, the more powerful he would become, regardless of what body he was in. Which Hadrian had found rather odd to say the least, the older a wizard got, the more their core diminished, while Dumbledore was powerful he was passed his prime, or would be soon enough, by the end of his life in his original time, Dumbledore's powers had diminished and it had nothing to do with the curse on his hand.

Shaking off his useless thoughts, Hadrian opened the door and walked in, he took a seat at the front of the classroom, something he hadn't done in a long time. He put his bag on the floor at his feet, unconsciously feeling at the invisible ring on his finger, an added protection just in case Dumbledore did try anything. He doubted he would, after all he wasn't someone unused to magic, like when Dumbledore had first used magic against him to compel him to do things, be the compulsive Gryffindor moulding him to be what he wanted, all the while surrounding him with people who reported everything to him. Cursing his wandering thoughts, he stared ahead impassively.

"Ah, Mr. Peverell, prompt I see," Dumbledore said, standing up, he moved over to the teen, placing a roll of parchment on the desk. "I want you to write lines as your punishment for being disrespectful to a teacher," he added, shaking his head in disappointment.

Hadrian arched an eyebrow at that, barely preventing himself from snorting derisively, he wasn't a child who cared about having someone disappointed in him. Especially not a man like Dumbledore, in fact he couldn't wait until the day came where he destroyed Dumbledore's reputation to pieces. Unveiled everything the old fool wished to keep hidden from the public, by the time he was done Dumbledore wouldn't be able to use people the way he did in his time. He might still have those who follow him but not the majority of the magical world. In fact he prayed that when the news got out that Dumbledore wouldn't end up Hogwarts Headmaster.
Hadrian turned away from Dumbledore, dismissing him without saying a single word, making sure the old fool knew without him saying anything that he didn't care for him or his words. Instead he unrolled the parchment, and grabbed his quill from his bag before writing the words that Dumbledore had written at the top, 'I must not disrespect my professors' and so he began writing, anything to get this over and done with.

He had sent off another owl to Ironclaw before coming for his detention, he had gotten in touch with him right away, considering the money he was making the goblin he wasn't surprised. As manager he got a certain amount of money, more so for each time he successfully invested in another company he requested. He had yet to let him down, then again he had made it more than clear that if he didn't then he would just get another goblin to take care of his account. Considering how quickly he continued to get back, Hadrian would bet that he was considered the top client and given priority over all others.

Hadrian continued to write, paying no attention to Dumbledore, slightly surprised that he wasn't asking him anything or worse doing something. Perhaps he was just being vindictive? But Hadrian didn't think so, it wasn't like him, he usually did something for a reason. The three properties he had in the UK were going to be repaired, internally and externally, it would take them a while if the lists Ironclaw gave him were accurate and they probably were. Ironclaw informed him that the goblins were removing everything still inside to a vault until the properties were repaired. He had decided on Yaxley and Crouch, it was the fifth on the list of recommended construction companies, their reviews were good, by moderately successful wizards and witches, he knew him using them would bring it up. The other companies were extortionate in their prices, well screw that, its why he went with Yaxley and Crouch both because they were reasonable with their prices and well the Slytherin part of him too. The other companies will probably be pissed off that a pureblood like the Peverells had chosen a 'substandard' company. He had told Ironclaw that he would give half upfront half when they were finished, if they didn't like it then he would find another company. He knew by this time tomorrow they will have agreed to it and hopefully one would be finished by the time school ended, he wanted somewhere to call home, his home, he'd never had that before. Hogwarts as much as he loved it wasn't his home, and afterwards he'd spent his life on the run.

Pausing briefly, Hadrian flexed his hand; it was getting a little too stiff, how long had he been writing? He thought to himself, grasping his Slytherin pocket watch, he found he'd already been here for over an hour. Stretching for a bit before he got back to it, he was only half way through and Dumbledore could keep him here for another two hours, which was extremely depressing, he would have preferred cleaning cauldrons to this, at least while he was cleaning he didn't drift off so much like he was doing today.

Sighing softly, he scribbled away, in fact it was the only sounds in the room, and Dumbledore was at his desk and from what it looked like he was marking homework. He could have had his own homework complete, sitting in the common room, without feeling like he wanted to wring someone's neck. No, what he had planned would do more damage, he thought vindictively. He would wait until he finished Hogwarts though, he definitely didn't want to be within touching distance when he realized who it was although he would love nothing more than to see his face. Knocking on the door brought him out of his musing; nonetheless he continued writing while eyeing the door curiously.

He arched an eyebrow when he saw that it was Healer Chang that entered, he wondered if one of the Gryffindors had been hurt. Although considering he was the Deputy it might not just be a Gryffindor he was responsible for all houses. Her words though made him realize that it wasn't.

"You asked to see me, Albus?" she enquired giving Hadrian a warm smile as she did so.
"I did, why don't we take this in my office?" Albus suggested after giving Hadrian a penetrating look.

"Of course," Chang replied, quickly following the wizard wondering what was going on and why she had been summoned.

Hadrian narrowed his eyes, before casting an eavesdropping charm, able to hear them talking quite clearly, Dumbledore hadn't even bothered to close his door. Then again they didn't teach you charms on how to eavesdrop until seventh year, to prevent instances like that. It seemed as though he was just either careless (which Dumbledore usually wasn't) or he didn't see him knowing that charm which was just insulting.

He began to scribble away, just in case they were listening for that sound of the quill scratching on paper. All the while he listened in on their conversation.

"What is wrong? Are you well?" Chang asked her concern obvious.

"I am fine, alas I didn't call you here for me," Albus said soothing the worried healer, "I believe Mr. Peverell has been subjected to a controlling charm of some sort. His temperament has changed, and I am concerned for him."

Hadrian's eyebrows both rose up in both shock and indignation, his temperament? He had always hated the old fool, although he never showed it, he was confused, what on earth had happened to make Dumbledore think for one second he was being controlled?

"How do you mean?" Chang asked her voice dropping at the obvious bombshell Dumbledore had dropped on her. She sounded shocked and alarmed, which was admittedly an appropriate response to hearing such news.

"He is just not himself, he's more susceptible to doing as he's asked," Albus murmured quietly, a hint of annoyance showing through, perhaps at the fact she hadn't just taken his word for it?

"To who is he more susceptible?" Chang enquired her voice getting more intense.

"I cannot say," Albus said slowly, "It's nothing obvious just something I've observed for the last few days."

Hadrian frowned, utterly perplexed, he knew he wasn't being controlled, his magic wouldn't let him be, the Imperious curse didn't work on him and with his powers such spells like arbitrium, which gave the castor a certain amount of control over another, and if used effectively could change someone's way of thinking, it was the spells Dumbledore himself had actually used on him when he was younger. It was actually in the grey area as far as magic was concerned, dicio, ditio could get you sentenced to Azkaban for a few years, but the Imperious curse was the one you would get a life sentence in Azkaban for.

Dumbledore seriously didn't think that Tom was controlling him did he? Hadrian thought wide eyed as thought struck him, and he knew immediately that he was correct. He still couldn't figure out why on earth he would think that though, it was utterly ludicrous! It had definitely not been anywhere on his list of things Dumbledore would try.

It would backfire on him quite quickly, hearing the tail end of their conversation, he flicked his wand cancelling the charm he'd cast and got back to his work looking for all the world extremely bored.

"How are you feeling, Mr. Peverell?" Chang asked as she exited Dumbledore's private office and
Hadrian grinned at her, happy to see her "I'm really good! It's hard to believe its been nearly two years since I started here, but please call me Hadrian, ma'am, like you used to."

Chang smiled even more genuinely at him, Hadrian had changed since she first saw the poor boy. He had been so underfed that it was unhealthy, skinny and sickly looking. In the past two years he had shot up in height, obviously hitting a growth spurt with his healthy eating. He had filled out and the haunted look in his eyes wasn't present anymore, he looked happy and she was honestly very fond of the child. When he was in the hospital wing he wasn't cheeky, moody or wayward in any way, he was unfailing polite and charming, considering how his life had been it was a surprise really. "Oh, very well, Hadrian it is," she said, ignoring Dumbledore's clearng of his throat to rush this along. "May I use a diagnosis charm on you?"

"Why? Is there something wrong?" Hadrian asked stiffening noticeably, his green eyes flashing with worry.

Chang cleared her throat, "Professor Dumbledore thinks someone may have some form of controlling spell attached to you, to get this cleared up, a simple diagnosis charm is all that's required." she answered honestly, not going to lie to the child, she could see that Albus wasn't impressed with her but she refused to be dishonest.

"Controlling spell?" Hadrian cried out, "That's impossible!" he added more himself, his green eyes boring into twinkling blue.

"Many people older and more experienced than you can end up spelled, Mr. Peverell, as it so happens, it being impossible is also a defence mechanism the spell holds of the recipient." Albus said condescendingly. He had seen the way Tom was with the boy, he was positive he was right, and when that happened well he wouldn't need to convince the boy to separate himself from Tom for his own good he would do it on his own.

"No, I mean it's impossible," Hadrian replied calmly.

"Irene I think its best if you do the spell," Albus said, quickly gesturing towards her to do as he asked.

"Why do you think its impossible Hadrian?" Chang asked, her voice soothing and calm, she completely ignored Albus once more, she wasn't about to cast spells on an unwilling child not without proof that there was something wrong. She didn't see any changes in Hadrian from the last time she had seen him.

Hadrian raised his hand, tapping it with his wand, not revealing his Wandless abilities, not to Dumbledore of all people. He revealed his ring, his Lordship ring, which prevented him from being tampered with, the ancient magic in the ring worked incredibly well to safeguard the wearer and Lord of the family. "This is why."

Dumbledore paled at the signet on the ring, and the fact he had the ring on his hand. It wasn't the ring the one he was fascinated with, but it was the signet of the Deathly hallows nonetheless. The knowledge that the boy could very well have the ring he so desired…caused him a great deal of consternation. He was one step closer to his goal, if he could get his hands on that ring, he would be the owner of all three hallows. After all he knew where the cloak was, everything would be complete.

"There's only one spell that would work with this ring on my finger, and that's the imperious curse,
and even using a diagnosis spell wouldn't prove it, if I'm right about it...there's never a sign right? I mean that you're under the curse until you come out of it, but I'm not susceptible to that curse, they tried to use it on me that day," Hadrian lied, swallowing thickly, trying to make himself as tiny and traumatised as possible, giving a shudder for affect. "When they couldn't they used the other one... and it hurt so much."

"It's alright, Hadrian, please don't continue, its fine," she soothed, gripping his shoulder in comfort. She felt like cursing someone for making Hadrian relieve that day, the poor boy had been unconscious for a month while they continued to save his life again and again until the curses were finally lifted. "I think you should go back to your dorm, get some rest," effectively ending Dumbledore's detention.

"Yes, ma'am," Hadrian murmured quietly, still staring at the floor, if he so much as looked at the damn old fool he would lose it completely.

"Yes, yes, that seems like a good idea," Dumbledore said as if it was his own idea, still distracted, his mind running a mile a minute on how to get Hadrian to give him the ring if he had it, he had to go to the Ministry, gain custody if he could. It wouldn't be easy especially seen as that was not just an heir ring but Lordship; Hadrian must have gotten emancipated somehow.

Hadrian scooped up his bag, bidding goodbye to Healer Chang before leaving the classroom, only once he was well out of view of the transfiguration classroom did he began to bolt for the Slytherin common room, tamping down on his considerable magic, trying to prevent himself from losing complete control of it as his anger began to mount precariously on a knife edge ready to unleash. If those in Slytherin had assumed they'd felt the full force of his powers when he unleashed it against Avery back then they would be in for a surprise if he didn't reign himself in.

"OPEN!" Hadrian hissed, not consciously thinking, which incidentally meant thinking of the password, just needing to get into the common room.

Hadrian ignored absolutely everyone looking at him, just dumped his bag on one of the couches and stomped away. Not going up the stairs but to the training room he had found when he first nosed around. He continued to use it to this day actually, to continue his magical training, to widen his magical core, allowing this body to get used to all the magic cast. As soon as he got inside, he began to pulverise the training dummy he had created, spell after spell left his fingertips, he didn't even bother with his wand, knowing it would only hinder his need to vent. The dummy was in pieces but Hadrian never stopped, instead he just blasted the pieces into even smaller pieces. Tom watched from the door for twenty minutes as a multitude of different coloured spells was spat from Hadrian in all his fury. He wasn't stupid enough to approach Hadrian in his condition, he waited until some of the anger had tapered off and the spells were becoming less and less frequent, only then did he wrap his arms around Hadrian's stopping him from casting anymore. "Easy," Tom murmured quietly, concerned about his intended, he'd never seen him quite so furious before; never felt this much magic coming from him. "What happened?" he asked as Hadrian leaned fully against him, his legs trembling - with so much magic being used without a wand he wasn't surprised that Hadrian was feeling weakened.

Hadrian chuckled darkly, "Dumbledore happened," he spat, "Bloody hypocritical old fool!"

"Let's get to the dorm, can you move?" Tom enquired, taking control, something he was very much used to and always felt better when he was in complete control.

"Yeah," Hadrian said, standing albeit shakily, he was exhausted, the run through the school, the tight hold of his magic and unleashing it had left him feeling like jelly. Tom let his arms fall from
his body, but kept close by just in case, Tom led him out of the room, throwing a glare at everyone in the common room causing them to all look away. It didn't take them long to get up the stairs, in fact the enclosed space helped Hadrian get up them much easier and quicker.

"Silencio!" Tom cast, bathing the room in silence so whatever they spoke about wouldn't reach anyone else's ears. He also used the spells that Hadrian had shown him, to detect any listening spells and found none. He was too tense to sit so he stayed standing as Hadrian sat on their bed, he was still angry if his clenching fists was anything to go on. "What did he do?" he demanded.

"He called Healer Chang and basically told her I was being 'controlled'," Hadrian sneered, "I have no idea why he would think that, but I'm pretty sure he thought it was you."

Tom scowled, his own anger at Dumbledore rising, how dare the old fool think for a second he was controlling his intended? Then he remembered Hadrian's words, hypocrite, and he began to wonder if Dumbledore had used such a spell on Hadrian when he was younger…it would certainly explain Hadrian's words and anger at the old fool.

"I had to reveal my headship status, he saw the insignia on the ring, he's going to be after me even more now," Hadrian said bitterly.

"Why?" Tom frowned, not yet connecting the dots.

"The Deathly Hallows, remember?" Hadrian replied, showing him the sign, "He's been obsessed with the hallows since he was a teenager, he was obsessed with them until his dying breath."

"I see," Tom replied thoughtfully, his brow furrowing as he lost himself in thought.

Hadrian began to strip, screw his homework, he could do it another night he just wanted to sleep he was so tired.

"What did you mean earlier by him being a hypocrite? Has he used spells to control you before?" Tom demanded, forcing himself not to get distracted as that pale delectable flesh was slowly revealed. He wanted an answer more, which was a surprise since when it came to Hadrian he lost all sense and just wanted to ravish him.

"Yes, but how many times even I have no idea, it wasn't until later I realized what he'd done," Hadrian murmured as he snuggled under the covers. Truth of the matter was, a few compulsions was nothing at the end of the day when you learn someone you loved as a grandfather wanted you dead and had used his so called friends to make sure it happened after he died.

Tom gritted his teeth, furious on Hadrian's behalf at what Dumbledore had done. While he wasn't exactly a beacon of light, he did not cast controlling spells left right and centre, although he had contemplated a time or two casting the Imperius Curse to get what he wanted but he hadn't. He would rather persuade or blackmail people into doing his bidding thank you very much.

"Don't worry about it, he can't do anything, I have the ring on, and he knows it," Hadrian mumbled sleepily, sensing Tom's rising frustration and anger. "I was too important back then to be left to my own devices; it's why he did it,"

"Don't you dare defend him," Tom snapped furiously, he couldn't believe the words that had just came out of his mouth.

"Oh I'm not," Hadrian sighed, sluggishly opening one intense green eye, which began to twinkle, "Believe me he will get what's coming to him and he will never anticipate it. I'm going to enjoy every. Single. Minute. Of it." he enunciated viciously. Albus Dumbledore would rue the day he had
ever met Harry Potter and looked at Hadrian Peverell wrong, he was going to utterly destroy the old man.

Tom slowly smirked, oh he couldn't wait for that day to come, and he knew deep inside that it would be worth the wait, worth keeping his own mouth shut about what he did know. He also knew that with Hadrian on his side...everything he wanted to accomplish would be done, by both of them, together. The two most powerful wizards in the magical world, and he would make sure they would never die, he would make them immortal. He would find a way to do it, it just required some research.

Chapter End Notes

I can't for the life of me remember whether it was this year he unleashed the basilisk and created that Horcrux or if it was next year...I do know that he was already a part of the Slug club by then....hmm the youngest I think was invited was sixth years which is why I'm waiting until they reach their sixth year to be invited or even when they turn sixteen which means next year for Tom and Harry...i think the memory was Tom asking Slughorn AFTER a slug party about Horcruxes...gah more research! You know I did a lot research for this story at the beginning about the war and Tom's timeline...need to dredge it all up again since I've forgotten! :D how do you think Harry will react to learning that Tom's looking up on them? Will he show Tom what happens if he uses them? Or will he just give him the grim details? I honestly don't know if i will be able to have Tom stay with Harry when the truth is learnt...i mean Harry did defeat him twice (sort of) and can you see a guy so bent on control letting Hadrian anywhere near him knowing he had killed him? or will Harry leave that out and it never ever be brought up? or will Tom realise how far off the reservation he went and realise he needed to be killed? After all Tom didn't just start killing muggles and wizards to begin with, he went down the political route with the knights of his before it got violent when they realized it wouldn't work...that a more radical approach was needed...but with Hadrian will such an approach be needed? Will they have everyone eating out of the palm of their hands and able to change the magical world for the better or will Hadrian and Tom need to do what 'Voldemort' did and go down a more radical road as well? R&R please!
Chapter 48

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lord Of Time

Chapter 48

Hadrian yawned tiredly, completely exhausted as he slumped down on the chair of the common room, he had just attended the last feast they'd have at Hogwarts for the year. Tomorrow they would be having breakfast and leaving on the Hogwarts express. He knew next year would leave him even more fatigued. With his OWLS, the amount of tests he'd have to take, both written and practical, crammed into a single fortnight, but that was a year away, not something he would need to concern himself with right now.

"What happened in that detention?" Carrow asked cautiously, they had seen how Dumbledore was looking at their friend lately, and none of them liked it at all. A greedy look almost possessive, but not quite the way most people would look, honestly? It was as if Dumbledore had found the answer to all his hopes and dreams, it was disgusting and Tom had been in a foul mood over it. In fact tonight was the first time they'd actually seen them apart, which was why he felt safe enough to actually ask. He definitely didn't want to deal with Tom when he was in one of those moods, best just to take a step back. "Do you know something we don't..." he didn't seem even remotely surprised by Dumbledore's sudden interest in him.

Avery and the others who were sitting around glanced at Carrow incredulously; they couldn't believe he had just asked that. While admittedly it had been on their thoughts a lot lately, it didn't mean they had the guts to outright ask. Dolohov and Nott glanced around the common room as if they were expecting Tom to come out of the shadows. They were always used to Tom getting intolerable at the end of the year, but this year had been by far the worst.

"I'm sure I know quite a lot that you don't," Hadrian told him seriously, which was just all too true, "Don't worry about it, it's nothing spectacular to be honest." shrugging his shoulders. "Just Dumbledore being Dumbledore, and of course Tom keeps rising to it." sighing in exasperation, shaking his head, but he continued to forget Tom was actually just fifteen years old, while he himself was just playing the part. He chuckled at the looks on their faces, surprise, shock and awe that he would actually say something about Tom; especially something none of the others would dare to say out loud. Hell they didn't even let themselves think it while Tom was around.

"It's obviously something," Carrow continued, he was on a roll; he'd unleashed the genie from the box he might as well continue.

"Obviously," Hadrian echoed, nodding his head. "Honestly, given the curiosity of you all, I'm surprised you aren't in Gryffindor, but that's not really it is it? You want to know everything for your own gain, to ensure you have blackmail material should you ever need it." he said smirking wryly at them. He had more than enough to last him six decades and he quite frankly revelled in it. "Sorry guys, I'm not about to give up my own leverage,"

"Wait, are you saying you've got something on him?" Avery gaped, agog, he didn't want to believe it.

"More than one something," Hadrian shrugged carelessly, he knew it was safe to say as such, these
boys all had the ability to tell if someone was entering their minds, Dumbledore wouldn't risk trying to read their thoughts because of their knowledge that he could. He wouldn't risk them tattling to their parents and bringing the whole wrath of the Ministry down upon his head.

"Bloody hell," Nott said in admiration, not doubting it for a second, he wasn't sure where Hadrian got his information, but he had it in spades, and not just Dumbledore, Grindelwald too, he thought remembering the information they'd gotten on the train ride last year. For someone supposedly new to the whole magic thing, he'd taken them by surprise. Admittedly when they saw Hadrian first using magic on Avery, they'd contemplated the idea that he just had extraordinary control over his abilities, but deep inside they'd known he wasn't new to magic. They just couldn't believe he'd successfully duped both the Headmaster, Deputy Headmaster and the Ministry of magic.

"Do you have some sort of source you get information from?" Dolohov enquired, balancing his book on his knee, his hand keeping it from toppling and to stop him losing his page.

Hadrian just smirked, "Now that would be telling," he teased them in good fun.

Nott smirked, they all knew they wouldn't reveal much of anything either…except if it was Tom of course, and he was the exception to the rule…and probably one day Hadrian too. He wasn't blind to the way the wind was blowing, between the two of them, they knew they would bring the magical world to a new age, one that wasn't stagnant, the magical world was just the same as it was decades ago when his parents were a Hogwarts and their parents and so on and so forth. Other than some new potions and spells, it was exactly the same, and it shouldn't be, while progress didn't happen overnight, there should have been more.

"Have you heard back from the Rookwoods yet?" Avery queried, he had put Hadrian in touch with them due to the fact they had a House-elf that would soon be ready to go. From what Abraxas said, the elf had been planned as a trade off between the House of Malfoy and the House of Rookwood to secure their alliance to this generation now that Abraxas was taking over from his father; or rather he was learning so he could take over. Abraxas would have felt insulted but the urge to gain favour with Tom and Hadrian was too strong, especially seen as he couldn't do it at school now he'd left. Which was why he had let the information be known, the Malfoy's weren't stupid in fact they knew how to play the political game better than most people.

"They've started the negotiations, they're drafting up the contract, they'll let me know when the House-elf is ready to go and contracts ready for signing," Hadrian replied, his tiredness showing through.

"You've seen a copy right? Made amendments to it if it's needed?" Avery questioned, taking his duty seriously as he always would.

"I got a copy; everything is in order, made it clear if they tried to change things that it would be their downfall that the House of Peverell didn't deal with sneaks and those without honour," Hadrian told him, still surprised at the changes in Avery; he was going out of his way constantly to make sure he wasn't betrayed or the likes.

"You threatened the Rookwoods?" Nott's eyes went extremely large as he stared horrified.

"I didn't exactly use those words, but it was the gist of what I meant and they no doubt got it without me having to use those terms." Hadrian said dryly, they were all up each others asses he was surprised they could form opinions of their own. The one with the more power, more political clout was the 'leader' of the purebloods and the one they wanted to negotiate with. Of course in a few years the 'leader' would have been nothing more than a puppet doing what Tom wanted him to with everyone following. "I do not care for the games everyone likes to play, smarmy up to
families with power, influence and money, then stabbing them in the back if someone better comes around. I find the entire thing distasteful; I would rather have people on my side that would stay there regardless of where the wind blows. I mean honestly...what do you really get by deciding to go after the most influential wizard or witch? Money? You've already got heaps of it, influence? Not really, they're just the one using you, power? Same could be said again." his distaste obvious.

"But that's just the way it is," Nott said, a frown crossing his features, he hadn't really thought of it any other way, it had been how they were raised. They'd never really considered it as being seen as stabbing someone in the back, they all knew the deal, keep absolute power or it goes to someone else, it was simple way of life. To them at any rate.

"And you wonder why things don't change?" Hadrian scoffed, rolling his eyes, same pattern different generation, it was utter nonsense. "To make change one must actually want to make change, seems to me that everyone's fine with the same old status quo." thankfully he was here to shift things about, and with the money he was making...he'd fast become the richest wizard in the magical world, and money opened a lot of doors and also aided you in doing whatever it is that you wanted to do. He would do what others didn't care to do; he would take care of those who couldn't take care of themselves.

"Slytherin's aren't the only ones who do the political dance you know," Dolohov commented, his brown eyes darkening slightly, he was actually insulted that Hadrian was looking down upon them and their ways, it was just so wrong.

"Do you think I'm stupid? I know." Hadrian stated, glancing sharply at Antonin, he had known the wizard in his own time; he was actually responsible for...or rather participated in the death of Fabian and Gideon Prewitt. He was one of the few Death Eaters who had managed to get out alive while ten of his comrades had died at the hands of the two. "Antonin, I'm not saying that I don't respect those who get what they want by sticking to the more powerful wizards, but those powerful wizards don't do anything unless it suits them, which is nothing really, changing a few legislation bills here and there...but in reality its nothing but a fleeting blip on the radar." in fact it was better here and now than it would be in a few decades, which was bloody mind-boggling the affect the likes of Dumbledore and the sheep that follow him caused.

"I see," Dolohov frowned, feeling a little better that he wasn't disparaging their ways but wanting them to be better, but he couldn't see what was so important that he felt something needed done in the first place.

Hadrian bit his tongue, he somehow doubted Dolohov could comprehend what he wanted to do or why. In his original time, Dolohov had been a Death Eater, and eventually in Tom's inner Circle, but if he had any say in it, Antonin would never be an inner circle member, of that he was determined. Dolohov was pathetic, he'd been defeated by a group of fifteen year olds (fourteen if you count Ginny) and then again three seventeen year olds and had his memory tampered with. He spent most of his time in Azkaban, being released by Tom twice once after his resurrection then again sometime after he was captured at the end of his fifth year. He was mediocre in magical powers, but the Dolohov name held a lot of influence, which was probably why Tom let him in, in the first place. He had also been the one to kill Remus Lupin, one of the few wizards he'd been genuinely fond off...maybe one of the few who had cared about him a little, he hoped Remus hadn't been in on what Dumbledore had planned.

Harry froze, a stunned look passing over his features, had he just thought of Tom as a Tom in the future? He always, always called the future Tom, Voldemort. Why would that change? He thought to himself, had he accepted all of Tom and his faults? No, it was impossible, Voldemort had been nothing more than a wild animal that needed put down, all his goals and ideas had been lost in the
sea of murder and mayhem some point after creating his third or fourth Horcrux - he'd descended to utter madness and taken generations of wizards with him in the process.

"...adrian! Hadrian!" Avery called out a few times, "You totally blanked out on us, are you alright? Should I go and get Tom?"

"I'm just tired," Hadrian said waving it off, just a tad embarrassed at being caught so off guard amongst the other Slytherins. "I think I'm going to head up and pack my stuff, its better than leaving it until tomorrow morning." Hadrian grabbed his bag, which he had stashed at the side of his chair when he'd sat down earlier. "I'll see you later." he added over his shoulder as he made his way up the stairs.

Once he got to the dorm, Hadrian closed the door and sighed, relaxing completely, wandering over to his trunk and opening it, with a single flick of his wand (non-verbally) he had his possessions soaring through the air, and begin to neatly pack into his trunk with a lot more finesse than Tonks, an Auror could manage. It didn't matter where he'd learned it from it was a very nifty spell to have, not that it was hard to forget the incantation which was 'pack' of course.

He grabbed a few of the books he'd yet to read and slid them into his school bag, after emptying it out of his homework and the few books he still had in it from classes. That would keep him going during the train ride back to Kings Cross, he somehow doubted even he could get that lot out there talking with Tom in the mood he was in. Tom's anger at Dumbledore was really quite profound actually, and he knew why he was glaring so angrily, it was a combination of things, one what he knew about Dumbledore's accusations, the fact Dumbledore used the controlling spells on him in the future, and the added fact that Dumbledore was looking at him in a way that a teacher definitely shouldn't, it was rearing Tom's possessive nature to the max. Tom was always possessive of anything he considered his.

Closing the trunk he placed the bag on top, tomorrow he would be entering Peverell manor for the first time, it was considerably much more exciting than ending up at an orphanage. It was going to be fun, exciting, he'd never seen the place and he'd also never had a home that was his. Nobody to tell him what to do, to think he'd had a place like that the entire time he'd been on the run, such a fool he'd been to think that Godric's Hollow was the only property his parents had owned.

Rubbing his eyes tiredly, he decided to get some sleep, he toed off his shoes, undressing he tossed his uniform on his bed, he wouldn't need it tomorrow, he would be dressing in clothes befitting his Lordship status, he wanted those pureblood's to know the Peverell line was back in business. Oh he couldn't wait until he was finished with Hogwarts, out in the real world and making a difference. Unfortunately that wasn't possible right now, to do anything he would need to gain his OWLS and NEWTS. Spend a few more years just enjoying school for a change, and then he could make the changes he so desperately wanted. Grinning in amusement, he slid into his bed for the first time in a long time, and flung his covers over him, sleep came on swift wings, and he was safe in Morpheus' arms within seconds.

Tom entered the dorm at well passed midnight, he had been asked to leave the library at seven, as was its closing time, but once the librarian had gone, Tom had snuck back in, dispelling the enchantments so the librarian wouldn't be informed of anyone in the library after hours. It was just a basic spell, nothing he couldn't handle, nothing more was placed in the library since it was just in fact a library they had more important spells up like one to prevent damage if the school went on fire or some such thing. He had finally found the book he wanted, but since it was in the restricted section he couldn't remove it. He would need to go to the bookstore and purchase it, or Borgin and
Burke suspected Flourish and Blotts would sell it, but even if they did he wouldn't risk buying it from there.

He noticed right away that his bed was empty; glancing over at Hadrian's bed he saw his intended was already asleep. A pang shot through his chest, he liked sharing a bed with Hadrian. He liked having someone there, although he would deny it to his dying breath. He had gone his entire life without a single touch, a hug, and just being near Hadrian caused him to want to deliver all those things, to receive them as well. Part of him hated the fact he felt reliant on someone, but the bigger part cared more that he had someone to share his life with. He couldn't help but wonder if Hadrian was angry with him, if that was why he was sleeping alone.

Scowling at his thoughts, he undressed and quickly put his pyjamas on, glancing back at Hadrian, torn between just joining him or going to his own bed. With great reluctance he slid into his own bed, extremely aware of the coolness, Hadrian was always warm, and without him it just didn't feel right anymore.

The minutes ticked passed, and Tom just couldn't sleep, he heard every noise in the room, whether it was Avery's irritating soft snore to the distant thumping of others getting up for the toilet or just getting in themselves, the prefects doing their rounds to make sure nobody was up, the only problem sleeping in a dungeon was that each noise was magnified ten times. On a sleepless, restless night it was a nightmare. Tossing and turning some more, he heard someone in the dorm leave the room, the urge to curse them was strong, at least then he'd maybe get some semblance of rest.

His hand curled around his wand when he sensed someone near his bed, nobody would dare to mess with him and if they did it would be the last thing they ever did. Tom almost, almost exhaled in relief when he felt a dip in the bed, and the warmth he had been sorely missing shimming closer to him.

"Night Tom," Hadrian murmured sleepily, his lips stretching into a smile as Tom's arms wrapped around him, bringing him impossibly closer. This was what he had been missing he thought to himself as tired as he was the irony wasn't lost on him, but it was lost to sleep. He barely closed his eyes when sleep claimed him again.

It took Tom all of a few minutes to follow, the heat, the smell and more importantly the steady beat of Hadrian's heart against his hand helped lull him like nothing else ever had.

"Why are you watching me sleep?" Tom asked, making Hadrian jump a little in surprise, his eyes opening into penetrating green ones. Those eyes could always make him feel as if Hadrian could see into his very soul.

"Just wondering what your mood's going to be like today," Hadrian replied a hint of teasing in his voice, he didn't take it personally, and he'd known from day one what he was getting into. Tom had a lot of anger in him, he brooded too much, and he was very greedy and overprotective as he had come to realize over the course of his relationship with him. "If you'd rather we can just use the Portkey as soon as the train pulls away?"

"Where and when did you get a Portkey?" Tom blinked surprised; he'd barely left Hadrian's side except last night surely he would have noticed?

"Came with the letter yesterday morning," Hadrian said laughing softly, "Since I'm not supposed to know how to Apparate Ironclaw had it created for me, that and I don't know where the manor is..."
so even if I could I probably would have needed one." he shrugged absently, a serene smile on his face, he couldn't wait to see it for himself.

"Muffliato," Tom intoned, making sure their conversation was private. Although he had yet to check outside of his curtains so he didn't know if the others were still present. "I thought you were really a Peverell, or at least had Peverell blood in you."

"I do, the Peverells before this all happened only had girls, the names changed, maybe a few times before they became Gaunt and Potter, why?" Hadrian stated confused as to where this was going.

"You said you ran from people, why didn't you to go the manor if you had it? It would have protected you better than any other building except Gringotts or Hogwarts perhaps." Tom pointed out, he still didn't know everything of course, but he knew enough to be confused, he just wished Hadrian would tell him everything.

Hadrian shook his head, a sad smile on his face, "I never learnt of my status, when I went to Gringotts I got taken to my trust vault, I thought that was it and nobody told me otherwise. Not my pureblood friend," he said derisively, "Not Gringotts and certainly not my Muggle relatives, I don't think they knew actually, their distaste for all things magical probably wouldn't extend to money. I didn't even know the real extent after I went on the run...when I say I was really naive Tom...I meant it. It was the way Dumbledore wanted me."

Tom grimaced in disgust.

Hadrian laughed again, green eyes bright, "You certainly wouldn't have been able to stand me if I was originally from this time," he chortled, "Then again I wouldn't have had Dumbledore manipulating my entire life so who knows?"

"Who knows," Tom echoed, but that mattered little to him, Hadrian was who he was now, nothing would change that. Guesses and what if's were inconsequential. "It's of no importance."

"No, no its not," Hadrian replied giving him a grin.

"We best get dressed, we only have a short time before breakfast is over and we have to depart on the train." Tom said, after conjuring the time. The urge to ask Hadrian why he had gone to his own bed was strong, but he didn't, Hadrian had come to him and that was all that mattered.

"Yeah, we'll need to get in touch with the Leaky Cauldron; we'll need to buy our meals there for at least a week until everything gets settled down. According to Ironclaw they've finished but I have no idea what condition it will actually be in and if we will even have a kitchen to use." Hadrian said absently, as he slid out of Tom's hold and out of the bed, absently making his way towards his own trunk and opening it up to the correct compartment to get his clothes.

"Anything is better than returning to that place," Tom spat, how he'd loathed having to return to the disgusting pathetic Muggles who didn't know anything. More importantly being forced each day to risk his life by being there, amongst the war ridden world with the possibility of being killed because they wouldn't let him remain at Hogwarts.

"You never will again," Hadrian said softly, "Even if I had no property for us to go to, we would not have gone there." he was through trying to stay under Dumbledore's radar, if he tried anything and Hadrian meant anything he would press any and all charges he could against the old man. He had absolutely no say in his life, and if he tried he would do what he had to, he was never going to let what Dumbledore had done to him in his past to occur again.
And just like that the anger Tom felt burst like a bubble, followed by happiness and fondness both at the situation and Hadrian. He knew everything, yet never found him lacking, he never wanted to leave or run in the opposite direction. If anything Hadrian was exactly like him, he thought remembering his actions against Avery. Shaking off his thoughts, Tom too slid out of bed and got dressed, neither of them bothered with school uniform but they did put their cloaks on.

Once Hadrian was dressed he shrunk his trunk and placed it in his pocket and slung his bag around his left shoulder, that was him, he was ready to go home.

"Ready to go?" Tom asked standing waiting on Hadrian.

"I'm more than ready to go home," Hadrian said nodding. With that he walked out of the dorm, and closed the door behind him. He actually had a home, one that wasn't Hogwarts for the first time.

The train had just started chugging steadily when Hadrian dug into his bag, and grasped his fingers around the Portkey. While Tom hadn't said anything, it had been a sort of unspoken agreement. "Well, guys, I'll see you all later."

"Where are you going?" Nott questioned staring at him confused, while he was acquaintance with everyone, he didn't know anyone well enough to join their compartments. Well that wasn't entirely true, he was good friends with Myrtle, and they could help but glance nervously at Tom at the news.

"Portkey," Hadrian said holding the key up, so they could see for themselves. "Depending on how long it takes to get the place organised I'll invite you over. I'm pretty sure there's a few parties you'd rather not have to partake in." smirking in sadistic amusement.

"You mean that?" Avery asked hopeful, he knew his parents had three events already planned in the short time since their 'status' had been restored, and it was going to be bigger and grander than ever with his parents having a point to prove. While he got to see some of his friends…the events were utterly boring and they were getting to that age now where their parents were trying to set them up, marriage contracts and all. Plus he had the prefect excuse, he was Hadrian Peverells shield, the Avery house was indebted to the house of Peverell and an unbreakable alliance had formed between this generation.

"Depends on the house, but yeah, I mean it," Hadrian informed them, "Ready to go?"

Tom didn't reply, he merely stood up and pressed his fingers to the key, keeping a tight grip of it. He hadn't used a Portkey before but he had read up on them - like most other thing. His time under Hogwarts roof hadn't been wasted, he read what he could when he could, accumulating all the information about the magical world, playing catch up in what should have always been his rightful world.

"Peverell Manor," Harry intoned, and their world began to whirl around as if they were in the eye of a storm, as the world moved around them, before abruptly dropping them at their destination. It took both of them a few minutes to regain their bearings, Hadrian groaned a little before picking up the key he had dropped just seconds prior. "This is a manor?" Harry asked eyes wide, staring at the enormous property before him. Which of course had just been repaired, the gardens were completely overrun, and the grass and weeds were almost up his height. Anywhere the work men had been was cut down so only mere inches of the grass showed. They must have used spells to stop themselves being jagged as they made their way to the manor to do their work. Given how many acres of land he knew this place had…it was definitely going to take him time to get this
place up and running like it should be. Not that he truly minded, this place was home, he was going to enjoy turning it into one.

Turning to Tom he was staring at the manor in awe, envy and hope.

Hadrian interlinked their fingers, "Lets go," he said, Tom had never had a home either, maybe he could convince him to help, maybe he would feel different about doing this sort of work seen as it was his own. He snorted at the thought, there was no way Tom would do anything so menial as house work.

Chapter End Notes

There we go :) i know its quite a boring chapter but the entire contents of the story cannot all be interesting :D I do have to get from one point to the next ;) but SOON we will see whether Tom and Harry are meant to be...whether Harry will accept Tom's intentions and whether it can survive the truth...R&R
Chapter 49

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lord Of Time

Chapter 49

Hadrian flicked his wand, removing the weeds and various other plants that had wound around some sort of stone statue? A small smile made its way onto his face, as his fingers trailed down it; it was the Peverell coat of arms with a lion standing proudly its mouth open just a little on top of the coat of arms shield. There was another one at the other side of the gates, dirty, mouldy and filled with all sorts of weeds and vines that had wrapped around it over time. He had just spent an hour cleaning up the water fountain, which had a proud place in the very middle of the grounds, when he'd poured water into it he'd been very surprised to see it suddenly switching on, until he noticed the small runes at the base of the fountain.

"Scourgify," and just like that the statue that had been completely disgusting, with caked on bird droppings, mould and all manner of things looked brand new. Crouching down at the base, his fingers ran over the date, it must have been when the manor was built; it didn't surprise him that it was as old as the date suggested. Although there had been definite upgrades over the years, until the manor was abandoned completely. "There," he muttered to himself in satisfaction.

Moving over to the other statue, which he knew was probably an exact replica of the one he'd just cleaned, "Scourgify," and it was indeed the same, to the very date inscribed at the bottom. The wards on the property were very strong, but that might be something to do with the fact he was one to harness them as Peverell blood, Tom too actually, they were 'Lord's' of the manor so to speak and could evict people, tighten the wards so it was completely inaccessible anything they wanted.

Hearing hooting he glanced up observing an owl swooping down, first to the gate posts then to the Peverell shield. It hadn't been the first owl this morning, nor would it be the last. He had spent last night perusing the owl order catalogue and getting absolutely everything he'd need to get the manor up and running as soon as possible. It had put a little dent in his vaults, but he wanted to make it a home so he didn't mind. In fact the funds would be replaced quite soon, Ironclaw was very good at his job.

"Thank you," Hadrian said, smiling softly at it, stroking its feathers before removing the package that had obviously been shrunk and made lightweight for the journey. He slid it into his pocket without looking at it, he would find out what it was soon enough. He often thought about getting another owl, but it felt wrong, he wanted Hedwig, and unfortunately he had no idea if she was even alive…or if she would ever be alive things had changed after all. "Go get something to eat before you go back." he had no idea if the owl understood, Hedwig always had but he had always felt she'd been smarter than the usual owl. It flew away regardless, and his attention turned away from it as he gazed critically around the manor grounds, most of the front had been done.

Ambling away from the front gates he'd just done, he found himself drawn to the trees, which took him a good few minutes, crouching down he picked up an apple and grimaced, it was completely rotten. Flicking his wand yet again he made the fallen/rotten apples disappeared and cut the grass and repeated the process 'Evanesco' and the grass that had just been cut disappeared without trace. These would be perfect for making apple pie, which might not be his favourite but it was far from something he didn't like.
Sighing softly, he decided he'd had enough of doing the gardens for now, he would continue tomorrow, a few hours each day was enough to get it up and running. As he walked towards the manor his thoughts shifted. When they left Hogwarts, Hadrian was determined to bring the basilisk with him; he would need to make sure it had somewhere to go though, the trees at the back of the property maybe? With somewhere it could burrow down or maybe create a secret entrance into the manor where it could get warmth if it needed it. There was also the added benefit of a security that nobody would see coming and it definitely would be the last thing they ever saw if they trespassed. This place, Hadrian was adamant would be very secure, this was his home now.

He stuck his dirty hand under the fountain, a wry grin appearing on his face as the dirty water barely reached the bottom before it disappeared. The fountain must have a rune on it to keep the water clean and cold, if he looked hard enough he knew he'd find it. Looking up at the manor, awed by its beauty, it truly looked like a smaller version of a castle, turrets and all, he'd already been up and had a good look around the entire manor grounds from high up and despite its general untidiness due to unused state it was a beautiful place. He was so lucky to be here, he thanked his unconscious thoughts, for it had been that which led him here, that and death himself as well as his…inherited power. He had a home, a life, one that didn't consist of running constantly and starving.

Wiping his hand down his old clothes, which he had elected to wear today having intended to do some gardening. They were much more comfortable and Hadrian honestly preferred being comfortable over being impeccably dressed and feeling like a stuffed turkey. There were times where he would have to be dressed that way and that was fine, in the comfort of his own home (he loved the sound of that) he would wear what he liked. The doors of the manor were wide open, as were the windows actually, the place needed a thoroughly good airing.

Non-verbally cleaning his boots, he stepped inside, the place was bare, when the goblins had said they were clearing it out they had meant it all that had been left was the beds. Although he did have the boxes shrunken down in his pocket, amongst the things he'd bought, more still to come. He wasn't sure what he would be keeping and what he would be returning to the vault, or perhaps putting into storage. Removing his cloak he latched it onto the door to the living room and rummaged in his pockets to find the boxes, finding the one stamped with the Gringotts emblem he unshrunk it once it was on the floor. Only to find that they had been divided into sections, living room, kitchen, master bedroom, master bathroom, master closet, and so on and so forth.

Plucking the box marked living room he placed it on the floor and with a few swift flicks it was back to its normal size. Curiously he began to investigate the items inside, two large inscribed silver candlesticks, were the first things removed. He absently wondered if those inscribed were the last ones here. With no electricity those candlesticks would probably come in handy at night. Well other than the oil lamps that were spread across the manor in every room. They must have been a wedding gift of some sort, he thought as he put them on the mantelpiece. One at each side, the rest of the contents in the box was quickly divided into three piles, ones he definitely wanted, and a maybe pile and of course the ones he didn't want.

The ones he wanted were magically put into a position he wanted for it, the old fashioned red couch was definitely getting put away, he had leather ones ordered, ones that would go with the marble flooring that was in the living room. Appearances meant everything, especially to the old pureblood families, technically he was one now, so he had an image to keep, at Tom's insisting of course, Hadrian had no doubt that he'd be bloody throwing parties, making connections before he left Hogwarts. The thought of Tom buying his own place or building a property on the Gaunt land and leaving filled him with dread, he'd gotten so used to him being around all the time that the prospect of being alone was daunting, he was still independent make no mistake of that, but he just didn't want to be alone anymore. He'd had his fill of being alone for so many years.
If only Hadrian knew that Tom felt exactly the same way.

Hadrian frowned when he felt the wards give a little, it was a curious sensation, he was pretty sure he had felt it earlier too. The pinging got a little more intense, it faded the second Tom wandered through, pausing when he saw the living room for the first time fully decorated looking very surprised. So that sensation was someone Apparating into the property? The pinging was to alert him where they were, that was interesting.

"Wow, you did all this in three hours?" Tom said, idly wondering where on earth Hadrian had learned cleaning charms. He noticed outside had been done as well, the fountain was quite spectacular.

"Can you imagine how much I could have gotten done if you'd been here to help?" Hadrian teased him, lips twitching into an amused smile. Tom had practically run out of the manor insisting he had important business to attend to as if the grim reaper was on his tail.

"Neither of us should be doing House-elves work," Tom said, his nose in the air the very thought causing consternation.

Hadrian snorted, "A few years ago you didn't know they existed," he pointed out, "But this is your home now, don't you want to feel the satisfaction that comes with knowing its how you like it?"

"A house-elf could accomplish that," Tom said airily. His heart twisted a little, was this his home? Did that mean that Hadrian would accept his intention? He had said nothing about it since, and avoided it if he even subtly brought it up. He wasn't used to waiting for things he wanted, but he knew he couldn't force the issue.

Hadrian sniggered while he shook his head, "Did you remember to go to the Leaky Cauldron and set us up for a fortnight of meals? There's nothing in the kitchen just like I thought, although I've not been through the box yet even if I did there's hardly going to be any edible food…this place hasn't been used in a very long time. The last lord to use this was a Peverell…at least I'm assuming so since there is nothing but Peverell coat of arms imbedded in what I think is wedding gifts,"

"Yes," Tom replied, he'd wondered why they didn't just actually sit at the Leaky Cauldron and eat, due to the fact it looked as though they might be eating on the floor until they had the house furnished, seemed like stupid thought now. Hadrian was nothing if not determined.

"Good, I'm starving," Hadrian said and they could eat them out of their containers too, until the plates came. "There's a vegetable garden at the back of the manor, I'm not sure there's anything salvageable about it, but if not I'll put new seeds in, and before you complain about it being house-elves work…all purebloods have vegetable gardens, getting tended to here and abroad, and it's all used. They're usually quite smug about getting to tell everyone that the fruit they've got comes from their orchards in France, Spain or Italy I don't know how many times I had to withhold it's a bloody piece of fruit it all tastes the same from the smug buggers." he informed Tom as he sat down on the cream leather couch, almost identical to the ones in Slytherin common room in fact just a little more modern.

"You're enjoying this," Tom said unable to comprehend it, removing the food boxes, something he'd gotten used to during the last summer holidays while they were at both the orphanage and Leaky Cauldron. He handed Hadrian his, still looking at him as if he could somehow understand him if he looked hard enough.
"I've never had a place that was mine," Hadrian explained solemnly, "Never had a home, now I have somewhere safe, a place where I can do whatever I like without suspicion or anyone judging me. I know it sounds pathetic but..." he shrugged unable to properly articulate just how much he was coming to love Peverell manor and he'd only slept in it one single night. Tom wasn't one for emotion, so he probably did think he was pathetic, opening the box he picked up the sandwich and began to eat, he'd been up early, had no breakfast so he was utterly famished.

"No, no it's not pathetic," Tom answered, a faraway look on his face, he understood all too well but he'd never actually say it out loud. Or maybe, just maybe, he could bring himself to tell it to Hadrian, he understood...while everyone else he surrounded himself definitely wouldn't be able to fathom the utter relief of having a home. Somewhere he could go to without fear of being blown up. "Everyone needs a home, something that is theirs irrevocably," even he did, went without saying. He was very grateful to be here, grateful that Hadrian had come into his life. To think he had dismissed him so easily and casually when they first met...it was Hadrian who opened his eyes to never judging someone, just like one mustn't judge a book by its cover.

"Did you get what you wanted done?" Hadrian asked, changing the subject.

"Yes, spent half an hour down in Knockturn Alley looking for a few books, then went to Gringotts to deposit the Basilisk venom and shed skin, and did as you suggested on the investments. I think Ironclaw is beginning to suspect something, he certainly had a look on his face that spoke volumes." Tom replied, not sure what to make of it, he didn't want Hadrian endangered and information was a very dangerous thing to have. Especially when it was used against you.

"Yep, I know the look," Hadrian laughed just a little before he took a bite out of his cheese and ham sandwiches. "It's more calculating than anything, he probably won't ask too many questions especially the money he's making."

Sudden pecking on the window had them both glancing up, Tom raised his hand in a gesture for Hadrian to stay and finish his lunch, and he hadn't even started yet. Swiftly standing, Tom quickly undid the parcel around the owls leg, before turning its back on it, the owl hooted imperiously causing Hadrian's lips to twitch before it took off after ruffling its feathers. Seating himself again, he placed the small parcel in the middle seat next to them before he joined Hadrian in having lunch. An odd feeling of contentment growing within him, now he knew how it felt to be satisfied contentment when things went his way, but this wasn't the same feeling of contentment, for he hadn't felt it before. Was it Hadrian? The knowledge he truly never had to return to the orphanage? That he would always have a home? The fact he had money now? It dawned on him that it could be all those feelings wrapped into one.

Hadrian plucked the package and Wandlessly unshrunk it, finding it was things for the bedroom, it could be left for later. He put it on the table with a shrug, at least they would be able to sleep in a made bed tonight, instead of both of them using the throw Tom had got him for Christmas. He hadn't even considered him and Tom sleeping in a different room let alone different beds. Tom kept the nightmares he sometimes experienced at bay, and honestly? He loved how possessive Tom could be, when he was showing it of course not just glaring at everyone in warning if he felt they were being 'too friendly' as it were.

Standing up the food container still in hand, Harry levitated the two boxes and made his way through the dining room and into the kitchen which was hidden by a concealed door. The large tapestry that went along the entire length of the wall, hid it, and it did depicted a beautiful sight, otherwise he would have been tempted to rip it down. Carefully though, he knew these things were hand-woven, by either the House-elves or someone paid to do it, either way hundreds of hours had probably gone into that thing, and to see it discarded would have been a shame. The kitchen was
absolutely massive; he'd never seen one such a size before, this was bigger than even a chef's dream kitchen, one they could conceive at least.

Flicking his hand, the boxes settled themselves on the island counter top in the middle of the room. Making his way around curiously, he opened all the doors, to see what was behind them. The first one was obviously where the laundry was washed and dried, judging by the big laundry basket that sat in the corner, there was one in the bedrooms that was obviously charmed to bring the clothes here to be dealt with. Closing the door he opened another, by the faded labels it was for spices, herbs and vegetables, there was only one other, it was at the other side of the room. When he opened it he couldn't help but grimace, flashing back (or was it forward in his case) to Kreacher's den, the House-elves had slept on shelves for Merlin's sake, they were small but that was just ridiculous.

Slamming the door closed, if and when that bloody elf got here, it wouldn't be staying in there, not unless he used a few spells first to make it roomier for it. He knew how it felt to sleep in a damn cupboard, how it felt to cook clean and be discarded like a piece of trash.

Tom watched Hadrian move around, opening boxes and investigating one of them from where he stood at the entrance of the kitchen. He had done everything the Orphanage had expected of him, but he hadn't realized he was so proficient at cleaning and setting up house. Watching him move, you would think this wasn't his first time setting up house, but Tom knew it was. The small smile on his face made Tom want to smile as well, and that truly was well out of character for him. Wandering over, he took the strainer out of Hadrian's hands and said, "We have three months before we return to Hogwarts, there is no need to exhaust yourself." Tom said, stroking his face, smug in the fact that this beautiful creature was his. Or at least he seemed to want to be, but had not yet answered him.

Hadrian leaned into the touch, "I'd rather get it over with, that and the homework, we've got tons of it to get through, I don't want to spend the entire summer getting this place set up or doing homework."

"I asked you a question before, and your response was that you didn't want me to be just known as your consort, I have my own lordship now, and do you wish to bond with me?" Tom asked his tone like last time completely inscrutable. Now he would know for sure, whether it had just been the most persuasive reason not to bond, or whether it had been a genuine concerned but he had desired to bond with him. He could feel Hadrian tensing from where his hand still absently stroked his jaw and chin. A sinking feeling grew in the pit of his stomach, he had a feeling he knew the answer. His hand dropped to his side, as dark eyes continued to bore into green.

"Oh, Tom," Hadrian said, green eyes flashing with indecision. "I want more than anything to say yes, for you to be mine in every way, just as I would be yours."

"Then say yes!" Tom said vehemently, grasping Hadrian's arms as if he was somehow afraid that he would leave.

"I can't…" Hadrian said, his voice pained.

"Why?!!" Tom asked his tone losing none of its determination.

"Because you don't know everything!" Hadrian cried out angrily, but like a balloon the anger disappeared with a pop replaced by exhaustion as he admitted, "I fear if you knew everything that you wouldn't want to be with me, and don't say I can't know that, I know you better than you know yourself sometimes." why the hell would Tom want to remain with someone when he had killed him in the future? He would never trust him again but he couldn't say yes and have Tom finding
out sometime and him leaving or worse wanting him dead. He couldn't die, and he never wanted to have to defend himself from Tom...he knew in his heart he wouldn't be able to survive...to continue on living if Tom wanted him dead or actually did the deed...he wouldn't want to come back.

"Then tell me, show me! Let me decide instead of you deciding that for us both!" Tom replied coolly, his emotions once again under control. "You have no right to determine it for us,"

Hadrian stared at the determined figure Tom made, "Alright," he said making a decision, a decision he knew he would regret somehow. "Tomorrow I'll go to Gringotts and get the pensive and show you everything, and then you can decide once and for all whether you want to stay with me."

"Why not today?" Tom demanded, it was only just after lunch - it wasn't as if Gringotts closed.

"Because I want you for myself tonight," Hadrian said pressing his forehead against Tom's, he wanted to remember today and tonight if it was the last time he would ever spend with him. His hands wrapping around Tom's neck, gripping his hair, but not tightly.

Tom stared at Hadrian, wondering what on earth he was going to be shown that had him convinced that he would leave. He didn't think there was anything Hadrian could throw at him that would convince him that they weren't meant to be together - that he couldn't accomplish what he desperately wanted with both of them together. Had he not already proven that he cared? He wanted Hadrian with him every step of the way, and he knew Hadrian would fit in easily enough. "Alright," he said in agreement, the words were barely out of his mouth when Hadrian's lips firmly attached to his own, in a desperate kiss, filled with fire...as if this was the last chance he'd get.

Unbeknown to the oblivious pair locked in a passionate embrace...they wouldn't even get tonight, for Hadrian was going to happen upon a particular book that would see it unravelling this very night.

Chapter End Notes

I did want Tom and Hadrian to have some carefree happy time at the manor but honestly? I was putting myself to sleep just writing it...SO I decided on this! I hope you all enjoyed it now comes the part that tests their relationship whether it will survive or die...or if Tom will act hastily without thought and Hadrian brought back six months later...so many ways it could go and it would be awesome if i could go all ways but that isn't possible i know...well anyway there we go took me two days to get this up the plot is being ridiculously stubborn but it usually gets like that at this part, the middle before we get to more awesomeness! R&R please!
Chapter 50

Lord Of Time

Chapter 50

Despite what would be happening in twenty-four hours…well less than that now, Hadrian felt very calm, true to his word he had spent every second with Tom. He wanted to enjoy what time he had, for he was sure that Tom would absolutely hate him. They had investigated outside the back, and found a lake hidden amongst the too long grass, and then started on the library, despite the tasks Tom hadn't once complained nor moved more than a few feet from Hadrian all day. He was truly grateful for that, Hadrian honestly didn't want to be too far from Tom. The thought of living without him distressed him, but he'd completely suppressed it as soon as it appeared, he didn't want anything to tarnish this day. He did find himself curious that Tom wasn't demanding it sooner, all the information he wanted he was going to be handed on a silver platter…he refrained from asking just in case his question blew lid off and Tom did start asking.

Tom inwardly wasn't fairing any better, the fact Hadrian was so sure that he would want nothing to do with him made him wary for the first time in his life where information was concerned. He almost wanted to tell Hadrian that it didn't matter, that what happened in his future had no bearing on their lives now. Yet he couldn't get the words passed his throat, he had to know so Hadrian couldn't keep using it against them bonding. Tom suppressed a yawn as he slid into bed, which was fully made, Hadrian had done it while he had a quick shower.

Tom flicked his wand, summoning his cloak, immediately digging into his pockets and removing the packaged books he'd bought earlier that morning. He had found it after some digging, along with a few others he had liked the sound off. He still felt a smug sense of satisfaction when he could buy whatever he liked, which was mostly books, knowledge was power after all. Even when he hadn't much in the way of money, he still found ways to buy books whenever he could. Ripping off the brown paper, he unwound the string and banished both items without care, no the book he wanted held most of his attention. He had known that it would be difficult to find, but he was nothing if not determined. He had first came across the subject when he'd read Magick Moste Evile, but even that book didn't dare mention nor direction but he had persevered and found the right book…Secrets of the Darkest Arts. It gave explicit instructions on how to make a Horcrux.

Tom opened it to the page he wanted, ignoring all other chapters, for now, but he would read them at a later date. He had read it already, but he wanted to read it thoroughly and properly without fear of being caught. He had just read one page and turned it when he noticed the sound of the water ceasing, unconcernedly he began to read again, only when he noticed how utterly silent it was despite the fact Hadrian should be done by now did he look up confused, only to see a look on Hadrian's face…one he had never seen before and dearly wished never to see again. Fear, completely and total fear was written across his face. "What's wrong?" Tom asked, closing the book as he stared at Hadrian his gaze demanding an answer, since worry was beginning to claw at him too. He never once considered it was the book of all things, Hadrian had seen him reading things just as dark if not evil.

Hadrian stood frozen, scarcely able to breath as his memory flashed to the small baby thing he'd seen in Kings Cross Station, the mutilated form of Tom's soul, unable to move on, forever trapped in limbo. NO! Hadrian absolutely refused to let that happen, he couldn't…the thought alone
tortured him. "TELL ME YOU'VE NOT DONE THE RITUAL!" He shouted, his mind begging and pleading for Tom to answer him, that the answer would be no, he felt so defeated. Everything he had done…it was for nothing, Tom still wanted immortality and would go to any means to achieve it…including mutilating his own soul.

Tom's eyes narrowed, "So what if I have?" he spat angrily, he did not like being told what to do or being spoken to in such a manner not even by Hadrian. Unsurprisingly his own anger began to mount, but he had mistaken Hadrian's soul crushing despair for anger. Hadrian closed his eyes and stepped back, as if being near Tom was repugnant now. Tom shoved the bedding aside and stood up, his fists balled as he stared at Hadrian anger.

Green eyes opened again filled with despair, "Tom please…please tell me you haven't…" he rasped out, breathing a little heavier than normal. Honestly he felt like he was on the verge of having a panic attack, everything was on the cusp of falling apart. He was terrified of the answer, he'd gotten Tom well away from the damn Muggle war, ensuring that he didn't fear for his life three months out of the year! Had he been stupid to think that was why Tom had gone on to create Horcruxes in the first place?

Intense dark eyes watched him stating, "I intend to." he replied determinedly. "I want you to do the same, just think about it…together we could be invincible…immortal," the reverence Tom put into the word made Harry feel his stomach plummet south.

"No," Hadrian stated straight away, "I'll never do that ritual…and if you do…"

"And if I do?" Tom hissed out angrily, as he moved towards Hadrian, "You do not get to tell me what to do!" too furious to see what his words and actions were doing to him.

Hadrian stared at him his face becoming a blank mask, hiding everything he was feeling, "No, no I can't tell you what to do, but if you do create a single Horcrux…then it's over between us," he told Tom grimly, or tried to at least, his voice broke slightly as he said those last few words. It would be the last thing he ever wanted, but he knew what the Horcruxes did to Tom and he couldn't follow him down that path.

"You're mine!" Tom snapped, grabbing Hadrian and pulling him close, now face to face.

"It's not a road I can follow you down," Hadrian said, a warble in his throat as he said it. The urge to tell Tom he was already immortal as Master of Death was strong, but he couldn't. He never wanted Tom to agree to bond with him just for the sake of immortality, no, the only way he would go through with this bond is if Tom truly loved him…loved him enough to give up his desire for immortality through Horcruxes. Tom didn't know that bonding with him would result in him receiving his immortality too.

Tom let Hadrian go, "Fine, you don't need to do it if its too distasteful for you," what went unsaid was he would be doing the ritual. He was sure he could change Hadrian's mind, so what if he did a ritual? It wouldn't change anything, wouldn't make his feelings any less for him.

Hadrian stepped back, swallowing thickly, trying to maintain his composure, Tom had actually chosen the Horcruxes over him, and by Merlin he felt as though his chest was being ripped open and his heart wrenched from his chest. He had been through a lot of hurt in his life but this…he would rather go through everything he had up until this moment again, it was less painful. Hell he'd rather have the Crucius curse cast on him and that spoke volumes. "Right," he said dully, "You can use the manor until you get your own place…I'll find somewhere else to sleep." even knowing Tom was putting the Horcruxes before their relationship he didn't have it in him to throw him out. Mentally telling himself to keep it together, he made to move passed Tom and leave the room, to
find somewhere to rage and cry in private.

He didn't get far before Tom grabbed him by the arm again, pulling him close, his head falling against Hadrian's, "Why are you doing this to me?" he whispered directly into his ear, he didn't understand how things had fallen apart so quickly. Was this Hadrian's way of making sure the didn't bond despite the memories he'd promised to show him? To finish things quickly before it happened (as he believed it would) later?

Hadrian turned his head to the side, eyes glittering with tears he refused to let fall, rising his free hand, he brushed it against Tom's face, mesmerised by his beauty, "Tom..." he sighed tiredly, "I can't follow you down the road you're going, I cant...no I won't watch you do it."

Tom was utterly bewildered, he honestly couldn't see Hadrian's problem with him using the ritual, from what he read it didn't sound like there were drawbacks for it. He was alive in Hadrian's future...obviously, so he truly didn't understand it and Hadrian was obviously not in an explaining mood. "What road? You know what I want to achieve...it has nothing to do with the ritual." well not directly at any rate, it would only help him live long enough to achieve it and see it through.

"Do you want to see what the rituals do to you?" Hadrian asked heatedly. "Do you want to see what you want me to stand back and watch?! Or worse stand beside you and watch?"

Tom blinked, his brilliant mind whirling with possible scenarios, neither of those scenarios came even close to the real deal. But of course, as brilliant as he is, he wouldn't (or didn't) realize how badly it could go. He thought he'd taken all necessary precautions, and by the time he was creating his third and fourth...he didn't realize what he was missing.

"Promise me you'll stay here, and don't do anything, I'll be right back," Hadrian said, it was time, if Tom went ahead and created Horcruxes after seeing what they did...then there would be nothing he could do. It wouldn't matter anyway, when Tom saw the memories of what Hadrian did...even inadvertently, it still held the same end result. When Tom made a promise he kept it, well, he tried to at any rate, thinking of his mum and him telling her to stand aside.

Tom tightened his hold, he felt completely incapable of letting him go, even if it was only temporarily, irrational fear that he would leave and never return consumed him.

"I'm only going to get the Pensive," Hadrian said, somehow sensing and seeing Tom's fears, he'd only ever truly seen Tom fearful once, that was when he discovered his Horcruxes were gone... when the killing curse had rebound once more and the knowledge there would be no return for him. All he had done to change the future...had it truly been for nothing? Was there no way he could prevent it? He thought in silent despair. Stepping back from him, he Apparated himself to the steps of Gringotts.

Tom stared vacantly at the spot in which Hadrian had previously stood, for all of a few seconds before he began to pace restlessly. The night had definitely not gone how he had envisioned it, in fact it had gone the complete opposite. Glancing back at the book, glaring at it as if it was the cause of all his problems, well it had in a way, but Tom's own headstrong determination and belief he was right had also caused it. He continued his pace back and forth from the fireplace which was blazing strongly, before huffing in irritation and sitting down in one of the chairs by the fire, his stomach was positively churning. He hated that most, he was always in control, even at his angriest he took satisfaction that he was firmly in control, and all of that control had sailed out the window long ago.

What if Hadrian was serious? Would he truly end their relationship over such a trivial thing? An uncomfortable sensation overcame him remembering the look on his face. It could be no trivial
thing if those feelings had been genuine and they had been, he nor Hadrian were one for openly displaying emotion except anger when pushed to the extreme. His brow furrowed, remembering everything he'd read upon Horcruxes, and he honestly couldn't see why Hadrian was so alarmed or why he refused to do it with him. Unless...unless he knew something Tom didn't. Which of course could be the case, Hadrian was from a time where magic surely had advanced no matter how little.

Tom felt relief flowing through him at the telltale sound of Apparation, and the wards alerting him to Hadrian being back, which was redundant since he was standing in front of him with a pensive, his face grim and determined. Apprehension quickly took hold, like a living thing in his gut. He had a sinking feeling he wasn't going to like what he saw.

Hadrian moved around to their suites living area, and placed the pensive delicately on top of the table, the feeling of the fires warm did nothing - he felt cold all over. All he had wanted was a single night with Tom before doing this, but instead here he was, neither of them were going to get any sleep tonight. "Alright let's get this over with, I'll try and fill you in as much as I can while we watch it, but understandably I can't show you everything because I wasn't there."

Tom nodded standing up, his wand withdrawn, he knew how Pensives worked, he also knew how rare and delicate they were, so he was admittedly surprised Hadrian had one, but it was the Peverells he was taking about here, so many not so surprising. Giving it one last glance he placed the tip of his wand in the bowl holding the memory the same time Hadrian did before they were soon sucked in, immersed in a memory Tom knew nothing about.

Tom's eyes narrowed, confusion his primary emotion, a child's nursery? Why would Hadrian show him this of all things?

"In this memory it's all Hallows Eve, October 31st, 1981," Hadrian said coolly, as if this wasn't his life.

Tom stared at the sleeping baby, safely tucked in a blue blanket, unfortunately he wasn't sleeping for long, as loud explosives banging woke the child from slumber. The second those eyes opened, his heart skipped a beat, his gaze swinging to Hadrian almost immediately. A solemn nod was what got for his silent question.

"LILY, TAKE HARRY GO! IT'S HIM! GO! RUN! I'LL HOLD HIM OFF!" the alarm and terror could be heard in that voice even from the bedroom, even with the baby crying.

For a second there was the sound of rushing footsteps before the thump of a body could be heard, then a loud cry "JAMES!" a woman's voice cried out in obvious heartfelt, but the sound of her child's cry brought her out as she ran for the stairs and up into her son's bedroom, closing the door behind her.

The first thing Tom noticed was the terrified green eyes, watching as she soothed her son, soothed Hadrian. No, not Hadrian, she had called him Harry. As the door blasted open she returned her son to his cot, defiantly standing in front of the powerful wizard, who was extremely disfigured. Tom's first thought was in utter denial, there was no way this could be him, it was as if he had tried a Naga ritual that had gone seriously wrong.

"Stand aside!" the cold sibilant voice demanded.

"Not Harry, not Harry, please not Harry!" Lily begged.

"Not Harry?" Tom muttered bewildered, why the hell would he be after a toddler? What on earth could have set him down that course to spill magical blood? Especially a defenceless child...
defenceless Hadrian.

"Stand aside, you silly girl, stand aside, now…"

"Not Harry, please no, take me, kill me instead-"

"Not Harry! Please…have mercy…have mercy…" the twenty one year old begged once more - unashamedly so. Continuing to stand in the way of Voldemort, stopping him from seeing her son.

"I didn't understand at the time, why he would want to spare her when he had absolutely no problem killing Muggle Borns in the past…for six years it plagued me, but I eventually got an answer." Hadrian said softly, watching the scene in front of him. Watching his mother die at the hands of Voldemort, before the twin wand he had been destined for but no longer, turn on his younger self. Tom didn't say anything, he was just watching the scene in a state of disbelief. It was why Hadrian elected to say nothing, they would speak when Tom was more aware of his surroundings. In truth he wasn't sure whether Tom heard his statement or not.

Then green light surrounded the room in its entirety, the explosion didn't affect them of course, but the most pivotal moment was lost in the flash of light…which was the fact that the soul piece had slipped from Voldemort and into Harry. Tom did see himself nothing more than a spirit before it fled with an anguished filled cry as if the all the pain in the world at that moment redirected itself at Voldemort causing unimaginable pain.

The last thing either of them saw before the pensive ejected them was a pile of ashes beside a dead body with a crying little boy with a bleeding forehead the injury marked in the shape of a lightening bolt.

"How the hell can you stand to be near me?" Tom spat, as he backed away, he had killed Hadrian's parents, tried to kill the boy himself for Merlin's sake. How far had he fallen that he would try and kill a toddler? He was many things, had a lot planned…but never once had killing the next generation of magicals unless they directly opposed him with a wand in their damn hand came to mind. Which he had noticed that the woman, Hadrian's mother had not. If it had been the other way around he would have killed Hadrian where he stood, in fact he had gotten revenge on those who had made his mothers life a living hell, made her have to give birth in a muggle orphanage.

"You don't know all the facts yet, when you do you'll understand why you did what you did," Hadrian said quietly, sitting down surprised by Tom's reaction, he wasn't worried about his own demise but the fact he had killed his parents. He was not suggesting Voldemort had a good reason, but there was time enough to change that - to stop it happening…if he could. It just all depended on the outcome of all this. "Not that it means I was alright with it, but you have to understand its not happened yet…and I'm hoping that it wont."

"If you change anything you might not end up back here!" Tom protested profoundly, and he wasn't going to live without Hadrian.

"I won't suddenly disappear Tom, when my younger self is born…it won't affect me," Hadrian revealed, seeing the look on Tom's face he added, "You'll find out why and how soon enough. We have a lot of memories to get through tonight."

"The facts?" Tom prompted when it became clear Hadrian wasn't going to continue.

"In 1979, a year before I was born one of your followers overheard a prophecy, one being said by Sybill Trelawney, descendant from a great line of seers, most prominently Cassandra Trelawney… she was in the Hogshead being interviewed by Albus Dumbledore for the divination post, despite
the fact that it was publicly known that Dumbledore held no stock in divination and was trying to drop the subject from Hogwarts curriculum, just like Alchemy and many other subjects that had been dropped over the years." Hadrian said, sitting back watching Tom's reaction.

"Why the hell would he hold an interview in bar?" Tom scoffed at the absurdity of the notion, taking a seat.

"Because he wanted it to get out, the real prophecy had been uttered in his office just the day before, it was exactly the same but he knew that you were obsessed with divination and this was a way to have it revealed without him having to be obvious about it. After all why would you not trust the words brought back to you by your followers?" Hadrian shrugged, "Prophecies are in most ways self fulfilling. It takes someone believing in them for them to come to fruition."

Tom gritted his teeth, the thought of being manipulated by Dumbledore left such a sour taste in his mouth. "What did it say?"

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches…" that got Tom's attention, as his head jerked up, his gaze narrowing.

"Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies, this was what you got told, your follower had been caught snooping before the end could be heard, but I doubt that bothered Dumbledore…in the end he'd gotten what he wanted," Hadrian replied, "There were two children that fitted the description, but you chose the child most like you, a half blood over a pureblood, Dumbledore of course didn't inform the families they were in danger, he wanted the prophecy to play out, until he had no choice, a good friend of Lily's stepped forward, pleading for Dumbledore to save her, after he asked you to spare her life, but he didn't think you would, and so he went to the other side, began spying, despite the fact he was as dark as they come, his true home was with you, with the others, but his love for my mother sealed his fate and yours too. Its why the curse rebounded, the promise you made, the fact my mother was willing to die in my stead erected one of the most powerful rituals the world has ever seen, enhanced due to the night you chose to attack, Samhain."

"So you have the power to destroy me," Tom stated.

"I have the power, yes, but it never says that I would use it Tom, but even the possibility made you act," Hadrian said, his tone wary, "I don't want to fight you, I never did actually, each and every confrontation was started by you." his tone vehement.

Tom looked bewildered for a second, more than one confrontation? Yes, he wasn't liking the sound of it at all. He continuously refused to think on what he'd looked like.

"The Dark Lord will mark him his equal, but he will have the power the Dark Lord knows not, and either must die at the hand of the other, for neither can live while the other survives. That is all we did for seventeen years, you survived as a spirit for thirteen years…while I barely survived my Muggle relatives..." Hadrian sighed, shaking off his lingering thoughts, "Ready for the next one?" standing up, his wand already at his temple and withdrawing the memory, very aware of the fact that each memory would make Tom more suspicious and wary of him…with probably a healthy dose of a desire to kill him.

It took all of a few seconds for the next memory to play out in front of them.

"This is the end of my first year at Hogwarts, I had tried numerous times to tell someone what was happening…but my Head of House…Professor McGonagall…yes that one, ignored me." Hadrian informed Tom, who seemed to prefer to observe his surroundings than speak while they were in
the pensive.

It wasn't Snape, it wasn't even Voldemort - it was Quirrell.

"You!" Harry gasped.

"Me," Quirrell said calmly with a smile on his face, "I had wondered whether I'd be meeting you here, Potter,"

"But I thought - Snape-" Harry protested off kilter.

"Severus?" Quirrell said, "Yes, Severus does seem the type doesn't he so useful to hae him swooping around like an overgrown bat. Next to him, who would suspect p-p-poor st-stuttering p-professor Quirrell?"

"But Snape tried to kill me!" Harry said, so sure something was wrong, it couldn't be right.

"No, no, no I tried to kill you. Your friend Miss Granger accidentally knocked me over as she rushed to set fire to Snape at the Quidditch match. She broke my eye contact with you. Another few seconds and I'd have got you off that broom. I'd have managed it before then if Snape hadn't been muttering the counter-curse, trying to save you."

Tom closed his eyes, pinching the bride of his nose, before reopening them again, he had a funny feeling he knew what was happening here. Hadrian had basically informed him that he had outright tried to kill Harry many times.

"Snape was trying to save me?" Harry was utterly stunned.

"Of course," Quirrell said coolly, "Why do you think he wanted to referee your next match? He was trying to make sure I didn't try anything funny again. Funny, really, he needn't have bothered. I couldn't do anything with Dumbledore watching. All the other teachers thought Snape was trying o stop Gryffindor winning, he did make himself unpopular…and what a waste of time, when after all that, I'm going to kill you tonight." with a click of fingers, ropes sprang around Harry, confining him tightly.

"You're too nosy to live, Potter. Scurrying around the school at Halloween like that, for all I knew you'd seen me coming to look for what was guarding the stone." Quirrell stated.

"Do you know how many times I wanted to say that to you? But the hilarity would have been wasted on me alone," Hadrian teased, despite the memory he was viewing.

"Hilarious," Tom said drolly, but his lips were twitching just so, it still boggled his mind that Hadrian didn't care.

"You let the troll in?" Harry sounding confused.

"Certainly. I have a special gift with trolls, you must have seen what I did to the one in the chamber back there? Unfortunately, while everyone else was running around looking for it, Snape, who already suspected me, went straight to the third floor to head me off- and not only did my troll fail to beat you to death, that three-headed dog didn't even manage to bite Snape's leg off properly."

"Now, wait quietly, Potter. I need to examine this interesting mirror." Quirrell demanded.

Tom was looking at it himself, "I show not your face, but your hearts desire," it rung a bell, many men had wasted away gazing at that mirror, it was dangerous, how the hell had it managed to get
into a school filled with children? To top it off Hadrian had apparently fought a damn Troll and won as well as ended up on a Quidditch team in his first year…

"Yes, I used to see my parents in it," Hadrian answered truthfully.

"I see the stone, I'm presenting it to my Master…but where is it?" Quirrell was getting desperate now.

"But Snape always seemed to hate me so much," Harry said.

Tom's lips twitched, well aware of what 'Harry' was up to, even if his clothes suggest he was a Gryffindor he truly as a Slytherin at heart even now as innocent and naive as he was.

"Oh, he does," Quirrell said, "Heavens yes. He was at Hogwarts with your father, didn't you know? They loathed each other. But he never wanted you dead."

"But I heard you a few days ago, sobbing - thought Snape was threatening you…"

"Sometimes, I find it hard to follow my Master's instructions, he is a great wizard and I am weak -"

"You mean he was there in the classroom with you?" Harry gasped, he had already deduced that it was Voldemort. He just couldn't believe he was at Hogwarts of all places.

"He is with me wherever I go," Quirrell admitted, "I met him when I travelled around the world. A foolish young man I was then, full of ridiculous ideas about good and evil. Lord Voldemort showed me how wrong I was. There is no good and evil, there is only power and those too weak to seek it…since then, I have served him faithfully, although I have let him down many times. He has had to be very hard on me. He does not forgive mistakes easily. When I failed to steal the stone from Gringotts, he was most displeased. He punished me…decided he would have to keep a closer watch on me…"

Tom would deny it until his dying breath but he actually squeaked in surprise, while it was true he had thought of that name…he had discarded it long ago, ever since he had made the decision to change his name to Slytherin. The anagram didn't fit it and so it became irrelevant. Tom did smirk though at the saying, that was a belief he held most dear already. He was glad to see that hadn't been lost over time. He wondered if he had the wizard under the Imperious curse, or a variation of it at least, since he did seem to be talking freely.

"Yes, there's only power, but as long as it came from the pureblood's right?" Hadrian smirked wryly.

Tom had been about to reply, when he heard a raspy voice speak, despite the fact there was only two people in the room, blinking blankly he tried to look for the person he had missed, looking behind the mirror since it was that general area the voice came from. By the time he’d turned back to Hadrian Quirrell had grabbed Harry and was forcing him to look into the mirror. He snorted at Harry's blatant lie of shaking Dumbledore's hand after winning the house cup. Then the voice spoke again, speaking his own thoughts, informing Quirrell that Harry had lied.

"Not very subtle that," Tom said wryly.

Hadrian shrugged, "I was eleven, this year was the first time I'd really interacted with anyone…and I didn't know about occlumency which you are a Master of,"

"I have strength enough for this," the voice hissed.
"Harry Potter..." the face hissed when the turban was finally removed. "See what I have become? A mere shadow and vapour...I have form only when I can share another's body...but there have always been those willing to let me into their hearts and minds...unicorn blood has strengthened me, these past weeks...you saw faithful Quirrell drinking it for me in the Forest...and once I have the Elixir of Life, I will be able to create a body of my own...now...why don't you give me that stone in your pocket?"

Tom stared at himself horrified beyond belief. His only consolation and relief was the fact he knew Hadrian did not die, the utter disgust he had at his future self was magnified seeing how weak he was, how disgusting, how far he'd lowered himself, this had not been what he wanted, not the future he had envisioned for himself. This was the outcome if he used a Horcrux? This wraithlike creature?

"Don't be a fool," Voldemort snarled, "Better sae your own life and join me...or you'll meet the same end as your parents...they died begging me for mercy..."

"LIAR!" Harry shouted suddenly.

"I do not lie," Tom stated sharply, and he knew it was something that hadn't changed, his mother had begged for mercy...even if it was for her son, he may imply but he never outright lied - to anyone - he had no need for it.

"How touching...I always value bravery...yes, boy, our parents were brave...I killed your father first and he put up a courageous fight...but your mother needn't have died...she was trying to protect you...now give me the Stone, unless you want her to have died in vain."

"NEVER!" Harry yelled.

"SEIZE HIM!" Voldemort commanded.

Tom's eyebrows rose up as he watched the scene in front of him, awe and a little confusion swarming him, every time Quirrell touched Harry, he began to burn. All the while his older self shrieked for the wizard hosting him to seize him. When it became obvious that Quirrell couldn't do it, he was ordered to kill Harry. Then Harry filled with a dark fire that he'd seen when he tortured Avery came out and he reached out and grasped a hold of Quirrell's face and held on even as he screamed. That darkness had been present even then, just like his had been. The question remained how he had been so sickeningly loyal to the light for so long...until he remembered Hadrian telling him about the compulsion charms. He had been compelled to do the things he had, compelled away from his true place.

Then before the memory ended he heard Dumbledore's voice before they were forcefully evicted from the pensive as Harry lost consciousness.

"This is why I don't want you to go down the road with the Horcruxes, I want you to swear you'll never make one," Hadrian said, green eyes filled with fire.

"On one condition," Tom stated, his mind already making alternative plans, the Elixir of Life, it would grant him true immortality, he wouldn't end up that disgusting wraith thing should his body end up destroyed. So yes, he would give Hadrian his promise not to create Horcruxes, and if the Elixir of Life wasn't possible he would find alterative means, ones that Hadrian would surely approve of so they could be together forever.

"Which is?" Hadrian asked surprise, that was it? He would swear not to make them on a single condition? Staring into those dark eyes, he wondered what on earth Tom was up to now, there was
no way he would so easily give up his quest for immortality...would he?

"That you bond with me, tonight," Tom said determinedly. "I'll even give you a Unbreakable Vow."

"What are you up to?" Hadrian asked, eyeing him shrewdly.

Tom didn't even try putting an innocent expression on, Hadrian knew him too well. "Will you?"

"After you've seen everything and you want to...then yes," Hadrian replied, a small smile on his face. Despite the danger he posed to Tom, he had yet to raise his wand to him, even knowing he had practically defeated him twice already. Oh, he would love to hear Tom's thoughts, what was he thinking? "I must admit...you're not reacting how I thought you would." and it caused a lost look to appear on his face.

"I am not that disgusting parasite you're used to dealing with," Tom argued.

"Not that, you know I've got the power to destroy you, you heard the prophecy and went after me with all you had," Hadrian said, slightly bewildered, "Why isn't that your focus now?"

Tom grabbed Hadrian pulling him close, "You're mine, you'll always be mine," wrapping his fingers through his brown tresses and tugging lightly, smashing their lips together, planting a possessive passionate kiss on those delectable lips. He wanted all of Hadrian, and tonight he would get all of him when they bonded. He was going to make it official as soon as the bonding was done. "You are as dark as I am, you were as Dark as I am even back then I saw it in you, and after all the light side has done to you, I seriously doubt you'd ever willingly go back." Dumbledore had been there during the whole debacle, just waiting to interfere he knew it, it was just Dumbledore all over. He didn't care what had happened in Hadrian's past, the future, because together they were going to remake it.

Knowing what he did now, it had been Hadrian's intention all along, slowly and sneakily making the magical world sit up and see him, publishing books while trying to preserve the magical world and the pureblood families. He knew how to avoid it all going wrong, and it seemed to centre from Dumbledore, but together again, they'd make sure Dumbledore faded into obscurity...in fact he wanted Dumbledore out of Hogwarts, out of his home, one thing at a time, he would think of something.

Hadrian closed his eyes, enjoying the closeness, praying that he was right, but surely Death wouldn't have sent him on this path if it were to fail? But he knew he couldn't blame death, the path was his to take, and if he had to go back in time...even further perhaps...he would do whatever it took to make sure Tom remained his, even if the only outcome was him NOT telling Tom about what happened in the future. "Ready for the next round?" he asked reluctantly still staying close.

"How many more are there to go?" Tom asked, inwardly shuddering as he remembered the disgusting thing he'd become. If Hadrian had shown him that to put him off making Horcruxes he had well and truly succeeded. They would need to talk about it in more detail though...and it looked as though they had all night.

"Not too many," Hadrian said, with that he returned his memory to his mind, and pulled out another calmly and precisely as if he was used to it.

once again touching it, they immersed themselves in yet another memory.
"What about my sister?" Ron asked jerkily.

"Well, as to that — most unfortunate," Lockhart said, avoiding their eyes, wrenching open drawers and emptying the contents into a bag. "No one regrets more than I —"

"You're the Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher!" Harry protested. "You can't go now! Not with all the dark stuff going on here!"

"Each year we have a new DADA teacher, you cursed the position, one day though I'd love to know how you did it," Hadrian informed Tom. "That is Ronald Weasley," he added offhandedly.

"You were best friends with a Weasley?" Tom grimaced in disgust, they were light to the extreme.

"The friendship was genuine on my part! I was having trouble finding the platform, then Molly Weasley his mum, started yelling about Muggles, like a moth to a flame I went," Hadrian informed him green eyes filled with sadness, "I didn't know true friendship until I met you and the others."

"Well, I must say… when I took the job…" Lockhart muttered, now piling socks on top of his robes, "nothing in the job description … didn't expect…"

"You mean you're running away?" Harry demanded disbelievingly. "After all that stuff in your books?"

Tom's lips curled at the disgusting imbecile that dared to call himself a wizard.

"Books can be misleading," Lockhart said delicately.

"You wrote them!" Harry shouted.

"My dear boy," Lockhart said, - causing Hadrian to grimace at the title; Dumbledore called him that and he hated the phrase. "Do use your common sense. My books wouldn't have sold half as well if people didn't think I'd done all those things. No one wants to read about some ugly old Armenian warlock, even if he did save a village from werewolves. He'd look dreadful on the front cover. No dress sense at all. And the witch who banished the Bandon Banshee had a hairy chin. I mean, come on…"

"So you've just been taking credit for what a load of other people have done?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Harry, Harry," Lockhart sighed, shaking his head impatiently "It's not nearly as simple as that. There was work involved. I had to track these people down. Ask them exactly how they managed to do what they did. Then I had to put a Memory Charm on them so they wouldn't remember doing it. If there's one thing I pride myself on, it's my Memory Charms. No, it's been a lot of work, Harry. It's not all book-signings and publicity photos, you know. You want fame, you have to be prepared for a long hard slog."

He banged the lids of his trunks shut and locked them.

"Let's see," he said. "I think that's everything. Yes. Only one thing left."

He pulled out his wand and turned on them.

"Awfully sorry, boys, but I'll have to put a Memory Charm on you now. Can't have you blabbing my secrets all over the place. I'd never sell another book…"
Harry reached for his wand just in time. Lockhart had barely raised his, when Harry bellowed, "Expelliarmus!"

Tom smirked in satisfaction, that had been an exceedingly well done, and not to forget powerful disarming charm.

Lockhart was blasted backwards, falling over his trunk. His wand flew high into the air; Ron caught it, and flung it out of the open window.

"Shouldn't have let Professor Snape teach us that one," Harry said furiously, kicking Lockhart's trunk aside. Lockhart was looking up at him, wary once more. Harry was still pointing his wand at him.

"What d'you want me to do?" Lockhart protested weakly. "I don't know where the Chamber of Secrets is. There's nothing I can do."

Tom immediately perked up when he heard that particular word come out of the imbecile's mouth.

"You're in luck," Harry said, forcing Lockhart to his feet at wandpoint. "We think we know where it is. And what's inside it. Let's go."

Tom sneered at the look of dread that flashed in Lockhart's beady eyes. His eyes widened upon seeing the ghost of a girl he was more than familiar with, especially considering Hadrian was very good friends with her. Myrtle Warren, he wondered if Hadrian had already prevented her death.


"But—" Harry broke off.

"Open up," he said.

"English," Ron said, shaking his head.

"Open up," Harry hissed.

Tom arched an eyebrow it seemed as though Hadrian had been true to his word at least about that, it was difficult for him to speak the language of the snakes.

The sink began moving; the sink, in fact, sank, right out of sight. It left a large pipe exposed, a pipe wide enough for a man to slide into.

"I'm going down there," Harry declared.

"Me too," Ron volunteered.

"Gryffindors," Tom sneered at the sentimentality.

Hadrian coughed and gave him a pointed look, he too was a Gryffindor. Tom merely flipped his hand, Hadrian did not count he should not have been in Gryffindor he was a Slytherin through and through.

"Well, you hardly seem to need me," Lockhart said with a shadow of a smile. "I'll just —"

"You can go first," Ron snarled.

White-faced and wandless, Lockhart approached the opening.
"Boys," he said, his voice feeble, "Boys, what good will it do?"

Harry jabbed him in the back with his wand. Lockhart slid his legs into the mouth of the pipe.

"I really don't think — " he started to say, but Ron gave him a push, and he slid out of sight. Harry followed quickly. He lowered himself slowly into the pipe, then let go.

"We must be miles under the school," Harry commented, his voice echoing in the black tunnel.

"Under the lake, probably," Ron said, squinting around at the dark, slimy walls.

"Lumos!" Harry muttered to his wand, and it lit again. "C'mon," he said to Ron and Lockhart, and off they went, their footsteps slapping loudly on the wet floor.

"Remember," Harry said quietly, as they walked cautiously forward, "Any sign of movement, close your eyes straight away…"

"Harry, there's something up there…" Ron said hoarsely.

"Maybe it's asleep," he breathed back at the other two.

"Blimey," Ron gasped weakly.

Suddenly there was a commotion, and Lockhart had Ron's broken wand.

"The adventure ends here, boys!" he said. "I shall take a bit of this skin back up to the school, tell them I was too late to save the girl, and you two tragically lost your minds at the sight of her mangled body. Say goodbye to your memories! Obliviate!" he added in a shout.

The wand exploded with the force of a small bomb. Harry flung his arms over his head and ran, slipping over the coils of snake skin, out of the way of great chunks of tunnel ceiling which were thundering to the floor. The next moment he was standing alone, gazing at a solid wall of broken rock.

"Ron!" he shouted. "Are you okay? Ron!"

"I'm here!" Ron shouted back, his voice muffled through the rock. "I'm okay. This git's not, though — he got blasted by the wand. What now?" Ron's voice sounded desperate. "We can't get through; it'll take ages…"

"Wait there," Harry called to Ron. "Wait with Lockhart. I'll go on. If I'm not back in an hour…"

There was silence for ages after that.

"I'll try and shift some of this rock," Ron said; he seemed to be trying to keep his voice steady. "So you can — can get back through. And, Harry —"

"See you in a bit," Harry said, trying to sound confident.

Both Tom and Hadrian followed the twelve-year-old into the heart of the Chamber.

"Ginny!" Harry muttered, sprinting to her and dropping to his knees. "Ginny! Don't be dead! Please don't be dead!" He flung his wand aside, grabbed Ginny's shoulders and turned her over. Her face was white as marble, and as cold, yet her eyes were closed, so she wasn't Petrified. But then she must be…
"Ginny, please wake up," Harry muttered desperately, shaking her. Ginny's head lolled hopelessly from side to side.

He saw the boy standing at the end of a very long, dimly lit chamber. Towering stone pillars entwined with more caved serpents rose to support the ceiling lost in darkness, casting long black shadows through the odd, greenish gloom that filled the place.

"She won't wake up," said a soft voice.

Tom visibly jerked at that, it was his voice after all, not like the one in the memory he'd just seen.

"Tom — Tom Riddle?"

Tom blinked, so he hadn't changed his name in Hadrian's old future.

"What d'you mean, she won't wake?" Harry asked desperately "She's not ... she's not..." He was unable to form the sentence.

"She's still alive," Riddle said, "but only just."

"Are you a ghost?" Harry asked uncertainly.

"A Memory," Riddle said quietly, "preserved in a diary for fifty years."

Tom gaped, he had planned on using the diary to host a piece of his soul! He had done it then, judging by the badge upon his cloak pretty soon.

"You've got to help me, Tom," Harry said, raising Ginny's head again. "We've got to get her out of here. There's a Basilisk… I don't know where it is, but it could be along any moment. Please, help me..."

"Thanks," Harry said, stretching out his hand for his wand.

Hadrian closed his eyes and shook his head silently, closing his eyes at the naiveté of his twelve-year-old self. His hand placed over his eyes as if he could completely ignore what was happening.

"Listen," Harry said urgently, his knees sagging with Ginny's dead weight, "we've got to go! If the Basilisk comes..."

"It won't come until it's called," Riddle said calmly.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked. "Look, give me my wand, I might need it."

"You won't be needing it," Tom said.

"What d'you mean, I won't be —?"

"I've waited a long time for this, Harry Potter," Riddle said. "For a chance to see you. To speak to you."

"Look," Harry said, losing his patience, "I don't think you get it. We're in the Chamber of Secrets. We can talk later."

"We're going to talk now," Riddle declared, still smiling broadly as he pocketed Harry's wand.

Tom just continued to watch completely enthralled by the sight in front of him.
"How did Ginny get like this?" Harry asked finally.

"Well, that's an interesting question," Riddle said pleasantly. "And quite a long story. I suppose the real reason Ginny Weasley's like this is because she opened her heart and spilled all her secrets to an invisible stranger."

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked in exasperation.

"The diary," Riddle said, "My diary. Little Ginny's been writing in it for months and months, telling me all her pitiful worries and woes: how her brothers tease her, how she had to come to school with second-hand robes and books, how —" Riddle's eyes glinted "—How she didn't think her famous, good, great Harry Potter would ever like her…"

All the time he spoke, Riddle's eyes never left Harry's face. There was an almost hungry look in them.

"It was very boring, having to listen to the silly little troubles of an eleven-year-old girl," he went on. "But I was patient. I wrote back; I was sympathetic, I was kind. Ginny simply loved me. 'No one's ever understood me like you, Tom… I'm so glad I've got this diary to confide in… it's like having a friend I can carry around in my pocket…'" Riddle laughed.

"If I do say so myself, Harry, I've always been able to charm the people I needed. So Ginny poured out her soul to me, and her soul happened to be exactly what I wanted. I grew stronger and stronger on a diet of her deepest fears, her darkest secrets. I grew powerful, far more powerful than little Miss Weasley. Powerful enough to start feeding Miss Weasley a few of my secrets, to start pouring my soul back into her…"

"What d'you mean?" Harry asked; his mouth had gone very dry.

"Haven't you guessed yet, Harry Potter?" Riddle asked softly. "Ginny Weasley opened the Chamber of Secrets. She strangled the school roosters and daubed threatening messages on the walls. She set the serpent of Slytherin on four Mudbloods, and the Squib's cat."

"No," whispered Harry.

"Yes," Riddle calmly said. "Of course, she didn't know what she was doing at first. It was very amusing. I wish you could have seen her new diary entries… far more interesting, they became… 'losing my memory. There are rooster feathers all over my robes and I don't know how they got there. Dear Tom, I can't remember what I did on the night of Halloween, but a cat was attacked and I've got paint on myself. I think he suspects me… there was another attack today; I'm going mad… think I'm the one attacking everyone, Tom!'"

"It took a very long time for stupid little Ginny to stop trusting her diary," Riddle said, "But she finally became suspicious and tried to dispose of it. And that's where you came in, Harry. You found it, and I couldn't have been more delighted. Of all the people who could have picked it up, it was you, the very person I was most anxious to meet…"

"And why did you want to meet me?" Harry asked, anger coursing through him, showing in those glowing emerald eyes.

"Well, you see, Ginny told me all about you, Harry," Riddle replied. "Your whole fascinating history." Riddle's eyes shot straight to his lightning bolt scar and his expression grew hungrier.

"I knew I must find out more about you, talk to you, meet you if I could. So I decided to show you my famous capture of that great oaf, Hagrid, to gain your trust."
"Hagrid is my friend," Harry said, his voice now shaking. "And you framed him, didn't you? I thought you made a mistake, but —"

Riddle laughed his high-pitched laugh again.

"It was my word against Hagrid's, Harry. Well, you can imagine how it looked to old Armando Dippet. On the one hand, Tom Riddle, poor but brilliant, parentless but so brave, school prefect, model student; on the other hand, big, blundering Hagrid, in trouble every other week, trying to raise werewolf cubs under his bed, sneaking off to the Forbidden Forest to wrestle trolls. But I admit even I was surprised at how well the plan worked. I thought someone must realise Hagrid couldn't possibly be the heir of Slytherin. It had taken me five whole years to find out everything I could about the Chamber of Secrets and discover the secret entrance... as though Hagrid had the brains, or the power!"

"Only the Transfiguration teacher, Dumbledore, seemed to think Hagrid was innocent. He persuaded Dippet to keep Hagrid here and train him as gamekeeper. Yes, I think Dumbledore might have guessed. Dumbledore never seemed to like me as much as the other teachers did..."

"I bet Dumbledore saw right through you," Harry said, his teeth gritted.

"Well, he certainly kept an annoyingly close watch on me after Hagrid was expelled," Riddle carelessly said. "I knew it wouldn't be safe to open the Chamber again while I was still at school. But I wasn't going to waste those long years I'd spent searching for it. I decided to leave behind a diary, preserving my sixteen-year-old self in its pages, so that one day, with luck, I would be able to lead another in my footsteps, finish Salazar Slytherin's noble work."

"Well, you haven't finished it," Harry told him triumphantly "No one's died this time, not even the cat. In a few hours the Mandrake Draught will be ready, and everyone who was petrified will be all right again."

"Haven't I already told you," Riddle quietly said, "that killing Mudbloods doesn't matter to me anymore? For many months now, my new target has been... you. Imagine how angry I was when next time my diary opened, it was Ginny who was writing to me, not you. She saw you with the diary, you see, and panicked. What if you found out how to work it and I repeated all her secrets to you? What if, even worse, I told you who'd been strangling the roosters? So the foolish little brat waited until your dormitory was deserted and stole it back. But I knew what I must do. It was clear to me that you were on the trail of Slytherin's heir. From everything Ginny had told me about you, I knew you would go to any lengths to solve the mystery... particularly if one of your best friends was attacked. And Ginny had told me the whole school was buzzing because you could speak Parseltongue..."

"So I made Ginny write her own farewell on the wall and come down here to wait. She struggled and cried and became very boring. But there isn't much life left in her: she put too much into the diary, into me. Enough to let me leave its pages at last. I have been waiting for you to appear since we arrived here. I knew you'd come. I have many questions for you, Harry Potter."

"Like what?" Harry spat nastily.

"Well," Riddle said, still smiling pleasantly, "How is it that a baby with no extraordinary magical talent managed to defeat the greatest wizard of all time? How did you escape with nothing but a scar, while Lord Voldemort's powers were destroyed?"

There was an odd red gleam in Riddle's eyes now.
"Why do you care how I escaped?" Harry slowly asked. "Voldemort was after your time."

"Voldemort," said Riddle, "is my past, present, and future, Harry Potter." Shimmering words were quickly traced through the air.

TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE

Tom waved the wand once and the letters rearranged themselves.

I AM LORD VOLDEMORT

"You see?" he whispered "It was a name I was already using at Hogwarts— to my most intimate friends only, of course. You think I was going to use my filthy Muggle father's name forever? I, in whose veins runs the blood of Salazar Slytherin himself, through my mother's side? I, keep the name of a foul common Muggle, who abandoned me even before I was born, just because he found out his wife was a witch? No, Harry. I fashioned myself a new name, a name I knew wizards everywhere would one day fear to speak, when I became the greatest sorcerer in the world!"

"You're not," Harry contradicted, his voice full of hatred that Tom flinched at hearing.

"Not what?" snapped Riddle.

"Not the greatest sorcerer in the world," Harry said, breathing fast "Sorry to disappoint you, and all that, but the greatest wizard in the world is Albus Dumbledore. Everyone says so. Even when you were strong, you didn't dare try and take over Hogwarts. Dumbledore saw through you when you were at school, and he still frightens you now, wherever you're hiding these days."

"Dumbledore has been driven out of this castle by the mere memory of me!" Riddle hissed.

"He's not gone as you might think!" Harry retorted.

"I was trying to scare him," admitted the fourteen-year-old, shrugging his shoulders.

Tom turned to Hadrian but he wasn't looking at the scene in front of him, but away. Tom, frowning, followed Hadrian's line of vision, but nothing was there… then he heard it, then saw the flash of light as a phoenix came. "It's Fawkes, a phoenix, Dumbledore doesn't have him yet, he must get him after his 'defeat' of Grindelwald."

"That's a phoenix…" Riddle said.

"Fawkes," Harry breathed.

"And that's the old school Sorting Hat."

The laughter started up again, sending goosebumps up their necks and arms. "This is what Dumbledore sends his defender?! A songbird and an old hat! Do you feel brave, Harry Potter? Do you feel safe now?"

Harry never did answer.

"To business, Harry," Riddle said. "Twice — in your past, in my future — we have met. And twice I failed to kill you. How did you survive? Tell me everything. The longer you talk," he added softly, "the longer you stay alive."

"No one knows why you lost your powers when you attacked me," Harry said abruptly. "I don't know myself, but I do know why you couldn't kill me. Because my mother died to save me. My
common, Muggle-born mother," he added, shaking with suppressed rage. "She stopped you from killing me, and I've seen the real you; I saw you last year. You're a wreck. You're barely alive. That's where all your power got you. You're in hiding. You're ugly; you're foul!"

"So. Your mother died to save you. Yes, that's a powerful counter-charm. I can see now — there is nothing special about you after all. I wondered, you see. Because there are strange likenesses between us, Harry Potter. Even you must have noticed. Both half-bloods, orphans, raised by Muggles. Probably the only Parselmouths to come to Hogwarts since the great Slytherin himself. We even look something alike… but after all, it was merely a lucky chance that saved you from me. That's all I wanted to know."

"Now, Harry, I'm going to teach you a little lesson. Let's match the powers of Lord Voldemort, heir of Salazar Slytherin, against the famous Harry Potter, and the best weapons Dumbledore can give him," Riddle said.

"Speak to me, Slytherin, greatest of the Hogwarts Four," Tom hissed out the password in Parseltongue. Everyone conscious in the pensive of course understood.

Tom watched, horror-struck, as the humongous serpent began going after Hadrian…no Harry, watching as he fell, as the phoenix began attacking the Basilisk's eyes, stopping it from ever petrifying or killing anything again. Listening to his Horcrux scream for the basilisk to leave the bird, to kill the boy, telling it to smell— not even screeching it in Parseltongue so he could understand it. watching as the twelve-year-old beg for help that would never come. He opened his eyes again and saw the boy had a sword in his hand, the sword of Godric Gryffindor, true to Harry's word. He was running wildly, a basilisk lunging at him every few seconds. He saw him raising the sword high above him, and it did indeed penetrate the basilisk's mouth. He also saw the fang sink into the vulnerable flesh of the twelve-year-old's upper arm.

"You're dead, Harry Potter," Riddle gloated. "Dead. Even Dumbledore's bird knows it. Do you see what he's doing, Potter? He's crying. I'm going to sit here and watch you die, Harry Potter; take your time. I'm in no hurry. So ends the famous Harry Potter," Riddle added, his voice now sounding distant. "Alone in the Chamber of Secrets, forsaken by his friends, defeated at last by the Dark Lord he so unwisely challenged. You'll be back with your dear Mudblood mother soon, Harry… she bought you twelve years of borrowed time… but Lord Voldemort got you in the end, as you knew he must."

"Get away, bird!" Riddle's voice suddenly said. "Get away from him! I said, get away!"

"Phoenix tears…" Riddle quietly said. "Of course… healing powers… I forgot…"

He then looked back at Harry and said "But it makes no difference. In fact, I prefer it this way. Just you and me, Harry Potter… you and me…"

That was all Harry needed; he took the fang from the side of him where he had discarded it. With a snarl he brought it down against the dairy. Black ink began spilling out, Harry ignoring every scream Tom Riddle let loose. As quickly as he was there… he was gone.

Both of them gasped as they were evicted from the pensive.
Okay what do you think? Honestly? I'm mixed myself, on one hand i don't think Tom's reacting BADLY enough on the other hand this is how it's getting written out...is his reactions appropriate? Should it be more dramatic? I'm torn...it's up to you to decide whether this large chapter gets an edit or not! :D and of course it goes without saying some parts are pieces from Harry Potter 1 & Harry Potter 2 I do hope you enjoyed it though...I think i'll give it another read and see if i can find what's bothering me...what other memories would you like Tom to see? and will he remember everything to get revenge in the future whether things work out or not? :P R&R Please

I hope you don't get too confused between the memory scenes since there's no way to make them go bold like I can on FF...at least not easily.
Lord Of Time

Chapter 51

Tom landed once again in the pensive, he was getting used to the sensation given the number of times he'd been dragged both in and out of the thing this evening. Truthfully though he wasn't really paying all that much attention to the sensations that it aroused within him. He was feeling more than just a little numb, perhaps even a mild case of shock, seeing himself trying to murder the wizard he loved (multiple times!) would do that to anyone.

Admittedly he hadn't seen any more memories of himself yet, the ones he had just seen were pieces of Hadrian's third year of Hogwarts. Which had made him furious at Dumbledore yet again, how dare he allow Dementors to enter Hogwarts! In the process endangering Hadrian who had fallen fifty foot from his damn broomstick. If he'd thought that was bad, he'd had to endure the sight of Hadrian surrounded by hundreds of Dementors in the process of having his soul sucked out. Admittedly seeing him casting a patronus as weak as he had been, and the sight of it had left him momentarily speechless and his mind had just frozen too. Seeing that he had realized it was little wonder Dumbledore hadn't left anything to chance, Hadrian was just too powerful to risk him finding out he was more inclined towards the dark arts…to his side.

Blinking at the sight before him, he didn't need an explanation, it was the exact same spot Hadrian had Apparated him here when he had gotten revenge on both his father and uncle. This was Little Hangleton, and up the hill stood Riddle Mansion, but not as he remembered it. It was derelict by the look of it, his eyes narrowed at the closeness between Harry and Diggory, even he couldn't deny the boy was handsome. Not that it lasted long, before he noticed movement, and the raspy words 'Kill the spare' followed by green light speeding towards the seventh year and end his life.

"Another pureblood family gone, Cedric Diggory was the only heir to the Diggory family, Amos Diggory did not have another heir, in fact he became a shadow of his former self when he lost his son." Hadrian commented, digging just a little at Tom's indignation, he knew Tom loathed the thought of all those pureblood lines being lost…to know it was him was probably hitting him even harder, although admittedly it would hit him harder when he had a chance to process the fact.

Tom gritted his teeth as he stared at the body, his scathing glare almost begged the damn dead body to get back up.

His scathing glare was redirected when the disgusting rat he had the misfortune of calling a follower dared to manhandle what was his. Death Eaters, another thing he was in revulsion of, why the hell would he call his followers Death Eaters? He had so many questions he wanted to ask Hadrian, he wasn't sure how many would be answered, but he was hoping at least some of them would. Unfortunately he doubted he'd ever get an answer to why he was idiotic enough to give his followers a name like that.

Tom followed Pettigrew, watching what he was doing with an air of interest, watching the ingredients he put into the man sized cauldron, understanding beginning to dawn on him, this was some sort of ritual used to restore someone to their body if his knowledge and calculations were right and he knew he was right despite the fact his Ancient Runes and Arithmancy wasn't exactly
one hundred percent yet, he was only up to his sixth year and some of those calculations and runes were admittedly above even someone as intelligent and smart as he was.

"Amazing isn't it?" Hadrian said joining him, "You created this yourself, I hid out in Riddle Mansion when I was on the run from my so called friends, I found a lot of your rituals, I couldn't help but admire you even then. You were fucking brilliant despite everything, I was probably there for the longest amount of time that I managed to hide anywhere before they tracked me."

Despite the situation Tom felt only smug satisfaction that Hadrian thought so highly of him. That was until he caught sight of the homunculus, a curl of his lips was the only thing showing his repulsion. While self-preservation had always been one of his strongest desires, he'd never wanted this. The homunculus was dropped into the concoction, and Pettigrew began the ritual that would return the homunculus to a true body.

"Bone of the father unknowingly given; shall renew your son!" the earth beneath Harry's feet began to shift, then partials began to float in mid air, directed by Pettigrew into the cauldron, the cauldron itself exploded into a different colour, indicating that the first of the steps in the ritual had been completed successfully.

"Flesh of the servant, willingly given: shall revive your Master!" and with that both hardened teens watched as Pettigrew cut off his own hand with a knife, before clutching the bloody stump in obvious agony.

Tom was already beginning to suspect what the last ingredient was, it was confirmed moments later as he helplessly watched Pettigrew weakly make his way over to Harry, slicing into his arm, he hated seeing Harry that way. The urge to curse the disgusting wizard was so strong, but it was merely a memory, there was nothing he could do to make up for his future atrocities. Harry was terrified, and it didn't help that Hadrian and Harry looked alike, mostly, minus the glasses and the messy hair.

"Blood of the enemy forcefully taken: you shall resurrect your foe," Pettigrew then stepped back, the cauldron was frothing, bubbling crazily, then without much pause, a figure stood up the homunculus gone, replaced by a newly resurrected Dark Lord who inspected his new body with fascination, paying close attention to his fingers.

Tom barely managed to stop himself choking, if he had thought the vision of him that he had seen in Godric's Hollow was bad…it was nothing on the sight in front of him. This figure looked more snake than human, he had no nose! No lips! No hair! Harry had his face clenched up as if he was in unbearable agony, had he been cursed? No, it wasn't possible yet there was undeniable proof that he was in pain. Which caused him to clench his fists and grit his teeth. He did take satisfaction in the fact Pettigrew was thrown clear through the air, and landed next to the grave Harry was bound to. The wizard continued to plead, saying that 'he' had promised, it looked as though he would acquiesce to the pleading only to laugh at his followers suffering.

"What is that?" Tom asked staring at the Pettigrew's arm intently.

"The Dark Mark, Voldemort uses' it to summon his followers, it is also a identifying feature that causes those marked to be found out." Hadrian commented, "If you do something like that in future, do it so that each mark is different and put them in different places, that way it isn't as obvious." he suggested.

Tom nodded thoughtfully, critically analyzing the mark for a few moments, slotting Hadrian's ideas for future inspection and thought.
"It is back," said Voldemort softly, "They will all have noticed it…and now, we shall see…now we shall know…" Then Voldemort touched the tattoo with his finger; just then Harry's scar seared with pain. The tattoo had gone black now, and he watched Pettigrew scream in agony.

"How many will be brave enough to return when they feel it?" the Dark Lord whispered once more, his red eyes gleaming. "And how many will be foolish enough to stay away?"

"You stand, Harry Potter, upon the remains of my late father," Voldemort hissed softly, "A Muggle and a fool…very like your dear mother. But they both had their uses, did they not? Your mother died to defend you as a child…and I killed my father; see how useful he has proven himself, in death…"

"You see that house upon the hillside, Potter? My father lived there. My mother, a witch who lived here in this village, fell in love with him. But he abandoned her when she told him what she was…he didn't like magic, my father…he left her and returned to his Muggle parents before I was even born, and she died giving birth to me, leaving me to be raised in a Muggle orphanage…but I vowed to find him…I revenged myself upon him, that fool who gave me his name…Tom Riddle…"

"Listen to me, reliving family history…" Voldemort said quietly. "Why, I am growing quite sentimental…But look, Harry! My true family returns…" and the sound of Apparation filled the graveyard, everyone dressed in black with their masks adorning their faces. Answering the call of their Master even after all this time without so much as a hint of reluctance.

"You always keep that flare for dramatics," Hadrian teased him, but all he got in turn was a blank look from Tom he obviously didn't know how to respond to everything. Maybe he shouldn't show him everything tonight, it was getting late…but he feared if he stopped then he would chicken and not show him everything as he promised.

"Welcome, Death Eaters," Voldemort said. "Thirteen years…thirteen years since last we met. Yet you answer my call as though it was yesterday…we are still united under the Dark Mark, then! Or are we?"

"I smell guilt," Voldemort whispered, "There is a stench of guilt upon the air."

The black clad figures didn't dare move, they stood just as still as the statues surrounding the graveyard.

"I see you all, whole and healthy, with your powers intact — such prompt appearances! And I ask myself…why did this band of wizards never come to the aid of their Master, to whom they'd swore eternal loyalty?"

Tom frowned, there weren't many wizards there, he had more people willing to follow him now than he had in the future. There was one figure there that he knew without further confirmation on who it was, a relative of Abraxas Malfoy for certain. The masks obscured them, preventing him from figuring out who they were, and which families had remained loyal to him over the years.

"And I answer myself," whispered Voldemort, "They must have believed me broken; they thought I was gone. They slipped back among my enemies, and they pleaded innocence, and ignorance, and bewitchment."

"And then I ask myself, but how could they have believed I would not rise again? They, who knew the steps I took, long ago, to guard myself against mortal death? They, who had seen proofs of the immensity of my power, in the times when I was mightier than any wizard living?"
He had every Death Eater present frozen stiller than statues; he had them hanging on every word, and if Tom was honest… it was a sight to behold even though he felt nothing but disgust for this disfigured version of himself.

"And I answer myself, perhaps they believed a still-greater power could exist, one that could vanquish even Lord Voldemort… perhaps they now pay allegiance of another… perhaps even to that champion of Mudbloods and Muggles, Albus Dumbledore!"

Every Death Eaters had all flinched at those words, and began shaking their heads, muttering and denying the accusation levelled their way.

"It's a disappointment to me… I confess myself disappointed."

The Death Eaters were kneeling before Voldemort, begging for forgiveness, only for one to be hit with the Crucius Curse that had the wizard in unendurable agony.

"Get up, Avery," Voldemort softly said, "Stand up. You ask for forgiveness? I do not forgive. I do not forget. Thirteen long years… I want thirteen years of repayment before I forgive you. Wormtail has paid some of his debt already, have you not, Wormtail?"

Tom's eyes narrowed calculatingly, still trying to see Avery but failing to do so, the mask must have some sort of spell to keep it attached otherwise it would have fallen off immediately upon his fall, writhing under the Crucius Curse.

"It's not our Avery," Hadrian commented, understanding Tom's actions and reactions, "It's his son, there aren't many of the old circle alive, I believe Nott is the only one from our circle still alive in this time."

"You returned to me, not out of loyalty, but out of fear of your old friends. You deserve this pain, Wormtail. You know that, don't you?" Voldemort asked, as if curious what denial he might get.

"Yes, Master," moaned Wormtail, "Please, master… please…"

"Yet you helped return me to my body," said Voldemort coolly, watching Wormtail sobbing on the ground. "Worthless and traitorous as you are, you helped me… and Lord Voldemort rewards his helpers…"

"Of course, I could be wrong," Hadrian admitted wryly. "There could be a few in Azkaban, but the way they continue to reuse their names it makes it impossible to figure out who is who."

"Azkaban?" Tom murmured quietly, calculatingly, perhaps he had more of a following than he thought after all.

"And here we have six missing Death Eaters… three dead in my service. One, too cowardly to return… he will pay. Two who remain my most faithful servants, one of whom has already re-entered my service," Voldemort whispered, sounding thoughtful.

"He is at Hogwarts, my faithful servant… and it was through his efforts that our young friend arrived tonight…" Voldemort continued. "Yes, Harry Potter has kindly joined us for my rebirthing party. One might go so far as to call him my guest of honour."

"Master, we crave to know… we beg you to tell us… how you have achieved this… this miracle… how you managed to return to us…" Lucius simpered ingratiatingly.

Only six? Tom thought perplexed.
"He's not including the ones in Azkaban," Hadrian snorted, for a wizard who had impeccable control over his emotions, he was very easy to read sometimes, but only sometimes. He was silently amazed that Tom had yet to raise his wand to him, but there was time enough for that.

"Ah, what a story it is, Lucius, and it begins and ends with my young friend here." Tom narrowed his eyes as Voldemort stalked forward towards Harry who inhaled sharply at the pain in his scar, as Voldemort's long white fingers hovered just inches from his skin. "You know, of course, that they have called this boy my downfall?"

"You all know that the night I lost my powers and my body, I had tried to kill him. His mother died in the attempt to save him— and unwittingly provided him with a protection I admit I had not foreseen…I could not touch the boy," Voldemort admitted, his red eyes gleaming wickedly as he leaned further into Harry's face; if he'd had a nose, it would have been pressed against Harry's. "His mother left upon him the traces of her sacrifice…this is old magic. I should have remembered it; I was foolish to overlook it…but no matter, I can touch him now."

Harry's face spasmed in agony at the touch, but didn't so much. Voldemort laughed in his ear, before turning away from him again to address the Death Eaters.

"I miscalculated, my friends, I admit it. My curse was deflected by the woman's foolish sacrifice, and it rebounded upon me. Aaaaah…pain beyond pain, my friends; nothing could have prepared me for it. I was ripped from my body; I was less than a spirit, less than the meanest ghost…but still, I was alive. What I was, even I do not know…I, who have gone further than anybody along the path that leads to immortality. You know my goal: to conquer death. And now, I was tested, and it appeared that one or more of my experiments had worked…for I had not been killed, though the curse should have done me in. Nevertheless, I was as powerless as the weakest creature alive, and without the means to help myself…for I had no body and every spell which might have helped me required the use of a wand. I remember only forcing myself, sleeplessly, endlessly, second by second, to exist…I settled in a faraway place, in a forest, and I waited…surely one of my faithful Death Eaters would try and find me…one of them would come and perform the magic I could not, to restore me to a body…but I waited in vain…"

"Only one power remained to me. I could possess the bodies of others. But I dared not go where other humans were plentiful, for I knew that the Aurors were still abroad and searching for me. I sometimes inhabited animals—snakes, of course, being my preference—but I was little better off inside them than as pure spirit, for their bodies were ill-adapted to perform magic…and my possession of them shorted their lives; none of them lasted long…"

"Then…four years ago…the means for my return seemed assured. A wizard—young, foolish and gullible—wandered across my path in the forest I'd made my home. Oh, he seemed the very chance I had dreamed of…for he was a teacher at Dumbledore's school…He was easy to bend to my will…he brought me back into this country, and after a while, I took possession of his body, to supervise him closely as he carried out my orders. But my plans failed; I did not manage to steal the Philosopher's stone. I was not to be assured immortal life. I was thwarted…thwarted, once again, by Harry Potter…"

Merlin he had forgotten just how much Voldemort had prattled on during his rebirth. He sincerely wished that there was a fast-forward spell that could just get him to the important parts that Tom had to see. Although he had to admit that it was better than having to talk about it all, having him seeing it was the easiest thing, he could see for himself how it had really gone down. At least after this the other memories were considerably shorter…even the so called Battle of Hogwarts.

Tom listened to his other self, beginning to realize why he looked so much like a snake, unicorn
blood and snake venom mixed in with this ritual he had done it was little wonder he had gained such an appearance. A furrow appearing on his brow yet again, when his future self said he settled for his 'old body back' that wasn't his old body, he had not looked quite so bad the night he'd seen the attack on Harry's parents...surely his memory wasn't affected? He was brought out of his perplexed thoughts when he caught wind of his future selves plans to harm HIS Harry!

"You see, I think, how foolish it was to suppose that this boy could ever have been stronger than me," Voldemort said. "But I want there to be no mistake in anybody's mind. Harry Potter escaped me by a lucky chance. And I am now going to prove my power by killing him, here and now, in front of you all, when there is no Dumbledore to help him, and no mother to die for him. I will give him his chance. He will be allowed to fight, and you will be left in no doubt which of us is the stronger."

Standing up straighter he turned to Wormtail. "Now untie him, Wormtail and give him back his wand."

"How in Merlin's name do you survive this?" Tom managed to get out, he was surrounded by wizards on all sides of him.

"Luck, sheer dumb luck, it's nothing I did, up until this point I only had four years of magical training, I knew only a handful of spells and none would have touched you let alone done any damage if they had." Hadrian said pensively.

The Death Eaters moved in, completing the circle around the two of them and obscuring the entire graveyard from view. Harry was limping slightly, Tom observed, some sort of wound on his leg, a bite perhaps?

"You have been taught how to duel, Harry Potter?" Voldemort softly asked, his red eyes glinting through the darkness.

Those red eyes glittered in satisfaction, his lipless mouth stretched into a smile. "We bow to one another, Harry," he said, "Come now, the niceties must be observed... Dumbledore would like you to show manners; bow to death...Harry." Voldemort bowed slightly but his gaze never wavered from Harry's.

Hadrian grimaced and looked away, unable to stand the sight he knew would come, being forced to bow to Voldemort.

"And now we duel," said Voldemort, "Crucio!"

Anger unlike anything he'd ever felt surged through Tom as he watched the scene in front of him. Once again the thought of why Hadrian would want to be anywhere near him after this shooting through him stronger than ever. This is what he had become? He was nothing more than a monster! Twice he had put Hadrian under the Cruciatius curse, and true to his word, he had not screamed the way Avery had in the common room. There was no denying he was in agony, and self-loathing crawled up his spine. What had he become? He thought once more. He had wanted to become the greatest wizard in the magical world...not this.

Breathing hitching at the beautiful web of pure magic, he stepped back to observe the scene in front of him properly, "What is this?"

"We both have phoenix wand cores, both from Fawkes it so happens, brother wands they're called, it means we weren't able to fight each other, or this would be the constant result, its sort of like a reverse prior Incantatem," Hadrian explained, watching the awe on Tom's face with a sad smile, "I
got offered the wand by Ollivander when I got back here, but it exploded in my hand, it was no longer right for me, my core wasn't light or pure like it was when I entered the magical world for the first time. It was almost as if that wand was created for me and no other and that the wand wouldn't accept any other master."

Tom watched as Harry broke the connection, despite the fact he had been placed under the Cruciatius curse twice, and been in a tournament, bitten by something before hand and done Merlin knows what else he ran, avoiding the cursing the others flung his way, it made Tom realize that Harry was a survivor, capable of enduring severe pain, Tom knew even he wouldn't have the willpower to do that after suffering the Cruciatius curse, everyone who he had seen under (or more accurately put under) it, had trouble walking the next day never mind running basically directly after being cursed. He was in awe of him, and deeply concerned where his endurance had come from.

"You risked your life for a dead body?!" Tom snapped the second they were evicted from the pensive, which showed Harry reappearing at Hogwarts with the dead body of Cedric Diggory clutched in his arms. "What the hell were you thinking?" he'd acted like a complete and utter Gryffindor that they both knew he wasn't.

Hadrian just gaped at Tom unable to articulate a response to the utterly random question - at least it was to him. After all he had seen, this was what was bothering Tom the most? Yes, this was definitely not going the way he had always imagined it would. Maybe it would be better if he just described a few things, because the way Tom was going - it would drive him crazy trying to predict his next move which was becoming increasingly clear to him that it was an impossible task…it was true, he was used to dealing with Voldemort, not Tom.

On a completely inconsequential note - Death was getting a great deal of amusement at the scenes playing out in his mind as he collected the souls of the dead. He and Hadrian were connected after all, and he saw everything, everywhere any time he wished to. This night was definitely not one he wanted to miss.

And Hadrian's jaw remained unhinged.

Chapter End Notes

There I hope i added more of Tom's thoughts for you and that you all liked it! I tried to refrain from putting too much from the books into the chapter since I know we all don't really care to re-read it all over again and again...I'm thinking of Hadrian and Tom just talking the rest of it out what do you think? Or should he view the memories and have them coming out of it in the beginning of the next chapter? Will Tom ever be able to fully trust Hadrian? Will they swear never to hurt each other or will the bond they choose prohibit them from doing so purposely so they can trust each other fully? Are you looking forward to the bonding or are they in reality a bit too young still? R&R please
Chapter 52

Lord Of Time

Chapter 52

Hadrian continued to stare blindly at the pensive, the memories glowing eerily blue, giving the only indication that the pensive was in use away. He hadn't been able to follow Tom in this time, what Tom was viewing were the harder memories, ones he definitely didn't want to see again, especially not the times on the run, or worse still the time his ex-best friends had nearly killed him (actually left him for dead) before he ended up back in this time. When Tom emerged he would know nearly everything, the only thing he wouldn't know but certainly implied in the memories was the powers he had gained possession of when he had all three items Death had gifted the others in his possession. Rubbing his forehead, anxiety bubbling like a raging inferno within him, he grunted before he finally gave in and walked out of their bedroom, swiftly making his way down the stairs to the cellar, which was underneath the kitchen, he'd found it earlier it was extremely dusty, filled with cobwebs and all sorts of critters he didn't want to identify right now. No, he was only interested in one thing, a bottle of alcohol. Removing one of the bottles, he rolled his eyes and returned it, going to a different rack and seeking the next bottle, he didn't want wine, and he wanted something much stronger. His second guess was a success, whiskey, a Muggle bottle, that would have been a surprise if he didn't already know the Peverells had bought into the wine and spirits companies back in the day.

He didn't spare the cellar a second glance; he just closed the door and made his way back up the stairs, grabbing a glass from the box of things he'd yet to put away. There was no further reason to delay, so without pause he headed straight back for the bedroom. Hadrian didn't sit down on one of the couches, instead he sat down on the floor, leaning against the wall, with the fireplace to his left, offering some warmth, not as much as the bottle was about to offer him he thought tiredly. He was bone achingly tired, yet he knew if he tried to put his head down to sleep he wouldn't, his mind would just become wide awake as if it was joking with him. Using his clothes, Hadrian absently wiped the bottle down until it was pristine.

Yawning as he blinked his eyes rapidly, wondering how long Tom would remain submerged in those memories, trying to calculate as he filled the glass half way. Screwing the top back on he thumped the bottle to the side of him. He would need to be careful; this body wasn't used to alcohol of any kind. In other words he would end up completely intoxicated with a single gulp no doubt. Yet the thought of achieving that feeling of weightlessness was strong, he didn't spare a second before he took a large gulp, grimacing at the burn yet relishing in it all the same. A moan tore from his throat, his head leaning back as he felt warm envelope him completely.

Another chilling thought consumed him, what Tom would he be confronted with when he saw everything? The Tom he had seen from the Diary? The hardened bitter one? The beginning of Voldemort appearing? He hadn't been able to glean much from Tom during their trips to the pensive, he just seemed stunned to him mostly. After all he was showing him, Hadrian couldn't really blame him if he did. His mind reflected on all the memories he'd placed within the pensive.

The Dementor attack, the farce of a trial, the time he was 'Nagini' and attacking Arthur Weasley, the vision he had of Voldemort cursing his godfather, the trip to the Ministry of magic, no matter what it is bound to be embarrassing for Tom to watch his supporters getting taken down by
Harry raised his knees, placing his elbows on his knees, his fingers wrapped around the glass absently swirling it as he did so. His ending up here had been a godsend really, Merlin help him, despite the fact he was decades out of his own time, he'd never felt more at home anywhere before. Sure to begin with it had been a little daunting, mostly just shock that the magical world truly hadn't changed all that much yet at the same time changed so drastically in terms of its people. Tom along the way had helped him forget about the future, he'd just thought on here and now, along the way actually envisioning a different future for them.

Damn his self righteousness to hell, why couldn't he just have happiness in his life without being so righteous that he felt the need to tell Tom everything? Snarling at himself, he knew why, that sort of shit always backfired, and it would have obliterated any trust they had, and Hadrian had to know that Tom knew everything but still chose him even if his heart and mind continued to fight about that particular outcome. Taking another gulp of whiskey, he wiped his lips crudely, it didn't matter whether it needed done or not...it was now a case of what's done is done...for now, he could go back, at least he assumed so anyway, he still didn't know the finer details of what he was actually capable of. What he did know was it took months to recover from being magically sent through time.

He almost wanted time to stand still; Schrödinger's cat came to mind, although the theory didn't exactly fit his predicament. Until Tom came out of that Pensive his hope could be considered both dead and alive, depending on what his current thoughts were. When he came out he would know for sure, and it wasn't something Hadrian really wanted despite the fact the gut wrenching fear was eating him alive.

Then far too soon for his liking, the wait was over, as the pensive glowed almost violet in vibrancy before Tom was ejected from the pensive. Apprehensive green eyes tried to gauge Tom's reaction, but he wasn't able to glimpse much of anything in his face, as Tom just blindly sat down, gazing at the floor his entire body stiff. Magic pouring erratically off him in waves, he was angry, very, very angry.

Glancing at the amber liquid, he chugged the last of the glasses contents in the back of his throat. Deciding to wait and let Tom think, really after everything he had learned it was the least he could do. A cynical part of him though was surprised that Tom hadn't already spat the usually fatal curse at him. He had killed him; Tom knew the prophecy, if he defeated him now there would be nothing to worry about in the future.

Time seemed such a meaningless thing at the moment, seconds, minutes or even hours could have passed, but it was beyond either Hadrian or Tom's comprehension. What Hadrian did notice was the lack of electric magic crackling in the air, Tom's magic had calmed down either that or the teen had tremendously tampered it down forcing himself into something resembling control.
Swallowing thickly, usually the only reason Tom grew very quiet was when he was beyond anger, ready to snap, beyond being able to properly display just how fucking mad he was. Unscrewing the cap, he filled the glass up again nearly to the top, before he glanced at Tom again, drinking wasn't making him feel any better, wasn't helping this situation at all, he wished it would.

Blinking in surprise as Tom snatched the bottle out of his fingers, before he began to pace, occasionally a burst of magic would shoot out, and Tom would drink.

"The book said nothing about side-affects," Tom said vehemently, well nothing like that.

Hadrian chuckled bitterly, "You created seven Horcruxes Tom, and you heard yourself, you who had gone further than any other in quest for immortality."

Tom scowled at the fact Hadrian was throwing his future-self's words at him before gulping down the whiskey from the bottle, waiting on Hadrian explaining as he knew he would.

"There are four main side-effects of creating Horcruxes," Hadrian said, groaning slightly as his world span, yes, no more drink for him. "You thought it would make you more powerful, but its just the opposite, while you were powerful in my time, astonishingly so, I never once saw you using Wandless magic, even Dumbledore did bits and pieces of it, nothing like you would have been capable if you hadn't already tore off most of your soul. The first Horcrux split your soul in half, then you repeated the process over and over again, until your soul was so small and unstable, a shard tore itself out and imbedded in me without you doing the ritual."

"And the others?" Tom asked darkly, his mind whirling; the price of his immortality had come at the expense of his magic? If he had known that he would never have contemplated using Horcruxes. His powers were the key to getting him where he wanted; he valued his power above any possible immortality.

"Dehumanisation, both physical and mental," Hadrian said, green eyes dull yet had an intense air around him. "The more you created, the less human you became, you saw for yourself, the first thing that went were your beautiful eyes, they became red, you turned white, pasty. One ends up with a lesser view on morality. It's postulated that without those feelings that make us who we are…you'd be more likely to create more Horcruxes. You wouldn't have been you."

"The fourth?" Tom questioned, his tone gone deadly quiet.

Hadrian closed his eyes as he confessed the last one, "The inability to move on, you do not become a ghost nor do you look at resurrection when its time to move on, the mutilated soul is shipped straight to limbo, remaining there even after the end of time itself aware, but how much awareness is unknown even to me…"

Tom felt a shiver run up his spine as an icy feeling tingled within him. To know such information the Unspeakables of Hadrian's time were quite accomplished, but from the pieces of memory… Hadrian and those two murderous blips he would one day torture and kill for harming Hadrian they hadn't known much and Hadrian had been on the run, where would he have gotten such information? It was on the tip of his tongue, but when he caught sight of Hadrian, all his thoughts ceased, he looked defeated, destroyed even. Why? What would cause Hadrian to look like that? He'd had more life in him when he'd gone down to that damn forest to let himself be killed because Dumbledore suggested it.

Just thinking on that memory made his stomach lurch tightly, for two people so alike, it hadn't been until that moment he truly realized they weren't alike as he had hoped. Hadrian or rather Harry had embraced death, welcomed it even, while he feared it above all else. He had walked down into that
forest to let himself be killed to keep everyone in the magical world safe, it was mind-boggling for him, likely because he never would do such a thing. In the end the people Harry had sacrificed himself for turned their backs on him; the pain in those green eyes had almost made him feel as if he was the one being torn apart. He didn't care for much in his life, not genuinely but Hadrian's wellbeing and happiness was one of them even if he hadn't understood it to begin with.

It certainly opened his eyes to the true nature of the warning and scene with Hadrian and Avery after the snake incident. The anger hadn't been at the sole situation, it was a culmination of them, and a situation that had metaphorically broken the camels back and for the first time Hadrian had fought back with vigour and vengeance against someone who would see him dead for no apparent reason. While he personally hadn't seen it as 'a bit too much' he knew the others had, judging by what he'd seen…Avery was lucky to be alive. Something had snapped in Hadrian during the very last fight with his friends when they'd almost succeeded in killing him, and what a battle it was, he still had his morals but he wasn't dead set against getting vengeance at any cost with those who hurt him now. The darkness that had been held at bay, the willingness to fight for them, for all that he thought was right, had been completely destroyed. He was absolutely certain if he was asked to go to his own death to save the entire world he would laugh in their faces. Which did bring some solace to Tom; Harry had been raised like a pig for the slaughter as it was so aptly put. At least someone had been furious over it, not furious enough to do anything, he'd noticed but it had considerably lessened his desire to see his guts spilled all over the floor - again.

Every single person he had seen so much as manipulate Hadrian the slightest he had took a good long hard look at with deadly intention. Although an argument could be postulated that Hadrian had been manipulating everyone around him too, but it wasn't as simple as that. He was just using future knowledge to advance the magical world - to stop its self destruction. After seeing what he had…Tom was definitely on board with whatever Hadrian had planned.

Seeing him so downtrodden was absolutely disgusting, he was a powerful, prideful, amazing, a shrewd warrior that could duel like a hellcat and hold his own even against three opponents. He defended those weaker than him, yet knew when to step in and when to let it be. Of course, it dawned on Tom that perhaps he was the reason Hadrian was quite, when things weren't directly about himself, emotionally he found it difficult to understand what others were thinking especially if he couldn't read their minds. It was something he had never been able to do with Hadrian, for glaringly obvious reasons he thought with rancour.

Hell if he knew how to approach him though, honestly, if anyone deserved to curl up on themselves it was him. His entire life had just literally (well maybe not so literally since it was Harry's life but they'd been so closely intertwined) flashed before his eyes, and none of it was at all appealing to him. Power, yes, status, again yes, fear? Well he did get a kick out of that, but not the all encompassing fear the others had of him that led to their betrayal or worse him betraying them after they'd given their fealty. The others did speak up, but it had to be about something worth risking annoying him for, they picked their battles, those people he'd seen in the pensive didn't speak other than to beg for mercy or when they were asked a direct question. Perhaps Hadrian's words while at the orphanage about fear had merit.

Walking over to him, he sat down on the floor without as much as a grimace. Knowing was different…but seeing Hadrian so much older than him had been odd to say the least. He had been such a small scrawny thing, much like he had been when he first appeared and like so, he had grown into a stunning man…and Tom did wonder how much of that man would appear in Hadrian this time around. Cursing inwardly, his mind was rambling, and he did not ramble then again it may have something to do with his mind still trying to store and rationalise everything he'd seen tonight.
"You broke into Gringotts and escaped on the back of a dragon," Tom spoke, his voice blank.

Hadrian glanced up his green eyes narrowed a little as he tried to figure out if there was meaning behind those words. Today hadn't been his day, everything was going the opposite of how he'd believed or wanted it to...and each reaction he'd expected from Tom just didn't come. "Yes," he finally answered his voice slightly off, "Out of everything you saw...everything I did...that's what you say?"

It clicked within Tom's mind the reason for all the weird behaviour. "You still think I will walk away at best, at worst...I don't even want to know your thoughts on that subject...as understandable as they may be due to your past." he said glancing at the pensive. He definitely couldn't blame Hadrian not after all he'd been through. Just when he found stability something always seemed to come along and destroy it for him. Hadrian's past his future, or rather it had been his future, but he absolutely refused to become that person.

"You aren't going to walk away?" Hadrian asked incredulously gazing intently at him, searching for something but what...Tom didn't know. "You've seen what I'm capable of, you've seen what I did to you, and I know how much you want an immortal life because you fear death so badly."

"There's also something else I fear above all else, remember the Boggart?" Tom pointed out, grimacing in remembrance. After a very obvious pause, "Losing you."

Hadrian did remember, he inhaled shakily, with everything that happened it hadn't been a particularly memorable memory, it wasn't the first time he's seen himself lying dead as a Boggart shape shifted into his 'dead form' as it were. The feel of Tom gripping his hand and pulling him forward brought him out of his thoughts. Before he could think lips descended upon his own, powerful, demanding and pushy as always, although maybe more so tonight, but considering they were both drunk beyond capacity. Hadrian wrapped his fingers in Tom's cloak, preventing him from retreating when he inevitably would. Both of them tasted of whiskey neither had anything to eat lately, which they probably should have.

"You are the strongest yet most foolish wizard I have ever met," Tom stated once he withdrew just slightly but every puff of breath that left tom's mouth, brushed against Hadrian's mouth head. "I can't even begin to imagine how it felt to be treated so badly after everything you sacrificed for those despicable people." he hadn't been any better with his own people, due to his decline into madness, but at least Hadrian had put the rabid animal down, and that is what he had been, a mad, rabid animal that only desired and achieved destruction, he wanted to create, to make the magical world flourish not destroy it.

"Did what I had to, to survive." Hadrian shrugged, hopefulness began to brew slowly within him, and despite everything could it be possible that Tom still wanted him? It was incomprehensible to him, but he was beginning to realize that perhaps it was a good thing; there was nothing fun in being able to predict all of Tom's moves and thoughts.

"You did, but no more, together we'll both remake the world to something we want," Tom stated sharply, meaning every word. As long as they were together they could accomplish anything, and Tom knew that deep in his bones. "You've already started, but you're not alone Hadrian, neither of us are. The future you've experienced will NOT happen," Hadrian would make sure it didn't, there was someone to rein him in if he went too far. Just like he had earlier, stopped him from making the single most biggest mistake of his life. He'd done it in no uncertain terms either, and it had scared him, even if he would never admit it. He didn't want to be without Hadrian, and that feeling hadn't faded yet, and had realized long ago that the feeling would never fade.

"Do you really mean that?" Hadrian asked, his heartbeat pounding erratically, everything was
beginning to mute, he was almost beginning to lose sense of his surroundings he was just too tired.

"Yes, what do I need to do to gain your trust?" Tom asked getting a little annoyed now.

Hadrian shook his head; "You already have it, you never lost it, and I just expected you to never trust me." would they ever be the same when all was said and done? Merlin he hoped so, he never thought he'd feel worse by showing the memories, it should have been liberating, freeing that he no longer had that, shaking off his thoughts, there was just no point to it, what was done was done. Yawning tiredly, he leaned against Tom's shoulder, too tired to even think of what he was doing, he suddenly just felt exhausted and a deep seated need for sleep.

"And you have a deal to keep," Tom said, but he knew it was useless, he could tell Hadrian was deeply asleep; they had shared the same bed for a long time after all.

Chapter End Notes

Very short, I'm actually contemplating on putting it on the end of the last chapter to be honest either that or just leaving it :) I sat for ages in the two/three days trying to figure out HOW to write this chapter out despite the fact I knew where I wanted it to go but I couldn't get anything more than this, this is the best I could do! Now obviously over the course of the summer I'll have them discussing various memories but it will be more of a background thing and for a way for US to see Tom's thoughts on them as individual memories...HAPPY HALLOWEEN EVERYONE! I HOPE YOU ALL HAVE AN AMAZING NIGHT! Now I'm off to try and enjoy it too although given how I'm feeling I'll probably end up falling asleep! R&R please
The first thing that hit Hadrian was the unbelievably bad headache, the next was he felt like something had crawled into his mouth and died. The third his stomach was grumbling angrily, and the most important thing of all, he was in a bed. Opening his eyes slowly, glancing at the windows, which still didn't have curtains on them, regardless it was pitch black outside, obviously too much time couldn't have passed. Tom's arm was across his middle, he was still there, and he must have meant everything he said then. He couldn't remember getting up and going to bed, which meant there was more he couldn't remember or Tom had managed to get them both here.

Moaning softly, he slid out of bed, clutching his stomach, as the urge to vomit hit him, no, he wasn't going to be sick, he absolutely refused. Making his way very slowly to the end of his bed, he unlatched his trunk and opened it, grabbing an anti-nausea potion and downing it; at once his stomach began to calm down, unfortunately for him his mouth tasted even worse. He nabbed the food box from the Leaky Cauldron and closed the lid before making his way back to his bed, grimacing at the smell of his top; he quickly removed it and threw it at the other end of his bedroom.

Opening the box he immediately claimed the bottle of orange juice and drank the entire contents of the bottle, giving a sigh of relief as his thirst was finally quenched and his mouth free of the remains of the potion. He was tempted to drink the pumpkin juice as well, but he didn't want to risk making his stomach queasy again. An arm snaked out and wrapped around his stomach, pulling him close to Tom. Sighing softly, relaxing, content to be just near Tom, he couldn't believe he was still here though, and was tempted to think this was nothing but a dream, but the tightness in which Tom held him, he knew this wasn't a dream it was reality.

"Accio potion," Hadrian said summoning a very specific one with will alone. "Here, this will help you feel better." once the potion was in his palm he handed it to Tom, well the one hand that wasn't so possessively around him anyway. It was a testament to the trust between them that Tom swallowed the potion without even so much as glancing at it or sniffing it to see what it was.

He also handed Tom the bottle of pumpkin juice, which he drank some of still laying down. He helped twist the lid back on when he was done. Shivering at the feel of Tom's wandering hand against his naked flesh. How could a touch feel so possessive? Was it just him or was Tom just so good at it?

"How did you survive that killing curse?" Tom asked, his tone frustrated, he had been trying to think of all the conceivable ways possible but his mind kept drawing blank and he didn't like it.

"Which one?" Hadrian questioned quietly, lying back against the pillows, biting his lip as Tom's hand brushed down his stomach tantalisingly.

"First time," Tom elaborated, using his elbow to take the weight of his upper body so he wasn't lying down completely, he was able to gaze at Hadrian in the darkness.
"Honestly? Nobody is sure, the entire magical world thought it was a miracle, they hailed me 'The-Boy-Who-Lived' probably didn't help that Dumbledore kept me hidden making me seem even more mystical." Hadrian replied honestly, carding his fingers through Tom's on his stomach, no longer nervous or scared that Tom would leave. "I think it was a combination of a few things, magic itself and your destroyed soul. You made a promise to spare my mum, that combined with my mum's sacrifice which was enacted by you telling her three times to stand aside, it caused a backlash." his mum, Merlin he hadn't called her that since he came here, it was quite strange but it made him feel closer to Tom.

"What happened to Myrtle?" Tom asked, remembering the pensive memory of...Harry's second year, the years had become blurred but he was sure once he had enough time to think them through, memories them they would slot easily into place.

"You used her to create your first Horcrux, which would have been at the end of the next school year," Hadrian informed him, "Accidentally, though, she'd been crying in the girl's bathroom after being bullied by Olive Hornby because of her glasses. She was just in the wrong place at the wrong time, you had entered the girl's bathroom and she came out to tell 'the boy' to use his own bathroom and she was met with the eyes of a basilisk and died. She had such a miserable life at Hogwarts, I wanted to change that. When she died you took the opportunity and used the diary to make it. Ironically enough Dippet had been trying to find ways for you to stay at Hogwarts that year instead of returning to the orphanage seen as you were legally of age in the Muggle world and all that, but with everything that happened...he couldn't allow it."

Tom grimaced, having a good idea how that would have made him feel and react. "So that's why you took a liking to her." Hadrian always helped those weaker than him, but he hadn't just helped her with her bullies, he had made it so she could stand up for herself. The Myrtle that interacted with Hadrian occasionally (Alright more than occasionally they spoke everyday) was not the same one Hadrian had helped for the first time more than a year ago.

"No, I helped her because I detest bullies, she grew on me on her own," Hadrian declared strongly. "She's a good friend, I've not had many of those." she'd given him a book written by one of the Slytherin family for Merlin's sake, a family heirloom, nobody just did that for the sake of it. "The book she gave me is priceless, I'll give her one thing, and she's not only extremely smart but loyal,"

"She isn't completely intolerable," Tom conceded, "I am glad you helped her though."

"Why's that?" Hadrian blinked momentarily confused, Tom saying she wasn't intolerable was like him saying he actually liked her even if only a little. However, him saying he was glad he helped Myrtle? Totally unexpected but probably with a good reason behind it.

"Because it confirmed my suspicions of you," Tom declared smugly.

Hadrian snorted in amusement, understanding dawning, of course, that was when Tom originally approached him. "I am curious about that; you were attempting to blackmail me that day weren't you? Or storing it for later use?" he was a Slytherin so of course he was.

Tom hummed thoughtfully, "Yes," he admitted, but he was glad that had not worked out, it wasn't until Avery's first attack that he began to realize that Hadrian was definitely hiding something big. Not only that but he was someone he wanted onside, but even he hadn't realized he wanted more, wanted Hadrian right beside him not following not until later when his feelings didn't diminish the slightest.

"I knew it!" Hadrian muttered wryly, unsurprised, inhaling sharply as Tom's teeth found his neck and sucked sharply as if he were admonishing him. He tilted his neck to give Tom more room,
arousal beginning to catch within him, as Tom interspaced between ravaging him and kissing the area he'd savagely claimed moments prior.

"You're mine," Tom breathed into Hadrian's ear, "And I want the entire world to know it, we will bond," his tone booking no arguments.

"Um…about that…" Hadrian said slowly, feeling Tom's entire body stiffen as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

"You promised," Tom stated sharply, hurt and anger flowing through him, letting the anger get the better of him because he didn't like the feeling of being hurt, especially not by Hadrian of all people.

"I know," Hadrian said sitting up against the pillows so he could see Tom, which he was able to do so when he pointed at one of the oil lamps, turning it on to cast a weak glow over the room so they could at least see more than darkness around them.

"Why?" Tom gritted his teeth, perhaps Hadrian had lied to him when he said he trusted him completely.

"Um…well…I have something else to tell you," Hadrian said, "But I think you'll like it." he added in a rush.

"You're kidding me?" Tom asked exasperated, there was more? He didn't think he had it in him to hear more, especially after everything he'd already learned. He forced himself to relax when he saw the apprehension in Hadrian's eyes, not of him, but the situation he'd bet.

"Aren't you curious about how I survived what my ex-best friends did to me? How I ended up so far in the past? It's not normal even in the magical world's standards." Hadrian pointed out, and he'd bet everything he owed that Tom had been curious about it.

"You aren't normal by wizarding standards," Tom replied. "But yes, I had intended to ask, but I was under the impression that you probably didn't know yourself."

"But I do," Hadrian answered ruefully, tightening his grip on Tom's hand. "Remember the Deathly Hallows and how I said they were more than just artefacts or legends?"

"Yes," Tom nodded, he remembered them well, the wand which Dumbledore had in the future, the cloak Harry had that Hadrian now has having stolen it from his grandfather…and the ring he had, the Gaunt ring which happened to be the resurrection stone.

"I had possession of all three of them, and the fact that I had Peverell blood in me, meant that I unwittingly became the Master of the Deathly Hallows. Master over Death." Hadrian said quietly, it was the first time he'd admitted that out loud and it made him sound insane.

Tom frowned, his brilliant mind trying to comprehend what he had just been told. "I'm not sure I understand," Tom had to admit, and it irked him something rotten, he was extremely smart so to have to admit it was unbelievable.

"I didn't either, and it happened to me," Hadrian revealed, soothing Tom's wounded ego. "I went years denying that anything happened, trying to tell myself I wasn't somehow more powerful, and I was. During the battle with the others before I came back, I tapped into it, not the powers themselves but part of the magic that I had inherited. A single thought as they killed me caused all this, me wakening up in this time, I am the Lord of Time, I can go to any time I wish, be it the founders, even back to my own time," Tom's arm snaked right back around him holding him tight
enough that he could barely breath. "Which I don't intend to do, I promise."

"The Hallows gave you the power to move in time?" Tom asked incredulously.

"Not just that, they killed me, Tom, but I didn't die...I can't die. I'm immortal." Hadrian whispered.

Tom froze at the words, if that was true then he would never have to worry about Hadrian, he would always be safe. He would never be confronted with what the Boggart showed him. Hadrian would never be alone either, for hearing those words made him even more determined to find a way to gain immortal life that wouldn't rip away all that he was and all he wanted to achieve in life. They truly would be together forever, and he wouldn't need to convince him to do anything, like the Horcrux idea which had blown up in his face. "Good." he said finally after a few minutes of silence, having finally wrapped his mind around it.

"Good? That's it?" Hadrian asked, yet again feeling as though he was missing something.

"That's it," Tom confirmed, finding a great deal of amusement out of the look Hadrian was supporting. Now that the shock had worn off, and he was beginning to get back to normal, as normal as he could get with information still being blasted at him, he realized Hadrian had basically had that look on his face during the entire night. None more amusing, now that he thought back, at the look on his face when he'd shouted at him about bringing the dead body back to Hogwarts with him.

"Except the fact when we bond...you'll share my abilities and life span..." Hadrian pointed out, "You'll be immortal too." he knew THAT wasn't going to be a problem.

"I'll be able to travel in time?" Tom blurted out his surprise.

"I don't know if you'll be able to do it on your own, or if you'd need me there when you do it, this is all new to me too," Hadrian pointed out, he'd told him he would be immortal and he wasn't trying to thrust bonding books in his hand? Yes, things were definitely different from what he pictured and he honestly couldn't care - right now things felt perfect.

"So there's really someone out there called death?" Tom queried loosening Harry's grip on his arm, as he idly used his fingers to paint a pattern on Hadrian's chest, feeling the Goosebumps as he did so.

"An angel of death yes," Harry nodded to confirm it.

"That is how you know how the souls of people using Horcruxes don't pass on," Tom connected the dots, it wasn't the Unspeakables after all.

"Yeah, that and I saw what was left of your mutilated soul," Hadrian informed him, as always promising no secrets between them. "I've 'died' so to speak a few times, and ended up in limbo. Its how I found out about my powers before I was sent back here."

Tom pressed his head against Hadrian's shoulder, tightening his hold momentarily, he didn't like to think about the fact his older self had killed Hadrian, or the fact his so called best friends had murdered him as well. "Does the bonding I chose fit the requirements?" he murmured, breathing in Hadrian's scent, which was mingled in a bit with the whiskey but not overly so. If anything he smelt worse, he was still fully dressed while Hadrian had only a pair of shorts on.

"Good question," Hadrian mused, only Death could answer that one, since he had no idea himself. He wasn't even the slightest bit surprised when he felt a nudge in his occlumency shields; he barely winced used to the sensation of someone forcing their way through by now.
'The bonding he chose is perfect, it allows me to add to it,' Death spoke, amusement coating his voice.

'Add what exactly?' Hadrian asked cautiously, 'Will it hurt?' he wasn't afraid of pain he just wanted to be prepared for it if that were the case.

'It won't hurt you, you've gone through the process, your soon to be bonded has nothing to worry about' Death said, chuckling deviously. He was happy that Hadrian had found someone, but that happiness wasn't exactly a surprise, he had seen it coming, just like he'd seen everything else. It didn't mean he didn't get enjoyment out of watching it unfold though. Not much surprised him, just the human Harry had been before accepting his gifts, and anyone else would have immediately embraced them.

'Alright' Hadrian conceded, realizing Death wasn't about to tell him more, but he could guess correctly what was going to happen, at least he knew it would occur and not end up panicking.

'Congratulations, Lord Peverell, on your upcoming bonding, may you life be a long and prosperous one, Merlin help anyone who tries to ensure otherwise.' Death informed him gracefully, with just a hint of sarcasm. Feeling the amusement shoot through Hadrian, 'Your intended is trying to get your attention,' and with that Death removed himself from Hadrian's mind, the occlumency barriers strengthening behind him.

"Hadrian?" Tom called insistently once more, giving him a little shake, actually sitting up now, staring down at Hadrian in concern. He should be used to it, Hadrian did it now and again but each time still made him worry.

"Sorry, just thinking," Hadrian said which was strictly true, even if only partially, since he had been thinking to Death. "The bonding you suggested will work fine, it binds us together in all ways," would Tom be able to converse with Death? Or would it remain between just them? Clearing his mind of those thoughts, not wishing for his mind to feel as if it was being split open (no matter how used to it he was) so soon after it just happened, he had enough of a headache as it was. He could thank the whiskey for that. His stomach rumbling fiercely made him blindly grope for the food box, open it up and take the first available thing out, a pack of crisps that would do.

"Here," Hadrian said, opening the packet to share between them. "Do you have any other questions?" he asked before chomping on the cheese and onion crisps. It made his stomach a little queasy at first but after a few more his stomach began to settle and get even hungrier if possible.

"None that I can think of right now," Tom admitted, rubbing his eyes tiredly, nabbing a few crisps himself, before washing it down with the remains of his orange juice. Merlin he was tired, even the excitement he'd felt moments prior was fading already, leaving him nigh on exhausted. "What's the time?" too lazy to even think about casting a spell. As much as he wanted to do the bonding right now, he knew they were too exhausted and it required lengthily spell work. He was even too exhausted to bathe, and he really needed to. Instead he reluctantly moved to cast a cleansing spell on both himself and his clothes to get rid of the stink surrounding him - he smelt like a brewery.

"We got two hours sleep, at least," Hadrian revealed, knowing what Tom was really asking. Having finished the crisps he flung the empty packet on the drawers - he would clean up and do the rest of the room later.

"Put the light out," Tom demanded, as he once again pulled Hadrian towards him and flung the covers over them, ready to get some sleep because tomorrow they would be busy, he was nothing if not determined that they be bonded. Surprisingly enough, despite the enticing promise of immortality, it hadn't heightened his desire to bond to Hadrian; it remained the same burning desire
it had been for many months now. Hadrian turned around after turning the lamp off, burrowing his face in Tom's chest, Merlin help him, but he loved Tom so much, and he was relieved beyond belief that he was still there. With him.

Their relationship stronger than ever, their sleep came on swift wings for the pair, to say tomorrow was going to be a huge day would be quite the understatement.

Chapter End Notes

Just had to add this before any bonding, they had to settle their feelings for one another and come to terms with some things so i am sorry if you're disappointed that the bonding hasn't taken place yet! So will they use the Resurrection stone or will Tom decide on a different ring? if they do will that be the start of Dumbledore's downfall? trying to steal from a pureblood...a lord Peverell...hmm no he wouldn't get caught stealing he's too crafty for that...i do need some suggestions on some small things Dumbledore can do to knock them back...especially before they leave hogwarts...I'm just not sure what to use...them always winning is just boring and Dumbledore's too good to lose each time :) so if you have any suggestions I'd welcome them even if it just gets the muse flowing :D since this will be the next part of the story after they bond :D I hope you liked the moment of quiet peace and small but important talk between them :D R&R please!
Chapter 54

Lord Of Time

Chapter 54

Awareness began to set into Hadrian, a yawn leapt from his lips as he languidly stretched with a satisfied groan. The manor was cold in the mornings, especially seeing as they didn't light all the fires. So to say he was reluctant to leave the warmth of the bed was putting it lightly. That was until his nose picked up the smell of burning wood, confused he sat up in bed, blinking owlishly at the fireplace which was going steadily - warming the room. To add to his confusion the curtains were up, and closed as well - what the hell? Had the House-elf came? No, he was meeting them at their home, not the other way around.

The sound of the door opening caused his gaze to snap from the fireplace to the door, he found Tom entering the room with a large box in his hands.

"Alright, who are you and what have you done with Tom?" Hadrian asked, not sure whether he was teasing him or being entirely truthful.

"Hilarious," Tom said dryly, approaching the bed, as he Wandlessly levitated the box to the table. "You were right, this is our home, it should be done by both of us." he admitted, sitting down he grasped a hold of Hadrian's butt and pulled him forward, kissing him with smug satisfaction, he eased back after a few seconds, they had a lot to do today and he was determined to go through with it.

Hadrian stared at Tom, trying to figure him out, quite frankly the admission had set him off kilter. He looked more relaxed than Hadrian had ever seen him. He was definitely still in control, that would be one thing Tom would never relinquish. Had his secrets been wearing on Tom as well as himself all this time? There was no denying he himself felt on top of the world, despite pondering Tom's actions. Had Tom also been insecure in their relationship? Was that why he'd held back on doing anything around the manor? It could only be partly, since Tom wasn't one for housework surely? What did he know though? It wasn't as if he had ever seen any of Tom's bases with the obvious exception of seeing inside Riddle mansion through Tom's eyes.

Tom's lips tugged almost into a smile seeing the look on Hadrian's face, being able to entice genuine emotion out of his soon to be bonded was one of the best things he liked to do. He would never get bored of seeing the flashes of true emotion contained within those mesmerising gem eyes, green had always been his favourite colour, even more so when he realized he was a descendant of the great and powerful Salazar Slytherin. Then Hadrian had come along, the first time he'd let his power out fully (if it was fully) green eyes gleaming with vindication and power, Merlin help him he had been caught and ensnared.

"By both of us," Hadrian agreed, a small smile slipping on his face, not wishing to constantly analyse Tom's actions, Tom and Voldemort weren't the same, and he had already come to that conclusion. He obviously wanted this to be a home for both of them, even if he did have ulterior motives (which Hadrian didn't think he had if he was honest with himself) he was positively vibrating with excitement, he'd never seen Tom that way before.
"Do you prefer Harry or Hadrian? I never heard you called anything other than Harry or Potter in the memories," Tom asked curiously, if it had been anyone else he would have been tempted to say Harry was such a plebeian name, but nothing associated with Harry could be.

"Hadrian was never my birth name, it was Harry, my mum must have picked it, and as always I got my fathers name, Harry James Potter, I don't have a middle name here." Hadrian informed him slightly surprised by the conversation.

"Why Hadrian?" Tom queried, as always he wanted to know more about Hadrian - everything.

"It was the closest to Harry, easier to remember and well," refraining from adding that he had a part to play, couldn't have a common Muggle name with such a prestigious last name, not in this time. He knew there were like six Harry's at Hogwarts right now, and unsurprisingly all Muggle-born. If he wanted to make change he had to ensure respect... and give less doubt that he was Muggle-born. Frankly he was still reeling over the fact his book was so well liked.

"And you did not answer my question," Tom stated shrewdly.


Hadrian smiled at Tom, "I don't care, Harry or Hadrian, although it would pique everyone's curiosity if you suddenly started calling me that, you're one for formality after all." he teased, grunting as he was pulled onto Tom's knee like he weighed nothing. He almost pouted, but it was enough for Tom to catch who chucked in dark amusement. All the chores he had been forced to do growing up in the orphanage had been good for something at least. He was deceptively strong, while not disgustingly muscular he had strength in his tall form.

"I have something for you, two things actually," Tom said, reluctantly releasing Hadrian, there was nothing better than being close to him.

"Oh?" Hadrian queried curiously, scooting back onto the bed wondering what Tom had gotten him. He treasured everything Tom gave him, especially the Slytherin throw, before coming here he hadn't truly received many gifts that had any personal touches. Sure Dumbledore had given him his cloak, but that had been rightfully his so it didn't count. The best gift he'd ever been given had been from Hagrid, hands down, the photo album was one of his greatest treasured items. One he no longer had, but each photo was imprinted in his mind never to be forgotten. The second was Tom's gift, even if it had more of a possessive note to it, warning others that Hadrian belonged to him.

Tom steeled his nerves, grabbing the box from his cloak pocket and pressed it into Hadrian's hands, curling Hadrian's fingers around it before giving it a light squeeze and letting go. He didn't know why he was so nervous, he had all but agreed, but part of him worried that Hadrian would come up with another excuse even though he suspected it wouldn't occur.

Hadrian blinked at the box, already realizing what it was, not many things came in such a small box. Knowing Tom it would be something significant, curious about it now, he opened it and his eyes widened in surprise. The metal, gold, was set in a Celtic design, a triquetra, with a stone imbedded in the central design, an emerald, which had the Deathly Hallows sign inside it. The design was more than just a passing thing, the triquetra meant three, as in the three deathly hallows he was utterly delighted by it. "You did this before you knew what I was didn't you?"

"Yes," Tom replied sitting down, smugness tearing through him at Hadrian's surprise and delight.

"You put the original stone in the box too?" Hadrian queried, glancing at Tom, sitting there proposing, you wouldn't think he had a evil bone in his body, but Tom had always used his looks to achieve his ends, not that's what he was doing of course, Tom felt comfortable enough with him to show his true self, both dark and light natures.
"I was originally going to get him to put the stone in the design," Tom explained, "But I didn't want to risk them touching it, nor did I want it shaved to fit, the other setting was utterly disgusting and gaudy."

Hadrian hummed softly, "It was Camdus that put the stone in the ring, less chance of losing it, and easier to touch it all day, the stone can act like the Mirror of Erised, enchant you, he spent all his time talking to a woman he had loved. The more time she spent here, removed from the veil the more depressed she got, after all she wasn't meant to be there, in turn it affected Camdus, who ended his life to be with her in death as they couldn't be in life."

Tom's lips curled in disgust, "Pathetic," he couldn't imagine killing himself over some such nonsense, over a woman he had known? They had been powerful wizards, could have done more, but no, they had to kill themselves by either bragging or weakness. The knowledge that weakness ran in his own veins made him shudder in revulsion.

Hadrian laughed, green eyes twinkling, replying as his laughter abated but his amusement stayed. "To you yes, but to most others it would have been seen as 'romantic' or some such nonsense." he didn't need Tom to speak to know what he would have thought of Camdus.

"Will you wear it?" Tom asked, dark eyes gleaming with an almost predatory look.

Hadrian's lips twitched. "You don't need a ring for me to be yours, Tom, but yes, I'll wear it, concealed though, even if its just until we leave Hogwarts…I feel like it would be a bad idea for Dumbledore to know, he's already suspicious of us without adding a bonding to it. Without knowing how he'd react I think it would be for the best. I mean look at how he reacted to me revealing my Lordship status, although I think it was more to do with the hallows, he's obsessed with them," so obsessed he had touched one without thinking and ended up cursed.

"Except our people," Tom conceded, he wanted everyone in Slytherin to know that Hadrian was well and truly his.

"Our?" Hadrian quirked an eyebrow surprised.

"Our," Tom said seriously, "Both of us are going to remake this world the way we want, compromise in things we disagree on."

"By compromise tell your side until I give up and agree?" Hadrian teased, nudging Tom his green eyes gleaming with knowledge.

Tom just smirked at him, "Perhaps," not denying it at all.

Hadrian picked up the stone, but nobody appeared, it just went to show that this world he had created was NOT an alternative universe, his parents still hadn't died in an alternative reality, this was the only one playing out. He wondered if it would change, if he would see them when they were 'supposed' to have died at the age of twenty one or if they'd never appear for him. What would they have thought? Hadrian mused to himself, perhaps horrified, he was sleeping with whom they saw as an enemy, an evil wizard. Fortunately Hadrian was passed playing for approval from anyone, especially the parents he didn't know, couldn't remember. This was his life now, nothing would change that, so without further delay, Hadrian removed the ring from the package, placing the resurrection stone on the bed between his legs for safe keeping and slid the Celtic ring on his finger. He now had two rings adorned his fingers, his Lordship ring and of course now his engagement? Bonding? Wedding ring? It could be considered all three. "Thank you, Tom, it's perfect." he said, leaning over just about to show his appreciation when sudden tapping caught their attention. He didn't miss the look of irritation and annoyance on Tom's face as he glared at the
owl with murderous intentions.

Sniggering softly, he picked up the stone and moved over to his trunk, magically opening the window so the owl could at least take a rest. Summoning the box, he stared thoughtfully, perhaps it was best not to keep the stone in his trunk, especially after he returned to Hogwarts. No, he would put it in his vault, it was the one place nobody could get into, not without his expressed permission anyway. His decision made, he placed it in his trunk, he would take it to Gringotts the first time he visited.

Moving over he removed the missive from the owls leg, it hooted gratefully, glancing at the back he noticed it was obviously from a pureblood, it had to be the Rookwoods, he wasn't in contact with any other pureblood 'Lords' who were the only ones to use their seals. Flipping it back over he opened it and began to read the perfectly calligraphy. "Looks like we're invited to Rookwood manor, the letter is a Portkey, we'll be finalizing the contact for the House-elf."

"When?" Tom asked prickling with irritation at the constant interruptions.

"Whatever time would suit me best," Hadrian said deviously, smirking in devilish merriment, and Tom needed no further explanation as to why Hadrian found it amusing.

Tom quirked his eyebrow impressed, the fact that the Rookwood's had conceded to let Hadrian set the time for his appearance meant they knew their place. That Hadrian's time was more valuable than there own, oh, this was delicious he thought in delight, and he knew it was just the start. "Then we go after we bond," Tom demanded. Nothing was going to get in the way of it, of that he was sure.

"Really?" Hadrian said, wandering over to Tom seductively, "You really want to bond with me then go somewhere? Whatever happened to the honeymoon period?" he whispered into his ear, causing Tom to curse under his breath, Hadrian laughed, Tom obviously came to the conclusion that he was right.

Tom threw him a disgruntled glare. "Very well," He bit out, "We leave now."

Hadrian wrapped his arms around Tom's neck, "Not everything will always go according to plan, you'll need to get used to that, and find a productive way to let go off some of the anger." he informed Tom, giving him a short kiss, "We won't be gone any longer than a few minutes, I'm not there to play the political scene."

"No, best to do that here," Tom said thoughtfully, "Those we know that their discretion could be relied on."

"What?" Hadrian stared at Tom not sure exactly where he was going with this, and not liking it one bit.

"We have to dance the political scene after all, why not start now? The Slytherin and Gryffindor lines, the Peverell and Gaunt lines woven together, lines thought lost, but back through us. Our names will help gain us access to people, find out those who would be the more likely to agree with our goals. Gain us their allegiance for any laws we wish to pass in the Wizengamot." Tom prompted, eyes filled with passion.

Hadrian groaned, "I am not bowing and scraping and kowtowing to Politian's," shuddering in disgust at the mere thought.

"Could it be that you don't know much about the inner workings of the Ministry?" Tom questioned
him thoughtfully, knowing his soon to be bonded a great deal.

"Well there is that, but its full of backstabbers and those who's decisions can turn in the blink of an eye, mostly for whoever has the most money." Hadrian confessed, "It's disgusting, Tom, and honestly, the thought of enduring it turns my stomach." but to prevent any potential killing/or raids he had to make sure they stayed on the political route. He was with Tom no matter what happened but he wasn't going to be gullible and naïve to think there would be no killing because sooner or later there might be.

"I know," Tom replied simply, he knew because it wouldn't be his first choice either, but he was determined to make it work in his favour. "I'm having the goblins work on obtaining me seats within the Wizengamot no matter the cost."

"Hmm don't you have two at least?" Hadrian wondered ponderingly, unless the seats had been sold by the Lord there was no other way for them to be taken. Even when the line died out, it went to the closest blood relative, and if there wasn't one the seat became dormant until someone stepped forward, which of course was what happened to the Peverell seats. The Weasleys had sold their seats in his original time, the Prewitt was still active, but Muriel wasn't one for politics at least not by that point since she was far too old.

"Two," Tom confirmed, "Let's get this over with," he demanded imperiously. He already had absolutely everything ready, the alter and preparations, the herbs and things they'd need for the ritual were placed out in the correct order. "ut comprehendatis," Hadrian muttered the words to Rookwood's Portkey, it was both Rookwood's motto, inscribed in their crest, and meant to win.

With a tug behind his naval, Tom and Hadrian disappeared, they kept their bodies tightly intertwined, as they felt as though their stomach was being pulled from them. Before long, due to the fact it wasn't a long trip, their feet touched the ground, and they were standing just outside Rookwood manor, the gates gave way for the pair of them.

Tom stared as he moved, a smirk on his face, there was no denying that Peverell manor was not only bigger, but better. The renovations that Hadrian had decided on made it look extremely modern, unlike Rookwood manor, which he would say had only had around three or four proper renovations since it was first built. However, behind Hogwarts and Peverell manor, he had to say this was pretty impressive but wasn't that what strove purebloods.

A sudden pop alerted them to someone else's presence, neither reacted overly much other than an expectant glance. "Lord and Master Rookwood will see you in the Great Hall, follow Diggy." the House-elf said, its voice monotone.

"I hate those insulting names, I've heard of dogs with better ones," Hadrian hissed to Tom in annoyance.

"Then you can arrange for it to be changed." Tom stated sharply yet quietly, "You will be its owner after all." well not that specific House-elf, it was far too old. House-elves did not get to chose the names, some owners were kind enough to give them decent ones, others not so much and were given insulting and degraded names.

"House-elves have exceptional hearing by the way, they can hear you even if you're in different rooms," Hadrian informed Tom chuckling at the sight of the House-elf hunching on itself slightly, as if it had purposely been listening…or it may very well be surprise and shock that Hadrian new a little of their secrets.

"What of it? They won't be able to say anything once they're bound," Tom said flippantly.
Hadrian snorted at Tom's dismissive nature regarding house-elves. "Oh, forgetting the cave already?" he teased, but his tone was filled with seriousness. "Do not underestimate a House-elf, not only can they get around explicit orders, they are different enough that if in a tight spot they can be extremely handy to have."

"I…concede your point," Tom said eventually, lips pursed as he admitted it, judging by the stillness and the fact the House-elf had almost fallen over with their comments he realized that this information wasn't widely known. Interesting, either Hadrian had odd relationships with creatures or it was just widely known sixty years on.

"Did it hurt?" Hadrian asked innocently.

Tom just shoved him, not too hard but enough to cause him to stumble a little, black eyes gleaming, promising retribution for teasing him. He couldn't deny though, hearing Hadrian laugh sounding so carefree…caused him to feel satisfied. He rarely laughed like that, and he had never seen him do it with anyone else, even with Myrtle his laugh wasn't so exuberant…but perhaps it was due to the fact he feared she'd be ripped away and still die. Which of course, would never happen, he wouldn't allow any unhappiness to come to Hadrian, and Myrtle's death would cause just that. The only way that witch could die was if she was a direct danger to either of them.

Hadrian just flew him a salacious grin, before he disappeared behind an inscrutable mask, Tom did as well as the reason became apparent. The man that stood before them was exuding pride, in his tall form, as he stood patiently waiting for them.

"His son is the spitting image of him," Hadrian murmured, magic flaring as he cast a privacy spell, purposely excluding both the House-elves and Lord Rookwood. "Except the hair, he has his hair long…his son had it like…well there's nobody I can use as an example…think Charles Potter only magnified twice in the hair department anyway."

"And is his son…?" Tom queried, wanting to know more.

"Is someone you'd want on your side, he becomes an Unspeakable, extremely loyal, specialises in the Dark Arts, and a decent dueller, obviously he would have been better if it wasn't for the stints of time he spent in Azkaban." Hadrian conceded, "Best finish this at home, I want this over with."

"As do I," Tom replied heatedly.

"Welcome to Rookwood manor," Lord Rookwood said, his gaze never wavering from either of them, sizing the newcomers up, but from the speculation of his accumulated wealth, the couple were definitely going to go far in this world. He would watch out for them and refrain from making an enemy of them as he decided for himself whether they were ones he wanted to follow or not. He wasn't the only one, many others were beginning to realize the pull Slytherin and Peverell had. It didn't help that his acquaintances had children at Hogwarts, which was where most of the information came from, so he heard it all last, but nonetheless he would do what he must.

"Afternoon, Lord Rookwood, I must say the manor looks quite lovely, thank you for indulging us and allowing us into your home," Hadrian said, no sign of a child to be heard or seen as the teen stood proud and strong, with grace of a pureblood he made no mistake and ensured that he didn't embarrass himself.

"Thank you, Lord Peverell, Lord Slytherin, please," Lord Rookwood said, gesturing inside, "Make yourself at home, is there anything Diggy can get for you?" despite his pureblood decorum Hadrian picked up the disgust he felt while mentioning the House-elves name.
"Not today, we have a prior engagement that neither of us can miss," Tom stated before Hadrian could think of opening his mouth - not that Hadrian was paying much attention. He was lost in thought really, he noticed the lack of a lot of heirlooms, the Rookwood family had fallen on hard times he'd bet. Grimmauld Place had been cluttered in stuff, in his time…the first time he had heard of any Rookwood was in his fifth year, the name hadn't been well known, not on the political scene. Did he sell his seat? It didn't seem likely…but perhaps it was true, no matter, there was ways of finding out for sure.

It was one thing and one thing only that brought him out of his thoughts - just one word.

Dobby.

Chapter End Notes

There we go the next chapter and don't worry i promise i will update the next chapter very very soon probably within the next few days since i know you're all looking forward to the bonding, once they've bonded they'll have a few days before i have them back at hogwarts and probably only a few (4/5) chapters before the holidays begin again…their school years are not as important as what they get up to while they are out of hogwarts! so will Tom slowly build up power within the wizengamot without dumbledore knowing or will he figure it out and begin trying to sabotage them? R&R please
"I can't believe you just paid three hundred galleons to Rookwood for those House-elves!" Tom hissed out in exasperation after they landed back in Peverell manor. He'd kept silent despite his earlier surprise when Harry opened his mouth, he didn't even attempt to negotiate the price. Something had caused Harry to stiffen and outright demand the House-elf he'd agreed to receive and its bloody parents, using the excuse he wanted the House-elf to be trained further to please the Peverell Lord properly, appropriately for his station. Tom knew it had been a lot of nonsense, but Rookwood had eaten it up and the contracts had been altered and signed. Rookwood didn't even try and demand more money for the creatures either. It was almost as if he had just dealt with two stubborn full of heart, bloody Gryffindors.

"It's Dobby, Tom," Hadrian said seriously, "My Dobby; I didn't put it together…not until I heard his name. Dobby belonged to the Malfoy family and what did Abraxas say in his letter to the others?" as soon as he'd seen those eyes and that face he'd known it to be true. While House-elves were similar in appearance, like the goblins, there were ways to tell them apart. Hadrian himself had never had trouble doing that, he suspected it was mostly due to the fact the Pureblood's didn't bother giving them any attention whatsoever. Abraxas had reluctantly allowed Rookwood to give the House-elf to Hadrian instead of getting it as an alliance between the families. Mostly in an effort to appease Tom since he could not do it from Hogwarts anymore.

"I see," Tom replied understanding dawning, Hadrian wasn't loyal to many people from his past, obvious since he'd been betrayed, but there were a few people he was fond off, and Dobby was evidently one of them. He had died to save Hadrian in the past; inwardly he thought it pathetic when he saw Hadrian crying over the dead House-elf, the scene not Hadrian, nothing about Hadrian could be seen as pathetic. He would have to make sure those thoughts never see the light of day. Admittedly he did feel grateful to the House-elf; he had saved his soon to be bonded after all. His lip curled, he was NOT getting fond of House-elves.

"Follow me," Hadrian told the House-elves, moving swiftly through the living room into the dinning room and through to the kitchen. He made his way to the cupboard, the one the House-elves would be using. Unfortunately there was only one bed, he had only planned on having one after all, but it was easy enough to transfigure a few pieces of wood into a bed for them. He had plenty of wood, especially in the corner of the kitchen; its primary use was for the fires. Grabbing two pieces from the large bucket of wood he made his way back over slipping into the cupboard he transfigured the wood into frames.

The frames were the right size for a House-elf, putting them in place he moved out of the cupboard, ignoring the exasperated yet amused look on Toms face. He summoned the box he'd put the discarded stuff in and levitated out two of the mattresses and cleaned, sterilised and practically good as new before shrinking them down, just as he had done with the one already in the cupboard. It might be useful to keep the stuff; there was plenty of space to put them in some sort of storage just in case they came in handy. He also added a few of the throws he didn't like on top of the bed, if they didn't like them well he knew how good they were at sewing and that, they could make their own.
"The bond will not be done until tomorrow morning;" Hadrian informed the wide eyed House-elves, "By then, both me and my partner will be bonded so you will belong to both of us. It will also give me enough time to get you some…uniform without it being considered freeing you." They were not keeping what they had on right now, it looked as if it was some sort of old short skirt that they'd changed into something to wear, which was utterly filthy. "You are now Peverell House-elves and your clothes will reflect well upon my name;"

"Where exactly are you going to get something for them? There is no House-elf clothes shop you can just wander into and purchase what you need." Tom pointed out dryly.

"If it pleases you Masters, I know how to sew," the House-elf bravely told them, his tone hesitant and afraid, he was talking without permission after all.

"Give them a galleon to get some fabric," Tom suggested. He didn't want Hadrian going anywhere after their bonding; in fact if he had his way, they wouldn't leave their bed for days.

"Black or blood red?" Hadrian said thoughtfully, they were the colours of the Peverell coat of arms after all.

"Black," Tom stated immediately, grimacing at the thought of blood red, although he reluctantly had to concede that blood red wasn't Gryffindor red.

"I agree perhaps a white or silver 'P' embroidered on the chest or the Peverell coat of arms?" Hadrian hummed thoughtfully, he wanted people to see his own House-elves and perhaps hope to emulate him, by treating their House-elves better, or at least allowing them to dress better. Not all people hated their servants that were obvious, Winky had worn a blouse and skirt for Merlin's sake, and she had missed Crouch when she was freed.

"P and S," Tom argued immediately, they were combining their names, he wanted everyone in the world to be constantly reminded that Hadrian was his. Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin.

Hadrian glanced at Tom, an amused smile spreading across his face; he didn't have a problem with that actually. "Very well, the Peverell and Slytherin coat of arms. Give me a second," he added before Apparating to their bedroom and digging around in his trunk, until he pulled out a bag of money, merely pocket change, he did look in to make sure there was a galleon at least, and there were five amongst the Sickles and Knuts. It was more than enough for what he wanted to accomplish. Apparating back down to Tom, his pouch hanging from two of his fingers.

"There is enough money in here to buy fabric, in one of the boxes in here there are a few sewing machines, parts for it, and needles, thread and wool, and someone used one of the rooms as some sort of knitting room back in the day." Hadrian explained, "You best buy some food as well since there is nothing here, other than that until I come to you tomorrow at some point, do not interrupt us but you're free to explore the manor and get acquainted with it." He did not want a House-elf coming into his room, not ever. That would be the one place they were forbidden from entering. He would make that clear to the three of them.

"Yes Master," the three of them chorused together, looking well and truly stunned, they had no idea what to make of Hadrian or Tom, never been treated as well as they had, they were still recovering from the beating their previous master had given them the day before.

"Very well," Hadrian said, handing the female the money, he still didn't know their names, other than Dobby that was, but there was time for all that, no wait the male was called Dippy, he could feel Tom getting more and more annoyed at the fact they were continuing to get off track. Tom wanted to bond with him, and had done for such a long time, when you thought about it though; it
was a honest miracle he'd managed to last as long as until yesterday before asking again.

Sighing softly, wandering over to Tom, he closed his eyes and leaned into him. He honestly hadn't expected to run into anyone he knew (with the obvious exception being Tom and Dumbledore even McGonagall) so soon in this new life. It had kind of thrown him in a loop if he was honest, quite like when he saved the boy from the rubble, and found out he was a Granger. Somehow someone just continued to pop up out of the blue, after settling in after some sort of upheaval, big or small. Like those other times, he wasn't alone, Tom knew everything, although he wasn't sure Tom could understand the feelings he was going through but him being there was enough.

"Where did you set everything up?" Hadrian enquired, his voice muffled from where he was burrowed in Tom's neck, just relishing in having someone there for him through thick and thin, someone he knew wasn't just using him. Someone who actually really cared. He knew Tom had everything ready, but he hadn't come across anything ritualistic in nature.

"I was originally going to do it in the dungeons, but its disgusting down there, I chose an empty bedroom on the first floor," Tom explained, anticipation thrumming through him, as the time for them bonding was coming closer and closer to being realized. Then after they were bonded he was going to claim Hadrian in the only other possible way. "Come on, let's go," he added, guiding them both away from kitchen and more importantly away from the House-elves.

Hadrian unwound himself, reluctantly, there was nothing like being wrapped in the possessive embrace of Tom. They made their way up the stairs without rush.

"Are you sure you're going to be alright with him here?" Tom enquired, Hadrian was obviously still affected, but he was pulling himself together with remarkable ease.

"Yes, it was just a surprise that's all, he'll never be the little guy I knew, but that's fine, I can make his life better, it's the least I can do after he sacrificed his life to help me." Hadrian commented, as he said this he felt himself becoming stronger, realizing it was nothing but the truth.

Tom couldn't help but think Dumbledore and the others in his Order were idiots. Hadrian was probably one of the most loyal people he'd ever met. No matter your status, creature, human or otherwise. It wasn't a disgusting Hufflepuff display of loyalty, just pure unfretted dependability. Hadrian would have gone to the end of the earth and back for the insipid morons, yet instead of cherishing that friendship they'd stuck to Dumbledore like glue and destroyed it and all that was 'disgustingly good and light' in Harry in the process. Sure Hadrian had been inwardly dark, but his friends had held it at bay, squished it until that day he'd lost it all. Well, no matter, because their loss was his gain and nobody will know what hit them, nor would they understand why. Oh yes, when the time came he was going to truly enjoy messing with them and making their lives hell. It was all memorised, he had their names, what they looked like and he obviously knew the year they were born, same age as 'Harry' after all.

"This side," Tom informed him as he moved towards the correct room as Hadrian opened the first door nearest the stairs.

Upon entering the first thing Harry noticed was that the room was empty of anything one normally finds in a bedroom. Instead in the middle of the room, there was a large circle drawn in black, with over a dozen runes painted on the outside of the circle. Each of them familiar to him, as much as he hated to admit to agreeing with Granger about anything, Ancient Runes was a very interesting subject. There was a table at the 'front' of the circle where the ritual would be completed. On the desk were a few candles, and herbs mixed into a bowl in the centre and the closed book of rituals and a small dagger.
"Have you put the wards up?" Hadrian asked after giving a nod of approval at the settings.

"And why would we need to put wards up?" Tom queried giving his partner a pensive look.

"Are you kidding? We're both extremely powerful, if the wards don't contain it, the Ministry will find out despite both of us having our traces gone...this is a ritual we are doing, it's not as simple as a piece of accidental or Wandless magic." Hadrian explained, as he pushed his magic through his wand, pouring copious amounts into the walls, surrounding the room in his magic. "They've got all manners of ways of finding out things like marriage, bonding, hell they even know the second a damn betrothed contract is created despite the contract itself remaining with the families."

Tom narrowed his eyes as he thought about Hadrian's statement; he'd been unaware of the extent the Ministry could find out about someone. He wondered if it was something they could do in Hadrian's time or if it truly was possible that they had so much information about people that should be private. He would need to find out more about this, quite frankly it was disturbing.

Flicking out his yew wand, he added to the wards, doubling their power, it was a testament to both he and Hadrian's compatibility that the wards weaved together seamlessly and effortlessly. "There," he said in satisfaction, it was his first time using that particular ward and he was proud of his success. Normally he didn't have much of a reason to use privacy or anti-detecting wards. "Ready?" he called out to Hadrian, his heart beating erratically against his ribcage, this was it, after months and months of patiently waiting it was here.

"Of course," Hadrian said wryly, "You are aware that this ritual causes pain right?" not that it would be a problem for him, he was used to pain. Tom would probably find the pain he was in higher than his own, with Death doing his thing, which he was still in the dark regarding; he hadn't thought to ask and probably wouldn't understand it anyway. Death did like to be very vague sometimes, alright most times, preferring for him to work it out himself.

"I did read the book," Tom said, his voice smooth as he stepped into the circle, more than ready to bond to Hadrian and make him his irrevocably. He'd chosen the ritual because of how permanent and binding it was, that and the others were just not what he wanted. "Do you need the book open to read your lines?"

"Best to just in case," Hadrian replied, standing inside the circle as well. Unclipping his cloak, and flinging it outside the circle, now his arms were bare, and he was free to move around a little easier.

"fideliter et curabit nos," Tom chanted, clasping their hands together,

"Ut qui fideliter et curabit nos," Hadrian said speaking flawless Latin, despite the fact the ritual was in an older Latin than he was used to.

"Cor corpus et animam," Tom continued, despite the dramatic increase of magic saturating into the runes on the floor. He also didn't notice the extra Rune that appeared, it was pulsing black even Hadrian was oblivious to it despite the fact that Death himself had put it there.

"Cor corpus et animam," Hadrian echoed, glancing quickly at the book memorising the next line.

Tom picked up the dagger and sliced his palm almost carelessly, inhaling sharply, not even blinking at the sight of his own blood; he'd seen his fair share of blood since he was a small boy. Not all of it his, but that was beside the point. Glancing up at Hadrian, silently enquiring if he wanted him to do it or if Hadrian would do it himself.

Hadrian understood and gave a nod to Tom to go ahead, Tom took care when he sliced into
Hadrian's palm, but he gave absolutely no indication that it had happened, not even a tightening of his hand or a wince.

Tom clasped their bloodied hand together again, hovering it over the bowl filled with herbs, squeezing tightly, allowing three drops to fall into the bowl, which also had a rune engraved into the bottom of it. It began to glow blue, indicating that it had been successful - the blood had reached the rune.

"Ut super nos sanguinem innocentem sanguinem," Tom and Hadrian chanted together as soon as the blow appeared, both breathless, the magic saturated in the room was giving off hot pulsing waves, neither had felt anything quite like it before and it was extremely breathtaking and not to forget arousing.

"Spatio quasi vinculum animarum nostrarum," they added, finishing the ritual, and immediately both felt tearing pain consume them.

Crying out in agony, unable to stifle it they both felt their legs buckle, and as they fell their bodies jarred as they hit the cement floor. The runes were all pulsing now; the white glow caused was visible to Tom and Hadrian, even from behind their closed eyelids adding a headache to their problems.

Hadrian panted his injured hand curled up against his ribs as if to afford it more protection, his other hand was pressed against the stone cement floor, using it to brace himself and stop him falling over. That moment of agony he had felt cold, empty, as if something had been taken from him, but it left just as quickly, leaving behind an awareness, a warmth that was all Tom (at least he was assuming so) since he'd never done something like this before. Opening his eyes he groaned in pain, he quickly found that Tom was unconscious, scrambling over, he pressed his uninjured hand against his chest, relieved when he felt the thumping of Tom's heart, and the slow rise and falling of his chest as he breathed. Hadrian idly noticed that the runes had disappeared as if they'd been completely burnt out or something.

Wincing slightly, Hadrian shifted until he was sitting on his backside despite the shakiness he succeeded. Flicking his wand out of his holster, he healed the wound on his palm, before repeating the spell on Tom's watching it heal seamlessly. Glancing up when he saw Tom's hand twitch, it didn't take long for those eyes to open, temporarily filled with confusion before Tom focused on him and they flared with passion, unhidden within those depths was a look that primarily screamed 'mine' in every way.

"How are you feeling?" Hadrian asked concerned.

"I'm fine," Tom stated, face impassive, it crumbled slightly as he sat up dizzily. Despite his pain he felt over the moon, Hadrian and he were now bonded for life, and they'd be together forever. The pain was merely a temporarily thing, that could be easily controlled with potions. It was definitely worth it in his book.

"Really?" Hadrian said amused, knowing he was lying through his teeth, "You don't feel like you've been ground up in a meat grinder?"

Tom grimaced and nodded, betting that Hadrian felt just as rough as him. The urge to summon his potions kit was very strong, unfortunately for him - for both of them actually - both their cores were drained. It had taken everything out of them to do that ritual; anyone else weaker wouldn't have succeeded.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Hadrian said, before he grasped a hold of the table giving himself
some support as he got to his feet. Stretching out with a groan, it was absolutely freezing in here now, his bed looked mighty inviting. The pain was beginning to abate; it would probably be gone in ten to twenty minutes - hopefully. He could feel an echo to the pain, sort of like how he'd felt when the wards gave away for Tom. The ritual didn't explain anything like that. "Do you feel it too?" he asked, as Tom stood up copying him in stretching out.

"I feel it," Tom replied, "It did not say anything about this, nor were any other symptoms supposed to manifest until after we completed the bond." With a pointed yet heated look at Hadrian, and the fact they had waited until the bonding would make it significant stronger.

"I think it might have something to do with my powers itself, not the ritual," Hadrian guessed, as he wandered the length of the room and opened the door, "The books would have specified if it was to happen, if it doesn't say anything about it then it's guaranteed to be the Deathly Hallows." it would need to be if there were no other alternative explanations.

"By that point, you must be able to feel the three hallows themselves then," Tom stated, as he followed Hadrian, "Is that the case?"

"Um, no, sure I can sense the power in them when they're nearby, but I can't sense where they are right now," Hadrian said in surprise, glancing thoughtfully at Tom as they walked. "Maybe I'll need to have all three in my possession again before that happens...as I said this is all new to me too."

"I'm sure we'll have a chance to figure it out," Tom assured him, black eyes gleaming, the desire to know everything and experiment was present.

"That we will," Hadrian said with a serious expression on his face.

"And when will that be?" Tom queried curiously.

"Before May 1st 1945," Hadrian immediately replied, knowing the date that Dumbledore's 'legendarily duel' with Gellert Grindelwald.

"Two years," Tom murmured quietly, he honestly hadn't expected the date to be so soon.

"Our last year of Hogwarts," Hadrian nodded, both of them would be seventeen years old, thus the trace would not be on it was actually kind of perfect, this way the Ministry couldn't try him for using 'underage magic' since he would be legally an adult and allowed to use magic outside of Hogwarts. "During our N.E.W.T.'s actually."

"Unless we leave before N.E.W.T.'s and get back before we're due to take them," Tom suggested, absently opening their bedroom door.

"I don't know, I mean this is Gellert Grindelwald we're talking about here, the most wanted Dark Wizard at the moment, I doubt he'll be in the same place for too long with the fear of being caught." Hadrian commented thoughtfully, sliding his shoes off, as he sat down and got undressed. "I think I'm best going at the end of April."

"We, we are best going at the end of April," he was not going to let Hadrian go along, despite the fact he knew his bonded could take care of himself, well and truly. He just wanted to be there, and if he needed to step in and prevent anything from happening to him.

"We," Hadrian nodded, truth be told he wouldn't want to go alone, he couldn't say for any degree of certainty he would be able to beat Gellert Grindelwald if he wasn't cheating. Which he was, the Elder wand belonged to him, and it would sense it (at least he assumed so) and would refuse to harm him, just like the time Voldemort tried to use the Elder wand to hurt him only for it to
backfire. With a little luck the same thing would happen, he really didn't want to duel Gellert for three bloody hours like Dumbledore had in the old timeline.

"Where exactly did this 'battle' take place?" Tom asked realizing that he did not know.

Chapter End Notes

Do any of you have any idea where the Battle actually took place? I've looked for the past half hour but I've not found anything! So, if there isn't anything where do you think the battle should be done? near Germany so it's easier to get Gellert to Numbengard? Or will the infamous Gellert not survive the encounter with this Hadrian? I can't wait to play out the battle! Unfortunately, it will have to wait until I get them through school LOL! sooo will we see a shy Tom that doesn't have experience :P or will he be confident like he is in all things he does? Will Tom be able to give up control to let Hadrian have his shot? :P I want them to be equals of sorts but there are many ways that is already accomplished ;) what they do in the bedroom has no bearings on it :D R&R please!
Chapter 56

Lord Of Time

Chapter 56

"France," Hadrian explained, watching Tom move towards his trunk and pull out his Potions kit. "The border between France and Britain, Grindelwald will gather forces in Britain and begin to attack, nothing big, when Dumbledore realized how close he was he challenged Gellert to a duel, which he accepted. The duel is considered the most 'legendary' duel in recent magical history, lasting three hours, until eventually Dumbledore beat Gellert and he was transported back to Germany, where he was imprisoned in his own jail, and that is where he remained until you killed him, part of Gellert still loved Dumbledore even then, he refused to give you what you wanted."

Tom glanced up his lip curling, as he moved around, there was something still bothering him though, uncorking the potion he swallowed half, sighing in relief as the aches and pains disappeared. He passed over the vial, letting Hadrian take it, "Why wait that long? Was he really so reluctant to cause harm to his ex-boyfriend?" he sneered the words.

"Harm?" Hadrian said blankly, after drinking the potion, "He only went out there and duelled Gellert to save his own hide…to keep his secrets hidden."

"I don't understand," Tom said blankly.

"The plans Gellert and Albus made when they were teenagers, to be the kind overlords of the Muggle and Magical population, he wanted the Muggle world to find out about them, wanted to rule them. Or how about the fact he didn't want to find out whether it was him or Gellert who killed his sister, Ariana. Basically Grindelwald was doing what both he and Dumbledore wanted to do. The pair of them are obsessed with the Deathly Hallows, hell bent on owning all three of them. Gellert managed to track the one item that should have been logically the most difficult to find. Thankfully though my family kept the cloak a secret, and obviously the Gaunts didn't know what they had and it kept them safe..." Hadrian informed him, stretching out languidly, "He just wanted to make sure his secrets remained just that...a secret, Dumbledore was gaining power, even before Grindelwald was taken down, but it was the catalyst that made him who he is in my day. Only thing was, his goals had changed, he no longer wanted to lord over the Muggles, but he definitely wanted the Eld... well I'll be damned...the Elder wand, Dumbledore might have actually also been after the Elder wand."

"I see," Tom replied, his lip curling and his eyes were twinkling viciously, all knowing Dumbledore wasn't as heroic as he wanted to be seen as...and definitely wouldn't, not if he and Hadrian had anything to say about it. The thought of the power Dumbledore would gain with Gellert's defeat caused him a great deal of consternation. It truly alarmed him how much power he gained by a single duel and what he had done during that time too. If they were the ones to do it, that meant they might just get lucky and be recognized in the same manner as Dumbledore although as young as he was...he knew it wasn't possible that they'd get the same recognition. At least not right away, his gaze found Hadrian and his thoughts stuttered to a stop, what was he doing thinking about Dumbledore on his bonding night? Especially seeing as Hadrian was spread out on their bed, wearing practically nothing, and what a sight it was, unconsciously licking his lips, causing Hadrian to bite his lip at the sight of raw unfretted desire on Tom's face.
"You're a bit over dressed," Hadrian said salaciously, green eyes brighter than normal, as he slid off the bed, and made his way over to Tom. Hooking his arms around his neck allowing their lips to meet, a shiver running down his back as Tom caressed his bare skin; desire began to coil within him as it always did when he touched him. Removing his right hand from Tom's hair and neck, he began to unbutton his shirt one at a time until they were all undone. Hadrian pressed his hand against Tom's chest and glided it upwards, a smug smile spreading across his face as Tom gasped when he playfully squeezed one of his nipples.

Tom grew impatient, wishing to feel Hadrian's skin against his own, shrugging off his shirt, he undid his trousers and quickly escaped their confines. Using his big toe to remove his socks, naked as the day he was born, all the while his hands roamed around Hadrian's back, feeling the quivering of desire and Goosebumps sprayed out all over him. His Hadrian didn't have a single scar, his body was perfection, and even with scars he would have been perfect to him. There was nothing on Hadrian that showed just what a magnificent person he was, how powerful and how utterly determined he was.

And he was all his.

Backing towards the bed, causing Hadrian to 'oomph' as he backed too close and ended up falling onto the bed.

"I think you're the one that's over dressed," Tom pointed out, as he joined Hadrian on the bed, relishing in the moan that tore from Hadrian's throat as he sat on top of him, feeling him trying to arch into him to gain some friction. He made sure that Hadrian didn't, he wanted tonight to be the best, so that Hadrian could never forget it no matter how long they lived(and they would live), he planned on completely ravishing Hadrian and giving him the best pleasure possible. He had done his research for months, he was pretty confident he knew exactly what to do.

"And you're talking too much," Hadrian grunted, twisting them both around until Tom was lying underneath him with a disgruntled look on his face causing Hadrian to laugh breathlessly, green eyes gleaming like emeralds. The feel of Tom's engorging member pressing against his chest, made him lick his lips. It always aroused him like nothing else when he was able to elicit the most delightful sounds from Tom, to see him so out of control, impatient for more, knowing nobody else would ever get to see Tom so vulnerable, and Tom did consider it vulnerable but he also enjoyed it more than the vulnerability he was feeling.

Hadrian licked the tip, hearing Tom moan caused smug satisfaction to full through him, swirling his tongue around the tip, before he sucked gently at first before building up suction, loosening his hold, he sank the engorged member further into his mouth, chuckling at the groan he heard as well as the feelings flickering in through the bond, as feeble as they were right now but he had a feeling they would get stronger. He and Tom were completely joined, magically and soul bound, the empty feeling he had experienced when they bonded was a piece of his soul detaching and going to Tom and part of Tom's went into his, both of them forever joined. If either of them 'died' the other would know, would experience that coldness again until they were rejoined, they were literally two half's of a whole.

Tom panted harshly, his fingers weaving through Hadrian's hair automatically. It didn't matter how many times Hadrian did this, the feelings it elicited were either the same or even more prominent. It was the most difficult thing keeping his body still as that tongue began to massage him. Sudden sucking caused Tom to arch up, sending his member deeper into Hadrian's mouth, he was close to losing complete control, and he could barely think when Hadrian did this to him.

Hadrian opened his mouth further when Tom began to lose control and thrust into him, going with
the moves, feeling the pulsing of Tom's swollen member he knew it wouldn't be long now. Feeling Tom tugging at his hair, he got revenge by sucking more ardently causing Tom to stiffen but Hadrian was ready for the explosion, and swallowed everything, sucking until he'd greedily swallowed every bit of cum Tom had to offer, licking the sensitive head causing Tom to hiss slightly as his body lay there boneless.

Tom tugged Hadrian up, kissing his swollen passionately, tasting himself which caused him to groan heatedly. Hadrian shifted so he was lying on the bed, head on Tom's shoulder, just gazing up at him, the look on his face, Tom felt warmth spreading through him. He'd never imagined having another in his life, to share his life with; he'd been too determined to build up a network inside Hogwarts. Plus everyone else was beneath his notice; he was superior to all of them. The satisfaction he got out of making them all his after their belief they were better than him because of his Muggle name had been one of the most gratifying moments of his life. When he showed the full extent of his power they had feared him, then he'd given them a reason to fear him, follow him.

Lacing his fingers through Hadrian's hair, his thoughts continued in a similar vein, what he felt with Hadrian though completely obliterated those feelings, made them completely insignificant. He'd never felt more content in his life, in the space of two years everything he had strived towards had landed in his lap, quite literally. For once in his life fate had been kind enough to give him an extraordinary wizard that was all his, with the gift of immortality and the ability to travel anywhere in time wrapped up in one amazing person who he'd bonded to - they'd share their lives together for all time.

Hadrian glanced at Tom a little surprised to see him so deep in thought, then again he shouldn't be, and Tom was more of a thinker than a talker. He didn't speak unless he had something to say, at least with other people; Tom was more open with him for obvious reasons. "Are you alright?" his brow furrowed, his arousal abating some.

"More than alright," Tom said quietly, and it was the truth, it was probably not the time for quiet reflection, he could do that after this night was over and he'd have Hadrian begging for him, the sounds he knew he could elicit from him. Sitting up on his elbow, dislodging Hadrian who ended up on the pillow staring at him slightly amused. "I'm going to enjoy this," he said heatedly, black eyes gleaming possessively, roaming over Hadrian's perfect body his meaning obvious.

"What makes you think you'll be the top?" Hadrian teased, using his finger to scratch down Tom's chest.

"Because you want someone to look after you," Tom said assuredly, "To take care of your needs, to depend on someone you know you can trust." he knew it deep in his bones, he didn't need to see the look on Hadrian's face to know he'd struck a cord. "To give up control, you've been through a lot, been forced on a pedestal to be a hero, to be what everyone wants you to be. Just because you've decided to live the life you want, it doesn't mean that desire isn't still there." it was there in every expression on Hadrian's face when he touched him, did little things for him. It didn't mean Hadrian was weak, far from it, he was strong, stronger than even him if he was able to let go of that control - and Tom knew he'd never be able to. The thought of giving up control, even for Hadrian made his skin crawl - the thought made him deeply uncomfortable.

"I'm not wrong, am I?" Tom pointed out as Hadrian remained quiet.

"No need to feel so smug," Hadrian said wryly, he was right in a way, but he knew the reason Tom was saying all this, he would never give up control to him, but Hadrian had never really expected him to. He was wrong to think he would be in control all the time though, and Hadrian would ensure he realized that given time. With how smart he was, Hadrian didn't think Tom would take
long to figure it out he thought with a secret grin spreading across his face. And for some reason… Hadrian didn't think Tom would mind. "What are you waiting for then? Need time to recover?" he purred, grinning at Tom pulled him impossibly closer.

"For you, never," Tom replied hotly into Hadrian's ear as if to prove his point, he pressed himself against Hadrian's leg showing just how quickly he recovered for him. Summoning a jar, it flew from the bedside table, and into his hands, opening it up he placed the jar on the table, dipping his fingers in.

"You know there's a spell that does that," Hadrian commented, before he inhaled sharply at the feel a slippery finger sliding into him, it felt extremely odd, the tingling made him wonder what exactly was in it, he would bet it was some sort of numbing agent. It was painful the first time, for a short while, before his body got used to the intrusion. He may not have had sex but he wasn't completely oblivious to the mechanisms.

"Maybe another time, but I want to feel every part of you tonight," Tom rasped out, it was much hotter than he'd anticipated, and not just in the literal sense either. There was something extremely erotic feeling Hadrian's hole clenching down on him, and to think something much more sensitive and bigger was going to replace his finger…by Merlin, he wasn't going to last long of that he was sure. "Ready?" he asked his finger withdrawing until only the tip remained, it too was oiled up, it was extremely long lasting lubricant he had created himself for this.

Hadrian impatiently changed positions not only to make it easier for Tom, but so he could thrust down on the fingers, barely reacting when he felt a pillow sail through the air and hook under his back, giving him more purchase. His legs were splayed out this way, then he felt two fingers enter him, it was a little bit unpleasant, much like one felt if they got nipped, mostly though he felt just pleasure coursing through him as Tom's other hand idly played with his now weeping cock and balls.

Tom thrust his fingers up, twisting them around until Hadrian almost shot off the bed, his eyes gleamed in satisfaction, he had found Hadrian's prostate. Moving his hand to press against Hadrian's waist, keeping him from arching up too much, he did not want Hadrian hurting anymore than the book implied it could. Pressing up again scissoring around, relishing in the curses and gasps coming from his bonded.

Hadrian grasped a hold of the bed sheets, breathing heavily, his chest heaving as he tried to think, to breathe, but he wasn't quite able to as pleasure consumed him. "Ahh, Tom, fuck, please" he murmured between breaths, his entire body was straining; he felt close to exploding, he wasn't going to last long at all. He'd barely been touched and that had been without any real pressure. "I'm going to-" Hadrian didn't finish as his body jerked and spasmed as he came after one touch to his prostate too many.

Tom took that time to insert his three fingers, using Wandless magic to wipe away the mess his bonded had just created. Just as he wanted Hadrian didn't even wince, he was relaxed which made it much easier. Watching Hadrian come undone by his hands made him feel incredibly accomplished, smug and even more aroused than the feel of Hadrian's velvet insides clenching around his fingers. Slowly withdrawing, Tom dipped his fingers into the jar again and began to lathe it over his own erect member, which was leaking a steady ooze of precum, adding to the oil giving more lubricant so as to ease the way in even smoother.

"Tom," Hadrian rasped out, the feeling of emptiness causing him to whine slightly.

Tom chuckled, wiping his hands on the bed, as he crawled up sitting on top of Hadrian, his hands grasping Hadrian's, as he sucked and nibbled on his neck until it was bright red and would most
definitely bruise. Then he proceeded down to another patch of skin and continued, listening to him beg and plead, uselessly arching up trying to demand his attention. The second time he did it caused him to bite down in retaliation to stop himself gasping as their erections rubbed together, inhaling sharply instead. No, he wasn't going to come on Hadrian, as lovely as it sounded to mark him as his in that way, he wanted to be inside him, to activate their bond fully.

Without more ado, he pressed his impressive erection into Hadrian's slackened hole, stopping when he heard Hadrian inhale sharply and stiffen in what could only be pain. Tom closed his eyes, his fingers clenching tightly around Hadrian's own, trying to stop himself from just thrusting in, the tightness around the head of his cock was driving him insane. Once the tenseness eased up, he eased in a little more, moaning and biting into Hadrian's shoulder, realizing his little bonded minx was doing it on purpose. "If you don't stop I'm going to come before we even start," Tom hissed out, causing Hadrian to laugh breathlessly.

"Then fuck me," he demanded, continuing to clench around Tom's member, which he'd estimate was at least half in.

Tom thrust the rest of the way in, causing Hadrian to curse loudly and wrap his legs around his back as he remained buried within the tight heat that was Hadrian. The feeling of him all around him was indescribable. Sweat was trickling down both their bodies, Tom leaned down and kissed those swollen lips urgently, before abruptly pulling out and then driving back home, groaning in ecstasy as Hadrian screamed into his mouth as pleasure wracked his frame again and again.

"Harder, Tom, more," Hadrian rasped, his untouched member had began to slowly harden again as Tom relentlessly tortured him using his prostate.

Tom had absolutely no problem with that particular demand, since it had been taking him all his willpower alone to go at a slow-ish pace. Hadrian squirmed demandingly, sitting up, his hands were freed as he put them on Hadrian's waist, gripping him tightly, his nails digging in only just, leaving crescent shaped moons on his skin. Then he was thrusting powerfully into Hadrian, trying to hit that sweet spot every time with relentless determination, listening to the incoherent mumbling coming from his bonded as he lost himself to the pleasure he was offering him.

Watching Hadrian now, completely debauched in a way he'd never seen him before, so wanton, filled with lust and he was the one causing it, his green eyes were closed, his hair in complete disarray, his swollen lips, he was breathtaking. He never wanted this to end, but he could feel his own desire coiling up, it wouldn't be long now, thrusting as deeply as he could, as quickly as he could, wanting Hadrian to come before him, his relentless paid off, for all of two seconds, for as soon as his bonded came, the intense feelings crashing over him caused his release which Tom ensured went as deeply into Hadrian as possible, claiming him, marking him as his irrevocably.

He had only enough sense to fall to the side instead of on top of Hadrian, but he was still in him, for all of a few moments before his softened member slipped out. Wrapping his arm around his head, Tom wrapped his fingers in Hadrian's hair, kissing his mouth once before he whispered, "You're mine now," even breathless as he was, there was no denying the possessiveness in Tom's voice. He tightened his hold as if he suspected Hadrian would disappear.

Hadrian lazily opened his eyes, surprised to see Tom so close still, such a possessive dictator he thought with amusement. "I distinctively remember telling you that we didn't need to be bonded to belong to each other." his body was humming still with pleasure, he was completely exhausted, he didn't think he had it in him to move an inch. Instead he curled up further into Tom, his eyes closing as he nuzzled into his neck, he would get him back for all those marks he knew he'd have tomorrow. Hell he was probably bruising as he thought; he gave a sigh of gratitude when he felt the sticky mess and sweat disappearing from both the bed and his body. It was the last thing he could
honestly remember before sleep claimed him.

Tom himself found Morpheus very quickly that night as well.

Hadrian groaned at the light splashing in on the room, reluctantly flicking an eye open, he really needed to get curtains for their four poster bed, flicking his hand, non-verbally using a spell to close the curtains, grimacing at the pain radiating from his backside, it was nothing crippling so it should have surprised nobody that he just turned over and promptly fell back asleep for a few more hours.

The next thing Hadrian became aware of was the feeling of someone playing with his hair, no carding their fingers absently through his hair. Yawning tiredly, he opened his eyes; he'd somehow managed to end up on Tom's lap, had Tom manoeuvred him like that or had he moved in his sleep? It wouldn't surprise him since he was often drawn to Tom's warmth even at Hogwarts. Groaning softly he stretched out and sat up. He found Tom sitting reading a book, looking like a proud wolf after a successful hunt.

"How are you feeling?" Tom asked, looking Hadrian over, the hickeys on proud display, he definitely had to make sure he didn't wear a top today.

"Still tired," Hadrian admitted as another yawn left him as if to prove his point. He did stiffen slightly at the ache radiating in his lower spine, which of course, Tom caught. His stomach also grumbled loudly, which caught him off guard, by Merlin he was starving.

"Here, drink this," Tom told him, handing him over a muscle relaxant, it would get rid of any lingering pains.

Hadrian grasped the potion, knowing what it was, uncorked it and downed it in one go, it took a few moments but eventually the aches he hadn't realized he had all over faded into nothingness. He groaned in appreciation, he was so very glad they'd both kept the remainders of their potions in their cauldron after passing one up to the front of the classroom to be marked by Professor Slughorn. Flicking his hand, he read the time that appeared in the midair, bloody hell, it was nearly lunch time, eleven thirty-five, and he'd never slept in so long before in his entire life with the obvious exception being when he was sick.

"Have you eaten?" Hadrian asked, wondering where he'd left the food box.

"No, I've only been up half an hour," Tom explained. 'I was waiting on you.' went unsaid but certainly understood.

"I should get the House-elves seen to," Hadrian murmured, not really in the mood to do so.

"You can do it from here," Tom pointed out haughtily.

"I know, but I want this to be the one place they don't come into," Hadrian answered, suppressing yet another yawn. "But I'm not getting up; I'll do it just this once."

"Dippy? Dobby?" Hadrian called out clearly, absently hearing Tom calling for their food boxes, good because he was so thirsty.

"What can Dippy and Dobby do for Masters Peverell-Slytherin?" Dobby and Dibby said in sync watching their new Masters with wide wary eyes, Dippy more than Dobby, Dobby was more hopeful never having had a Master before.

"What is the name of the other House-elf?" Hadrian enquired, inhaling the smell of breakfast and
almost drooling.

"She is being called Patty, Master Peverell-Slytherin," Dibby said, tensing further cautiously wondering what was going on.

Patty appeared beside the other House-elves her gaze just a wary as Dibby's.

"Thank you and I don't want to ever have to ask this of you again, do not call me Master Peverell-Slytherin, my name is Hadrian or Master Hadrian if you feel more comfortable with it. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master Hadrian," the three said.

"Good, now did you finish making uniforms?" Hadrian asked genuinely curious and also self-conscious, he hadn't been raised with House-elves so having them in his bedroom was sort of making him self-conscious, but he refused to show it.

"Yes, I is being finished Master Hadrian," Patty said, with a notable tremor to her voice. With a click of her fingers, she had the uniform in her hands, showing them to her new Master.

"Perfect, you did an amazing job," Hadrian said, giving a nod of approval ignoring the squeak that left Patty's mouth, they'd get used to him sooner or later. Hopefully sooner though because he didn't want to grow impatient with them. "Put them on and get breakfast, we'll have ours here and the bonding will be done afterward, is that understood?" knowing it was best to be clear with them especially when they were feeling overwhelmed. He didn't need to elaborate on the fact they didn't need to cook him and Tom's breakfast since Tom had brought breakfast out of the meal box for them.

"Good, go on," Hadrian said once they replied the affirmative. He wanted to eat his breakfast before it got cold which it did quickly after being removed from the box. Once they'd disappeared, Hadrian leaned back, content just to enjoy his summer, no teachers, no Dumbledore, no damn orphanage, no muggle war, just him and Tom. Well and a Manor that needed a good tidying up and homework done but he could get through that without reading a single book. Except Arithmancy now that was a really hard subject, and even more complicated than Ancient Runes.

A sudden hand on his chin turned his head to face Tom's who kissed him until his lips were tingling. "Possessive much?" he murmured, desire coiling with him.

"And don't you forget it," Tom declared passionately, before settling down to their breakfast, both of them were too hungry for round two, which he would take up as soon as the House-elves were dealt with.

Hadrian snorted, "Like you'd let me forget," he teased him before digging into his breakfast, Tom quickly followed soon after, only after caressing his face with his fingers and down his neck tracing the hickeys. Mine, he thought to himself, all mine.

Chapter End Notes

I thank you all for your wonderful ideas on where the battle took place, and after careful consideration, I decided France would indeed be the most likely answer since we all know Grindelwald was gaining more power and beginning to hit the British
isles and Dumbledore obviously acted...so yes, and it's just a matter of looking up the nearest towns or areas with the most space in France closest to the channel! This chapter was being extremely annoying lol but I'm glad I finally got it done :D I hope it was well worth the wait! :D what do you want to see in the next chapter? some summer time together OR them getting ready to return to hogwarts? R&R please!
Chapter 57

Lord Of Time

Chapter 57

True to Hadrian's word, he did indeed invite the others over for a visit, while they were impressed with the manor, they weren't overly awed, which was to be expected since they had grown up in manors of their own, even seeing Hogwarts hadn't been astounding to them, like it had been for Hadrian the first time he saw it at the age of eleven.

"What's it like?" Avery said almost wistfully, "Living on your own and not having anyone to tell you what to do?"

"Aiden never wish for that," Hadrian said seriously, "There will be a time when you will end up having your own place and wishing to hell and back that you had your parents there for you. Yes they can be annoying and demanding but that's just what a parent is, it's what you'll turn into when you have a kid of your own. I lost my parents young, and there's nothing I wouldn't give to have been raised by them, or to remember them."

Aiden groaned, "When I'm old I'm definitely not going to make any kid of mine forced to endure tea parties and balls," a grimace set on his face. He knew how bad it was so he knew for sure he wouldn't do that. It wasn't as if he wanted his parents to be dead or anything, he just wished they weren't so demanding or pushy when it comes to sitting on ceremony all the time.

"I thought all that happened so that people can see how 'refined' you are and see you as a proper pureblood heir and appropriate for whatever family that they will inevitably end up creating a contract with." Hadrian asked blankly, drinking his Butterbeer still staring a little perplexed.

"They do," Tom was the one who answered, "But it's really the coming out party that people really take notice if you don't already have a contract. Abraxas doesn't need to do any of that, he has been betrothed since he was seven years old."

"I actually thought all contracts were made around that age," Hadrian admitted wryly, Lucius Malfoy didn't create a contract for his son, although the Parkinson's had tried to have one drawn up if rumour was to be believed, when that hadn't worked Pancy had tried for years to get into Draco's bed. In the end he had been married to Astoria Greengrass, ironic really, that the Malfoy's had married the Greengrass and Malfoy families together despite the fact the Greengrass' had been neutral during the wars with Voldemort.

"Quite a few still do that actually, mostly during the first instance of accidental magic," Dolohov insisted, reaching over for his own bottle of Butterbeer, twisting the cork off and putting it on the table before taking a long drink. He was really glad to get out of the house for a while. Although to be honest, it was slightly disconcerting, Tom was acting different than normal. He wasn't as impassive like he usually was, if anything he had a smug smirk on his face that had remained there throughout the day.

Hadrian snorted, "Go figure," of course they wouldn't want to risk their kid getting married off to a squib. Although nothing happened if you did decide to ignore the contract, it was just an obligation
between families, nothing dramatic like losing one's magic or even suing them, although they actually could do that if they wanted to. If the son or daughter did decide against the contract and refuse to marry they ended up disowned more often than not. It's exactly what had happened to Eileen Prince, she'd married a Muggle and quickly got stricken off despite the fact she was the last heir and the name went defunct just like the Peverell name. "Do any of you have a contract?"
Hadrian added genuinely curious, he'd never thought to ask before.

"No," they all said, hints of relief in their tone, it meant that they at least got a say in whom they ended up marrying. Although their fathers did have the last say unless they wanted to end up disowned. Which was the biggest shame in the magical world, only better than being a squib.

"Thank Merlin for that," Thaddeus added ruefully. His father Cantankerus who was older than most of his friends fathers due to the fact he hadn't married when he was younger, instead chose to find someone he cared about, a pureblood though, he was a pureblood supremist, and had raised him that way too. Although Thaddeus didn't believe it as much anymore, Hadrian's book had sort of shook everything he believed to its very foundation and even now he was still trying to find something concrete to believe in.

"Tell me...wait a minute is that a ring?" Avery rasped out, eyes wide as he stared at Hadrian's ring finger in shock. "Did you two marry?" part of him felt hurt that he hadn't been asked to attend, that part was firmly stamped down, he did however glance at the others, they were just as shocked so nobody had been invited, that eased the hurt a little.

"Bonded," Tom said smugly, ignoring the amused look Hadrian threw his way, that look said it all, Hadrian knew he had been waiting on someone noticing.

"Bloody hell," Dolohov muttered in astonishment, and damn it! He now owed Thaddeus five galleons for that bet. Thaddeus had bet him that they'd be bonded or married before they left Hogwarts and he'd said it was impossible, Tom liked control yes, and getting bonded was the opposite of being in control, tying yourself to someone for life wasn't what he'd expected Tom to do.

"You should have said something! It's improper to meet bonded couples without bringing a gift!" Thaddeus protested, the urge to leave and go and pick something up at Diagon Alley or Knockturn Alley that they'd like was very strong. It had been drummed into him since he was a kid. He threw a smirk at the others, he was up twenty galleons, he'd bet them all they'd be bonded soon. He had to refrain from cackling gleefully; honestly it was as if they didn't see Tom and Hadrian at all. It was glaringly obvious to him that they cared about each other.

"You know the address for the Floo and you know how to send things with an owl, its fine," Hadrian said rolling his eyes, but it was a lovely gesture that they wanted to do it for them though.

Suddenly the Floo network turned green as someone came stepping through.

"Abraxas," Tom said coolly, surprised to see him, "I thought you couldn't make it?" arching a sculptured eyebrow in silent demand for an explanation.

"I was with my father at the Ministry, Dumbledore was there, and I heard everything and left as soon as I could without my father getting annoyed." Abraxas said a little irritated at having to wait so long to get news to Tom about what he'd heard.

"Lunch for Masters and Masters Friends." Dippy said appearing with food for them to eat, placing it on the table.
"Get!" Abraxas said with his lip curled as he stared at it.

"Excuse me?" Hadrian said sharply, his magic flaring out in his anger. "Do not talk to my House-elves like that again or I swear you will not be able to father a son, am I understood?" He absolutely refused to let anyone talk to his House-elves that way let alone Abraxas Malfoy. Hadrian's acidic green eyes were spitting out warnings at the wizard nobody missed the look of utter contempt and disgust Hadrian was boring into the Malfoy heir.

Tom wanted to groan, what was it with Hadrian and the damn House-elves? If this was what he wanted to do…then why not let him? He couldn't care less either way, in fact if anything he was displeased with Abraxas being able to annoy Hadrian so quickly, Abraxas and Hadrian barely knew each other, they hadn't been in the same social circle, Hadrian had become friends with him when Abraxas had only half a year left and that was spent studying constantly. This was the first time they'd met up, so yes, he was slightly vexed. Dobby was loyal to Hadrian, had remained loyal to his dying breath and his death had nearly destroyed Hadrian. His glare worsened as he remembered vividly that Hadrian had sobbed in utter devastation for the little creature who had risked it all for them. For a submissive creature Dobby had guts, he'd never seen one speak back so vehemently against its previous owners and declare he was a 'free elf' with such smug satisfaction.

Abraxas flinched at the twin glares on Tom and Hadrian's face; this was not getting of to a very good start.

"If you try and take it out on your House-elf when you return home…I will be pissed off, if you have a problem with me, take it out on me." Hadrian hissed out through gritted teeth, Nott, Avery and Dolohov did wonder how he knew that was what Abraxas intended to do, judging by the red flush that adorned his face that was embarrassment at being found out. Considering Abraxas knew Occlumency they had to wonder just how the hell Hadrian knew the wizard enough to know that this was what he would have done.

The others made an urgent mental note never to annoy Hadrian Peverells-Slytherins (or was it the other way around? They didn't know yet) House-elves.

"Thank you, Dippy, you may return to your duties now," Hadrian stated, using the normal tone he did with his House-elves, seeing the complete and utter awe on his face made Dippy look exactly like Dobby, there was no doubt about that. Or should he say Dobby looked exactly like Dippy? Or would? He'd never been good with his tenses. Hadrian picked up a few bits and pieces for himself and Tom, passing over his absolute favourite sandwiches, saying to the others "Dig in," knowing they couldn't eat before he and Tom did.

Tom took a single bite out of his sandwich before speaking to Abraxas again, "What did you overhear?" ignoring the others conversing quietly amongst themselves, although he noticed a drop in sudden sound after he asked the question.

"He was trying to convince Minister to give him permission to check in on students, more specifically…" Abraxas relaxed as he spoke, figuring he was forgiven if nothing had happened, he didn't get to finish however…

"Let me guess," Hadrian drawled out sounding incredibly bored, "Recently emancipated teenagers?"

"Yes," Abraxas nodded grimly. "Insisting that Headmaster Dippet agreed but is far too busy to leave the school to tend to additional duties."

Tom scowled at the information, irritated beyond belief at Dumbledore's constant interference.
"Did he agree?" Avery asked, his lip curled in repugnance, he loathed Dumbledore they all did.

"He seems reluctant...for now," Abraxas admitted, "He made a very persuasive argument," he had to admit it.

"I've no doubt about that," Hadrian said dryly, 'Let me guess he used 'old pureblood names' and how they had to 'have someone trustworthy to rely on and come to understand their position in life' if they hope to realize its potential."

"Not using those words but I suppose that was the gist of it, he thinks those who don't have parents and are left alone will be more vulnerable to Grindelwald's cause, and might be manipulated into joining him." Abraxas answered, he absolutely loved politics, and couldn't wait to officially take over from his father.

"It's brilliant, you have to admit, the Minister is probably terrified of something like that, he'll probably give Dumbledore carte blanche to do whatever the hell he likes." Hadrian mused, seeing the looks he was receiving he added defensively. "Don't look at me like you're not all thinking the same thing, underestimating your opponent is the dumbest thing anyone can do."

"He's right," Tom stated distastefully.

"He can't get away with that! It's not right! He can't just invade everyone's privacy!" Avery spat out angrily.

"Not everyone, just us, you know that's all Dumbledore's interested in, I suspect he's already been to the orphanage Tom and realized you hadn't been there in near enough two years. That will terrify him; he's got a constant need to know where you are at all times, what you're doing at all times. He's terrified of what you'll become he'll be collecting memories of anyone you associate with that will 'share' their memories. He's already got memories from Ogden from your grandfather...oh shit, he fucking knows, the damn ring, was anything he said fucking true?" Harry spat out infuriated, his magic lashing out in all his fury. The feeling of Tom's hand squeezing his own in warning and cautious, and the feeling of Tom enforcing calm on him tampering his magic down. It hadn't had anything to do with the damn Horcruxes, Dumbledore started collecting memories to get the Deathly hallows.

Thaddeus frowned, trying to piece a scenario together that made sense with the words he'd just heard come out of Hadrian's mouth. The problem was he couldn't make sense of it himself let alone piece together a situation where Hadrian could know that information. Why mention a ring? What the hell could a ring have to do with anything? Glancing at the others he could see they were just as perplexed as him.

"What does a ring have to do with anything?" Abraxas asked, having more confidence than the others. Or better yet what did Tom's grandfather have to do with it? Wasn't he already dead? Tom was the last living direct descendant of Salazar Slytherin.

Hadrian smirked ferally, "Nothing, absolutely fucking nothing, he'll never get it," and that he knew with one hundred percent certainty. Even if he did Death had told him that nothing would happen, he would never become the Master of Death he wasn't worth AND added to it, he wasn't of Peverell blood.

Part of Tom felt relieved that Dumbledore hadn't been stalking him from the get go, but he also knew even if he hadn't been from the start he was now. Everywhere he went Dumbledore always popped up in one way or another and also suspected him when absolutely anything went wrong. It made him wonder though if he hadn't immediately left Hogwarts and went abroad (and he had from
what Hadrian said) what would have happened? Dumbledore had defeated Gellert Grindelwald for the wand. The ring came next, he obviously realized it belonged to him, he icily wondered if he knew the invisibility cloak had been in the Potter family. He'd had it for ten years after James Potter was killed by his hand, and it was returned to Hadrian at Christmas his first year at Hogwarts. Why give it back? Had it even been the real invisibility cloak made by Deaths own shroud?

'Smart one you are,' Death said, and Tom jumped barely refraining from squeaking, trying in a vain effort to slam his mental shields up but couldn't, for some reason it wasn't working. Panic and fear tore through him, what the hell was happening? Someone was in his goddamned mind! 'How rude,' Death added as his attempts to throw him out. He was finding a lot more amusement out of it than he should.

'Calm down, haven't you figured it out yet? You are bonded to my Master after all,' Death said after a minute, his voice was unmistakably amused much to Tom's prickling anger.

'Hadrian…Death?' Hadrian hadn't told him he could communicate with Death! Nor that he would be able to.

'Now, now, don't be too hasty in blaming him, he had no idea you would be able to converse with me as well' Death chided the hot headed wizard.

The times he'd spaced out…each and every time…this was what it had been doing Tom realized, and what he was probably doing right now. He refused to let that happen, he couldn't be seen as weak in front of the others, then with a few words 'we'll talk later' the very disconcerting feeling of something vacating his mind and his mental barriers returning overcame him.

Hadrian was right, he had been after the damn hallows, even after sixty years. The others had been continuing their conversation while he was gone, and had no clue what they had spoken about. He did hear Avery's suggestion though.

"Can't you…you know, use your blackmail material to get him to back off?" Avery suggested grimly.

Hadrian snorted, "I'm not using it for something like this, no there's a time and a place for that's use but it isn't now," like just after Grindelwald was taken care of. "Plus he has no idea where I am, the Goblins won't give him the information…no matter what piece of paper he gets drafted up from the Ministry. You know as well as I do that the Goblins hate the Ministry and Dumbledore."

"He'll know through your trace," Abraxas informed him; "If your wards are more than adequate then they'll keep him out."

"Interesting, I had no idea that you could be traced through your damn wand, especially if you don't cast magic with it." Hadrian pondered on that.

"Well just a general location, two mile radius I think," Abraxas told him.

"And if he cannot get us through the trace?" Tom asked, his eyes glimmering in satisfaction.

"Locating charms?" Hadrian answered before the others could.

Tom hummed in agreement, that would be the logical next step and exactly what he'd been thinking.

"If these wards are ancient, and its location secure, then he shouldn't be able to find your location
using those spells, the only things that would get passed them are the spells that require blood or hair." Avery mused, "Either that or you'll have to jump from location to location every twenty-hour hours to stop him from getting near you."

"They might be ancient but they've not been upgraded for at least a century maybe more," Abraxas pointed out, "Wards, even as powerful as these, deteriorate if they aren't replenished."

"Do you even know where your warding hub is?" Thaddeus asked, "Every house is different, they choose whichever location they want it helps keep manors like this even more secure. The heirs never know where they are either, only when the Lord of the manor has passed will the new lord find out."

"Of course we did," Tom stated sharply, they weren't stupid, the first thing they'd done, alright maybe third or forth thing they'd done was to find the warding hub and make the manor more secure. Pouring their magic into it ensuring their home was safe.

"Good," Thaddeus said nodding, relaxing a little at that. "We can only hope the old fool doesn't find you."

"You both got rid of your traces didn't you?" Dolohov blurted out.

Twin nods was his answer.

"Dumbledore will figure it out if he can't find you, that might get you into trouble with the Ministry," Dolohov whispered wide eyed, "There's a sentencing to Azkaban if you're found out." it was illegal to remove the trace. It could be the opportunity Dumbledore was just waiting for.

"You forget they are legally adults now, technically it's within their rights to remove it," Abraxas pointed out, he knew the law better than anyone other than maybe Tom. "It's a technically that will work in their favour if Dumbledore even tries to think about bringing them in front of the Wizengamot."

"He knows we're both emancipated he won't try that," Hadrian shook his head, "He'd wait until he knew he has something that will stick, and then only do it after he's made sure there are no loopholes to work through."

"I'm sick of him," Thaddeus said bitterly, sick and tired of the looks he received from the old fool, the blind prejudice he exhibited without anyone giving a shit.

"Indeed," Tom said acidity, he wasn't just sick of Dumbledore he loathed him; he wouldn't help him if he lay dying at his feet. Although the image certainly gave him a great deal of amusement.

"He won't be around forever," Hadrian said determinedly, he would find a way to bring Dumbledore down as far as he possibly could. He wouldn't gain the power he had in his future, and he was hoping to actually prevent Dumbledore from becoming Headmaster of Hogwarts which meant he would need to do something that would see Dumbledore lose his position...it would have to be something sneaky and very, very cunning that even Dumbledore couldn't predict the outcome of.

"You're planning something?" Dolohov asked eagerly.

"Thinking of something," Hadrian corrected him thoughtfully. "Dumbledore's really smart though so it would have to be something very sudden and damaging."

"I hope we're there to see it," Avery said vindictively.
Hadrian just smirked with a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. If he had his way the whole world would see it, but only time will tell if he could succeed.

"Does Dumbledore visit the Ministry often during the summer?" Tom then demanded of Abraxas.

"I'm not sure, but I will ask my father and get back to you on that," Abraxas promised, as always eager to stay on Tom's good side especially after screwing up earlier. How was he to know that Hadrian was bloody possessive of his House-elves? Then again the way they were dressed probably should have reached his notice sooner. Not many had their House-elves dressed so neatly or cleanly. His own House-elves had nothing but old pillowcases on it had been the first thing his grandfather grabbed before taking them on supposedly.

"Very well," Tom answered, going quiet again after getting everything he felt was sufficient from his men. He and Hadrian definitely had to have a talk after the others left. He replaced his arm around Hadrian, content to just listen in without contributing. The conversation changed from Dumbledore, refusing to let him destroy the rest of their day. Despite not talking about him, Tom’s mind continued to dwell on him, what he could do and how he and Hadrian could possibly mess with the old man. Every now and again his mind reeled on the fact he'd had an albeit small conversation with Death! Did Death have a body? Or did he make up one every time he came to the mortal plane? Could he even do that? Or was he just an entity, an existence that would outlive them all?

Chapter End Notes

haha what did you think of Death tormenting poor shocked Tom :P :D I got a giggle out of writing that i must admit. anyway I think just one more chapter before they depart on the Hogwarts express :D so will Dumbledore find them or will he try to be extra sneaky and put spells on something of theirs in a bid to find out where they're staying or will he give the Auror's an 'anonymous' letter indicating they've got 'dark' artifacts and are up to something just to make their lives harder? so much to choose from can't have everything go their way especially with an opponent as old and sneaky as Dumbledore :D will they get the last laugh? Will Dumbledore even be a teacher by the time Hadrian and Tom are through with him? R&R please
Chapter 58

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lord Of Time

Chapter 58

The others didn't leave until ten o'clock in the evening, which was for most part the curfew their parents had set for them with the obvious exception being Abraxas who was old enough to do what he liked. They'd stayed for Lunch and Dinner; it hadn't escaped Hadrian's notice that they didn't even glance sideways at his House-elves. Good, it meant they could take a telling and learning - it might rub off on them with a little luck.

"I'm going to go and have a shower," Hadrian murmured tiredly, stretching out and leaving the living room, not noticing Tom's lack of reply. He had been quiet but that was nothing new where he was concerned. He only spoke when there was something worth talking about, at least to the others. Tom was a bit more open with him but that was about it.

Aiden was right about one thing though, he thought as he ambled up the stairs; it was great living on your own without anyone telling you what to do. That's not to say he wouldn't have given up everything to be raised by his parents as a child. Unfortunately it just wasn't meant to be, still living here was better than being at the orphanage or even in the Leaky Cauldron which admittedly was better than the other alternative. A different version of himself, one that would be completely different would grow up with his parents, at least that's how he assumed it would work.

For so long Hogwarts had been the only 'home' he'd truly known, the only place he'd loved, but he had been such a child. This home he'd made with Tom encompassed all that, even the feelings of belonging he'd had once upon a time for Hogwarts. It went to show just how lacking and unfulfilling his life had been that he'd come so quickly attached to this place. His thoughts continued as he entered his bedroom, wandering through to the bathroom, their room was neat and tidy, something he and Tom ensured, the House-elves didn't get in here. Both of them were neat and orderly, Tom due to his obsessive compulsive disorder (which he would deny of course) and his ingrained need for everything to be perfect.

Hadrian put the shower on with a little bit of Wandless magic then began to undress. Shoving his thoughts aside, he didn't want to think about the past or anything like that, it hadn't happened, and never would. He was going to create a whole new world, one the magical world can say it was proud of. Considering how popular his book was, even in Pureblood circles, there was a sense of renewed hope. He was curious to know what changes it would bring and whether the so called 'pureblood's' could stand the thought of letting their family lines become 'impure' as it were. It wouldn't be making them impure; it would be ensuring the survival of magic, and inevitably the family name.

Stepping into the shower, he sighed softly as the water washed over him, he was tired and he hadn't even done all that much today other than sitting around talking with his friends. There was nothing that needed done in the manor, everything had been bought already and had a place of pride in his new home and the money replenished in his vaults with all his various investments. His homework had been done, already packed away in his trunk; there was nothing he had to do other than just enjoy the rest of his summer holidays.
He would enjoy it while he could, he had a funny feeling Dumbledore would be on their ass a lot this year. Imagine trying to fucking interfere with their summer holidays it was unbelievable. Maybe he should speak to the Headmaster about it, he had no doubt Dippet had absolutely no idea that Dumbledore was going behind his back saying that he approved this or approved that. From the conversation he had with Dippet he had no doubt the wizard would be happy that he had somewhere safe and secure to stay away from the troubled Muggle world. Hell the wizard had told him blatantly to use magic if he ever felt that his life was in danger. He had looked apologetic when he told him that he just couldn't stay at Hogwarts. No doubt Dippet was used to having to turn people away and it obviously got to him. Hell Dippet had worked it so that Tom could actually stay during the summer before his last year, he cared.

He couldn't let Dumbledore become the Headmaster of Hogwarts; he just couldn't he thought as he scrubbed himself clean, the water washing it away just as quickly as it foamed up on his skin. Stepping back he lathed the shampoo into his hair, massaging it deep into his scalp he hadn't cut his hair once since appearing here, which meant it was getting long. Fortunately for him most men once they become the heir or the Lord stop cutting their hair so it wasn't something odd. Although Tom still did, his hair was always immaculate after he was done with it in the morning.

Stepping back under the hot spray, he rinsed out the shampoo before waving the shower off, grabbing his towel from outside the shower on a hook on the wall and wrapped it around himself. Glancing at Tom as he moved over to the drawers and removed something to wear for the night. "You alright?" he asked frowning at Tom, he was definitely acting out of sorts, usually you'd be hard pressed to get a book out of Tom's hand while he showered.

"Is there anything you've forgotten to tell me?" Tom asked, his head jerking up at the sound of Hadrian's voice. Despite the conversation, his black eyes couldn't help but gleam as he took in the sight of Hadrian bare before him, he was perfection at its greatest and nobody would convince him otherwise.

Hadrian's brow puckered as he stared at Tom strangely clad in only his boxer shorts, a t-shirt clased loosely in one hand a towel in the other. Which he used to dry himself some more before throwing in the laundry basket, it promptly disappeared downstairs for washing. "I don't think so," Hadrian said sounding amused, before his face was hidden from view as he put on his t-shirt. "Why?" he asked curiously, walking over to the bed and sliding in, joining Tom under the covers.

"Nothing?" Tom echoed wryly. "Nothing at all?"

Hadrian just stared at him, waiting for Tom to stop playing around and say what was on his mind. Although he was at a loss of what he could mean to be entirely truthful.

"Like when you space out intermittedly?" Tom prompted.

Harry burst out laughing, shaking so hard clutching his stomach as he realized what this was about, "He didn't!" he managed to choke out before he was lost in hilarity again. "Oh man! I wish I had heard that!" he chortled out, Tom's unimpressed look didn't bother him the slightest.

"Yes, hilarious, I would have liked some warning." Tom stated slightly irritated that he couldn't remain angry; Hadrian's infectious laugh was just that infectious.

Hadrian's laughter eventually trailed off as the hilarity he was experiencing trailed off, leaving only amusement in its wake. "I didn't think you'd be able to talk to him, I mean really Tom, despite everything I've told you…what would you have said to me if I told you I could talk to death and you hadn't heard him?"
That made Tom pause, quite frankly he didn't know how he would have reacted; he wasn't given that chance or opportunity. Perhaps it was a good thing for he wasn't sure he would have believed Harry's claim that he could converse with Death himself despite his real trust in him. "I do not know," he admitted slowly.

"Exactly," Harry said seriously, squeezing Tom's leg as he continued, trying to reassure him. "Honestly I am surprised you can talk to him, its unexpected, this is all new to me too, it isn't like I've gone somewhere else and bonded to someone before," Tom grasped a hold of his arm and squeezed back, not liking the thought of Harry being bonded to another. Harry was his and it would remain that way for all time.

"So Death is male then?" Tom teased, changing the subject completely, not desiring to dwell on even the thought of Harry with another even abstractly.

"Death's voice sounds male, so I unconsciously think of him as male, but he's not male or female, Death just is, an entity that's been around since before the dawn on man. He doesn't like to be cheated out of his souls, but can respect people if they get the better of him. And before you ask, no he didn't respect your other self, he mutilated his soul beyond anything he's ever seen, Death couldn't help him, he was beyond anyone's help, stuck in limbo for all time." and yes Tom and Voldemort were two completely different people now. Tom wasn't going to mutilate his own soul, he had no need he was immortal…he'd already accomplished most of what he wanted.

"So you've never actually seen it?" Tom queried curiously. Perhaps the tale of the three brothers was more accurate than he could have predicted, sure he believed the three items but considering what Harry just said he believed it all to be an exact account of what had gone down. "Death is always a voice?"

"So far," Harry admitted thoughtfully, "I'm pretty sure he could do whatever he wanted; he's very powerful, scary powerful actually. Nothing should be able to get through my mind shields but he can slice through them like they're butter, I pissed him off once and got a full blast of his power, his voice went almost demonic when I accused him of manipulating me, Merlin the feel of it, I've never felt anything like it." awe coated his voice.

"And was he?" Tom asked, irrationally jealous of Death for being able to awe Harry so thoroughly, and he would have been even more so if he didn't know that Harry loved him and felt nothing but a keen respect and a little awe for Death. Harry felt more for him and that enabled him to push passed the irrationality.

"Manipulating me you mean? No, he's made it clear it's my path to walk, what happens is on me, and I realised along the way that I didn't need to panic or worry about things since if it goes bad I can just come back and start all over again, at fifteen this time then getting emancipated straight away…although truthfully the thought of starting all over again is quite daunting, I've put a lot of work in correcting the damage idiocy and stupid inane belief's do to the magical world…I can only imagine how I would feel in a few years time if I had to do it." Harry explained, now propped up on his elbow watching Tom.

"What would happen to me if you ended up back in time again? Would I be different from my other self?" Tom questioned finding himself fascinated with the conversation they were having.

"I don't think so," Harry admitted, "But that's a question you'll have to ask Death, I think this will always be my body now no matter what time I end up in. As you know the only changes were the hair, and the more obvious characteristic Potter traits, it's a good thing I didn't want everyone thinking I was a bastard from the Potter line, it would have made it uncomfortable and well…I can imagine how everyone would have reacted. I don't know, it just doesn't seem likely, you'd probably
"Does he appear often?" Tom questioned, he was getting a lot of theories and nothing concrete, Harry was right though, they needed to know what would happen if such an occurrence did occur. "And does it always feel like a sledgehammer taken your head?"

Harry laughed a little at that, "Yes and yes, he'd always appeared if I've needed it, helped me get through the worst of appearing so suddenly nearly seventy years in the past even though he's so busy, especially during this time, with the war and all that, can you imagine the amount of poor souls he has to collect?"

Tom didn't like that thought, and would have rebelled at such conversation if he wasn't safe and secure in his own immortality.

"So are you happy that they all know we're bonded?" Harry teased, sensing that particular conversation had met its end, no doubt it would be raised again, perhaps after one of them had spoken to Death regarding the ins and outs of such a thing happening.

Tom's lips twitched smugly, "I thought I trained them better than that," he said, sniffing imperiously. "Took them long enough to notice."

"Oh, please, you growled at anyone that looked at me all year!" Harry said giving Tom a shove shaking his head. "Half the time they didn't even look at me when they were taking to me because of your moods! I'm actually surprised they didn't take longer to find out."

Tom didn't even have the grace to be abashed, "They wanted to take you to the Yule ball, I wasn't about to let that happen." he stated firmly. Harry was his, and nobody else was going to be given permission to take what was his to the school Yule.

"Possessive dictator that you are, of course you wouldn't," Harry said ruefully, "I bet it never once crossed your mind that I could and would have told them no right?" Tom wouldn't give them that chance though, but that was just who he was. Maybe down the line he'd calm somewhat but he couldn't see it, Tom was very, very greedy and ungenerous when it came to things that belonged to him. Harry did belong to Tom just as Tom belonged to him.

"Of course you would have," Tom stated, as if he'd let any thoughts of agreeing cross his mind let alone actually agreeing with someone.

Harry just hummed, he was too tired to talk overly much, it was bound to be about eleven o'clock, and he guessed doing some reading was out of the question. He was half way through the seventh year Ancient Runes book, as much as he hated Granger, she'd been right about one thing, Ancient Runes was a fascinating subject. He wanted to get it finished before they returned to Hogwarts; he didn't want to take anything with him other than the allotted books for this year, with Dumbledore watching them he wanted the old fool to underestimate them. Even if it meant getting one of the others to take books out of the library for him he would do it. Either that or break in after dark and copy them now that he knew how to do it. Or search for a really interesting one in the Room or Requirement. It would surprise nobody that they weren't even half way through the damn room, it was unknown just how long or wide it was it seemed endless. Tom had copied them all, and decided to keep the originals this year instead of selling them, giving the copies for the price you'd pay for it, not even a quarter of its original's value, since he no longer had to worry about money, he didn't care. He'd rather have the real thing. In fact they were now in the library, the more… darker ones hidden in a place that the Auror's would definitely not look for them.

The feeling of being dragged towards Tom brought him out of his thoughts, glancing up at those
gleaming black eyes filled with so much emotion that it literally took his breath away. He would never get used to seeing that look directed at him, for so long he'd always thought he'd be alone. "What were you just thinking about?" Tom asked curiously, sensing the feelings and wishing to know what they were associated with, he'd asked that quite often since this emotion wall they could sense from each other flared up.

"Oh, just about the Room of Requirement," Harry shrugged, "We'll need to go more often, we only have a few more years left of Hogwarts and that will be us. Unless... do you want to the Defence Against the Dark Arts instructor Tom?" his chin on Tom's chest, green eyes staring curiously, he still didn't know what Tom wanted to do here in this time.

"Partly," Tom replied thoughtfully, "As more of a... hobby, not my life aspirations," he had other things he wanted to do, and that required a lot of time in the ministry of magic.

"So you want to be the Minister?" Harry asked thoughtfully.

"Perhaps, but being the chief warlock of the Wizengamot would be a higher position of power and I'd be able to do a lot more," Tom admitted.

"You can be both right?" Harry questioned, trying to think of the laws, Dumbledore had been chief warlock in his time and the Headmaster to a prestigious boarding school, so it wasn't a one job thing.

"That I am not sure about, I would need to read the laws and legislations and I haven't gotten that far yet," Tom replied, he hated not knowing, there was a section of books in the library about the laws and legislations, in total around fifty books, he was barely through half of them.

"Takes years to get through them, Aiden and the others began reading those books when they were kids, a year or so before Hogwarts." Harry conceded, and even they weren't through them all. "Abraxas might know." if anyone had read the load of them it was him.

"If anyone does it is him," Tom nodded confirming it was a good bet. "What about you?" was then asked, as he carded his hand through Harry's hair absently.

"I don't know." Harry admitted sounding slightly lost, "I'm good at teaching people things. I don't want to be an Auror, I think that's more out of spite though. I quite like writing, it's fun; I enjoyed both the theory for class then actually turning it into a book."

"Then perhaps you should do that," Tom suggested, "There's nothing more important than educating the next generation, and your books could help with that depending on the subject."

"It would be different ones I think," Harry said, "But if anyone can write books on more subjects and create new magic it's you."

"Well, we have a few more years of Hogwarts before we have to decide anything," Tom stated, "There's no need to worry about it." Harry's hair was already dry, it never took long.

"True," Harry mused thoughtfully. Perhaps he should even make the Wolfsbane potion available to the werewolves of this time, stop the prejudice from getting bad like it had been in his time.
Would you all like to see a young Fenrir Greyback in the story? Newly turned and being shunned or will he be almost feral with the lack of human interaction well on his way to becoming the 'monster' in Harry's future? Will Harry take him in and protect him give him 'parents' who wouldn't abandon him? Will he create a different version of the wolfsbane not wanting to 'poison' Fenrir in a bid to let him keep his mind during the change? Help him become an animagus? What would you like to see Harry become in this story aside from involved in politics since he has to do something else...Wandless classes at Hogwarts? writing books? taking care of 'strays' and maybe also writing? R&R please
Chapter 59

Thaddeus Nott and Aiden Avery checked each compartment as they boarded the train, giving a nod to those who were in Slytherin and a sneer of derision to those in Gryffindor and to a lesser extent the Hufflepuffs. Opening a closed door, Thaddeus peered inside giving a small grin to the Black's every single one of them was in the compartment filling it completely. Alphard, Cygnus, Orion, Dorea, Walburga, and of course, Lucretia.

"Good holiday?" Dorea enquired politely, she couldn't wait to get back to Hogwarts, she wanted to see Charles again, she hadn't been able to see him all summer, and to make matters worse her parents wanted her to make a decision on the few candidates they'd picked as her husband. Although thanks to Hadrian's book a few had been removed, including her cousins, whom she emphatically did not wish to marry.

"Better than most," Thaddeus admitted, only due to the fact he could escape to Hadrian and Tom's, all his other friends had parents who were hosting parties every other day, making sure they didn't overlap with the other parties too. "I'll see you all at Hogwarts." he added before withdrawing after they all gave their own goodbyes.

"They might be late again," Aiden suggested as they once more began to lug their luggage behind them, looking into the compartments.

"Alright, that's it, I'll wait here with the trunks, you go ahead and check the compartments for Tom and Hadrian," Thaddeus grumbled righting his trunk with a little more force than necessary. "I'll stay at this empty one just in case."

"There's no need," Tom stated through a honeyed voice from behind both boys causing them to jump as though they had just been electrocuted.

Hadrian laughed as the boys whirled around, half relieved half startled. "Come on, let's get sitting down, we're holding up the line," sliding past Tom and into the compartment, their trunks were shrunk and upon their persons, they had no need to trail it behind them when they could use magic at home to make the journey a little easier.

"You do know the second you're on the train you can use your magic?" Hadrian informed them as he spelled both their trunks onto the racks above their head. Tom sat down next to him, claiming the window seat as he always did.

"Here, Abraxas wanted me to give you this," Thaddeus informed him, sliding the letter from his pristine cloak pocket and handing it over, the Malfoy seal was unbroken and the thick expensive paper unwrinkled.

"And why did he not send it via owl?" Tom demanded reaching over and accepting the letter placing it in his lap but not yet opening it.

"I don't know, Abraxas was with his father, doing business with my parents," Thaddeus, "He told
me to give it to you when we got on the train." he was very curious but he knew better than to ask.

"Did you read the newspaper today?" Aiden asked a frown on his face.

"Yes," Harry replied grimly, "Sixty-nine people died in America, twenty-two are confirmed to be witches and wizards, the body count is still being tallied, they suspect it will be more by the time they're finished shifting through the debris," it wasn't the end of it either, worse was still to come. He didn't feel guilty, he was only one person, he couldn't save everyone, and he also had no idea what Grindelwald was doing or where he was. He only knew where he had been defeated, and other general instances, like Germany where he found his Elder wand years ago.

"They suspect Grindelwald is behind it, which means he's in America," Thaddeus added to the conversation, "MACUSA wouldn't have put it in print if they weren't sure." Magical congress of the United States of America, they were really good, excellent fighters. Most people just called them the American Ministry, MACUSA was a mouthful.

"Mmm, if he is he'll be there a while," Hadrian commented, "Having the American Ministry after you...not a place I would want to be, they're relentless," they had more numbers than the Brits do. He had to say he was surprised they hadn't sneered or been smug about that fact, there weren't many in ways of pureblood's they tended to add non-magical blood constantly, which should be making Thaddeus and Aiden look down on them...had his book had that much of an impression? If that was the case then writing that book had been the best thing he'd ever done.

"So are our Auror's," Aiden insisted proudly, he felt as if they were superior to the Americans, and why not? They had moved their government dozens of times, had problems containing the Muggles and worse let their own people be burnt at the stake.

"This generation maybe," Hadrian whispered under his breath, only Tom heard him but gave no indication that he had. The door opened just as the train began to lurch to life, getting ready to take off. Dolohov and Rabastian entered the compartment helping each other with their trunks. "I didn't imply otherwise, but we could learn a few lessons from their school and the way they do things,"

"Like what?" Thaddeus queried in genuine curiosity, his suggestions were always well thought out and when argued...those arguing lost. The train made them lurch again as it began to move gaining speed quickly before the parents waving like lunatics faded into the blackened tunnel.

"We have two tiny purely magical areas, one that has rotten homes and flats that are being held together by magic, the other only area has a dozen cottages if we're lucky, for all of our people...and I do not mean our homes, not everyone can afford and maintain a manor, they have to move to the Muggle world, and thus risk the exposure of magic more. We need to make life easier for all magical people, that includes homes that are liveable and plenty." Hadrian said shrugging indifferently, he didn't care if they didn't listen he already had plans up his sleeve. He would be able to help make the magical world thrive through knowing how things would play out by betting, by the interest alone on his accounts, his investments, and last but no means least the items they found in the Room of Requirements.

"So what? You plan to change everything in the magical world? Our traditions, the way we live...what next?" Dolohov frowned; he didn't like it at all.

Hadrian's green eyes gleamed at Dolohov, his face impassive hiding the amusement he felt at Dolohov squirming at the look on his face. Although truly if he had looked, Hadrian would have realized it was the stormy look on Tom's face that terrified him but Hadrian's look wasn't any means weak, but they all knew Tom wouldn't refrain from torturing someone. While Hadrian had tortured someone, it had been deserving, in their opinion you really needed to piss Hadrian off a
hell of a lot to get a real powerful reaction from him. "Tell me, Dolohov, what's so damn brilliant about the magical world as it is?"

Dolohov didn't answer; he opened his book and disappeared behind it a visible shudder running through his thin frame.

"I don't get why you think the magical world is stagnant though, we're creating new potions and spells every day, new books are being brought out," Aiden pointed out, mercifully taking the heat from Dolohov, although he wasn't doing it to protect the idiot but rather out of genuine curiosity.

"I can see your point," Hadrian said slowly, of course, they wouldn't understand, they didn't know what the magical world was going to be like in sixty years time. He had a point, they were doing really well at the moment, it declines the moment Dumbledore becomes Headmaster and just deteriorates further. "I guess I can just see ways that it can improve and prosper, I don't want to settle for anything less than what we can and will call a proud nation of magical users. Plus can you imagine what would happen to Hogwarts and the magical world on a whole if Dumbledore became Headmaster?" he didn't need to imagine it he'd lived through it.

"I don't want to," Aiden grimaced, thankfully he wouldn't be at Hogwarts during that time, he only had a few more years to go then he'd be out of Hogwarts and he wouldn't need to endure the old fool any further.

The others couldn't help but agree with nods of their own. Even though they really didn't understand why Hadrian even cared so much that he wanted to do everything he suggested over the past few years.

Hadrian leaned back, finding Tom reading the letter from Abraxas, he wondered if Tom would be able to become Minister and the Chief warlock of the Wizengamot. He knew Tom had written to Abraxas yesterday after they'd gotten back from shopping for their school supplies. They'd decided to wait until the last second, since Dumbledore would expect them to get their things as soon as the letter came just like most students did. During that trip Hadrian had bought three six compartmentalized trucks, it would mean less digging through the Room of Requirement and hopefully aid them in getting the room cleared out quicker.

It seems that the more Tom thought on it the greater his desire to become the Minister became. He wasn't sure if Tom had that desire before, he knew he'd gone down the political scene and been denied each and every attempt he made at making things better. Things were going to be different; obviously, Tom wasn't going to open the chamber and unleash the basilisk on an unsuspecting Myrtle and create his first Horcrux.

Hadrian leaned against Tom, unable to help himself with the thoughts circling his mind, yes Tom would be different and Hadrian was so looking forward to seeing what changes occurred due to it. "Did you get your answer?" he asked, making no attempt to read he letter.

"I did," Tom replied his tone revealing nothing.

"Good news?" Hadrian then asked, yawning tiredly behind his hand.

"Yes," Tom confirmed, it hadn't happened in a very long time, but one could be the Chief warlock of the Wizengamot as well as the Minister for Magic. There was no law or stipulation indicating that it was forbidden, which was good news.

"Oh, guys, thanks for the gifts." Hadrian blurted, sitting up straighter; he couldn't believe he'd forgotten to say something sooner.
"You already did," Thaddeus said wryly, they and their parents had already received the thank you cards, his parents had oo'ed and ahh'ed over how expensive the paper was as if they'd never seen anything like it before. Bemoaning the fact that the Peverell and Slytherin Lords had gracefully declined the party invitations they'd sent out during the later part of the summer holidays. "My parents were deeply devastated that you couldn't make it to the party," he added, still amused.

"I bet they felt better when we did not attend any party from which he received an invite," Hadrian said, green eyes glimmering in amusement. He didn't think he'd ever truly understand the pureblood's and their ways, or rather he understood why they did it he just didn't understand their genuine desire to do it.

"I'm surprised you didn't attend," Lestrange admitted, speaking for the first time, seeing that Tom was obviously in a good mood. "The parties would have been the perfect way to make allies outside of Hogwarts. To make them start taking you seriously so when you do make your move you have plenty of people on your side."

"There's a time and a place for everything," Hadrian said shaking his head, "As 'mature' as we would seem, we will still be 'children' in their eyes, no, the time to strike is definitely at least a year or so away." attending the parties just before he…no they took down Grindelwald, to see who saw their potential before they did something big, those are the people they would be better of relying on since they'd have good sense. It was something he and Tom had discussed in great length, Tom had wanted to attend those parties and build up his network, and thankfully though Tom had listened to him and agreed. It helped that Harry just didn't want to attend any parties or become tied up in the political scene, even though he knew he would have to one day…he just wanted one summer just both of them without plots and plans getting in the way.

"After you've at least taken your owls and can be seen as qualified wizards," Lestrange conceded nodding thoughtfully, it was a smart move. He said qualified since you can leave Hogwarts qualified to use magic, they were already emancipated so they didn't need to wait impatiently until they were seventeen to be considered adults.

"Anything of the trolley?" they heard a young sounding voice ask at least one compartment down, Hadrian had learned she was a squib much like Filch in his time and spent her entire life working as the trolley lady, as Filch worked as a cleaner. Her voice was younger but it was definitely the same woman, he'd always thought she was a witch back in his own time, but like many things he'd thought it had turned out wrong.

Hadrian began rummaging in his pocket for the pouch of coins he had set aside for this, after getting their supplies. He'd always gotten something from the cart he wasn't about to stop that tradition any time soon.

The others had done the same thing, all eager to have something to eat and to pass the time.

Ten minutes later they were all sitting with a small mountain of sweets beside them, Tom included, despite the fact he had insisted he didn't want anything; Hadrian knew his favourites and had left them there in case he changed his mind. Which of course, he had, when five minutes later he did slowly begin to eat his cauldron cake as he immersed himself in a Defence book.

Lestrange and Thaddeus began talking quietly amongst themselves, and Dolohov and Avery both just began to read, Hadrian decided to follow suit, plus it meant he'd actually get to finish his Ancient Runes book, which he'd been reading at night times, and still hadn't finished it. He barely got a chance to read a page or two if he was lucky! Tom was just completely insatiable.
The train kept its steady pace for the rest of the journey, the daylight faded into darkness and before long they had arrived at the school. It took a further half hour to get from the Hogsmeade train station to the castle itself, the feeling of being welcomed by the school was never unappreciated by either Tom or Harry, since this place had been home to them for years, now it was a second home, for they had a beautiful manor with privacy and nothing not even Hogwarts could beat that.

"Finally," Rabastian murmured as he gratefully sat down on the bench, hating that they'd have a further wait before they could actually eat.

"Dumbledore's watching both of you," Aiden said, his tone irritate.

Hadrian snorted, "I'm not surprised," he shrugged, he was used to it, when he was 'Harry Potter' Dumbledore had done the same thing, he had kept a very close eye on him, at the time he had been happy someone cared enough. How utterly foolish he'd been, he did wonder briefly if the Slytherin's in his time had known just what Dumbledore was doing to him and had found him pathetic. He knew he would have, but he'd been so desperate for love and approval he hadn't looked as hard or as much as he should have.

"Do you think I should do what I suggested?" Hadrian leaned in and whispered to Tom.

"Dippet?" Tom questioned, desiring confirmation before he agreed or disagreed.

Hadrian nodded once.

Tom's lips twitched, "I want to see the memory afterward," Tom demanded, and he wasn't going to give up on that desire, he was in awe of just how ruthless Hadrian could be. The way Hadrian was going to do it would see that Dumbledore was closely monitored for a long time to come.

"That's not the memory that would be worth anything, it's what happened afterward that will be," Hadrian said sinisterly.

Tom chuckled reluctantly agreeing with a nod.

"Oh, boy," Aiden murmured, cringing in remembrance to what happened to him when Hadrian was feeling vindictive. He'd brought it on himself, but it didn't make it any less painful. As if he needed another reminder never to piss him off. "Who's going to be suffering soon?" wondering if he'd even get a reply.

"You'll see," Tom said, dark eyes penetrating, they weren't going to discuss it where the Headmaster and the old fool in question were sitting nearby.

Lestrange and Dolohov glanced at each other, anticipation rising within them. Something was going to happen, and it was obviously going to happen soon.

The question was what…

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry you've all waited so long for a chapter of this story to be posted, but I'm at the in-between bit of my story, I know where I want to go but it's getting there that's the problem, in other words, awful filler chapters until we get to the action again. Now
I'm thinking of skipping ahead to the new year with Tom/Harry togetherness with a few flashbacks on what Harry means by 'Dippet' in this chapter then a few more perhaps with the seasons over the school year since nothing of great importance happens here :D R&R please
"Thank you, Professor," Hadrian said, flashing Professor Slughorn a smile of gratitude, as the gargoyle began to move once he said the password for him to get up to the Headmaster’s office. Exuding worry and anxiousness, as if he didn’t really want to do what he was about to, but feeling the need to do so nonetheless.

“I could accompany you if you wish, Mr. Peverell?” Slughorn asked, concerned by the emotions he could see coming from his student. Normally he was very well composed, after assimilating to school life and getting over the trauma that brought him here in the first place. He was quite a natural Slytherin, the hat had been quite right in placing him with the rest of his house. Normally his students didn’t show much in the way of emotion which told Slughorn just how bad it may be.

“That’s okay, professor, I know you’ll have to get the class set up for today, I’ll be fine,” Hadrian said, visibly straightening up and putting a blank mask on his face giving Slughorn the impression he wanted to be seen as grown up. Giving him a nod, Hadrian began to ascend the stairs, it had surprised him how quickly he’d gotten a meeting with the Headmaster.

Knocking firmly three times on the door, he waited patiently for the elderly Headmaster - elderly he may be but powerful nonetheless - he didn’t have to wait long before a firm voice beckoned him to enter. Twisting the knob Hadrian stepped into the Headmaster’s office, once again caught off guard by just how different it was from what he had always known it as. Practically a replica of Gryffindor common room with a lot of expensive trinkets taking up all available space.

“Ah, Hadrian, it’s good to see you,” Dippet said, observing the teenager with pride. He had made the right call by allowing the child to attend Hogwarts. Not only was he astonishingly bright and top of his classes he had brought Tom out of his self imposed isolation. The young child seemed to always have his head buried in his books, never showing much in the way of emotion even if he was impeccably dressed and very polite. With Hadrian he was actually living his life not just reading from books, he knew both of them were going to be great one day, perhaps even taking great positions within the Ministry of magic. Definitely students to be proud of, it was just a shame that neither had guardians they could rely on.

“Hello, Headmaster,” Hadrian said with a genuine grin on his face, he really liked Dippet, after Dumbledore it was a surprise he could like anyone in a position of power. “Thank you so much for agreeing to see me, especially so soon, I know you’re busy but I don’t have anyone else to go to.” he admitted his brow furrowing and his grin fading into a grim line.

Dippet sat up straighter in his chair, “Sit down, Hadrian, and tell me in your own time.” he told the child, “I am however, a little surprised, Professor Slughorn has always given the impression of being rather discrete and reliable.”

“I would have went to him,” Hadrian agreed his eyes shadowed, “But he knows the person I’m worried about…and I’m afraid he might not believe me…or that you might not either.” swallowing thickly, having to stifle his amusement and guilt at the look of worry that was now appearing on Dippet’s face. This was too important to screw up, he had to shine a negative light on Dumbledore now, before he got anywhere near the Headmastership then it would be next to impossible to get him removed from his position, he knew because there had been many attempts over the last six
decades.

If Horace knew the person then the likelihood of him knowing too was extremely evident in his speech, he was not going to like what he heard at all. He braced himself as all sorts of thoughts flooded his mind, had a teacher hit him? It was something he’d abolished upon becoming the Headmaster of Hogwarts so it was considered forbidden. He didn’t believe negative punishments helped students learn, they needed a positive environment. Was he being bullied? Threatened? Each and every thought seemed more ludicrous than the last. He remained silent to give Hadrian time to explain, trying to get it out before he was ready would mean things get muddled up. He would rather have a clear concise understanding.

Hadrian bit his lip before breathing out, “Do you think I’m going to join Grindelwald?” he blurted out, allowing some hurt to bleed into his eyes as he stared at the Headmaster. Oh, he knew Dippet had nothing to do with what Dumbledore was doing but he had to make it seem like he did. At least he thought so but it certainly wouldn’t be the first time he’d been proven wrong.

“I beg your pardon?” Dippet asked perplexed, wondering where on earth he’d get such an idea from. He would never accuse any of his students of such a thing without explicit proof.

“Abraxas is friends with Tom and he’s learning under his father to take over the position in the Wizengamot and how to look after his estate,” Hadrian informed the Headmaster, who nodded, quite common for the first born male heirs to end up in such a position. “He was at the Ministry when he heard Professor Dumbledore and the Minister talking about gaining custody of emancipated teenagers, that they were vulnerable to Grindelwald, he said you it was a priority for you too, but you were busy here. Me and Tom are the only emancipated teenagers at Hogwarts, right now…is that why Professor Dumbledore doesn’t like me?”

This was definitely news to him, Dippet thought, he definitely had not agreed with anything with Albus regarding emancipated teenagers. “Why would you think Professor Dumbledore doesn’t like you?” he asked, trying to confirm if there was something much more sinister at work or if it was just insecurity on Hadrian’s part. He didn’t think Albus had done anything wrong but he would rather be thorough and nip the problem in the bud.

“My first week at Hogwarts….professor Dumbledore gave me an entire years worth of homework to complete in a fortnight…I didn’t think anything off it, I thought it was normal, but Professor Slughorn was so angry and none of the other teachers did it.” Hadrian explained in a rush, flushing red in shame, “The detentions I received they were unfair, others do the same thing…but it was me who he picked on. I… during one of the first detentions he asked me about wanting to help me with my family tree, persistently despite the fact I said I didn’t need help. The second detention he…he brought Healer Chang to the Transfiguration classroom and told her he thought I was under the influence of a controlling charm…he never outright said anything but…I’m sure he thought it was Tom…and he keeps watching me all the time I mean ask my friends, I promise I’m not making this up! The way he stares makes me really uncomfortable…I can give you the memories if you need them…I shouldn’t have said anything should I have?” he was muttering mostly to himself now, anxiety wafting off him.

“Hadrian, calm down,” Dippet instructed coming out from behind his desk, tapping his wand to his desk a platter appeared, and Dippet handed over one cup of tea to the child, hoping giving him something to do would prevent any panic attacks. “Drink this slowly, take deep breaths,” whether he believed it or not he had to get the Auror’s in to investigate. Right now he was on the fence; he wasn’t going to accuse either of lying.

It wasn’t even ten minutes later that two familiar Auror’s stepped through the Floo network, both
of them were surprised by the changes that Hadrian had undergone. The last time they had seen the teenager, two years ago, he had been extremely short, thin, and malnourished, he definitely had come into his own.

“How can we help you, Headmaster Dippet?” Prewitt asked professionally, both of them standing at attention.

“Mr. Peverell has come to me with some serious concerns regarding one of my professors, Albus Dumbledore…it seems he’s been displaying an inappropriate amount of attention to him.” Dippet informed them grimly, straightening up a look of concern on his face, what if he had been trusting someone…depreciable with his students? The thought made him feel sick quite frankly.

Moody shifted, glancing at Prewitt not liking the implication at all, “He asked me about Hadrian’s case and family back when I was first investigating it.” it was obviously closed now, both bodies had been brought back after cremation and been released per Hadrian’s request that he didn’t want to see it as a constant reminder of what happened to him. He had not blamed him the slightest, who would want to keep the ashes of those who had abused him? Normally they didn’t cremate wizards and witches; they were usually buried but with the war and bringing them back it were easier to do so being cremated.

“You mentioned it,” Prewitt confirmed, he also knew that the messages were recorded and would be called up as proof during their new investigation. This wasn’t what they had wanted in face of boredom when they weren’t called out all day. In fact Aaron had been annoyed at being called so close to their home time.

“Has he ever touched you?” Aaron asked, he didn’t want to ask that, it was disgusting, he’d been taught by Dumbledore himself, and even he knew the man played favourites.

Hadrian’s eyes widened, stomach rebelling, “T-touch?” he squeaked out, shivering in revulsion as if the thought had never crossed his mind. He began to shake his head vehemently, causing all to relax. “He…he didn’t want to touch me did he?” bewildered.

“We will find out,” Prewitt said, it could be anything, hell Dumbledore could have been grooming him for all they knew. He kept emotion firmly away from him during cases where it came to people he knew. Whether he liked Dumbledore or not an allegation had been made and he’d made a vow when he became an Auror to investigate all crimes to his best abilities - nothing official - but the promise he made was no less important to him.

“Would you be willing to give us the memories of those…impropriate times?” Aaron enquired, busy writing everything down but made sure to look at Hadrian seriously, teenager or not, he was there to help and wanted the boy to know it.

“Yes,” Hadrian agreed softly, removing his wand readying it for what was to come.

“You bring the vials?” Aaron then asked his partner, they always had a few of them on their person for the memories. It was going to be a long, long case. They would need to speak to quite a few of the students, which would require the parents consent and presence here at Hogwarts or the Ministry. Admittedly Hogwarts would be much easier getting the truth from the students without fear that they were in trouble themselves. Then if they had a case they would need to arrest Dumbledore and begin investigating and setting up a court date for him.

“Yes,” Prewitt muttered, digging into his bag until his arm disappeared almost fully into it, before too long he pulled out six vials in a crate.
“You know how to extract memories, Mr. Peverell?” Aaron asked, glancing briefly at the wand in his hand.

“I do,” Hadrian replied, “I love to read.”

“Very well, extract all the memories you have,” Aaron stated, kneeling down accepting the uncorked vial from his partner, he was already writing on a piece of paper hastily but ensuring it was readable.

Hadrian slowly extracted each memory, allowing Aaron to guide his hand to deposit the memory into the vial. Which was promptly sealed with his magic, then passed up to Prewitt, he looked a lot like Fred and George. He wondered briefly if he was the one who fathered Molly, Fabian and Gideon Prewitt or if it was another Prewitt out there.

They needed more than just the one crate, seven vials in total, all sealed with their magic and tagged with permanent sticking charm. Nobody other than both of them would be able to view the memories, keeping them secure; once the case was complete the memories would be returned to Hadrian Peverell since they couldn’t keep the actual memories.

Even with the memories Hadrian had to recount the experiences with his own words, explain how he felt regarding them. Hadrian also gave the names of people who he knew would be able to say Dumbledore constantly stared at him. It took them well past midnight to get everything they required and be satisfied enough that they’d done all they could. Only then did Dippet request that Hadrian be allowed to get some sleep, to return to his dorm.

Which Hadrian had gratefully done.

“What does this mean for Albus right now? What do I do?” Armando asked the two Aurors quite frankly freaked out over everything he’d heard that night.

“He cannot work with children until this has been cleared up,” Moody informed Dippet grimly. “I suggest you suspend him with or without pay it’s entirely up to yourself. If he’s found guilty then he will need to be fired, if he’s not guilty well it’s entirely within your rights to re-hire him back to full time employment. Either way he will probably be in the Ministry first thing tomorrow for questioning.”

Dippet sighed tiredly, nodding resignedly, yes he had suspected as much, which meant he needed to find a new Transfiguration teacher very quickly. He had a few good friends who he trusted to take over for however brief a time they could it would help him greatly while he found a long term substitute teacher, he knew how long it would take for such a case to be cleared up months. “Thank you for coming so quickly, gentlemen, please feel free to use the Floo.” it was a long trek otherwise to get back to the Ministry.

The Aurors said their own goodbyes and promptly left.

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“What the hell….” Lestrange muttered blearily opening his eyes at the constant buzzing coming from the common room…it was the owl chute…it only began making a noise when it was full. It had only ever happened a few times, mostly on big birthdays. Groaning in annoyance when it became obvious that nobody was going to answer it. Then just like that it shut off, sighing in relief, he turned around and burrowed back into his warm bed.

Another despairing groan left more than just his lips when the door was thumped on three times before someone came in.
“Lestrange, Tom, Nott, Avery…you’ve got mail and it’s marked urgent from the Ministry of magic,” the mail was tossed onto their trunks before the Head boy Orion Black was gone again.

“The what?” Avery called out; scrambling out of his bed, by now everyone had opened the curtains on their beds and summoned the letter causing Avery to roll his eyes for not doing the same. “Why the hell would we get mail from the Ministry?” his voice rising with worry even though he’d deny it until his dying breath.

They all heard Hadrian suddenly laugh, there was a menacing undertone to it, “Don’t worry you’re just being called as a witness of sorts.” chuckling darkly.

“Witnesses?” Avery, Nott and Lestrange glanced at one another before ripping open their letter wondering if it had something to do with what Tom and Hadrian had been talking about at the welcoming feast.

“It doesn’t say anything,” Aiden insisted scowling at the useless letter, literally gave them no idea what was going on. Just that they were to go to Headmaster Dippet’s office at nine o’clock, he was anyway, and that his mother would be there.

“He’s right, Hadrian what is this about?” Thaddeus questioned, not even blinking at the sight of Tom and Hadrian lying together, it was a common occurrence but one that was yet to get comfortable. Just because they were used to it, it didn’t mean they were comfortable, and not because they were both men, but rather the fact it was Tom and Hadrian.

Hadrian glanced at Tom before replying with, “You’ll see.” their eyes gleaming viciously.

Avery swallowed, yes; someone was going to be in a word of hurt soon. He didn’t even spare them an ounce of pity.

“Mine says eight thirty,” Lestrange muttered, reluctantly crawling out of his bed, he needed to shower and get dressed, if he was anything less than impeccably dressed he’d never hear the end of it from his parents.

“Mine is nine,” Aiden mused, “So half an hour then,” what on earth had Hadrian done? What were they getting involved in? It must have something to do with Dumbledore he was almost one hundred percent on that front.

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Two Days Later

Albus Dumbledore, Deputy Headmaster and Transfiguration Professor sat down to begin eating his breakfast feeling utterly perplexed. There was something going on in Hogwarts, but for the life of him he didn’t know what. There were Auror’s talking to many of the students in the past two days, but when he asked Armando and the Aurors individually, they had told him it was ‘need to know’ and it went without saying that they believed he didn’t need to know. He hated being in the dark, but Armando was vehemently against telling him anything. He had tried to listen in on them and the Aurors with the students to try and figure it out but they must have been looking for eavesdropping charms since it had cut off before he could hear a thing.

He had just finished filling his plate with a full English breakfast (slightly late to breakfast all the students were already seated and eating) when the doors of the Great Hall opened, emitting the red clad Aurors, he like everyone else watched them curiously. Had they completed their investigation into whatever it was they were investigating? Who was it they were investigating? Hopefully
today would be the day he got his answers. Yet as they advanced, completely bypassing the students it dawned on him…a teacher? This surprised him, but as he gazed at them a sinking feeling went through him, it couldn’t be…swallowing thickly when they stood at his chair, and he craned his neck to see them more clearly.

“Albus Dumbledore you are under arrest, you do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something you may rely on in court. Anything you do say will be given in evidence.” Aaron Moody stated sharply, remaining professional, his wand already out, he summoned the wizard’s wand preventing any would be escapes.

“I beg your pardon?” Albus exclaimed, calmly standing up, nothing gave away his sheer panic. “Just what exactly am I being charged with?” making no effort to hide just how baffled he was by what was going on. Glancing at Armando betrayal written across his face, he knew, he had known there was some sort of case against him and he believed it? He had been a good teacher for years, how could anyone think he could break the law?

“You want the students to know the list of your crimes?” Prewitt asked hiding his incredulity. Binding Dumbledore’s hands together in front of him, whether they were running or not they had to be subdued, it was textbook.

Albus paused, reluctantly conceding the point, feeling very much exposed, he wasn’t in control here and he didn’t like it. He knew it was in his best interests to cooperate or it was just another crime added to the others, and it was others Prewitt said ‘crimes’ not ‘crime’ which was concerning. “Very well,” he murmured quietly, wishing he could disappear. Instead he stood up straighter; refusing to show weakness, he had to find out what he was being accused of quickly.

With that the two Auror’s escorted Albus Dumbledore from the Great Hall, amidst the students all whispering frantically with each other, the most common question the Auror’s could decipher was definitely ‘I wonder what he did’ from all houses.

“It’s a good question,” Aiden murmured, his eyes twinkling in delight, barely able to conceal his glee, anyone that knew him would know just how amusing he was finding this entire thing. On the outside though it looked as if he was just as curious as everyone else. “Do you know he’s being accused of?” he asked Hadrian, turning to face him.

“Actually I don’t,” Hadrian admitted after swallowing the piece of bacon he had been munching just seconds prior. “We won’t know unless Abraxas tells Tom or the papers reveal it, they do have their resources.” and from what he read they were much more professional than Skeeter was known to be. In other words they made sure they actually told the truth. Nobody in the newspaper knew he was their boss, in fact nobody outside of his goblin knew he owed over half the newspaper and they were still trying to buy out the other half. If he had anything to say about it there would be no Skeeter or anyone like her.

Aiden groaned in dismay, hopefully Abraxas would get in touch soon then, which he probably would as soon as word got around the Ministry. He was dying to know what sort of crimes he was being charged with, the questions he’d been asked didn’t really give much away in terms of understanding what exactly he was being charged with. “How can you be so calm?” he grouched, they didn’t look like they were happy with the outcome, in fact they were giving nothing away.

Hadrian pursed his lips as he glanced at Avery, “Dumbledore is extremely…convincing, he might be back at Hogwarts before we know it, it just depends on whether he can worm himself out of the trouble he’s in.” he spoke truthfully, “So until his trial is over with…I’m not about to get my hopes up.”
“You really think he’ll get away with it?” Lestrange asked incensed by the very idea.

“He could, that’s all I’m saying. Don’t underestimate his ability to weave a good tale,” Hadrian added, wiping his mouth with his napkin. Putting it on his empty plate, he picked up his bag ready to go to his first class for the day.

The Ministry of Magic - Auror Department

“I’ll put him in interview room one,” Prewitt said to his partner who nodded, and quickly made his way to their office, which they shared with dozens of other Auror’s it was a communal room. Prewitt continued on to the interview room, which he found empty, he led Dumbledore by the arm and sat him down on the chair taking a seat of his own, spelling the room to record everything that was said.

“Interviewing suspect Albus Dumbledore, present in the room Auror Prewitt and just entering Auror Moody,” Prewitt added as his partner came in with every scrap of evidence they had. Both the memories and of course the interviews they’d conducted with the students and teachers which had been written down. “For the purpose of the interview please state your name.” he added to Dumbledore.

“Albus Dumbledore,” he said, a mask of concern on his face hiding his brewing fury. “What is it that I am being charged with?” he asked observing them over his half-moon glasses with disappointment. They had been his students; they should know he would never break the law.

“To begin with, wilful child endangerment,” Prewitt said, reading the paperwork. They had spoken to many students and teachers, and they had been shocked to hear that Dumbledore had taken Hadrian Peverell to Hogwarts instead of St. Mungo’s, according to the healer Dumbledore had ignored her concern and forced her to get aid from a healer from St. Mungo’s and it had taken both of them a month to heal him. He could have died; the healers should have been called to the scene. “Exploitation of a Minor, fraudulent statements to the Ministry, stalking, dereliction of duty, attempted line theft, false accusations of a minor and harassment.” he had tried to exploit Hadrian, he had falsely accused Tom Riddle of controlling spells on Hadrian, fraudulent statements to the Ministry, lying in an attempt to gain custody of Hadrian and they suspected Tom Riddle as well. He had been stalking both of them, he had been abusing his position as a teacher, and trying to gain control them with his unhealthy obsession on Hadrian being a Peverell spoke volumes. Harassment by giving him detentions he definitely didn’t deserve only to speak to him pertaining matters he had no rights to even broach.

Dumbledore paled drastically, swallowing thickly, his mind reeling, this had not been what he expected, at least not a list that size. How on earth was he going to get out of this? His panic mind saw how thick the stack of parchments was and the vials, which were most certainly memories. His breathing came out more erratic than he would have liked, but Dumbledore just couldn’t prevent all his natural reactions, especially against such severe accusations.

“Do you waiver your right to legal aid?” Prewitt asked professionally, after glancing at his partner, the first reaction when they learned what they were accused of spoke volumes. He paled, panicked, and his breath came out in trembles, there was a big chance he was guilty.

“No,” Albus managed to get out from his numb throat and lips. He needed time to think it through, legal aids were students who were practicing law, and in other words they were pathetic. He knew more about the law than they ever would in a single lifetime, but if it brought him time to calm down and think rationally he would use it. “I would like legal council,” his heart pounding away
like a drum, he was worried they could hear it.

Moody and Prewitt sighed resignedly. that meant it would be ages before they could question him. Questioning or not, they had enough there to get the trial date set up. Both of them came to the same conclusion and stood up, they would just get the trial sorted then. “Your legal aid will be here within ten to fifteen minutes,” with that both of them exited the room, shutting it down so nobody and nothing could get to him, and he most certainly wouldn’t get out, even if he did the Auror stationed at the corridor would prevent him getting away. The door was switched to occupied so the other Auror’s knew they couldn’t put anyone in there.

“I’ll go get whoever is here,” Prewitt said, going down the other end of the corridor to the small office where the pre-law students were situated. They hadn’t expected Dumbledore to want their help. Oh, they were far from stupid, he was obviously buying himself time to try and come up with a defence, which was his right he supposed.
Chapter 61

Lord Of Time

Chapter 61

Hadrian woke up first earlier than normal on December thirty-first, New Years Eve and more importantly Tom's Birthday. He'd paid an inordinate amount of money to get his gift this year. Three times more than it was worth, he'd had to up the offer a dozen times before they had given in and actually acquiesce to deal…compelled might be a better word Hadrian may have used some subtle spell from the future to ensure it but nobody would ever know that. He knew Tom would love it, so that wasn't a concern, plus he didn't really have anyone else to spend money on. Sliding out of the bed, managing to untangle himself from Tom's hold it had slackened while he was deeply asleep. Moving over to the end of his bed, he opened his trunk and removed the green and silver square package.

Creeping back over, aware that Tom was already awake now, he knew by the way he held his body, he was merely feigning sleep, while taking note of his surroundings, a habit ingrained due to all the years at the orphanage no doubt. As soon as he realized it was him, Tom relaxed again, trying to get him to go back to sleep.

"Happy Birthday, Tom," Hadrian whispered, his breath puffing against Tom's ear.

Tom's eyes reluctantly opened, meeting Hadrian's eyes which were so close he could see every detail of those jewelled eyes. Loosening his hold on Hadrian's stomach, which caused Hadrian to sit up, the soft glimmering of the silver ribbons on the gift caught Tom's attention. Summoning his wand he cast a spell to tell the time, groaning at how early it was, for all of a few seconds before he regained his composure and sat up himself.

"Go on then," Hadrian said with a teasing grin on his face, noticing Tom glancing at it every few seconds, an atavistic desire to know what lay within the box. Each time Hadrian gave him a gift it was meaningful, something he didn't know he desired until he set eyes on it or only thought of it in abstract terms. Then again, Hadrian knew him better than he knew himself, sometimes, only sometimes though and for that Tom was grateful.

Tom carefully began to undo the ribbons; nothing gave away his excitement to see what lay within. Yet he was excited, he wanted to know what Hadrian had gotten him. Glancing up when he heard a noise, he observed Hadrian watching him with an amused look on his face, knowing his feelings even before they trickled through the bond they shared. He would have glared if he knew it would work, instead it would only make the amusement more clear on that expressive face.

The paper was quickly removed and the box opened and paper shifted aside gold gleamed like a shining beacon within. Removing the item by the handles, his eyes quickly devoured it, Helga Hufflepuff's golden cup. The badger engraving was intricately done, especially for the time in which it was done. The two finely wrought handles were extremely delicate, this cup was said to be magical, and Tom wondered to what extent it was magical. He believed it was probably something to do with either food or drink being transported from the House-elves kitchens; she was very handy with kitchen orientated spells. "How did you get it from her?" knowing from the memories he'd seen that she would most emphatically never give it up. She hadn't even wilted for a second under his charm, and he was very good he thought without any attempts at being modest.

"I offered her money," Hadrian said innocently enough.
Tom gave him a dry look, not buying it for a second, he deduced quite correctly how he'd successfully managed to get it and it most definitely wasn't by stealing it, so the likelihood was some sort of charm, probably not from this time either. Oh, Hadrian was one devious wizard; one that he was proud to say was entirely his. Putting the cup back into the box for the moment, he brought Hadrian closer to him and kissed him with passion, immediately dominating the kiss, not even giving him a chance to dance. Passion and possessiveness thrumming through him. Arousal burned through him, both from himself and from Hadrian, who he had found quite liked being dominated in bed, the thrill of the fight of it; those green eyes of his could accomplish it without any stimulation or aid.

Thinking of how devious Hadrian could be brought him back to the memory he'd received in September, just after Hogwarts started back up. Luckily they'd found a pensive in the room of requirements, Hadrian had said he could have it since he already had one, that it was in one of his vaults, the Peverell had a lot of items not just gold. The following months had been extremely amusing for him to say the least. He had learned that it wasn't just their group that had been summoned to the Headmaster's office to give a testimony on Dumbledore. Myrtle and her boyfriend had as well as quite a few Hufflepuff's that Hadrian was 'friends' with.

Dumbledore's trial was set for the fifth of January according to Abraxas who had kept them well up to date regarding the case.

"Thinking about the case again?" Hadrian asked, and on his birthday no less.

"Perhaps," Tom murmured, he constantly thought about it, unfortunately not even Death would give him an answer to the outcome. Which was rather annoying, and Death seemed to find it inordinately pleasing. He would answer most of the other questions he had, such as if anything happened to Hadrian he would be transported back as well or forward depending on where he chose to go. They would keep their own bodies unless they truly couldn't but then only small modifications would be done. He would have a say in it, since he'd be transported to the ghostly plane as well, now that was quite...terrifying to hear though he'd never admit it. He hadn't asked for details on that specific conversation.

"How about we have some breakfast here in bed when everyone leaves?" Hadrian suggested.

"I couldn't agree more," Tom agreed immediately, it was his birthday after all and you're supposed to get what you want weren't you? He wanted Hadrian all to himself today he decided.

"There's another part of you that couldn't agree more as well," Hadrian said, his tone hitching in delight, he loved knowing the affects he had on Tom. It was better than flying on a broomstick, flying without a broom, casting the patronus charm...better than anything.

Tom chuckled in agreement, causing Hadrian to shudder in delight. "Thank you," he whispered softly against the shell of Hadrian's ear, he was the only person that would ever hear those words coming out of his mouth.

"How about you show how thankful you are?" Hadrian breathed out; it was sinful really how much this wizard could affect him with just mere words.

"Oh, I will." Tom promised darkly, removing the silencing charm they had around their bed.

Suddenly neither of them could wait until the others were gone.

"All of you, leave," Tom stated sharply, "Now," not even a few seconds later the others were vacating their beds, grabbing their clothes and making a hastily exit from their dorm. As soon as
they were out the door clicked shut and locked, they weren't getting back in any time soon.

"Not again," Avery groaned his shoes fell with a thud as he wedged his feet into them, and the dungeons were bloody freezing all the time.

"I don't know about you, but I'd rather be warned," Lestrange said, shuddering in remembrance to the one time he had walked in on them. Not an image he'd wanted, but bloody hell they were hot, there was no denying that. He was completely straight but if anyone could turn him gay it would be Hadrian. Not something he liked to think about at all, especially not when Tom was around, he knew how possessive his Lord was, any sign of his thoughts and he'd be tortured to death and he wasn't exaggerating the slightest. He pitted any fool who thought they could desire Hadrian. Avery and Nott sniggered before moving away, going down to the common room to get some heat and wait until breakfast, Lestrange unsurprisingly followed them.

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Hadrian sniggered at the sight of the others bolting out of the room, he should probably defend them in some way, but honestly he couldn't be bothered. He didn't care enough to say anything… and he did have other things on his mind. He shook himself out of his thoughts only to feel Tom muttering under his breath, and the feel of silk robe twisting around his wrists and sinking through the bed at each end of his pillow, leaving him bound and at Tom's mercy. Hadrian shot his magic through the binds, trying to dislodge them.

"Nice try," Tom said with a smug smirk, gazing down at Hadrian, arousal shooting through him seeing his bonded, his husband, at his mercy. "You won't get out of them until I utter the password." he promised him grinding down against him, his gaze never wavering from Hadrian, who gasped and arched up his pupils dilated in pleasure, heat beginning to blaze off him where he had a grip of his hip even through his thin layer of his pyjamas.

Hadrian tried yet again to get through the bindings, but true to Tom's word the damn things wouldn't budge. He hadn't realized he'd closed his eyes until he felt Tom's forehead against his, he opened his eyes staring startled for a few seconds.

"Trust me," Tom said quietly, eyes soft, a look on Hadrian would ever pull from him. He understood Hadrian's reluctance, he had seen most of his memories, but he didn't want Hadrian associating anything with that life, most certainly not him. If he really didn't want it, then Tom would release the bindings, he never wanted to make Hadrian's trust in him diminish.

There were no words needed as Hadrian relaxed into the bed, stopping his attempts in breaking the bindings. He trusted Tom, a lot more than he had ever thought he would sit down at the Slytherin table the night of his sorting. He wouldn't have married him if he hadn't; he'd just not had good experiences at being bound at another person's mercy.

Tom's eyes gleamed in delight, lightly pressing a kiss to Hadrian's lips, unspoken promises of no regrets kindled in the kiss. Oh, he would make sure his bonded enjoyed today, he truly hoped to do it again, seeing him trussed up, just for him was extremely arousing. Watching as a shiver stole over Hadrian's form as he lightly touched and caressed him under his pyjama top.

"I think we're a bit over dressed don't you?" Tom purred into his ear before drawing back, sitting up still straddling Hadrian. There was no hiding his reaction to his bonded. He'd always reacted strongly to Hadrian from that first moment of ruthlessness where he unleashed the majority of his power in warning. Nothing else had ever gotten him filled with a single minded desire. With a single non-verbal spell, Tom had both of their nightclothes off and folded in a neat pile on their chair. Sighing in relief that there was nothing now rubbing up against his engorged member.
Hadrian huffed, grumbling inwardly, he wanted to touch Tom, but could not.

Tom chuckled, before swooping down laying all his passion for the wizard in his arms into the kiss, pressing his hand against his back pressing him forward, their bodies touching, desire coiling within them, they needed no bond to know it they were well acquainted with the affect they had on the other. Yet they wanted to be reacquainted. Nothing would come close to the passion they’d unleashed after Dumbledore had been arrested. They hadn't even gone to their dorm, they'd slid into an unused classroom and not to forget been slightly late for class but that was just something inconsequential.

"Mmm, Tom," Hadrian sighed out, flushed red in desire and arousal feeling Tom's own desire pressing against him, reminding him of the affect he had on him. A teasing smile played on his lips, those captivating green eyes mesmerised Tom, enchanting him.

Tom lost all patience, and began to kiss him, his tongue tracing every crevice, his hands gliding along Hadrian's flesh, leaving Goosebumps in his wake. So impatient to be inside his husband again, Hadrian was like a siren, he was unable to resist him. Even after all this time, even knowing all his secrets. His feelings hadn't dimmed, if anything they had grown with intensity he never would have expected. He'd never been one to rely on emotion, he used it to suit his own purposes yes, but never thought he'd fall in love.

Hadrian swung his leg around Tom's back, pressing him closer, breathing in sharply, his chest heaving with exertion. Rocking back and forth, his mind going blank of anything other than the strong desire to finish what they'd started. Pressing a kiss to Tom's neck after Tom burrowed his face in his neck, listening to the groans of delight coming from his husband. Green eyes gleaming wickedly, he nibbled and bit down on Tom's neck marking him, sucking the flesh between his teeth before laving it with his tongue grinning as Tom inhaled sharply.

Tom's fingers began to teasingly run down Hadrian's chest, down the length of his erect member, a trail of precum following him to an even more intimate place.

"Tom, please," Hadrian breathed out arching up again, desperate for more, for anything, his leg sliding from Tom's back, spreading open silently urging him to continue wiggling enticingly to make sure Tom didn't play around. "The spell," he muttered desperately, becoming increasingly frustrated.

"I don't think so," Tom said breathy, seeing Hadrian so desperate drove him on to make this last as long as possible. Instead he summoned the lube he kept nearby at all times, something of his own creation, much better than the pathetic stuff they sold at the apothecary's.

"Tom!" Hadrian whined, by Merlin he wanted to feel him, but he was to be denied. The slick finger at his entrance had him arching up, demanding more, it wasn't enough. "Either get on with it or I'll find a way out of those binds and do it myself!" he huffed, his toes curled as Tom found that spot inside him very easily - and that was the end of Hadrian thinking of anything much.

Tom's eyes roamed over Hadrian's sweat slick form, he so badly wanted to take his time, but his own patience had worn thin. He wanted to be inside his husband, to claim him again, to remind Hadrian who he belonged to he thought possessively adding another finger relishing in the sounds coming from his impatient wizard. He actually missed those fingers digging into his skin, yanking on his hair in silent demands for more, and a whole plethora of actions that required his husband use of his hands. Perhaps this wouldn't happen as often as he thought, so he made sure to ingrained it in his mind.

Wiping his fingers on the duvet, he pressed himself at Hadrian's opening, before thrusting into
him, biting his lip and closing his eyes as an overwhelming feeling of tightness coursed through him a tortured groan managed to get passed his lips. Hadrian already squirming, urging him on. Breathing through his nose, he gripped his hips tightly, preventing any real movement before Tom withdrew and thrust powerfully back in, keeping up the fast pace, groans, gasps and moans leaving their mouths as pleasure mounted, doubled through the bond.

Tom's hand wormed its way to Hadrian's neck, kissing him with urgency, his other hand gripping Hadrian's engorged member, moving in sync with his trusts, groaning in ecstasy as Hadrian tightened around him. The urgency they felt becoming more pronounced, Tom knew Hadrian was close so he sped up, trying to finish at the same time, the guttered moan was his only warning as Hadrian came, his entire body going lax afterwards as he sped up even further, seeking his own finish, the tightening of Hadrian's channel helped immensely, burying his head in Harry's neck, biting him as he came, riding out his orgasm, pumping as much of his essence into him as possible, grinding down until he was completely spent.

Knowing Hadrian wouldn't be able to support him for much longer without getting sore, he rolled off him both of them they there panting in exertion, sweaty and sated. Indecipherable whispered words and the bindings disappeared allowing his husband free use of his hands once more.

"Happy birthday, Tom," Hadrian's throaty voice said again.

"I think this has been my favourite birthday by far," Tom admitted lazily, cleaning both of them and the bed with casual use of Wandless magic that nobody else their age (or most adults) could accomplish. Moving to his side and leaning on his elbow, his hand keeping his head aloft.

Hadrian snorted in amusement, flexing his arms getting the aches out of them after being in the same position so long. "I'm starving, still calling Dobby or going to the Great Hall?" Dobby's father was the one that was feeding the Basilisk, but Dobby was starting to learn the ropes, so they did call him now and again to let him feel useful.

Tom just hummed, nodding his head once.

"Dobby?" Hadrian called, covering them both up he did not want a House-elf to see him starker's.

"What can Dobby do for Master Pev… Hadrian, Master Tom?" Dobby asked, his big green eyes staring at them wide with adoration, remembering just in time that his Master Hadrian had forbidden them to use their Master's full title.

"Bring us some breakfast, Dobby," Hadrian asked, giving a small smile of thanks to the House-elf.

"Dobby will do that," Dobby said bowing, "And Happy Birthday Master Tom!" and with that he was gone with a pop.

"Happy Birthday, Master Tom," Hadrian imitated with a wicked grin.

Tom grabbed Hadrian's hip and dragged him until they were touching again, "I like the sound of that," he said heatedly, eyes gleaming playfully but with a hint of seriousness.

Hadrian snorted, "Don't expect it from me," he told him not surprised the least.

"No," Tom agreed, "Never you," while it would have been something he desired a while ago, it wasn't what he wanted now. There would just be something so wrong with someone as powerful as Hadrian thinking of calling him that. The others were different, he had subjugated them a long time
ago, and he had no doubt they thought of him as their Lord and Master. In fact he knew they did, their thoughts gave them away, and he would do his best to lead them into a new world, one where he and Hadrian were already working hard to do.

"Myrtle has a birthday gift for you," Hadrian added, "So we will need to go to the Great Hall at lunch."

Tom blinked at Hadrian unable to comprehend that statement at all. "Why?" he asked blankly.

"Because she likes you, and thinks of you as a friend, or a friend of a friend," Hadrian explained softly. She had specifically asked him what Tom would like, she'd seen him writing a letter and he'd explained he was trying to get Tom's birthday gift, and had asked him then. Hadrian kissed Tom's shoulder, his poor bonded; he was beginning to realize that not everyone who gave him something wanted anything in return and did it just because they could. It was the same expression that had briefly crossed his face upon getting Slytherin locket from him.

Dobby popped back in with the food for them, along with a letter from the Ministry of magic. Hadrian didn't even need to look to know it was him being called to the Wizengamot for Dumbledore's trial. Having Abraxas within the Ministry was proving to be very useful, at least until they themselves could do their part.
Chapter 62

Lord Of Time

Chapter 62

The fifth of January came around quite fast, but despite that Hadrian had been anxious for days, he could envision it blowing up in his face. He was doing things differently and not able to predict the outcome. Yet he couldn't allow fear to deter him from his goals, couldn't let the fear of the unknown play havoc with him. Still, there was so many ways this could go so very wrong, Dumbledore could already have people in the Ministry wrapped around his pinkie. He honestly didn't know when Dumbledore had begun digging himself into everything in the magical world, he assumed it was after the defeat of Grindelwald but was it? He was about to find out.

Nobody else was being called in except him, and he had fought to ensure Tom would be able to attend as well. The only thing that granted him permission to attend was the fact they were bonded. It was after all Tom's husband and bonded who had been wronged, so it was within his rights to sit with Hadrian for moral support. Slughorn had been extremely shocked by that admission but not overly surprised, everyone with eyes could clearly see the love and admiration they held for each other and they were so smart, they could keep up with each other. That's not to say they had been very foolish to bond so soon, it was young even by magical standards who expect the heirs to be married by the time they were eighteen years old.

He had been advised by Eileen Prince, all the Black's, Avery and Abraxas in a letter to NOT attend in his school uniform it was seen as an insult to come to such a serious occasion dressed in every day clothes especially uniform. He had snorted derisively, remembering their plum robes, yes since wearing plum robes was so much better. The Princes, Black's, Avery's and Malfoy's would know, they were prominent in the Ministry of magic, they were well read in politics.

"Well, what do you think? Is this good enough?" Hadrian asked Eileen Prince, she was the only one there, stepping down off the staircase and into the Common Room. Eileen was burrowed in the corner, muttering under her breath with books strewn around her.

Eileen looked up, nodding in approval, "Yes, you will earn respect and they will probably refrain from talking to you like an insipid idiot." her lip curling just a tad.

Hadrian bit his lip, his lips twitching into a smile, a small one but there nonetheless. Oh, there was no guessing where her son had picked up his attitude. It was right there in the face of the thirteen or fourteen year old teenager. Moving over towards her, wondering what she was doing up so early. "Do you need any help?" Hadrian asked, sitting down, his fingers drawn to the potion book. Arching an eyebrow, this was THE potions book, the one that would be one day known as the Half-Blood Prince book. This was a sixth year book, Eileen wasn't in her sixth year yet, and she had the book? Evidently Severus had picked up more than his mothers looks and attitude then. Why hadn't she pursued a professional career as a Potioneer?

"No!" Eileen snapped her lips pursed in irritation, she refused to let anyone else know just how pathetic she was that she couldn't cast spells properly.

"Hey," Hadrian said, waiting until she looked up at him. "Something is obviously bothering you,
what is it?" he asked more firmly, refusing to just walk away.

"I can't cast the spell," Eileen scowled, and it was the last chance for her today then they were moving onto something else and she'd fail.

"Which spell is it?" Hadrian queried, silently with a gesture asking if he could take the book and find out for himself.

Eileen mutinously nodded her head, glaring at the book as if it was to blame for her failure.

Hadrian's eyebrows rose from behind the book, she couldn't cast this spell? "Do you always have a difficult time with spells?" he asked her, lowering the book nary a lick of judgement on his face. He was beginning to suspect why Eileen Prince may have left the magical world behind, perhaps it had nothing to do with her parents at all.

Eileen glanced away in shame, never verbally answering the question.

"Is the wand yours?" Hadrian then questioned.

Eileen gave him a quizzical look.

"I er...know someone who used his father's wand, it was given to him and he was expected to use it." Hadrian explained cautiously, "He used it for years, it wasn't right for him so he was never able to get the spells to work for him correctly. When he got himself a wand from Ollivander's his spell performance shot up. Ollivander always says it's the wand that chooses the wizard, not the other way around, if it's not the wand you chose...you might want to see about getting one suited to YOU." glancing at the wand he froze for a second, he was very familiar with that wand, it had been held to his face during Occlumency lessons, Severus Snape ended up with a second hand wand... he was either extraordinary lucky it suited him...or he had been even more powerful than anyone realized. He had come to school with not only second hand robes and books...but a wand too. Why? The funds enabled him to get a wand, robes and everything he'd need...had Dumbledore denied his request or had Eileen Prince been too proud to ask for it? Or were the funds reduced significantly under Dumbledore's time as Headmaster? He was beginning to believe so; even the Weasleys had a difficult time with their brood.

"This wand has been in my family for generations, it was last used by my great-great grandfather," Eileen said quietly, staring at the wand a strong hope beginning to brew in her chest, perhaps she wasn't as useless as she felt all the time. Or as useless as her parents made her feel for not being good enough. Her only saving grace was the fact she was a girl, expected only to marry and bear children, one which would get the Prince name which had made abundantly clear in the contract they were setting up for her.

"We have a Hogsmeade trip coming up at the weekend, meet me at the doors of Hogshead at the beginning of the trip and I'll Apparate you to Ollivander's so you can get yourself a wand that fits." Hadrian stated grimly, he didn't wonder if they had money the Prince's were well off. He placed the book back in front of her. "As for that wand, it has nothing to do with power, most spells require emotion, don't just utter the words and expect it to work, think of something that makes you angry, really angry...let it build up then cast the spell. If it doesn't work don't worry a new wand might solve your problems," only might, some people just didn't have enough magic to cast the most difficult of spells, much like Tom's mother. Merlin it was just mind-boggling two of the magically weak woman ending up with a Muggle and having sons that were extraordinarily magical.

"Now come on, let's head down to breakfast before we miss it." Hadrian stated standing up, he
waited patiently until she'd packed everyone up and they began to move.

"I hear you've been crowned the Gobstones captain and reigning champion again?" Hadrian said more of a statement than a question since he already knew the answer. Glancing back to make sure the common room door had closed behind him, before glancing at Eileen as she replied.

"I joined in my first year and have won every game," Eileen said smugly, proud of her accomplishments, she just wished magic came as easy.

"How are you at chess?" Hadrian asked he'd seen her playing often enough, and honestly? She was better than even Weasley at the game. He knew she was also in the chess club but didn't know how she did overall competing with students some of who were obviously older than her. Other than when she was playing chess or Gobstones (in the common room and at the clubs) she didn't have much in ways of friends, and it was a shame. It wasn't because she was antisocial, it was just each of her other Slytherin classmates were all boys.

"Seventh on the leader board," Eileen replied all others on the leader board were seventh year students.

"Not bad," Hadrian said with a grin, "I'm absolutely hopeless at chess." he had no problem admitting that, he was better than he had been while he was 'Harry Potter' but only because he actually had the time to sit down and actually play a game without worry or without a selfish brat throwing a tantrum if he won (which probably would have happened) 'couldn't even be better than Harry Potter at one thing' oh he knew what Weasley would have thought.

Eileen gave him an incredulous look as if to say nobody could be hopeless at chess.

Hadrian just grinned at her as he wandered into the Great Hall; he noticed that the core group and Tom weren't there yet. He rolled his eyes, an early morning 'meeting' it was then, Hadrian didn't bother with them, it was mostly just Tom making sure they knew he was still in charge or giving them their 'orders' which wasn't all that big - they were still at Hogwarts after all. He'd probably have one when he got back, but in the common room not an unused room in the dungeons especially if the news was good. If not then Tom would be extremely pissed off, in fact both of them would be.

"You look very dashing, Hadrian," Walburga teased him, but still very serious he was dressed impeccably for a Pureblood Lord of the Peverell-Slytherin line.

Orion just glanced drolly at his intended and cousin, it was a good job for her that he knew she was just kidding, and that Hadrian was bonded already himself. His parents and aunt and uncle had contemplated breaking the marriage contract only to find out they couldn't, they had secured it so fully that even they themselves couldn't undo what was already done.

Arcturus and Melania (Macmillan) Black were Pureblood's who had believed in blood purity, that they should get rid of Muggle-born's and all for the purification of the wizarding race. Orion had been raised the same way, but not quite as vehemently as them. That was until Hadrian's book came out, in the beginning they'd been anti-Peverell, refusing to believe it, and so they had done research of their own, even they couldn't ignore the evidence in front of them. Even the Muggles were doing tests on their own offspring with accurate results; the thought of having a retarded child was horrifying to the wizards who had never heard the term before. That was just the start of the list, the second even more alarming, magically weak children or worse squibs are the results of inner breeding between family members.

It was why his Lucretia was to be married to Ignatius Prewitt; they had done extensive research to
make sure that there was no Black blood at least three generations back.

"Thanks," Hadrian said, staring at his empty plate the thought of eating on top of his stomach playing up was off putting to say the least.

"You'll want to eat," Dorea urged him, placing a piece of dry toast on his empty plate, "This will help stop the queasiness." patting at his back in sympathy before going back to her own meal. Hadrian couldn't help but remind her of Charles, minus the hair of course.

"When are you leaving?" Alphard asked curiously, from where he sat next to his brother Cygnus and across from his sister Walburga. They all knew about the case, it was in the newspapers and of course, word got around the common room quickly enough.

"After breakfast," Hadrian informed him, picking up the piece of toast and nibbling on it.

"Then you should eat more, or take money with you, the trial could last all day," Myrtle said causing Harry to jump at the suddenness of her voice at his back. It took everything not to point his wand at her, even after all this time here, some reactions were too ingrained to be so easily dismissed. Myrtle giggled in amusement, "Library after dinner?" if he was back at Hogwarts by then.

"Definitely," Hadrian agreed, suppressing a yawn, he hadn't slept well last night; the constant worry had prevented it. Watching Myrtle duck, the reason became obvious a few moments later as the Great Hall flooded with owls. Shrunken boxes, letters and other mail began to drop down or the owl swooped towards its owners. "Hopefully the trial won't last too long." the last thing he wanted to do was spend all day in a cold sterile room with a bunch of old farts.

"Don't hold onto that thought," Tom said smoothly joining the conversation and sliding into his seat. The others who had been with Tom sat down too, none were missing and none looked as though they'd been hexed. "He has a lot of allegations that need dealt with, and none will be swept under the rug, it's much too serious for that."

Hadrian grimaced, then grimaced again as Tom filled his plate with food. "Eat," was all Tom had to say, he gave a nod to Myrtle, who had found a book about Parselmagic and given it to him for his birthday. They weren't rare but also weren't exactly popular reading material, snake language couldn't be learned, thus Parselmagic was only available to those who could speak it. He had already read it and was fascinated with learning more or making his own spells. Hadrian had suggested writing a book from a snake speaker's point of view and adding in his spells - they might be the only snake speakers in Britain but there were many overseas. Tom had learned that a Gaunt had been the one to start Ilvermorny magical school, but they weren't going by the Gaunt name anymore, and that he wasn't sure what the names were.

"I'll see you later," Myrtle added, noticing that her own owl was hooting impatiently, she waved her hand at Hadrian's reply as she walked briskly towards her house table.

"Well it looks like everyone is aware of Dumbledore's trial," Hadrian said blinking at the front page of the Daily Prophet. There on the front page was Dumbledore, from the background he would say it was Hogshead, he had evidently been staying at his brothers pub. Didn't they have a house in Godric's Hollow? Or had that been sold after what happened to Ariana and Kendra Dumbledore? It wouldn't surprise him; it might explain how he got Hogshead pub and Dumbledore who knows? Perhaps he'd thought he didn't need a property with him starting to work at Hogwarts and sold it?

"He was a teacher, at Hogwarts, it's going to be big news," Aiden pointed out after swallowing a
mouthful of food. "Plus he does have some academic standing," twelve uses of dragons blood and what not, oh and the stuff he did with Nicolas Flamel he supposed, it was all there in the paper.

"Yeah, you have a point," Hadrian mused thoughtfully, perhaps that was all it was, nothing more. He could only hope so and that hadn't underestimated Dumbledore...he would hate to have done that. Feeling a little better he finished off his piece of toast and started on his scrambled eggs, but everything else on his plate remained untouched. Turning to tom, "How long have you been up?" he asked him, his side of the bed had been cold, he had to have been up quite a while, and he was surprised Tom had successfully managed to sneak out of the bed without wakening him up.

"Over an hour," Tom replied, his voice low.

"You're going to be falling asleep in the court room," Hadrian chuckled in amusement, putting his fork down, he was done.

"Hardly," Tom said dryly, "I'm actually quite looking forward to observing everything,"

Hadrian nodded, yes he knew that, he'd felt Tom's anticipation for days, he'd read up on everything Wizengamot and court related when he first got word of Dumbledore's trial date. Even he had barely been able to get Tom's attention and keep it, he always made up for it later on at night though. "Don't I know it; you were definitely made for politics,"

Lestrange nodded in agreement, his uncle was the Minister of Magic, and not very popular. Minister Radolphus Lestrange, unfortunately he didn't think his uncle would last much longer, especially not after his unsuccessful attempt at closing down the Department of Mysteries and his health wasn't what it used to be.

"Boys, it's time to go," Slughorn informed both Tom and Hadrian, without his usual buoyancy. He was still coming to terms with what had happened he had begun to teach at Hogwarts at the same time as Albus, he had considered him a friend of sorts, one with mutual respect with no manipulation on either side. He didn't have many of them, but what he knew now made him feel quite sick, the implication he might have been grooming Hadrian was horrifying. What if he had done it to another student who had passed through these halls and he'd been completely oblivious.

"How are we getting there, Professor?" Hadrian queried, his innocent green eyes staring at Slughorn.

"We must leave the castle to take a Portkey to the Ministry of magic's atrium, from there we will go straight to the courtroom, I will be there with you every step of the way." Slughorn said reassuringly, he had seen how anxious Hadrian had been this past week since the announcement. It seemed it was taking everyone in Slytherin house to make sure Hadrian ate anything these days too. He couldn't be more proud of his house for looking out for each other. He nodded in approval at the attires they both had on, perfect.

Hadrian nodded his understanding, standing up, he checked to make sure he had his wands, his money pouch and anything else he might need, including a book shrunk in his pocket for between breaks - if they had any - he just wanted to be sure after all. He had some muggle money in the pouch, he wasn't sure whether the Ministry had a place to eat or if you'd need to go to the nearest convenience store to get something. Tom as always was right next to him, although unlike him Tom was thrumming with anticipation and excitement.

"Come on then," Slughorn said before swiftly walking from the hall, swift he may be but Hadrian and Tom had no trouble keeping up with his quick pace.
It took them no time at all to descend the stairs and walk along the corridor and out of the front doors of Hogwarts and after a quick jog down the steps the stopped abruptly almost smacking into their Head of House who had stopped. Harry blinked in surprise when the Portkey was handed to them from there. He had been under the impression that the wards at Hogwarts had been altered so he could be Portkey'd out after winning the 'Triwizard tournament' perhaps not.

"Grab a hold boys, tightly now, don't let go until we arrive," Slughorn cautioned them, the three of them held onto the Portkey tightly, and the professor uttered the words clearly 'Ministry of magic atrium' and they instinctively closed their eyes and endured the spinning sensation as the Portkey whirled them to the Ministry, both Horace and Tom remained standing, Hadrian however embarrassingly landed on his backside, he'd never been able to stand after a Portkey ride. Smoothly standing up, brushing his robes down head held high, refusing to show his embarrassment like any proper pureblood.

Unfortunately it wasn't quite so quick to get to the Courtroom from the atrium like Hadrian remembered before his fifth year. They spent over four minutes waiting at the wand check registration desk, only then were they seen which took an additional five minutes, between the professor taking animatedly with the wizard, and the wizard actually getting around to checking the three wands before declaring that they could go. Tom was watching everything with calculating curious eyes, from everything around him, the flying paper airplanes to the wizards coming and going.

One sickening (for Tom and Horace) elevator ride saw them on the correct floor to get to the courtroom. Unlike previous floors these were empty of people, probably already in the courtroom. It was a full meeting of the Wizengamot which meant all other courtrooms were empty; there were no other Wizengamot members to oversee any court cases.

Unsurprisingly the room was no different from what it had been like in his time, dimly lit walls, and dark stone with only torches enabling everyone to see. Rows of seats with fifty wizards all sat in their plum robes, talking quietly waiting on the trial starting. In the middle of the front sat three people, all of whom were unfamiliar to him but he knew he would hear their names called soon enough. Well, unfamiliar they may be, but Hadrian's breathing hitched when he caught sight of the Minister of Magic, swallowing thickly, bloody hell he looked like Rodolphus Lestrange's double… was that their grandfather? Or an Uncle side?

"Take a seat, the accused will be brought in momentarily," the smooth voice echoed around the room, one that was designed to cause you to relax.

"Come, boys," Slughorn said, and with that the three of them made their way to the benches and sat down.

"Alright?" Tom asked lowly, the doors opened emitting Albus Dumbledore who strode forward, head held high a nervous glance was caught when he sat down, as the manacles clanged dangerously but did not bind him. He knew what had caught Hadrian so unaware and he wanted to make sure it wasn't too much, he suspected it wasn't, after all he was friends with the others and never had a problem with it.

"Yeah, just took me by surprise, that's all," Hadrian admitted quietly, they knew they couldn't discuss anything in here, and it wasn't just because their professor was here, but the memories of these court cases were saved, and could be viewed in a pensive at any time.

Tom nodded before turning his attention back to the scene in front of him. He got a great deal of satisfaction in seeing Dumbledore brought down so low. He deserved everything that was happening after what he had done to him and most certainly after all he'd done to Hadrian. The
manipulative old fool, using children in a war, grooming kids to join his damn Order and them manipulating and raising Hadrian to defeat him as well as go to his own death before seeing to it that he was killed by yet again using children. It was very difficult to keep his true feelings from showing through, only allowing a margin of his feelings to seep into his gaze and face. It was his bonded who he had been stalking and being inappropriate with after all so he was allowed some leeway.

"Interrogators: Radolphus Lestrange, Minister for Magic; Antoninus Macmillan, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement; Leonard Spencer-Moon, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister. Court Scribe, Wilhelmina Tuft." Radolphus spoke clearly while Wilhelmina wrote everything the Minister was saying down on the paper in front of her, her quill scratching quickly so she didn't get too far behind.

Hadrian coughed in surprise; two of the names were familiar to him through the History books. The Undersecretary of the Minister became Minister himself, in fact he brought peace and prosperity during his time as the Minister, as for Tuft, she died while she was Minister, after eating something she was allergic to…if memory served him correctly. Both of them were well liked and popular.

"You are Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, of number 1 room of Hogshead inn, Hogsmeade?" Radolphus asked, still standing, before looking up from the information in front of him to Dumbledore himself waiting on a reply.

"Yes," Albus stated strongly, sitting up straight a picture of confidence.

"Are you fully aware of the charges brought against you?" the Minister then asked.

"Yes, I am," Albus said quietly, a look of sadness overcoming his face. The urge to add more was strong, but he did not, he knew they got annoyed when they were interrupted.

"And you have decided to represent yourself?" the Minister then asked, quite incredulously at that.

"I have," Albus nodded, he was smarter then any lawyer they could put in front of him to defend him. He probably knew more about the law and regulations as well. No, he couldn't risk someone not defending him the way he needed it, he knew how bad it looked and he was quite worried about the outcome.

"To start with wilful child endangerment," the Minister began on the top of the list of charges which had already been spoken out loud to the Wizengamot members. "Did you or did you not take Mr. Peverell to Hogwarts instead of calling the healers from St. Mungo's to be healed by school healer?"

"A child who was grievously injured, and almost died three times during the time he was in a coma, which was a month while they healed him and removed the curses upon his person." Antonius added, his tone grim as he saw the list of injuries the child had endured, it was truly a miracle that he had survived.

"I did take him to Hogwarts, but you must understand I underestimated the grievousness of his injuries, I believed there was no time to waste in getting him seen to." Albus informed them, of course, lying through his teeth.

"It would have taken only a few moments for the Healers to see to him, it must have taken you at least fifteen minutes to get to Hogwarts itself and that isn't including the time it took you to get to the school Healer which I'm sure would have taken an additional five minutes." the Minister
pointed out, refuting his statement.

"In retrospect I should have called the healers, but I am not omnipotent," Albus chided them.

"I believe Healer Chang informed you herself she wasn't able to deal with the extent of his injuries, that he should be sent to St. Mungo's which again you prevented." Antonius stated sharply, "We have a written statement here to that affect, sworn in and signed," which meant she had no problem allowing her statement to be used in the courtroom today.

This was not going well, Albus thought and it was only the first of the charges brought against his person. "I also suggested getting a Healer to come to Hogwarts, someone who was able to deal with his injuries, when I realized how bad it obviously was I was quite worried about moving him again."

The sceptical looks on everyone's faces made Albus' stomach shrink upon itself. The silence lasted for what felt like an age. He knew no matter what happened, the chances of being allowed back in Hogwarts was zilch. He would never again teach the next generation of students, he had worked so hard to get to where he was both as Head of House to Deputy Headmaster. He had one day hoped to be the Headmaster of Hogwarts himself. He had sworn never to be anything like his father, the horrifying thought of dying on that island surrounded by those soul sucking creatures made him feel cold as though he was already in the presence of the Dementors already. He had to up his game he thought, as panic began to get the better of him. The calming draught he had taken earlier not working in the face of his looming reality.

"Is it true that Mr. Peverell almost died during his last year at Hogwarts?" the Minister asked, but he already knew the answers, he just had to ask them for the sake of the Wizengamot getting the full picture. After enduring Dumbledore during his school years this was a lot more fun than it should be. The prejudice old fart had evidently gone too far and Peverell had taken action against him.

"He had an unfortunate accident," Albus corrected him; unable to help himself, as his erratic heartbeat kept shooting through the roof.

"An accident implied it couldn't have been prevented," Antonius retorted angrily. "Is one of your duties as Head of House to ensure that nothing dangerous is in the Dormitories is that not correct?"

"For the sake of the Wizengamot, Mr. Peverell was attacked by a werewolf cub, if not for the quick thinking of Tom Riddle and Healer Chang, Mr. Peverell would have died." the Minister informed the Wizengamot, ignoring the quiet whispering they were doing, used to it by now. "It was a Gryffindor student, Mr. Hagrid who had illegally taken it from its parents and kept it locked up hidden away in his Dorm room. The talking rose in volume as they expressed their anger at such a thing being done.

"Yes, but I have additional duties…" Albus wasn't able to finish.

"A yes or not will suffice," the Minister stated, not wishing to hear his pathetic excuses.

"Tell us what happened to Mr. Hagrid," Antonius pushed.

"He's a young student who was inconsolable after what happened, he made a mistake, we've all done something regrettable, I did not believe suspension or expulsion was the way to go. He received three weeks of detention, and I keep a closer eye on him." Albus stated he had not expected this to be brought up.
"And how did Mr. Peverell react to the lack of punishment?" the Minister asked after the court scribe whispered into his ear.

"He was upset, he believed I was lenient in his punishment," Albus said, praying that his sister wouldn't be brought into this.

"What exactly did you do in turn?" the Minister then asked after a glance at Hadrian Peverell who was sitting watching the proceedings with a blank look on his face.

"I have him detention for the manner in which he spoke to me," Albus replied, "He accused me of favouritism," he added with an indignant tone in his voice.

The Wizengamot went utterly silent at that last pronouncement, too stunned to even speak to one another.

"On to the next charge," the Minister cleared his throat, looking down at the list of charges, "False accusations of a minor, the Minor in question is Tom Riddle who is here with us today."

Tom cleared his throat and spoke up, "Excuse me, Sir, My name is not Tom Riddle, I haven't used it in nearly two years, my name is Tom Marvolo Peverell-Slytherin, the last of the Slytherin line, my mother was Merope Gaunt." he remained respectful and polite, these were the wizards he wanted to respect him after all. In fact one day he wanted to be in the position Lestrange was in now. It would be the only name he ever used; there would be no 'Voldemort' no madness.

Lestrange nodded, glancing at Taft, "Make it so," in other words he was telling her to change the name on the paperwork.

"What it is in question that you accused Mr. Peverell-Slytherin?" Antonius asked, "Oddly enough, another Slytherin who you have kept a suspiciously close eye on." a shudder wracking up his spine as if he was disgusted.

"Keeping in mind we have another sworn statement from Healer Chang," the Minister stated, glancing briefly at the clock, nine forty-five already, still it was going to be a long day regardless of the time. They would need to pause for lunch at one o'clock before reconvening half an hour later.

"Mr. Peverell had been acting strangely, behaving oddly and I was worried about his health, I asked Healer Chang to tend to him, I did not believe Mr. Slytherin was responsible. I did not accuse anyone of anything." and thankfully that was the truth.

"Was there someone else close to Mr. Peverell at the time?" Antonius continued with their interrogation.

"No," Albus conceded, there hadn't really been anyone else at the time.

"I believe we should get onto the next charge, harassment," the Minister stated, moving on now.

"Did you or did you not give unfair detentions to Mr. Peverell in order to interrogate him?" Antonius questioned.

"I did not," Albus stated firmly, he had merely used it as an opportunity.

"So you believe a single instance of not paying attention in class, after you had just entered the classroom might I add is enough to garner detention?" Antonius said his eyes narrowed, "We have pensive memories of those instances should you wish to refute the claims."
"The memories show that Albus Dumbledore questioned Mr. Peverell insistently about his family, trying to get the young man to concede to his demands by using a family he didn't have to do so." the Minister added for the Wizengamot. "It is also clear that the detentions were unfairly given, the Aurors reports show that on page five, various Gryffindors were observed doing the same thing as Mr. Peverell but it was only Mr. Peverell who was given detention."

"I only wished to help Mr. Peverell learn more about his family, if he was in fact from the Peverell line he would have been in line to receive a substantial inheritance." Albus argued, "I did not give him detention to question him, it was a spur of the moment decision to ask him. Mr. Peverell had in fact not paid attention in classes previously, hence my decision to put an end to it."

"Why did you continue on in that vein when it was obvious Mr. Peverell was uncomfortable with your insistences?" Minister Lestrange questioned.

"I did not realise I was making him so uncomfortable," Albus said, pursing his lips. This was looking down right terrible, getting worse by the minute; his own defence was feeling incredibly weak. He felt betrayed that Horace wouldn't even meet his eyes; this was one big misunderstanding how could Horace think so badly of him? Doge as always believed in him, he was sitting up straight nodding encouragingly every now and again but his eyes held a defeat that made him realize it must be a lot worse than even he thought.

"You. Didn't. Realize?" Was enunciated slowly with enough doubt to fill the entire Ministry. "Yet we have reports from dozens of students that you keep watching Mr. Peverell, he is not a Gryffindor you have no need to even be looking at him especially not while he eats his meals."

"What exactly were your plans for Mr. Peverell? It's here that you made fraudulent statements to the Minister of magic while you tried to gain custody of Mr. Peverell!" Antonius proclaimed, "There's written statements from both the Minister Lestrange and Headmaster Armando Dippet to prove as such." he had to admit himself that the Auror's had done a fine job in gathering every possible shred of evidence and information they could. "This is bordering line theft, if you had succeeded it would have been!"

"I was concerned, Mr. Peverell is extremely vulnerable, and all teenagers who are emancipated are vulnerable to being manipulated. The last thing we need is the current generation siding with the Dark Lord and abandoning all hope." Dumbledore said gravely, "It is not as if I had planned to use the boys money, he's emancipated I wouldn't have access to it, likewise it wasn't as if I could marry him to whomever I choose, the emancipation prevents all that, I merely wanted to make sure the Dark Lord Grindelwald couldn't get his hands on them."

Hadrian was biting his tongue so tightly that it had begun to bleed, the hypocritical shit, if the wizarding world had even an idea of what Dumbledore had done in his teenage years he would be in St. Mungo’s not teaching the next generation. Vulnerable to being manipulated, he mentally scoffed; the urge to choke the life out of Dumbledore was strong. He swore if it was the last thing he did he was going to make sure Dumbledore could not possibly manipulate another person again and so that nobody would ever, ever listen to him when he spoke about anything. He was going to bring him down, squash him like a bug.

"Despite the fact he was attacked by the Dark Lord's forces?" the Minister said sarcastically.

"For which we've never found out the reason," Albus retorted, trying to paint Hadrian in a bad light was his last resort.

"A reason?" the Minister boomed, his voice angry, "How can you think there's ever a reason behind what that wizard is doing? The people he's attacked and killed! Mr. Peverell had a very
lucky escape! Not many others can say the same thing but he isn't the only one!"

Hadrian had to refrain from smirking; it was extremely rare to see anyone speaking to Dumbledore that way, to his face of all things. He felt inordinately irritated that he had felt worried all week, he had been so worried that Dumbledore would speak and everything he was striving towards would be just set aside as an over active imagination of a teenager. Only Hadrian would fail to take into account just how powerful his name was and how many others wanted on his good side.

Chapter End Notes

There we go! I did want to get the entire trial over with but I can't make up my mind whether to have Dumbledore go free and work from the shadows OR whether to have him imprisoned :D for two years until the war is over and he comes out to hear about it (perhaps with Grindelwald actually dead instead of imprisoned?) or longer still and have Hadrian and Tom well known and liked by the magical world then have him actively trying to stop him :) what do you guys think? R&R please!
Chapter 63

Shock, disbelief, anger then a blank mask overcame all fifty members of the Wizengamot, some struggling to regain their impassive look but inevitably they all succeeded. In fact Hadrian caught sight of what could have been a witch at the back looking horrified by what had come out of Dumbledore's mouth. Cocking his head to the side, wondering just why he felt as though he recognized him or her. Frowning in annoyance, it was right there, he could feel he'd seen this person before but where? Where? He was just about to give up hope when the face he knew flashed before his eyes, melding with the one in front of him. Bloody hell, this was Doge, he wasn't a dull eyed, scraggy face, short podgy thing he remembered, he was thin, hair wasn't grey and he looked full of life. Dumbledore's greatest defender, refusing to ever believe a bad thing about the old fool even when it was in black and white, after his death. Look at him now, horrified to the core at what he was hearing coming out of his friend's mouth.

It wasn't like Dumbledore to make such a mistake, to say something like that; it was very out of character. He must be panicking and very worried to screw up in such a measure. It gave him a great deal of satisfaction to know Dumbledore was terrified. He was getting a doze of what he had gone through faced with the entire Wizengamot on a trumped up charge of underage magic. He could have made sure everyone knew about Voldemort right there and then, pensive memories couldn't be faked but he'd been content to let things play out, no, he thought angrily, that wasn't his life anymore, and he was going to ensure that nobody suffered at Dumbledore's hands ever again.

"Boys?" Professor Slughorn's voice brought Hadrian out of his dark thoughts.

"Yes, Professor?" Tom asked, none of his sadistic amusement showing on his curious yet serene face.

"They will be busy for at least an hour while they view all the memories, are you hungry?" Horace asked them, praying that they would say yes, he couldn't very well be irresponsible and leave them sitting here while he went for a cup of coffee and he desperately wanted a cup of coffee. He was extremely tired, slightly vexed too, unable to believe the nerve of Albus to give him HIM! That disappointed and betrayed look. He just wanted to get out of the room for a brief moment.

"Wait, what memories?" Hadrian asked, looking around the room only to realize that the Wizengamot were no longer there, in the middle of the room a pensive was glowing blue. "They view them and don't just take the Auror's word for it?" he was quite surprised, it didn't seem to him that pensive memories were all that big in his time.

"They don't," Horace said, educating the teenager with a smug smile twitching at his lips, "Each and every memory submitted by the witnesses, defence or prosecutor are viewed so that the Wizengamot may get a real feel of what happened."

"And fifty people can view them without a problem?" Hadrian asked, gazing at the basin in bafflement.
"Without a doubt," Horace informed Hadrian. "It would be next to impossible to converse, but they aren't there to talk, they are there only to observe."

"I assume the Ministry has a cafeteria?" Tom questioned the professor, knowing Hadrian was done with his questions.

"Two in fact," Horace said, "One is in basement level two, used by the law enforcement mostly, and basement level eight is the cafeteria for the general public, next to the reception area." as the entire Ministry was underground they usually didn't bother with 'basement' in the titles but it was nonetheless there in the directory. "Shall we go?" if he had realized just how hopeful he looked he would have been deeply embarrassed by his lack of restraint, he was after all, first and foremost a Slytherin.

"I am thirsty," Hadrian said in agreement, plus his butt was numb sitting in the same place for ages, he wasn't sure how long he'd already been there. Perhaps he'd underestimated how long the process would take, his own trial hadn't lasted all that long and assumed they were always that way.

"This way," Horace said, eager to get out of the room, he gave a nod to the Minister and his Undersecretary as they left, none of them blinked an eyelash at the decision to leave, since quite a few people did elect to go especially if there were a lot of memories to view. Since the two teens didn't know where they were going, Horace led the way after another sickening elevator ride (for both Tom and Horace) Hadrian meanwhile rather liked it, he'd always been an adrenaline junkie of sorts, for years he had rode his broom and relished each moment of it and the freedom he felt during it. He didn't miss flying as much as he thought he would, or rather playing Quidditch, he had no reason to feel the freedom the sky beckoned him with here. No burdens on his shoulders, he was more than just content with his life…he was extremely happy.

"Are you okay, Professor?" Hadrian asked sympathetically, as they walked. "I know he's your friend and this must be very difficult,"

A pained look appeared very briefly over Horace's face as he walked, he didn't appear in any mood to answer that question, instead he got them into the cafeteria, there was no line and for that Horace was grateful, he was about to ask the boys what they'd like when it became apparent that they would be paying for their own items, instead he paid of his large mug of coffee and slice of cake. He patiently waited on both of them finishing up before getting them situated where there weren't too many people to overhear anything.

Taking a sip of coffee, he sat back eyeing the teens with fondness, "I'll be just fine, there is no need to worry," he could see they were confused for a moment before realisation dawned. "He was my friend yes, and it's never nice when you think you know someone and they turn out to be something very different. Unfortunately, that is a way of life, young or old you will experience this yourselves no doubt."

Tom bit his tongue; he'd never allow himself to be surrounded by anyone like Dumbledore or someone who was a pretender or manipulator.

"I know," Hadrian said, thinking of the two he had considered his best friends for seven whole years, he couldn't even bring himself to think their names anymore. Even now it hurt, just a twinge though, he knew the real meaning of friendship and it was nothing like what he'd experienced with them. That's not to say it hadn't been shaky at times, like with Aiden, but jealousy had gotten the better of him, after his wake up call he'd become one of his staunchest friends. He liked to think it wasn't completely reliant on the oath of fealty he'd sworn.

Horace seeing the look on Hadrian's face didn't doubt his word, he had obviously been betrayed in
some manner. He just hoped and prayed it was not an adult who had betrayed his trust in any manner but he believed it was. It would explain why Hadrian never went to an adult with his problems; thankfully he'd trusted Armando, who had given him a place at Hogwarts earning some measure of trust from the insecure teen. Just remembering how baffled he had been when they were all concerned for him that day he left the Hospital wing without permission haunted him near constantly.

"Do you think he will be found guilty, professor?" Tom asked, changing the subject while he gripped Hadrian's knee tightly giving him the comfort he so desperately needed. Today was dragging up a lot of old memories for his bonded and he hated that he didn't know how to make it better. Hadrian was the only one he cared about, only one he'd ever felt anything for. He was extremely pleased with himself when he felt Hadrian relax a little and begin to eat his sandwich with more vigour than he'd had the past week. Either that or the hunger had won over the worry.

"There is no doubt about it," Horace informed Tom grimly, "It will be a matter of whether he serves time in Azkaban or get's a suspended sentence."

"You think he could get a suspended sentence?" Tom questioned, feeling a sinking sensation in his gut.

"Some first offenders do receive suspended sentences, its normal youngsters who receive them, but considering Albus is a teacher his sentence might very well be used to set an example against being inappropriate and receive a heavier than normal sentencing." Horace explained as he quite happily drank his coffee, feeling much more alert and honestly? Relieved that he wasn't still sitting in that room with Dumbledore staring at him.

Now that Tom liked the sound off, he really hoped they went down that route and used Dumbledore as an example.

"I'm surprised there aren't reporters in the courtroom," Hadrian added, speaking around the lump of sandwich in his mouth ensuring that no bits spat out. He wasn't Dudley Dursley and hadn't been raised by pigs after all. He didn't sense any curiosity from Tom so he must already know the answer.

"Reporters aren't allowed in the courtroom without a pass, and they are rarely given, they are nonetheless waiting in the atrium for news of the outcome already." Horace told them, putting his empty cup aside in favour of his cake. The courtrooms were very secure areas of the Ministry, the only reason he had been able to get a pass was because legally while Hadrian and Tom were at Hogwarts, both were his wards and they had to be escorted by an adult even if they were emancipated. His students were being taught by the teachers who had free periods, unfortunately the Newts students had to go the library with a quiz since nobody qualified was available to take the class for that time period.

"I see," Hadrian added, drinking some juice to wash down his sandwich. It made sense, since there hadn't even been any reporters in the courtroom for his farce of a trial. There was still so much he didn't know, but he was actually actively reading the material so he knew everything he could about his world now. "Do you know what happens after they view the memories?" in other words how much longer does the trial go on for?

"You will more than likely be called up to answer some questions; Albus may ask you some as well since he's defending himself," Horace began seriously, "They may even call you up as well, Tom, after that they will probably have more questions for Albus and then deliberations will begin on whether he will be found guilty or not guilty, and if it is guilty they will hold one more discussion on the punishment itself and the length of it."
Okay, now THAT was news, Dumbledore himself was going to ask questions? That was definitely going to be the most awkward part of the trial that was for damn certain. What kinds of questions was Dumbledore going to ask? Probably try and get him angry or make him feel really small his mind immediately began to think of tactics the old fool often employed. If the old man thought it would be easy to rile him up he was in for a hell of a surprise.

Horace glanced at his watch, "If you need to relieve yourself, I suggest doing it now, there won't be another break for two hours," he himself intended to as well.

Tom and Hadrian both nodded before they departed, the sign for the toilets ensured they didn't need to enquire as to where they were. Horace grabbed the empty cup, glasses and plates and put them on the top tray before lifting it and dumping them in the large tray, they automatically began to clean and float back over to their original positions. By that time the boys had returned, so Horace moved towards them, instructing them to stay there and went to the toilets himself.

"You can't let Dumbledore get you angry," Tom cautioned him, as soon as their teacher was out of earshot.

"I know," Hadrian said grimly, "I'm aware of the tactics he employs, well better than most," he added thoughtfully.

Tom did have to concede that point, since it was true. Nothing further was said, they couldn't risk speaking of anything more while they were in the Ministry of magic. Although they could have used their minds to speak, but it took a lot of concentration to do it and neither wanted to miss anything and when they went back in they couldn't afford to miss anything especially if they were called up.

Both glanced around when they heard the door open, seeing that Professor Slughorn was back, still wiping his hands with paper tissue which he placed in the closest bin. "Shall we?" he said, and with that the three wizards began to leisurely make their way back, true to Slughorn's word, there were reporters there, four different ones less than he had assumed, it must be a single reporter for each publication, one paper and probably three magazines, he couldn't see the name tags from where he was. They looked bored, but obviously they didn't want to miss anything and risk getting fired.

He lost sight of them once the doors of the elevator closed, and they were on the move once more, all of them holding tightly to the straps above them. What Hadrian loved most about the elevators - which surprisingly wasn't the thrill of riding in them - but rather the speed in which they went. He had mentally counted how long the elevator had been in motion and it was merely seven seconds, it took them longer to get in and out than it took for it to go.

Five minutes later the trio re-entered the room, all of them began to analyzing everything they were seeing. The Wizengamot were still not there, Dumbledore was no longer in the room, and a few others were absent as well. The Ministry, the Undersecretary and the scribe were sitting eating at their seats. Hadrian had just taken his seat when the noise level rose exponentially as the Wizengamot members were ejected from the pensive. Their expressions boded well for him, quite a few of them looked very squeamish, and as if they'd seen something they really didn't like the look of. Turning back to the front, Hadrian had to work really hard to keep the satisfaction and amusement from showing through. Quiet shuffling was heard and Hadrian didn't need to look to know that they were probably all reclaiming their seats ready for the next round.

A side door was opened moments afterwards and Dumbledore was escorted back into the room with two Aurors, a third moved away from them to conjure up a chair before he left through the double courtroom doors. The two Auror's escorting Dumbledore took their seats; they weren't the ones Hadrian had dealt with twice in the past. In fact Hadrian didn't recognize them at all, but that
didn't surprise him, all the Aurors from this time were probably either retired and extremely old or dead by his time.

"Mr. Peverell, would you mind coming up and answering some questions?" the Minister asked after making his way over to the teenager, keeping his voice low so nobody else could hear him bar those who were sitting closest to him.

Hadrian nodded. "I'll come, Sir" he answered, being polite and respectful; it never hurt to be too polite especially to someone in power.

"Good," Lestrange nodded, "When I call you up, take a seat on the chair," with that he wandered back to his position without waiting on a reply, picking up the bundle of paperwork, sighing internally, as he stretched out wondering how best to begin questioning him.

"I'd like to call Mr. Peverell to the seat," the Minister called out, and utter silence descended, you would have heard a pin drop.

Hadrian stood up, giving a grim smile to Tom and Horace before moving around the seats, his heart pounding erratically, as nerves got the better of him momentarily especially when he sat down and found himself face to face with the entirety of the Ministry officials.

"What is your name?" Andronicus enquired, this part he found tedious, they already knew but for the sake of records they must ask them.

"Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin,"

"What was your first interaction with Albus Dumbledore like?" Andronicus asked something they weren't aware off.

"He was there with Headmaster Dippet after I woke up, the Headmaster asked me how I was but Dumbledore interrupted him and demanded to know who I was and when I didn't answer right away he asked me my name…it's pretty hazy I was in pain, I was unconscious for a long time and it took a while to regain my bearings." Hadrian answered, "As soon as the Headmaster was gone, he was asking me where I was from, and repeated it a few seconds later…I would have answered if I could, but I was still extremely disoriented."

The Wizengamot all nodded in approval at his clear concise answers, exactly what they would expect from a fifteen year old pureblood.

"And then?" Andronicus probed, presuming it wasn't the end of it.

"I received a pain relief potion from the school healer, Healer Chang, who took excellent care of me and made sure to answer each and every question I presented to her during my stay in the hospital wing." Hadrian added, "The Headmaster then asked me a few questions about what happened. I answered as much as I could about the attack, it was then the Headmaster realized he had to get the Auror's involved, he suggested I eat while I waited on them…pain relieve potions aren't meant to be taken with an empty stomach. I was malnourished and they were quite concerned about me. Dumbledore interrupted once more asking me if I attended Durmstrang, which of course, I had no idea about…I was even aware of magic at that point, or rather the finer details, being cursed does sort of drive home the existence of magic."

"Further into the conversation when Headmaster Dippet made it clear that no magical child would be left behind, insisted I attend magic school, I was quite overwhelmed, in a good way, at his generosity, I hadn't received much of it in my life." Hadrian caused, shifting slightly to make
himself look self-conscious and just the right amount of worried. "Then I felt it sink away when Dumbledore asked the Headmaster if it was wise, truly thought I was going to be thrown out the school, homeless and utterly helpless." it was what a child would think after all. "Then when it was sorted Dumbledore then again demanded to know who my parents were…but I didn't know they died when I was very young, a baby. Healer Chang and Headmaster Dippet postulated the idea that I may be from the pureblood Peverell line. After that they left me to eat and get some rest before the Auror's arrived."

"And when was your next meeting with him?" Lestrange asked, this had already been answered as well, the Aurors had been thorough but they had to hear it all again, or rather the Wizengamot did.

"The next day, Headmaster Dippet brought me a list of all the classes I was eligible to take at Hogwarts, I had always been able to catch onto subjects quickly, and picked out my classes. Dumbledore was the one to take my to get my supplies, once we were out of the school he began to interrogate me again. Wishing to know who my parents were, as if he suspected I had lied. Then proceeded to ask if magic had truly not been a part of my life. Asking them in different ways as if he suspected I knew more than I let on." Hadrian informed them.

"On page nineteen there's a sworn statement from Auror Aaron Moody that Dumbledore began asking questions about Mr. Peverell-Slytherin a few days after this incident trying to get information, insistently trying to get at least the names of the parents and the addresses in which the young boy had been raised." the Minister stated, holding up the page in question himself. It had also been in the pensive anyway, so they were already aware of this, and their nodding confirmed it.

"How was your first Transfiguration class?" Andronicus prompted.

"Well, it was different from my normal classes, I... well I didn't ask Healer Chang for any more pain relief potions, so I was a little sore, and I must admit distracted. The class hadn't even been started for ten minutes, when Dumbledore singled me out, demanding that I pay attention and removed three points from Slytherin when nobody else had completed the work yet. As I said I had always picked things up remarkably well, and did the double spell directly afterwards but he did award Slytherin ten points, but blatantly ignored Tom when he did it right afterwards..." Hadrian explained, "At the end of the class, Dumbledore asked me to come to the front of the class, he gave me ten assignments that I had missed since the beginning of term and informed me that I had only until the Christmas holidays to turn them in. My hand ached something fierce but I got them done before the holidays. I didn't think anything more of it until I handed them in during a staff meeting, Professor Slughorn seemed quite angry at Dumbledore for it."

"How did that make you feel?" the Minister asked.

"Confused, I just thought it was the way Dumbledore was with everyone...after a week there and no other professor doing it I did begin to think I was being picked on a little but what could I do? He was a professor; I was just a student...a new one at that I didn't think anyone would take me seriously. I thought not complaining would make it stop, especially if I didn't let him see it was bothering me, I thanked him for the homework and the opportunity to prove myself and moved on." now this had been what he had thought with Snape when he was being unfair when he was young, so it was definitely how he should have taken it if he had been young.

"Tell us about the werewolf cub incident," Andronicus questioned.

"Well I don't remember much about it, the attack was such a surprise...I saw a shadow, heard a sound and I turned around, the werewolf cub's teeth latched onto my neck, my magic reacted to my fear and blasted it away from me, and I just remember feeling very, very weak and in a lot of pain."
Hadrian explained, "I do know I was out of it for two days, Professor Slughorn came to see how I was doing after I woke up. I learned that Hagrid had only earned detention for a fortnight despite what happened, Professor Slughorn said he pushed for a tougher punishment. I'm ashamed to say I lost control of my temper."

"Go on," Andronicus encouraged.

"I bolted from the hospital wing before the professor or Tom who was visiting could say anything. I ran straight to the Great Hall and made my way towards Dumbledore. I was disrespectful, I asked him if it was any other than his precious Gryffindors if the punishment would have been so lenient, to me he does favour the Gryffindors. He had given Hagrid two weeks detention after I had almost been killed. I asked him if his problem was me or the fact it was a Slytherin and he hated our guts." Hadrian allowed his cheeks to flush purposely thinking of the things he and Tom had gotten up to. They would assume it was the fact he was ashamed at his loss of composure he was sure. "He told me not to make the situation worse and I yelled or what apparently I can go around almost murdering people and only receive two weeks detention."

"And his reaction?" the Minister had to stop his lips from twitching, he had seen the memory and he just loved it, a teenager standing up to Dumbledore…in front of all the teachers and students.

"He removed twenty-five points from Slytherin," Hadrian replied, "Then I laughed, saying my disrespect was worth twenty-five point's removal but none had been taken from Gryffindor. I then said to all of them, that they were meant to be teachers, that a student almost died in your care and that's all its worth - two weeks of detention and I added I'll bet they are with Dumbledore himself which they were."

"And then?" Minister Lestrange prompted.

Hadrian shifted slightly, "Um, I told Dumbledore he shouldn't be allowed near children, that he shouldn't be a teacher, to look around at what happens to the students around him getting away with murder,"

"You said something else," the Minister pointed out, almost salivating over that juicy piece of information, dying to know what it was. It was something big that could make Dumbledore so scared, so terrified. Even now he was watching the proceedings paler than a piece of parchment.

Dumbledore could feel his entire world was about to collapse from under him, his heart felt as though it was about to burst. He still didn't know how the boy had found out about Ariana but he hated that he did. He had thought he'd gotten away with that information coming to light earlier; apparently his relief was too soon. What was he going to do? He'd sent his adulthood preventing that information ever coming to light. He knew Gellert wouldn't reveal the information, he held guilt for what happened to her just as he did. He closed his eyes, swallowed the lump in his throat and waited. Praying the boy didn't know anything that he only knew about Ariana because she was buried in Godric's Hollow. The thought of everyone knowing his teenage plans filled him with so much dread and shame.

He would never be trusted again.

Hadrian pursed his lips, his mind racing, if he revealed this it would be the nail in Dumbledore's coffin. It would cement him as a bad guy; nobody would ever trust him again. Yet how did he explain how he knew about it? What happened was only known between three wizards, Dumbledore, Aberforth Dumbledore and Gellert Grindelwald. Dumbledore could try and use it against him and make him look like a spy or something. Glancing at Tom, he nodded firmly, telling him to go ahead lay it all bare. Did he reveal all or only a titbit?
Will Dumbledore's life and the lie the world believe's come crashing down around him as they learn absolutely everything? If it's a resounding yes, how do we suppose that Hadrian knew it? It is a question Dumbledore would ask after all if he's even in a state to ask any questions once his life is laid bare for all to see :D He can't very well tell them he's from the future :D If I can't think of a reasonable way (and you can't either) I'm afraid the only truth will be the 'rumours' I suppose and a few 'guesses from reading the Daily Prophet' or something like that! R&R guys let me know what you think!
Chapter 64

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lord Of Time

Chapter 64

Hadrian could only do one thing, could only go to one person for help, if Death could be considered a person that is. As always the feeling of his mind being penetrated was quite jarring as Death appeared for him as he always did when he thought of needing his help. 'Interesting predicament you have yourself in,'Death informed him sounding amused, but he was always that way. Hadrian sensed another presence which could only be Tom - evidently he had been invited to this little conversation.

'I don't want anyone becoming suspicious of how I know…what is the best way to do this without arousing suspicion?'Hadrian wondered, technically not asking Death, merely speculating out loud looking for input, 'Skeeter found out by drugging the old woman, Bathilda Bagshot, can you make it so it looks as if me and Tom spoke to her? Imbed a memory of the conversation?he didn't know if it was possible for him to do it, but he had yet to find something that Death couldn't do - or he himself come to that.

'Being there is easily explained; you became aware of your heritage and wanted to know more about your ancestors who had lived in Godric's Hollow.'Tom added his own suggestion, he wanted Death to do this more than Hadrian did, and he wanted to see Dumbledore brought down to an all time low. Pretending to be self righteous when all along he'd been a cowardly wizard without the guts to see his visions through. Saying nothing against Grindelwald when it was obvious he wanted to kill millions of wizards and Muggles alike, Muggles he didn't care for but the wizards who were dying enraged him. 'Plus there's bound to be some Muggles still alive who remember that time, the Ministry won't question them the way they would question us.'

'Done,'Death proclaimed, just as Tom and Hadrian visibly winced at the disconcerting feeling of memories playing out of nowhere, memories they both know that weren't theirs, but had been implanted, the memory acted out a scene they could see themselves acting out. Would Bagshot and the others feel this or was it because they were more than just 'human' that they could feel it?

"Mr. Peverell?" the Minister questioned, "Please, answer the question to the best of your ability, do not be afraid."

'They will not feel it.They are trying to catch your attention'Death informed them, and with that his presence was gone again.

"I'm not afraid," Hadrian said quietly, after a few moments he remembered the question that had been posed before him. "I said that Ariana's death should have driven that home. I wasn't able to say anything else thankfully; Tom came and dragged me out of the Great Hall to calm down. She died while she was under his care, he was meant to look after her…"

"Would this be Ariana Dumbledore?" the Minister questioned, already knowing the answer.

Hadrian's eyes widened, nodding dumbly, the Minister must have gone digging and how he had found anything out was beyond him. Dumbledore had made sure that anything pertaining to his life
was obscured. The only reason Skeeter had found out was by drugging the only woman who could have known anything.

"What do you know about Ariana Dumbledore's death?" Andronicus demanded he and Minster Lestrange had worked very hard to find out who Ariana was, starting with Dumbledore's history, his life and had found it quite quickly. What alarmed them was the lack of information about her, nobody knew she existed, the only thing they had was a newspaper clipping of Ariana's funeral, but that was only mentioned briefly, the paper had concentrated on the fact the teenage Aberforth Dumbledore had attacked his own brother, the heir of the estate. "Why do you know about it?" considering the boy was a Slytherin he believed there were greater motives than the Wizengamot even realized except the few that were Slytherin themselves.

Hadrian pondered on what to say, did he just give them the basics? Get it over with or did he savour each and every moment of Dumbledore's downfall?

'Take your time,' Tom insisted smugly, he wanted to savour it as well, everything Dumbledore did flashing before his eyes, most of it pensive memories.

Hadrian himself was thinking of a scene in Dumbledore's office, one he wasn't part of but he could guess how it went. Could see Dumbledore informing his so called friends with a sad look on his face that he would turn dark that he would become the next Dark Lord and it was up to Hermione and Ron to take care of the problem before it got worse. It completely strengthened his resolve; he was going to deserve an Oscar for this performance he thought to himself. And so he began to speak, knowing that Tom would be watching Dumbledore closely so he could see the memories when they returned to Hogwarts.

"When I informed Dumbledore that I had learned about my family, I wasn't lying. If I was to be the heir of the Peverell estate I wanted to know more than just my name, knowledge is power." Hadrian explained, breathing deeply, "I knew my family had lived for quite a long time in Godric's Hollow, both sides actually, since I am direct descendant from Godric Gryffindor, and the youngest Peverell brother, the area was named after Gryffindor. I went to visit the graves of my ancestors, unfortunately I'll never know where my parents are buried, if they're even buried so this was as close to family as I was ever going to get."

Loud bursts of exclamations rose at Hadrian's proclamation to be a direct descendant from Godric Gryffindor himself. While those who were more composed were nodding, quite respectful that Hadrian was doing all he could to learn about his family. As one they quietened down as the Minister rose his hand to silence them and their rampant speculation. They were sitting before the heir of Godric Gryffindor. There was only one line truly known, the Smith line was directly descendant from Helga Hufflepuff the others had thought long gone…until Tom Riddle came along as the last of the Slytherin line.

"While I was in Godric's Hollow I spoke to some of the people there, a witch named Bathilda Bagshot and many of the non-magical people who stay there." Hadrian didn't even blink at their confusion as to why he was calling them 'Non-magical' instead of Muggles. "Bathilda seemed very lonely, I enquired about her family, but she told me she didn't have any nearby, only a great nephew who was in prison."

Tom derived great amusement from Dumbledore who had paled even more as he listened to the topic of conversation. Oh, this day had been so long in coming, knowing and doing nothing had been torture for him, but thankfully he had Hadrian and his other plans to distract him.

"I got talking about books, we are both Authors, she told me about her plans of her new history book and I told her about what I had planned next. Tom and I must have sat talking with her for
hours, she showed us a picture of her great-nephew, and honestly Tom had to get me out of there,” Hadrian shuddered, "I recognized the person in the photo, it took me days before I could even think about what I had seen." this would cement their belief that he would never join Grindelwald no matter what Dumbledore alluded to.

"And what had you seen?" the Minister asked perplexed, they were missing something, they just couldn't figure out what.

"May I?" Tom stood, making a big show of being concerned for Hadrian, they had to make it clear to people that Hadrian would never side with Grindelwald no matter what Dumbledore asked or said, something they both agreed on. Hence the decision to make Hadrian seem vulnerable, and of course as his bonded Tom would know better than anyone else how 'affected' he was. He did look rather pale; he would have been concerned if not for the amusement he could feel through the bond. Truly wonderful acting, he wasn't sure he would have been able to be so thorough.

Andronicus conjured up an additional chair, silently allowing Tom to take a seat.

Tom slid smoothly from his seat with a nod to Slughorn before moving around the benches before seating himself comfortably on the chair. "The picture was of two wizards, two I recognized of course, they're in the paper, it would be difficult not to. Despite the attack, Hadrian has never actually came across a picture of the Dark Lord Grindelwald, he hadn't realized he'd been attacked by the wizard himself." he waited on the gasps of horror and shock to pass, "The photo Bathilda showed us was of Grindelwald in his teenage years…with Dumbledore. They looked extraordinary close, much like myself and Hadrian." and bang the fireworks started, Tom kept his face blank as the Wizengamot went crazy yelling and denial penetrated the air.

The Minister withdrew his wand and sent red sparks into the air that caused deafening bangs to circulate the room, causing many to wince at the loudness. "Silence!"

"We went back and apologised to Bathilda, it was very rude the way we left so abruptly," Tom continued once the Minister got control of the situation. "We found out that they had been together but it was all hush-hush, back in those days it wasn't something people spoke about let alone acknowledged. Living in a small community, everyone knew, but that wasn't the most alarming thing we found out…this is all just hearsay, with what we've put together…but we have no proof."

"This has nothing to do with the charges brought against me," Dumbledore stated vehemently, desperate to get this stopped before more information was revealed.

"Quiet, you will have your chance to ask questions," the Minister stated seriously, giving Dumbledore a long penetrating look. "If you had representation with you, you would know that this line of questioning is quite within our rights, as it pertains to the original question I asked."

Tom glanced between Dumbledore and the Minister.

Dumbledore's lips pursed as his blue eyes flashed with irritation, but he said nothing, knowing he'd already lost before he could truly put up a plausible reason as to why this line of questioning was unforgivable. If he continued to resist it, then he knew they would just continue to dig up more and more information.

"Continue," Andronicus added to Tom, giving him a nod.

"It wasn't until after the werewolf cub incident that we began to investigate more thoroughly, his reaction spoke volumes to its authenticity." Tom continued, embracing all eyes on him, he knew Hadrian preferred it this way. "We did some digging, mostly using the newspapers as focus point,
we went way back to when Percival Dumbledore was put in Azkaban for killing three Muggle boys, there was a big mystery surrounding it, but we pieced together that after Percival was arrested and sentenced to Azkaban the family of four moved from Mould-on-the-wold to Godric's Hollow where almost everyone seemed to think it was a family of three, Bathilda saw Ariana though, once in the dead of the night it was all quite secret. We got information from the parents of the three boys who were killed by Percival and they told us that the boys had been curious about Ariana despite the parents not wanting their children to be around them since they were 'odd' I think it had something to do with their magic. Which made us question the idea that had been perpetrated that Ariana was a squib,

"After doing more digging we realized that someone had heard Percival attacking those boys, going on about what they had done to his daughter, that if they wanted to see 'magic' he would show them it. Of course, he just thought Percival was barmy, while we realized the boys must have done something to Ariana for the father to enact retribution on her behalf." Hadrian said, a sad look on his face that was no way feigned, the poor man had gone to Azkaban without telling the world what happened fearful of what would happen to his daughter…not wishing to have her sent to St. Mungo's because they feared she would be a danger to the international statute of secrecy. "A few years later Kendra Dumbledore died, her cause of Death was widely regarded as 'unknown' despite the claims that say it was backfiring charm. It wasn't long afterwards that Ariana died too, it was that exact same day that Gellert Grindelwald ran away from Godric's Hollow never to be seen or heard from again…well until he started his reign of terror."

"It took us ages to find someone who had heard what happened that night," Hadrian commented, and Dumbledore immediately crumbled, like a puppet with his strings cut. All fight had left him and honestly Hadrian couldn't even bring himself to feel slightly sorry for the old fool. "Apparently an argument started about how Ariana couldn't go with Albus and Gellert to be dragged behind them while they realized their dreams. Then someone, presumably Gellert said that Ariana wouldn't need to be hidden when they subdued the Muggles, then some sort of commotion was heard and they said they saw the blonde German boy fleeing the scene." and that was all they could say, the rest he was sure they could piece together themselves.

Silence, utter silence it was as though nobody dared to even breathe.

"You would make one hell of a Law Enforcement officer, both of you," the Minister murmured, sitting down stunned, teenagers had spoken to both Muggles and wizards and managed to figure that much out on their own without an ounce of training? Did this mean that Dumbledore had known Gellert Grindelwald was a Dark Lord? Had he conspired with him? Was he still doing it? If these rumours were to be believed it meant Dumbledore had known which made him culpable. They'd obviously figured this all out in a single summer? Turning to the Auror, "I want all three cases reopened, Percival Dumbledore, Kendra Dumbledore and Ariana Dumbledore…I want everything on my desk first thing tomorrow morning. Send a summons to Aberforth Dumbledore tomorrow for an immediate meeting."

"Yes, Sir," the Auror stated grimly, giving a nod of understanding, at least they should be near each other and he wouldn't spend the entire evening after this trial was over digging through the archives. They were sorted alphabetically, had been that way for many years now.

"Good," Lestrangle relaxing slightly, trying to get his mind around the fact Dumbledore could have known all along what Grindelwald was going to do. Unfortunately they could do nothing about it yet; they'd need to investigate it, and if there was a case, proceed with it. He could see that the Wizengamot were struggling with it as well, but they were remaining silent which was a good thing, his head was thumping, he needed a potion. They hadn't even gotten to the best piece of evidence against the old man yet.
Andronicus turned to the Minister, clearing his throat to get his attention before whispering into his ear; "I think perhaps we should take an early lunch don't you?" it wasn't all that early, just fifteen minutes. Everyone needed time to process this, and quite frankly he had forgotten about the questions he needed to ask still, his mind was reeling. He needed to regain his scattered wits, and not in the courtroom.

"Agreed," Lestrange stated, and not even a few seconds later Andronicus was gathering up every piece of parchment on the table.

"The trial will reconvene in one hour and fifteen minutes, we're taking an early lunch," the Minister stated after standing up, speaking solely to the wizards of the Wizengamot, who all seemed relieved by that pronouncement, it seemed to have been the right idea. Turning to face the two Hogwarts students, if he had them right, they had held onto that for blackmail material, but they hadn't used it, the question was why? Why hadn't they used it against Dumbledore? Perhaps Dumbledore had just gone too far in trying to gain control of the Peverell-Slytherin heir and he'd snapped back, using the full force of the Ministry of magic to get him to back down. He couldn't say he would have done anything differently if he was Hadrian. Perhaps knowing he could be in it with Grindelwald, someone who Hadrian Peverell was genuinely scared of had also factored in.

"What can I get you?" the witch asked, a notepad in her hand gazing at them expectantly after they lowered their menus. They had gone to the main cafeteria that the Auror's used, it was extremely busy, people bustling around, loud conversations going on, that Hadrian and the others only picked up bits and pieces of the conversations.

"A bottle of orange juice, a coffee, tuna sandwich and a slice of carrot cake please," Hadrian said giving her a small smile that was rather weak, he could feel people watching him and he didn't like it. Word was getting around the Ministry of magic a lot quicker than anticipated. Slughorn himself was very twitchy, evidently he wanted to say something but it wasn't the right time.

"Apple juice, sausage and Gorgonzola pasta and cheesecake, thank you," Tom gave his own order.

"I'll have cream of tomato soup, apple crumble and a coffee, thank you very much," Slughorn said distractedly, not paying much attention to the witch at all.

"Was any of that true?" Slughorn blurted out, barely able to put the silencing spell up before it burst out of his mouth. He knew Bathilda, had known her for many years, as had Albus. He knew how resourceful Slytherin's could be, especially Tom and Hadrian, now they were in a class all by themselves. Everything he thought he knew about Albus was being torn to shreds, now he was learning in his teenage years he had been in a relationship with Gellert? He'd always assumed Albus was asexual, he never seemed to care for either gender, and was quite content to be on his own, working his way up the ladder at Hogwarts.

"I didn't lie professor," Hadrian said solemnly, feeling a little bad for Slughorn, he was finding it difficult to comprehend what Dumbledore was capable of.

"Why didn't you tell anyone?" Horace questioned, he didn't want to believe that Albus knew what the Dark Lord was capable of, and he truly didn't. He wouldn't be the first teenager taken in, but he was too smart, and what was suggested made it seem like both male Dumbledore's knew the Dark Lord, and had known what he wanted to do with his life. What he had intended to do, by Merlin, all those people…all those deaths, if he had known it was all on him.

"I had no proof," Hadrian explained sitting up straighter, eyes meeting Slughorn's with seriousness.
"It would have been my word against his, I didn't expect it to get brought up and I wasn't going to lie to the Minister of magic, I didn't think anyone would take me seriously if I said anything...how would you have reacted, Sir, if I said anything before all this..." Hadrian gestured to their surroundings.

Slughorn sighed and slouched in his seat, Albus he had felt had always been rather unfair on the Slytherins, Tom and Hadrian in particular. Albus had insisted that Tom wasn't what he seemed, long before Hadrian had shown up, he had swiftly rebuked him for saying such things. Then he had been treating both boys a great deal more unfairly than he'd realized, and it disappointed him that they hadn't felt they could approach him. He admittedly took more care in making sure the boys were well, happy than he did his other students. Tom and Hadrian didn't have anyone else, and as grown up as they liked to be, they were still young and needed a guiding hand not condemnation by Dumbledore's hand. He was just relieved that Hadrian had gone to Armando when he had, and this had all been unveiled no matter how painful it is right now, he dreaded to think what would have become of Hadrian and Tom if they had continued to be pushed into believing that there was something wrong with them to deserve Dumbledore's actions. He honestly wasn't sure how he would have reacted, he wanted to say he would have given Hadrian the benefit of the doubt, but he just didn't know. "It matters little now," Horace said wisely, "We cannot change or undo what has already been done or said."

Hadrian and Tom shared a secret look filled with mischief and amusement, since they could actually change whatever they wanted whenever they wanted. It was something Hadrian often forgot, along with the fact that he couldn't die, and was immortal. Tom however, was very much aware of these things and revelled in them. He had been looking for a way to achieve immortality, for both of them in fact towards the end, only to have all his desires come to fruition all at once.

"That ones mine," Hadrian said, putting up his finger, as he watched the witch give Tom his tray of food, it was quickly slid along to him instead, "Thank you," it was difficult to believe it was already the afternoon, so much for it being a long day. Grabbing his bottle he drank from it deeply, quenching his thirst gratefully.

The meal was eaten in silence, and from under the silencing charm that still hung around them like an invisible net. They could still hear what other people were saying, it was just if they spoke, and nobody would be able to hear them. Not that there was any chance of that. There was a lot of talk about Dumbledore's trial, mostly from the large table three down from them; it was all Auror's sitting there judging by the red robes. Hadrian even picked up the word 'Gryffindor' and suspected heavily he was also the subject of conversations. Thankfully though the curious looks seemed to have tapered off.

"Might I ask a personal question?" Horace asked gazing at Hadrian, as he ate his apple crumble, looking a little livelier now he'd had his coffee.

"Sure," Hadrian agreed curiously.

"Why didn't you take on the Gryffindor name?" Horace asked there would never be any name more renowned than the likes of the founders last names. "I assume you are not the only heir?" if he wasn't it explains why he didn't take the name. It wasn't possible to take on a name if they truly weren't the last man standing so to speak - like Tom. It was still odd calling him Slytherin; it's why he stuck to Tom.

He was surprised by the question, but didn't show it overly much, he suspected Slughorn just wanted something to talk about and try and take his mind off what had happened. "The Peverells are well known, perhaps just as greatly as the Gryffindor name, the Peverells have been around for
a greater expanse of time, I believe the Gryffindor name was only around two generations before it changed to Peverell, then the Peverell name lasted seven generations before all females were born and the name was lost and the Potter name began." Hadrian explained, "In terms of power level, knowledge, intelligence, keeping my name was the smartest thing to do." it was more recent in people's minds, plus Hadrian Gryffindor just didn't have the same ring to it like Hadrian Peverell.

Horace nodded in thoughtful agreement, it was true, the Peverells were renowned for quite a few aspects of magic, it explained the ease in which Hadrian had acclimated to magic (something he had thought numerous times over the last few years) and upon finding out that Tom were a Slytherin, and incidentally a Gaunt it had explained his as well.

"And it's the one thing nobody could take away from me," Hadrian added, Potter, Peverell, no matter what happened it couldn't be taken away from him not like everything else had…including his life at one point, if he hadn't been the Master of Death he would have died by their hands. He grimaced at his thoughts, fucking hell; he had thought more about them and what Dumbledore had done more in a single day than he had in an entire year.

Tom interlocked their fingers, squeezing lightly, leaving them on the top of the table for all the gawkers to see. Hadrian was his, and they would never have a chance. He knew many of them would have salivated at the prospect of marrying into the Peverell line, or using their child to do so. Not just Hadrian either, they'd be desperate to join the Slytherin name with their own too; Avery was just the first of many to think of it. The news of their bonding and marriage would get around soon enough; the merging of the Slytherin/Gaunt and Gryffindor/Peverell lines it would be big news. It was no longer required to be a secret amongst the elite Pureblood's.

Despite the situation Horace's lips twitched, these boys weren't afraid of much, especially not ridicule or scorn for who they chose to love. They had freely come out during the Yule ball, perhaps paving the way for a few others to come a little more quietly out of the closet. It was easy for them admittedly, they had no parents to pressure them into accepting a traditional marriage to a witch to maintain normalcy and prevent scorn. It wasn't quite so bad as it used to be, they were more accepting due to the potions and new ways that enabled a bonding between three people, usually a woman who could bear the heirs and have them not be 'bastards' so to speak. There was also a potion that gave children three parents, and all that required was a woman to carry the child. The third way had never hit off as well as the others; fear of the unknown squashed that particular potion at least in the UK, from what he knew it was used more often in the USA.

Glancing at the time, Hadrian stood up Tom let his hand up, and he began to clear the mess they'd made, gathering the trays then the plates and empty bottles and bundled them on top of the trays and dumped them in the sink, grinning as they began to scour themselves, before slotting into a drying rack. The most simplistic of magic continued to amaze him sometimes, after all this time it shouldn't but it always did.

"Professor, is it normal for wizards or witches to get relatives wands?" Hadrian asked, as they began to make their way out of the cafeteria, Hadrian ignored those watching him.

"It is a normal practice in some families," Horace answered, "Not all of them keep the practice up, I believe it was more to do with the fact they couldn't find a wand to suit them, and along the way going to Ollivander's replaced the outdated practice of using familial wands."

"Why is it common practice in some families?" Hadrian queried, perplexed by the tradition.

"Unfortunately this is one of the practices were the reason for it...has long since been lost," Horace admitted, "I do believe however, that it is more along the lines of thinking of the wands as a heirloom, part of the family, part of their ancestry that they don't wish to be lost."
"Even at the risk of their own magical growth being stunted?" Hadrian snorted derisively, unable to help himself. "Ollivander puts it right, it's not the wizard who chooses the wand, it's the wand that chooses the wizard, with limited wands they're picking the one that reacts best to them without little consideration to the fact there's other ones out there most suited to them, and wands are temperamental."

"Why did you get onto that subject?" Tom asked more amused than anything.

"Eileen, she has difficulty with the most basics of spells, it's her wand, or rather the wand she picked from a limited choice of dead relatives." Hadrian explained as they stepped once more into the elevator. Grabbing a hold he continued on, "It won't make her super powerful or anything like that but she will have a much easier time with a wand of her own."

"You seem very sure of that," Horace added, sighing in relief as the elevator stopped, he only had to do this one more time then that was him back at Hogwarts.

"I am," Hadrian said firmly, without a single doubt.

"Mr. Peverell-Slytherin, please retake your seat," Andronicus said as he approached the trio, feeling a lot better after the long break. The second seat was already gone, so Hadrian wandered over while Tom and Horace claimed the seats on the benches facing Hadrian and of course the Minister, court scribe, Undersecretary and Dumbledore.

The court scribe was busy writing down the time and various other things onto the parchment, writing down what the Minister was saying. Date, time, reconvening court trial case for Dumbledore, even Tom wasn't listening to that part, he mostly had eyes for Dumbledore who seemed to have calmed considerably, and looked much more determined than they'd seen him since the beginning which was worrisome but not overly so they were both confident that they had Dumbledore where they wanted him, not overconfident though. Hadrian constantly drilled it into him never to underestimate Dumbledore, given what he had seen in the future he had to admit it was a good assessment to make.

"Mr. Peverell-Slytherin, how did the overall experience affect you?" Minister Lestrange asked, getting to the winding down statements.

"It's all I've ever known during my period of time at Hogwarts, I grew used to him watching me all the time, no matter where I was, in class or in the Great Hall, even the corridors. It was unfair, I didn't like it at all, I felt deeply uncomfortable, I just thought he didn't like me, it wasn't until the Auror's asked me if he had touched me that I felt really sick, it made me think of each occasion differently..." Hadrian said, finding it increasingly difficult to keep his amusement under bay at the sick looks on everyone's face.

"So you would say it had a negative impact on your schooling?" Lestrange questioned.

"Definitely," Hadrian agreed, nodding emphatically, Dumbledore definitely negatively impacted his education, in both his experiences at Hogwarts.

"That is all the questions I have for you, Mr. Peverell-Slytherin," the Minister said, "Mr. Dumbledore do you have any questions you wish to ask?" his distaste at having to allow this evident in every line of his body and in his voice. Hadrian was a victim of Dumbledore's they shouldn't be allowing it yet Dumbledore had a right to defend himself, it was a sticky situation but both himself and Andronicus both agreed that the boy was strong enough to endure a few questions, especially with them there to curtail anything if the questions got out of line.
"I do," Dumbledore stated, standing up, he had to get the Wizengamot doubting the validity of his statements; he was not going to let the boy get the better of him. "You say you are a descendant from the youngest Peverell brother? That would be Ignutus isn't that correct?"

"Yes," Hadrian agreed, his lips twitched just slightly as he correctly deduced where Dumbledore was going with this.

"Yet it is a well known fact that the Potters are in fact descendant of Ignutus Peverell," Dumbledore said ponderously.

"It's funny that you should know that, the Potters never reveal who they are descendant from, it's a closely guarded secret, nobody outside the family know about it. Not even the elite purebloods knew that piece of information until you spoke about it." Hadrian said, pointing out the Wizengamot and their reactions. He gazed at Dumbledore with renewed wariness, trying to convey his distrust.

Dumbledore twitched in irritation, "Then how come you know?"

"We're related, cousins I think, I never really dwelled on it," Hadrian stated, "I am from the eldest child of Ignutus Peverell, the heir, contrary to popular belief he didn't just have a son, he had two. I have a family tree; my House-elves are currently stitching the results up onto canvas and are doing extremely good work. If anyone wishes to contest the results it would be a simple matter of calling my House-elf with the paperwork." Death was fond of Ignutus, that part of the story was true; the youngest son had gained his respect, maybe because he had known what would become of the family line ending with him becoming Master of Death.

"How many questions did I ask you during your detentions?" Dumbledore asked, getting back to the facts, seen as that one was well and truly a waste of time, it was obvious he wasn't lying, he could sense the truth.

"Three or four, all the while trying to get me to look into your eyes, but it frustrated you when I wouldn't meet them." Hadrian said blankly. "Which put me on edge, I thought you were going to attack me."

That certainly got a lot of people riled up. They would know the reason, why was why Hadrian had so 'innocently' brought it up. Legilimency was a near forgotten art; they definitely wouldn't think that he or even Tom would know it. The Minister quickly quietened them down, breathing like a Bull about to charge.

Dumbledore's mind was whirling, each time he asked a question it seemed as if the brat was trying deliberately to make things even worse for him. Should he just stop and let the deliberations begin? He didn't know how it could get any worse but it seemed as if Hadrian could do the impossible. Things were already bad enough, and he knew they probably had plans to reopen his sister's case; they would try and find out about him, they would find out about his entire life, something he had made sure would never come to light. Merlin, he wished he had never met the boy, wished he had taken his time getting to Hogwarts so that he expired before help could be administered. If only he had listened to his gut this would not be happening to him. What the hell could he ask? All questions that had been posed before him had probably cemented his fate, nothing he asked Hadrian Peverell would help him get out of this situation.

Closing his eyes resignedly, having to admit defeat, "I have no further questions," he said his voice tired and sad for the first time in his life his expression matched his emotions, there was no manipulations to be had. He was defeated and he knew it, he just prayed he did not end up in Azkaban prison.
There we go :) I didn't want you waiting too long for the next chapter....I honestly couldn't think of any other questions Dumbledore could use to question Harry so I'll have to think on that! I've also gotten quite a few questions on whether this will be a Mpreg, and I think it's always 'I don't know' I can't remember if I've asked everyone's opinion or not (it is 64 chapters long and I do have so many other stories) I do wonder if I'm best to just have both of them taking in strays like Fenrir Greyback :D OR let them have a child of their own with Mpreg that would have both their DNA and immortality either that or the child doesn't and they only have the one unable to bear the thought of burying another child (and yes I'm thinking of the very last chapter! LOL) what do you guys think? Any questions Dumbledore can ask before the trial ends? Mpreg or not? R&R please guys!
Chapter 65

Lord Of Time

Chapter 65

Nobody would admit it but everyone had been so focused on the spectacle in front of them, so when the doors of the court room slammed open loudly, they all jumped in fright, their hearts pounding away. They noticed that it was an Auror who had so rudely interrupted the proceeding of a trial, much to the Wizengamot's disapproval; they didn't like to be interrupted. They would have given him a glare to convey their feelings but the Auror didn't seem inclined to meet their eyes, he just dove over to Minister Lestrange and hastily began to whisper into his ear, his hand gestures wild and untamed.

"We found something in Dumbledore's quarters," he said hastily, "You'll want to see them as well, I've given a general description of a few of them." lowering his arm and handing over the parchment a little sheepishly as he became aware of his actions.

Lestrange rolled his eyes, Gryffindors, wearing their hearts on their sleeves, or apologising frequently. Still, he looked down at the parchment straightening up; his eyes narrowing in on the 'description' it seemed to contradict everything they had learned…unless it wasn't just Peverell but Slytherin too. He glanced speculatively at Tom Slytherin from the corner of his eye. The description wasn't enough, not for him, he wanted to see the memories. No, he needed to see them. This was going beyond harassment and it was creepier than stalking.

"What's going on?" Andronicus asked, standing up staring between the Auror and the Minister, caught between being curious and cautious.

"Where were they found, Auror Prewitt?" the Minister asked, clenching his first in anger.

"He had a secret compartment stashed away behind his bookcase," Prewitt admitted, "If we hadn't taken a second look we would never have found it, we had to call in Yaxley to tell us all the spells that were there and how to remove it." Yaxley might be a healer, but he was the most renowned magical seer (as in had the ability to see magic) they had, and definitely knew his magic, and thus they often asked for his expertise. Well him and a curse breaker who worked for Gringotts primarily.

Andronicus wondered what had been found, a glance at the paperwork told him it was memories.

"Remove the memories that are currently in the pensive, immediately," the Minister turned to Andronicus giving him a grim nod to move, he would get his answers soon enough. Pinching the bridge of his nose, the trial was going over its allotted time. Turning to his scribe, "Send out alerts that the next trial will be postponed for an hour," hopefully that would give them enough time to see it through. They might need to actually end this trial and see the end of it done tomorrow; they couldn't keep everyone here for much longer, especially not the students.

The scribe quickly ran out of the courtroom as if the hounds of hell were on her heels, to get someone to write out the missives so they all knew it was postponed. She also realised the possibility of another day of writing Dumbledore's trial, the press were going to be beyond pissed.
off at having to wait another day in the Ministry just to get an answer. An answer they were all eager to publish, instead of the usual 'Where is Grindelwald' and the war and destruction that followed in his wake.

"Sir, it's done," Andronicus informed the Minister, as dozens of memories now lay to the side safely ensconced in vials.

Prewitt knowing what came next removed the evidence bag containing a box before handing it over to the Minister gracefully. The box was then opened, and one by one the memories they'd found hidden were placed for public viewing in the pensive. The box was then placed aside, Lestrange stood up silently demanding attention, which the fifty wizards of the Wizengamot gave him without pause all wondering to themselves what was going on.

"New evidence has come to light, please spread yourself around the pensive so they may be viewed for your perusal." thankfully it would take only five to ten minutes with the few vials they had. Each of the Wizengamot members stood up and made their way around to the pensive in the middle of the room. Each had their wands unsheathed and out in front of them, then as one, they placed the wands above the shimmering memories, in complete sync having done this dozens of times they were very much used to it.

"What do you think they found?" Hadrian whispered curiously, it was probably silly to speculate, but he did have a desire to know more.

Tom shook his head, just as contemplative as Hadrian but content to do it in silence. They would find out very soon, there hadn't been many memories placed inside the pensive, which meant they wouldn't be left hanging for too long. The Minister and Undersecretary had gone in with the rest of the Wizengamot, they were curious as well. Whatever it was had made them want to see the memories instead of just reading about them, if that is what had been on the paperwork, they might have not had a chance, it was new evidence after all.

"It doesn't look like Dumbledore knows either," Hadrian commented quietly, having glanced the old mans way; he had the same reaction as everyone else. Would it make the trial swing in Dumbledore's favour? Or was the ball well and truly in their court today? He wished he could say it didn't matter, since it was very unlikely Dumbledore would return to Hogwarts…but he'd rather know he was in Azkaban, at least until they dealt with Grindelwald…not many people would be likely to listen to Dumbledore over those who had saved the entire magical world from exposure and a power hungry maniac. The very maniac that Dumbledore had plotted and planned with. He very much doubted Aberforth would lie for Albus; Aberforth loathed his brother, even in sixty years time. Maybe not just loathed, he'd say he loved and hated him in equal measures, loved who he used to be but hated who he was now.

Tom and Hadrian watched as the court scribe made her entrance again, reclaiming her seat evidently out of breath having dealt with whatever major thing she'd been told to. Tom noticed the small smirk playing around Hadrian's face and made a mental note to ask him about it once they were safely within Hogwarts again. He would get answers before Hadrian had go with Myrtle, it was tedious the friendship Hadrian had with the others, especially Ravenclaws and the Hufflepuffs, but he was used to it by now, and Myrtle was a good friends to him, he reluctantly approved of that one. Didn't mean he had to like it though.

True to many people's thoughts ten minutes ago, it did take only a short time for the memories to be viewed. Tom's heart leaped at the way they were looking at him upon being evicted from the pensive. Blinking at them he shrugged and turned back to face the front, not as composed as he looked, although seeing Dumbledore's lips twitching definitely made his effort infinitely harder.
"I'd like to call Tom Slytherin to the chair," the Minister stated already making his way towards his own, but he didn't take a seat, instead he just stood behind it. His hands gripping it, his mind trying to understand everything he'd learned this morning and afternoon.

Tom's eyebrows rose in surprise, automatically standing up he moved over to the chair Hadrian had vacated some time ago. He smoothly sat on the seat, not even glancing at Dumbledore, wishing for him to feel insignificant as possible. He refused to be fearful; he stared at the Minister in silent enquiry.

"Has Dumbledore ever shown an interest in you before the then Hadrian Peverell appeared?" Lestrange asked, watching surprise filter through his impeccable Slytherin mask.

"Yes," Tom stated to the startlement and surprise of the Wizengamot.

"In a similar way to Mr. Peverell-Slytherin, perhaps better or worse?" Andronicus queried.

"In some ways similar, but in others not so much," Tom replied after a few moments of thought.

"Can you elaborate on that?" Lestrange wanted it explained for the benefit of the Wizengamot members.

"Ever since I stepped foot in Hogwarts he hasn't trusted me, he's always watched me closely, but unlike Hadrian I have never received Detention and he had no desire to help me find my family. I had no idea I had an uncle alive until I was notified of his death, as a Parselmouth my lineage should have been obvious." Tom drawled, but without his usual bite, he wasn't stupid enough to antagonise the entire Wizengamot and the Minister of Magic.

"You informed him of that fact?" Lestrange questioned, eyes darkening a little, now that was line theft if he'd ever heard it.

Tom nodded, "Yes, he was aware of my abilities,"

"Thank you, you may step down now," the Minister gestured towards Tom's vacant seat.

"I have a few questions I'd like to ask," Dumbledore said standing up, deciding to use this to his advantage.

"Very well," Lestrange allowed it looking amused.

"When you told me about your abilities can you tell me exactly what you said?" Dumbledore asked.

Tom had to refrain from gritting his teeth, "I said I could make things move without touching them. I can make animals do what I like without training them. I can make bad things happen to the people who are mean to me. I can make them hurt if I want to…I can speak to snakes too. They find me and they whisper to me." seeing the gleam in Dumbledore's eyes he spoke again, unable to take it. "The animals I spoke of were snakes, I didn't realise it was a different language at the time I just thought they responded well to me. Bad things did happen to those who bullied me but I had no control over my accidental magic, ask any child who gets angry, they too will have made things happen. I did say I could hurt them if I wanted to, but it didn't mean I did. Of course, they would lie and get me into trouble, my magic made them afraid of me and it prevented me from making friends." saying those words left a distaste in his mouth, like he'd befriend those filthy bullying Muggles, but he had to stop whatever Dumbledore's plan was in its tracks. The sympathetic looks he received did bode well for him. Good.
"I have no further questions," Dumbledore replied, his irritation rising to new heights, they had the entire Wizengamot wrapped around their fingers. Didn't they realize what they had on their hands? Instead he was being made to look like the bad guy in all this. Sitting down, his mind churning on how the hell he could get out of this, he was still going to try his best; he wasn't one for giving up.

Tom stood gazing at the Minister in silent question, he received a nod in reply, yes he could return to his seat.

"Care to explain, Mr. Dumbledore, why you have memories of the Gaunt family hidden behind a secret panel in your bookcase, immersed in a plethora of spells?" Lestrange questioned Dumbledore. They would certainly be having a word with Ogden; he'd be luck to keep his job, which was the Head of the Law Enforcement patrol. He had absolutely no right giving up memories of instances he'd encountered during his job. If he didn't lose it he would be demoted, never able to qualify for promotion and paying a hefty fine.

Dumbledore paled, his eyes going to the pensive, unable to believe they had found the memories. He'd been taken so off guard at being arrested that he hadn't had any chance to plan ahead. Then after he got released he had been informed he wasn't allowed back into Hogwarts, they wouldn't even let him personally collect his things, instead they'd had a House-elf pack everything and sent it to the gates of Hogwarts.

He would have been horrified if he realized he was blindly opening and closing his mouth, unable to articulate a reply.

"I assume that is a 'no comment'?" Lestrange questioned, barely able to keep the sarcasm out of his voice.

Dumbledore's blue eyes stared at him, straight through him, almost as if he hadn't heard a word the wizard had said. Truthfully there was nothing he could say, he couldn't tell them why he was collecting those memories, the ring, the Gaunts were descendants of the Peverell brothers, the one item he wanted above all other hallows, he had wanted so desperately to get his hands on it. He'd thought for a moment when the wizard died it would be his opportunity to investigate it, items of that nature were usually just discarded in a room. He hadn't expected them to know about Tom; there and then he knew he wouldn't get his hands on it.

"Esteemed members of the Wizengamot, I think we are done here, please vacate the room and let us know when a consensus has been reached." the Minister stated, the chief warlock of the Wizengamot would be the one to come to them when a decision had been reached. Now those times couldn't be predicted, the Auror's could do the best job they can, but the Wizengamot were the human factor, and that made it unknown. He had been surprised a few times, but without solid proof the Wizengamot didn't like sending wizards or witches to Azkaban.

"Do we leave while they deliberate?" Hadrian asked, his own trial had been far from normal, so he honestly couldn't say he knew what was what.

"No, there is no need," Slughorn explained, pasty white, he was extremely disappointed in Dumbledore, and all the things he'd said about Tom. Perhaps he should have said something, but it was a little late for that. Not that his word would make a bit of difference, plus he didn't want to drag it all up in front of his students, nobody deserved to hear what Dumbledore thought of them - especially when it was the words that Dumbledore had used. No, it was best if he said nothing. "The trial is all but over now, sometimes they take only a few moments, other times it takes up to an hour, but I have no heard of a case being over one hour in deliberations."

"I see," Hadrian murmured quietly, blinking in astonishment when the door opened, surely they
couldn't be finished? Perhaps something had happened to one of the Wizengamot members? His jaw dropped when the chief warlock was followed by the others, all of them wearing blank masks, as they calmly retook their seats.

"Ahem, they don't normally finish so quickly," Slughorn amended his eyes wider than his students.

"Has a verdict been reached?" Lestrange questioned, everybody else was seated, and none other than the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot and the Minister of Magic remained standing.

Hadrian noticed there was no sign of shock on his face, good mask or just genuinely unsurprised?

"And?" Lestrange questioned.

"Guilty, on all accounts," the chief warlock stated confidently, it had been agreed immediately, while the amount had taken a few moments to decide.

Dumbledore closed his eyes in dread, already pale and couldn't get any paler. Praying to whatever deity that may watch over him that he wasn't about to be sentenced to Azkaban.

"And the sentencing?" Lestrange asked, his heart pounding, wondering what they were going to do, he was hoping for a sentencing and not a suspended one.

"We agreed upon two and half years in a minimum security of Azkaban prison," each of the fifty members nodded solemnly one after the other, showing their unity in the agreed sentencing term they had handed out.

"Then it's done, Aurors escort the prisoner to the island." Minster Lestrange commanded.

It was time to speak to Ogden and get answers to his complete lack of composure and professionalism.

Chapter End Notes

How would you guys feel about some of the characters making an appearance from Fantastic Beasts? Yep, finally seen the film the very first day it came out on DVD :D it's definitely got the muses going in a slightly different direction let me tell you! I really didn't like the way the Ministry in America handled the whole Credence thing (I won't say anymore in case there's folk who haven't seen it yet) I would love to be able to have 'Hadrian' save the day! :D what do you think? R&R please! Oh yeah, how would you feel about a two year time skip in the next few chapters? or would you prefer it at least chopped into three or four chapters to make it less jarring?
Chapter 66

"Rough night?" Orion questioned, his lips twitching as Tom and his group joined them. Lestrange, Avery, and Nott looked as if they hadn't slept a wink. Tom was he same as always, impeccably dressed with a blank mask on his face that gave nothing away except the smirk that was lurking there when he spoke. The only time that mask wasn't firmly in place was when they were in private. Even then it seemed as though he was just lowering a few of his masks, he had seen the looks Tom gave Hadrian when he thought they were truly alone, and it was a tangible, visible thing that made him feel envious and uncomfortable that he was seeing it. It wasn't often one observed that kind of true love and passion, everyone he knew and observed had been wizards and witches with arranged marriages. Some were unsatisfied with the life they had, others were content with their lives, his parents were friends, yes, but there was absolutely no love between them. So seeing it made him uncomfortable, he wasn't used to it.

Lestrange, Avery and Nott had to bite their tongues to refrain from complain, and they definitely wanted to complain loudly. Fortunately for them they weren't suicidal enough to do it where Tom was, they didn't need to worry about Tom finding out since quite a few of them had learned Occlumency and well simply put they wouldn't be found out. Nearly all night they had been locked out of the dorm, their bodies ached after sleeping for hours on an uncomfortable leather couch in the cold common room. The fire had gone out at some point after they'd unwillingly fallen asleep out of sheer exhaustion.

Hadrian said nothing as he delicately sat down, wincing slightly, he probably should have taken that pain reliever mixed muscle relaxant before coming out of the dorm this morning, the shower he'd had just didn't quite cut it. 'Rough' Orion said, he didn't know the half of it, and probably wouldn't want to either although it would be funny to see how he'd react. To see how much of Sirius was in Orion, from what he could see…he didn't understand what made Walburga the way she was in his future, this harpy, or why Sirius had ran away in the first place, this Orion and Walburga were really quite cool.

The fact Tom had that smug look on his face made him want to threaten him with something that would definitely made Tom's mood sour for the rest of the day and maybe the next few weeks. Smug bloody bugger, seeing Dumbledore arrested had…aroused Tom, much more ardently than Hadrian had seen yet from his bonded. Not that he had complained at the time, although towards the end of the third time that night he'd been too sexual sated and exhausted really to put anything to words.

"Keep that look on your face…and I'll make sure you don't get any for the next month," Hadrian whispered wincing yet again, he was going to have to go back to the dorm to get that potion. His fingers which were interlocked with Tom's squeezed firmly, it was his fault after all.

"You wouldn't," Tom protested immediately, the smug look leaving him, but he didn't show his displeasure or horror at the mere thought of Hadrian actually going through with it.

"Try me," Harry said with a vindictive grin on his face, this may well be the only way he could get
through to Tom, and he'd definitely need to make a mental note to use it more often.

"Would this appease you?" Tom queried, eyebrow rose, the potion Hadrian had decided against having this morning in his long nimble fingers silently taunting him.

Hadrian's lips twitched despite himself, "It's a start," he said disingenuously, plucking the potion from Tom's fingers, pulling the cork out with his teeth seeing as his hand wasn't going to be release any time soon, and downing it in one go, wanting to sag in relief as the aches he hadn't even known were there as well the another disappeared, but he refrained. He might not adhere to the protocol most Slytherin's follow but he barely broke the most basic ones. It was madness to let others see you in pain, it gave them ammunition against you, although really nobody could actually demand a duel for his position in Slytherin - and nobody would want to either. Not only had he intimidated them that day Avery had attacked him in the early days, but what he had done to him last year had gotten around, including the fact he'd used a Wandless Cruciatius curse on the teenager within Hogwarts walls. There was also the tiny detail that if they dared cast a spell on him, Tom would end them where they stood. He wasn't totally obvious to Tom's coming and goings; he knew they had been forbidden from touching him, hell even looking at him wrong. For most part he allowed it, it amused him, although if it went too far he'd need to discuss it with him.

"Eat," Tom told him, giving his elbow a nudge, bringing Hadrian out of his thoughts.

"I do need both hands to eat," Hadrian informed him, giving Tom's hand another squeeze before he was released, giving him a small secret smile in thanks, he dug into the breakfast Tom had put on his plate, while his bonded did the same thing. He had been asked a million times already about the outcome of the trial, not just the Slytherins either or Myrtle anyone he passed wanted to know. His acquaintance from other houses were much at ease asking him, those that didn't know him as well were a little reserved but their curiosity had won out. Not that he had told them anything, he just murmured an excuse, the most common one being he wasn't allowed to discuss the outcome of the case yet. The only people that knew was Myrtle who he had met up with very briefly before Tom had come and dragged him out, the only sound after that was Myrtle's demented giggling.

Tom had of course, taken great delight in revealing the results, oddly enough he had felt charitable enough to reveal a bit of what it had been like and what had happened, everyone's reaction and the like. He wasn't one for long conversations especially if it wasn't relevant to his goals, and then it was usually to inform the others what was expected of them. Then of course, he locked the door on them all night, and what a night it had been. Tom had always been passionate, over zealous last night had taken it to a whole other level, he suspected it would remain that way for a good while to come. Tom had taken a bit too much pride and satisfaction at them putting Dumbledore in Azkaban. Not that he regretted it; they needed Dumbledore out of the way.

There was a heightened sense of stillness in the Great Hall, other than eating quietly nearly everyone was thrumming with anticipation. It dawned on Hadrian, quietly belatedly, much to his consternation, they were waiting on the damn owl post, so they could get the newspapers, so they could read the results of the trial. Zeroing in on Myrtle, she had a wicked grin on her face, one that spoke volumes, she hadn't told anyone, and she was enjoying this. Honestly, that girl should have been in Slytherin, not when they met, but now…now she was Slytherin to the bone. As if she sensed him looking, she looked up and it became even more savage.

Snorting wryly, he shook his head, he didn't know who was worse, Myrtle or Tom…not that Tom would be happy to even be anywhere near level with Myrtle, especially by him of all people. Still they were quite vindictive, admittedly Tom was more so, but both were dying to see everyone's reactions in equal measures.
Tom glanced inquiringly at him, wishing to know what had tickled him, since there was absolutely nobody talking.

Hadrian just shook his head, and at that exact moment, the pressure in the hall dropped as everyone inhaled at the sound of the hundred owls flapping their wings in the distance. Before they shot through the opening, swooping down to the correct person to whom they were delivering the items to, some owls knew instinctively as the humans were there owners.

Unfortunately it was merely a delivery for both Hadrian and Tom, for neither had a familiar, unless you counted Hadrian and Tom's latest acquisition, courtesy of Avery, the Snake had taken a telling and did not make a habit of scaring everyone. The thought of having to leave obviously didn't sit well with the highly poisonous snake at all. Hadrian had bought a tank for the snake, and that was where it spent most of its time.

"Oh, good, they've finally sent all the paperwork," Hadrian commented, his tone slightly sarcastic, as he flipped through the large folder.

"For what?" Tom queried, as he claimed the newspaper to see how much of the trial they actually knew about. The best part was they didn't need to pay for it, as the majority shareholder Hadrian got it for free. Although he definitely wouldn't have minded all that much paying for this particular copy, it was getting saved, he was very proud of their accomplishments.

The food was forgotten, not just by the Slytherin's but by each house as they moved it aside, papers spread out, all leaning over to read the contents. Tom was surprised to see that it wasn't just the students either, all the teachers but Professor Slughorn were avidly reading the paper today, not paying the slightest bit of attention to the students, truthfully they probably realised the students would be reading it was well. This was probably the best time they had to do so as well.

"The publishing house," Hadrian explained absently, with him having the entirety of the company he wondered whether he should change the name.

"Which one?" Tom asked, his eyes still roaming over everyone, observing their reactions with great delight.

The Ravenclaws were shaking their head in dismay that someone so powerful, so intelligent could do something so illegal and morally wrong. Myrtle gleefully pointing out that maybe he hadn't done those things like he claimed, also that just because you were smart and intelligent didn't make you better than everyone else…Dumbledore thought he was smarter and look what happened…he got caught. She was relishing in their reactions, her hatred of Dumbledore had slowly built up over time, the way he was with Hadrian, her best friend, the one who had saved her from seven miserable years at Hogwarts. Given her confidence, happiness and means to fight back. She would always regard him highly, no matter what, she'd do anything for him…them. Some of Dumbledore's favourite students were trying to defend him but the others were shutting that shit right down.

"Roderick and Percius," Hadrian said, closing the folder, intending on browsing through it all later. The rest of the mail was slotted inside to keep it safe for the time being. With all his investments he got constant updates which meant once a month he got a lot of mail coming to him. Hadrian noticed that Dorea was glancing over at the Gryffindor table, a worried frown she couldn't quite conceal on her face. Of course, Dumbledore had played favourites with Charles Potter; no doubt he was saddened over Dumbledore's arrest. How nobody in Slytherin realized the two were in a relationship he had no idea. Then again if there was anything Slytherins were good at - it was keeping secrets. It seemed she couldn't sit around, and swiftly stood up; Hadrian didn't need to watch her to know her destination.
Glancing over at Charles Potter, he had a letter in his hands, he looked pale, sick and shaken, no wonder Dorea was worried. Was it the letter, the newspaper or something entirely different that had caused such a reaction? Perhaps they had found out about the invisibility cloak? He didn't think it was the case at all, but one couldn't be too cautious.

Seeing Charles, he began to observe the other Gryffindors, only a few of them were reacting strongly to what happened. The others were dismayed, shocked and horrified by what they were reading. Thankfully the Slytherins wouldn't be blamed for what happened; it wouldn't start the damnable feud between the houses. Sure there was competitiveness, but mostly just to see who did best, at House points and Quidditch games. Nothing like the blatant prejudice in his time. For quite a long time he'd been blind to it, just relishing in the attention of an adult who did not think he was a freak.

Shaking off his thoughts, refusing to dwell on them, he knew better now. "So that's what Theseus Scamander looks like," giving him a once over, he was a bit pompous, by the look of him. Unless he had just gotten his awards today - unlikely - he wondered how much of his brother was in him, he knew what Newton Scamander looked like, he had been on the back of his copy of Fantastic Beasts and where to find them book.

"You didn't know?" Lestrange choked, "He's a war hero!" he didn't bother mentioning powerful, since compared to Tom and Hadrian he probably wasn't all that. His aunt Leta had attended school with the Scamander brothers. Something had happened; she spoke about him with bitterness, pain and even a smidgen of shame.

"I knew that part," Hadrian said wryly, giving him a dry look he wasn't completely stupid.

"He's the most normal out of his entire family," Dolohov stated, his lip curling in repugnance as he remembered Mrs. Scamander, she stank something utterly foul the day he met her with his parents. "The brother got himself expelled, not even Dumbledore had been able to save him."

"The expulsion was never enforced," Hadrian pointed out; "Despite his brother being more… famous Newton definitely has more money and influence." the brother was only mentioned after Newton as an anecdote in the future. He was known in every magical household, there was a fantastic beasts and where to find them copy in every library. In fact his company (now anyway) had been the one to publish it, bringing them in a substantial amount of money and it would continue to do so with each generation of students having to buy it.

Money and influence meant more to the Slytherin's than fame surprisingly enough.

"Two and a half years," Alphard scoffed, "That's favoritism if I've ever seen it!"

"Actually it's really not," Hadrian commented, causing the Slytherin's to look at him with incredulity.

"He attempted line theft!" Alphard protested vehemently, it was one of the worst kind of things you could do in the magical world. "Twice!" he added for dramatics sake.

"Attempted, yes, but it means little when Dumbledore proved that he had no intentions of using our names for anything, at least mine, since he knew I was emancipated. It's probably why he hardly got any time in Azkaban for that particular crime." Hadrian explained he was quite content with the amount of time Dumbledore had received in Azkaban. Even when he got out it…he would never be as popular or famous as he should have been, let alone manipulate the next generation of students. That, that was the most important thing out of it all. If he wanted to manipulate anyone it would be as adults. Where they would have a better time seeing through it. He wasn't surprised that the
purebloods had clung onto that part, they were all probably seething.

"You really are happy with the outcome aren't you?" Orion asked completely baffled.

"He's never going to teach again, nobody will fall for any of his manipulations and I won't have to endure him stalking me, so yes, you're damn right I'm extremely please with the outcome."

Hadrian replied sincerely. It didn't matter to him whether the others understood or not, they hadn't been exposed to what Dumbledore would become in future, he used Hogwarts as a base to scope out powerful wizards or witches to join his bloody Order it was disgraceful.

"I hope he rots!" Dorea exclaimed nastily, a sneer twisting on her usually composed beautiful face.

The boys cringed as one when a Black got furious it was best to get out of their way, especially if it was one of the female Blacks.

"How is Potter?" Hadrian asked, finding it increasingly odd to say those words, he didn't think he'd said it out loud before. He avoided the Potters and the Weasley's it reminded him too much of the past he wished to forget. Hell, it was weird talking to Cedric Diggory's grandfather for Merlin's sake.

"His parents are worried that Dumbledore has done something, they want to refer him to a mind healer," Dorea answered him, sitting calmly in her seat as if nothing had happened and she hadn't just snapped so bitterly moments prior.

"Why do you care so much, anyway?" Walburga asked, staring at Dorea strangely.

Evidently, not even the other female Black's knew about her relationship then, Hadrian thought, listening to the two of them.

"He's alright for a Gryffindor," Dorea insisted, "Plus during class projects, he actually does some of the work!"

Hadrian shared an amused look with Tom; it seemed that the secret was known only to them, surely if anyone would have known it would be the female Black's. Hell he could hear a niggling sound of guilt in her voice as she spoke about him in such a way, not that it was particularly demeaning. Nobody else seemed to hear it so he wondered if he was just imagining it.

Just then the bell rang signalling the end of breakfast; Hadrian laughed a little as he grabbed his bag. "Everyone's going to be starving by lunch time,"

Those closest to him groaned in dismay at his truth, looking longingly at their breakfast before trudging from the Great Hall. "Do you think the Temporary Transfiguration teacher will stay?" they actually liked him, he was decent, didn't play favourites. "The Professor is alright," Thaddeus persisted.

"I agree he is, I guess we'll find out next year," Avery said, if he was still there when the next school year comes around then surely it stood to reason he would be there to stay. The school was still buzzing with the news of Dumbledore's sentencing, all talking and protesting over it, even as they trudged towards class. He was glad they didn't have potions today, he was tired, and he definitely didn't want to blow up the damn room due to exhaustion.

"Professor Reese is fair," Hadrian agreed, he was old though, probably as old as Dippet himself, given their familiarity he would postulate that they were friends. "Has a new Head of Gryffindor been made yet?"
"Professor Slughorn has been looking after them temporarily, but he can't keep doing that," Thaddeus explained, "It's a bit too much for anyone to cope with so many students at a time." he added before scoffing down the toast he'd napped on the way out of the Great Hall.

"That and his club and meetings will suffer," Hadrian said wryly, Slughorn was a great teacher, even better Head of House, but there was no denying he preferred the extravagant meetings he hosted, and it wasn't just him that benefited either, each of his Slytherin's did, introducing them to people who could help them in some way when they left Hogwarts. He had quite a network built up, each month he got dozens upon dozens of gifts from all over the world from his previous students or those he had used his connections to introduce. They all showed their gratitude in ways the Professor definitely liked. The tray of fudge he'd received the last time was expensive stuff; they didn't skimp on giving him the best.

Avery chuckled, "I sincerely doubt it," he wouldn't let anything get in his way of that.

"Move along! Get to class!" the curt sound of Minerva McGonagall calling out to the students holding up the line, making them all late for class. "NOW!"

"Oh, boy, that does take me back," Hadrian murmured to Tom, but there was a huge grin of merriment on his face. Sure the voice sounded younger, perhaps not as curt and cold as McGonagall was in his time but she was nonetheless sounding like she knew how to deal with students.

Tom chuckled, inwardly pondering on the woman, she had joined Dumbledore's Order, but she was as Ravenclaw as one could be, despite her being in Gryffindor. Surely she knew better than to demonise one section of magic as if it was to blame for all that would have happened? Then again, it may not have been the magic but rather his actions that made her join Dumbledore. Separating himself from Hadrian, he wandered over to the Head Girl, clearing his throat making his presence known, ignoring the flushed cheeks of every female in the vicinity. As he always did, even before Hadrian had appeared, they knew he was bonded now, and they still clung to their delusions that he would notice them. It took everything not to sneer at their pathetic hopes and dreams. As if he would look at them twice, with their mediocre looks, and even more pathetic magical displays.

"I know how close you were to Professor Dumbledore; I hope you are coping well?" Tom asked, keeping a close eye on her reactions, she was a Gryffindor, she showed all emotions. Pain flared across her face, much to his amusement, he'd never get enough of seeing people so stricken, especially against someone like Dumbledore, a teacher.

"I'm fine," Minerva insisted, unaware of her features giving her away, especially to a closely watching Slytherin.

"I do hope you won't come to blame Hadrian for what happened," Tom said, allowing his brow to crinkle. "He has nothing but respect for you and your abilities in Transfiguration." he wanted to be sure that none of the Gryffindors were planning any retaliation, if that were the case he would need to get there first and put an end to it.

"Of course I don't!" Minerva protested heavily, how could she blame the victim, no she blamed Dumbledore. Yes, he had been her favourite professor, but that didn't mean she would blindly blame someone else for his actions that was just deplorable. She was extremely hurt that Dumbledore would do those things, her trust in teachers had cracked and frayed at the seams with her leaving after exams she wouldn't be able to regain that trust either. A vision of the first time she'd seen Hadrian flashed though her mind, he hadn't deserved what Dumbledore had done… hadn't he been through enough?
"I'm pleased to hear that," Tom stated, and he was, "If you'll excuse me, I must depart for class before I'm late." he told her and those surrounding her charmingly.

"Yes, we must as well!" Minerva looked around surprised to see that the block in the middle of the hall was now gone, the students had left for classes. As Head Girl she wouldn't get in trouble if she was late, given the circumstances but she didn't want to be late, she was quite a stickler for the rules.

And with that, they all swiftly made their way to their classes. Not that it mattered; the teachers were out of sorts all day, even the person with the dimmest Lumos in the wand and worst grades could tell you that.

Tom entered the classroom, finding the teacher absent which was just fine with him, he slid into his seat next to Hadrian.

Life had never been more amusing to the Slytherin, he revelled in chaos and watching it happen in front of him. By tomorrow evening there wouldn't be a single Dumbledore supporter left within Hogwarts.

Hogsmeade

"Come on, spill it," Hadrian said, glancing over at Myrtle shrewdly, the teenager had spent the majority of the time quiet, and he knew Myrtle, she was incapable of being quiet unless she was reading from books. "There's obviously something wrong with you, and you rarely spend time with me on Hogsmeade days anymore." he pointed out, she wasn't doing it maliciously it was just the time where Myrtle and her boyfriend spent the majority of the entire allotted time as a date.

"I'm sorry about that," Myrtle said apologetically, feeling awful now that Hadrian had said something.

Hadrian merely snorted, "I don't mind, I usually spend it with Tom, you know that." shrugging his shoulders. Most people did the same thing, either go in groups of singles or partners spent the day together. Maneuvering around a large group, heading straight for Hogshead.

"What…where are we going?" Myrtle protested Hadrian rarely went into Hogshead; it was dirty full of people she'd rather not have to look at.

"I'm meeting up with Eileen Prince," Hadrian explained, seeing he look on his friends face he added, "I'm Apparating her to Ollivander's to get a wand; she's using one that is not right for her."

"Oh, one those families then!" Myrtle exclaimed, not needing it explained further. "Wait Apparating? Bloody hell, Hadrian, don't let any of the teachers see you!" she didn't even bother trying to talk him out of breaking two laws, one leaving Hogsmeade and the other illegally Apparating without a license. One significantly more important to the rules of society than the other.

"I won't," Hadrian replied, "You coming?" he asked her as he approached Eileen who looked a little nervous but determined.

"No, I'll wait here," Myrtle answered, still distracted.

"Alright, five minutes then we talk," Hadrian pointed at her seriously; he wasn't going to let her avoid it anymore.
Myrtle just rolled her eyes, which she was sure it was something Hadrian would do when he found out what was actually bothering her. He wouldn't give up either until she said anything, it was just silly and she was ruminating. Blinking once she found Hadrian and Eileen were gone. Glancing around, she noticed nobody was paying any attention—had he put a ward up? Flicking her wand she cast a detection charm and realized he had. A subtle notice-me-not charm, well, he was careful if nothing else.

She hoped it was quick and easy getting Eileen's new wand, she didn't want to remain standing here too long. She thought seeing a hag sneaking out of the pub nervously. Sure she was good at magic, but she certainly didn't want to go up against a fully grown adult especially if she saw something she shouldn't.

The sound of Apparation five minutes later was like music to her ears, as both Slytherins made a reappearance.

"Keep that wand," Hadrian suggested, a subtle smirk playing around on his mouth. "Trust me, you'll find it as a use in the near future." maybe, what if he had changed the future so much so that Severus was never born? Even Death had said he had been changing things just by being there. Not being born wasn't the same as killing someone was it? Merlin, he didn't like that thought at all, what if his interference had done something he would forever regret?

"Thanks, Hadrian," Eileen said, her normally scowled features softening into a genuine look of fondness for a few moments. It changed the entire shape of her face, made her look younger, happier.

"You're welcome," Hadrian said giving her a small smile in turn, as much as it pained him to admit, maybe it was for the best that there was no Severus, neither would live in misery, and maybe Eileen could find happiness. He had never seen that kind of look on her face...just how lonely was she? Just how many people in her life had actually helped her?

"I have to go!" Eileen exclaimed looking at the time before rushing off, turning back briefly "Goodbye!" she added like a good pureblood girl then she disappeared into the crowd.

"Ice cream?" Hadrian offered. "To go," the ice cream parlor was always filled to capacity with students.

"Why not?" Myrtle shrugged, it would help pass the time until they had to return to the school.

Fifteen minutes later they were wandering around the secluded area of Hogsmeade, an area that was considered 'Haunted' in Hadrian's time. Without the disgusting dilapidating shack the scenery was absolutely breathtaking. They would need to think of something different for Remus if they could, he definitely never wanted this view of the castle spoiled.

"So what's got your pants in a twist?" Hadrian asked, much to Myrtle's incredulous amusement. Nobody spoke like that, absolutely nobody.

"Nothing," Myrtle replied, honestly it wasn't anything big it was just silly.

Hadrian just gave her a pointed look.

"Me and Richard have been serious for a while now, my parents don't approve of arranged marriages, neither does his, but by this point in a relationship...it should move forward." Myrtle eventually answered sounding slightly depressed.

"What exactly are you expecting?" Hadrian asked perplexed.
"A promise ring...just something to show that we are serious...I've been dropping hints but he hasn't picked any of them up," Myrtle groused. "Even though I worry about us becoming serious and Richard treating me differently."

"Why don't you buy them?" Hadrian asked, seeing her look he elaborated, "Men get just as nervous as women you know, and just because you are a witch it doesn't mean you should have to wait until he gets down on one knee. Yes it's traditional but who the hell cares? Honestly, women are treated like shit for what? Their gender? You either have kids or end up with a career and called an old shrew. Why can't women have both? Men do, for most part. It won't always be that way, but women have to step up and make change or will it remain stagnant."

Myrtle stared at Hadrian quite stunned.

"Get him the ring, you'll find out soon enough if he's serious...if not then you can end the relationship if it's not going to lead somewhere you want." Hadrian suggested, as they circle around, eating the ice cream out of the small cartons they had. "You're better off trying to be with someone who will treat you like an equal anyway, so many women have children straight out of Hogwarts but its daft, we live such an elongated life, why not have a career and a family?"

"I never really thought of that," Myrtle murmured quietly.

"There are plenty of women who have careers and kids, I mean Newt Scamander's wife is an Auror and she's got a kid," Hadrian pointed out, "Sure it's in America but still, they could learn a lot from us and we can learn a lot from them."

"I suppose so," Myrtle said quietly, he was right of course, but still she hadn't contemplated the idea of a family and a career, she'd been brought up to believe she was to marry a respectable wizard and have a child. It was just the way her parents were, she didn't hold it against them.

"Feel better now?" Hadrian asked. She was just as quiet but he hoped some of what he said got through to her.

"Yes," she replied slowly, could she really get the ring and ask him? It usually happened the other way around, biting her lip she pondered on what she was best to do.

"Then let's head back," Hadrian replied, throwing his empty ice cream container in the nearest bin.

"Alright," Myrtle agreed copying him, what was left was melted now and no use to her.

Chapter End Notes

There we go! Everyone's reactions and more of the story :) I think the next chapter will be them getting ready for exams AND actually taking them the next chapter after that will more than likely be summer holidays...so will they host the parties or just actually begin attending parties themselves? Will Hadrian beat Grindelwald sooner? before he even leaves Hogwarts? Will Grindelwald make an attempt to go for Dumbledore? will he actually get Freed from Azkaban only to end up back inside? Is that who Tom will be dueling? the question is where :D they will need some witnesses after all...I suppose we could have some muggles seeing it having the Ministry called out/involved? R&R please
"That's extremely odd, don't you think?" Aiden asked, glancing at the front page of the Daily Prophet, its date emblazoned across it, April 30th, an important day to wizards and witches of the magical world. "I wonder what he's done to be fired, it doesn't say." which was actually the odd thing about it.

"It must be something really embarrassing if the Ministry don't want it to get out," Lestrange answered him, wiping his mouth of the greasy residue left over by the egg he had just consumed. He was just as curious as Avery if he was honest, but they'd probably never get an answer.

"Don't want to get what out?" Hadrian questioned curiously, both he and Tom sat down, Hadrian already filling up his plate completely famished. Temporarily ignoring the bundle of letters and the newspaper next to his empty goblet, well not for long as Hadrian filled it with orange juice from the jug, ignoring the pumpkin juice.

"Apparently Bob Ogden has been fired from his position as the Head of the Magical Law Enforcement office." Aiden commented as he ate his breakfast. "Usually there's an explanation, but there's nothing."

Hadrian felt extremely surprised, "So they actually fired him for it then?"

"Many other rule breakings may have cropped up while he was under investigation," Tom pointed out much to the confusion of the others who were listening in.

"What, wait, you know what this is all about?" Lestrange asked, "Has Abraxas already been in touch?" they didn't always get told everything, they were used to that, but if they could get information they'd do it, more likely from Hadrian than Tom who rarely divulged anything unless he felt like it.

"No, nothing like that," Hadrian shook his head, "Although no doubt he either knows or is trying to get the facts for Tom. Ogden was giving memories of interviews he had with suspected law breakers to Dumbledore. Specific ones to be sure, but he still did it nonetheless, which as you know is illegal, I didn't think he'd lose his job though, maybe a warning and the whole thing swept under the rug." it just went to show just how different things actually were.

"They would never take the chance of that, information never stays buried for long," Orion insisted vehemently.

"I agree," Hadrian replied, grinning at Orion, he looked particularly like Sirius today; or rather Sirius would have looked like him. His hair wasn't slicked back; instead it curled around his face, framing it in black tresses. It made his heart ache a little, he hadn't gotten the chance to know Sirius all that well, but the memories he did hold of him he cherished them fondly. The image of him singing at Christmas particularly, his actions towards Kreacher had been despicable though.

Tom squeezed Harry's thigh from under the bench, trying to get him out of whatever memory he
was immersing himself in right now. Orion was giving Hadrian an odd look, glancing at Tom with wariness, not wishing to be the subject of Tom's anger no doubt. Orion definitely didn't have to worry about that, he knew Hadrian only had friendship in mind when it came to Orion. Although the underlying fondness he felt did irritate him he realized it wasn't Orion but probably his godfather. They did look remarkably similar, especially today actually, now that he thought about it.

Hadrian blinked coming back to himself, shaking his head a little, no; he wasn't going to think on it. Things were going to be so much better now, he would ensure it.

"Er…I'm going to head to class," Orion said, wishing to put as much distance between them as possible, hoping that Tom wouldn't get the wrong idea and curse him into next year. "You coming, Walburga?"

She put her hand up, gesturing towards her mouth for a few moments, before, "Sure, just a second," Walburga said after swallowing her piece of toast. Grabbing her bag, she put it over her shoulders and began to walk away with Orion, still eating the toast she'd had in her hands.

Tom chuckled dryly watching them, "He's going to avoid us for at least a week now," until he was sure it was safe to be around him no doubt.

"You are so bad," Hadrian said in amusement, he knew that Tom wasn't going to help the situation, in fact he was liable to make it worst by deliberately making him think he wanted retribution. He loved playing with everyone and make them walk on egg shells around him. Grabbing a boiled egg, he tapped it with his spoon and removed the top of it before slicing part of the egg away. Tapping his wand to evenly slice a piece of toast into 'soldiers' and dug in.

Since Dumbledore's trial the months had just flown in, there wasn't a single person within Hogwarts walls that didn't purse their lips or grimace when the old man was mentioned - which was very rarely - he didn't have a single supporter. Instead of the Gryffindors rebelling and blaming Hadrian for what happened (a fear both Hadrian and Tom felt due to the way the Gryffindors and Slytherins were in the future, it had to have started somewhere) it had caused all houses to unite in their disgust and anger at what occurred, giving support to each other. A curious co-mingling of the houses was the result, more Gryffindors and Slytherin's were coming out with their friendships. Including Charles and Dorea, although only Tom and Hadrian knew it was more than friendship.

Hadrian couldn't help but think it was poetic justice, not only that but it was by far the best way they could have ever gotten rid of him. Dumbledore had been so proud of his name, worked so long and hard to bring 'light' and 'success' to it after what his father had done. Wishing for the name to be remembered, revered even and he'd taken all that from the old man…although the old man didn't even know the half of it. His signature had always boasted his names and titles like they made him better and sage than anyone else could ever perceive to be.

How the outside world, the academic world was reacting to it all was unknown to him. If the people were anything like they were in his time, he could make an accurate guess.

"Come on, we need to get to class," Tom commented once they were done with breakfast, it wouldn't do well if he was late after all, since he was one of the schools Prefects. He had been in the other time as well, since Hadrian hadn't been surprised the slightest when the badge had fallen out upon receiving their Hogwarts letters. It had made him belatedly remember the diary Horcrux; the badge had been evident on him as well.

Hadrian discarded the rest of his meal and followed Tom to Transfiguration, his mind mulling over whether he should do the ritual tonight or if he should just leave it. He would need to ask Myrtle if
she wanted to attend, if he left her out he'd never hear the end of it. That girl had bloody bat ears, heard things she shouldn't and would find out. It would have to be during break if he could catch her in the great hall, or lunch time.

"Good morning students, since this is Friday and I'm sure you're all quite eager for the weekend and tired, we shall do a quiz today, then if we have the time, practice the Bird- Conjuring Charm which I am hoping all of you will have successfully cast by my next class." Professor Reese warned them all 'Do let me know if you are having trouble, this class is one of the most difficult, the most dangerous magic you will learn here at Hogwarts."

Hadrian's eyes zoned in on the professor when he said this, his eyes narrowed contemplatively. Could Reese be the one who taught McGonagall all she needed to pass her Mastery? Became her Master when she took up her apprenticeship? It wasn't unusual for apprentices to unconsciously copy whom they admire the most. Those words were very familiar, added with the ones he'd heard Reese say the first time he took over the class…the threat of being kicked out of class if you 'messed around' and now 'the most difficult, the most dangerous magic you will learn' McGonagall had said that as well.

He certainly would bet that Reese had somehow influenced her, and Dumbledore had remained her Transfiguration teacher throughout McGonagall's years at Hogwarts…so it was quite the logical conclusion. Although he could have been someone she met during or after her Mastery for all he knew, it wasn't as if he knew much about his old Head of House.

Nearly everyone had the quiz done within forty-five minutes, the rest of the time was spent with Hadrian, Tom and a few Gryffindors, Potter and Prewitt he thought, continuously doing the 'Avis' spell and producing birds from their wands, until the classroom was quite overwhelmed with the small golden birds and most of the students nerves frayed at the constant sound of gunshots that produced the birds.

"Hey, everything alright?" Myrtle asked Hadrian as he approached their table, a concerned look on her face.

Hadrian blinked, "What do you mean?" baffled by her question, did he look as though something was wrong?

"You don't normally come over to the Ravenclaw table," Myrtle said dryly, already feeling better that nothing was wrong, but it was a curious incident. It was true, she was the one who usually braved the Slytherin table, Hadrian couldn't stand many of the Ravenclaw's, or the looks and questions he was constantly asked about Grindelwald and what happened during the attack.

Hadrian eyed them all as if they were rabid werewolves ready to pounce at any given moment causing Myrtle to stifle her amusement. Leaning over he whispered the question into her ear, glaring at anyone who had the audacity to lean forward to try and hear their private conversation.

"Seriously?" Myrtle asked, eyes gleaming in curiosity, she'd never seen one performed before.

"Planning on it, you coming?" Hadrian asked, "Don't worry about getting back, I've got it covered."

"Definitely," Myrtle agreed automatically, she wasn't going to miss this for the world; she'd never been part of one and would like to try it at least just once. It wasn't just intellectual curiosity and a desire to observe the tradition either.
"Alright, I'll see you around eleven-ish," Hadrian gave her a grin as he nabbed one of the apples from the Ravenclaw table before confidently walking away. Quite honestly he would have preferred to do it at home, not in Hogwarts, he would just have to do the ritual twice…but he wouldn't be home on the first of May for a few years yet. Truthfully though there were more powerful times to do a different one.

Hadrian sat back down on the bench with a groan, "I'm glad it's the end of the week, let me tell you," he admitted, stretching out a yawn slipping past his lips. "I'm exhausted." he added yawning tiredly again. Between homework, classes, reading he didn't get to spend anywhere near as much time with Tom alone.

"It's only a two months until we can go home," Tom said, 'home' he'd never really had one before. Every time Hadrian mentioned it or he did he felt a pang in his heart, not a bad one but one filled with wonder. He'd never admit it to anyone, although Hadrian probably understood and suspected, but it meant more to him than nearly everything else that he had somewhere to call his own.

"For two whole months," Hadrian said with a grin, before he bit into the apple, the House-elves had already been asked to gather what he needed. "It's tempting to do the NEWTS early though," two more years of Hogwarts, while he loved the school, he'd already attended it and truly had no desire to continue. Unfortunately this was his life, and to quit Hogwarts would be seen by the purebloods as impudence. Taking it one year early though made you a prodigy, Hadrian honestly wondered at the pureblood society sometimes, and no matter how much he thought on it he still didn't understand them.

"And are you?" Tom queried turning to face his bonded, an eyebrow raised in silent question. He knew better than to try to talk Hadrian out of anything. He did what he liked regardless of his opinion, most times; its part of what had drawn him to his bonded in the first place. Everyone around him did what he asked, when he asked.

"Maybe next year," Hadrian admitted thoughtfully, it was really just waiting for the most opportune moment to take out Grindelwald, there was a reason he was never found - he didn't want to be. The only reason he had came out and duelled Dumbledore was because they'd known each other. No doubt Dumbledore had written to Grindelwald or something, he wouldn't have that advantage. Not that particular advantage he amended thoughtfully, he did have Death on his side. He couldn't wait to get the wand. It was the one last artefact that he was missing, that was his. He was the Master of Death after all.

"It would be foolish to leave Hogwarts early, while it's good to cultivate relationships out of the school and do what you wish…there will be many who decide against supporting someone who wilfully left the school before you were magically considered an adult, even emancipated as you are." Tom said smoothly. Not even trying to be subtle about talking him out of it. His lips twitching as Hadrian looked at him, biting into his sandwich with relish. He was not going to leave Hogwarts early, not with his political aspirations he had to do everything perfectly, by the book, especially if he wanted the pureblood's to vote for him. While his own people would, it wasn't their parents, he wasn't sure if he'd ever gain their allegiance either. Not in the way he had the others, so yes, he had to have care. He did not want to spend an entire year at Hogwarts without his bonded, ten months without seeing his bonded was quite horrifying.

"You forget I don't really care what people think," Hadrian pointed out quietly, his brow furrowed; at least he didn't think he did. This was his fresh start; he had no plans on going to other times, so perhaps he should care. It was just after being judged constantly as 'Harry Potter' he'd given up, people were just…people, they let you down, judged you, him more so than anyone else. He'd lost his ability to care what strangers he'd never interact with would think of him.
"So you've said," Tom said dryly, flicking his wand getting rid of all the crumbs upon his clean black robes. Hadrian certainly acted like he didn't care what others thought, but he put on a front that was greater than even his own, he was loved and adored by the entirety of the Hogwarts faculty and the students. It disgusted him, the level of adoration he received sometimes, he endured it though. Nobody certainly should get on his bad side…Avery certainly had experience in that regard. "You often commented on a desire to have a normal schooling experience, has that changed?"

"No," Hadrian answered, "I guess I'm just a little bored, even writing my next book isn't shaking the boredom off." he knew all the spells, doing all the homework…admittedly some of the spells he hadn't known until he came here, but the school was more advanced than it was in his old time.

"You may change your mind after the summer holidays," Tom commented, as he peeled his orange, glad to see that nobody was trying to listen in on their private conversation. He understood Hadrian's boredom, for sometimes he felt it too, he and Hadrian were so advanced compared to most students that they were reading to be mentally stimulated in a boring environment but there was only so much they could risk reading here.

"Maybe," Hadrian admitted, the smell of orange permeating the air stirring his own desire for one. Just as he was reaching for the orange round fruit the bell went, he snatched it as he stood, everyone who was still in the hall quickly scrambling to make way to their next class. He waited until everyone had moved before they made their way out. The orange had been eaten by the time they reached the Defence Against the Dark Arts class.

Dolohov glared at the Ravenclaw that came through the entrance to Slytherin common room. She had gotten in on her own, which meant she knew the password. No doubt Hadrian Peverell had given it to her, even more loathsome was how she sauntered in as she owned the place without a single fear that she'd be singled out. Which was more than likely true, nobody wanted on Hadrian's bad side, and if you hurt his friends he'd go to town with retribution on their behalf. Scowling darkly, as irritation set in.

"What's up?" Alphard asked Dolohov, seeing his sour mood amongst all the excitement they were currently feeling.

"If anyone else did that, there would be hell to pay," Dolohov muttered darkly, his eyes still penetrating Myrtle; if looks could kill she'd be six feet under.

Alphard utterly perplexed, followed Dolohov's line of sight, until he found what he was looking at. Or at least he assumed so at any rate. "Warren?" he summarised, at his nod, Alphard realized he was correct. "She's alright for a Ravenclaw, bet me at Chess very nearly beat Prince as well." and that was near impossible to do, Eileen Prince was bloody brilliant at chess, she was climbing up the leader board, nearly first place if the rumour mill was to be believed.

"Doesn't change the fact you're not supposed to give out the password to the other houses," Dolohov said his scowl unchanged.

Alphard just laughed, shaking his head in amusement, "Don't go letting them hear you say that," he'd probably miss out on all the fun. Tom and Hadrian were the ones that made the rules; they were free to change them whenever they pleased. Nobody argued, there was no point, they were quite aptly put, the Princes of Slytherin and until they left and someone took over it was their way or end up ridiculed by the entire house.
"Myrtle! You made it just in time!" Hadrian called out, smiling in welcome.

"I had to avoid the caretaker and then the damn stairs took me the wrong way!" Myrtle said, rolling her eyes in exasperation.

Hadrian laughed, "That's why you should always take an extra ten minutes to get to where you're going," he teased her, smirking wryly as she just rolled her eyes at him. "Her innate magic likes to trip you up from time to time." he added a wistful smile on his face as he pressed his palm to the wall, relishing the feel of the magic surrounding him.

"Her?" Myrtle caught the word, instead of laughing or deriding Hadrian as many would have she watched him closely. Wondering what he could feel...if he could feel the magic in the ancient castle, it certainly seemed so, and he made it sound as though Hogwarts had a sense of humour, 'likes to trip you up from time to time'.

"Her," Hadrian nodded, his hand falling away as he broke out of his revive. He flicked his wand setting off a loud bang, getting everyone's attention. "Let's go," he called out, holding out a Portkey for everyone who was coming to touch. One by one they all touched the large goblet and were quickly swept away from Hogwarts by a Portkey. While Tom and Hadrian were sixteen the rest of the fifth years were only fifteen and technically what they were doing was against the school rules. Not that any Slytherin cared much about the rules (except Slytherin rules) as long as they weren't caught.

They were deposited into the grounds of Peverell Manor; two large blazing bonfires could be seen and felt even from the distance. The bonfires were inside the stone circle that was used for most Pagan rituals if not all of them.

"Welcome to Peverell Manor," Hadrian commented, wizarding manners had been set in since he first appeared in the magical world. It was just polite and considerate to welcome people even if they were his peers. Unsurprisingly Tom began to show them the way, smug satisfaction wafting from him, he was undeniably proud of Peverell manor and the splendour that came with it. It wasn't the biggest manor by far, but it was no slouch and it was modernised, not run down all in the name of their ancestors.

The closer the group moved towards the manor, they realized that there were seats spread out for them, and further away still a buffet of food for their enjoyment along with drink. Only a few noticed the large cauldron placed dead centre in the middle of the two blazing bonfires. An orange candle sat perched inside its wick lit. Placed inside was Hawthorne, wood from the tree that meant sexuality and fertility. Birch a feminine wood, for love and fertility again. Rowan a tree of protection and healing and an abundance of flowers for the Beltane ritual.

"Oh, look at these, aren't they beautiful?" Dorea exclaimed seeing the flower crowns on the table near the food, twigs from the Rowan tree with a mixture of flowers and herbs. It smelt utterly divine, she placed it upon her head, before delicately taking one for Walburga and Lucretia who were as always right next to her. The Black females were close, or as close as they could be with one keeping a huge secret.

"I'll let my House-elves know you approve," Hadrian said with a smile, they had definitely outdid themselves; this had been a last minute decision. They'd had all of four or five hours to get this all done, and it was just three of them, he would have to figure out how to show his appreciation in a way that wouldn't send them into a sobbing mess. Picking up one of the many flowers he stepped forth, his voice loud and confident, as he spoke, "Bring in the May, with out Rite today, circle of life, circle of sound, circle of Beltane, circle around." placing the flowers around the ceremonial Beltane circle.
Tom came to stand next to him, his voice commanding attention as he spoke, "Spirits of Land, Spirits of Fay, Join in our circle, to bring in the May."

"Scared sun, we call you forth, to shine your light and bring us warmth," Aiden Avery called out placing a wreath he had created himself on the circle. He'd been busy with it since lunch time when he knew it was definitely a go. The wreath was covered with yellow May flowers - very appropriate.

With a gleeful smile, Dorea plucked one up and joined the others, "Spirits of Land, Spirits of Fay, Join in our circle, to bring in the May," laying another on the circle, and of course everyone followed, unusually serious and solemn as they partook in the ritual of Beltane. One most had never participated in; others had done it once or twice. Thankfully though they all knew how the ritual went.

"Beltane Sun, Shining Forth, Thank you for your light and warmth," Myrtle said, conjuring a wreath right there and then, the magic was sizzling in the air quite pleasantly. Grateful that Hadrian had given her a few things she could say; otherwise she would have been utterly lost. She made a note to herself to study up on her solstices and such.

"May King, May Queen, May Couple, joy you bring," Walburga said clearly, enjoying the festivities.

One by one each of them chose a chant to say in offering until the ceremonial circle was complete. They stood in the circle as Hadrian began to speak, his voice carrying over to everyone there. Strong, sure and powerful there was no sign of hesitation in him whatsoever.

"Bless, O threefold true and bountiful,
Myself, my spouse, my friends.
 Bless everything within my dwelling and in my possession,
Bless the kine and crops, the flocks and corn,
From Samhain Eve to Beltane Eve,
With goodly progress and gentle blessing,
From sea to sea, and every river mouth,
From wave to wave, and base of waterfall.
Be the Maiden, Mother, and Crone,
Taking possession of all to me belonging.
Be the Horned God, the Wild Spirit of the Forest,
Protecting me in truth and honor.
Satisfy my soul and shield my loved ones,
Blessing every thing and every one,
All my land and my surroundings."
Great gods who create and bring life to all,

I ask for your blessings on this day of fire."

A shiver worked up everyone's back and Goosebumps appeared on their skin as Hadrian spoke with confidence and vigour. It was midnight and the magic was crackling in the air, being absorbed by the wards they could feel pulsing around them. They'd never felt anything quite like it before.

"Ironically enough, May day is sometimes called Walpurgis night," Hadrian whispered to Tom, green eyes gleaming in secret amusement.

Tom nodded, he was very much aware of that fact, Beltane was said to be the most important of the four Gaelic festivals. He had to have chosen the term Walpurgis for the two meanings, the festival and the fact on this night, witches held revels with the devil himself. He couldn't see himself giving his followers a name such as 'Death Eaters' (even if he was insane) and assumed it was the newspapers that had daubed them as such. He would never know, he had no desire to be anything like Voldemort, but he did intend to change everything. With Dumbledore out of the way he knew he and Hadrian would succeed.

"It's never mentioned though, it's suggested that might be why such practise were stopped."
Lucretia whispered still enjoying the wash of magic coming over her. It wasn't intense like the feel of Hadrian unmasking his magic that day in the common room a few weeks after he first started attending Hogwarts but still overwhelming to say the least. Despite the cool breeze the fire's warmth prevented her from being cold.

Tom snorted, "By insipid fearful idiots no doubt," distaste clear in his voice.

"What do you mean?" Myrtle queried curiously, completely ignoring a scoff to her right.

"Walpurgis night was sometimes called that by wizards and witches who would go to Brocken Mountain and hold revels with the devil, and make pacts." Hadrian explained as he moved towards the food, Myrtle and the others followed finding themselves rather hungry. "The rumours clamped down on those who celebrated Beltane, it was never really forbidden, and you cannot go to prison for your religion, but the Ministry do make it impossible to practice faithfully without guilt or being made to feel like a black magic practitioner."

"Why would anyone think this was black magic?" Myrtle frowned, utterly perplexed.

"Not just anyone, Muggle-born's," Mulciber stated, he might have said Muggle-born but his tone was practically spitting 'Mudblood' out for all those who had half a mind.

Hadrian rolled his eyes and shook his head at Myrtle, asking her not to retaliate, which she would, she'd came a long, long way from the terrified girl he'd helped two years ago. He was proud of her, but he wanted to have a good night without some sullen idiot screwing it up. "It's not black magic, it's just that Muggle-Borns associate the rituals with evil witchcraft because that's what they grow up believing, it's ingrained by the time they come to Hogwarts. Paganism is also sometimes associated with sacrifice, but if they did their homework they'd realize that paganism is quite a peaceful religion, and was celebrated by everyone, men and women alike, for centuries before Christianity took over." nobody else said anything, all very aware of that fact since Hadrian had told them last year, and they'd done their homework and had realized he was correct.

As they moved over to their seats, Tom pulled Hadrian onto his knee. His fingers wrapping around the back of his neck before kissing him in an ardent possessive claiming for all to see. As if he had been worried that Hadrian would pull away from him. Hadrian didn't, instead he closed eyes and
moaned softly aware of their audience, and trying to maintain awareness so that they didn't go too far. He did keep a grip of their food; he was quite peckish after all.

When his green eyes opened they were glistening in surprise, he hadn't expected him to be so openly affectionate in mixed company. He was possessive with what he thought of as Tom's inner circle, but he rarely displayed it. A small smile twitched onto his lips, for a moment wondering what was going on in that intelligent head of his bonded. His husband. He decided not to question it and just enjoy tonight. If it was a new thing well he'd still continue to enjoy it.

"Are you going to send gift baskets out?" Lucretia asked after their hosts private moment was done, inhaling the smell of the sweet smelling flowers. There were many flowers planted around the manor, if it wasn't for the bonfires she wouldn't have noticed them of course, it was a surprise to see them since both Tom and Hadrian were men, and all men she knew didn't care for anything like that.

"St. Mungo's?" Tom queried knowingly.

"Yes, it's what I was thinking, it would be such a shame for them all to go to waste," Lucretia admitted, buckets of flowers, plants and wood.

"Here," Walburga said, passing a plate of food over to her.

"Thanks," she said gratefully, smiling as she sat down next to her.

"Why don't you make a basket and put some of the flowers in for your parents?" Hadrian suggested, "What's left can go to St. Mungo's but to put it all in the hospital...by the time they're done checking them over they'd have withered." that's if they were checked over by the staff in this time, but considering how things were more competent here he'd bet his wand arm they did check them. Considering he got no odd looks he suspected his thoughts were accurate.

"We won't be able to do that until tomorrow...by then we'll be back at Hogwarts; they might suspect what we've been up to." Dorea pointed out. They would deduce that they'd left Hogwarts and they could end up in trouble, from loss of house points to detention or worse suspension.

"Hardly, just shrink it down with a letter in the common room and send it off," Tom replied, inwardly rolling his eyes at their inability to think before speaking.

Hadrian grinned from where he sat, nibbling on the cheese, onion, and ham or sausage cocktails and miniature sausage rolls, which were utterly divine, it's as though the House-elves had made them the same day as he was eating them - and for all, he knew they could have. This was nice, having everyone together away from the claustrophobic feel of Slytherin common room.

"Is there alcohol in this punch?" Alphard asked after taking a drink, he was sure he already had his answer but it never hurt to have confirmation.

"A small amount," Hadrian confirmed Alphard's thoughts; it came as no surprise when they suddenly made beelines for more much to his amusement. "What do you think of celebrating Samhain?"

"Perhaps," Tom replied, but Hadrian just grinned knowing by now that this was Tom's way of saying he didn't mind either way if he hadn't approved he would have said no immediately. If he had been enthusiastic a definite yes would have been his answer.

Within twenty-four hours the parents were aware of their children's doings and unsurprisingly they approved - as long as they didn't get caught, naturally.
Chapter End Notes

Would you like to see a properly done Samhain ritual? Or at least as accurate as it can be done with research :D well not yet since that would need to be next year :D after their exams etc... :D still trying to figure out if Gellert would free Dumbledore for them to continue their quest together or not... or if Dumbledore truly realized his mistakes and wouldn't do it even to get out of Azkaban early what do you guys think? Dumbledore is no doubt manipulative his actions can be seen as evil but is he truly evil? Would he truly mar his soul by killing someone? Which Dumbledore would you prefer? R&R please
"I can't believe I let you talk me into this," Hadrian muttered petulantly to himself, as he hid himself away in a corner, observing the party going on around him. One of Slughorn's infamous parties were in full swing, students past and present were there for the occasion all dressed up to make a good impression meeting like minded people or those who were particularly...popular and famous in various fields. Slughorn was puffed up and strutting around, taking his time to talk to absolutely everyone there, accepting the 'gifts' he was offered by the people who felt indebted to him for starting their career by introducing them to the right people. Not that it was a bad thing really, they both got something out of it, and so it was not just a Slytherin move but quite a Hufflepuff one too. He was very tempted to just leave the party, he'd already been accosted by idiots wanting to meet him, shaking his hand with their sweaty palms, stuttering like fools thanking him for his 'advancement of the magical community' all of them Muggle-born's who saw him as some sort of champion. It reminded him too much of the past he wished to forget, all he'd done was write a book in order to cease the rampant prejudice that would overtake completely in the coming decades.

"I had hoped to find you here," a voice said from the shadows of the open doors, it was oddly familiar to Hadrian, but how could that be? It prickled at him, but to his annoyance, he couldn't figure it out.

"Oh? How so?" Hadrian asked, quite intrigued, eyes glowing in the dim light of the corner, watching the veranda.

"Do you even realize what you've done?" the voice continued.

Hadrian absently swept his fingers over his wand, as curiosity got the better of him and he stepped out beside the voice. His jaw was momentarily unhinged, but Hadrian was very grateful that the wizard did not see it. He was, however, still quite confused, he had nothing to do with Newton Scamander, what was he 'realize what you've done' coming from? "And what could I possibly have done to offend you, Mr. Scamander?"

He received a side way glance from the wizard before his eyes were firmly fixed upon the grounds of Hogwarts. Not that there was much to see on this side of the building. It was definitely more majestic from the front. "You had Professor Dumbledore arrested, sentenced to Prison, now the Dark Lord Grindelwald has begun to plan to invade France and ultimately Britain." bringing danger to his family and everyone within Britain.

"Ah," Hadrian said beginning to understand a whole lot, sympathy thrummed through him, "I am sorry for what you are going through," he said softly, turning when they were interrupted, but it was just a waiter, holding a tray of food and drinks in individual trays. Hadrian took two drinks and handed one to Scamander, then proceeded to give him a plate of food, before Hadrian took one himself. Nodding to the wizard in thanks to back out as quickly as he had entered.

"What I am going through?" Scamander asked, meeting Hadrian's eyes cautiously.
"You aren't the first to be taken in by Dumbledore's grandfatherly façade and no doubt you will not be the last." Hadrian said, green eyes darkening, "I will do everything in my power to make sure that people are at least aware of the façade he likes to portray to the world."

"He was a good man," Scamander insisted, facing Harry, worry and fear clouding his eyes. Which went against everything he had learned of Scamander, he had always seemed so fearless, been described as utterly fearless.

"We have different in opinions," Hadrian stated firmly, before suspicion began to worm its way into his heart, that look…it reminded him of the look Granger had supported after Dumbledore's death. "From what I understand it, you went to America to let your creatures out in their natural habitant…rescuing many on your travels, why would you even be concerned about Grindelwald enough to come here and confront me?"

Scamander didn't answer; instead, he looked out at the scenery once more.

"Please tell me you weren't spying on Grindelwald for Dumbledore," Hadrian questioned with a groan, pinching the bridge of his nose in exasperation. A tingling at the back of his mind alerted him to the fact that Tom was close, very close, and likely listening to their conversation.

"No," the quick denial was confirmation. If he hadn't been spying he would have been confused, slower to answer, and more importantly not extremely stiff.

"He quite enjoys making others feel indebted to him, so they are willing to do whatever he requests of them, even if it put them in danger." images of people he knew Dumbledore had used for his own benefit flashed through his minds eye, Hagrid, Severus, now Scamander and of course, him once upon a time. "You do understand that Dumbledore didn't defend you out of the goodness of his heart or the belief that you were innocent without proof don't you?" he added, drinking from the goblet staring at Scamander watching his shoulders tense. Ah, ever the loyalist, true to those he cared about. He was the true epitome of all things Hufflepuff.

"What are you implying?" Scamander asked stiffly, reminding himself he was dealing with a Slytherin. He had already been burned by one before; he didn't want it happening again.

Hadrian sighed softly, "Do you know the ancient arts of Occlumency and Legilimency?" his voice somber.

"Of course," Newton said, a smile spreading across his face, "My sister-in-law is the great natural Legilimens I've ever met, although she cannot control it." fond exasperation evident on his features.

"Dumbledore's isn't natural, but he honed his craft, that is how he determined you were not guilty of what happened. He used you to get what he wanted, he could have spoken up, told the Headmaster what he knew, but he did not for it didn't serve his purpose. I know because he personally tried to read my mind on a few occasions unaware that I was a natural Occlumens," here he was lying, it wasn't natural, but he couldn't very well tell him he had learned sixty years in the future. "So you spied for him under the guise of a creature lover."

"It is not a guise." Scamander's tone was forceful for the first time, taking umbrage at Hadrian's thoughts. He cared more for his creatures than almost anything else in the world except his wife, son, sister-in-law, and brother-in-law.

"Perhaps not," Hadrian said, dipping his head in silent apology, "You couldn't have come here solely to confront me on such a feeble excuse unless you were truly hoping to learn that everything
written in the papers was false. You are here looking for answers aren't you?"

Scamander grimaced and looked away, he hadn't been able to find a scrap of information that would either exonerate Dumbledore or prove his guilt.

"Do yourself a favor, don't go looking for answers, for you will not like what you find," Hadrian said compassionately, he remembered a time where he would have denied all Dumbledore's wrongdoing, desiring instead to see the good while burying his head in the sand. He had been in the same place as Scamander once, so he knew what it was like to be in his shoes, quite literally. "Nor do you need to fear for our shores Newton, the Muggles do not bow down to fear and terror, nor shall we, even if we must take care of the problem ourselves." it was the best he could do without outright telling Newt that he planned on taking care of the problem. With that Hadrian stepped back into the rooms, Tom standing very near the entrance listening to everything with curious cautious eyes.

"That was unexpected," Tom drawled as he guided Hadrian away from the entrance and towards their group of Slytherin's who had, of course, been invited.

"You think?" Hadrian muttered giving an incredulous laugh, "He started so much earlier than I thought…Tom what if there are others out there who he has done wrong?"

"It doesn't matter now," Tom stated, "Everyone knows what he is like, he will never achieve popularity and fame." at least none like he had in the now obliterated future. "I cannot understand why anything would surprise you about him, he began grooming children to join his order, to be light orientated without truly understanding other branches of magic then allowed them…"

"Don't Tom," Hadrian warned, he knew what Tom was going to say 'Allow them to be murdered' he definitely didn't want to dwell on that. He had long ago realized that Dumbledore must have known Pettigrew was the leak; he had no qualms about entering the minds of whomever he pleased, even eleven-year-olds, so why stop there? No, Dumbledore knew everything, which included every single strength and weakness from each student, teacher, and enemy and Order member. He had learned more here than he had in the seven years he'd been firmly ensconced in the old fools steel grip. "Each new piece of information I learn makes me want to gouge out his eyes," he hissed under his breath green eyes gleaming with malice that Tom had only seen once, that malice had allowed Hadrian to cast the Crucius curse non-verbally at Avery.

"By Merlin, you are…breathtaking when you get furious," Tom whispered into Hadrian's ear, the desire he felt thrumming through him, he let it be felt through the bond they shared along with the utter adoration and possessiveness he felt too. You would think such feelings of possession would fade given time, they did not, instead, it firmed, and becoming more pronounced each time Hadrian did something truly delicious and delightful.

Hadrian's lips twitched, fury evaporating like water in the sun, Tom was right, there was no point, and it didn't matter now. Dumbledore couldn't keep using Newt for his own ends, Newt would go looking for answers, and what he would find would collaborate everything he'd accused Dumbledore of. Only then would Newt realize how badly he had been used and inevitably cut all ties with the old fool and live his life. He would never use Hagrid either or keep him here at Hogwarts watching each generation graduate unable to do so himself. Never use Severus to then spy on Tom at personal cost, and these were just the people directly affected by Dumbledore's machinations, the rest had been just as affected but on a less personal level, especially in regards to the damn prejudice heaped upon the world.

"You alright?" Avery asked, handing Hadrian a Butterbeer, he had seen the look on his face as he and Tom had come over.
"Yeah," Hadrian replied, removing all thoughts from Dumbledore from his mind.

Carrow watched the interactions between the two Slytherin's showing just how much could change in a single year. Ever since Hadrian had shown up, Aiden had been angry, jealous and it had boiled over, making him do something incredibly dangerous and stupid. If it had gone according to Aiden's plan his life with have been forfeited, whether right away or later Tom would have killed him. He would have known straight away, he would have done everything he could to get answers, and none of the Slytherin's would have retaliated. Aiden had done the only thing that would have kept him alive, sworn allegiance to Hadrian, some would say it was a bit of a big move to make, he couldn't take it back either, but really, it was better than the alternative. Nobody had any doubt that Hadrian would have hunted Aiden down and killed him first chance he got.

"Is that Scamander?" Nott exclaimed, watching the wizard who was talking to Slughorn intently, trying to make out whether his thoughts were right or if it was just someone who looked like him.

"Yes, it's him," Tom was the one to answer. "Looks like he's leaving," he added, watching the tall thin wizard shake hands with their professor before making his way through the Floo, all the while staring at the floor never meeting anyone's eye as if he was afraid and self-conscious. He must be at least twenty to thirty years old probably older, yet he was acting like an insecure child without an ounce of pride of self-confidence.

"What was he doing here?" Nott asked bemused, "He has never come before, he was never even a member of the Slug Club, to begin with and he's a Hufflepuff." their professor never spoke of him either, he couldn't help but wonder what it was all about. Slughorn spoke about everyone who came to these things, proud and undeniably smug; he hadn't half built up a hell of a network.

"He's the same age as my uncle, and he was in the Slug Club, definitely no mention of him," Lestrange confirmed. "I hope he's not beginning to let all the riff-raff in,"

Hadrian glared at him giving him a pointed look, Hufflepuff or not, Scamander was actually quite powerful and was a house-hold name, money, status, immortalised as an Author, he was hardly in any way in the same category as the 'Riff-raff' of the magical society, which he personally would consider the likes of Ronald Weasley. Just a no good, jealous, lazy ass that wanted things in life but didn't want to have to work for it. Looking for fame and fortune by looking to others. "If that is your definition of 'riff-raff' I would really like to see what you think of those deserving of your respect," Hadrian told him dryly because they must be a hell of a wizard if they could outshine Newton Scamander.

Thaddeus chuckled in amusement, both in agreement and the look on Lestrange's face, he quite honestly looked as if he had just had his favorite toy taken away.

"Have I been here long enough for you Tom?" Hadrian asked deadpanned, ignoring the others gaping at him, honestly, it had been years, surely they were used to him being unafraid of time to say what he really thinks. "I wish to return to my dorm."

"What is this? Aren't you enjoying yourself, Hadrian?" Slughorn came up to them hearing the end of their conversation.

"Of course, he is, Professor," Tom said sweetly, "But we have been staying up later than normal to study for our exams, brushing up on our knowledge."

"How right you are, Tom, very serious business your exams are, everyone should be following your example!" Slughorn nodded seriously. "Take twenty points each for your dedication! Oh, look, there's Richard, please excuse me!" and with that, he was gone again.
Hadrian laughed, shaking his head, "Honestly, I think sometimes you could have a dead Muggle in each hand and he'd give you points!" He could get away with murder, he wasn't sure how Tom did it, and he just had everyone eating out of the palm of his hand, well almost everyone.

"Is Slughorn right about the newest batch of people? He seems to pick a good hand quite accurately." Tom whispered as his dark eyes roamed the room. Trying to gauge what their professor saw in everyone, it wasn't just Slytherin's either but Ravenclaw's even a Gryffindor and Hufflepuff or two.

Hadrian turned to Tom; no doubt he was interested in picking them out for himself - to further his own ambitions. Humming softly, he pondered momentarily, "Not all of them are famous, some just have the capacity to go far but don't...some never get the chance, while others are used so Slughorn could make more connections with the family, or already has done so and the students are there just to keep those he has in his connections happy." he explained in Parseltongue so nobody could understand them.

Those surrounding them shivered at the sound of the Parseltongue, it sounded very angry, which contradicted the look on Hadrian's face; they were beginning to realize that Parseltongue always sounded angry. It was spitting and hissing, so to them it would they guessed. Surprisingly the two didn't use it all that often when they did though...oh it made them unbelievably curious to know what they could be taking about.

It didn't matter what time Hadrian was in, he just couldn't bring himself to enjoy the so-called daubed 'Slug Club' it just wasn't his sort of thing. He knew he'd better get used to it, since Tom probably had dozens of these parties lined up just waiting to make connections and begin his political career. Even if he said no, Tom would just do his head in until he agreed; he wasn't one for giving in or taking no for an answer.

As he leaned against Tom, just relishing in the comfort it brought, his mind went back to Newt how he had looked when he had spoken so bluntly. He'd looked devastated, disillusioned, part of Scamander obviously believed him. He sort of wished he had been less blunt more sympathetic, but he wasn't the soft touch Potter anymore and never wanted to be again. He was Hadrian Peverell and when he spoke people took him seriously. Truthfully was no way to say what he had without it being a sucker punch to the gut, he should know, he'd experienced it too. Well, he'd had to put the pieces together alone, while everyone else here knew because of evidence and actual fact. Two years, he had only one more year to get rid of Grindelwald or risk Dumbledore actually getting out and challenging him, he refused to let Dumbledore claim his status and getting rid of the darkest wizard in the world would accomplish that. He would be untouchable, a huge thorn in their side.

That was unacceptable, he'd go back to stop it happening if he had to. Harry wasn't sure how long he stood there lost in thought, but the amplified voice of their professor brought him out of it. "Students, curfew is in five minutes, be sure to head straight to the common room, Slytherins I'll be by to check on you later." Slughorn called out before he removed the 'Sonorus' spell from his throat.

"Do try and get some rest Hadrian, there is such a thing as too much studying," the professor informed him, patting his arm as he passed him by.

"Yes, Professor," Hadrian replied, "Goodnight," and with that Tom, Hadrian and the rest of the gang bid their professor their own goodbye's and made their way towards the common room at a languid pace, they weren't far from it so they weren't at any risk of being out after curfew, even if they were, Tom was a Prefect, and he was allowed out after curfew.

"I really should do some studying, if I don't do well enough my parents are going to nag at me
forever," Lestrange grumbled under his breath, he was expected to be perfect, get perfect grades and not let his family down. He wasn't sure how many letters he had received with similar demands this year, but it weighed heavily upon him. He couldn't imagine just how unbearable NEWT year was going to be if that was the case.

"They're supposed to," Hadrian said with a grin, he had seen the letters, and quite frankly they came across as subtle threats, but that was just Slytherin's for you. Lestrange didn't have anything to worry about, none of them did, he'd never tell them this, but they were quite smart, especially when they put every effort into their work. They had their own areas where they were excelled better than others, except Tom, Tom was just brilliant at all subjects it came as easy as breathing for him.

Chapter End Notes

And Harry learns more information about Dumbledore and how long he had been manipulating people around him...personally I do actually think Scamander is a spy of sorts...guess I'll find out as the movies come out :D I'm quite excited to see what happens next :) what about you guys? What do you want to know most about Fantastic Beasts? R&R please
Chapter 69

Hadrian stretched out, his hand automatically checking the bed next to him, the bed felt slightly warm, but the warmth was fading fast, and Tom was already up. Abruptly sitting up, he realized why Tom was up earlier than usual, it was the day the exam results would be posted to each and every Hogwarts students who were taking either their O.W.L's or N.E.W.T's. A smile worked its way onto his face, almost every day he found out something new about Tom than he hadn't known before. He was actually worried about the results, the smartest guy he knew, was anxious. Maybe anxious was the wrong word, Tom wanted to be the best, and anything less than the best was unacceptable to his OCD husband. He'd deny it, but Hadrian knew he had some sort of Obsessive Compulsive Disorder and a fixation with the number seven - which admittedly wasn't all that new to him.

The last few weeks at Hogwarts had gone by extraordinary fast, between the prelim exams and preparation for the real deal. Hadrian had been bemused by the fact he was worrying over exams, especially ones he'd taken already, then again he'd never admit to anyone how poorly he'd done in most classes. He hadn't taken an active interest in his academics. No, it wasn't that he hadn't been interested, there had always been something happening at Hogwarts that took precedence. Something he'd been encouraged in, Dumbledore hadn't wanted him to be smart and studious, he needed him to die at the right moment. No, he thought sternly, he wasn't going to live his life ruled by what happened in his past or Dumbledore. He had a life here, a husband, real friends; his past was just that, his past. Clearing his mind of all the bad things, he stretched out before climbing out of bed, only to blink at the sight of the new robes he'd ordered up against the wardrobe, the see through plastic still covering them to protect them from dust. A groan left his lips at the reminder, it was tonight, the Malfoy's were hosting grand ball, a party.

Grumbling under his breath, he left the bedroom, going in hunt of Tom, and actually quite eager to see his own results, not that he'd admit that of course. He knew Tom had done very well just by stepping into the living room, he was puffed up and extremely smug sitting there with a coffee at his lips.

"Good morning," Harry said wryly, moving over, giving him a quick kiss, avoiding the wandering hands green eyes gleaming in amusement. "You did well then?" he could see the Slytherin Prefect badge shining on the table, declaring Tom once again Prefect for Slytherin. No surprise there, Slughorn thought the sun shone out of Tom's ass.

"Of course," Tom declared smugly, as he drank from his mug, it was just the way he liked it.

"I don't suppose you'd let me off the hook tonight? Tell them I feel too sick to go?" Hadrian asked hopefully, as he reluctantly brought his own pile of mail close to him, not bothering with the newspaper.

"You must come, snubbing the Malfoy's is a very dangerous thing to do, they are the elite at the
moment," Tom told him pointedly. You didn't just decline an invite from them, not without a very, very good excuse.

Hadrian snorted, "That would matter if I cared about social climbing," he pointed out, the downside of becoming known and powerful even being leaving Hogwarts - having adults vying for your attention so they could say they were there from the start, and to feed of their own popularity the whole idea was pathetic. "Plus anything they throw at me, I could throw back with much more accuracy," he wasn't just climbing up everyone's social ladder; he was also becoming richer than them all. Their need to stick to wizarding companies was preventing windfalls; there were so many more Muggles than wizards, so it was no surprise that he was able to overtake the purebloods with their vast estates so quickly. When the war was over and everything got back to normal...it would expand further than even he could imagine. He was investing in companies like steel manufacturing, which was bringing in a lot of income, from the various companies that were interested in steel, from the navy, the army to boat building companies. The only downside to having so many investments was the paperwork. The goblins did most of it thank Merlin, and were compensated very well for their time and effort, but it didn't make it any less annoying for him to oversee everything. His portfolio was expanding so much each month.

Tom just rolled his eyes, Hadrian was powerful, desirable, had everyone clamouring to be his friend, yet he didn't care for the power that could come of it. It was a good job he was there to make sure that the use was fulfilled; imaging the waste just horrified him. It had taken him days to work on Hadrian to get him to agree to come to the Malfoy party. In the end him telling Hadrian that the Malfoy's had a lot of political clout in the Ministry, for both the Ministry and Hogwarts. That they would be extremely useful for when the time came to build an orphanage to ensure no magical child was ever left in the Muggle world. Just like that he'd agreed he'd need to remember to use their goals more often. The glare he'd received after stating that told him Hadrian was aware of what he was doing, but of course he did, Hadrian was always able to see through him.

"They'll only have pureblood's there won't they?" Hadrian pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"No," Tom replied immediately, shifting the paper and mail aside as breakfast was brought through for them. He gave the House-elf a nod as Hadrian thanked Dobby. Seeing the surprise on his husbands face, he elaborated, "You have no idea how much your book has utterly terrified the pureblood's do you? They did extensive checks to see if what you said was true, and it came back as the truth, obviously, there has been a significant drop in arranged marriages since the book came out, Orion informed me that the rest of his siblings weren't being set up for marriage, not yet at any rate, they want to ensure they do not end up marrying them to anyone closely related."

"The marriage between Orion and Walburga definitely cannot be nullified," Hadrian stated, green eyes filled with fire, he knew the answer, and he just wanted confirmation so he could stop worrying.

"No," Tom agreed, he couldn't imagine growing up with someone, spending all their time together, knowing from an extremely young age they were to be married at their coming of age. Neither of them mentioned the contract or spoke about whether they were amendable or detested the idea, but they did get on, for most part. Like all others, they had times were they agreed and disagreed on certain things. He knew that wasn't why Hadrian was asking though, he just wanted peace of mind to know the only fatherly influence he'd ever had would still exist. Honestly, if anything happened, Hadrian would believe he had murdered him, which of course, wasn't the same as not being born. He didn't necessarily care, but it would hurt Hadrian, and nothing hurts his husband if it did, they answered to him. "No, the marriage cannot be broken." he didn't dare mention that they both might be reluctant to have a child.
"Dobby?" Hadrian called, as he ate his breakfast, minus the greasy fried bread and tomato, he wasn’t in the mood for anything that heavy today.

"What can Dobby do for Master Hadrian?" Dobby asked as he appeared immediately, eager to do his Master's bidding, they worshiped the ground Tom and Hadrian trod on. Not only were they treated fairly, they were given leeway and gifts that no other of their kind usually received, fabric to make clothes, even materials to make sandals, time to themselves, a proper room, not only that but they were defended against all others who'd treat them harshly. The most important and awe-inspiring thing was the fact that his parents were allowed to have a family, with the assurance that any of the offspring wouldn't be sold it was in a contract written by Hadrian for their own peace of mind. The look on Hadrian's face when he found out why his House-elves were acting strangely when he returned had been scary to say the least. Then half an hour later, Hadrian had called them to him, informing them that they would NOT be forced to mate, to produce a child to sell off to the highest bidder, that if they wanted to they could, with the knowledge that they would all be together and safe. Master Hadrian had acted like a wounded bear for the rest of the day, until Master Tom calmed him down when he came home.

"Bring down my portfolio, please," Hadrian asked Dobby, his brow furrowed as he continued to investigate what Gringotts had brought, his O.W.L scores forgotten for the moment.

"Something wrong?" Tom queried his gaze shrewd, there something was he never asked the House-elves to get something he could get himself or summon for that matter.

"I don't know yet," Hadrian answered distractedly, "I need to check to see if I've remembered it wrong," it was awfully suspicious that there was hardly any profit being made, especially for such a big company, it was either in danger and needed financial aid, or someone was doing something they shouldn't. Which couldn't be possible, not within one month, no, something was going on and he and his goblin intended to find out.

"Masters portfolio, Sir," Dobby said, and giving a small bow he popped away, he knew his Master would have said by now if he was required to stay.

Hadrian immediately flipped through all his documents until he got to the ones he wanted to see, narrowing his eyes thoughtfully; he had known something wasn't right. Passing them over to Tom without a word and his incredibly intelligent wizard figured it out quite quickly, judging by the narrowing eyes and displeasure he could feel through the bond. "Have the House-elves take this to Gringotts immediately, have them investigate it, they know how to do it better than you or I could with finesse too. The fact he did not catch it is disappointing, make it clear that you expect such inconstancies caught, and if it happens again, you'll have another take over your account." Tom stated coolly, utterly disgusted by the blatant mistakes the goblins had made. It was both of their estates, the Slytherin-Peverell estate, but most of the paperwork got sent to Hadrian due to the fact he had started it all before their marriage. The others they had started up after their marriage came to both of them, they ended up in Hadrian's portfolio anyway, and it was much easier and simpler to keep them together.

Hadrian nodded in agreement, agreeing with Tom's suggestion; he'd rather not have any more to do with the issue except hearing that it was resolved. Summoning a piece of paper and a self-inking quill he began to write a professional letter to Gringotts, to anyone reading it he would have seemed much older than his supposed age. He did make his disappointment known; it would prevent screw-ups like this in future. If he caught it with everything else on his plate, the goblin should have, especially given that was all he had to do, he was in charge of the Slytherin-Peverell estate only, and he was well paid for it.
Tom drummed his fingers on the table as he waited; green eyes filled with amusement glanced up at him. "Open them if you're that desperate to know," he was teased, the only one who would dare to, well, that wasn't true anymore, Myrtle sometimes did it if she was feeling particularly playful, but it was admittedly very rare she would try with him. She must know he wasn't one to be messed with; somehow she must be able to sense his nature under the masks he wore at Hogwarts.

"Dobby?" Hadrian called three minutes later once his missive was written, he didn't bother sealing it, his goblin was well aware of his House-elves and his habit of using them to ensure his mail wasn't intercepted. His paranoia hadn't abated even here in the past, he felt quite guilty about using them like owls but not enough to stop. The House-elves liked having things to do, and it showed trust, so all in all the guilt wasn't too bad.

"What can Dobby do for Master Hadrian?" Dobby asked reappearing with a pop.

"Take this to Gringotts, the usual routine, no need to wait for an answer," Hadrian told him with a small smile, turning back to face the table and Tom he picked up his Hogwarts mail. 

"Aren't you at least a little bit disappointed not to be elected Prefect?" Tom queried as Hadrian began to read his exam results, either that or the requirement list for the new school year.

"This time or during my last fifth year?" Hadrian queried, setting the mail aside scrunching up the envelope and levitating it absent- ly over to the fire without conscious thought.

Tom blinked in surprise, "Both," he'd never tire of hearing about Hadrian's life as Harry Potter. Especially the small things that Hadrian didn't think were important until something came up about it. He could never get bored of Hadrian talking, not like he did with the others after a while. Although the complaints were less often these days, Hadrian had changed the way things were, but not to the extent they'd ever disobey him. His and Hadrian's (mostly Hadrian) laying into Avery after his display.

"Before…I was really jealous and angry, prefects are supposed to be chosen because they are smart, grades are very good and they could take care of the younger students." Hadrian said slowly between finishing his breakfast, "It was given to the stupidest guy in Gryffindor, Weasley was lazy, he couldn't care less about the younger years and his grades were the lowest out of all of us, Neville would have probably been the best out of all of us actually. So yeah, I was jealous of him, probably one of the two times."

"Neville?" Tom queried, thinking back trying to remember if he recalled that name.

Hadrian grinned shark-like, "Oh yes, you thought he came from Noble stock, that he was spirited and brave, offered to let him join the Death Eaters in fact,"

Tom contemplatively eyed Hadrian knowing what he'd say next would surprise him.

"He retorted that he'd join you when hell freezes over, when all looked lost, when everyone thought I was dead…” Hadrian admitted, green eyes glimmering in satisfaction. "He was loyal, and would have remained so to his cause to the very end." his pride evident, both on his face and through the bond. He was hoping that nothing like that would happen this time around. It was why he had ensured to besmirch Dumbledore's name as much as humanly possible.

"I think I remember who you are referring too," Tom nodded slowly, the pensive memories didn't become ingrained like your own memories, it's like watching a movie, you could and would forget parts of it, and continue to as time passed. If you watched everything repeatedly, you'd obviously remember it in great deal, enough so that you could say the words before they came. He'd only
seen Hadrian's memories once, so yes, he felt hazy on a great deal many parts of what he'd been shown. Feeling the pride coming from him, he wasn't sure how to feel, jealous? Annoyed that it wasn't him? Happy that at least one person from his past (the future) hadn't let him down? Probably a combination of all three.

"As for now...no I'm not angry or jealous, I knew you would be picked as a prefect and will be the Head Boy, I told you, Slughorn thinks you're the second coming of Merlin," Hadrian chuckled wryly, "You have complete control over the Slytherin's so you're perfect for the position anyway."

It took Tom a few seconds to catch up on Hadrian's abrupt change of subject to their previous subject matter. Tom nodded, agreeing with him, he was best for the position; false modesty wouldn't become him, especially not for Hadrian who would just give him that smirk and sly look in those green eyes that had been there from the beginning.

"So, what do you plan to do today then?" Hadrian asked, they'd finished their homework four days into their holidays, between doing their homework and sex they hadn't been bored or outside for that matter until their second week. Which had ironically been quite busy, for both of them. Now here he was, going to a party, why the hell did the Malfoy's have to host one? He loathed the ass kissing; Tom was firmly in his element though.

"We have nothing to do until tonight," Tom said giving Hadrian a look of desire. "How about we appreciate the privacy while we can?" he added suggestively. He would never get enough of Hadrian, each time he half expected it to dull down but it was never, ever that way.

"You won't have that excuse in a year's time," Hadrian said, unconsciously licking his lips, drawing Tom's attention to them.

"Who says you'll be coming with me?" Tom asked eyes gleaming victoriously, knowing he was talking about the Head Boy room that came with the title, one of the many benefits.

Hadrian laughed, standing up and sauntering over to Tom, "Oh? Decided you've had enough of me?" he teased, knowing that it wasn't true, he would feel it through their bond which was as strong as ever. "Maybe we should spent more time apart." he breathed the words into Tom's ear before he laughed as he was grabbed around the waist and found himself on Tom's lap.

"Don't even think about it," Tom declared possessively, before kissing Hadrian, it was all teeth, bruising force, passion and a clear demonstration that they were enough for each other. He never wanted to be parted with him; a few years ago he would have sneered at any such display convinced it was a weakness, that he didn't need love in his life. He'd been a young naïve fool.

Panting softly, Hadrian whispered seductively, "It's too bad you decided to attend Nott's party last night,"

Tom's eyes flared, desire coiling within him, "You have no idea how difficult it was to pay any sort of attention to my surroundings," he confessed, he'd felt absolutely everything through the bond, his awakening desire and arousal, Hadrian had taken his sweet time, causing him as much bloody backlash as possible. It was a good thing he had so much self control for when Hadrian had came undone it had almost caused him to follow and that was just through the bond. "I was very tempted to return earlier and bind you into bed and have my wicked ways with you until came undone." make Hadrian think twice about doing it again without him.

"Oh? How exactly did you imagine that while you were preoccupied?" Hadrian teased, green eyes gleaming wickedly, he had known what he was doing to Tom but he couldn't bring himself to regret it. Last night when he returned had been...one of the most intense nights thus far, they hadn't
even gotten to bed, he'd been in the shower when Tom returned... he wasn't sure he'd be able to
shower again without getting a hard on for ages.

"How about you and I find out exactly what I imagined?" Tom stated in return, his fingers
possessively stroking along Hadrian's throat and spine in slow sensuous moves.

"As lovely as that would be..." Hadrian trailed off significantly, "We can't, I have to go and find
something to appease the Malfoy's when we visit, it would be rude to go without a gift. Perhaps if
we leave early...." he said with purpose, a sly smirk stealing over his features, his eyes basically
gleamed 'I win' before he stood up, putting distance between them as he reclaimed his seat, fishing
out his Hogwarts letter, to see his results.

Tom groaned and sent Hadrian a withering glare, knowing he'd done that on purpose, well, he'd be
sorely disappointed, they were going and they were staying until the end and that was it. He wasn't
going to be blatantly manipulated with sex; he'd get what he wanted anyway once they got home.

He knew just how to enflame Hadrian, make it so he was putty in his hands. He hid his smug smirk
behind his goblet before drinking from it. His arousal and desire calming somewhat in the
meantime, "How did you do?" he asked after a few moments.

"Sixteen outstanding grades," Hadrian said with vindictive amusement, take that Granger, he
thought with pride. It was awesome to know that if he hadn't had distractions he would have done
outstandingly well on all his exams. She'd gotten nine outstanding and one exceeded expectations,
had successfully beaten her, the so called brightest witch of her age. If only he was able to throw
that in her face. Admittedly there wasn't the same amount of classes available in that time, but that
definitely didn't burst his bubble. He was very proud of himself, he'd worked hard he was entitled
to it. He also didn't care that technically he wasn't sixteen years old.

Tom just shook his head in amusement, putting the pieces together without needing Hadrian to say
anything. The vindictive amusement came from the fact he'd done so well, it wasn't aimed at him
which made him deduce it was someone from his past. He would bet it was Hermione Granger; he
hated the fact he would be required to wait so long to enact revenge on those who had hurt his
husband. It was decades away, extremely unfair and he loathed having to wait for anything.
Admittedly since Hadrian had come into his life he had felt much more at ease to let things come
to him in good time.

"What exactly are you thinking of getting them?" Tom queried curiously, what did you get for a
family that had everything?

"I don't know, I'll have a look around, worse comes to the worst I'll just given them a bottle from
the cellar," Hadrian shrugged indifferently.

Tom choked, "For someone who doesn't care...giving them over a thousand galleon bottle of wine
or whiskey will indicate otherwise,"

"Try ten thousand, most of the bottles down there could actually fetch more at auction," Hadrian
corrected him, he didn't care though. "Especially considering that two of the companies have
closed down," everyone drank alcohol perhaps he should invest in a few more breweries, wineries
etc... he only had two he was invested in, or rather more accurately they'd already been invested in
before he took over the accounts by one of the Peverells at least he was assuming so. It certainly
explained everything in the cellar that was for damn certain.

Tom rose an eyebrow wondering just how Hadrian knew that when he wasn't one for drinking at
all. That's not to say he didn't, especially when he was under immense strain, the night he learned
everything sprang to mind. He shoved those thoughts aside, not truly caring how Hadrian knew, it
wasn't important in the grand scheme of things.

"Are you coming?" Hadrian asked as he polished off the remains of his breakfast.

"I have a few things I need to do before we get ready to leave," Tom shook his head regretfully, he'd spend every waken moment with Hadrian if he could, but it wasn't to be.

Hadrian grimaced at the reminder, ugh, he did not want to attend this stupid function, wasn't it bad enough that he attended all Slughorn parties without having to endure worse ones during his summer holidays? Damn Tom and his manipulative tendencies, worse still he had a damn point! Still, he wasn't going to lick their shoes, Tom knew that, so what happened wasn't fully his fault; Tom knew he didn't want to go.

Tom just chortled quietly, used to Hadrian's sulking when it came to being in the public light.

"I better go," Hadrian grumbled, summoning his money pouch, giving Tom a lingering kiss before he Apparated.

"One of these days I'm going to kill you," Hadrian protested, and he reluctantly made his way up the path to Malfoy Manor. The Portkey had dropped them off just past the wards, leaving them walking for over ten minutes to get to the actual manor, but the pathway was lit with dozens upon dozens of lanterns attached to poles.

"I believe you've already been there, done that," Tom commented, his voice condescending.

Hadrian stopped walking, warily looking around before glaring at Tom, "That wasn't very nice," he stated.

"Neither was you killing me," Tom pointed out dryly.

Hadrian pursed his lips, trying to keep his 'annoyed' façade on but failing miserably, against his will his lips twitched in amusement. "An argument could be said you committed suicide, twice," had they gotten to the point where they could joke about this stuff? He'd never saw himself in the creature that had been killed; it was odd hearing him admit it.

"I'll concede to your logic," Tom admitted, nodding his head, glad to have Hadrian's thoughts OFF this upcoming party for now.

"Good evening, young Masters, May Tisky be taking you cloaks?" a House-elf asked from the doorway.

Hadrian pursed his lips at the state of the poor thing, nostrils flaring in disgust, especially seeing the bruises adorning the House-elf. How many times had she or he been hit this evening by inconsiderate arseholes already? Removing his cloak, he did not give it to the House-elf instead he hung it up himself. "Thank you, but I think I can manage to put it up myself."

"Dobby?" Hadrian called looking around unobtrusively.
"Yes, Master Hadrian?" Dobby answered, wondering again why it was that his Master always called him instead of his parents.

He would never know that Hadrian was more used to him than his parents and it was instinctive to call Dobby over them. Especially knowing just how loyal Dobby truly was and the attachment he had.

"Bring me a pain reliever and a bruise salve, immediately please," Hadrian said with a little urgency he couldn't be caught outright helping the House-elf not without causing it more pain he wasn't stupid.

Dobby didn't answer he immediately popped away, already having a funny feeling who and what it was for.

Tom just groaned he didn't know how Hadrian could care more for House-elves than anyone else (except him but that goes without saying).

Once Dobby returned, Hadrian crouched down, his eyes soft, knowing without a doubt that Dobby would be in this House-elves place if not for him. This one may have very well been in a happy home, like Winky, that may well be on him. "Take these and hide them in your…room, take a sip of the pain reliever and leave the salve to later, if you ever get caught you tell them the truth, tell them that Master Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin gave you them," throwing his name around, if it helped this unfortunate soul then he'd damn well do it.

"Yes, Master Peverell-Slytherin," Tisky muttered shyly a look of awe on his face, clutching the vials as if he was terrified they would disappear.

"Quickly go," Hadrian urged, standing up to find that Dobby was already gone again.

"You are soft," Tom said shaking his head.

"Only for certain things," Hadrian stated firmly, he wasn't about to change either.

Tom's lips twitched and he nodded sombrely already very much aware of that.

"Follow Tisky, I will take you to the Great Hall," the House-elf insisted the second he returned, already standing a little taller and easier, exuding gratefulness and excitement. "Masters Peverell-Slytherin," the House-elf introduced them as she must, causing everyone who was there to glance at the entrance in awe, curiously and familiarity.

"Thank you," Hadrian said once more uncaring that everyone in the room heard.

"I can take that Master Peverell-Slytherin," Tisky said demurely gesturing towards the tall box that was gift wrapped.

"Its glass so you might want to take care," Hadrian commented as he gave the House-elf it over, as their friends impatiently waited for them at the side of the Great Hall. They all ignored the whispers proceeding due to his kind nature towards the House-elf, very aware of Hadrian's feelings towards any and all abuse.

"What the hell is he doing being kind to it?"

"Father, please say nothing," Abraxas warned remembering his own experience. Hadrian would leave his father nameless by the time he was through, he'd only shown disgust at the House-elf and Hadrian had nearly gone feral and bit his head off because of it, he could only imagine how he'd
feel regarding how his father treated the House-elf.

"It's not the proper decorum for purebloods!" he protested.

"Not all purebloods mistreat their House-elves, you know that," Abraxas pointed out, refraining from rolling his eyes at the aghast look on his father's face.

"Come, we must introduce ourselves to them," a tall beautiful blonde (different from the Malfoy's blonde of course) insisted, linking arms with her husband, dressed in a resplendent red dress with ruby and diamonds adorned her neck, wrists and ears. She couldn't deny she was curious about the two, they were gaining an extremely momentous amount of attention and fame, young too, and they would go far, both she and her husband knew it, thus the invite. She knew her husband would behave himself for that fame and fortune alone.

"Indeed we must," and with that Lord and Lady Malfoy began to make their way towards the Peverell-Slytherin couple, ready to begin a beautiful friendship that would be good for all of them.

Chapter End Notes

Hmm I wonder what to call Lord and Lady Malfoy perhaps Lord Malfoy can be named after a Roman emperor but I don't think Abraxas is one though...Lucius definitely is and Draco was named after a star like all those with Black blood ironically enough Draco did the same with his son...what do you guys think? any suggestions? and I'll probably be updating this again tomorrow or the next day (like I did with the games they play) the muses are strong on these ones :D R&R please
Chapter 70

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lord Of Time

Chapter 70

"Try not to leave them nameless on the first meeting, will you?" Tom asked, knowing it was pointless, Hadrian was still riled up over the House-elf, of course, he was going to find a way to try and insult them subtly in every single manner he knows. Which by the way, was quite a lot, also amusing, he just didn't want Hadrian to alienate people who could help them in the future to achieve their goals.

"I'll think about it," Hadrian said dryly watching their approach with disinterest, he was absolutely not going to rub elbows with these people. If anything happened then Tom would just have to blame himself, he was the one forcing him to come to these things when he'd made it clear he definitely didn't want anything to do with the schmoozing. "What?" he said not even trying for a defensive tone at the look on Tom's face. Half exasperated, half amused.

Tom just shook his head resignedly, it was a good job he loved Hadrian otherwise he would have cursed him by now. If he had been anyone else he wouldn't have gotten away with even a smidgen of what he did. The others had been very jealous of the lengths Hadrian was able to go, but they'd began to realize that he wasn't just a follower...he was also their leader, it had settled the jealousy they felt, realization that they couldn't compete with Hadrian helped with that too. Well after Avery's insipid display, that had also been a good deterrent.

"Welcome to Malfoy Manor, we are so sorry we weren't there to greet you, but as you can see we have guests to keep entertained," the soft melodic voice of Mrs. Malfoy said with a welcoming smile on her face. "My name is Estella Aurelia Malfoy and this is my husband Octavius Tiberius Lucius Malfoy and it's very lovely to meet you both."

The gentle sound of the piano and the harp didn't once stop, but as the night continued they'd find that the tunes varied and changed once every so often with magic itself.

"Evidently not well enough, since they find amusement in abusing your House-elf," Hadrian said with a coldness that caused his classmates to cringe remembering the last time very vividly. He refused to pander to the Malfoy's, they needed to be taken down a few pegs, vividly reminded of Lucius and Draco both. It didn't help that Octavius (another saint surprise, surprise) looked exactly like them. He glanced around the room, taking mental notes to those who tried to look smug but were unable to meet his eyes, or those who actually looked ashamed of themselves.

If Tom hadn't been such a composed young man he would have slapped his hand against his forehead and shook his head in exasperation. Yep, just how he thought it would go, and neither Malfoy seemed to know what to say in retaliation, there was hesitance there as if they feared saying the wrong thing and alienating them both. It made Tom smug to know that even the Malfoy's of all people wished to be 'friends' with them, in order to boost their own egos and standings. It meant that Hadrian could possibly get away with such disrespect. Hadrian seemed to think that they could do everything on their own, that they didn't need to please anyone to accomplish things. Tom wasn't sure if that belief was well founded or if it was just Hadrian's disgust for all the schmoozing. Only he would end up with a partner who would not care about such things.
"Thank you for inviting us," Tom said, able to smoothly garner their attention, gripping Hadrian's hand tightly, stopping the snort that he suspected Hadrian would give, and he was right, a burst of incredulity washed over the bond but thankfully no snort followed. "This is my husband Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin, and I am Tom Peverell-Slytherin, it's a pleasure to officially meet you, Abraxas has spoken very highly of his parents."

And with that the tension that had been present since Hadrian spoke dissipated.

"The pleasure is all ours," Octavian replied, nodding in respect to Tom, pleased that at least one of them showed the proper decorum. It was a shame, he'd had many questions he had wished to ask Hadrian regarding his book and perhaps subtly question his method for gaining such a momentous fortune so quickly and at such a young age to boot.

"Speaking of Abraxas, I'll get us something to drink, please excuse me," Hadrian said politely, just barely able to mask his sarcasm, "Oh, I do hope you enjoy the 1066 bottle of Bourbon Tom and I got you." he turned around with a feral smirk on his face at the look of shocked surprise on the Malfoy's faces, ha! He'd managed to make them drop their masks and in such a public settling too, round one went to him.

Tom sent him a droll look, "Your home is absolutely magnificent," not as lovely as Peverell manor, now nothing would come close to his home in his heart.

"Thank you," Octavian said beaming with pride, "You know we have had this land for nearing ten generations when the first of my ancestors came here from France."

Tom made a vaguely interesting sound, as he listened to what he was saying.

"The grand hall has retained its neo-gothic design, only being refurbished when required, even the stained glass is the original design imputed back in the day. Armand Malfoy, he was a great man, successfully began the Malfoy name, built the manor and some of the surrounding structures, which have of course been upgraded numerous times over the generations, but the foundations and outer structure remain mostly the same out of respect." Octavian oozed smug satisfaction, he took great pride in his home.

Estella fondly rubbed her husband's arm, giving Tom a vaguely apologetic look as if to say 'sorry you're having to listen to him babble on' in fact, she could tell the story herself. She'd heard it so many time over the past few decades, nobody was immune from her husband's desires to proudly boast about his home.

"It has twelve acres of land, annexing the surrounding lands from the Muggles over time," he continued to talk, "I plan to continue Armand's work and purchase more of the land surrounding the manor."

"Why leave out how he got it?" Hadrian questioned as he returned Abraxas in tow, giving over a drink to Tom who looked like he was enjoying the discussion but only Hadrian knew of the boredom bubbling under the mask of his. So he felt it was his duty to rescue his husband and try and wind up the Malfoy's further…what could he say…it was rather fun getting one over the family that lived to nearly kill and destroys him when he was younger. He knew it was childish, that these people weren't Lucius and Draco but hell, they could afford to be taken down a peg or two. Then he remembered his own pride at his home…maybe he was being too hard on them…then he remembered the sound of that oozing smug satisfaction as if it somehow made him better than anyone else. His land was actually bigger than the Malfoy's, just waiting to be used, although more was being used now than when he first moved in. Between flowers, trees, fruit, vegetables, greenhouses, potion patches and of course the animals a few foals had been born just a few weeks
ago according to his House-elves.

Tom glanced at Hadrian curious about what he meant, how he got it indeed? He was perhaps too curious to be cautious about Hadrian revealing what may very well be secrets at this time.

"I'm not sure what you mean by that?" Octavian queried sounding genuinely puzzled.

"Well, my history is excellent, both Muggle and Wizardkind, when Armand Malfoy came here, he did some services for the Muggle king at the time, William the first, although the exact services aren't known, they were believed to be shady and magical in nature. In exchange for those favors… King William granted Armand a piece of prime land here in Wiltshire, seizing the land from the previous landholders." which was all too easy to do since he was the king after all and nobody would have been able to say a thing without ending up on the chopping block so to speak.

Tom's lips twitched as Hadrian said the name 'Armand Malfoy' and honestly, Tom couldn't blame him, Armand Malfoy basically meant I am a man of bad faith in French. Nobody should be surprised, he was rather good at speaking the language, after all, he wouldn't have (or should he say hadn't) plucked Voldemort out of thin air. A lot of effort had gone into that name or had done. One glance at Octavian let Tom know that it was true.

Octavian gave a dry laugh, "Abraxas, have you been telling tales again?" before admonishing him, "You shouldn't listen to everything the portraits tell you," shaking his head at his sons supposed 'naivety'.

Hadrian blinked displaying an utterly perplexed look on his face, only Tom knew of the amusement Hadrian was deriving from this. "Abraxas hasn't said anything, he speaks often of you both, but other than that nothing. I assumed that he has no desire to speak of it or that you have yet to inform him of everything pertaining to the family while he learns the ins and outs of being Lord to the Malfoy estate ready to take over from you when the time comes."

Tom cleared his throat, "You were saying about neo-gothic features…?" Tom ventured torn between vexation and glee at Hadrian. Just knowing that the Malfoy's wanted to be on his good side was preventing him from apoplexy.

Abraxas threw Tom a grateful look, so glad that someone was throwing his grappling parents a lifeline. They weren't used to someone like Hadrian. Hell, he hadn't been prepared for him, but at least he'd gotten used to him, whereas his parents hadn't and to make matters worse he had warned them. Anyone they associated with always went out of their way to compliment them, endear themselves to the Lord and Lady of the Malfoy estate.

"Hadrian, come with me, I'll introduce you to a few of my friends," Abraxas swooped in, "They left Hogwarts the year before you came, they've heard all about you and would like to meet up."

"Who else is coming to this shindig?" Hadrian queried allowing himself to be maneuvered around the crowds towards where his usual group stood, near the buffet table and all of them looked extremely bored. They'd probably been the same at the Nott party.

'Shindig?' Abraxas mouthed the words in confusion, shaking his head deciding he didn't want to know, it could very well be a Muggle saying, although it sounded distinctively Chinese. "Hey!" Abraxas said, relief obvious as he stepped towards the group.

"How are you feeling?" Avery asked, giving Hadrian a once over, just because it was summer it didn't mean that his duties were done. He was duty bound for the rest of his life to Hadrian, to give his loyalty, be a shield, magic, and life if it came to it. "Tom said you weren't feeling too good," he
had been displaying the appropriate amount of worry so Aiden couldn't say whether it was the truth or Hadrian had refused to come and Tom had made up excuses for him. Everyone knew Hadrian abhorred these sort of things, he complained during 'Slug club' often enough to drive that well and truly home.

Nott glanced up at Avery's words, eyes slightly narrowed.

"Much better," Hadrian replied without batting an eyelash, "Who else is coming? That I might know?"

"My parents have invited the Scamander's, you know of them at least, other than that, just parents of our classmates, I'm not sure if there's anyone else you might know," Abraxas confessed thoughtfully, glancing around while his mind went over the list.

"Tom told me that it wasn't just pureblood's coming." Hadrian pointed out annoyed, "Where exactly are the half-blood's then?"

"Well there's the Moon's," Nott pointed them out, "Um…the Stephans,"

Hadrian scoffed out a derisive laugh, as he finally realized that they were doing as little to shift their traditions as possible but taking it serious enough to warrant changes. "Getting by on a technicality huh," a wry smirk on his face, "I suppose according to society's standards they are half-bloods, I've always associated half-blood term with someone with both a magical and non-magical parent." even though technically he had been a half-blood, Tom had been considered (and still was actually) a half-blood. It was those like Seamus Finnegan that came to mind first and foremost.

"You don't seem overly surprised," Dolohov pointed out, not sure whether it was a good thing or not. He still hated that the teenager seemed content to rip apart centuries of tradition even though it was a genuine concern he must admit. He still didn't want to end up marrying a Muggle-born or Muggle-raised witch to become his wife, they knew nothing of the magical world, not really, they were ignorant.

"I'm not," Hadrian replied with a shrug as he finished off his drink, "I don't see why people are so against it, I mean come on, power is eighty percent on what's important to you, the last twenty percent is knowledge. I've given you proof that the influx of Muggle blood would ensure your offspring could have powers off the charts and renew old gifts and abilities that have been lost, like the Black Metamorphamagus abilities." he knew that for a fact all it took was Muggle blood, Ted Tonks had been a Muggle-Born which led to Nymphadora Tonks the first of the Black's to hold the ability in many a generation.

Orion twitched at that pronouncement, it had been three generations since anyone in the family had been a Metamorphamagus, and even at that the last one had been a witch, Lucretia, she had only been able to partially use the gift - nothing like the books and journals had depicted - her journal was filled with sadness that she couldn't accomplish a full shift. His gaze shifted to Walburga, he'd known from a very young age that she would be his wife. It didn't matter that they were cousins and they each called their parents aunt and uncle, or it hadn't mattered it was just the way it was. As the eldest of the Black's they were contracted to have an heir and a spare, and quite frankly… knowing what could come out of it he was very reluctant to have a family.

"Come on, let's sit down," Hadrian murmured, after listening to them all chat for a while, he didn't like how close people were to them, not when the entire hall was available.

As always the others immediately listened to him, seeing him as an equal to Tom and their leader.
Either consciously or unconsciously gravitating towards him since it had become obvious where the turn of the tide went.

Time seemed to go so slowly, and it was driving Hadrian mad, he made a promise to himself that he wasn't attending any further functions. He'd rather be at home, reading a book, not cozying up to people, well, Tom was doing most of the work, and it was probably due to the fact Tom knew he couldn't stand things like this. Tom couldn't either, but he relished in the networking, making contacts and such.

"Please excuse me," Estella said apologetically, "I must make some rounds!" inclining her head to Tom before she kissed her husband on the cheek before gliding away.

Octavian watched her go fondly, before his masks were back up, making him inscrutable as ever, before he shrewdly observed this Tom Peverell-Slytherin. "I must say, I've heard many great things about you," he confessed, knowing this was the best way to get the information he desired. Buttering people up always made them talk and brag about how they accomplished things.

"You have?" Tom queried, looking at Lord Malfoy in amusement, black eyes glittering.

"You are very young to have amassed such a fortune, it's not often done, I just hope my son can learn from you," Octavian informed him. "The entire pureblood network is abuzz with the return of the Slytherin line and of course, how you've gone about returning its estate to its former glory." Perhaps he was laying it on too thick, but he was assuming this boy - as Slytherin as he was - was just a boy at the end of the day and what boy did not like to brag about how he accomplished things?

"Your son will do you proud," Tom answered humbly, a knowing glint hidden behind his very smart mind.

"Oh, I have no doubt, and I am sure you've got more planned in store to surprise us all with!" Octavian replied, slightly vexed at Tom's unhelpful replies.

"That we do," Tom said, a grin appearing very briefly and shark-like before it disappeared behind his calm façade. Although truthfully it was more Hadrian's doing than his, he was better at all that due to knowing what the future held, while he was better at organizing and gathering followers, a leading to bring the wizarding world out of the dark ages.

"And should anyone inquire about tips?" Octavian asked disinterestedly, "Not I, of course, but others who are struggling financially?" giving a grandiose wave around his home as if to show he had no need for it. The problem for the purebloods though was that there was no such thing as too much money.

"If you can't afford to lose it, don't do it," Tom replied wryly, and it held true, he didn't believe in risking good money for anything, even if the chance was in their favor. He'd told Hadrian that dozens of times when he bet on Quidditch matches and such. Even though it had gone in their favor, admittedly it had helped them when they needed it most, culminating in their amassed fortune that apparently everyone knew about. He thought as if he hadn't ensured it got out to further their renown. What was the point of having such a huge fortune if nobody knew about it?

Octavian laughed, "Very true," he said, grinning wildly, "So, very true!" glancing at the corner, only to relax as the soothing melody came through on the gramophone. Thank Merlin for that, he'd thought for a moment there that the spells had failed - nothing would have been more embarrassing.
since he'd set it up himself - he turned back to Tom his mind musing on how to get what he wanted from the wizard.

"I assume it's you yourself who brought the Slytherin back to its former glory?" Octavian pushed out with a benign smile that fooled nobody that knew him.

Tom was many things but he wouldn't lie about this, he wouldn't claim credit for things that hadn't been fully his doing. Even if Malfoy was just digging for answers, he wasn't exactly being all that subtle about it in his eyes either. Fortunately, he was saved from having to do anything as the surprise, shock and worry came down the bond startling him a bit. "Please excuse me," he said, not giving Octavian another moment of his time as he made his way towards Hadrian.

"Hey, Orion I thought you said Cedrella wouldn't make it?" Flint commented, as he strolled up to their table, Orion and the other Black's all looked towards Flint.

Hadrian coughed and began to splutter, his gaze swinging around trying to find her. Cedrella Black, she was supposed to marry Septimus Weasley, worry began to swarm in his gut. While there was a few Weasley's he loathed, he didn't want to see the entire line just disappear. Septimus Weasley was the seventh son, and ironically enough their son would go on to have seven children too. What was she doing here? He knew he had changed a great deal by coming here, but to think he may be changing a lot of peoples futures did panic him yet again.

The feel of a hand curling around his neck anchored him, the fingers tightened but not to the extent of hurting him. "Are you alright?" Tom asked, magic flaring around him, silencing them from any eavesdroppers that might be tempted to listen in. "I could feel your panic spike suddenly."

Hadrian relaxed back against the hold Tom had on him, turning into his hold, so that nobody could see him show any 'weaknesses' he didn't want them thinking for a second he had any designs of Cedrella Black. "Do you happen to know why Cedrella Black is here?" his tone more than a little hopeful that Tom did indeed know.

Tom frowned, "Why does it matter?" he asked, gazing down at Hadrian his face uncharacteristically soft, soothing even. It wasn't often that he was able to provide for Hadrian, even in such a small way.

"That boy is going to become someone extremely important, you mark my words," Octavian confided to his wife as she made her way back, watching Tom Peverell-Slytherin leave towards his husband. "It's truly a pity," he sighed morosely.

"What's a pity?" Estella enquired, handing over another drink to her husband, having ensured everyone who wanted a drink had been topped up. Mostly everyone was here, the music was going, everyone was having fun, she would say it was a great success so far. She wasn't even remotely bothered by the fact not everyone had turned up. The Scamander's were on the short list of those who had not come.

"That our son didn't take the initiative and suggest a bond between them," Octavian, to join the Slytherin line together with the Malfoy line, it was truly something most of them only ever dreamed off. They usually only reserved a bonding between males if the contract had been made before their births, either that or with absolutely no alternative. It was times like these were they
truly desired female offspring. From what Abraxas said, neither had a male influence in their lives, perhaps he could offer himself up to the role. To have the credit…would be a heady thing indeed.

"Abraxas already has the perfect fiancée," Estella argued with a clipped tone, she wouldn't hear of it otherwise. "We've never had bonded males in the Malfoy line," plus they would need four children if two men bonded, an heir and a spare for both names.

"She's wonderful," Octavian agreed, "But the Peverell name is now attached to the Slytherin name, one of the most prominent families in existence. I do wonder though, whether it was a bonding on the notion of silly young love or convenience," he would put his money on convenience. He'd spent time with Tom and he was extremely shrewd, to say the least.

As good as they were with keeping up with their history, they didn't realize that the Peverell name was closely linked to the Slytherin name regardless of the marriage between the two.

"Nobody gets married that young for convenience sake," Estella told her husband, basking in the success of yet another party.

"It seems not," Octavian stated, watching the couple closely, that look of affection was raw and genuine. They knew because they could see real love when staring them in the face since most of the time marriage was used for convenience sake within their circle - the pureblood circle - in a bid to keep the families going and pure.

"Cedrella Black marries Septimus Weasley, they have seven sons, one of those sons goes on to have seven children…that's fourteen people just erased out of existence if I've screwed up…"

Hadrian frowned, was it worth the price to pay for all the changes he'd made? Fourteen people for the lives of generations upon generations of people? Probably, but Hadrian didn't like to think things like that. Unfortunately, it was becoming something of a reality for him, the knowledge of what he had changed at any rate. Like Eileen Prince, Myrtle, the guy she was dating, and now possibly Cedrella Black.

"You haven't screwed anything up," Tom stated firmly, "Things are changing, sure, but that doesn't make it your fault, you must stop worrying about things you cannot change, and just enjoy your life otherwise you're going to be a mass of panic and worries for the next sixty years."

"I can't help it, sometimes it just catches me off guard, the little things I know…which is much more than I anticipated," Hadrian mused, the last remnants of panic and worry draining from him. Tom was right, there was no use to worrying about things he ultimately wouldn't be able to change. This was his life now, the past was no longer viable, for he would be there to see it all unfurl before him like a flower in the sun.

Tom arched an eyebrow at the last comment as he sat down but said nothing, simply removed the silencing spell, and sound began to drift back to them.

Chapter End Notes

There we go I hope you enjoy the chapter, I'm sorry if it's not like my usual chapters I've just had to say goodbye to my beautiful German Shepherd (who would have been eleven in a few months) and honestly, I'm feeling a little down - and heartbroken - so
any other chapters I update might be the same I hope you can forgive that I'm writing just to try and take my mind off it, but it's not working all that well I don't think. R&R please
Chapter 71

"Ugh, I think that's me done for the night," Hadrian murmured, as he pushed his plate further up the table. Much to his consternation, the food had been absolutely divine, but well, that wasn't down to the Malfoy's really, and he'd made sure to say as such when he 'complimented' their House-elves for an absolutely beautiful meal, and so artistically positioned. Despite his constant digs the Malfoy's had been ever so graceful, it truly was amusing to Hadrian, after all, he knew how they treated their enemies, and it was obvious to him they didn't want to consider him one. Admittedly Octavian was much less friendly and a little cooler towards him than Tom, but Hadrian didn't mind, he preferred it even. This was Tom's stage, where he thrived, and it was magnificent to watch him work his charm.

"Yeah, I've got to be home for curfew in ten minutes," Avery admitted, glancing at his pocket watch to see the time for himself.

"Aren't your parents here?" Hadrian cocked his head to the side in confusion, knowing that they were here, he had met them earlier. "Have they left already?"

"Oh, they're here alright," Avery murmured amused, shaking his head ruefully. Hadrian's eyebrows rose in silent question judging by everyone's expression they already knew everything he wanted answering.

"It's encouraged for those under the age of eighteen to head home at ten o'clock, whether our parents are there or not," Dolohov explained, "It's usually when 'business' truly begins, and the heavy drinking, they keep it up until one or two o'clock in the morning,"

"Latest I've heard my parents returning was three o'clock, and I think it was a Malfoy party too," Avery scratched his chin thoughtfully before nodding determinedly, yes, it definitely had been a Malfoy party. "I was quite young, too young to even want to attend a party, I must have been nine or ten years old."

"You stayed up that long?" Abraxas threw Aiden a surprised glance.

"My room used to be above the sitting room, the fireplace still does straight up by my old bedroom, the guest bedroom above and of course, the attic." Avery exclaimed ruefully, "Every time someone used the Floo I could feel it, woke me up every time. It was annoying when my father used it at six o'clock in the morning."

"How long did it take for them to give you the heir room?" Orion asked with a smirk playing on his face.

"Too long," Avery grumbled, his annoyance unpalatable.

"Let me guess when your Hogwarts letter came?" Dolohov questioned, a knowing look on his face.
Avery grudgingly nodded, yes, it was when his letter came, judging by Dolohov's look he'd been through the same thing.

"Why not when you first display magic?" Hadrian asked his gaze blank as he observed them. He wasn't a pureblood, had never grown up with any, the Weasley's didn't really count, they didn't adhere to the rituals that the Pureblood's kept. So he wasn't in the know, but he could figure it out from how they were talking. He didn't ask if they had performed magic by the age of ten, now that would just be too much of an insult. These were quite powerful wizards in their own right, otherwise, Tom wouldn't give them the time of day. Albeit compared to him and Tom they were… adequate he supposed.

"Every family is different," Orion explained, "Some do give their heirs the heir room upon displaying their first instance of accidental magic. Others only do it when they've been given their letters for Hogwarts. It's mostly families with more than one child that does it admittedly, since you know…there's no guarantee to know who actually did the accidental magic."

"Aiden is an only child," Hadrian pointed out, "What was your first instance of accidental magic?" truly curious.

Avery startled at hearing his first name coming from Hadrian, like all others they usually used their last name, but with Hadrian having such a long name now they usually called him Hadrian sometimes Peverell but not often due to the look Tom gave them. "Well, my parents said I did my first instance of accidental magic when I was three, I caused an explosion actually, I was near the fireplace having a fit because they wouldn't let me see my friends and I was bored. Magic and fire don't mix, thankfully my dad was there that day, and quickly shielded my mother and I from the flames and parts of wood that exploded everywhere." they had been furious with him, for like an hour before their tune changed, probably after they'd gotten over the damage caused and probably panic too, to realize their son had performed his first bout of accidental magic.

"Bloody hell," Hadrian murmured eyes slightly wide, impressed despite himself.

"How about you?" Orion pressed, truly curious to know just what accidental magic Hadrian had done in his life.

"Me?" Hadrian blinked in surprise, glancing at Orion, seeing so much of his godfather in him. Which was ironic really, since it was a letter he had found in Grimmauld Place that led him to know what his 'first accidental magic' actually was. A letter from his mum to his godfather. "I summoned my toy broomstick, I was one year old, to the day, I had just got it as a present," Hadrian revealed, his eyes glazed slightly, this was the first true memory he was sharing with them, and he found it quite emotional, more emotional than he anticipated. "Accidental magic after that made my life a living hell," shaking off his thoughts, he came back to the present.

"This I have to hear," Dolohov stated, ignoring the warning glances the others were giving, their own intuition telling them that this would lead to very thin ice. Even Avery had learned when to let things go, admittedly in a painful manner. "What other accidental magic did you do? Was it even accidental? I mean you're powerful," he wasn't able to hide his envy as fully as he would have liked.

Oddly enough, Hadrian just shrugged, "Not much, just turned my teachers wig a different color, shrank down tops, grew my hair back and Apparated onto a school roof when I was nine," there was no hint of boasting in his voice. He knew compared to everything Tom did he had nothing to boast about. Hell, he had been using the Cruciatus curse from a young age, if they had to compare power levels he'd say Tom was more powerful, forget the whole damn equal thing the prophecy insisted they were. He was a true prodigy while he was sort of a fake, everyone thought he was a
prodigy too just because they thought he was a whole lot younger than he actually was.

"You Apparated?" Orion choked out, "But that's impossible!" nobody should be able to accidentally Apparate at that age, he'd never heard the likes of it before.

Hadrian just gave him a doubtful look.

"I…when you first appeared here that was extenuating circumstances," Orion amended, thinking better of saying 'when you nearly died' nobody wanted to remind him of that time…except maybe Dolohov. One of them was going to have to talk to him before he ended up cursed to hell and back. "Wish magic is very strong, only capable under the most arduous circumstances, and its like once in a lifetime deal."

"Maybe," Hadrian said with a thoughtful frown, "There might just be different versions of wish magic, different levels that people are capable of." he had wished to be away from his cousin and his imbecilic friends he hung around with, and his magic had reacted to that, he didn't put any 'awe' into this wish magic thing, but he was using his own experiences, it was obviously something amazing to everyone else, he suspected it was due to the fact the recipient of 'wish magic' was always at deaths door and despite all odds manage to survive.

"You think so?" Avery adopted a very pensive look as he actually thought about what Hadrian suggested.

"Aiden, time," was called across the room, his father giving his son a pointed look when Aiden focused on him.

"I guess I best get going," Avery grumbled, he'd been all for leaving twenty minutes ago, but this discussion had probably been the best discussion all night.

"Best excuse ever," Hadrian murmured, causing everyone to chortle, all silently agreeing that he was some wizard. Different from all they knew, and part of them actually relished in the difference while it irritated them too. "I'll see you guys tomorrow," they'd made plans to meet up in Diagon Alley just to have something to do. There was only so many parties you could attend before they became boring, although getting to see your friends was the only benefit.

They all called out their own farewells, as Lady Malfoy brought out the Floo powder with a flourish.

Hadrian paid no attention to her, the powder after waving his friends away, he merely began to look for Tom. He had stayed longer than he thought he would, but enough was enough, he wanted to head home. All this schmoozing had left him feeling nigh on exhausting...or maybe it was Tom's feelings coming through the bond.

As he moved through the throng of people, he realized he hadn't asked the others how they'd done on their O.W.L's. In fact, they hadn't been brought up at all tonight. It was slightly strange, you'd think they'd want to boast about their results. He supposed it could have been done before he and Tom got there.

He was talking to Malfoy again, honestly, that guy had been hounding Tom all night. Hadrian pressed his hand to his back, letting Tom know he was here. "I'm going to head home to the manor," Hadrian informed him when Tom tilted his head after he finished his sentence, letting Hadrian know he was listening.

"Give me a moment, I'll come with you," Tom informed Hadrian turning to face him, Tom's eyes
flared with desire, and heat coursed through the bond. He had remembered Hadrian's seductive suggestion, and this was early, well, compared to the Nott party at any rate.

Hadrian laughed, eyes gleaming, "You wish," slightly breathless as he slightly adjusted his stance, which was becoming very uncomfortable. The others, of course, wouldn't understand what he meant, since Hadrian was responding to the feelings through the bond, teasing Tom that he wasn't getting any tonight.

Tom just smirked in reply, able to feel the desire thrumming through Hadrian's veins, albeit desire he had started. What could he say? Hadrian was...delectable to look at, passionate, sarcastic, gorgeous, and all his. He didn't think there ever would be a time where he didn't constantly desire Hadrian, the intensity differed every day.

"I'll wait in the entrance hall," Hadrian informed him, kissing the side of his mouth, only to be pulled into a breathtaking proper kiss, that left his legs feeling like jelly and caused his toes to curl, even after all this time. Hadrian didn't know if it was perhaps his 'body's age' or if this was normal, the honeymoon period they called it, how long did it last? Hadrian wasn't sure, he hadn't been in a 'relationship' before, and honestly, the only couples he'd been around were the Weasleys and the Dursley's not examples he wants to follow. "Yes, the entrance hall," he murmured after a few moments, sounding as breathless as he felt, completely ignoring the amusement that shot through the bond.

It took a few minutes for Hadrian to begin moving, leaving Tom to do what he had to, but he did notice that many of the adults had moved from the Grand Hall. Perhaps moving to a study of some sorts a more 'intimate' setting to talk business, honestly, Hadrian didn't understand why they weren't utterly bored. They certainly looked ecstatic enough, might have something to do with the drinks they'd consumed in the past few hours.

Wrinkling his nose, he successfully meandered around avoiding anyone who wished to talk to him. He'd been asked so many questions about his book, questions that were actually already in the book for them to read. It went to show just how much attention was paid to them. He immediately put a hand up, stalling the House-elf, before snatching both his and Tom's cloak from the pegs, many of them now empty.

It was curious why they didn't have a cloakroom, even Peverell Manor had one, albeit not used often or at all really. A quick peek around, he observed that there were no other doors in the vicinity that could be one. Perhaps it had been ripped out during one of the renovations of the manor or something. Shrugging uncaringly, he rocked back and forth on his feet, boredom getting the better of him. He wished Tom would hurry up.

He could feel him before he saw him, turning around, "Finally," he sighed out, thrusting his cloak at him before making a beeline for the door. "You so owe me for this," he added, to think he could have been working on his book, not that there was much left to do of course, but he did need to finish it.

"I'll make it up to you," Tom promised, linking his fingers through Hadrian's, "Tonight," he added, seeing Hadrian so caustic towards the Malfoy's had been mesmerizing just as much as their stifled reactions. It shouldn't have made him respond that way, he should have been annoyed but Hadrian was Hadrian, nothing would change him. It got him through Lord Malfoy's constant questions, his subtle digs at Hadrian had not been appreciated though. Quite frankly, Malfoy tried to make it sound like Hadrian was using him to get higher up, to gain status, that he'd been the one to garner such recognition, that it was solely his hard work that gained the Slytherin name a renewal if you will. It was just there in the way he spoke, the way he asked certain questions. Perhaps that was the
reason he wasn't so annoyed by Hadrian's sardonic barbs, his favorite definitely had to be the praise he'd given the House-elves for their dinner.

"Merlin, I'm so tired," Hadrian admitted, yawning tiredly as if to prove his point. "Have you been drinking pepper-up? You got up earlier than me." nudging Tom giving him a smile. He averted his eyes quickly though, due to the balls of light, that was currently floating around Malfoy Manor's garden, letting people find their way out.

"Only by an hour," Tom informed him, his masks dropping a little, but it wasn't until they Apparated home that Tom fully relaxed and his masks disappeared completely. His cheeks fairly hurt at the moment, but that wasn't unusual, they always tended to get that way after hours of smiling and charming people.

Stifling another yawn, "I need a shower and to get out of these bloody clothes," he always felt like a stuffed turkey wearing these things.

Tom looked down at his own robes and conceded his point, while it was uncomfortable, he, unlike Hadrian, actually liked wearing expensive robes. He toed off his shoes though, he very much preferred going barefoot when he could. Hearing footsteps receding, he realized that Hadrian was heading upstairs and followed at a sedate pace.

He reached their bedroom in time to see the tantalizing view of his husband's rear end disappearing into the ensuite. The clothes he'd worn earlier discarded on the floor. Tom, not one for patience or denying himself something he wanted, swiftly began to disrobe as fast as possible, eager to join him.

The door was open, an invitation if he'd ever seen one, he thought with a wry grin, as he stood there for a moment watching Hadrian wash his hair, eyeing the trail as it went south, his mouth going dry as it disappeared from view. Once again blown by the fact at one point the hadn't wanted this. Wandering over, struck by his stupidity in thinking it was a weakness, opening the glass door, he stepped in, closing it behind him pressing himself against the warm body, causing Hadrian to shiver at the coolness that was him until he swiftly warmed up by the water.

Hadrian turned around, green eyes gleaming in amusement, "You're completely insatiable," he said it like it was a complaint, despite the fact it most definitely wasn't. blinking as he got shampoo in his eyes, he leaned upwards, closing them as the water cascaded down his face.

Tom watched the droplets, his gaze narrowing in on the scar trailing down Hadrian's neck, his fingers brushed against the thin line that was almost invisible. He had almost lost Hadrian to Hagrid's damn wolf cub, he'd never forgiven the half-giant for that, and never would. He'd never experienced worry like that before, and truly never wished to again. Leaning forward, Tom kissed a trail all the way up the scar tissue a smirk tugging at his lips as Hadrian swallowed thickly multiple times. Before drawing Hadrian into another heated kiss. "Still tired?" he drawled, as he drew back, hands automatically clutching his husband's sides, bringing him closer.

Hadrian moaned a little, "Little bit," wrapping his arms around his shoulders, fingers trailing up and down the nape of Tom's neck as he drew the wizard in for another kiss. "Maybe less now," he admitted, enjoying the intimacy between them, it wasn't fierce and hot like the last time they did it in here, but no less intense. Burrowing his face into Tom's neck, sighing softly, grateful to have this time with him.

"You seemed to enjoy yourself a little tonight," Tom said, hands trailing absently up and down Hadrian's back, the intense heat vanishing leaving behind a more tameable desire.
Hadrian sniggered into Tom's shoulder, "Someone needed to take them down a few pegs, and believe me, they only get worse each passing generation."

"I'll take your word for it," Tom replied, knowing better than to even doubt Hadrian's word for a second, reaching forward and turned off the shower, summoning two towels, and wrapping one around Hadrian then himself.

"You should," Hadrian told him firmly, as he dried himself off, and my goodness his bed had never before been more inviting. "I told the guys I'd meet them in Diagon Alley tomorrow, gather our books before it begins to get packed with everyone coming in," using the towel to dry his hair as best as he could.

Tom made a disinterested noise, as he slid into the bed, arms automatically coming around Hadrian's middle, dragging him to Tom's side. He may be disinterested in the current conversation, but there was something Tom was definitely interested in, judging by the bulge pressed against Hadrian's hip. The wiry muscles were becoming more prominent on Hadrian, Tom observed, as he touched as he pleased, he could never get enough of Hadrian.

Using his elbow to sit up, locking their legs together, Tom stared down at Hadrian, desire flowing through him.

"What?" Hadrian asked bemused by the staring. He opened his mouth to ask a proper question only to have his lips taken in a searing kiss, moaning softly as Tom bit his bottom lip, before traversing down his neck, as long dexterous fingers trailed upwards along his ribs arousal flaring within him making him forget his question. Which hadn't been all that important anyway. Impatiently he wiggled down, urging Tom across him, moaning softly at the feel of Tom's weight across him before he latched onto a nipple that was in full view.

Sudden loud pecking from an owl caused both to break apart, glance at the window in disbelief before simultaneously groaning.

"You've got to be kidding me!" Hadrian groaned, slumping his head on the pillow.

Tom just glared at the bird as though he wanted to kill it.

Sighing resignedly, he waved his hand, letting the owl in, grumbling in irritation. "Wait, I think I recognize that owl,"

Tom sighed as he slid off Hadrian and to the side, keeping close to his husband. "Who?" he queried, it definitely wasn't any of their acquaintances or followers. He confirmed his thoughts as it flew towards the bed, claiming the middle of the headboard as its own.

"Yaxley, Healer Yaxley," Hadrian explained, as he shimmied up a little in order to claim the letter attached to the owl's leg. As soon as the owl was relieved of its burden, it took off, evidently, it hadn't been instructed to wait for a reply. Shrugging his shoulders, he leaned against Tom fully as he opened the missive, surely he had to be wrong about it belonging to Healer Yaxley? Why would he be getting in touch with him?

"Huh, looks like I wasn't," Hadrian muttered, as he glanced at the bottom.

"Wasn't what?" Tom asked confused.

"Wrong about who sent it," Hadrian explained, "Whoa, he wants me, ME to help in St. Mungo's," utterly baffled.
"You told me yourself that he's told you that you could probably pass the basic Medi-Wizardry course within three months," Tom stated, unsurprised that Yaxley had seen Hadrian's potential. Added to the fact that Hadrian was ahead in that class, if he wanted to he could take his N.E.W.T's in that particular subject this week and pass.

"I can't see any of the Healers being happy with the thought of someone my age being there, he should have probably asked someone in seventh year." Hadrian mused thoughtfully, still holding the letter.

"Are you going to go?" Tom questioned, he knew better than to give his own opinion, Hadrian did whatever he wanted whenever he wanted. Plus, he was going to go down to B&B's again, he found quite a few decent books the last time he was there. He was hoping to find more of the rarer ones, and much to his amusement, all he had to do was bring up his husband and Borgin was very cooperative about his prices. He was still terrified of him, which he would have found insulting if not for the fact he found nothing but amusement out of it.

Hadrian sighed, "I have absolutely no idea," he felt as though Yaxley had an ulterior motive, "I'd feel better knowing his game plan."

"It's quite obvious, to get you into healing, he wants you as his apprentice," Tom chuckled dryly.

"I suppose it can't hurt to learn, I'd never end up working for St. Mungo's though," Hadrian murmured, "Maybe do it privately,"

"Between writing books?" Tom questioned, "Will you have the time? Added to the fact you intend to bring out the nutritional potion, isn't one of those books actually about the potion?" he felt smug about that, having finally convinced Hadrian to at least publish one of his potions, he was still working on the others though. He'd wear him down, it would take him, but he had all the time in the world. In fact, he suspected that Hadrian working in St. Mungo's would help him along in his endeavors. "You should do it, even if it's only for a few weeks."

Hadrian glanced at him eyes gleaming in amusement, seeing through his sudden altruism. "I doubt I'll be the only one asked if St. Mungo's is truly in need of student aid."

"True," Tom conceded, making a thoughtful sound. It must be bad as Hadrian said, but asking students to help? It strained credulity, he believed Yaxley was just trying to entice Hadrian into taking on an apprenticeship in healing. Hadrian had often said he didn't know what he wanted to do, due to the fact he hadn't had the opportunity to find out before. Not everyone knew what they wanted to do with a grim certainty, like him. "Now how about we forget this and get back to what we were so rudely interrupted?" Tom suggested, but it wasn't really a suggestion, he was already moving, putting the letter in the drawer closest to him, before drawing Hadrian close.

Hadrian laughed at him until it was cut off by lips descending on his own.

They weren't interrupted again.

Chapter End Notes

Here we go! another chapter for you guys! enjoy! the rest of the summer holidays will probably fly by since I'm struggling to write anything regarding their summers...Will I
add something in about Grindelwald? Would you like to see some looming foreshadowing of what's to come ;) hehe R&R please
"Hadrian, wake up, the others will be here in half an hour," Tom called out to his husband, standing beside the window with a letter clutched in his hand. Dressed only in a pair of boxers, as soon as he'd claimed the letter the owl took off. Seeing that Hadrian was watching him, green eyes gleaming ardently, he added, "If you're spending the entire morning in Diagon Alley, you should reply to Yaxley's letter, let him know whether you intend to take up his offer or not," they only had half an hour, they were not going to start something he wasn't going to get a chance to finish.

Hadrian groaned as he reluctantly removed himself from his warm and comfortable bed. "I've not had a chance to think about it," he had been otherwise preoccupied last night. It definitely made up for having to endure every single pureblood that he'd had to put up with last night. It definitely made up for having to endure every single pureblood that he'd had to put up with last night. Seeing him in just his underwear was heady itself, but Tom was right, they had too much to do today for an early morning romp.

"Sometimes it's like I know you better than you know yourself," Tom scoffed, but it wasn't derision on his face but blatant amusement.

"That isn't hard," Harry admitted with a smirk, as he moved over to his wardrobe and began to remove the clothes he wanted to wear today. "Having choices…even now tends to make me analyze everything, you know?"

"Or look for catches and ulterior motives that sometimes aren't there," Tom pointed out, he said nothing of analyzing everything since it was a good process to have. He too did the same thing, and in his book, it was nothing to be ashamed of.

"Yes," Harry nodded, putting on his t-shirt, his next reply slightly muffled due to the material over his head, "I'll think about it and send him my reply tonight,"

"Don't wait too long, he may have actually sent out the same letter to more than one person," Tom pointed out seriously, as he joined Hadrian, and began to pick out clothes, eyeing Hadrian's choice of attire critically before nodding, it was definitely much better than he had dressed in the past.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Hadrian shrugged, as he stepped into his trousers, and yanked them up before doing the fastenings. "If they're desperate to send out missives like that, they'll definitely have at least a few 'apprentice' type situations going on. Pomfrey should be finished with her Medi-Witch course, I'd like to talk to her."

"Why?" Tom asked blankly staring at Hadrian, half dressed utterly baffled by his statement.

"She's the Medi-Witch at Hogwarts, for years, decades actually, she came to Hogwarts between your time and my father's time at the school. She's very powerful, she could do more with her life than just be a Medi-Witch at Hogwarts." Harry explained, "It's odd, I want her to do well, but I also cannot see her in any other position."

"Hmm," was all the sound Tom made, losing interest immediately.

Hadrian snorted, grinning widely, knowing Tom well enough to know he didn't give two hoots. His stomach grumbled in a complaint, he reckoned he had around twenty minutes to have a quick
breakfast before the guys were here. "Give me your Hogwarts list I'll get everything we both need." and they did have some different classes, Tom, for example, didn't take the offered healing classes and the Alchemy ones he was taking. "I'll see you downstairs," he added as he opened the bedroom door.

"I have a gift for you," Tom informed his husband before he could step outside their bedroom, in his hand he had a large square blue box which he had just pulled from the ornate dressing table that was mostly used by Tom while he replied to missives or kept up to date on his vaults and Harry solely for him to keep his manuscript in and secure.

Hadrian turned around curiosity written all over his face, "Why? Have I missed something?" a 'V' shape crinkling at his forehead as he tried to think of anything he potentially missed.

"No, I just wished to get it for you," Tom replied, Hadrian had given him a piece of his past for no other reason than he could. He'd never be able to repay him for that, the locket meant a great deal to him. Wearing a locket that had once sat around the neck of Salazar Slytherin, his idol, his ancestor.

"You feeling alright?" Hadrian couldn't help but tease Tom, he wasn't the sentimental type. Not even with him, this was a first, a gift when there was no need for one. Cocking his head to the side, as he wandered up to his husband, excitement thrumming through him, trying to temper it down, he felt like a kid again, like his first Christmas at Hogwarts.

"Hilarious," Tom said dryly, giving Hadrian a droll look, "Open it," he was excited, Tom realized, very excited about such a small thing. He felt very...odd feeling that through the bond. It reminded him of the time when he realized he was finally free of the oppressive orphanage. The giddy feeling of freedom.

Hadrian placed his hands on the box, and opened the lid, a genuine smile spreading across his face. "The Peverell coat of arms," he whispered, it was too weathered for Tom to have had this made for him, which meant it was an old piece. "Where did you find this?" tracing the design with his fingers, the line, the triangle, and the circle. Pure gold, with onyx inlay. The Peverell brothers seemed to prefer onyx to any other gem.

"This belonged to Ignotus Peverell, there's a portrait of him wearing it underneath, it has his initials on the back," Tom replied smugly, pride at his accomplishment wafting from him in droves. "I did a spell to find out what year it dates back to and it's the right timeframe."

Picking out the long chunky chain, he curiously shifted the padding and found the painting under it as Tom said. The exact same pendant was fixed to Ignotus' neck in the portrait. It had been cut and was frayed at the seams, Hadrian looked closely and saw a shoulder that had been cut out and wondered if this had been a picture of all three brothers...or the entire family. It definitely wasn't Ignotus' wife and son, he was much too young, barely seventeen in this.

"He was the only one who had a pendant, his elder brother got the heir ring, and his send eldest chose the band," Hadrian said, "The band went missing the night he was killed, the ring was modified badly I think to fit the stone, but that's just speculation, there weren't many heirlooms from the Peverell line, to begin with. Maybe just five or six originals in total, not surprising since it disappeared along with the male heir and became the Potter line," he always surprised himself with how much information he actually knew, then again it helps that he had books from the Peverell vaults or the few they had.

With that said, Hadrian looped the pendant around his neck, grabbing Tom's face he locked their lips together, hard, and kissed him passionately. When breathing became necessary, he drew back,
taking in great big gulps of air, "I love it, Tom, thank you," before kissing him again, just as ardently.

"Mmm, might have to buy you more if I get thanks like that," Tom replied, black eyes boring into green, gripping his hips possessively. Peculiarly enough, he wished to allow Hadrian to experience that feeling of childish delight again, more than appreciate the enthusiastic thanks and Tom just did not understand why he found himself quite flummoxed by his own feelings. The sound of pinging surrounding the entire manor thankfully distracted Hadrian who groaned dramatically.

"You best go," Tom urged him, "My list is beside yours on the desk,"

"Next time, you're going with them," Harry pointed out seriously, before giving him another kiss before forcing himself away, making a hastily jog down the stairs, not wanting any of the others to upset his House-elves. Not that he thought they would dare to do anything. Cursing quietly as he almost tripped on an upended side of the rug, absently straightening it before rounding the corner and into the living room where the group was waiting. His stomach grumbled longingly for the food he could smell frying away in a pan. "When we get there, I'm getting something to eat while we shop,"

"Then we best go to the bookstore first, they don't allow you to walk around with any kind of food, even when it's closed," Aiden suggested, while Orion nodded in agreement, "I brought in a chocolate frog once…the rabid owner bloody ran me out as though I had smeared chocolate everywhere."

Orion laughed, "It was a drink with me, had to leave it outside," shaking his head in exasperation, "You'd think we were two-years-old the way they go on." as if they would do anything as childish as pour drink or smear food over books. They had more class than that than their usual clientele, thank you very much.

Nott, Avery, and Dolohov all conceded his point.

"Alright then, Flourish and Blotts first, then I'm going to grab something to eat," Hadrian agreed, grabbing both his and Tom's lists from the desk where Tom said they'd be. Folding them in half and sliding them into his cloak pocket, before nabbing the cloak from where it lay spread out on his chair and clipping it into place. "Let's get going then, meet up outside Flourish and Blotts," with that Hadrian Apparated to Diagon Alley.

Hadrian barely had time to blink before he was surrounded by the others who must have Apparated directly after him. He would honestly much have preferred to be with Tom even if he was meeting with Abraxas Malfoy and probably going to be the most boring meeting in the history of all meetings. He knew what was going on was probably illegal, but he was rather hoping it wasn't a prelude to murder, he couldn't change Tom, he would always be a Dark Lord, but he was hoping, knowing the road he had gone down he would be much more subtle and less likely to go on killing sprees. To do what he wanted, but take the long road and not want too much too soon.

As long as Grindelwald and Dumbledore were taken care off…Hadrian didn't care…and that probably made him an awful person.

"Mother, what are you doing here?" Orion blurted out as he spotted his mum in the shop.

Hadrian's eyes narrowed greedily, trying to see who Orion was talking to.

"Shopping, dear, what else?" Orion's mother said, lips twitching in amusement. "Who's your friend?" she asked, not recognizing Hadrian right off bat.
"Um... mother this is Lord Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin, Hadrian this is my mother, Lady Melanie Black nee Macmillan." Orion kicked his mouth into gear after the surprise of seeing his mother out, when she had been eating breakfast when he left just twenty minutes ago.

"My, you'll have to forgive me, Lord Peverell-Slytherin, you look years younger than your photograph," Melanie apologized, "My husband and I love your books,"

"No need for forgiveness, and please call me Hadrian, Lord Peverell-Slytherin is quite a mouthful," Hadrian said, this was Sirius' grandmother! His grandmother! She had curly hair, curly blonde hair, Orion always had straight hair, which meant Sirius and Regulus could have gotten their hair from her. She must have a brother, the Macmillan line was still going strong sixty years down the line. She was married to Arcturus Black the third, it was insane trying to keep up with the Black family, they were so numerous, which was odd itself since in his time it had really only been Sirius and the three Black females who weren't Black's anymore.

"Thank you, and you may also call me Melanie," Melanie insisted, "Particularly in front of my husband," she teased, he was very formal, and she honestly thought he could do with being less so.

Hadrian laughed wickedly, "Oh, it's a deal," he could imagine how he was if Orion had grown to be like him, but anyone that had to endure Walburga (future one which might not exist now) was more of a saint than a grouchy old fart. He would have felt the same with the Lestrange who had to endure Bellatrix.

Orion coughed his lips twitching but he managed to stop himself outright laughing or smiling at his mothers' proclamation. If his father heard this he would have burst a blood vessel for sure. He knew Hadrian would do it too, he'd get a kick out of it, look at what he'd said and done during dinner with the Malfoy's last night for Merlin's sake. He was merciless when you got on his bad side. Aiden Avery was very lucky to have managed to recover from his fuck up. A glance at the others showed they too were trying to contain their amusement behind inscrutable masks.

"I look forward to seeing what books you bring out in future," Melanie added, her own lips twitching just so, but not full out smiling. "You are clearly a very bright young man with a great future ahead of you."

Hadrian nodded in thanks to the compliments she had offered him.

"Do not be late for dinner, Orion," Melanie warned her son, it had already happened once and her husband didn't have infinite patience.

"I won't, mother," Orion said solemnly, wishing this conversation over with so he and his friends could go and do what they needed then have a drink in the pub.

"Have a good morning boy's," Melanie said fondly to the other boys who had grown up visiting Grimmauld Place to play with her son.

"Thank you, Lady Black," the others replied automatically. Nott and Dolohov moving aside to let other patrons from the bookstore out since they were taking up the majority of the space in the doorway.

"Go on, you best get in," Melanie urged them, ruffling her son's hair with a grin before her professional mask was back on and she was leaving. "Be careful, there's a lot of foreign wizards around today," she added in a mere afterthought.

"Your mum is awesome," Hadrian said in amusement, as Orion cursed up a storm trying to get his
hair back into its neatly brushed style.

Orion huffed, "She's annoying is what she is," he grumbled, as he wandered in following the others.

"Hey," Hadrian retorted sharply, "Never take her for granted," giving Orion a serious severe look before the group split up and began to grab the books they'd need for school. The core group ones were easily gotten due to the fact they were already bundled together, hundreds have strewn all over the shop, and Hadrian thought that was actually quite handy, too bad they hadn't done this in his time.

He had to refrain from actually reading any of them since two sounded extremely entertaining, to say the least. He couldn't help but peek into the Alchemy one, despite his fears so far the book explained it very well, he had always assumed it was more science-y than potions itself, but he may actually be wrong. Although he supposed it might get more difficult as they go on.

Eyeing the books on the shelf, he made his decision and quickly levitated four of the next alchemy book down to float behind him along with the rest of his books all while reading. He didn't see the looks he was gaining from everyone seeing the Wandless magic so casually displayed or the fact he had four levitations going simultaneously while he was clearly not paying any attention.

"Hadrian! Stop reading! Get over here, we're ready to go!" Avery called down to Hadrian from the top of the row where he stood staring down at Harry who was at the bottom of the shop, too busy reading to pay any attention. Or gave the appearance of not doing so, but Aiden would bet his considerable trust vault that it wasn't quite true - he definitely paid attention to his surroundings.

The others winced, shaking their head, unsurprised when Avery paled a little at their sub vocal noise probably realizing for the first time who he was talking to and how he was talking to him. Not something he should do, he was just belatedly grateful that Tom wasn't here to give him that look, one that said he'd pay for his comments in private.

And Tom always lived up to his promises.

"You paid already?" Hadrian asked absently, still trying to read the book.

"Just waiting on you," Orion explained, smirking at Avery's silence, what could he say, he was a Slytherin, seeing anyone brought down was amusing, even if it was a friend. He knew Avery would do the same thing right back, although he'd like to say he wasn't stupid enough to make any mistakes like that.

"Alright, I'll just be a minute," Hadrian called back, not seeing his friends lurching out of the way of the books as they zoomed passed them. The books were guided towards the counter by Hadrian's magic, and the witch at the counter quickly totaled the amount up and bound them together with brown paper and string before Hadrian shrunk them down and slid them into his pocket.

The witch made grabby motions for the money very impatiently.

Only then did he hand over the Galleons, giving the witch a look of disdain, as if he was stupid enough to steal something from here - where he lived of all places, and where his book was sold for Merlin's sake. He had no need to steal the books, this was...pennies compared to what he was worth. Then again, she may not know that he conceded and let his glare up a little.

"How about eating in Hogsmeade pub? They make good food, even if its run by a Dumbledore,"
Orion suggested.

"Or just going after we finish? We only have a few more shops to go to before we're done?"

Dolohov added, he couldn't spend the entire day in Hogsmeade, he had to return home for luncheon with his parents in a few hours. What he did have free he didn't want to spend waiting around for Hadrian to finish eating bored out of his mind.

"I'm going for something to eat, you guys can continue your shopping if you like," Hadrian shrugged indifferently, he could do things on his own after all, he didn't need anyone to hold his hand. In fact, it could be quite stifling having people constantly surrounding him, and he wasn't stupid, this was all Tom's doing, well while they were at Hogwarts anyway, he didn't think Tom bothered about that during the summer.

All because of Hagrid and the damn wolf cub he had, well, at least there wouldn't be spiders making their home in the forbidden forest this time around. That damn forest was packed full of creatures enough as it was.

"Come on, lets head in, you still have hours before you have to head back," Nott said urging Dolohov on with a look that said he was to do as he was told.

Hadrian just shook his head, letting them all go in first, just as he was about to step in his arm was grabbed suddenly, and he was shoved away from Hogsmeade pub along with a punch to the jaw.

"What the fuck…" Hadrian glared at the idiot who had dared to hit him, only to find himself surrounded by four wizards, foreigners, they all reminded him of Viktor Krum actually, with their build and coloring. Rubbing his jaw that is until he saw their wands out. "Put them away," he cautioned them, his own wand sliding out of its holster.

"You'll pay for your actions," one said, his accent very thick.

"Oh? And what actions are those?" Hadrian spat, the bruise throbbing violently, his wand gripped tightly in his hand.

They didn't answer, just simultaneously blasted him with five spells, which Hadrian quickly began to counter or maneuver himself around. The spells were coming thick and fast, he wasn't able to even send out spells of his own lest he end up hit. They meant business, the spells they were shooting weren't your every day hexes or jinxes.

Shield after shield was put up, some returned to sender, but they were relentless. Hadrian was utterly bewildered, he didn't know what the hell he was supposed to have done. He didn't even know who the hell they were, so why had they chosen him as their target?

"Protego!" Hadrian cast, before sending a non-verbal 'Langlock' at the one sending the worst of the spells, only for his decision to bite him in the ass as a blasting curse came at him, and his shield wasn't put up in time, causing it to bite on through, he didn't move away quick enough and ended up with the blasting curse giving him a glancing blow to the ribs, wincing in pain, his hands automatically clutched at his side, blood pouring out of the wound, but the wizards weren't content with injuring him, they were trying to kill him.

With his hands slippery and coated in blood, he could do nothing but continue to try and defend himself.

With only three trying to attack him now since one was trying to undo his handy little spell to one of the fuckers.
"Petrificus Totalus!" he wasn't going to risk his freedom by using the spells he actually wanted to at the bastards. They were going to pay severely for this. He thought furiously, as he swayed, oh fuck, he had lost enough blood to make him feel woozy, "Stupefy!" grunting in frustration as they just revived the other, leaving him with three more to deal with.

Okay, maybe the old but goody spells weren't as good as he wished them to be, he thought, as he felt gravity get the better of him. He vaguely heard the sound of cursing and shouting coming from the pub and Apparating all around him before his eyes fluttered closed and he knew no more.

The next thing he was consciously aware of was the sound of Tom's voice, but it sounded underwater, he was demanding answers, insisting that Hadrian was his husband and he had every right to be there and wanting to know how he was. Hadrian wanted to open his mouth and tell Tom he was fine, but he found himself pulled back under, once again unconscious of the world.

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The next thing Hadrian was aware of was a dim pain in his side, but it was certainly a great deal better than it felt last time. He was flat on his back, and he knew from the smell that he was in a hospital, so likelihood being St. Mungo's. Feeling weak, drained and actually tired, his eyes opened at snail's pace. Wincing he slammed his eyes shut at the light, before slowly blinking a few times until his eyes got accustomed to the light again. He was in hospital pajamas, how long had he been unconscious? He was alone, but he could feel that Tom was nearby, and there were flowers in his room. Flowers.

His side was bandaged, he realized, as he sat himself up, well, at least he wasn't dizzy anymore.

His head jerked up when he heard the door opening.

"You're awake," Tom stated, nothing in his posture screamed relief but his eyes weren't up to deceiving Hadrian nor was the bond capable of it.

"What the fucking hell happened?" Hadrian demanded, shifting himself up further, giving a wince of pain.

"I don't know," Tom was seething over the attack. "I haven't been able to find anything out. But the Wizards have been arrested and are still in the Ministry the Black's, Nott's, Malfoy's and Avery's have made sure of that. They attacked a Lord, and they're using the full extent of the law to ensure they cannot harm anyone else. The Aurors want to talk to you."

"They're here then?" Hadrian deduced, grimacing a little as the pain in his forehead made itself known.

"Yes, outside in the waiting room," Tom declared his scowl not letting up the slightest, he hated feeling useless, if it was up to him he would have killed those wizards who had dared to lift a hand to Hadrian. Unfortunately, he wasn't stupid enough to go into the Ministry and do it, but if they got off, he would make sure they met nasty accidents.

"Go get them, I want this over with, then I want to go home," Hadrian said, rubbing his tired eyes, "Wait, how long was I out?"

"Twenty-four hours, it's eleven o'clock in the morning," Tom explained, having to forcefully stop himself from smothering Hadrian or treating him like a vulnerable child. Hadrian wouldn't put up with that, and he didn't want to cause any more stress than Hadrian was already feeling right now. It was causing him to feel bloody anxious and he definitely did not like it. So he would get the
Aurors and he would get Hadrian home.

Where he could protect him better.

With the backing of nearly every pureblood family out there, these wizards weren't going to get away with this anyway.

He felt nothing but the smug satisfaction that they were protected and coveted so.

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I wonder if you guys can guess what that was all about :D If anyone can guess I'd be very surprised if I'm honest :D and if they manage to do so I'll update it again ;) as a gift for being right lol BUT I know I've been focusing on my crossovers more than these and I'm sorry I'll try and get back into updating them in order :) so that probably means My Little Prince next :) well, there we go! I hope you're still enjoying the story Read and Review please!
"Mr. Peverell-Slytherin?" came the question was the doorway, the wizard was dressed impeccably, with a phoenix and unicorn entwined together, affixed to his cloak. Even Hadrian knew what that stood for, it was one of the best law firms in the magical world, dealing with both magical and non-magical cases as a matter of fact although not so much in the Muggle world these days, due to the war and all that. Now, why the hell would a lawyer be here for this?

"Yes," Hadrian drawled suspiciously, "Can I help you?" had Tom brought in a lawyer? Although he had to admit would make things easier on them, having someone dealing with every aspect of the case instead of him. He would have to deal with it now with him no longer being considered a minor due to his emancipation.

"It's more what I can do for you, Mr. Peverell-Slytherin," he stated seriously, "My name is Torquil Travers, I work for Rosier and Rowle law firm, I have been asked to represent you by Abraxas Malfoy,"

"And you think I need representing?" Hadrian asked wryly, arching an eyebrow in a silent demand for a reply.

"I do believe that to be the case," Travers confirmed, staunchly remaining standing in the doorway.

Hadrian's green eyes glowed with amusement, "Come in, I assume you've already gotten information from the Ministry of Magic regarding my so-called 'case' that requires representation?" in Hadrian's case he did not believe it was true, he was attacked out of nowhere by four wizards. There was a reason, whether it was completely warped or not, they had specifically targeted him. Watching as Travers entered the room and around the side of the bed and claimed a seat, stiff and tense.

"I have," Travers explained, "You will need to explain the reason for the choice of pendant, a very good excuse, ignorance may work best."

Hadrian blinked, gaping at Travers unattractively, "Are you serious right now?" he blurted out incredulously.

"Mr. Peverell-Slytherin, it is imperative that you listen to me," Travers urged him seriously.

"You call yourself a lawyer?" Hadrian retorted anger boiling within him as he begun to understand what had happened to him and why. "To even be considered for Rosier and Rowle law firm you have to be at least in the top ten percentile of your graduating class!"

"Top five," Travers corrected proudly, used to being called all manner of things so he didn't take offense. He was paid six hundred galleons an hour, so insults washed off his back like water off a duck.

Hadrian just stared at the so-called lawyer in utter disbelief which was mingled with dismay. He could only imagine what the hell the Aurors were going to say. His eyes narrowed further and spine stiffened, well he would make sure they regretted anything they spouted at him. "Who's heading the case?" he rather hoped Moody and Prewitt weren't stupid enough to make assumptions.
"Auror Bulstrode and Auror Scamander," Travers replied immediately, having no need to look at the file, which was safely ensconced in his cloak pocket.

"Uh, huh," Hadrian was dismissive in his reply, Scamander was considered a 'hero' by the magical world, part of him idly wondered if he was treated the same way he had been. A hero one day then an evil wizard the next, or if it was all smooth sailing for the wizard. Something clicked in his mind, of course, Scamander had been assigned to help the Ministry capture Grindelwald, so it made sense he would go wherever any evidence took him. He could feel fury radiating from the bond, not just the anger Tom had been carrying around since he woke up, but really frustrated anger.

He was in for some serious disappointment then.

Hadrian didn't need to wait long before there was yet another knock on the door, which the lawyer had closed behind him when he was given permission to ender Hadrian's room. Travers glanced at his client, who remained stubbornly silent, refusing to even marginally cooperate for the Aurors. He closed his eyes, exasperation flowing through him, he perhaps shouldn't have been so quick as to take on a school student, emancipated or otherwise. Mr. Peverell-Slytherin just didn't seem to understand the situation he was in. Perhaps the Aurors would drive that home, and hopefully, he wouldn't do anything stupid or say something that would implicate himself.

"Just…think before you speak," Travers begged, as he stood, moving to answer the door. The two imposing Aurors looked ready to just burst in. Mr. Peverell-Slytherin sat there arms crossed, a very intense look of anger and dissatisfaction on his face. It sent shivers down his spine, it was very imposing and intimidating, not that he'd ever admit it.

Especially considering it was a teenager that was making him feel so.

"Mr. Peverell-Slytherin, I'm Auror Bulstrode, and this is my partner Auror Scamander," Bulstrode said confidently as he walked into the room.

"Be careful what you say to me," Hadrian stated seriously, "Because I will not hesitate to press charges, especially defamation of character if I am accused of something, particularly seeing as I am the victim." he wasn't going to let people away with making him feel as though he had done something wrong. Not anymore, he wasn't a scapegoat, wasn't someone to fuck with anymore and he'd be damned if he let it begin happening now.

Travers kept his face straight, reclaiming his seat, watching the Aurors closely, trying not to get himself worked up.

"Mr. Peverell-Slytherin, accusations have been made and it's our duty to find out if they are true," Bulstrode stated, not taking offense by his words, it was predictable for pureblood's to say such things at the beginning of interviews. They always had to take care of how they worded questions due to this, and there was no doubt he would press charges for defamation of character if he felt the need.

"If you have nothing to hide, then you shouldn't have trouble answering the questions, isn't that right?" Scamander bated him.

Hadrian's gaze cut across to Scamander, surprised by how alike the brothers actually looked. Newt looked very much like his older brother, except this wizard had a confidence and smugness about him. He cocked his head to the side, observing him, wondering if the confidence he portrayed to the world was put on or if he felt he deserved the lionization that came his way. He honed in on the subtle twitching of his eyes at his extended stare, ha, definitely not as confident as he portrayed
"Then ask them, I wish to return home," Hadrian informed them, shifting himself into a straighter position. "And try to avoid using my full name, it's getting tedious," he added as an afterthought.

"What are your thoughts on the war with Grindelwald?" Scamander stated, starting immediately.

"I believe that the Muggles finding out about us is the most dangerous thing that could ever happen." Hadrian replied seriously, "There are millions of them to one of us, an all our war would spell our demise, what Dumbledore and Grindelwald concocted together…it's wrong and dangerous and he needs to be stopped."

"For clarification, you do not support Grindelwald or approve of his views?" Bulstrode questioned.

"I do not support that maniac," Hadrian stated firmly, "I was nearly killed by his supporters before I even knew magic existed!" his voice rising in his 'anger' it wasn't true of course, but as far as the world was concerned he had come here after an attack by Grindelwald's men.

"You have to admit it would make for a good cover," Scamander pointed out.

"I almost died," Hadrian hissed out through gritted teeth, "And if not for Healer Yaxley and his extensive knowledge of curses I would have done so. It was wish magic that originally saved my life, do not dare imply I would work with the disgusting bastard who nearly killed me."

"I think my client has made it more than clear how he feels," Travers argued, giving the Aurors a pointed look. "We are done with this line of questioning."

"Then how does he explain this?" Scamander held up a plastic bag with the 'evidence' that had been taken from Hadrian at some point in the past twenty-four hours.

"I want that back before I leave this hospital," Hadrian snapped, unable to believe they'd taken it from him.

"I'm afraid we can't do that, it's evidence in an investigation," Bulstrode explained.

"Not really," Hadrian said sardonically, they were idiots the lot of them. Bulstrode stared at Hadrian wondering if he was being deliberately obtuse. "Sir, these charges that can be brought against you are serious,"

Hadrian sighed, suddenly too tired to put up with this, "If you had done even a single bit of digging or investigating, any of you," he said gesturing towards his so-called lawyer, "You would have realized there are no grounds for this investigation."

"How so?" Bulstrode.

"That pendant you're holding, my husband bought it for me…" Hadrian said honestly, watching as wheels began to turn in the definite wrong direction. "It was once worn by Ignotus Peverell, my ancestor, and that is the Peverell coat of arms, I'm sure one look into the Ministry's book they have on every coat of arms invented will tell you that as well. What evidence did you find on it that indicated I was a fanatic follower of Grindelwald?" playing clueless.

The sudden silence made Hadrian want to cackle mercilessly. The Aurors glanced at each other, unable to prevent the surprise encompassing their features.
Travers had his hand over his mouth, hiding a smirk at how well the teen had just played the two Aurors quite expertly. No wonder he hadn't been even the slightest bit worried. Quite honestly if he wasn't a lawyer he would be bowing down to the kid in awe. There was no way the teen was as clueless as he was portraying, he was a Slytherin through and through. No wonder he had insulted his intelligence as a lawyer, unfortunately, the Peverell coat of arms had disappeared into obscurity a very long time ago. "The insignia is one that Grindelwald is using for his propaganda, 'for the greater good'."

"Lovely, you'll need to be adding that to the list of charges against him, life theft," Hadrian stated curtly, "As for the four who attacked me…?"

"They are being held in the Ministry holding cells," Bulstrode was able to recover with greater speed than Scamander who was bitterly disappointed he didn't have someone to question, someone who could lead him to Grindelwald.

Hadrian understood all too well the pressure Scamander was under, and took pity on him, "I know you feel insurmountable pressure to get Grindelwald, but framing or trying to blame innocent people…it makes you as bad as he is. His day will come, you'll get him it's my experience that those who are confident always screw up somehow." he told him solemnly. Well, Scamander wouldn't get Grindelwald, he would. The last thing he ever saw would be him.

Scamander cleared his throat, pointedly not even glancing in Hadrian's direction, making him now more like his brother.

"I'll be taking it back now," Hadrian said, hand out waiting for his pendant back.

Scamander looked as though he was biting his tongue as he placed the evidence bag containing the Peverell pendant/coat of arms into the end of the bed.

"Thank you," Hadrian said, making no move to retrieve it. "Any further questions you have for me can be done through my lawyer, I expect to hear from him regarding the charges from those wizards."

"You wish to press charges?" Bulstrode questioned, straightening up once more.

"They attacked me, so yes, I want charges pressed, I don't care what they thought, not only did they try to kill me they could have hurt numerous bystanders."

"We need more information from you," Bulstrode explained patiently.

"I think my client has made himself clear, everything through me, he has already proven himself innocent, what more do you want?" Travers argued.

"One of the…suspects…" Bulstrode carefully said, making it clear to both Hadrian and Travers that he'd been considered a 'victim' before this conversation. "He has been hit with an unknown curse, his tongue has locked to the top of his mouth, he hasn't eaten anything for the past twenty-four hours. He has drunk only a small measure of water, with a great deal of difficulty and pain," Hadrian fought desperately to keep his amusement from showing, causing his mouth to quiver as he suppressed it. "It's not a curse, it's a hex." he explained, "I created it," inwardly apologizing to Severus Snape for stealing one of his more ingenious spells, at least nobody knew the spell yet since he had done it non-verbally.

"I assume you also created a counter-spell?" Bulstrode questioned, glancing briefly at his partner confused by his silence.
Hadrian's mouth curved into a smirk, "I did," he confirmed.

"Then what is it?" Bulstrode asked.

"I don't intend for the spell or my counter to become public knowledge," Hadrian denied her request, "I will, however, remove it for you, before I head home." he conceded, deciding to take his time now, make the asshole wait as long as possible.

"We cannot let you into the same room together," Scamander re-entered the conversation.

"You know where to find me when you change your mind," Hadrian explained, "Now if you'll excuse me, I wish to get dressed and head home." making it clear he wanted them out of the room without saying it.

"Wait, fine, we'll do it your way," Bulstrode insisted, he couldn't take his statement, and the drooling was horrendous, it was actually downright disgusting. "We'll just have a few Aurors there as back up, they can't question the integrity of four Aurors," he defended his actions to his partner.

"Then give me some time," Hadrian insisted, gesturing towards the door, willing them away.

Sighing in relief when he was finally alone, whipping back the covers, scooting towards the edge, he shivered as his feet touched the ground. He was still covered in blood, hands, arms, chest, hell he could feel it coating the side of his neck, presumably from splash back. He moved over to the sink and let the water run, putting the stopper in, as he peeled himself out of the pajamas. Before also undoing the bandages, he had no need for them now, although the area was slightly inflamed and red, it would disappear within the next few days. Bunching up the material, he ran it under the water and began to clean himself up.

"It seems you get yourself into trouble no matter where you are," Tom told him as he entered the room, exasperated fondness in his tone. Making his way immediately over to Hadrian, and taking the water soaked pajama top, and taking over the cleaning where Hadrian had missed blood spatter.

"I don't get myself into trouble," Hadrian argued in amusement. "Trouble finds me," Tom made a noncommittal noise, before throwing the soiled top down having gotten every drop of blood off Hadrian.

"Are they still breathing?" Hadrian whispered, finding himself actually really worried about the others. Eye to eye with Tom, he wouldn't accept any lies from him. He didn't want to talk any louder just in case anyone was listening from the door.

Tom gave him a warning look, this was definitely not the time or the place for this discussion. However, seeing that Hadrian was quite desperate for an answer...oddly enough and feeling to blame, he nodded his head just once to confirm that they were indeed alive. Who would have thought Hadrian would actually grow fond of those he had once looked down upon for their pureblood ways. Then again, truth be told, Hadrian had actually changed them and in doing so found them more tolerable.

"Muffliato!" murmured Hadrian, silencing everything around them, "You can't blame them for everything you know, they aren't my babysitters. They aren't responsible for me, I am an adult, Tom." he could imagine what Tom had done to them, and years ago that would amuse the hell out of him, but not anymore. "At this rate, they'll avoid me like I've got the plague if you keep punishing them for something that's not their fault and completely unavoidable."

Tom utterly disagreed with that, but he wasn't stupid enough to state as such. He did blame them,
he had expressed that vocally last night in many different ways. They would know better than to make such a mistake again if they knew what was good for them. The only way he knew how to deal with fear or worry is the way he did, not that he had felt it in an abundance, especially not when it concerned another person until Hadrian had wormed his way into his life and heart.

"Why is the pendant in an Auror's evidence bag?" Tom asked, eyes narrowing in on the bag in the mirror before turning to see, he was quite correct.

"Uhh…” was all Hadrian could think to say, not sure how to explain, either way, Tom was not going to like it.

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Seriously guys am I that predictable? I'm just glad not all of you managed to suss out why the attack happened :) Although there were a few clues along the way, I just love adding throwaway comments from the books and incorporating them into this :D they're very fun to write! As promised if someone guessed I'd post a second chapter it's good to see that I'm still capable of living up to my promises huh! AND able to get a chapter out in a single night :D so there we have it! Will Hadrian accept Yaxley's proposal and become a healer or just part time...I honestly can't decide what to have Hadrian doing I'm sure I'll think of something though I have plenty of time since they're still at Hogwarts Read and Review, please!
Hadrian? Why. Is. The. Pendant. In. An. Auror's. Investigative. Bag?" Tom asked, enunciating each word when it became clear that Hadrian remained quiet on that front. In fact, he looked like he was contemplating something, lying to him? Trying to worm his way around the truth? Or downplay it? He wasn't even meeting his eyes, instead, he was staring at the bag on the bed as if it had personally offended him. Which just confused Tom all the more.

Hadrian moved over to the bed, scooping up the bag, ripping it open and removing the pendant. A pendant that had caused so much trouble in just a short amount of time. He felt irritated that he hadn't even thought of it at the time. It had completely slipped his mind. "I forgot," Hadrian replied, his tone more thoughtful than anything else.

Tom followed Hadrian, his brow furrowed, eyes glinting determinedly, "Forgot what exactly?" he demanded, unable to curb his need to know. He wanted to know why the attack happened, why the pendant was in an evidence bag. Why the Auror's had been treating him like some suspect when he was the victim. He wasn't in the mood for anything else. He had gone through the emotional wringer last night. Even the curses and hexes he'd thrown hadn't completely helped him. It just took the edge off. Perhaps it was feeling the pain through the bond that irritated him so thoroughly. He did not like Hadrian being in pain, it brought forth emotions he couldn't deal with.

Oddly enough, the hardest part was being away from Hadrian. He'd had to return to St. Mungo's despite being just as useless there. Feeling only marginally better at being close to him. Not even Abraxas had been able to get him answers regarding what had happened.

"What this design meant," Hadrian revealed pensively. "It's not known as being the Peverell coat of arms, Tom, not even in my time...it's not even known as the sign of the Deathly Hallows bar a few...it is merely known...as a sign of Grindelwald, his supporters use this insignia," something he would have to change, and if it led to a confrontation with Grindelwald then he was all for it. The question was would it lead to a confrontation? Or would he just send people after him? He was all for ending the war, destroying Grindelwald but having to fend off a legion of his followers? No thanks. It wasn't like he knew where Grindelwald was, Scamander had ensured Grindelwald's arrest, that had been years ago, in New York. He'd somehow managed to break out and continue his cause.

Tom's nostrils flared as he realized what had happened in startling clarity. Those wizards had attacked his husband because of his gift. He dug his nails into the skin of his palm as anger tore through him. Grindelwald was using his husbands' coat of arms for his cause. Steeping it in suspicion and distrust, this would not do. "It must be rectified." he absolutely refused to let Grindelwald tarnish Hadrian's name like that.

Hadrian nodded in agreement, "Yes, I...have a plan, I just need to get a trustworthy journalist to publish my story in the Daily Prophet." it was the quickest way to garner the most readers, the most understanding from everyone. "My only concern is how Grindelwald will take it. If he sends people after us...we might not survive that, at least not in this time as us, I truly don't want to have to start all over again so soon." he was still getting over the fact he could just 'start all over again' whenever he wished. It wasn't something he tended to dwell upon, although he had no doubt it was the opposite for Tom who had long desired immortality.
'He will make his way directly from Germany to France in exactly half a year. After his current plans are well underway and can commence without him,'twice winces appeared on Tom and Hadrian's face at the abrupt entrance of Death, who as always, regaled them with the information they otherwise wouldn't get. 'From France, he plans on entering Britain, this you cannot allow, you must stop him in France.'

'It looks like there are some things that refuse to change, no matter what happens,'Harry mused wryly, for it had been in France that the Dark Lord Grindelwald had met his end in his old timeline. 'If we do this, then we must make the plans now so that it doesn't look like we went there for the purpose of defeating Grindelwald. More like being in the wrong place at the right time sort of thing,'

'Six months, that means it will be during Christmas,'Tom pointed out, 'It's doable, but we need to step up our training if that's the case. Maybe bring some of the others with us, and train them too if they're dueling is more than adequate it would give them the motivation to better themselves if they wished to go.

'I think it's time to tell my publicist that I will go on a book signing tour, just in France during Christmas, that will give me the perfect opening, they'll pay for everything as well. They've been annoying me with suggestions on why it's a good thing to go on tour, that it would boost the sales,'Hadrian mused, smirking a little, he didn't care much for publicity, or going on book tours, he wasn't like Lockhart, he just wanted accurate information to be out there. He never thought he'd have a publicist but with the huge amount of mail and everything associated with books…it was immense and he wanted nothing to do with it and left it all for her to deal with. He would, of course, make it seem like her suggestion as well. Best to cover all grounds.

'Be careful, he does not fight fair, take at least five others with you'and with that last piece of advice, he waited and watched, gleaming visions of the most recent version of the future.

Tom and Hadrian glanced at each other, eyes gleaming with determination. They could do this, they would do this.

Once Death determined that all would be well, he extracted his presence from their minds, continuing to watch over his two favorites. Both of them had changed so much, greed hadn't consumed Tom's soul, leading to the destruction of it. Instead, with Hadrian there to tame the insatiable beast that he would become, and tame his ardent desire for too much too soon. Leading them to a bright, bright future. One with endless opportunities that they deserved. Tom's presence had also changed Hadrian, but it was less noticeable, and it wasn't just the matter of the heart. Much too soon, Death had to pull away to deal with the lost souls, violently ripped from life due to war.

"We must set up an interview soon," Tom declared, "Abraxas will know the perfect candidate for us," he determined.

Hadrian nodded conceding his point, Abraxas would know the best person to use. Hopefully someone within the political sphere in the Daily Prophet. "I'll go to the Ministry, get that hex taken off the bastard, you head home and contact Abraxas," he suggested, as he wrapped the pendant around his neck, he refused to stop wearing it because of their actions.

"No," Tom stated immediately, gripping Hadrian's wrist tightly, but not enough to cause pain. "We go together," he had no plans of letting Hadrian out of his sight for as long as possible.

"Alright," Hadrian conceded, knowing Tom wouldn't give in, he rarely did, but if he made a good argument he could get Tom to change his mind. Unfortunately, he knew this was one of the times
where he wouldn't be able to give an adequate argument that would see Tom leaving.

A knock on the door caused Hadrian to sigh in irritation, damn bloody Aurors, they just didn't know when to leave well enough alone.

Upon opening the door, surprise flashed over Hadrian's face, it wasn't the Aurors' at all.

"Healer Yaxley," Hadrian said, giving him a nod of respect, cautious and curious to know why he was here. Was the offer he had on the table about to be withdrawn due to the recent rumors?

"Mr. Peverell-Slytherin, I heard about your recent…misfortune," Yaxley said, watching both of them closely, "I do hope it won't prevent you from giving some serious consideration to my offer." he had not written to anyone else, he had no desire to have anyone mediocre following him around. His boss wasn't quite happy with that fact, or that he was choosing someone so young either. He had been begged to reconsider, but he put his foot down.

Hadrian thought about it seriously, and very briefly, he knew he'd never work in St. Mungo's. There were too many people out there who couldn't afford medical treatment from the hospital. Whether there was a war or not. Then there was Tom and the others, it would be handy to have a healer in the group, just in cases. He wasn't stupid enough to think they weren't going to do questionable things. If and when they did, and they ended up hurt…he could take care of them. He still didn't know what he really wanted to do after he left school, he just knew what he absolutely would never do. So why not do this? The biggest question though, was could he do it? While he wrote his books? His books were just a hobby, a hobby that was gaining him some serious money, but still a hobby nonetheless.

"Is it full-time or part-time?" Hadrian questioned, his brow furrowed as he thought about it, it would be a serious undertaking that he had no doubt.

"Part-time, just three days a week," Yaxley explained, hope began to kindle within him. He was positive that Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin was like himself. A natural born healer. He was extremely smart, more so knowing that he had only known the magical world for a short time and had absorbed so much. He thought outside the box, asked the right questions, but until he had actual experience, he wouldn't know if his thoughts were correct. He tried not to get excited about it, and definitely didn't tell him, yet, just in case it turned out to be wishful thinking on his part. "It can be done less if need be."

"And is it contracted?" Hadrian queried.

"Yes, there is a contract, but it's more along the lines of work experience, it isn't paid work," Yaxley explained honestly.

"Okay, then I'd like to see the contract first before I make any promises, I would very much like to take on the work experience, but if anything I create during that time belongs to St. Mungo's I will not be able to take part," Harry explained seriously.

"Understood." Yaxley nodding firmly, he was smart enough to realize this beforehand, many were not, especially those that go into the experiments department. He would inform Hadrian that those sort of contracts were only for the experiment department but Hadrian would still want to read it. As he should. He had been taught well. Or he had taught himself well. "I shall send you the contract during my lunch hour, in a few hours, but for now I must depart, I have patients to see."

"That's fine, I have things to do anyway." Hadrian replied, and it was true. "I will write to you later, answering directly as to whether I can or cannot undertake this venture,"
"I look forward to hearing from you, Mr. Peverell-Slytherin," Yaxley bowed, "And it was a pleasure to see you both," nodding to each of them in turn before he made his exit, returning to the middle of the building before entering a room, which presumably held one of his patients.

Fingers intertwined with Hadrian's own, and they both exited the room, going in the opposite direction from Yaxley.

Hadrian smiled, clutching Tom's hand closely, gratitude and love flowing through the bond, no words were needed between them. During the conversation, there had been no jealousy or anger at the fact that Hadrian had been the sole focus of attention. Only pride and veneration at him and his accomplishments. If it had been anyone else there would have no doubt been anger and irritation at being overlooked. Yet with him, there was only encouragement and love, and Hadrian adored him for that. He wasn't used to anyone being happy for him, so to know that he was meant the world.

As soon as they stepped out of St. Mungo's they Apparated to the Ministry of magic, followed of course, by the Scamander and his partner.

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Two Days Later

"Marion Morrell will be here soon," Tom informed Hadrian, as he entered the sitting room. Making his way over to Hadrian, wrapping his arms possessively around him, to find Hadrian signing the contract from St. Mungo's. "Finally to your liking?" he questioned, a bit redundant since he had signed it. The first one had been very insulting, slyly making sure anything they published or created during their stint at St. Mungo's half of it would go to them. Tom had very nearly missed it himself, but when he had he was furious with their underhanded tactics. He was very tempted to tell Hadrian he should just tell them where to shove their apprenticeship. Where the don't sun don't shine, preferably.

Hadrian leaned in relishing the contact, "Yes, it's much simpler now, not that it matters, I won't be bringing any books or spells out during my time with them. I won't take that risk, regardless of whether the contract is different, it's only a few more months anyway, I can get send the book in once I've returned to Hogwarts." He explained, "I won't risk them taking me to court over it, so yes, once the contract is officially over, I'll send my manuscript in."

"Good," Tom murmured as he nosed around Hadrian's neck, biting provocatively, he'd never get enough of Hadrian or how smart and ruthless he could be. He truly couldn't stand St. Mungo's and all it stood for, their greed and the fact they did not help those who needed it the most. Personally he didn't understand it, much like his attachment to House-elves, he had seen that House-elf, Dobby, die for him and his friends, getting them to safety, he understood the logic behind it, distantly, but still, his desire to give them a good life baffled him. Baffled them all really. They were House-elves, they liked serving wizards.

He was sure there were things about him that baffled Hadrian, so it evened things out between them.

Hadrian closed his eyes and moaned at the feel of Tom sucking on his skin, leaving purple bruises in its wake. If he wasn't so aroused he would have been rolling his eyes at Tom's possessive behavior. He was underhandedly proclaiming Hadrian as his to the damn reporter that was coming. As if he had any attachment to her whatsoever. Well, that and the fact Tom just loved to leave those sorts of marks on him constantly, it truly aroused him like nothing else. Just seeing them sent a bolt of arousal through Tom, strong enough to actually affect him through their bond.
"What am I going to do with you?" Hadrian whispered as he looked up at Tom, green eyes gleaming happily.

"I know what I want to do to you," Tom stated, lips teasingly playing along Hadrian's lips before licking his bottom lip, seeking permission, before he moved to the side so that they were face to face instead of Hadrian straining his neck upwards to accommodate them. Both tongues danced an intricate dance, as they sought to take control. Tom's fingers absently massaging Hadrian's neck, working out the kinks that had appeared moments earlier Hadrian humming appreciatively in thanks.

Then, of course, something had to interrupt them.

A ding indicating someone was on the grounds. No doubt the reporter and her cameraman.

Hadrian groaned in silent irritation, Tom hadn't touched him since the attack, well, that was wrongly worded. He hadn't fucked him since the attack. That was two days and three nights since he had woke up that he had gone without. It was the longest he had gone without some action. Honestly, you'd think he'd nearly died or something, he had already healed but Tom was insistent on waiting. Not something he'd ever predicted would happen, emphasis on ever.

"Did you remember the official seal and coat of arms that you had tested at the Ministry of magic?" Tom questioned as he reluctantly pulled away completely. Why now? He thought in annoyance? Why now when there was someone coming did he suddenly wish to keep Hadrian to himself, get him up the stairs and show him who he belonged to? The desire to do just that was strong enough that he had to physically restrain himself by gripping the back of the chair. No, this interview was important. The world had to know that Hadrian wasn't evil or in the league with Grindelwald. Especially when it comes to what would happen in six months time. He knew how fickle the public could be, he didn't want them even thinking for a second Hadrian had done so just to take his place. So this had to be done right and in a way that had the public sympathetic towards them. Which meant going over things that were over with, in the past.

"Yeah, I got them this morning," Hadrian explained, standing up, moving everything out of sight that he did not want to be photographed and locked his drawers as well. "Where do you think would look best?" he added, gazing around the room with a critical eye.

"The fireplace," Tom stated immediately, both sides had lions perched protectively upon the Peverell coat of arms. Much like the posts at the entrance of their home, keeping it secure behind large gates. Not today, the gates were open, allowing the reporter entrance.

"I agree," Hadrian agreed as he looked over the fireplace. They hadn't changed much when he and Tom moved in, not wishing to steal from the original design. So, there was a possibility that the fireplace was, in fact, the original, dating back hundreds of years. One thing he did know was that it was his direct family that had used it before the Peverell name landed itself in obscurity. For the Gaunts would have most definitely used this place if it was legally theirs.

Hadrian, having made his decision, had the chairs moved towards the fireplace. Dimmed the fire a little so that it wasn't quite so hot to sit next to. For however long this interview would last. Absently giving a nod of appreciation and agreement with his own arrangements he felt another ping alerting him to the fact that they were close to the door.

Normally pureblood's had their House-elves answer the doors, it was unfitting of someone's station to answer they believed, but Hadrian wasn't like the others. In fact, Tom and he had gotten into an argument about it, but in the end, Hadrian had won, he refused to back down and use House-elves as tools. He was very capable of answering his own door thank you very much. As he left to
answer the door, Tom just rolled his eyes heavenwards as if asking 'why me' why did he have such a stubborn husband who refused to bow down to his every whim?

But, of course, Tom wouldn't feel the way he did if Hadrian did just concede to his every demand.

Not that Tom paid any mind to such inconsequential thoughts.

The House-elves did indeed prepare a lovely lunch for them all and spread it out on the surface of the table nearest the seats by the fire at Tom's demand. None of the House-elves minded Tom's attitude, for he was not abusive, and they were in as awe of him as they were of Hadrian…well not quite so much, but it was enough to exasperate Tom nonetheless.

They no longer just had three House-elves, due to the expanding of well…everything, they needed more help on their lands. The potion ingredients that were grown, the herbs, the vegetables, the fruits, the plants and grass, the animals, and let's not forget the actual house. Eight House-elves was the total, for now, he suspected that Hadrian would call in more due to the fact he didn't want to 'overwork' the House-elves. Probably before they returned to Hogwarts yet again.

"Welcome to Peverell Manor, the interview will be taking place in the main sitting room, if you'll follow me," Hadrian's voice carried through the hall and into the room.

Tom gave the room a once over before straightening his robes, making sure they were pristine.

"You have a lovely home, Lord Peverell-Slytherin," Marion said reverently, as she tried to look everywhere at once clearly awed by what she was seeing. "Was it difficult to get this place up and running again after it was abandoned so long?" the reporter in her unable to help asking, any and all questions that flowed through her mind.

"Oh, please call me Hadrian, my name is quite a mouthful," Hadrian requested, she had done her homework if she was calling him Lord which pleased him, Abraxas was quite correct, she may just be the best one for this interview. "It was quite rundown, especially the land, the manor was in good shape, all that it required was an intensely good clean. The land itself was in good shape itself really, I was able to rescue many of the flowers and plants that had been planted here when the last of my family took residence here." thanks to his green thumb, the Dursley's had been useful for something after all.

"This is my photographer Jonathan Carrow, but have no worries we will request permission for each picture that's taken," Marion was quick to reassure him.

"This is my husband, Tom, Tom, this is Marion and Jonathan," Hadrian dutifully did what was expected of him, although leaving out their last names weren't done. "I had the House-elves make a lovely lunch for us to enjoy while we have this interview, I don't expect anyone to stand on ceremony, I'd rather not in the comfort of my own home," he revealed, giving a rueful smirk, he noticed Jonathan gave a smirk and side nod of his own, evidently agreeing with Hadrian. "Please, take a seat," he invited them as he took his own seat, knowing they wouldn't sit until the 'Lord' or 'Lords' of the home had claimed their own. Tom, however, was much slower at seating himself down, causing Hadrian to purse his lips a little to stop himself laughing. Tom would never change, and honestly? Hadrian rather hoped he didn't.

Once he and Tom were seated, Marion and Jonathan seated themselves as well, feeling distinctively wrong-footed at being treated as friends, rather than simply doing the interview and leaving. It took Marion quite a few moments to catch up with herself, and before long she began asking small questions as they ate the very delicious food. It was most certainly fresh and newly baked, exquisite to be sure.
There we go! Do you want to see the ‘interview’ in full or will we see the others merely reading the results of said interview in the Daily Prophet? Do you want to see a Flashback to the night of Hadrian's attack from Tom's POV? Then on to the others? perhaps visiting for the first time since the attack? Read and Review, please!
Chapter 75

Lord Of Time

Chapter 75

Avery watched curiously as Dolohov enter the dining hall, a haughty pureblood grace surrounding him, just a step behind his mother. He knew for sure what this was about without his friend even having to say a word. Neither of his parents were surprised to see one of Avery’s friends so early in the morning. It wasn’t the first time and it most assuredly wouldn’t be the last. Sunday was the only day they were allowed a lie in, but they had to be up before afternoon. At Hogwarts though, it was entirely different, they enjoyed having quite a long lie in when they could.

“Would you care for some breakfast?” Lady Avery questioned from where she perched herself lightly at the opposite end of the table from her husband, Lord Avery, who was eating breakfast, impatiently waiting for the newspaper. It was late, and he didn’t do well when things did not go just so. He always read the paper with his breakfast before going to the Ministry. Now he wouldn’t get to read the newspaper until he returned home or bought one during lunch.

“No thank you, ma’am, I just ate,” Dolohov lied, the thought of eating after getting that letter well…it made him feel sick to his stomach. They hadn’t seen either Tom or Hadrian since the attack or rather since they were ‘punished’ unfairly in his mind. He wasn’t a damn babysitter, Peverell could look after himself for Merlin’s sake. Mostly. So why the hell did he need to watch him every minute of the day. It wasn’t their fault the idiot had been attacked, so why had they paid the price? He had not said that to Tom, of course, he wasn’t completely suicidal. Tom had been in one hell of a mood, if any of them thought of saying anything remotely like that they would have been killed on the spot.

“Did you get a letter from Tom?” Dolohov asked, being careful. The lack of noise other than cutlery clinking didn’t bother him, his attention was solely focused on Avery.

“Yes,” Avery said, being proper in front of his parents instead of saying ‘yeah’ and rolling his eyes at Dolohov. Dolohov had been acting like a wounded bear, as if he had been the only one punished. He had deserved it, he’d sworn to shield Hadrian, fight for him, Hadrian’s battles were his battles. He took his oath very seriously. He had come a long way from the early days, he’d realized that Hadrian was worthy of Tom and worthy of his admiration and staunch respect and support. He was going to bring the magical world into a new era. The spells he knew, had created, the books he brought out, the ones he was planning on bringing out. He wasn’t sure whether the hell he got his smarts from. His parents and everyone he knew was in awe of him, and they too, knew Hadrian was going to be renowned. It’s why they all wanted to be friends or acquaintances with him. Not that it worked, Hadrian was very peculiar who he took a shine too. Myrtle was a shining example of that, she was just a scared runt when he began to befriend her. Honestly, he’d been furious and disgusted that Hadrian wanted to associate with her. Yet Hadrian had somehow known she had the potential to be better. Now she was the top of her classes, took shit from nobody, and she gave some bloody awesome gifts.

The only useless one he reckoned was Hagrid he couldn’t help but think derisively. At least Hadrian didn’t go out of his way for the disgusting half-giant. Dolohov was in a similar position than he had been, the quicker he realized they were better for it…the easier it would be for him. Perhaps he should take pity on him and tell him. He hadn’t been part of it from the beginning so…yes, perhaps it would be best. He had gone through some serious pain before sense had been knocked into him.
He obviously couldn’t do it here, not with his parents around.

“Finally!” Lord Avery stated, as he gracefully stood up, making his way towards the window having felt the owl enter his wards. He opened it, gazing into the distance, a nondescript barn owl flapping its way towards the manor. It had a newspaper clutched in its talons, “I have half a mind to complain, this is a disgrace!” he informed his wife seriously, as if it were late by days rather than merely ten to fifteen minutes at the most.

“Quite right, dear,” Lady Avery replied, dabbing her mouth as he stared at her husband back for a few moments before going back to eat seeing he was through complaining for the moment. More than used to her husband’s obsessive-compulsive need to do everything just right.

Aiden ate his food quicker than usual, getting away with it due to his father’s preoccupied state. Ignoring the amused yet stern look his mother was giving him. “Come on then,” he told Dolohov after clearing off his plate and wiping his mouth. “I’m going to Peverell manor, I’ll be home in time for dinner.” he promised his parents, they already knew he was leaving but he always told them again just before he left and when he would be home.

“Dear Lord!” Lord Avery muttered, eyes wide as he almost lost his balance as he walked towards the dining table.

“Be careful,” his mother said, as she always did.

“I will, I promise,” Avery reassured his mother, giving Dolohov a shove in the direction of the living room. Trying to get out hastily before his mother said anything else or embarrassed him.

“Did you know your friend was going to do this?” Avery senior asked his son, both of them very much alike.

“Do what?” Avery paused, craning his neck back to see what had his father up in a tizzy. “What’s going on?” he turned around, leaving Dolohov standing there as he made his way to his father’s side.

On the front clearly blazoned across half the page, were pictures that had been taken of Peverell manor, as well as the pictures of the documents confirming Hadrian’s story. That the sign Grindelwald was using was stolen from the Peverell family.

“He’s gone and accused him of line theft?” Avery choked out, eyes wide, not sure whether to be horrified or amazed by Hadrian’s balls. Why the hell would anyone deliberately wind up Grindelwald? He was quite vicious! His death count…was up in the millions. “Bloody hell, what were they thinking?”

“Wait…what did you say?” Dolohov blurted his eyes larger than a House-elves now. He too stumbled towards Avery, wanting to see with his own eyes. Surely, they had to be mistaken, there was no way Tom would let such a thing happen. It would just paint a target on his back, one he wouldn’t be able to get off, especially if Grindelwald won! Swallowing the bile at the back of his throat, he stared at the newspaper eyes unseen. He could scarcely believe what they’d done. He was tempted to wash his hands of them and just hide himself away until it all blew over.

“He did accuse him of line theft,” Avery pointed out, reading the line.

‘Yes, the Peverell coat of arms was shrouded in mystery, mostly due to the fact everyone thought the line had died out. I was attacked by wizards for merely wearing my own crest. When a wizard cannot do that, then there is something seriously wrong. The Aurors’ themselves thought I had
joined Grindelwald! Which is ludicrous really, I was attacked by him and nearly died,’ the wizard exclaimed, giving us a list of the injuries sustained in both attacks. ‘When I realized what had happened, I knew I would have to set out to rectify this, I will not let Grindelwald commit line theft, and besmirch my name and all my line stands for.’

Avery senior cleared his throat at the list of injuries sustained when he first appeared in Hogsmeade. “How on earth did he survive?” those kinds of injuries should have killed him. He was in a magically induced coma for a long time, too. Considering he had used wish magic…he should have been utterly spent, yet he had the magical reserves to continue fighting for his survival? It was mindboggling, really, he wasn’t a wizard who did not believe in strong wizards either.

“He’s extremely powerful, father, I don’t think there’s a scale that could record just how much magic both he and Tom have.” Aiden admitted, they’d probably break it in all honesty. The Cruciatius Curse he’d been under was the single most painful thing in his life. Both Tom and Hadrian had to be equals since he can’t honestly say Tom’s was more powerful or Hadrian’s was for that matter. Time could play into the matter in having him forget just how painful it was. At least he’d put things right, his sister was due to get married next year after a lengthy courtship. Not many people realized he had an older sister, his parents saw it as an embarrassment to have a daughter before a son and heir.

Avery senior nodded, he was already aware of the influence those two boys had. Aiden had almost cost them everything and the Peverell-Slytherin’s weren’t even out of Hogwarts yet. The best was yet to come where they were concerned. It was why the Malfoy’s were so keen to get him on side. It wasn’t working, them trying though seemed to amuse Mr. Peverell-Slytherin enormously. Aiden had corrected his oversight, by swearing allegiance to the Peverell line. Forever connecting them together, with much tighter bonds than the Malfoy’s could hope to accomplish. He still didn’t know what exactly had happened, nobody would speak of it, whether they just didn’t want to reveal it, or couldn’t well he just didn’t know.

Aiden read the pages, the damn interview was four pages long. He wasn’t surprised Hadrian had managed to insult Grindelwald over a dozen times either.

‘The belief that wizards are superior to Muggles is laughable, we can see the damage they’re doing to their own world right now…can you imagine what they will be able to do in a centuries time? We’ve got a nation dropping bombs, wizards and Muggles alike dying…two tyrants trying to take over the world at very nearly the same time…one a Muggle one a wizard and both their times will come’

‘It sounds to me like you’re deliberately goading a very powerful wizard, Hadrian,’

‘Grindelwald is powerful yes, just like Dumbledore was, just like I am, just like Tom is, everyone with a wand has the capacity to be’ Hadrian explained simply. ‘Grindelwald only seems so undefeatable because of his fanatical followers. They are the ones doing most of the work for him. Without all his followers he will be just but one man.’

‘I see you haven’t denied my inference for deliberately goading him,’

‘I wouldn’t say deliberately goading him, let me ask you this, are you proud of your lineage?’

‘Yes, very much so.’

‘Exactly, I am too, I just want my name to be remembered, like everyone. I’ve written books, created spells, invented potions, and I am still in Hogwarts, still a student. I have an apprenticeship within St. Mungo’s…now I found out my name is being tarnished, it’s not something I wish to
tolerate. It isn’t just my reputation on the line here if it continues, Tom’s would be too’ Hadrian explained all too honestly. ‘We have ambitions…life goals, having this come out then could have been detrimental to both of our careers. I won’t let a dreamer like Grindelwald to destroy that’

Aiden winced, Hadrian was blatantly calling Grindelwald a dreamer. Damn, he was definitely goading him despite his words he realized. Honestly, Hadrian had more guts than self-preservation he reckoned.

“That boy is going to get himself killed,” Avery senior stated in a clipped manner. Upon reading the next statement. The worst thing was, having read the book, he knew the bloody blighter was right.

‘It’s like watching a toddler throw a temper tantrum when he didn’t get what he wanted’ Hadrian replied. ‘He’s missing common sense, there are billions of Muggles in the planet, what does he intend to do? Put them all under the Imperius curse because they didn’t bow down to him? or kill everyone off? Until what? We’ve interbred so much that witches can no longer get pregnant and human life ceases to exist?’

“You are going to be late for work,” Lady Avery informed her husband with no small amount of amusement.

“Blast it!” Avery senior cursed, “I assume you’d like to read it my dear?”

“Of course,” she replied, she would be Floo called all day, the gossip would be quite spectacular considering everyone’s reactions thus far. Her husband never stood up to read the newspaper and never once forgot the time.

“Then I will buy another copy on my way to work,” Avery senior declared, handing over the paper reluctantly, he wished to remain and continue reading the intriguing interview. He had a way with words, and most definitely didn’t sound the same age as his son. Giving his wife a kiss on the cheek, “I’ll see you both later, and it was nice to see you Dolohov,” he added, saying it as it was expected rather than with any feeling.

“Thank you, Sir, have a good day,” Dolohov replied, as if reciting from a book. He knew how to act, especially around his friend’s parents. Anything less than that his parents would ground him and force him to take etiquette lessons again. Not something he was going to endure, no sir. It was the most awful thing in existence and he still held his parents personally responsible for the horror of it.

“We’re going now!” Avery explained, quite eager to find out what exactly Hadrian was planning. Or rather what both Tom and Hadrian were planning, since obviously something was up.

Dolohov scowled as he stared at the fireplace, his reluctance to go was so tangible that Avery had to stop himself snorting.

“Come on,” Avery sighed, grasping a handful of the Floo-powder from the fine china bowl at the side of the fireplace. “Honestly, it’s over and done with, it’s not like it’s going to happen again.” once again refraining from rolling his eyes at the wizard. It made him wonder embarrassingly enough, if he had been that way himself. Nudging him into the fireplace, which easily housed both of them.

Calling out the name of Peverell manor, which only worked when the network was open, but Hadrian and Tom always had it closed. Which meant they could get Floo calls, but anyone trying to Floo in was met with a headache and lurched back into their own home. Oh, add a sore back to the
“Morning,” Aiden called out as soon as they stabilized themselves, noticing that Hadrian was watching them closely. It was almost as though he was making sure they were alright. “How are you feeling?” he asked Hadrian, he looked much better than the last time Aiden had seen him.

“I’m fine,” Hadrian reassured him, opening his mouth to ask how he was before closing it with a snap. Perhaps it was best if he didn’t ask. He could do without Tom pouting all day, well, his version of a pout anyway. “Hungry?” he asked them both, as he ate the rest of his breakfast. Tom was unsurprisingly already having eaten quickly, in order to read the newspaper.

Avery shook his head, “Just ate,” he informed him. Tom seemed in a much better mood today, which boded well for all of them. In fact, if he didn’t know better he would say he was in one of the best moods he’d seen. If that were the case…he couldn’t help but ponder on why he was in such a good mood. He didn’t ask though. Avery moved over to the couch and plonked himself down, absently picking up the newest publication of Potions Weekly.

Avery got himself lost in it, while he waited, barely noticing the others coming, at least not until Orion plonked himself down next to him.

All conversation cut off when Tom cleared his throat, his chair scraping out as he observed them all.

Like a king staring down his subjects Hadrian thought with some amusement. Fourteen-year-old him would have been horrified, disgusted, but he wasn’t that naïve little boy anymore. Those watching Tom right back, should probably be thanking him on bended knee. If he wasn’t there and Tom went down his path…it would have been a painfully long pitiful one. For most of them, since he knew not every single supporter Tom had right now became Death Eaters. Orion and Walburga Black were definitely not Death Eaters, but if Sirius was to be believed, they had believed in his goals. The only Black Death Eater had been Regulus.

“During Christmas break Hadrian and I will be going to France,” Tom spoke, his usual charm on full force. “During that time, everyone will be under the impression that Hadrian is there for the sole reason of signing copies of his books. Doing a book tour,” an unimpressed sneer on his face. Not at the thought of it, well not fully, but at the thought of Hadrian needing such a thing to sell books.

Everyone’s eyebrow arched in synchronisation, staring intently, wondering where this was going.

“What is really going to happen will be the end of Grindelwald’s reign.” Tom stated sharply, looking each of them in the eye. Showing each and every single one of them that he was very serious about the matter.

Orion Black retained eye contact, quite confidently. Dolohov glanced away quickly but the rest of him screamed surety in his own skin and abilities. Avery listened intently, wanting to know everything, he knew there was a reason this was being revealed. It was quite a simple logic that told him that Tom would need them. Nott was the one who didn’t give anything away, his eyes carefully blank. Lestranghe though looked positively gleeful, like Avery he suspected what was to come.

“These aren’t students you’ll be shaking down,” Hadrian stated sharply, seeing Lestranghe’s visible excitement. “It’s dark wizards, ones who wouldn’t think badly for a second in taking down students who aren’t even out of school yet. Overconfidence will get you killed if you do not reign yourself in. It would end most of your lines, seen as you’re the only male heir!” hitting them where
he knew it would hurt. Orion was the only one who had a brother, a younger brother who could take on the mantle of Lord Black if anything happened. Not that he’d let it, after all, Orion was Sirius’ father.

That certainly sobered them up.

“I am not just taking anyone, I only want the best of the best to come with us,” Tom continued, silently agreeing with Hadrian on his words to them. “We will be training those who wish to come, in the end, come Christmas I will reveal who is accompanying us.”

“If anyone tries to sabotage the others... they are automatically disqualified, this isn’t the time for personal gain through sneakiness.” Hadrian added, addressing them all. Giving them a knowing look. He didn’t need to read their thoughts to know that this would be a road they wanted to go down. Trying to sabotage each other in order to step up the ranks. “Just because you aren’t picked we won’t think any less, we just need to know those who come will come home alive and well at the end of the day. You’ll still be one of us.” Dumbledore had said they were the weak seeking protection, the greedy wanting shared power and to cause damage and pain to others. Not in those words admittedly, but Hadrian had believed it. Looking around the room, Hadrian realized, it wasn’t quite true, none of these people were weak, they had their own power and were being cunning enough to realise that Tom was going places in future and wanted to be part of it. They wanted to be part of something greater than just being a Lord and starting a family when the time came. They were dying to be accepted, to be better than the rest of Hogwarts. With most of them not having siblings, the only bonds they had were to each other.

Tom watched the effect those words had on the others, watching as they unconsciously relaxed despite the challenge presented before them. They might not show much in the way of emotion. Which made it difficult for him to read them, difficult yes, but not impossible. In Hogwarts it was more difficult, they had their masks up fully, but here? Here they let their guards down a little. Less so today, probably due to his... actions the last time they had been in his presence. Perhaps they would be able to pull off the impossible and have the others trained in the way they needed them by Christmas. Observing them again, finding it all very interesting, very interesting he would allow Hadrian to have his way. If it didn’t work, he knew he’d be able to put the fear of Merlin into them.

“It won’t be easy to just leave the country...” Avery pointed out pensively, giving a concern many of them would face. “Even if it’s only to France. With the war and everything, our parents would need more than just a couple of days warning to warm to the idea.” by warm to the idea relentless begging they’d need to do in order to accomplish their goals. He knew his father would agree, but his mother was a tad bit overprotective. It would take him weeks maybe months of badgering to get her to agree. His father wouldn’t disagree either, he’d go along with her desires.

“True,” Hadrian conceded thoughtfully, “I suppose all of them actually coming to France isn’t a bad idea, but not to the battle.” that unfortunately, would be difficult to ensure that those who weren’t to come didn’t sneak by with them. It was the sort of thing he would do. Thus, he wouldn’t put it past the others to do the same thing. “Give credence to ‘wrong place wrong time’ sort of thing, after all everyone didn’t always agree to something so the others keeping back would aid them.

Tom snorted, surprising even himself when the noise left his throat.

Hadrian smirked, having no doubt that they were having similar thoughts, they were alike he and Tom.

“Are you sure it will be required?” Tom asked grudgingly, his focus solely on Hadrian.
Hadrian sobered, “I’m pretty sure that most parents don’t let their kids leave the country at the last minute saying yes, even more so during a war. Even if it’s going to be to a property of ours when we look through some of the places available on the market.” he had already told Tom last night that the best time to buy properties was during turbulent times, so he had every intention of getting as many properties as he could. Most would be used as an income, renting it out to anyone who wanted it. Others though, would be kept solely for him and Tom, or any of their friends if they wished. France though would be where they began.

Tom barely refrained from rolling his eyes, honestly, parents were more annoying than they were worth. Regretfully until they were out of Hogwarts, he had to be aware of their limitations. Which of course, meant considering their parents, a resigned sigh passed his lips. “Very well,” he had to admit though, if only to himself and Hadrian, it wasn’t the worst plan in the world.

“Is there a specific number of people you want to accompany you?” Dolohov asked astutely.

“What do you think, Tom, ten people in total?” Hadrian mused at the same time as Dolohov spoke.

“Perhaps,” Tom agreed thoughtfully, “I’ll speak to a few others when we return, only then will I give an accurate answer.”

“Then I should hold off on buying any property until we know,” Hadrian pointed out, “Which leaves us with less time than I’m comfortable with to get a property, but there’s not much we can actually do about it.” He conceded.

“How many of us do you have in mind?” Dolohov asked yet again, irritation brewing within him at being ignored. “For fighting,” he clarified, completely forgetting that his first question had been answered before his question had been fully out.

“At least five,” Tom’s tone held a thinly veiled warning.

Tom glanced at the newspaper with a smug smirk. The table had been wiped clean by the House-Elves.

“You accused him of line theft?” Avery choked out, eyes wide, not sure whether to be horrified or amazed by Hadrian’s balls. Finally, finally able to get the words out he’d been choking on since he Floo called over. Seeing the glance at the paper, gave him the opening to discuss it. Why the hell would anyone deliberately wind up Grindelwald? He was quite vicious! His death count…was up in the millions. “Bloody hell, that’s a way to get him to come to you.” assuming they were setting all this up to get rid of him.

“That’s not why I’m doing it,” Hadrian frowned, his tone grim, “I was attacked for wearing my own damn coat of arms, for Merlin’s sake. I will not allow it to happen again. The newspaper has been distributed across the globe in over a hundred different languages to ensure it gets to all the corners of the world.” He couldn’t tell them that Dumbledore was in Azkaban and he was the one to previous defeat Grindelwald now could he? Or that he was taking care of Grindelwald to save lives AND ensure both he and Tom got the public/wizarding world under their thumbs, looking at them with rose tinted glasses.

“Remind me again…never to piss you off,” Nott said in awe of Hadrian’s daring. They’d seen it, quite often actually, but damn, this was…this was a whole other game. Incurring the wrath of Grindelwald. A guy who was kicked out of Durmstrang Institute for using Dark Magic, a school famous for its tolerance for it. He must have terrified the professors to have them kicking him out. Imagining the kind of wrath, he was capable of actually made him feel very afraid.
“That was the reason you were attacked by those bloody guys?” Orion blurted out, “I had been wondering,” he admitted shaking his head ruefully. It wasn’t in the newspapers, well, the reason why hadn’t been until today apparently.

How did you feel regarding the most recent attack upon your person?

‘At the time, deeply confused, to me they weren’t making any sense. They were just talking about making me pay. There was no talking to them, I couldn’t get a word in edgewise when they began to curse and hex me.’ Hadrian revealed his brow burrowed. ‘That many against me, I was honestly surprised I could keep up with them, but I managed but not without further injury.’

“How did you feel regarding the most recent attack upon your person?"

“Has Abraxas been able to find out what’s going on at the Ministry?” Aiden asked, knowing that Hadrian and Tom would know if there was more information to be had.

“They’re remanded in custody until their hearing, their lawyer made sure it was the Ministry and not Azkaban, citing that it might take months until they got a court date and they were ‘vulnerable’ right now.” Hadrian said, a scowl on his face, eyes gleaming darkly. He wasn’t best pleased, but considering all potential results, at least they were still behind bars. If he had his way, they would remain so for at least a few years. Let them think on that before they went around attacking people for nothing. The fact all the purebloods were rallying behind him was making him feel…a kindred spirit, a belonging, one he hadn’t experienced before, especially when compared to how Dumbledore was during the summer before his fifth year.

“Abraxas reassures me that they will get at least two years,” Tom informed them, “He has been looking through recent cases, and that seems to be the general consensus from the council and wizengamot.”

“The council of magic and the wizengamot work together?” Hadrian leaned over to whisper the words to Tom, his brow furrowed.

Tom blinked at the question, glancing briefly at Hadrian, seeing the confusion. “In terms of hierarchy the council of magical law is inferior to the wizengamot. The wizengamot is the High Court. The magical law trials are extremely short by comparison, the accused is only allowed to give their own testimony before a panel of judges who then pronounce judgement.”

“Maybe I shouldn’t have given that book a miss,” Hadrian winced at his ignorance. His magic shimmering around him, cloaking both of them in silence as he stated indignantly. “I thought the wizengamot was all there was to it. I was tried by a full body of wizengamot members for underage magic! Before my fifth year at Hogwarts!” he’d had no idea, they were the equivalent of the damn High Court!

Tom nodded, “I am fully aware of that,” it had surprised him seeing them all there for a simple trial for underage magic. It had been a stitch up from the get go, there was little doubt about it. That’s without the whole ‘Umbridge’ thing being called into question. “I still have a copy of the book, you can read it tonight.” knowing Hadrian had finished one of his books last night he’d probably dive right into it. Hadrian hated having to ask for clarification on anything. Which was why he had been so surprised by the question moments ago.

“Thanks,” Hadrian murmured the spell shattering into a thousand pieces at Hadrian’s own willpower.

“I still can’t believe you goaded Grindelwald,” Avery admitted, shaking his head, all of them seemed to be reeling from the days interview.
“How did your parents react?” Hadrian asked wishing for a honest reply.

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There we go! Most of you wished that the entire interview wasn't displayed so that's what I went with! :) If there is anything else you want discussed or anything like that...now would be the best time to suggest it :) since the next chapter will probably be the last chance I have to do it realistically anyway :) Will the boys all keep copies of the interview? somewhere down the line finding them stored under their bed ;) hehe will we see the results of Grindelwald's anger towards the interview or will we see his actual anger? Dumbledore's as he reads it from prison? Will the Ministry be trying to negotiating letting Dumbledore out early due to the fact he may be the only one powerful enough to take him out? Will Dumbledore request too much and ultimately be told to screw it? Before or after Hadrian takes care of him? Read and Review please!
Chapter 76

Lord Of Time

Chapter 76

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One Month Later

As soon as he got home, Tom kicked off his shoes and socks, sighing in relief as he stretched out. They had been training at Orion's today. Each Pure-blood had so many wards upon their properties that accidental magic was never registered. It enabled them to be trained for this upcoming fight, and a hell of a fight it would be. Tom was teaching them ruthlessly and without mercy. Grindelwald's fanatics would duel them viciously with intent to win, they wouldn't care that they were still students. So Tom would ensure they could fight back against all and anything the fanatics sent their way. Hadrian hadn't been there today, he'd been busy at St. Mungo's.

He found a plate of food on the table, still warm from the charm cast on it to keep it that way. The wards told him that Hadrian was in their bedroom, probably already conked out.

Yesterday he had been training the others, then with him, then he'd been up at six am to get ready for his shift. No doubt he was exhausted, but they had to do it, it was imperative to get everyone trained up. Especially those he actually trusted the most – as much as he trusted any of them really – he wanted them with him to guard his back. Claiming his seat, he ate the food in front of him with relish, it was definitely a meal Hadrian had made on his own. He knew Hadrian's home-cooked food from taste alone. The House-elves actually learned from Hadrian, his preferred meals, but they never tasted exactly the same. A lot of the dinners were pasta or rice based, with plenty of meat and chicken. They were always delicious, but after living off of the food in the Orphanage, anything was better than that swill.

Thinking on the duels today, Orion was definitely one of the best fighters of the group. He knew some serious spells that impressed him. Given he was the Black heir and he had a hell of a library he wasn't surprised. He would admit only to himself, that he sort of wished he could have delved into the Black library instead of duelling. Hell, Orion had given him permission to come over when he wanted to, in order to read what he liked, but the books never got taken out the library, he was firm on that even if there was worry in his eyes at stating such. Elaborating that they actually couldn't be taken out by anyone other than his parents or siblings. Tom actually wanted to test that theory, if anyone knew though, it would be Hadrian, but considering he did have Black blood in him...he might be able to take them out.

Avery was second best, since he wasn't including Abraxas, since he was not a student, but well trained in any situation. His father had ensured that his son could defend himself after he graduated Hogwarts. Hiring on the best of tutors, thus Abraxas was not only training with him but helping him train the others, especially when Hadrian wasn't there. Having finished his meal, Tom banished the plate to the sink without conscious thought. It was only seven o'clock, but he was tired and made the decision to join Hadrian in bed.

He wanted to finish reading his book anyway, which only had five chapters left.

Removing his cloak, he threw it on the couch before ambling up the stairs, making his way straight to their shared bedroom. Glancing immediately over at the bed, finding Hadrian asleep under the
sheets, the duvet folded up at the bottom. Slowly and silently, Tom made his way into their en-suite and stripped down, gratefully removing the sweat soaked clothes he'd been wearing all day, shoving them into the laundry shoot – the House-elves would take care of them – and put the shower on and stepped into it. The warm spray getting rid of the sweat clinging to his body, washing away the only evidence of the hard work he'd done.

Briskly and efficiently, he soaped himself up, before stepping back under the spray, groaning and stretching out his aching muscles. His hair was washed next, and as soon as the water run clear of suds he stepped out, turning it off, wrapping a white towel around his waist. Using a smaller one to dry off his chest, face and hair until it was merely damp. Like Hadrian, Tom preferred not to use the drying charm, especially not on his hair, which became untameable with its usage.

Throwing the now wet towel in the laundry shoot, he stepped out, his feet padding lightly as he sat on the bed. The covers had been thrown slightly as Hadrian moved in his sleep. Revealing the thin, barely there, but visible, especially to him, scar that those bastards had given him. He clenched his teeth together, just thinking of what could have happened to him, it caused an untamed rage inside of him to expand dangerously.

He'd do anything to protect Hadrian, he'd never hesitate to kill anyone to try to hurt him. Truthfully, Hadrian was the only thing that mattered to him. The only one to ever get through his impenetrable walls and make him care. To begin with he had been cautious of someone so powerful, seeing a potential enemy. It hadn't lasted long, his fascination had overrode his caution and common sense. He was grateful for it, because he had the one person in the world who knew him, what he was, who he was, what he wanted to do and he was still there. Had stood with him as he committed murder without caring. Had known he needed to do it. The Riddles had died and he did not regret it.

He'd never desired anyone, always wanted to be alone, relationships had been weaknesses in his eyes, just someone to hold over another person. Easier to get another to do his bidding, fear for their loved ones forcing their hands. He'd been so wrong, tying yourself to another didn't weigh you down, it raised you up.

He did wish he could make those bastards pay for what they did to Hadrian, Tom mused, as he absently trailed down the small mark that marred Hadrian's perfect skin. It would disappear completely after a few more uses of that salve he'd created and would market it after he finished with St. Mungo's. Those 'bastards' were unfortunately out of his reach for five years. They'd been given a really tough sentencing for attacking Hadrian. Their power and popularity within the Pure-blood circles enabling them to receive proper justice. Part of Tom hated the fact he'd have to wait so long to get his hands on them. Oh, he was going to torture them, slowly, intimately, in every way he knew how. He'd be smart though, he wasn't going to risk everything he was building just to get back at them. After all, in five years time their plans should be moving along smoothly.

Hadrian murmured under his breath, before his beautiful green eyes opened, gazing at Tom fondly his eyes sharpening as sleep left him. "Hey," he said, tiredness coating his voice, stretching out, a little yawn leaving his mouth.

"Hi," Tom replied sliding closer to Hadrian, pressing against him. Nothing, absolutely nothing would ever beat this closeness they shared. "How was it today?"

"Much busier," Hadrian said, green eyes gleaming with vicious satisfaction.

"What happened?" Tom asked, genuinely curious now, he could see Hadrian had done something, perhaps saved someone's life? He didn't think so though, that sort of feral satisfaction he was exuding was more vindictive really than happy that he'd saved someone's life.
"A woman came in, she had two breaks in her right arm, three broken ribs," Hadrian said, his teeth bared in disgust. "You could tell by the way she was walking she had hurt her right leg as well. She tried to tell us she fell down the stairs, the damn healer believed her without a second thought. Fucking idiot that he was. She'd sustained that attack by a vicious beating, she'd obviously curled up in order to protect herself hence the reasons the wounds were only on the right side of her body."

Tom listened to Hadrian, waiting patiently to hear what had happened.

"As soon as the stupid healer was gone, I began to question her, she was absolutely terrified of being found out. There was only one reason that would be, it was either her family or husband that did it, maybe both who knew? I made sure to find out that her husband was a wizard...and he was. It was definitely him she was afraid of, she didn't mind when I asked if I should contact her parents...but mentioning her husband...I couldn't let her go without something to protect herself." Hadrian explained, anger still visible through the bond.

"How did you do that?" Tom asked, as far as he knew there was nothing that could stop any physical assaults, magic protected against magic, not fists or feet.

"The healer handed over a potion but was called away to a more 'urgent' case," Harry grimaced in disgust, it was little wonder they needed more help, they were overworked, but healers shouldn't overlook shit like that in his book. Even if it meant others having to wait just a few more minutes. "I got everything she really needed and helped her, I was right about the bruises, in the end I got it out of her that her husband was furious she wasn't pregnant yet. She'd been taking potions on the sly so she didn't end up pregnant with the abusive fucker."

Tom nodded absently as his fingers trailed over Hadrian's body, the touch sensual but not too sexual. He could understand her desire to not produce offspring with a disgusting wizard like that. By understand, he didn't mean emotionally, just the concept of the idea. He honestly couldn't care less about a nameless witch, but Hadrian found some sort of happiness helping others then so be it.

"I put a permanent charm on her that would prevent it, less chance of her getting caught. Told her she'd need to find me if she ever wanted it off." Harry revealed, "Also added a retribution/Karmatic spell on her, keyed specifically for her husband. The next time the fucker puts a hand on her...he'll regret it." satisfaction pouring from him in droves, as he wore a proud and smug look on his face. Being married had its advantages, some anyway, his magic was inside her, enough so he could twist the spell to him to ensure it worked without even meeting the bastard.

"That's interesting," Tom admitted, eyes gleaming at the thought of the spell. He couldn't wait to see what the future was going to look like, what spells and charms would be out in sixty years that would allow these sort of things freely available. "Tell me more about the spell," he demanded, "When and were was it created?"

"Today, I twisted the retribution spell into something more," Hadrian revealed smugly, "It took a lot out of me to twist it specifically to the husband's magic though."

"You'll need to show me what you did," Tom said reverently, creating new magic from old spells was fascinating. He hadn't contemplated the idea, not when he was creating his own spells. He would have to remember that, although lately he hadn't been creating many spells, too busy training the others.

"I wrote it down in my book," Hadrian shrugged, it was always easier to read the results than explain how they did it, "You can read it for yourself." the one book where he wouldn't be publishing the contents of. Not all of them were light orientated, or really suitable to be published.
Wizards kept spells in the family all the time, never publishing them, despite many people trying to pay them off for an absurd amount of money. He and Tom both had one, both kept secure for obvious reasons. They didn't trust anyone else with them.

Tom made a noise of agreement as his fingers trailed reverently up Hadrian's body, his fingers twisting at the nipples on delicious view all for him.

"How did it go today?" Hadrian asked, as he bit his lip arching up against the tugging. "Did they finally get the spell down?" it was hard to believe that they couldn't use the Imperius curse or the Killing Curse. Cruciatius curse they had down to a fine art. He supposed they were called the dark arts for a reason, in fact the magical world considered them the most sinister of spells – The Unforgivables – known to Wizardkind. Personally, Harry didn't agree, there were darker spells that left you dying in excruciating agony. The killing curse could be used for good, to end someone's suffering, to defend yourself. Yet simply using the spell on another human equated you to a life sentence in Azkaban.

"They did," Tom stated, he'd been very unhappy yesterday with their inability to cast two simple spells. His fingers just brushing against Hadrian now, as they got into another serious discussion.

"That's good and all, but you do realise they can't use them in this fight? Teaching them, using them...it might result in them accidentally using them in a fight to save themselves automatically and that will just lead them to a life sentence in Azkaban. I still reckon you shouldn't have taught them it, at least not until later when they're more used to fighting with spells they decide as their own." everyone had their favourite spells, everyone knew his had been the disarming charm. "The fight is going to happen to suddenly, too quickly well for the most part, and with too many people around for us to say all the dark spells were cast from Grindelwald's supporters."

Him using the disarming charm when he was fleeing the Dursley's had made them realize out of all the seven Doppelgänger Harry Potter's they had, that he was the right one, the real one. In future, it would need to be something they kept an eye on, especially if they didn't want caught. Unsurprisingly, it wasn't something he actually wanted. It could potentially lead back to Tom, and that was unacceptable.

Tom frowned thoughtfully, as he mulled over Hadrian's words, quite often he discarded Hadrian's suggestions. However, there were times when he was unusually serious like now, and his advice was always worth contemplating. He knew it was good advice, but he didn't want the others left vulnerable because they couldn't cast the correct spells.

"Then what would you suggest?" Tom asked after a few moments of silence.

"Easy, non-verbal, Wandless spells," Hadrian stated firmly.

"You say that as if it's easy," Tom said dryly, and it wasn't, well, for them it was, easy as breathing as a matter of fact. Not so easy for others, and trying to teach them non-verbal, Wandless magic wouldn't be easy, perhaps not even possible. They were powerful in their own right, but nowhere near his or Hadrian's capabilities.

Hadrian grinned in amusement, "Well considering I have infinitely much more patience than you, perhaps it should be left up to me?" half serious, half joking.

Tom didn't even pretend to be offended or deny that it was true. He was very impatient, he demanded perfection, and if that perfection didn't happen when he wanted it he got angry easily. Not that Hadrian was a saint, he got pissed off, it just took a hell of a lot more to annoy him. If anything seeing people trying to wind him up actually amused him to no end. "Are you going in tomorrow?" Tom asked, referring to his schedule at St. Mungo's. It wasn't always the same days,
the schedule changed each week.

"No, I'm free for two days," Hadrian explained, shifting closer to Tom, the heat from the shower still evident in the warmth of Tom's skin. "I'll see what I've got to work with." Tom chuckled in amusement, the sound of it vibrating through his chest.

"Do you know if Abraxas is capable of Wandless magic?" Hadrian pondered curiously, he knew he could do non-verbal spells, it was something taught at Hogwarts after all.

"Yes, now can we stop talking about them while we are in bed?" Tom groused almost sounding petulant.

Hadrian burst out laughing, turning over his chin resting on Tom's chest, as he stared up at him. His green eyes filled with fondness, shaking his head a little, wondering what he was going to do with him. He had started the conversation after all, but judging by the touches Tom's attention definitely wanted to be elsewhere tonight.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm not sure if I'm up for it," Hadrian teased.

"I'd believe that, if there wasn't a part of your anatomy pressed so ardently against me," Tom whispered seductively, black eyes gleaming with carnal desire. Just seeing Hadrian was enough to light a fire under him, the more vindictive he was the greater it became. That side of Hadrian never made an appearance often, so he made sure to cherish each moment, imprint it within his mind for later perusal. Just thinking of it had made him harder, grasping Hadrian's hands he pressed them up against the pillows as he pressed himself on top of Hadrian, tearing a delighted gasp and a moan from both of them. He'd never get used to the intense feeling that washed over him at having Hadrian at his mercy, knowing he was causing this desire. To see him come undone under him, or on top of him he thought with a muffled groan slipping past his lips. Bad idea to think on those things.

Hadrian just smothered his amusement, smirking at Tom, knowing exactly what he was thinking and feeling. So without more ado, Hadrian arched up, drawing a curse from Tom, his retaliation was to bite his shoulder. Hadrian hissed at the throb and burn, before bearing down on Tom's nipple, not enough to truly hurt, but enough to get him back for that bite.

Their lovemaking that night was passionate, possessive, ardent and both arousing and slightly painful. The third time had both of them beyond exhausted sleep claimed them very easily before ten that night.

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The Next Morning

Hadrian stumbled out of bed, groaning in discomfort at the light trying to burn out his retinas. Bloody Merlin, what the hell had they been thinking? He thought, as he limped to the bathroom, his ass ached, he was so going to kill Tom for this. A grin – belayed that thought – made it's way onto his face despite his obvious discomfort, thinking or not, last night had been incredible.

Although his body didn't quite agree with that yet, it was covered in bites, scratches and his neck was covered in little bruises where Tom had given him hicky's he realized upon seeing himself in the mirror in the bathroom. He'd given just as much as he received though, they didn't normally play quite so rough, but it had been so good, they definitely needed to do it again.

Stepping into the cubicle, he turned on the shower, which was warm immediately, his wound muscles slowly began to unwind. Closing his eyes, Harry faced upwards, letting the water rush
down against his face, moving his head from side to side getting out the kinks. This new body wasn't as worn down as his old one had been. Even at twenty-one he'd been in constant pain, nothing he couldn't handle of course, but yes, he'd been persistent pain. The lack of food, the spells he'd been hit with, the unhealed hurts, the malnutrition, it all amounted to one fucked up body. One that no longer existed and wasn't a problem.

"What are you thinking?" Tom asked, standing in the doorway, eyeing Hadrian with intensity that would have surprised anyone other than the wizard he was gazing at. He'd been quietly relishing the rush through the bond, that was until they took an unpleasant turn.

Hadrian turned to face his husband, shaking his head his lips twitched showing his amusement, "It's nothing, it doesn't matter any more" and that was true.

Tom hummed, deciding to let it be, if it had been worth sharing, Hadrian would have done so. He already had a mental list of people he had to deal with in future...way in the future. He didn't like knowing he was having to wait for his revenge – sixty years as a matter of fact – on those who hurt his husband. Yet that wasn't what irked him the most, they wouldn't know why he was doing it.

"I told the others that training would take place here today," Tom informed him, letting him know they'd have company soon. When he told the others, he meant demanded of course.

Hadrian grimaced, remembering his promises last night, he'd been slightly distracted what could he say?

Tom chuckled in devious amusement before he turned and left, giving Hadrian a delicious view of his backside.

After showering thoroughly, Hadrian already dried wandered into the bedroom, "Tell me again why I agreed to help?"

"You're less liable to kill them?" Tom stated the obvious, as he finished getting dressed, leaving the door open for Hadrian to help himself, "You also don't like when I torture them, which is ironic, considering you've tortured Avery far greater than I ever did." admittedly that was only because he hadn't known you could use the Crucius Curse within Hogwarts and get away with it. Even after the latest debacle with those foreign wizards he hadn't tortured Avery as much as Hadrian did that day the idiot had tried to kill him using a snake of all things.

"And what...you weren't tempted to kill him?" Hadrian asked, snorting in bemusement as he too got dressed.

"I didn't say that," Tom replied, he had been tempted to kill him, and if they hadn't been in Hogwarts he would have done just that. Instead he had been treated to a delectable sight of Hadrian in all his vengeful fury.

"Get your head out of the gutter," Hadrian laughed, shaking his head, nudging him for effect.

"When are the others coming? Same time as usual?"

"Yes," Tom replied, ten o'clock, enough time for breakfast, a little bit of a lie in and then training begun.

"Then we have an hour to have breakfast," Hadrian relaxed a little, enough time for it to actually get into his stomach before he begun the hassle of trying to train them Non-verbal and Wandless magic. Not his idea of fun, nor would they consider it a good time. It wasn't going to be easy, and he'd be very surprised if anyone managed it for months yet. There was a reason Wandless classes
at Hogwarts were so small in terms of people. Not many took the classes, and for good reason. It was a long arduous process with only a few people able to do more than a very simple spell.

What he was asking of them was even more difficult, not just Wandless magic, but non-verbal to top it off.

He would need to figure how best to teach them as individuals not as a group. Everyone had different ways of achieving their goals.

"Come on, lets get this show on the road," Hadrian said determinedly, wandering out of his bedroom, the smell of breakfast already wafting up the stairs, beckoning them down. Within twenty minutes they had polished off their plates, a full English breakfast was exactly what they needed to do to start the day.

Forty minutes later, the first of their friends began to emerge from the fireplace. Abraxas was unsurprisingly the first to appear, he was the most prompt of them all. It helped that he didn't need to endure any worry from his parents before they finally let him leave.

"How are you enjoying your apprenticeship?" Abraxas asked, grey eyes gleaming.

"Enjoyable," Hadrian admitted, his relationship with Abraxas had settled somewhat, mostly due to the fact Abraxas didn't end up annoying the hell out of him. That and the fact he probably didn't want to get on Tom's bad side. Abraxas as Draco's double, it was uncanny really. Even Lucius wasn't quite a double of Abraxas, the hair and eyes and stature as well as the aristocratic features. "It's quite an achievement," he was the youngest there, but that wasn't why he was doing it.

"Mail for Master Hadrian," Dobby said handing over Hadrian's mail, a little shy due to the fact Abraxas was there and wary too. He immediately popped towards Tom and silently handed over Tom's mail before he was gone.

Abraxas glanced speculatively at Hadrian, "Is it something you want to do after leaving Hogwarts?" genuinely curious. Being a healer didn't pay well, nor did it offer much in the way of promotions, it was a dead end job, menial labour.

"Not at St. Mungo's," Hadrian said, lips twisting, "Without Healers and Potion Masters we wouldn't have the lives we do. They deserve our respect, and more importantly they should be paid more and their discoveries and inventions should be their own." Abraxas especially, he died in the care of the healers, at home admittedly, but he still died with a healer by his side. Dying excruciatingly of Dragon Pox, in a time where there were no cure or potions to aide him losing his magic at the same time. Just thinking of it made him shudder.

Abraxas just waved his hand, dismissing Hadrian's words.

"How are you with Wandless magic?" Hadrian asked, Abraxas would learn he was right one day, for now it was time to concentrate on more important matters. Sitting with his mail still in his hand, he opened the first letter and read it in titbits to see if it was important or interesting. Humming in interest, he set it aside, glancing at Abraxas expectantly.

"I've never taken the class, I have no interest in such a useless endeavour." Abraxas explained, pondering on why Hadrian would even ask. He was distracted by Avery and Orion stepping through the fireplace.

"This is...fascinating," Hadrian blinked at the missive.

"What is?" Tom asked, moving closer, reading the letter over Hadrian's shoulder, sensing his
genuine fascination with whatever he just felt.

"Did you know the Greengrass' have a genetic blood disease?" Hadrian queried.

"Yes," Abraxas told them, "It makes getting them a bride very difficult, nobody wants to marry their child off to someone who won't live past thirty. The only upside they have working for them is the fact they're in the sacred twenty-five. Graham Greengrass is very sick right now, he hasn't even turned twenty yet." too sick to even marry someone.

Hadrian frowned thoughtfully, Lord Greengrass who was frail, weak and only forty was asking for his help. He had two sons, one was very sick and liable to die before him, something Lord Greengrass is begging him to prevent. Apparently his published work had convinced the Lord that he could help him. He wasn't actually sure he could, but he also knew that in his time the Greengrass name was no more. The last two Greengrass' had been two girls, Daphne and Astoria, one married Draco ironically enough...the other had remained unmarried, but fairly promiscuous, considering what he'd just learned it was little wonder. Why have a kid if you were just going to die? Leaving them to a short life as well? "Every single one of them? It doesn't miss any of them?"

"Everyone of them inherits it," Orion gave his own input. "Their graveyard is filled with people who never live to see their fiftieth birthdays. Youngest to die because of the condition was eleven years old, the day before they were due to start Hogwarts," it was the worst kept secret when it came to information that they all knew, but kept quiet from outsiders. By outsiders that meant those who weren't Pure-blood's. They were born with a ticking time bomb, it was no way to live your life. "You reckon you can do something for them?"

"I have no idea, I'd need to do testing, scans, blood works the whole nine yards," Hadrian mused thoughtfully, "Genetic blood diseases can't be fully cured through non-magical means, but they can be managed and sometimes symptoms ceased for a time. I've never heard of any genetic blood testing being done by the magical world, if I did do this...I'd be opening a whole new world of science for us." excitement filled him at the thought of being success, and not for the Greengrass' benefit either, but for him, for science, for magical science. The money Greengrass was offering him was nothing on the prospect of creating something new. Something that wasn't even available in his own time.

Tom cleared his throat, giving Hadrian a pointed look, he was getting way off topic at the moment. As much as he loved to see Hadrian's beautiful mind at work, this wasn't the time to get distracted.

Hadrian huffed, rolling his eyes, "Fine, fine," he grumbled, shoving his letter back into the envelope he shoved them to the corner of the couch. Keeping them safe until he returned, the others wouldn't dare open his mail he knew that.

Tom just smirked, only Hadrian would get away with such disrespect and especially in front of the others.

"Let's go to the duelling room," Hadrian stated, standing up, expecting the others to follow him as he moved swiftly from the living room – or sitting room it was officially called – but Hadrian didn't care for it. The room wasn't a built duelling room, but a converted one. It was just a simple guest bedroom, that hadn't been made up into one. It was situated next door to a study/library. They had done a lot of shifting to make it theirs, putting things were they wanted them. The bathroom in their bedroom had been one such place, the shower was just divine.

"Alright, I want you to put your wands on the table over there," Hadrian called to them, from the middle of the room. Pointing towards the side of the room where the tables were situated along the wall with the windows. He flipped out his own wand and stalked over and placed it on the table.
He didn't need to fear them, he was capable of Wandless magic, and even at that, if they tried anything he trusted Tom implicitly to have his back.

Black, Avery, Nott, Lestrange, Dolohov and the others – except Abraxas – all swung around to glance at Tom, as if seeking an understanding as to why this was happening. Or perhaps they just realized how long the day was actually going to be, knowing or suspecting exactly what they'd be doing.

"We don't have all day!" Tom retorted seriously, and they didn't, sometimes they trained all day, but only half of that was with magic. There was a reason students didn't or weren't supposed to use magic during the summer holiday’s. It allowed their magical cores a chance to fully replenish, to rest and get ready for another hectic year of magic casting. He had been casting magic since he was old enough to realize what it was, way younger than the age of eleven. Hadrian had as well, without the realisation that it was magic, simply believing himself to be a freak of nature, an abomination, or all those despicable things those disgusting Muggles called him. Believing it too, oh, those Muggles would definitely pay, whether they damn well knew why it was happening or not.

He was very grateful that Hadrian didn't believe that about himself, because Tom would have been disgusted by it. Powerful or not, if he'd let the opinion of two – perhaps three if you include the cousin – pathetic Muggles cloud who he really was...he would have seen him as weak. Not that it mattered, he wasn't and that was the end of it.

The others reluctantly removed their own wands and complied with Hadrian's request. Order really.

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There we go another chapter! Sorry it's been so long since the last update! But RL well...RL isn't easily avoided but three chapters of a story a week is better than nothing right? I know I used to give you six/seven chapters a week but it's just not possible right now...who knows what the future holds though! So do you want to see the training and how well Harry does? Will Harry create a whole new department inside St. Mungo's dedicated to blood diseases and preventions? I reckon there's around 6 chapters before the confrontation with Grindelwald! SO! Will the boys take their NEWTS early after they've dealt with him along with the other more loyal supporters? Sooner or later there's going to be one hell of a time jump fifty year time-jump to get them to Hadrian - Harry's - original time....I was thinking an extended epilogue? Like for 20/30 chapters maybe LOL I don't know, what would you guys think of such a huge leap in time? I really detest cutting stories up and starting sequels, as I'm sure most of you are aware - Fixing Past Mistakes anyone? - so I guess it's all down to you? I can start it as (Part Two) maybe but on this story itself, just fifty years later...anyway Read and Review please guys at least the chapters are getting longer again ;) just in time for the biggest chapter of them all I reckon the scene with Grindelwald is going to be difficult to write :D
Chapter 77

Lord Of Time

Chapter 77

It was very painful to watch, especially for Hadrian. When he had taught – his experience somewhat limited but still there nonetheless – he did it with full passion and success. Because of him the grades for everyone in his year – during O.W.L year no less, had shot up spectacularly. The best any of them had gotten was two wands twitching, none of the others got their wands to move.

Hadrian frowned, staring at the wands pensively, his gaze becoming more fierce as if they were personally offending him. The urge to swipe his hand and smash them all against the wall was overpowering.

“Why the hell are they having so much trouble?” Hadrian scowled darkly, muttering to himself, he felt it was a personal affront to him. “Alright, alright, stop! Let’s try another way, call out Lumos and light your wand tips, it works, I…Tom did it when he was thirteen!” he lied a little, it had been him but he couldn’t’ tell them that since he hadn’t had a wand when he was thirteen according to his own backstory here.

Hadrian could have whooped in delight when Abraxas’ wand tip glowed, it was very brief but it happened on the first try.

“This has nothing to do with powers…or magic level,” Hadrian said, catching their attention, dragging it from their wands. “This is just my own belief, or rather opinion. Your own belief that you need a wand is hindering your progress. I mean look at Tom and me, we’ve been doing magic for years…at what point did it stop being considered ‘accidental magic’ and become ‘magic’? Hell, guys, it’s not really accidental when you’re angry enough to perform magic in the first place. For now…I want each of you to think of something that makes you feel…not angry but worked up, annoyed, see if it helps, keep with the Lumos spell.”

Hadrian wandered over to the doorway where Tom was standing observing everything with those sharp dark eyes of his. “Well, it was never going to be immediate and sudden.” Hadrian admitted, “It’s going to take a lot of work, and that’s just for the easier spells,”

“We have a limited time to get everyone ready,” Tom pointed out seriously. “If this doesn’t work out, it’s a wasted effort that could have been spent on other ventures.” And potentially with deadly effects. They were going to be facing Grindelwald’s men for Merlin’s sake.

The group were only half paying attention to their task at hand, enough attention so that it seemed they were sorely focused on their attempts to light up their wand. They weren’t surprised by the fact both Tom and Hadrian had difference in opinions. Both were very vocal about their beliefs. Hadrian was also not afraid to correct him or argue with him. It used to be like watching two brooms zooming towards the floor at break neck speed. Knowing something was going to happen and unable to look away from the oncoming wreck. It had been fascinating to watch just as it was terrifying, nobody argued with Tom – except of course, Hadrian – still they murmured the spells under their breath, pressing their hearing to listen for any and all conversation.

“I have faith in them all,” Hadrian stated firmly, “If they’re going to be performing Unforgivables it’s best if they do it Wandlessly, that way they won’t be caught.”
Now those words most definitely caught their attention, Orion and Aiden glanced at each other wide eyed. That was the reason for the sudden interest Hadrian had in teaching them Wandless magic?

“Did he say what I think he just said?” Dolohov muttered surprise written clearly across his face. Hadrian while he was...vindictive seemed the more responsible and law abiding – if someone who had used the Cruciatus Curse could be considered law abiding - out of both of them. To hear him bluntly encouraging the use of the Unforgivables made Dolohov actually warm towards Hadrian for the first time. See him as a good leader, perhaps not so different from them after all. He always came across as if he thought himself better than them all, more knowledgeable, when it was them who had been raised in this world.

He was more knowledgably but Dolohov would never wish to admit it.

“Yes,” Abraxas stated sharply, barely refraining from rolling his eyes, they all knew he’d heard, to him hearing Dolohov talk was a waste of time and effort. Better spent listening to Tom and Hadrian or actually accomplishing the task. The fact he was having to put up with people a great deal younger than him was beginning to wear on him. Although Orion and Aiden were alright the others...less tolerable. He’d prefer to deal with Rosier if he was honest with himself.

“Unforgivables though...they’re impossible to cast without a wand,” Macnair pointed out, his Scottish accent noticeable in his worry.

“No it’s not, take it from someone who knows,” Aiden replied grimly. He no longer had nightmares about what happened, by Merlin he’d had nightmares every night for a long time afterwards. There was a part of him that was still terrified of Hadrian – and Tom – after what he’d done, but it was the same kind of fear he had for someone more powerful and capable of doing whatever he wanted and knowing they’d get away with it.

“You mean he’s cast the spell without his wand?” Macnair’s voice was noticeably louder. His focus solely on the others now, not his wand. Which he hated having so far away from him.

“He’s cast them yes,” Aiden replied, not the time he’d used it on him though, which was the incident he was thinking about himself. His emotional turmoil caused his wand to snap through the air and into his awaiting palm. Blinking in shock, he stared down at the sight, a baffled “Huh,” left his lips, if his parents heard him they would have been annoyed by his inelegance.

“Now, see, what were you thinking about?” Hadrian said with noticeable triumph in his voice.

Aiden shook his head vehemently, he didn’t care if he was cursed for it, he wasn’t revealing private information about himself. especially not how it felt when he was cursed by Harry and his entire life was turned into pure chaos.

Instead of getting pissed, Hadrian smiled, giving him a nod of understanding. “Alright, set it back there and think of the same thing again, or something worse or better depending on your chosen memory/emotion. It’s all to do with emotions like I said, our emotions are like conduits...much like the conduits that is our wands,”

“When you think back on memories doesn’t that dull the emotional effect? Aren’t we better off thinking of something that makes us either pissed or happy in the present?” Macnair postulated.

“Our emotions trigger our memories, why do you think the Dementors have such a strong effect on people who are in Azkaban? It sure as shit not because they are thinking happy thoughts in the present.” Hadrian explained bluntly, “But if you want to try it that way...imagine your Boggart
appearing in front of you…although that itself could be considered a memory as well.” not just considered, not really but whatever worked and convinced them they could do wandless magic. Hadrian was quite sure it had something to do with belief and determination. Unlike the classes he taught in fifth year though…this was pure speculation.

“I actually…never thought of that,” Macnair said sounding impressed, the mention of the island didn’t bother him. He wasn’t afraid of the place, he’d never been exposed to a single dementor in his life. It was just a place that you were warned about to be ‘law abiding citizens’ lest you end up there.

Abraxas absorbed everything he was hearing, his extremely smart mind ticking over all the information. He had been trying to force his magic to react through willpower alone. Watching Aiden success yet again, actually flinging his wand and summoning it back like a ball, he frowned. His Boggart had been a childish fear, one he was positive no longer caused him any fear. An emotional time in his life…his heart sank, he honestly couldn’t think of one.

Watching the others get the hang of it made him feel like a complete failure.

“‘Abraxas…let me guess, you can’t think of an incident in your life where you were very emotional?’ Hadrian asked, staring straight at the wizard. He was a Malfoy, the only heir, he had nothing to worry about his entire life. Everything he wanted he got, just like Lucius would and Draco after him. They were all deluded in a way, able to pay their way out of Azkaban. The time Lucius had been behind bars would have been a shock to his system, perhaps why they had found it easy to switch sides when it became apparent the light side was actually winning.

Abraxas gritted his teeth feeling as though he was being judged and having no understanding of why. “You’re married right?” Harry asked, still staring blatantly at Abraxas as if he didn’t see the anger building.

“Not yet,” Abraxas felt the danger drain away and felt merely exasperated, they had their wedding invitation. Did that mean that Hadrian had no intentions of coming? That would be a knock to their social status, people would talk about it constantly, and quite frankly it was intolerable to consider it.

“Two weeks away, I already cleared our schedules,” Tom pointed out watching the scene in front of him, as he had been doing since he started. He had to admit, seeing them all in action…perhaps this would help them. His lips twitched as Hadrian’s eyes flashed at him, all he was missing was the pout, he loathed public gatherings of any kind. It was a nightmare to get him to go anywhere, and he still truly didn’t understand his reluctance.

“Fine, your Wife-To-Be, imagine this scenario, she doesn’t love you, she loves someone else, she’s calling off the wedding to marry them.” Hadrian stated, tone harsh and grim. “Two weeks before the wedding, all those galleons spent on nothing and a year long courtship abandoned. To you and your families utter embarrassment there’s newspapers from all over the world speculating on what happened, making you out to be the bad guy.”

Abraxas growled, actually growled like a wounded bear, and bang, his magic reacted accordingly. At this very moment he did not fear retribution from either Hadrian or Tom as his emotions got the better of him for the first time in his life. He was a Malfoy, people just didn’t talk to him that way, nor consider treating him that way.

Hadrian had been waiting on it, he knew Abraxas would be easily manipulated into a fury controlled ‘accidental’ magical display. He just wasn’t used to people talking to him so blatantly or bluntly. It was one of his weaknesses, easily identified, a weakness his son and grandson would
take on. The magic blasted harmlessly past where Hadrian had stood moments ago.

Abraxas paled, swallowing thickly, his masks in place refusing to show weakness. He would be ashamed to know that he had already displayed enough fear for the other sharks – or Slytherins in this case – to descend on him. Not that they did, everyone just stood stock still, wondering how the incident would be handled.

“You may think you’re impenetrable,” Hadrian stated seriously, as he climbed to his feet. “But you aren’t, I can read you like a book Abraxas, and while others around you – your friends – might not have the guts to say stuff like this to you…it won’t always be that way. You are not better than everyone else just because you’re a Malfoy. You can be proud of your lineage without being a condescending jackass.”

The other Pure-blood’s inhaled sharply at the words, the words ‘Damn’ caught in their throats. While they admitted they could be conceded from time to time, Abraxas took it to a whole other level.

“One day you could say the wrong thing to the wrong person, and that would be the main Malfoy line just gone…” Hadrian stated, “Just like that,” clicking his fingers as he said ‘that’ to emphasis his point. “Or get pissed off at the wrong wizard and boom you’re in Azkaban.”

Tom narrowed his eyes on the words Hadrian had spoken, ‘main Malfoy line’ which meant there was another…that was interesting. He made a mental note to ask his husband about it later. Had a descendant of the Malfoy line actually had girl after all? They claim to always have boys, but it was very easy to lie. Too easy in fact, unless you know Occlumency and Legillimency. Not a subject easily learned or found for that matter, it was an ancient art that only Pure-blood’s cared for, how many Muggle-borns had brushed it aside as nothing worth learning? Pure-bloods did it too though, thinking of Animagus transformation.

“Are you threatening me?” Abraxas croaked out, without his usual defiance and fiery determination.

Aiden refrained from rolling his eyes, watching everyone’s reactions to Hadrian’s display. He felt sorry for Abraxas, he knew how it felt to be on Hadrian’s bad side, although he truly didn’t think Hadrian was pissed. If he was, they would surely know by now. He wasn’t shy in taking his due when he felt the occasion called for it. The others were standing stock still, eyes on both of them, barely breathing unless they absolutely had to. Orion he reckoned figured out what Hadrian was up to after him, as he slowly relaxed a little, grey eyes gleaming.

There was no need to discuss Tom, since Aiden didn’t want to think of those two being intimidate. Tom looked ready to ambush Hadrian, the carnal appreciation was obvious for all to see. He wanted Hadrian to himself right now, his desire was obvious.

“No, Abraxas, I’m not,” Hadrian informed him, “If I was to threaten you, you’d know, I’ve never been one for subtly, I can’t be bothered with all that crap. Mean what you say and say what you mean is something of a motto I believe in,”

Tom had to thoroughly bite his tongue to stop himself showing any outward reaction to Hadrian’s domineering display. Fuck, he was beautiful, otherworldly when he showed the true extent of his powers and observations. Having them quaking in their shoes with just a few chosen words was arousing. Shifting his body just slightly, he adjusted himself, while everyone else’s attention was on Abraxas. Too arousing, his cock was straining within the confines of his pants, grunting in irritation he closed his eyes for a moment, thinking of anything that would take care of his problem.
Dumbledore. His deaths. His snake visage courtesy of his desire to cheat death only to spectacularly fail.

Sighing softly, well that took care of that, at least, it had also soured his mood too. This…this would never get old, it had been two years since the first time he’d seen this beautiful, powerful wizard display his powers for the first time. Yet his reactions only became more extreme, after all Hadrian was his.

“I am showing you your own weakness,” Hadrian added, “Your pride, your vanity, your belief that you’re better just because you’re a Malfoy.”

“I am a Malfoy,” Abraxas said proudly, “Nothing and nobody can say anything that will make me not proud of my pure lineage.”

“Really? Is that a challenge?” Hadrian asked, green eyes flaring with the challenge. Stepping closer to Abraxas, he leaned into his face, right at his ear, feeling the blonde freeze at Hadrian’s close proximity, not daring to shove him away or breathe. “You’re so called ‘pure’ line has housed squibs…and more importantly…half-bloods, its why you’re so powerful…don’t believe me? Look it up.” He whispered so only Abraxas would hear what he had to say.

Abraxas stepped back, disbelief written across his grey eyes.

“Right, let’s get back to it,” Hadrian called out to them, “Remember the feeling it evoked, then do your magic.” he added solely for Abraxas’ sake before stepping back.

Tom gestured for Hadrian to come to the door, when he glanced in his direction. He wanted to know very desperately what Hadrian had said to Abraxas to garner such a reaction from the usually stoic Pure-blood. He had remained blank faced with many of his own threats being aimed his way. He had been brought up never to reveal his emotions to anyone in public and rarely in private.

“I was just reminding him that he has squibs and a few Half-bloods in his line, no need to worry about your precious wizard,” Hadrian said quietly as soon as he was there, whispering so that the others didn’t hear. He wasn’t intending on completely embarrassing Abraxas after all.

“He’s not my precious anything,” Tom sneered, the words getting to him due to his dour mood.

Hadrian stepped closer, wrapping his fingers around his neck, pressing their foreheads together. He often forgot that Tom was in reality with a teenager, he used spells and curses to take care of his anger instead of dealing with it. Surprisingly it didn’t make him feel old, but different and that was all they were, just a bit different. “If you want to go into politics you need to find a new way to deal with that anger inside you. Antagonism isn’t a good way to deal with anything while trying to change the magical world.”

Tom sighed out, agreeing with him, he couldn’t very well just curse someone at a wizengamot meeting. Which he had learned he would have to wait until he was seventeen, whether he was emancipated or not to attend. Which meant a few months after he began Hogwarts, after New Year he could begin attending. He was entering his sixth year, and would be seventeen during the majority of it. “Agreed,” he replied, the thing was…he had no idea how to deal with any anger, except cursing. Just being this close to Hadrian was helping him feel better, it may have something to do with the contentment coming through the bond.

“Go practice in the duelling room, take your mood out on the test dummies, don’t destroy them completely though, they cost an arm and a leg!” Hadrian suggested, keeping to something that worked would probably be best for Tom. So training dummy it was, if it worked brilliant…it’s just
like some Muggles’ needing punching bags to get some of their anger and frustration an outlet.

Tom scoffed, “We have more than enough money to buy out entire warehouses and then some,” money wasn’t something they were ever going to have to worry about, and that is without Hadrian using his knowledge to continue to advance their status where money is concerned. He had a lot of plans and things he wanted to do, buying an orphanage and such, so he knew money would do many great things, so was determined to continue to amass his fortune while he could. Tom had no plans to stop him, as he’d said, Hadrian was the money and knowledge on the future while he made the plans and used his cunning to ensure their goals. He couldn’t wait until they were out of Hogwarts so they could do everything they wanted.

Most of all he was looking forward to the day he turned seventeen so he could begin his political aspirations within the wizengamot.

“We do, but I’d rather spend it elsewhere,” Hadrian stated, he would never be one for frivolous spending. He’d spent more on the actual manor or things for Tom to use every day than he had for himself. Although one could argue that the properties he’d bought abroad were frivolous. People were selling their land and properties at a very low price because of the war. It was the perfect time to gather what he could, especially within the Muggle world. Some would say he was being greedy, but Hadrian did not care. In the long term, this would be a good investment and it would go towards childcare and other charities he’d start up. “Go, I’ll send them up in an hour or so, there’s no point to too much practise, otherwise they will end up with low reserves.”

Tom nodded wordlessly before leaving the room. He and Hadrian did want to expand the amount of power the others were capable of casting. The fact they used magic during the summer holidays helped build that ‘stamina’ so to speak up. This year though, they were truly expanding on what they would normally do. It was for good cause, their cause, or to aid their cause at the end of the day. Being a hero to the general public would open doors that wouldn’t otherwise be there.

Hadrian sighed stretching out, blinking his eyes rapidly in order to wake himself up. The schedule he was keeping was just awful, he felt for all the healers and Medi-witches and wizards who practised the medical side of healing. The apprenticeship then medic-work and of course, the healing mastery. They went through this for three years to qualify for the highest position, only then were they given an opportunity to choose their hours.

Yet the pressure didn’t stop, thankfully he was used to weird schedules and lack of sleep in all that shit. Although truthfully, these past few years, it hadn’t been happening. He’d been able to sleep in all he liked, act like the teenager he was for once.

He didn’t need to feel pressured, he had decades to do everything he wished. The only thing he had to focus on right now, was Grindelwald. Of making sure that the others returned home with him and Tom at the end of the day.

It wouldn’t be a victory if they lost any of the others.

“Alright, guys, do you know why I’m suddenly wanting to teach you Wandless Non-verbal magic?” Hadrian asked, turning back around to face them, the fact none of them looked surprised, Hadrian just grinned wryly at them, “Alright, so here’s the deal,”

Hadrian went on to explain the why, the when before telling them they wouldn’t be focusing on it for any longer than an hour or so a day. More often than not they’d need to train alone when he was at St. Mungo’s. That it wasn’t going to be Tom’s priority, but he felt that it was worth learning. If it got them through this then brilliant, if they didn’t need to use it, all the better it was a useful skill, and it would also see them held in higher regard during their exams.
With that Hadrian joined in, before long the group were exercising their mind, body and magic. Dropping their wand at the back of the room, running to the front, summoning the wand before going through the repetitive loop over again. Changing it up sometimes, one by one going for their wands, the first to light it wins just simple things like that to make it a little more fun...less like a long gruelling lesson.

“Right. Come on, let’s head to the training room, blast some dummies,” Hadrian called out to everyone, wiping the sweat from his brow. Those dummies were Auror grade, and not easily defeated, they all enjoyed the challenge.

Unfortunately when they got there, three of them had been destroyed to smithereens. Contrary to his earlier words, Hadrian didn’t mind, he just laughed in amusement and shook his head.

For once every single person in their group – except Hadrian and Tom – were actually looking forward to getting back to Hogwarts by the end of the summer.

The training was intense to say the least, but they understood the reason behind it and relished in it, yet their bodies and minds needed rest and the normality, boring as it is in order recuperate.

They only had until Christmas to do so before the real test begun.

To add to their apprehension they didn’t know if they were getting to go on the expedition until it was nearer time.

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So will they be going back to Hogwarts or will we see a bit of Harry’s life at St. Mungo’s before we head back there? Like his last shift, before making his way to the train then to Hogwarts they go? Will everyone get to go? Who will get left behind? I’m thinking one or two who don’t get to go but the question is who...hmm...guess we’ll all find out soon enough
Chapter 78

Lord Of Time

Chapter 78

“Remember to take the potions at the correct time!” Hadrian called out loudly so his hard of hearing patient could hear him as he slowly vacated the room. All he got was a cough and a hand swatting the air as surly Burley Branson made it through the threshold and closed the door behind him. Hadrian banished the few empty potion vials he’d given Burley before he left with instructions to go to the apothecary and collect new medicinal potions to treat his pain. Before glancing at the clock – yes, an actual clock in the room! – to keep an eye on the time.

Technically this wasn’t his room, he was just here as an apprentice after all, but Hadrian had to admit he liked it a great deal more than he thought he would. Sure, all everyone did was complain at him about how sore they were, what their symptoms were, and how fed up they were. Yet he was able to help them, especially with his knowable. He didn’t always work at this side of the building, he had been in the emergency section more often.

This was his last shift, in fact in a few hours he would be meeting with Tom and the others at ten forty-five to head straight for the Hogwarts Express in Kings Cross station. Grabbing his next file, he gave it a quick read, letting himself familiarise himself with his newest patient so he knew how to best help.

Once he had given it a once over, he stood up and made his way out to the waiting room, “Bertrise Bagman?” he called out, watching a twenty-one year old woman stand up with a man next to her. “Follow me,” it was obvious they weren’t expecting someone like him, someone so young, the wizard who was in his thirties looked as if he wanted to turn around and leave.

Hadrian stared back challengingly, daring him to do just that, it was no skin of his nose if the idiot wanted to leave. It was his own time he was wasting, he was going to be here whether the idiot had an appointment or not. He was not very surprised when the wizard in question – could he be Ludo Bagman’s father? – ducked his head in return and tottered behind his wife like a bumbling buffoon.

“Come on through,” Hadrian said, his tone polite and professional. Normally apprentices weren’t allowed to work alone without a healer, but everyone could clearly see that Hadrian Peverell was exceptionally bright, professional and better than over half the healers they had working in St. Mungo’s who had passed all the relevant tests. They wanted him, they adored him, and how he was able to diagnose people so quickly and effortlessly and ensure their continued safety…it made more than a few healers quite happy and vindictively so that their ‘patients’ more like ‘patient victims’ were actually safe from harm. They’d begged for the incantation for the spells only to deflate when they realized that Hadrian hadn’t come up with one. That he was doing it through sheer wish magic alone. Something they theorised was a result of the wish magic he’d performed two years previous.

The wizard cleared his throat once they were inside, clearly unimpressed, “Where’s the healer?” he asked, his voice not coming out as firm as he wished, which made him look disgruntled.

“St. Mungo’s is experiencing an increasing demand, which is creating such a big workload that the healers and Medi-wizards are working overtime to catch up. Thus, they made a decision to take on apprentices for the course of the summer while they train healers and Medi-witches themselves so that they have a chance to keep up with the workload and not overwhelm their workers.” Hadrian
explained, eyes boring into Bagman’s, this was definitely Bagman’s father, Ludo had been exactly like him. Bagman had been around the right age if he remembered correctly, the wizard had to have been in his fifties or sixties. “If you wish, I can of course, summon a healer if you want? It’s within your right.” Knowing that he wouldn’t not with the guilt trip he’d just put on.

“Levi, its’ fine,” Bertrise murmured quietly, calming the agitated wizard.

“What can I do for you today?” Hadrian asked, focusing all his attention on Bertrise, his face softening, she was a small slip of a woman. There was nothing written down to indicate she’d had previous testing done or a reason for coming. Neither had she given a reason when she created the appointment earlier today through a Floo call.

Bertrise automatically lay her hand on her flat stomach, “I think I’m pregnant,”

Hadrian nodded, there wasn’t a spell for quick home revelations to whether you were pregnant or not in this time. Even the potion they had in this time was very expensive and not always accurate. Witches didn’t bother wasting their time buying the ‘Home pregnancy potion’ due to the lack of trust. Which was why people came to St. Mungo’s for a magical scan which was the only accurate spell at this point in time.

“Are you okay with me conducting this test? I want to make it as stress free as possible, we can bring in a female Medi-witch?” Hadrian spoke his tone soft and soothing, letting her know it truly was fine if she’d prefer it that way. Noticing that Levi was relaxing marginally, evidently warming up to him. This revealed a lot more about his character than anything else so far. His wife’s comfort was obviously paramount to him. This also allowed Hadrian to respect him, not all wizards in this time seem to care for their wives which really angered him. It was the damn arranged marriages, people should be free to love and marry for love. He knew he’d see changes though, parents wouldn’t be quite so quick to marry their children off due to the books he’d written and published on genetics.

They realized they could have squibs, and that was the biggest fear for any self-respecting wizarding family. A chance they could not take, especially with the evidence Hadrian had so easily amassed to support his case against any bigot who dared to accuse him of lying or making things up.

“That’s fine… it’s just we’ve been trying for five years now, we were beginning to lose hope,” Bertrise admitted, shame clearly crossing her face before she stared at the floor her entire body tense like a coiled spring. She tightly gripped her husbands hand, she had felt so horrified by her inability to get pregnant for so long. She in the beginning had feared she was just imagining the symptoms but they had persisted.

“Everyone is different, and it’s not always the woman’s fault,” Harry retorted immediately, “Low sperm count can also factor in. Why don’t we run a scan and find out for sure?” he could see how anxious she was, to know if she was right. It was the right thing to say since she nodded almost like an eager child. He couldn’t help but wonder if she actually wanted a child or if she felt the need to have one and wanted to please her husband.

“Please stand for a moment,” Hadrian gestured for her to stand up, he could have done it while both were sitting but it was more out of a desire to move around. He’d drank enough coffee this morning to make him feel as though he was going to turn into Dobby. The desire to just move around was strong, perhaps he had overshot it with that pepper-up draught. Unfortunately, he hadn’t had much if any sleep last night, Tom the bloody ass had gotten to sleep just fine. With how late it was when they both went to bed he couldn’t take a sleeping draught lest he sleep right through his alarm. Which was a great possibility since it helps you sleep for at least eight hours.
“This will only take a few moments, remain as still as possible,” he informed her, and begun the process of the scan, he was always careful about what magic he used in this time, especially in front of people. Myrtle had been his only exception, correcting her eyesight and all.

The exact moment he uttered the last of the diagnosis spell, results began to pour from his wand by means of parchment. Keeping a hold of it, Hadrian moved to reclaim his seat as Bagman helped his wife sit as if she was an invalid, not simply pregnant. She wasn’t showing so Hadrian did not expect her to be far along.

“Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Bagman, you are indeed pregnant,” Hadrian informed them, a small smile on his face, showing how pleased he was for them.

Bertrise gasped, hand automatically clasping her mouth, eyes filling with tears at the news she’d so wished to hear. Even Levi looked ready to tear up, clutching his wife’s hand much more firmly overwhelmed by the news.

“A baby, our own baby!” Bertrise was almost sobbing as she whispered those words clearly only meant for her husband.

“Yes, it’s a miracle,” he whispered back so lovely that Hadrian felt as though he was the one intruding in the private moment.

Hadrian allowed them to have their moment before he sat straighter in his chair, summoning a small bag from one of the cabinets. It was a drawstring bag, black in appearance and appeared quite small. He opened it just to make sure it was the correct bag he’d summoned – it was – drawing the strings back he nodded firmly. “Inside this bag are five pamphlets of details for expecting mothers, it includes a list of what could happen to your magic and what potions you are and aren’t allowed to consume during the entirety of your pregnancy.”

“Happens to your magic?” Levi’s voice stretched a little sounding highly strung and surprised.

“Well, yes, during pregnancy certain hormones cause overreactions, which can cause spontaneous magical outbursts. It’s why it’s advised during the third trimester that they not use their magic unless they have no choice.” Hadrian explained to Levi, wondering how he didn’t know this. He was a grown man, he should know the effects of having a child would have on his wife. Levi’s face when Hadrian begun talking about hormones and overreactions made the apprenticed wizard wish to laugh. It was definitely a picture of doomed wizard, just realizing what he was getting into.

Levi Bagman just nodded dumbly that he understood, after reminding himself that it was rude not to give some sign he had comprehended what the apprenticed healer was informing him.

“Read the leaflets regarding potions as soon as you get home,” Hadrian warned them, “Ninety-nine percent of potions are harmful if ingested while pregnant.” Pausing for a moment, “Or being around potions when they are being brewed.” He added, which was very important, the fumes were just as dangerous.

Both their eyes widened, they knew potions were dangerous, yes, but the brewing process? It must be something new they had figured out recently. It didn’t surprise him really, the healers and medi-wizards or witches were constantly finding out new things. “We understand,” Levi said sombrely.

“Good, now there is one potion you can take during the course of your pregnancy, it will aid you with the morning sickness. It must be used sparingly, always adhere to the instructions on the label and never take more than the stated dosage.” Hadrian added, “Would you like to take the results with you?” offering up the paperwork for her to take, written and visible proof that she was indeed
pregnant.

“Oh, how far along am I?” she asked, sounding more eager now that the news had sunk in.

“Seven weeks,” nearly two months along. He handed her the results, halting the urge to glance at the time, each ‘appointment’ should only run for ten to fifteen minutes otherwise he would run late for nearly the rest of the day. “You will have your normal healer back by the time you come for your next appointment so congratulations and I hope all goes well,” subtly trying to guide them into leaving so he didn’t have to be curt with them in what was probably going to be fondly remembered as the happiest day of their lives.

“Thank you,” Levi answered, standing up, a knowing glint in his eye, as if he knew and understood what Hadrian was up to and appreciating it nonetheless.

Hadrian gave a small smile – barely a twitch of his lips – and a nod as they stood, exiting the room.

 Barely a second after they left, the door opened just as Hadrian was about to grab the next folder.

“Hey,” Hadrian said, a more genuine smile appearing on his face, his ‘professional mask’ falling away. “Don’t worry, I’m not damaging your office,” he teased Yaxley.

“Your next appointment is not here yet,” Yaxley explained, claiming a seat, his gaze boring into Hadrian’s. “How have you enjoyed your time here?” he hadn’t asked before, finding no need to ask a few days into the apprenticeship but now…now that it had come to an end he was definitely curious to know this young wizards point of view.

 Hadrian was genuinely startled by the enquiry, leaning back he observed Yaxley just as carefully. “I believe…” Hadrian paused for effect, almost laughing as Yaxley leant forward just a little, Hadrian was sure he didn’t even realize he had done it. “I believe I would have become a healer here if not for the contracts and the conducts as well as stipulations placed upon a person when they swear to work here.” At least they didn’t ‘swear to do no harm’ now that would leave every healer or Medi-Witch/wizard completely defenceless but that was as far as the kindness of St. Mungo’s went.

 Yaxley eyed him resignedly, “Yes, somehow I had a feeling that would be your answer, you’ve certainly enjoyed your time here.” And that was obvious to all the healers and Medi-teams.

“St. Mungo’s has no right to the spells and potions people create in their own time, definitely not just because they are associated with the hospital.” Hadrian stated sharply, his disapproval obvious. “They get twenty percent of their own invention, while St. Mungo’s reaps the benefits?” it was mindboggling.

“Come, follow me,” Yaxley said, his tone quiet as he stood, gesturing for Hadrian to come with him.

Curiosity unabashed on his face, Hadrian stood, forgetting everything else as he followed Yaxley through corridor after corridor. Passing many green robed Medi-teams and healers as they did so, with a small amount of patients scattered throughout their journey.

“Where are we going?” Hadrian asked suspiciously, his eyes boring holes into Yaxley, having a feeling he wouldn’t like what was going to happen next. He could be wrong, but there was a churning in his gut that he was about to learn something he wouldn’t like.

“Somewhere the magical population don’t like to think about,” Yaxley explained grimly, “This… this place is forgotten, the people here…have no family.” With that Yaxley tapped his wand
against the double doors and led Hadrian through the eerily silent ward.

Hadrian blinked, staring at the people ensconced on the beds, all of them just laying there, eyes glazed and vacant as they stared at the ceiling. The mocha coloured walls almost taunting them with cheerfulness the occupants did not feel. Swallowing thickly, he wandered further into the room, “I’ve seen this before…were these people tortured into insanity?” he asked, refraining from touching them.

Surprise startled Yaxley so badly that it was visible upon his face, “They were found having suffered extensively under the Cruciatus Curse, yes,” how on earth did the boy know that? Either he had the most astonishing insight and instincts…or well, it was difficult to say, where else could he have seen such a sight before? Unless, there was much more to Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin than met the eye. He’d always suspected so, but the this extent? The injuries had not been faked and his story matched up to those injuries. He should know he’d been involved in the case from the beginning.

“Because of the war with Grindelwald?” Hadrian was slightly confused, he hadn’t expected any of this.

“Or because of stupid idiots who didn’t realize prolonged exposure destroys the human psyche,” Yaxley stated darkly, shaking his head. Nobody had been arrested for these crimes, these victims had never gotten justice for the injustice that had been set upon them. The agony they must have endured was just horrendous to contemplate.

“They cannot know what they are not taught,” Hadrian pointed out grimly, “There should be mandatory Dark Art classes, to help them understand the consequences of using these spells.” Which there wasn’t, heck there was mandatory Muggle classes but not one to help understand exposure to the Dark Arts?

“We are in agreement, unfortunately, the Headmaster of Hogwarts does not agree,” Yaxley said sourly.

“You should try again, Dumbledore isn’t there to convince him such action isn’t required. Explain in more detail why you want to do it. In my experience the Headmaster is an extremely shrewd and smart man, albeit a little blind when it came to Dumbledore but he had his eyes opened.” Hadrian argued, green eyes filled with fire. “So, the proceedings of everything St. Mungo’s makes goes to trying to help them? To keep them here? Without emptying the monetary assets?”

Yaxley sighed, “A bit of it, yes,”

“How many wards are filled with people like this?” Hadrian asked, hiding his distress.

“Two wards, a total of sixteen people,” Yaxley explained, and none of them had a single visitor in all the years they’d been here. Had nobody pay a single bill for their upkeep, he wasn’t suggesting St. Mungo’s was utterly innocent in their regard when it came to the money, but they weren’t completely heartless. They were extremely docile, never harmed anyone, and quite a few could follow simple orders, like eating when they were told. The Healers did their jobs but it was a sorry sight to see so many lost souls amongst them. Souls they hadn’t been able to save from their fate.

“All of them from Cruciatus exposure?” Hadrian asked, needing confirmation.

“Every single one.” Yaxley confirmed.

“Bloody hell,” Hadrian muttered one of Weasley’s favourite sayings, it was needed. His mind
flashed from what he was seeing in front of him, to a flashback – be it his own memories of the future – to Frank and Alice Longbottom. The stark contrast was immense. Flowers, cards, fruit, chocolate, clothes and other personal items that had been bought for them compared to these bare rooms. It was difficult to comprehend that these people had absolutely nobody.

“We are trying to create something to help rouse them from their catatonic state,” Yaxley explained, “We have an entire team dedicated to the creation of something,” anything really. For a pureblood to show emotion – which Yaxley was since pure desperation coated his voice – he must have been either very desperate or very passionate, perhaps it was both.

Hadrian glanced up, green eyes glimmering with sadness, for he knew no such potion would ever be created. It certainly hadn’t in his time, otherwise Neville wouldn’t have been constantly visiting his parents in the hospital. “Have you tried going into the Muggle world?”

Yaxley reared back as if he had been struck, an aghast look appearing on his face, extremely offended. “Excuse me?”

“Muggles have…an understanding of the human mind,” Hadrian said grinning at Yaxley’s discomfort, “If say hypothetically we can figure out what parts of the mind has been affected by the spell…the idea of a potion to aid them might be more forthcoming.”

Yaxley just blinked uncomprehendingly at Hadrian, “But Muggles…” he muttered in aversion, finding the idea repugnant.

“Have you even met one?” Hadrian asked bemused, honestly, he was getting more amusement than he should out of this conversation. Especially when what they were talking about was so dire.

“No!” he yelped horror-struck.

“That’s what I thought,” Hadrian said wryly, the mind while it was comprehended in this time… scientists had a greater understanding in his time. It was a shame he could not get books regarding the brain here that might help farther. A frown passing over his features before he smoothed it over. He had been publishing potions that he knew from his time…creating spells, perhaps it was time he did something for these people who clearly needed someone on their side. His new book was going to be published soon, so why not focus on something that would make a real change? The question was…could he do it? Could he create a potion that helped someone overcome what they’d gone through? Could the anti-Cruciatus potion be a focus point on that part? No, he very much doubted it, unless…unless it didn’t just take care of visible tremors but helps all aspects of the aftereffects.

Yaxley desperately wanted to brush off Hadrian’s words, Muggles couldn’t be better than them at understanding the human mind. It was impossible surely, they were so primitive compared to them, they had no magic so of course, they were more nascent. Yet, he was very much anxious to aid these people, even if it required a trip into the Muggle world. The only problem was, he had never ventured there before, he wouldn’t who where he was going, what to do, where to find the books and with the war going on, well he’d very much rather refrain from going out and risk getting bombed thank you very much. Perhaps after the war he would request one of the Half-blood or Muggle raised healers to accompany him, they would know what he required.

This beautiful mind was beyond his comprehension, he was quite frankly one of the most creative, inventive and smartest wizards he’d ever encountered and glad to have met. He’d read his books, tested out his spells, he was thoroughly impressed with the teenager and he was still in school. It made him extremely grateful he had successfully managed to save his life. The world would have been a great deal poorer without him, of that he had no doubt. If he said the Muggle books would
help him he knew deep down that was the case.

“\[\text{I shall inform the Potion Masters we have on the matter in question, perhaps you'd like to visit and offer a few suggestions?}\]” Yaxley questioned, unsure whether he was overstepping. Oh, he knew he was, but Hadrian had been very…accommodating this summer with what he had asked. Other times things he suggested seem to personally offend him so it was just a matter of finding out exactly what was bothering him.

“\[\text{Best not, I don’t want them getting into trouble for revealing information to me, or being sued for theft.}\]” Hadrian immediately shook his head.

Yaxley straightened up, eyes boring into Hadrian’s understanding the words not said. He wanted to say ‘\[\text{It’s impossible}\]’ and he would have done if it was anyone other than this boy. If anyone, anyone could do it, it was him, and for the first time he felt true relief flow through him. Out of everyone he’d place his bets with Peverell-Slytherin, especially with him and his husband both the brightest minds Hogwarts had ever seen. “\[\text{I understand,}\]” Yaxley said, eyes gleaming with fire, no doubt Hadrian would also do it as a middle finger to St. Mungo’s it was clear he didn’t approve of their work, even with the good work they did here. “\[\text{Good luck,}\]” he said sincerely.

“\[\text{Thanks,}\]” Hadrian said, a genuine smile spreading across his face.

“I must admit,” Yaxley said, gesturing for Hadrian to follow him, “\[\text{I will miss your presence here, you’ve helped more than you can fathom.}\]” The only place he wasn’t allowed to go – except here – had been the infected ward, where those who were suffering from what they had called ‘\[\text{Dragon Pox}\]’. He begun to lead Hadrian back in the direction they had come from.

“I just got lucky,” Hadrian waved the praise off, most pureblood’s didn’t do it unobtrusively, they nearly always had an ulterior motive. He believed Yaxley probably still wanted him to work for St. Mungo’s and why wouldn’t he? Everything he published…most of the proceeds would go to the hospital. It was a good job Yaxley was a natural healer, otherwise Hadrian would have felt a little bad…especially if he was getting pressured by his superiors to get Hadrian onside. Stepping through the door while Yaxley ensured it was closed.

“If you say so,” Yaxley said dryly, his sarcasm obvious, their footsteps were the only things heard as they walked in silence until they returned to the office.

“You just miss having someone to boss around and not having to train them,” Hadrian teased him, as they both retook their seats.

“There is that,” Yaxley commented wryly, “\[\text{It’s never been a favourable task, due to my…natural healing abilities I learned differently. My way doesn’t quite work for them and so forth, while you have the natural talent…you too are different from me.}\]” Which was perplexing to say the least, it shouldn’t be possible yet it was, Hadrian only needed to look and feel to get an understanding. While he had to work a little harder, perhaps he was a different level of natural healing?

“\[\text{Magic is eternal, every changing, mutating along the way, just when you think you understand it, you’ll find yourself farther away from that understanding that you could have ever expected.}\]” Hadrian replied, something his Potions Master had said. The closer you think you are the farther you actually were, it was quite true really. “\[\text{Everyone uses their magic different, has different perceptions which I believe affects your magic. When I first used magic to save my life I didn’t use a wand…and the prospect of needing one was a strange one to me. Thus I never came to rely on it quite the same way other teenagers do.}\]” Which was true enough, on the run didn’t afford him the comfort of relying on his wand, especially when he fought more than one opponent at a time. The so called light side had fought dirty but they never saw the hypocrisy in their movements.
“We are in agreement regarding that,” Yaxley nodded firmly, everything he knew regarding magic had been pulled from under him by this slip of a boy. Well, he wasn’t quite ‘a slip of a boy’ anymore, but he had been upon their first meeting. He would never have guessed his outcome when he had tirelessly spent weeks battling to save the child’s life. The pureblood circle was still reeling really, scrambling to cancel marriage contracts and the like, horrified at the prospect that they were responsible for the decline of magic and the birth of squibs in their noble lines. Many of his acquaintances and friends were desperate to become friends with the Peverell-Slytherin couple. Knowing they were going to become extremely important in their world.

Yaxley himself had no desire for furthering himself, he had no political aspirations. He was content with his life, plus he was widely regarded as the best healer in St. Mungo’s. As a natural healer it was quite self-explanatory as to why that was the case. It was also why he had been summoned to aid in then unnamed child. He couldn’t deny he desired to see Hadrian working at St. Mungo’s, to see what would become of him. To teach him all he knew, to see him flourish and watch that beautiful mind at work.

He had two more years to see if the boy would change his mind. Two more years he would remain at Hogwarts and gain his N.E.W.T’s. Then the world would be his for the taking, he’d get any job he desired straight out of Hogwarts due to his smarts.

He suspected, however, the boy was destined for even greater things than St. Mungo’s had to offer.

“It’s been fun,” Hadrian said, standing abruptly, scooping up the strap of his bag that had been dumped earlier when he came in for his ‘shift’ at the hospital. “I’ll see you in class, Professor Yaxley,” he added with sass.

Yaxley scowled at the teenager, everyone knew he hated that title, especially while class wasn’t in session.

Hadrian just laughed and sauntered out the room, Yaxley just shook his head, musing whether to head for a quick lunch then return to his duties since the Medi-witches had this.

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Taking in a deep breath after Apparating to the magical side of platform nine and three quarters. There was just something about returning to Hogwarts that made him feel both so happy and nostalgic. Most of it left over feelings from his other years at Hogwarts. It had been his home for so long, Tom’s too, and he didn’t need the bond to know Tom felt this as well when they saw the train.

Sure, they had a new home, or would you consider Peverell manor old? Either way, Hogwarts was no longer their sole refuge. They no longer needed a refuge, they were safe, and no longer forced to return to a place they loathed. Merlin, that time he’d spent in the Muggle world had been enough for Hadrian. At least during the war at any rate, now that had been utterly terrifying. What long term affect did that have on Tom in the long run? That undiluted fear of death? No, it didn’t matter, after all the future he knew had been wiped clean.

Peverell Manor meant more to them than Hogwarts, it was their future, but the school would always have a special place in their hearts. It was their first home, the only place that had ever made sense to them. Where they had harnessed their magic and become capable. Hadrian didn’t bother trying to see over the heads of all the students and their parents trying to find Tom. Instead he focused on the bond, feeling Tom out, and wasn’t very surprised to sense that Tom and the others were actually already on the train. The express filled up really quickly and if you
wanted a decent compartment then you had to snap it up fast.

Quickly making his way through the crowd, avoiding trampling on anyone or bumping into them. He’d rather not have to apologise over and over again. Half his focus was on the bond, especially once he was on the train, until he got to the third compartment down and opened it.

The compartment was uncommonly packed. Usually only a few of the others joined them, instead what Tom could one day call his ‘Inner circle’ was there.

“Hey,” Hadrian murmured, squeezing into the window seat next to Tom. Sighing softly, he leaned back giving a groan of contentment.

“How did it go?” Avery asked, genuinely curious.

“I’ll miss it, but it was a good experience,” Hadrian replied sincerely, especially if they needed any medical healing after the battle with Grindelwald.

“Then why not continue it?” Dolohov suggested.

“I have other…projects I want to do,” Hadrian answered immediately, his mind drifting back to the wizards and witches he’d seen completely catatonic.

Tom glanced at him briefly, his brow furrowing as he sensed the turmoil within Hadrian.

Hadrian mouthed ‘Later’ to him, he’d discuss it in private, Tom in turn gave a very short imperceptible nod of his head.

“If you enjoyed it then maybe you can open a clinic next summer?” Orion suggested, “We don’t have many people who open clinics for those who need help.” St. Mungo’s…well, sometimes it took weeks at a time to get an appointment unless it was an emergency and even then, you could end up waiting hours to be seen.

“That…is actually not a bad idea,” Hadrian pointed out, a thoughtful look on his face, it would allow him to do what he wanted while helping others. A part time clinic, or hell a full time one with a few healers he trusted to work with him. They would work their own hours, make their own money, it was actually very plausible, another way to bring in money. Although, probably not much, since the whole purpose of the clinic would be to help those who couldn’t afford St. Mungo’s.

Orion just sat there smugly, very pleased with him.

“How did your talks go with your parents, by the way?” Hadrian asked some five minutes later, interrupting the quiet talking the others had going on with their neighbours or the reading a few were doing.

“I’ve had no luck,” Nott grumbled look extremely vexed.

“My parents were apprehensive about it, but in the end they agreed to let me go, since it’s only a few days and I’d have an emergency portkey on hand.” Avery replied, while a few nodded, as if that had been the same line of questioning they’d had regarding their holiday.

“Same,” the others who had nodded in agreement.

“Just one who hasn’t got permission?” Hadrian asked, surprised despite himself.
“I haven’t had the opening to ask them,” Dolohov said grudgingly, feeling like a failure.

“Be sure to be convincing, get the others to help you write a good letter, with a portkey I can’t see the reason they’d say no,” Hadrian replied, understanding why Dolohov was hesitating. He had seen the expression on his face when he learned they were going after Grindelwald. It was one of pure fear, Dolohov reminded him of Draco actually, full of fire but when it came down to it…he just didn’t have the confidence to go through with it. People would call it cowardice, but the reality was he just had a bigger sense of self preservation. Plus, he was one of the Death Eaters who lived to adulthood and he became quite confident in himself. All he needed was time and some confidence. “There’s no guarantee you’ll be chosen anyway, it all depends on how the training goes.”

“Speaking off, how is your Wandless abilities going?” Tom asked cutting in, his tone very different from the soothing dulcet tones of Hadrian. Dolohov was grateful for the change in subject for all of two seconds.

The silence spoke volumes.

“How disappointing,” Tom uttered, causing the bond with Hadrian to ping with amusement, he knew immediately that it was the words not the way he was behaving. Which made him even more curious, but he refrained from asking, even over the bond since he’d immediately began speaking and he wasn’t going to interrupt. It was always fascinating to watch Hadrian with his inner circle.

“It takes time guys, and you’ve been using magic most of the summer…it’s not going to be a simple and easy thing, even while we’re in Wandless classes,” which he knew a few of them were, and it was going to be fun to see how they do. Hopefully it would be at the end of the day, since he knew how exhausting Wandless magic actually was on a person when they first begin.

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I know, I know it's taking forever to get to the fight scene but I hate large time skips which I realize are inevitable in this story otherwise well...you know we're totally gonna have two hundred chapters if we don't ;) something I know a lot of you wouldn't mind unless it drove you insane :D it certainly would me! However, I will try and make to so you don't wait too long for another chapter again and make sure the battle comes quickly...do you want to see some classes before the fight or will we head straight for Christmas and the decision of who is going to fight with them? Read and Review please!
Chapter 79

September sailed by and before the group knew it October was coming in, along with the winter chill that was guaranteed in Scotland. This resulted in hats, scarfs and gloves being carted around or worn almost constantly even in the castle. The only time they were warm was when they were in their dorms or in the common room, the fire was lit almost all day and most of the night. Soon the black lake would be frozen over, and idiots would attempt to stand on it – during dares or the like – and end up having to visit the hospital wing. It was the same in any time.

“You left awfully early, what’s up with that?” Avery asked, as he trudged into the common room with the others. He unlike the others had the guts to ask those kinds of questions of Hadrian especially if Tom wasn’t around. He had bonded with Hadrian after all, to act as a shield if he ever needed it. He had sworn the oath because he had to, but now he would protect him because he wanted to.

Dolohov and the others blinked at the sight of Hadrian surrounded by dozens of papers, journals, books and quills all set haphazardly around him. He’d been quieter and busier this past month than they were used to and that was saying something. After all, Hadrian was hardly without a book or journal he was writing in. They knew what the writing was, after all he had published numerous books in the past few years.

“Wanted to test something,” Hadrian murmured distractedly, blinking in surprise when a plate was thrust under his nose. Looking up, he found Avery holding out a plate filled with desserts for him. It wasn’t just one or two things, it was mounted up, how he’d managed to trail this all the way to the common room without anything spilling off was a surprise. It even had a container with fruit put aside, they knew what he liked that much was obvious. Between the fruit and the tart which was his absolute favourite. “Thanks,” he said, more alert and actually giving Avery a small smile before he put his quill down and stretched out as he began to pick at his food. His stomach grumbled, reminding him that he had all but skipped dinner before inspiration had stuck him, without his bag with him, containing all the necessary materials.

“What is it you’re actually working on? It can’t be your normal stuff,” Nott said, eyeing the books in befuddlement, “What exactly are these books for?” he understood the Latin, he just hadn’t heard of any books with those titles before in his life. “Have you decided to go full time at St. Mungo’s?” why else would he be interested in the brain and the nervous systems of the human body? Last he’d heard he was dead set against it.

Hadrian scoffed, “Hell no,” he’d be making St. Mungo’s richer than the bloody pureblood’s if he stayed on with everything he hoped to accomplish. Between the books, potions, spells and just everything he intended to publish. He knew a lot of the money went to help people, or rather a little of it, the most of it went…well into people’s pockets most likely. “I’m trying to make a potion, but it isn’t easy I need to figure out how to rejuvenate the central nervous system and how the mind works and all that stuff, it’s enough to give me a headache,”

“What’s it all for?” Dolohov questioned, glancing up as the door opened again emitting the brood of Black’s into the common room.

“You’ll see,” Hadrian waved off the question, he wasn’t going to answer it just in case he never got
the damn thing working. It would be humiliating, especially considering everyone thought he was some sort of genius. He wasn’t he was just…putting in an effort and truthfully he’d already learned everything we were in the process of learning.

The chances of him succeeding were very small, smarter people than him had surely tried to create such a potion and inevitably failed. Otherwise, why else hadn’t anyone made the potion by the time his time came around?

“You’ll see what?” Orion asked, as he joined the others, sitting on the arm of the chair since there was no other space.

“Potion, creation,” Hadrian murmured already back to scribbling away, before flipping through the Muggle books he’d bought last month. He’d apparated away from Hogsmeade, as he was legally an adult he could do as he pleased without hiding it. It had been difficult finding what he was looking for. Most places were closed down due to the war, book stores and the likes, only bare necessities shops were open. Everything boarded up, sandbags in overwhelming numbers piled high. It was a stark reminder that there was a war going on out there, one that they were only reminded off when they read the newspapers of Grindelwald’s latest schemes. The entire world was looking for him.

Orion chuffed in amusement, shaking his head, they wouldn’t get any sense out of Hadrian for a while. He knew that from experience, especially when he began speaking in one syllable words. “Come on, we best get going,” gesturing towards their duelling room, which had until they began training been mostly a meeting room or torture room depending on ones definition and whether they’d gotten themselves into trouble.

One thing that everyone could agree to was that he was less trigger happy since he met Hadrian. Sure, he’d been beyond pissed a few times, usually following Hadrian being attacked. He did get angry and curse them then, for their failure, but other than that? Nothing, he wasn’t so easily angered these days and they all relished in that fact.

To think if Hadrian hadn’t been there he would have already moved up to the Cruciatus Curse.

Luckily that future would never darken anyone’s doorstep.

“You coming?” Alphard asked, as the others all began moving, leaving everything strewn across the common rooms main couches. Nobody would touch it or sit down, not if they valued their lives, the group was the top of the food chain within Slytherin. What they said goes, or rather what Tom and Hadrian said went.

“Soon,” Hadrian grunted, as he slammed the book closed and began to scribble away again.

Alphard grinned roguishly, eyes gleaming as he wandered away. Time to embarrass the others with their inability to properly master Wandless Magic. Oh, they could perform it, he was just better… although he didn’t know how Abraxas was with the magic and he was the only one in the group who had graduated. He’d been a few years older than them to begin with and automatically sided with Tom. He was smart enough to see which way the wind was blowing.

When Alphard stepped into the room, he noticed the others were already hard at work. Trying to get the more complicated spells to work Wandlessly. Hadrian’s ideas mostly, the tripping jinx, and even more awesome a spell that completely removed every bone in the targeted area. It hadn’t been used that way before, to think they could use to incapacitate their enemies…yes, he was rather in awe of his ingenuity.

That wasn’t all, the list of spells was quite a big one, and each of them ‘light’ in nature, which was
at the height of irony really. Bringing down the enemy using light spells, ones they were actually
taught while here at Hogwarts. Which meant they couldn’t get in trouble for using them with their
wand let alone Wandlessly.

It was a constant reminder not to get on Hadrian’s bad side, there was one particular spell everyone
was eager to perfect. ‘Langlock’ it literally stuck the tongue to the victims mouth. No incantation,
no light, no nothing to suggest something had happened. The first time he’d showed them it he’d
actually looked guilty, which had peaked both his – Alphard’s – and Orion’s curiosity, it was an
amazing spell, what was there to be guilty about? They’d never found out and doubted they would
either, Hadrian wasn’t one for sharing much of anything, especially his past. They could guess
enough though, to know why he wasn’t one for talking about it.

Sometimes Tom and Hadrian were two peas in a pod.

Speak of the devil, and he shall appear, Tom stood at the door, saying nothing but his mere
presence demanded attention. He didn’t seem slightest bit surprised that Hadrian wasn’t there
though, even apart they knew what each other was up to. It made Alphard wonder just what kind of
marriage bond they had.

“Dolohov do you have permission to go yet?” Tom asked, eyeing the wizard with impatience, he
did not like when his plans were put into jeopardy. He wanted to take Dolohov with him, he was
one of the better fighters, nothing compared to him, Hadrian or Abraxas but he’d do. Orion and
Alphard were definitely coming.

Orion had always been one of his staunchest followers, but Alphard was a surprise. He had never
been interested in any of that until the end of last year. He’d been talking to Hadrian a lot, trying to
get a feel for what they were doing and hoping to accomplish. He hadn’t been privy to those
conversations, and Hadrian hadn’t spilled the details, obviously seeing them as unimportant.

He’d probably spoken to Orion as well, whatever had been revealed seemed to warm Alphard to
him and his side. Not that he minded, the more pureblood’s he had on his side, the easier it would
be to get everything he wanted to accomplish done. They would one day take over from their
parents, within the Ministry and social circles, and they were important whether his husband
thought so or not. Money could only get you so far, thankfully he had enough charm for the both of
them.

“Yes, I received permission to go,” Dolohov replied, after reluctantly asking them, half hoping that
they would deny his request. The other half that didn’t want to let Tom down had hoped they
would agree without too much trouble. His conflicted feelings were ridiculous, but who could
blame him? They were going to go against Grindelwald and his bloody sycophant followers. There
was only going to be a few of them against who knows how many people, it was extremely
dangerous. He would have rather waited a few years until he was out of Hogwarts.

“Good, I don’t want any more delays,” Tom stated sharply, relaxing a little, everyone was going,
only a few people they trusted the most, and those who could fight to the extent they needed them
to would be allowed to participate. Hadrian had already set everything up with his publishers, and
he was going to be in France and the exact town they needed to be in according to ‘Death’. Where
the final battle would take place…but instead of Dumbledore it would be them.

“When will we find out who is fighting?” Orion asked calmly, his grey eyes filled with unholy
glee, he was excited about this. He could imagine everyone’s reactions when they returned, they
would be hero’s, having taken out Grindelwald and his men…it would give the Black name…
exposure, and maybe, just maybe it would help ease them out of the ‘dark’ they were so reviled as
by some in society.
“When we get there,” Tom replied, inwardly wondering whether the Aurors were visiting Dumbledore in Azkaban. He knew they had been desperate in what he now considered an alternative timeline to beg Dumbledore to aid them. Even then he hadn’t had the guts to do the right thing. How could he have thought Dumbledore was ever a do-gooder? He pawned off the fight with Grindelwald to a young wizard who hadn’t remained at Hogwarts for the full seven years. A boy who had been expelled or would have if not for Dumbledore speaking up for him. The thought of them releasing Dumbledore even for a moment so enraged him.

‘well, aren’t you a clever one,’ Death positively cooed at Tom, a chilling chuckle leaving his lips at the blatant sense of indignation that came through. Both at the fact he was cooing and of course, the fact he had wormed his way past his defences. He still hadn’t learned to live with it yet, not unlike Hadrian who had wholly accepted him and all he represents. ‘You are quite correct, they will be negotiating with Dumbledore in Azkaban in order for his help.’

It took everything in Tom’s willpower to remain aloof when he wanted to rain down curses and hexes just hearing that information. ‘And?’ Tom asked, remaining respectful with the entity that was ‘Death’ he’d rather not end up on his bad side thank you very much. He was too smart for anything like that.

‘I assume you’re enquiring as to whether they will be successful or not?’ Death intoned already bored with the conversation.

‘Will they?’ Tom asked coolly, disregarding the chuckle of delight that invaded his skull. No doubt Death knew how he really felt, and the attempt at being ‘aloof’ amused him so. To be fair, he too would have the same reaction. Seeing others trying to hide their real emotions and remain blank faced was hilarious.

‘It will all be over before the Minister of Magic and President of MACUSA sign the documents,’ Death informed him, putting the youngling at ease. It would have amused death at how much Hadrian and Tom both loathed Dumbledore if not the fact Death too found the wizard to be grating on the nerves. He had ensured that by giving them a time and place, just as the precipice moment in time, and Dumbledore will be so close to getting out only to be dropped like a tonne of bricks. It was quite a glorious vision, perhaps he’d share it with the two younglings.

‘Good,’ Tom said in satisfaction, almost purring as his eyes sparkled maliciously, oh, to see the look on Dumbledore’s face. It would be the memory required for his Patronus for sure, next to Hadrian of course. Another chuckle greeted him before the presence of ‘Death’ faded from his mind, their conversation apparently hadn’t been long enough to cause any concern. As he heard Alphard’s voice before he came back to it.

“Why when we get there and not before we leave?” Alphard questioned, it was rather vexing not knowing who would get to go. He’d be annoyed – okay pissed – if he didn’t get to go and Orion did, they worked best as a pair, everyone knew that.

“Whatever you’re up to, we want in,” the two Black witches demanded from the door.

Tom stiffened on the spot, loathing the fact he hadn’t sensed them coming, he relaxed almost immediately afterwards. He definitely didn’t want them to see him having been caught of guard by their presence. Considering they were looking at the girls, it was a safe bet it had gone unnoticed.

“Absolutely not,” Alphard, Orion and Tom intoned as one, refusing to let them participate.

“Why not?” Dorea and Walburga demanded in turn, crossing their arms over their chest displeased, “I better not hear it’s because I’m a woman!” Dorea added, eyes narrowed, her infamous Black
temper glowering under the surface.

“You’re not going,” Orion commanded, as the heir and future Lord of the Black estate his word was law when it came to family. He knew his father would agree with him, and they knew it too.

“Why not?” Dorea spat out angrily, she hated being treated differently just because she was a woman.

“Yes, Orion, why not?” Hadrian’s voice was heard from behind the girls causing them to jerk forward and spin around to face him and Lucretia who was standing beside him with a smug smirk. “Bear in mind if I hear because they’re witches it will be me that will be pissed off,” he added, green eyes boring into Orion’s own.

“Wha…” Orion gaped at Hadrian, clearly unsure of what to do or say, and that was shocking enough, he’d never been speechless, not like this.

“Well?” Hadrian commanded, arching a brow as he waited.

Orion swallowed, “You expect me to let my intended go into battle? Or my sister? Or my cousin?” trying to phrase it without coming out and saying it was because they were girls.

“You think they can’t hold their own?” Hadrian asked, sounding deeply amused.

“I have no doubt they can, they were taught by the best tutors before coming here, just like I was,” Orion said mildly, he just didn’t think a battle was the best place for them.

Lucretia, Walburga and Dorea watched the show with smug satisfaction. They knew why Orion didn’t want them to go. He thought just like everyone else women shouldn’t be anywhere near a battle, but bare foot in the kitchen or at home cleaning. Even with a mum like Melania Black who was awesome. They were somewhat surprised that anyone was standing up for them, it wasn’t normal especially not in pureblood society. They were expected to just accept it, even their own mothers told them that was just how things were done.

Dorea after hearing it for the millionth time, constantly wondered how to get people to see her as her own person. As someone strong and capable of more than just having children. Even Charles was speaking of weddings and children, he listened to her dreams but didn’t actively encourage it. Knowing Tom and the others were up to something big, she decided to hedge her bets and try to get in on it. Walburga came with her, but they hadn’t really hoped to succeed. It seemed as though Lucretia had the right idea.

“So its settled then, they’re coming,” Hadrian replied, green eyes gleaming as he watched Orion carefully, waiting for the inevitable explosion. The Black’s all had rotten tempers, all the inbreeding didn’t make for a good temperament. It just got worse in the future, until there were no Black’s left. No, Hadrian wasn’t going to let that happen this time around.

“My parents won’t allow it,” Orion pointed out the obvious.

“Considering their cousins and brothers are going to be there, I don’t see how that is going to be a problem,” Hadrian pointed out, his lips twitching at the look of constipation on Orion’s face.

“Look they’re good duellers but they haven’t got the experience we have!” Alphard pointed out, “We’ve been training for this…they haven’t,” before adding as he looked at the girls, “Do you even know what you’re getting yourself into?”

“We have a way to test that theory, don’t we?” Hadrian said, “Don’t let me down after I’ve
defended you,” he whispered to Lucretia in warning. “A Duel, a proper one, Dolohov you’ll duel with Lucretia, Avery with Dorea and Nott with Walburga, one at a time.”

Orion viciously bit his tongue, wincing at the pain, damn it, why was Hadrian pushing this? The girls didn’t belong out on a damn battlefield, fighting for their lives. It was going to get them killed, and then he’d be killed by his parents and aunts. Everyone was overprotective of the Black females, and he was just stoking flames into the fire.

“Done,” the three girls said as one, almost vibrating with excitement.

Wandering over to Nott, he whispered, “You’ll need to be careful of that one,” Hadrian said, knowing Walburga was a vicious bitch. She knew more spells than she let on, she put Molly Weasley to shame…or would.

Nott scoffed, “Hardly,” this would be the easiest duel he’d ever partaken.

Hadrian just chuckled in devious amusement, everyone was in for a shock…at least he thought so. If they let him down, he wouldn’t be happy. He knew women could do anything they put their mind to, and were lethal with a wand if they practiced enough.

“What are you up to now?” Tom asked exasperated.

“What do you mean?” Hadrian asked, cocking his head to the side, “I don’t always have to be up to anything you know.”

“You’re trying to prove a point,” Tom pointed out shrewdly, “The question is why?” the pureblood’s wouldn’t be happy with him yet again, for breaking the status quo. Women were means to keep the bloodlines going, most wizards didn’t see them as anything else. He wasn’t one of those wizards of course, but he did want to keep the pureblood’s happy.

So of course, his husband would do everything in his power to make them unhappy.

“Just because they aren’t born with a fucking dick, doesn’t mean they’re incapable of duelling and winning,” Hadrian said crudely.

Tom blinked at the words, “They’ll be underestimated, attacked first because of that underestimation,”

“Then learn just as quickly how lethal they can be while the wizards protect him more fiercely, win-win scenario.” Hadrian added lightly.

“We only have a limited number of slots,” Tom replied, “Only the best come,” watching Dolohov and Lucretia stand at ten paces, bowing to one another before backtracking into position,

“No it was stated ‘At least’ not ‘Only’,” Hadrian stated, “Technically we can take more if we feel the need, it just makes the win easier I suppose.” Watching as the two began with simple spells, trying to gauge each other.

“You think we should take more with us?” Tom queried, a ponderous tone to his voice. Paying no attention to the duel going on before him.

“The more people we have…the less chance of losing anyone,” Hadrian shrugged, and that was something that did play on his mind. Some of them might piss him off from time to time – but what friends didn’t? – but he didn’t want to see any of them dead especially not to something he was actively encouraging. He was the one going after Grindelwald, knowing that if he didn’t…
Dumbledore would. Yes, he’d heard the conversation between Death and Tom just then. Before that he’d just assumed that he had to take care of the problem because Dumbledore was out of the picture. Who was he kidding? He’d planned on it even before taking Dumbledore out. He’d had to in order to prevent Dumbledore’s rapid rise to fame.

“True,” and Tom didn’t want that, it might have an adverse reaction, a chain reaction of shutting doors on them. The Black’s despite their reputation were one of the wealthiest and largest Pureblood families out there. It didn’t escape his notice that most of them were in fact Black’s now. “I hope you know what you’re doing.” His eyes widening a bit at the spell Lucretia shot at Dolohov, that was an Auror grade spell. Okay, that he hadn’t expected, and neither had Dolohov by the look of stunned disbelief on his face.

“I do,” Hadrian said, “You know as well as I do that witches are just as powerful, if not more so and just as lethally.” He might not have the ‘personal experience’ like him, but he had watched some of the most vicious duels where witches were involved. Yes, she might have been completely and utterly insane, but didn’t make her any less powerful.

“But against Grindelwald’s fanatics?” Tom questioned, he had no doubt the woman Bellatrix from the memories he’d seen could. Was it possible that these witches were like her? Judging by the spells Lucretia was using, he’d say yes, hands down. Perhaps Hadrian knew what he was talking about. Dolohov was putting more effort into this duel than he’d seen him using in a long time.

“They deserve for the world to see them more than just wives and mothers-to-be.” Hadrian said, “Lucretia is desperate enough to attempt something stupid…at least this way…this way is safe-ish, she’ll have everyone else around her.” He wasn’t sure what he had changed…or if he had changed anything in regards to the ladies. Perhaps she had done something insane in the timeline when he hadn’t been there…it wasn’t as if he knew.

“Do you know if she…” Tom questioned curiosity piqued.

“I have absolutely no idea,” Hadrian said wryly, watching the duel come to its conclusion, with Dolohov yielding to Lucretia. “Boom, and you can’t say he wasn’t trying to go all out to win,” which he had most certainly had been. Dolohov didn’t want the humiliation of losing to a girl… especially in front of his boys, too bad. The humiliation had found him.

“Told you, Orion,” Lucretia stated, breathing heavily, being tended to by Dorea who was reversing the curses and damage done to her. Wiping the sweat and blood off her brow, “I’m just as good as you,”

“One fight doesn’t prove that,” Orion told her, worry shading his grey eyes, how did he go about telling her that he wasn’t doing it out of spite or just because she was a woman? Lucretia was his sister, someone he had been protecting since the moment she was born. Yes, he was only one year older than her, but he’d always been protective.

“Look, you’re my brother, and I love you, but you can’t always protect me,” Lucretia said softly, seeing the worry shining through his eyes made her feel bad for how she was being. He was just concerned about her, he knew that, but he had to find out at some point that she was capable of defending herself. She didn’t always need her big brother to come to her aid.

“How does Ignatius feel about that?” Orion enquired.

“He won’t always protect me either,” Lucretia, she’d decided to keep her contract to marry Ignatius Prewitt, he wasn’t related to her any relation was very distant. So her parents had given her choices, and after spending time with him this summer – giving him a chance – she had decided to go
through with it.

‘I think...I think one of her ways of spite was by not having any kids’ Hadrian pushed through the bond, instead of speaking the words. The room was too silent for him to get away with saying something like that to Tom without getting curious looks.

‘Could she be barren?’ Tom spoke, it was odd to think a woman wouldn’t want children... especially if it was something as stupid as spite.

‘Possible, who knows? I barely know anything about the Black’s, I’m only distantly related to them,’ Hadrian replied, ‘My godfather never spoke of his family and all heirlooms were thrown into bags and discarded like junk.’ Which would not happen this time around, he absolutely refused to let such a travesty occur. He’d been so young, innocent and naïve at the time. There was one thing though, Sirius had the Black stubbornness just like the rest of them.

“And Charles?” Orion went for Dorea next.

Dorea narrowed her eyes, “Don’t. Even.” She hissed like a feral cat.

“Mention my parents and we are going to go around and around like we did when we were little,” Walburga warned Orion.

Orion gulped and crossed his leg over the other, making it clear just what she had done to him – more than once judging by her words – and it definitely didn’t require spell work.

“There’s no guarantee they’ll be fighting,” Tom stated, interrupting their little conversation. “No outsiders better find out about this,” he warned the three smug witches. His threat sobered them up, good, the last thing he needed was for word to get out. All Slytherins knew better of course, but better safe than sorry.

“We have homework to do today, so we best get this wrapped up,” Hadrian added, rubbing the back of his head, his brow wrinkled, they had too much going on added with so much homework... their sleep was suffering and that wasn’t a good idea. “We’ll need to get that all done before we have another session, if we get too tired it will be detrimental in the long run. So get the homework done and an early night is in the cards,” And it was required to be handed in tomorrow.

None of them could allow their school work to suffer, it would not only bring questions down on them – such as why – but it could potentially have the parents deciding to rescinding their permission to let them to go to France.

Tom sighed, “Very well,” he conceded, he could say nothing since he too was swamped with homework. Which he had put last in his list of priorities, and compared to making sure they were all fit and ready for what was to come next month...it was last.

Nobody so much as blinked at the fact it was Hadrian giving the orders and not Tom.

They worked as a team.

A very good team.

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My god it's ridiculous the amount of research I've done for this story! :D especially the Black
family! but there we go! Enter the witches I wanted some girls to get into the circle and this is the way of going about it :D It's odd to think Lucretia is Molly Fabian and Gideon's aunt isn't it? which means they'll probably be in the story at some point soon...which how the heck is that possible? Just how old is Molly Weasley by Harry's time :O lol I think it might be two more chapters before we get to France I think, one where they're attending classes like you would like to see...and perhaps a Samhain ritual I've wanted to do one for a while but never had the opportunity! Read and Review Please!
Chapter 80

Lord Of Time

I have a Facebook group for my stories if you're interested in joining! For voting, finding stories and getting updates about my stories! It's under DebsTheSlytherinSnapeFanStories :)

Chapter 80

Hadrian ventured slowly into the Astronomy tower, Orion was sitting there, a pensive look upon his face, which became guarded the second he realized he wasn’t alone. Orion had barely spoken to him this past few weeks, and Hadrian actually missed their usual banter. He’d known the Black heir would be upset, but this upset? Honestly, why did these pureblood’s assume women were so weak? Especially after seeing the girls win the majority of the duels they had with the others, they’d proven how good they were. Just as Hadrian had known they would, they wanted to show the world what they could do, and they were definitely going to set out to do it. Perhaps even open the gateway to allowing women to have careers and families.

“Alright, let it rip, I won’t hold anything against you,” Hadrian said, knowing Orion probably wanted to call him all the names under the sun.

“How could you let them participate?” Orion asked, his tone calm – much to Hadrian’s surprise – as he turned to stare at Hadrian with an accusing look upon his face.

“First tell me why…why you’re truly against them coming with us,” Hadrian counter questioned.

“It’s my job to keep them safe,” Orion pressed out through gritted teeth, it had been drummed into him from childhood, protect them, keep them safe, don’t let anyone take advantage of them.

“That’s a lot to put on someone’s shoulders, especially considering they’re the same age as you,” Hadrian said, if that was something demanded of the heirs no wonder Sirius had found it too much. He could only imagine how difficult it was to try and look after Narcissa, Andromeda and Bellatrix for Merlin’s sake. “Do you want to see them happy?”

“Of course I do!” Orion protested, “They need to be alive to be happy!”

Hadrian sighed, “So you honestly believe they cannot hold their own? If they cannot none of you can, should I just call this whole thing off and go alone with Tom?”

“Merlin, no,” Orion objected, the others would kill him if he let something like that happen, they were all up for this battle, fired up and raring to go. In truth he had been as well, still was, but it was shadowed by the fact his sister, intended and cousin were all being pulled into this – potentially of course – there was no guarantee they’d be chosen. “Please, please just don’t choose them when we get there,”

“Orion…do you even know what the girls were planning to do?” Hadrian enquired, leaning his legs over the railing, letting them dangle around. “To try and get attention on themselves other than the witches who would bring more alliances to the Black family?”

Orion stiffened, understanding the implication behind those words immediately, perhaps Hadrian hadn’t done this to solely piss him off. “What do you mean?” wishing to know more. It was his job to know everything about them, how could Hadrian know something he didn’t? Unless, the girls had been very careful not to arouse suspicion, which if Hadrian was truthful, they had most
“You don’t want to know, this way it can be accomplished in a safe manner, with everyone there to protect them. They want to be seen as more than just witches, more than just potential mothers to future heirs, and honestly I can’t blame them. You know Britain doesn’t accept witches into the Auror forces, but America does, they’re more progressive.” They work twice as hard just to prove themselves too, and didn’t get as half as many chances as the wizards to demonstrate it either. Hell in the end, they’re too proud to ask for help, instead endured because its what was expected of them, like Eileen Prince. He wanted to make changes, and this was the start of those changes. He refused to let witches be treated as lesser beings because they were born girls. He didn’t know how many witches he’d treated for suspicious injuries, Merlin help him but he couldn’t let it continue.

Orion should have guessed Hadrian had more than just one reason behind what he did. He always, always worked that way, even if he didn’t approve…he was still going out of his way to protect the people in his life that he loved. Whatever the girls were up to…they could have ended up hurt or worse killed under his watch. It was true enough, they could watch over them, make sure nothing happened. Hadrian had always gone out of his way to be kind to them, to include them somewhat, never to this extent though.

“Together…Orion, we can do this without losing anyone, lose that worry and fear or you will be left behind,” Hadrian warned sternly, as he stood up, ready to get to his classes for the day. “I won’t lose you or anyone else because they’re distracted and constantly looking out for the girls who are more than capable. So you have a choice to make, choose wisely, because you’re one of the best players.” With that he made his way to the door of the astronomy tower, and glanced back briefly, giving him some parting words.

“For what it’s worth Orion…I respect your protective tendencies, I, too, am like that about people I care for,”

Orion groaned dramatically, brilliant, now he was being threatened with being left behind because he was worried. Then only to have Hadrian tell him he respected that about him…honestly, what was he supposed to do? He was a mass of contradictions, but that was nothing new, it was as if his mind was decades ahead of its time. Sighing resignedly, he scooped up his bag and wandered out of the astronomy tower, hastening his speed to catch up with Hadrian.

“I’ll try my best,” Orion said after he caught up with him.

“I know, and you’ll succeed, you’re brilliant Orion…any kid of yours will be too,” Hadrian informed him seriously, and it was true, both Regulus and Sirius were brilliant. “What was that grimace all about?” stopping to a halt at the top of the stairs, confused by Orion’s reaction, had he not wanted kids? Was that why he was such a shit parent? If he was even a shit parent, Sirius had been a teenager and they were known for overreactions. He’d probably just wanted more from Sirius than he was capable of giving, just like Orion had too much on his shoulders. Kids should have the chance to be kids.

“After the books you’ve released…I’m not sure if I want to risk it,” Orion declared steadily, which was the truth, he didn’t want a squib or deformed kid, and he and Walburga were too closely related that it is entirely possible. It explained so much though, about the family and their problems. He had an aunt who was completely insane, she was kept a closely guarded secret, kept out of the wizarding community, lived in a beautiful house, with caretakers all around the clock. She was still a Black regardless of her mental state.

“Oh,” Hadrian murmured, fear flashing through him like a tidal wave, his heart pounding dangerously fast. What the hell had he done? He couldn’t let Sirius and Regulus be wiped out of
existence! He would be pressured to have an heir but perhaps not...he wasn’t the only Black male heir there were many others who could take up the mantel after him. It wasn’t a big concern, the Black family was expansive in this time. “I suppose you have a point,” unable to say otherwise, it wasn’t as if he could tell Orion his kids would be quite powerful, smart and just like the rest of Black’s now could he? “How does Walburga feel?” praying she wanted kids enough to risk it, Orion would give her whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted. They began to walk down the steps, Hadrian listening intently for Orion’s reply.

“She wants at least two kids,” Orion grumbled, “More if they don’t turn out to be boys,”

Hadrian’s lips twitched, hence why they actually had two, despite this being an arranged marriage, it seemed as if Orion truly loved Walburga. What had happened to make her so...ill-mannered and quite frankly repulsive? Had the loss of Orion and her kids made her that way? She’d been alone in every sense of the word when she died, the Black line having died with her. Orion died if he remembered correctly while Sirius was in Azkaban. He knew what loss did to people, and someone so proud of their lineage, especially the Blacks...it would have been devastating. For the first time, Hadrian began to see things from Walburga’s point of view, and felt sympathy for the woman in the portrait.

This would not happen this time around, she might lose her husband, yes, but she would never be alone.

“I’d give her what she wants,” Hadrian teased, “Otherwise she’ll make your life a living hell,”

Orion barked out that familiar bark of laughter, something Sirius had done often, it was nice to know it wasn’t solely down to his animagus form, he’d picked it up from his father. “Don’t I know it,” he drawled, ruefully shaking his head. Turning the corner heading towards the DADA classroom, which was their first class for the day.

“We good?” Hadrian asked, and he truly wanted them to be, and wasn’t that a shock? Not really, not anymore, he had come to accept his sheer happiness at having genuine friends. Perhaps the hat had known what it was talking about during his sorting, would this be what would have come of him? or would his life been hellish in Slytherin because of who he was and ‘what he’d done’ at least what the world believed he had done at any rate.

“Yeah, we’re good,” Orion declared strongly, shoulder bumping Hadrian’s as they entered the classroom, immediately moving towards their respective partners for this particular class.

Tom arched an eyebrow as Hadrian approached, not having to speak for Hadrian to understand what he wanted.

A single nod stated all was well again within the ranks.

Tom seemed satisfied with the answer, and before another word could be spoken, their professor made an appearance. Merrythought was a competent teacher, well, more than competent when compared to Hadrian’s previous teachers that’s for damn certain.

The register was quickly complete, the professor swiftly getting it out of the way, before putting it down on the table.

“Can anyone give me a description of dark magic and its properties?” Merrythought asked, sitting on the edge of her table, staring her students down, waiting for someone to raise their hands to answer her question. This class was very pro-active, and she liked that about the students, especially the eloquent answers she received from the Slytherins.
Immediately nearly everyone raised their hands, “Yes, Mr. Potter?”

Hadrian bit his tongue to stop himself from answering, vividly reminding himself yet again he wasn’t Mr. Potter here. It was automatic to want to answer, he’d gone his whole life being referred to as Mr. Potter after all. Instinct one might even day at the end of the day. Even after being called Mr. Peverell-Slytherin nearly all the time now.

“Dark magic is evil, addictive and should be banned,” he declared strongly.

“Many would strongly disagree with that statement, Mr. Potter,” Merrythought stated, not giving her own thoughts and feelings away regarding her own feelings on such magic. “Mr. Peverell-Slytherin?” quite eager to hear his opinion.

“The Dark Arts are many, varied, ever-changing, and eternal. Fighting them is like fighting a many-Headed-Monster, which, each time a neck is severed, sprouts a head even fiercer and cleverer than before. You are fighting that which is unfixed, mutating, indestructible.” Hadrian said passionately, just as passionately as the wizard who had echoed the words before him. “The Dark Arts, also known as Dark Magic, refers to any type of magic that is mainly used to cause harm, control, or even death to the victim. Despite being labelled dark, the Dark Arts are not evil many of the labelled ‘Dark’ spells can actually save lives.” Labelled as such by the Ministry of magic, and it caused more harm than good.

Merrythought nodded in pride, she wouldn’t have been surprised if the young man had shared Mr. Potter’s belief. After all, she had seen the results of the attack, both after the fact it happened and in the newspapers later. He had been savagely attacked, against wizards who used magic for horrible reasons. Yet here he sat, with an objective view, clearly not prejudice against magic while Mr. Potter grew up in the magical world and was prejudice against certain magics.

Merrythought pointed towards Tom, eager to hear what he had to say about this particular subject, “The Dark Arts encompass many spells and actions ranging from the powerful Unforgivable Curses to brewing harmful or Poisonous potions to breeding Dark creatures such as Basilisks, Dementors or Inferi, and its practise is often illegal or at least discouraged. Practitioners are referred to as Dark Wizards or Witches, the most prominent and powerful of whom is Gellert Grindelwald and his fanatics,”

“Mr. Prewitt,” Merrythought requested another Gryffindor for their opinion, wondering again if it would be the same as Mr. Potter.

“The Dark Arts are generally regarded as corrupting to those who use them which is part of the reason they are considered dark. After engaging in them extensively for many years appearances can demonstrate corruption — losing former handsomeness, eventually becoming disfigured. This suggests that using very dark magic, such as the Killing Curse, damages an individual's soul.” Prewitt’s tone suggested he had heard it before from someone.

Hadrian shivered at the mere words, too much like Dumbledore’s for comfort. He blurted out a statement unable to help himself, “Powerful dark spells also require malicious intent in order to be successful according to everything I’ve read. To cast the Cruciatus Curse, for instance, one must truly desire to cause pain in and of itself. The Dark Arts can also be difficult to control another reason they are deemed ‘dark’. Injuries caused by dark magic sometimes never fully heal.” Hadrian added, “ Some curses can remain in one’s genes, being passed down through generations as recessive, or can remerge in a descendant that could lead to frail health.” The Greengrass girls were proof of that, if he remembered correctly, who knew what in the newspaper was truth or just malicious rumour.
“Using the Dark Arts in an act of true mercy in and of itself also contradicts everything stated about Dark magic.” Tom added, on a roll.

“At the same time, dark magic is not the only type of magic that can be used with the intent to kill. For example, the Severing Charm can kill if used irresponsibly. The tripping jinx, the levitation charm, all can kill if used irresponsibly.” Hadrian finished.

Merrythought and the rest of the class ping-ponged between Hadrian and Tom clearly listening and soaking up everything they were saying.

“Also the Aurors are allowed to use ‘Dark magic’ that is so forbidden during times of war, such as now,” Tom added silkily, “You don’t see the Aurors going rogue now do we? Which means Dark magic can be used and can be controlled, it’s the weaker wizards that give the Dark Arts it’s reputation by being unable to curb their own emotions.” Tom added not to be outdone, a smug smirk tugging at his lips.

Hadrian snorted quietly, at that statement, before adding, “Dark Arts isn’t just confined to spells, but there are potions out there that are considered ‘Dark Art’s’ as well,”

“We use the ‘Dark Art’s’ in every day life without even realizing it, the Black Quill is concerned Dark Magic and yet it’s used to sign important documents at Gringotts and in the Ministry itself.” Tom said.

Hadrian grinned wryly, nodding his mock defeat, it had been ages since they’d debated like this, if it could be considered debating. Although, truthfully he could have continued, begun speaking about the so called ‘dark creatures’ which wasn’t at all that bad in this time, no it was fifty times worse in his time. He wasn’t going to call attention to it, hell no, he wasn’t going to make things worse for the creatures. As soon as he and Tom had control over the magical world…then he could relax a little and not be so worried since he would never let the legislations pass that had occurred in his timeline. Werewolves had the worst of it, and quite frankly it infuriated him. Those considered the ‘Living dead’, vampires, were barely seen in the magical world due to how severe the prejudice was.

“All very good points,” Merrythought replied.

“What about your opinion, Professor?” Hadrian asked, deeply curious about that.

“My opinion has no bearings in this class, instead this allows preconceived notions be seen in a new light, to allow others to see someone else’s point of view and perhaps adapt it. it is my opinion that many people are prejudice towards the subject simply because they have a…relative and they’ve simply copied them without truly realising how broad the subject is and how diverse.” Merrythought explained.

Hadrian’s lips twitched, she’d given him an answer in a round about way, he wondered if it was on purpose or purely accidental. ‘prejudice’ gave away her feelings on the subject quite clearly.

“Now…what is said to be the Darkest of Arts?” Merrythought asked, getting the class back on track.

“Killing Curse,”

“The Unforgivables!” was echoed by most of the Gryffindors, as they all called out their guesses.

“Necromancy,” every single Slytherin stated with firmness, assuredly knowing they were quite correct.
“Quite correct, three points to each of you who called out Necromancy,” Merrythought nodded, “And ten points to Mr. Peverell-Slytherin’s each for your superb conclusion of the Dark Arts,” she added before she forgot.

“Thank you, Professor,” Hadrian replied for both him and Tom who just gave Merrythought a charming smile. He’d certainly bloody charmed the pants of him a few times he thought wryly.

Tom coughed to hide his bubble of laughter at Hadrian’s thoughts which had come through to link to him.

He couldn’t be seen laughing after all, especially at nothing, it was very unbecoming.

“Necromancy is the art of raising the dead. It’s the source of the Inferi and charmed skeletons,” Merrythought explained, “Can anyone tell me what is wrong with this particular branch of magic?”

Hands were once again immediately raised.

“Yes, Dorea?” Merrythought pointed towards her, there were three Miss Black’s in the class, so she couldn’t use her name without causing considerable confusion as to whom she was calling upon.

“They’re mindless creatures with no soul or intelligence despite them possessing human bodies,” Dorea explained concisely. “Why is why they are mindless drones who do as directed by the one who created them. Slaves to their Master’s wills.”

“Five points to Slytherin, well concluded,” Merrythought replied proudly, “Yes, despite being raised from the dead, they are no longer the person they once were. Their souls have already vacated their body the moment of death, and thus it’s just a reanimated corpse.”

“Nobody quite knows who the creator of such spells were, but we can deduce why they were,” Merrythought said, with a simple sad smile, well, perhaps the students couldn’t comprehend the depth some people would go to in order to have their loved ones back. They would one day, and she prayed they were strong enough to overcome their grief and it didn’t change them so fundamentally. “Now homework…” ignoring the dramatic groans from her students as she always did.

“I want you to pick a creature, a spell and a potion that is concerned ‘Dark’ and give me a detailed conclusion of why it’s dark, why its uses could be used for ‘good’ and more importantly why the creature is on the list and its ‘good’ attributes if you can think of any. The homework will be due in exactly two weeks,” Merrythought stated, nodding in approval as they begun to write down their Defence homework in their planners. Good, they knew the consequences of missing any homework when it came to her, and it wasn’t just loss of house points. She took her job very seriously to ensure that the students left Hogwarts able to adequately defend themselves.

“More homework,” Avery sighed, it never ended they’d just finished the next round along with strategically timed training.

“It will only get worse next year,” Hadrian sighed, leaning back in contemplation.

“Tomorrow is Halloween, are you going to have a party at the manor?” Nott questioned, they didn’t get to attend many without adults being there to spoil the fun. A party would take Hadrian’s mind of whatever bothered him during this time of the year. Quite frankly it was depressing how quiet and contemplative Hadrian got. Sure, he was quite when he was working on something…but the sort of quiet he got around Halloween was completely different.
“You just want a day off,” Dolohov scoffed, “But it is a good idea,” he grudgingly acknowledged, he could use some time off, away from Hogwarts and everything else they were doing.

“That sounds like fun!” Lucretia commented from behind them. “How about we partake in a ritual? It’s been so long since we did one as a family.” With them being at Hogwarts they hadn’t been doing the ritual with the family, not that they could boast about it, it was growing considered ‘dark’ by the majority of the people within the wizarding community, except for the pureblood’s who refused to pander to the half-blood’s and such who felt uncomfortable with the Celtic celebrations.

“We can plan one for next year,” Tom spoke up, knowing exactly why Hadrian’s moods were so down during Halloween, something always happened, even here. The damn cub Hagrid had brought to Hogwarts had attacked him, presumably because it was starving and Hagrid wasn’t giving it the food it needed. Either that or it was just reacting like all wild animals did.

His statement was met with silence, nobody argued with him.

“Actually, I’d like to do it, the ritual that is,” Hadrian said after a few moments of silence. New start, new life, he couldn’t keep dwelling on the past, and if he had something to do it would take his mind off it. Plus, it wasn’t as if it was going to happen anyway, Tom wouldn’t attack the Potters he’d have no reason. “I’d need to inform the House-Elves to set everything up, they’ll be pleased,” having anything to do other than their mundane every day tasks would be a break from the monotony.

Everyone around him rolled their eyes at his comment, they were still not used to the fact he cared about his House-elves.

“Yes!” Lucretia crowed happily, “Can we invite others to join us?” by others she meant those who weren’t in Slytherin.

Hadrian and Tom glanced at each other, a silent sort of contemplation on their faces, eventually Hadrian shrugged, he wasn’t fussed either way. “Sure, I’ll bring Myrtle, it’s been ages since we actually spoke,” and that made him feel guilty, after all he’d been so into his potions, research, his books and schoolwork that he had neglected his friendship with Myrtle, who was, probably same as him, making sure to keep her course work done. She wanted to work in the Ministry of magic, quite high up too, so she had to ensure her grades were exemplary to get a chance.

“Those who understand, only,” Tom retorted seriously, he didn’t want word getting out that they were doing the rituals, especially not to the general public, they would make it seem something sordid and dirty, not reverential like it actually was.

“After my healing class I’ll forewarn the House-elves then, we’ll go at around nine, after the professors have done their rounds, we’ll probably be back around one o’clock in the morning so give them heads up,” Hadrian added, “We will be back to classes the next day, and everyone will probably be exhausted and hungover.”

“Yes!” Orion hissed happily, glad they were going to be able to drink and it wasn’t going to be just pumpkin juice and a weak punch being served.

“Something you wish to tell the class?” Merrythought questioned, cutting through the simmering excitement they were all sharing.

“No, Professor, Sorry,” they echoed together, putting their heads back down, concentrating on their class still grinning from ear to ear.
And with that they remained silent throughout the rest of Merrythoughts lecture, writing the information down when directed. It seemed as though they wouldn’t be having a practical class like promised but none of them cared overly much. It was a fascinating subject, and she made a rousing lecture. It was clear to see she was passionate about the subject, which made her a good teacher.

That wasn’t always the case though, Severus Snape had been passionate (or should he say had has been will be?) about potions and he had been a horrifically irascible teacher. Completely diminishing peoples own passion for the art of potion brewing. Speaking of which, Merlin, Hadrian hoped that his Professor was still born in this timeline. Which would be when? A few years? Eileen married Tobias Snape right out of Hogwarts and had him quite quickly. Same as many others actually, Charles too, would have James Potter, his father.

They would live to see James graduate and marry Lily but not long enough to meet their grandson, they died of Dragon Pox in their old age. Something Hadrian actually hoped to change, for both his ‘grandparents’ and Abraxas since he was a victim of it as well. They had been good people, taking in Sirius as a second son when he split from his family. Probably due to Dorea having been married into the family as well and family meant everything to quite a lot of the pureblood population.

‘The bell is about to go’ Tom commented, seeing that Hadrian was a bit too lost in his own thoughts, he had even stopped writing down the lecture information. He wondered where he had drifted off to, Halloween and who he would have become? Remembering something else insignificant? Dwelling on things he was changing and wasn’t going to be able to undo?

Hadrian came to, staring at Tom bewildered before quickly scooping up his work, and shoving it into his bag as the bell went.

Time to get to the healing class.

“Are you alright?” Tom asked, after grasping a hold of his arm, staring at him in concern.

“I’m fine, honestly, just thinking about a few things,” Hadrian said giving him a reassuring twitch of his lips.

“Okay, I’ll see you in the Great Hall, later,” Tom replied, he knew Hadrian didn’t lie to him, they didn’t lie to each other. They had no need to do such a thing, they knew everything about each other, and that was what made their relationship – their marriage – so strong despite their young age. That and Tom’s possessiveness, which he hadn’t known could run towards love and affection, instead of just a possessiveness of declaring someone his, without feelings getting involved like he had with the others when he first begun his mission of taking over Slytherin.

“Yeah,” Hadrian murmured his agreement, squeezing Tom’s hand in goodbye before they went in separate ways for their next classes. Tom hadn’t taken healing while Hadrian had. After so much destruction, he had wanted to know how to make things better, and he was succeeding just like he always did in everything he did. He made a mental note to copy Tom’s work that he’d missed with his errant thoughts.

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Samhain the next day – Peverell-Slytherin Manor

Hadrian cleared his throat, gathering everyone’s attention, as they looked around, many had not been to Peverell manor yet. They had all been Portkey’d through the wards, and were only guests in the manor which means they couldn’t go where they pleased. Which is something they would
find out soon enough. The smell of food was wafting in the air, all of them had refrained from eating overly much wishing to enjoy a Samhain feast. ‘I’d like you to meet Selene, she will be here all evening, and if anyone wishes to have their fortune told, Tarots, a séance, what have you, she will give you a reading in private,’

Everyone glanced at her, you wouldn’t have thought she was into the whole divination thing, she wasn’t like their teacher at Hogwarts at all. Long black hair tied back, tidy appearance with a cloak set over her shoulders. She gave them all a small smile and nod before she disappeared into the grand hall they’d be using for tonight.

“You hired someone for this evening?” Tom asked, sounding amused.

“I did,” Hadrian replied, shrugging his shoulders, “Might as well go all out, it’s what people normally do anyway, do a séance, speak to the dead,” it was the feast of the dead after all. The only thing they couldn’t do was celebrate the length of time the pagans usually do. Which would have seen it ending just before midnight on November the first. He’d paid a woman to do something he could do himself, with the resurrection stone, it was hardly surprising that Tom was amused.

“Oh, of course,” Tom agreed wryly.

Sharing a secretive smirk, Hadrian turned back to everyone, “The first thing we will do is light candles for those we’ve lost, then we shall go out to the bonfire and make an effigy of your choosing before dinner. Is there anyone here who isn’t familiar with the Pagan rituals? Speak now so you can be informed instead of ill-informed and feeling stupid,” he could hear Myrtle cackling over everyone’s smothered sniggers. “Alright, let’s go!” he called, leading everyone towards the room he’d requested set up with an abundance of white – seven day – candles so everyone could light one in memory of whom they’ve lost if they’ve lost anyone. The House-elves would ensure the manor didn’t burn down but also make sure they remained burning brightly until the seven days were done.

“O little flame that burns so bright, be a beacon on this night. Light the path for all the dead, that they may see now what’s ahead. And lead them to the Summerland and shine until Pan takes their hands. And with Your light, please bring them peace, that they may rest and sleep with ease.” Hadrian murmured softly, he could hear the others also chanting out their own words, some repeated the same as him, while others used their own variations. He had nobody to really mourn, nobody he knew was dead, and never would be.

Unlike everyone else’s ritual, Hadrian, as Master Of Death…actually eased the passing of the souls that Death collected on this day.

Tom lit the candle with his wand, before immediately stepping away, his mind reflecting his mother for some strange reason. He didn’t know her, hardly cared, but the thoughts Hadrian had shared with him…about how she had protected him the best way she knew. Dying and enacting a protection rather than letting the Gaunts’ know his existence. Protection that had imbued itself within the walls of the orphanage. Shaking off his thoughts, refusing to dwell on them. He wasn’t that confused little boy anymore.

“Did you finish the new spell you were trying to create?” Hadrian asked curiously, he hadn’t asked about Tom’s ventures in a few days. The only difference between what he came up with and what Tom came up with…his were fit for publication. Most of Tom’s ideas were on the darker side, so they’d never see the light of day. Not if he wanted to become the Minister for magic at any rate, so they’d always be kept private.

“I did, it works perfectly,” Tom said smugly, it would be so easy to poison someone in the room
without ever going near them or using a House-elf. He had perfected it to go to a certain person, only inanimate objects before he’d perfected it had been the sole purpose of the spell. Now he could have whatever he pleased spelled into his wand then transferred Wandlessly to his designated say goblet or food.

“Do you want to publish that one?” Hadrian asked, as they began to leave the room, leaving the others to converse quietly with who they were remembering.

“No,” Tom replied instantly.

Hadrian grinned in amusement, green eyes sparkling, he’d suspected as much, Tom like Severus had both been possessive of the spells they created, refusing to publish them. Desiring to keep them for themselves, to use them as they so want without anyone knowing a damn thing about them. Admittedly he had a few of his own, and Severus’ spells too, although one was now known in the inner circle, it was much too handy to have to keep to themselves, especially during war. “Yeah, I suspected that would be your answer,”

“Hadrian this is amazing! The Altar is…breath-taking!” Myrtle exclaimed, her newest boyfriend Stephen Selwyn nodded in agreement. Stephen was very quiet, even in classes, very different from Myrtle who turned into a right chatterbox when you got to know her. A fearless chatterbox, who said what she meant and meant what she said. She’d even stood up to Tom for Merlin’s sake, or rather spoke back to him, despite knowing or suspecting how dangerous he could be.

“You’ve already been in the Grand Hall?” Hadrian asked, bemused, Stephen became sheepish while Myrtle just nodded eagerly.

“Didn’t you light a candle?” Tom enquired politely. He was never going to be terribly friendly with the girl, she was too much in his opinion but Hadrian cared very much about her. He did also feel a smidgen of guilt at the fact he’d killed her and used her death to create a Horcrux too. Despite the fact her death hadn’t been intentional, or rather perhaps it’s the fact it wasn’t intentional that made him feel a smidge bit guilty.

“Neither of us have been unfortunate enough to lose someone,” Myrtle answered, and truthfully she felt as though it was disrespectful to light candles and act as though they had. What couldn’t be denied was the fact they were both very much looking forward to this Samhain. Which by the way she just realized she was pronouncing wrong. It wasn’t said like ‘Sam hain’ it was pronounced ‘Saah-ween’ or ‘Saah-win’ she’d immediately read everything she could get her hands on when she’d been invited yesterday. She didn’t want to embarrass herself or let Hadrian down. He was one of her best friends, her first friends and she’d never forget what he’d done for her or the confidence he’d given her just by being him.

“Good excuse as any,” Hadrian shrugged, “I think that’s everyone done anyway,” backtracking and peering into the room, he nodded firmly, everyone had left for the Grand Hall. They only had a few hours before they had to return to Hogwarts, so they might as well get it done, plus the food smelt almost ready.

“Let’s head in,” Hadrian said to Tom, Myrtle and Stephen.

The four immediately made their way through the hallway and into another grand room within the confines of Peverell manor – Tom and Hadrian’s home – a home they loved dearly. They no longer considered Hogwarts their home, but it would always be their first one and had a fond place in their hearts, Hadrian more so than Tom.

Hadrian blinked at the sight of the Altar, the House-elves had done a spectacular job, he must
admit. He’d told them what to place, where to place it but he didn’t think he could have done it better. Strategically placed were: Skulls, skeletons, grave rubbings, ghosts, pumpkin, squash, root vegetables, nuts and berries, dried leaves, a cornucopia filled with an abundance of fruit and vegetables was what it was. There were dozens of goblets filled with Mulled cider, mulled wine, or Mead surrounding it.

“That is not for drinking you know,” Myrtle informed Dolohov who was about to drink from his goblet. “It’s to give to the earth during the ceremony;”

“Only a drop is required,” Dolohov said dryly, surprisingly mild when considering Myrtle wasn’t a pureblood he was conversing with. “Not an entire goblet,”

“It’s still considered rude,” Myrtle pointed out, “It’s a sacred tradition after all.”

“What would you know about tradition?” Dolohov muttered distastefully.

“Other than the fact my family celebrates Yule and Beltane? Nothing, we haven’t celebrated Samhain though, nor do we celebrate Halloween.” She declared to the surprise of everyone there.

“Damn,” Hadrian muttered impressed, it wasn’t often you saw Dolohov speechless, he always had some wisecrack to give out. “A Half-Blood witch celebrates the pagan holidays when a pureblood does not.” They celebrated the Christian holidays more than the Pagan ones, which is what he’d called them all out on being hypocrites that day for hating Muggle-borns and such when they too celebrated the Christian holidays.

“Let us give thanks for the Harvest,” Tom stated firmly but with a kindness that they rarely saw outside of the common room. It took them a moment to remember there were others here who did not see the side of Tom that the Inner Circle or the Slytherins saw. He didn’t want to deal with any fights, especially if they were drinking, the last thing he wanted was to be compromised. Or having to Obliviate someone here tonight, he had perfected the spell of course, but the thought of doing so was repugnant, he’d rather have no mistakes and anyone that made any would feel his wrath.

Each of those there tonight, whether with just a friend or significant other, all claimed a goblet for themselves and began to walk in a single file towards the bonfire. It was already pitch black, and all were suddenly grateful for their cloaks, gloves, scarfs and hats, for it was cold. Even with the warmth of the bonfire behind them, not quite close enough for it to warm them to their cold bones.

“Summer is gone, winter is coming. We have planted and we have watched the garden grow, we have weeded, and we have gathered the harvest. Now it is at its end.” Hadrian said solemnly, pouring his mulled Cider onto the ground at his feet, and one by one, each of them echoed his statement without a single giggle or trace of amusement as they took the ritual seriously.

It spoke volumes that Myrtle and the girls immediately began to collect any yard trimmings or dead plants they could find to use them to make a straw man or woman. The wizards followed a more masculine path, choosing the King of Winter, to rule the home until spring returns. The girls chose the Goddess in her many forms, they chose to represent the Goddess as hag or crone in winter. Truthfully though, how he guessed was anyone’s guess, they were just a mass of twigs, leaves and anything in-between.

Once that was done, everyone ventured back inside and brought with them their deity. It was tradition to place him or her on your table and prop them up with a plate of their own, and when you sit down to eat, serve them first with a little offering of meat, vegetable or fruit. Which is exactly what they did, before they began to devour the food that the House-elves had painstakingly
made for them. Hadrian had given the House-elves permission to celebrate their own Samhain should they wish to.

Everyone was chatting, having a good time, and Hadrian felt a sense of accomplishment, this was good. They had needed this, all of them, it would in the long run remind them what they were fighting for. Regretfully, time was short for their celebration, they would need to return to Hogwarts soon enough.

“This has to be the best Samhain I’ve celebrated in a long time, its much better than the Halloween feast.” There was absolutely not a single sweet or candy to be seen, exactly how it should be.

“Hear, hear!” Hadrian called out in agreement raising his goblet and toasting to everyone. His other hand was wrapped around his husband’s under the table, as always close to him when he could. The fact nothing had happened added to Hadrian’s jubilance, grateful for once that nothing had gone wrong for him on this day.

“Do you think Hogwarts will ever bring back the old traditions?” Selwyn queried thoughtfully, it had been a long time since they celebrated the Pagan holidays and he had enjoyed himself immensely.

“We will certainly try, it’s a time for change, and now is that time,” Tom declared strongly, the right people and a petition is all it would take. Hogwarts might be mostly independent but they answered to a board of governors, and they listened to what the people want.

“It will be a good few years I reckon before we can get it done,” Hadrian added, nodding thoughtfully.

“We will,” Orion declared in agreement, with his family and their strong ties they should succeed.

“Here’s to change,” Myrtle said raising her goblet.

“To change!” was echoed by everyone.

Hadrian and Tom both stiffened when they felt their wards being breached, Hadrian inwardly cursed, so much for nothing happening. “Avery, why don’t you take everyone back to Hogwarts? Tom and I will put the leftovers outside.” ‘as offering for the dead’ but the likelihood it would just be animals that scavenged the leftovers.

Avery took one look at them and realized that there was something wrong, they were much too tense compared to how they’d been a few moments ago. Those who knew them well, realized there was something wrong, but the others who had come with were completely oblivious. Assuming that Tom and Hadrian wished for time alone before returning to Hogwarts. Everyone knew they were married/bonded after all, and it didn’t take a genius – or so they thought – but they couldn’t be more wrong.

“Sure,” Avery said, outstretching his hand for the Portkey, probably the most sober of them all.

“Thank you all for coming,” Hadrian said with a smile, it was genuine.

“Thanks for the invite, it was amazing,” Myrtle said, leaning over, “And you’ll tell me what’s going on tomorrow,” she added with a knowing look, she knew something was going on too.

Hadrian had no intention of doing so but nodded nonetheless.

“I hope you will all return for the Beltane celebrations, the effigies will be there guarding over my
home until then,” Hadrian told them, as they all gathered around to hold onto the portkey. He was slightly worried they wouldn’t make it back in one piece, they were completely hammered.

“Count on it,”

“Count me in!”

“Definitely!”

“Hell yes!”

“Bloody brilliant!”

Hadrian Laughed and waved them away as the Portkey whisked them away.

“It’s a wizard, only one,” Hadrian said as soon as they were alone, already stalking towards the back of the manor with haste.

Tom was right beside him the entire way, “Perhaps he’s had too much to drink from the celebrations and lost his way via Portkey or Apparation?” Tom suggested, in other words, they’d need to have care how they dealt with the intruder, lest he be someone important, or worse big within the Ministry ranks.

Then a deafening howl rose up. “Oh, shit,” Hadrian murmured with a shaky breath.

“Werewolf,”

“Yes, stunning only,” Hadrian ordered, he refused to kill someone just because of what they were.

Their breathing hitched when they caught sight of the so called ‘werewolf’ it looked more like a cub, not yet fully grown.

“Stunning charms on two,” Tom stated, not quite up to testing whether Hadrian would be pissed if he killed the thing. He had a soft spot for one werewolf, even though that wasn’t him, couldn’t be him. He’d been the same age as James Potter who wasn’t born yet. Whoever it was extremely young and Hadrian would never forgive him if he killed a kid.

“Merlin’s Balls, it’s a kid,” Hadrian breathed incredulously, “Wait…that colouring…it can’t be…”

“What…or should I be asking whom?” Tom asked suspiciously, his mind flashing through all the werewolves ‘Harry’ had known. There were only two that he really got a glimpse of.

“It can only be Fenrir Greyback, that coat it’s unmistakable.” Hadrian, a very young Fenrir Greyback who had been abandoned by his family because of his affliction. “Now! Stupefy Maxima!”

“Stupefy Maxima!” Tom echoed, and the strong spells, brought the emaciated werewolf down immediately.

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The promised appearance of Fenrir Greyback! I'm sort of pondering on how he would react to them...will he already hate wizards or will he be young enough to appreciate being 'saved' or perhaps a bit of both? How will the world react to their new 'ward' will they eventually have a fight on their hands when the Greyback's want their son back out of spite? I've never brought them into it so it would be something new and fun to write! Read and Review please!
“What exactly do you have in mind?” Tom asked, watching as his husband cradled the young werewolf in his arms, already easing himself from a crouch to standing tall. “We cannot keep him, it would be considered kidnapping,” and the last thing they needed was anyone thinking they’d kidnapped a child. It would be a black stain on their name, and with his desire to go into politics it was something such as this that would cause an irremovable stain on both them and their names, something they were so desperate to revive but in a good light.

Hadrian’s gaze swung to Tom’s a solemn look on his face, a crack in his voice, “Nobody will look for him,” he confessed, clearing his throat, trying to keep his emotions out of this. It was more difficult than he imagined, especially given who this little boy would one day grow up to be. The effect he would have on the Ministry’s laws on werewolves. “The Greyback’s disowned him and left him in the hospital when they found out he was bitten.”

“He ran before they took him to the Ministry,” Tom deduced, if his family didn’t want him…as a werewolf he couldn’t possibly go to the Muggle world, couldn’t go to the orphanage surely? Nothing would surprise him with the insipid idiots currently working within the Ministry of magic at the moment. Without his family, and no chance of being put in a Muggle orphanage…he would be lost in a system that had no idea what to do for him. Hell, there was no sign of a ‘missing child’ poster put in the newspapers or around Diagon Alley or Hogsmeade. They were making absolutely zero efforts, and werewolf or not this was a magical child, and to see a pureblood treated thusly infuriated him. His eyes gleamed coldly, as he stared out into the vastly lit manor that’s shone like a beacon. Gritting his teeth as his rage just seemed to expand further the more he thought of it. Which was strange, why should he care about the boy? He was nothing to him or Hadrian.

“It’s the similarity in the situations,” Hadrian said softly, his voice quiet as he began moving, walking swiftly through the gardens, Tom stepped up in sync with him. Informing Tom of what was so eluding him. “Being abandoned is making you sympathise with him. It’s making you angry at both your situations, primarily your own but secondary his.” Without creating Horcruxes, Tom still had emotion – other than angry and fury – and he was still learning how to deal with it and understand his own emotions. Anger and negative emotions he understood, he was very familiar with them, but anything else…except his possessive love for him, which Tom believed to be a one off, that he would never care about anyone else…anything else confused him. He’d gone so long trying to make himself emotionless – believing emotion to be a weakness – but emotions weren’t so easily buried, especially when you slowly open up to someone.

“We still cannot keep the boy,” Tom informed him, as he opened the back door for Hadrian so he could get by with the stunned werewolf. “We will have to inform the Ministry of magic,” whether he sympathised or not, it didn’t matter. He refused to be caught breaking the law, especially for a child he did not know. He also refused to let Hadrian ruin his life by doing so either.

“Not happening,” Hadrian retorted immediately, stopping for a moment at the entrance to the kitchen, giving Tom his most serious and severe look. “And if you go behind my back Tom, I’ll never forgive you…”

Irritation shot through Tom, partly at the knowledge that Hadrian truly wouldn’t forgive him. The other part of the irritation was solely focused on the fact he knew he was going to have to come up
with an alternative way to keep his word that he’d soon give, and a way to keep their names from being tarnished. “I won’t,” he vowed, and he would keep his word, Hadrian meant more to him than the damn Ministry, or their names and reputation if he was honest. He would do what he needed to do with or without the political path. Considering how last time worked out…he was hoping to continue his political aspirations. Last time, here he was sounding as though he’d lived two lives already, but all he had were memories of ‘Voldemort’ going completely off the reservation.

Hadrian relaxed, knowing Tom was good at keeping his word, he refused to allow Fenrir to be stuck in the hands of the Ministry. “We just need a way to make it legal,” stepping through the kitchen, making his way towards one of the many guest bedrooms, one that hadn’t been used since they moved in and had every single room in the manor done up. Werewolves were extremely sensitive towards scents, especially strangers.

“Make what legal?” Tom asked, a sinking feeling in his stomach that he wouldn’t be getting away from the werewolf any time soon.

“His adoption,” Hadrian commented, confirming Tom’s worst fears.

Groaning under his breath, “Can’t we just find somewhere else for him to stay? A good home?” even with this he couldn’t find it in himself to deny Hadrian anything he wanted. Although, part of him was slightly surprised, Hadrian had never really expressed any concern for anyone in this time, except the few times where he grew concerned about someone not being born.

“A Werewolf.” Hadrian enunciated carefully and calmly, while the prejudice wasn’t quite as… terrifyingly horrible the fear was still there. No, Fenrir had ironically enough, created mass fear when it came to wizards terror on werewolves. No doubt he was just getting them back for the fact he’d been abandoned and mistreated by the humans. No, he couldn’t let that happen, he’d never leave a child to suffer when he could help it. “Who knows what damage has already been done to him. I can’t trust anyone else to help him,” abuse did not sit well with him at all, how many wizards had treated him like he did not matter?

“Then what exactly do you suggest?” Tom enquired, a thoughtful frown twisting his features, he’d rather not call in any favours so soon, not for something like this. With a little luck they could figure out a way themselves. Any favours he wanted to call in, he wanted to be for something… very important, vital even to his plans. This unexpected situation definitely wasn’t what he had in mind exactly. “You wouldn’t like any of my plans,” primarily go to the Greyback’s, get them to sign over custody and kill the abandoning assholes. Staying at the doorway, watching the way Hadrian was with the werewolf, sympathy, care, understanding, caution, he was glad for the last one.

Hadrian scowled, “I’m not too sure about that,” he said with bite in his voice, as put the werewolf on top of the covers, sighing in relief when he had his hands back, Fenrir was quite heavily despite his emaciated state. “I think I’d gladly let you do it, but it would be a little bit too suspicious if they died just after we ‘adopted’ him so to speak.” Nothing disgusted him more than the abuse of a child, anyone that did so deserved everything they got.

Tom blinked slightly surprised by Hadrian’s admission, he was always against his…more drastic decisions. Although he had let him get revenge on the Riddles, he was still waiting on the Riddle estate coming to him. Due to the war in the Muggle world, Tom reckoned it would take a while for it to come to him unless he went to them. He’d rather not spend any time in the Muggle world, plus emancipation in the wizarding world didn’t quite transfer to the Muggle world, it wasn’t valid. Thus he’d have to wait until he turned eighteen to get his hands on the state. That’s if he was
correct about the Muggle law, but he wasn’t one for wasting his time on Muggle studies or looking
up the laws and regulations pertaining to a world he absolutely refused to spend a second of his
time in.

“Well, you won’t have to talk me into it,” Tom said, gleeful at the fact Hadrian was allowing his
baser self so what he liked. “Shall we?”

“I think…you and I should go to see the Greyback’s, he might not have been legally disowned. We
can get custody of him, that way nobody can legally do a thing without killing them…at least for
now.” Hadrian determined, “It’s too risky to be showing our hand at the moment…”

“Other than contest it?” Tom quipped dryly, disappointed but not truly surprised by Hadrian’s
declaration, “We’re both still at Hogwarts…full time, unless you’ve decided you’d rather leave?”
which would bother him, they’d be seen as lazy louts who couldn’t see through the entirety of their
education. Sure, you can leave Hogwarts at sixteen, but nobody actually approved of it, least of all
the pureblood’s.

“Not if we have someone taking care of him,” Harry responded thoughtfully, his mind mulling
over anything he knew about the Greyback’s. There was very little to go on, he’d never heard of
them mentioned, only Fenrir and the name was a pureblood one, just not on the Directory even
though technically it should be. “House-elves are more than adequate for the job,” and it wasn’t
strange either. Rich Pureblood’s used House-elves as babysitters just as much as cleaners.
Pureblood’s went out hosted balls, shopping, working leaving their kids with House-elves all the
time, for most of the time. Harry wasn’t sure how they could do it, but the House-elves were at
least extremely protective he’d say that for them. Despite knowing how they’d grow up and treat
them, from when they got old enough to emulate their parents.

“If I didn’t know better, I’d have said you were prepared for this,” Tom said bemused, yet he knew
it couldn’t be true, while Hadrian had a lot of information…he couldn’t possibly know this. He
didn’t personally know Fenrir Greyback, except from presumably what was available about him
due to his wanted status. He could practically feel Hadrian’s mind whirling as he tried to figure out
the best way to go through with this.

“You do know better,” Hadrian chuckled at Tom’s perplexity. “Look…I can’t do it, I can’t just
hand him over and hope for the best. Especially when I know he’ll probably just run again, he’s
never going to be adopted…he’s going to spend his childhood and adulthood despising adults,
turning into this…monster who had been utterly stripped of his humanity. He will become more
wolf than man if we don’t do something.”

“So, you’re what going to take in every single stray you find?” Tom argued, he wasn’t sure why he
was so against the boy being there, other than the fact it was rather disconcerting seeing Hadrian
so…gentle with someone else other than him. Swallowing, realization hitting him, he didn’t want
to share Hadrian with anyone, least of all a stranger…and this Fenrir Greyback was a stranger.
“Given the fact it’s seventy years in the future, there’s probably hundreds of them, you are not their
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responsibility.”

“Sitting on the side-lines was never going to be something I excelled at, you know this,” Hadrian
said his tone low in warning. “If and I do mean IF I come across others…hopefully the world will
have changed and they can find good homes. I will help them to the best of my capacity. You
forget, Tom, that one of those people I helped was you, you weren’t my responsibility either,”

“Is that what I am now? Just your responsibility?” Tom hissed out through clenched teeth, both of
them stewing in anger.
The bubble of anger on Hadrian’s end popped as if it had never been there to begin with, “You know that’s not true,” he said quietly, “I never considered you a responsibility, didn’t even consider taking you out to save everyone… I was…content to remain in the background and see it done through written books and magazine publications… truthfully I didn’t think of them at that point, I was still trying to get my feet on the ground being seventy years in the past then thrust in the Muggle world amidst a war I only ever read about in books! Which by the way was absolutely fucking terrifying despite knowing the outcome!” he understood all too well, Tom’s desire to be immortal after experiencing the fear and hell the Muggle world ingrained into you in this time.

Tom’s own anger receded, he was still slightly frustrated, “Then I want you to promise me we aren’t going to have this manor filled with bloody stray wizards and all kinds of creatures you take pity on!”

“That I can promise,” Hadrian said sincerely, “But we need to up our plans for an orphanage, we might not be able to wait for your inheritance to come through…” he’d always known it, but Fenrir’s presence here had brought it to the forefront of his mind. All the children being thrust into orphanages during a damn war. The fear he had experienced was vividly remembered too. He had to help them, fuck rules and regulations.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, “Then we will plan accordingly, it should be easy enough once the battle with Grindelwald is over…it will allow us certain liberties. The Ministry will be malleable and easily controlled, I’ll work on getting the Riddle estate, even if I have to buy them out, the money will just return to me anyway.” They could have it built in time for the summer holidays and host a charity event held in the orphanage’s name in order to start up the funding for it. It would need to be self-sustaining, self-sufficient, as long as they did this right, donations would see it through without him or Hadrian having to dip into their own money.

“Until then, I’ll put them in one of the other properties, so they don’t have to return this summer, I’ll help them but they won’t be here,” Hadrian decided.

“You’d trust them inside one of your properties?” Tom asked incredulously, “There will be nothing left of it!”

“Then I guess I’ll hire a few House-elves to ensure that nothing is going on,” Hadrian agreed with Tom, children often didn’t care about property that wasn’t their own. If they thought they were alone… the chances were they’d do something incredibly stupid. Some of them were probably as young as eleven… perhaps Tom was right… it was crazy to think he could help them all without him having to pay the price. Although, there was the possibility that they might be grateful for the place to stay that they were careful. It just depended on how destructive they were naturally.

Tom sighed, waving his hand in a ‘whatever’ gesture, quite frankly Hadrian could do whatever he liked with this. He was just glad that he would not suggest they come here. “Now that has been decided… we need to focus on this and Grindelwald.” Tom stated.

“Agreed,” Hadrian sighed, looking torn for a second, before he shrugged and flung a cover over the young werewolf. At least the bed would be saturated in his scent which would help him. He had no idea what Fenrir would be like when he woke up, or whether he’d want anything to do with them. For all he knew he would run as far and as fast as he possibly could before he could convince him that he didn’t mind his lycanthrope. That not all wizards and witches – like his parents – were bias assholes. Casting a spell to alert him when Fenrir woke up, he’d lock down the manor when he and Tom were leaving, at least that would give him the chance to talk. To convince him to stay at least a while.

Tom merely nodded, stepping aside when Hadrian left the guest bedroom, leaving the stunned
werewolf to come to on his own, probably after the full moon waned, their spells had been powerful after all.

“Have you thought any more on the idea to take more than our intended number with us?” Hadrian asked, leaving the light on, no doubt Fenrir was used to wakening up in different places on the full moon…but in someone’s house, in their bed…probably wasn’t anywhere on top of that list.

“Most of us, those we are confident that can hold their own,” Tom agreed, he’d all but agreed the last time they’d discussed it actually. Or more like agreeing that it was true, that the more people they had on their side, the less likely they’d be to lose. They would be fine, they were immortal after all, but the others were not, and even if he didn’t want to admit it, he did hold a certain… fondness for them all. Fondness might be an overstatement, just…he did care in his own way.

“Any speculation on who you don’t want coming?” Hadrian asked, feeling more settled that their ‘argument’ was over. He wasn’t used to seeing much in the way of arguing couples unless you counted Granger and Weasley. Arthur Weasley buckled under his wife’s orders like a spineless asshole, Petunia buckled under Vernon’s demands and never once agued with him. She did everything for him, like some sort of Stepford wife, or someone from the good wife magazine that was made way back when.

“I have sensed a great…reluctance from Dolohov,” Tom commented, as they went back into the living room, the fire was still blazing and the House-Elves were clearing away everything that they had used tonight except a few things that was still ‘sacred’ for the rest of tonight. “And it’s not just with the lack of permission for so long,” he didn’t need to read his mind to know that.

“Tom…he’s scared, its only natural,” Hadrian commented, heating himself up by the fireplace, “It’s going to be the first real battle he’s ever encountered. Grindelwald’s men…they’re not ones to be trifled with. It’s a big ask of anyone to fight, let alone someone who is not yet out of Hogwarts. I wouldn’t be asking if they hadn’t been tutored for basically their entire lives on DADA and Charms and Transfiguration and other magicks they’d learnt over time.

“None of the others have expressed such concerns,” Tom said, his desire to dismiss the idea was excruciatingly obvious, that Hadrian made no effort to conceal a wry grin.

Hadrian cocked his head to the side after he digested that information, “You don’t read their minds often do you?” which genuinely surprised him, he’d expected otherwise if he was completely honest.

Tom snorted derisively, “I have a better use of my time than constantly reading their lust riddled minds,” honestly, they thought constantly on magic or girls and sex for that matter. As long as he was content that he had their loyalty he had no reason to read their minds, although he always did check to ensure honesty but that wasn’t quite mindreading.

“Oh? And you’re above that are you?” Hadrian asked approaching Tom with predatory grace.

Tom’s eyes flared with desire, “I am,” but the words were just slightly off, showing his lie. He most definitely wasn’t above ‘all that’ especially when it came to Hadrian. Before the other teen came into his life he hadn’t felt desire, or true connections or the rush of molten need whenever he was challenged.

“Ha! You wish,” Hadrian taunted him, “Dobby?”

Tom grunted in annoyance giving Hadrian a disbelieving look.
“What can Dobby do for Hadrian, Sir?”

“We have a guest for the night, do not disturb him, when he wakes I will make my way directly here, none of you will enter that room,” Hadrian commanded. He didn’t want them getting hurt, and he had no idea how Fenrir would react to their presence or his own presence in the manor.

“Yes, Sir!” Dobby declared strongly, standing proudly, confident in his ability to serve his Master. Nothing like the old Dobby had been, even after being let go of the Malfoy’s services, he’d cowered, hunched upon himself as if trying to make himself a smaller target. There wasn’t even a hint of that House-elf Hadrian had been so familiar with. Yes, ‘been’ was the right term, Hadrian was more familiar with this Dobby who he saw nearly every day, whereas with the other Dobby he’d only seen on occasion…didn’t stop the fondness Hadrian felt for both of them rearing up when he saw him.

“Good, you may go,” Hadrian informed Dobby, speaking of going, they probably should return to Hogwarts as well. He had no desire to, but needs a must. He wished to be there for Fenrir, who had been alone for a while now, Merlin knows how long, he had been bitten very young, as young as Remus had been when Fenrir bit him in retaliation for Remus’ father’s slight against werewolves. How own feeling surprised him, he’d been terrified of Greyback in his youth, and that was without knowing the half of it. He’d even threatened to eat Hermione when he cared about her, truly he was the epitome of why wizards had feared werewolves. Yet, just like Voldemort wasn’t Tom, Fenrir wasn’t the monstrous Greyback.

He was just an abandoned little boy, just as Tom had been an abandoned teen trying to fit into a Pureblood world. Tom had it right, he was soft towards what he had termed as ‘stray’s’ as it were. Truthfully he wouldn’t let anything get in his and Tom’s way, not even his penchant for helping those less fortunate. No, he’d keep his promise, and not take in everyone but he did need to help those who were being abandoned to the Muggle world during the summer holidays.

“Come on, I’ll get a goblin lawyer to deal with the Greyback’s,” Hadrian informed Tom, holding out his hand, which was accepted and both of them returned to Hogwarts via a back up Portkey, they’d thankfully had the forethought to create. Wizards rarely used goblin lawyers, instead choosing to use wizards themselves, but goblins were always the best at what they did and getting what they set out to do. Plus, the goblins adored them, not only had they made them more money than they can fathom, he and Tom treated them with respect that wasn’t shown in this time. Quite honestly, Hadrian was waiting for the day they were declared ‘Friend of the goblins’ a very honourable title that only two other wizards had the honour of receiving in all of history. Merlin, was unsurprisingly one of them, he might have been a Slytherin but he was fair and revered by all. Still was, Dumbledore would have been like a second coming of Merlin, but thank goodness they’d prevented such a catastrophe from happening.

“A goblin lawyer?” Tom enquired, entirely bemused, staring at the portrait entrance to Slytherin common room, where they had set the destination for returning. Since most of those who had come were Slytherins it made sense to drop them off here and allow the others – who had returned about an hour earlier now – to make their own way to their common rooms.

Hadrian murmured the password in Parseltongue, before replying to Tom in the same language, “Yeah, even if it means bribing the assholes, Fenrir Greyback will be mine,”

“You wish to pay for him? Why not go with my plan?” Tom sounded very indignant and insulted even in Parseltongue.

“He’s a ‘werewolf’ they won’t demand much for him, they’ll take what they can get and run, its
much easier in the long run, we can’t indiscriminately kill people,” Hadrian retorted, both of them sounding pissed off to everyone still in the common room, as so often was the case when speaking Parseltongue. It caused many of them to slide off the chairs and make their way to their dorms.

“We must be careful if we do such a thing, there cannot be anything that ties us to them, I do not want a single suspicion falling upon us.” And he meant it. Tom might have thought he was being subtle but Dumbledore had found out after all, and kept it all quiet as he gathered evidence of Tom’s wrongdoing in his original timeline.

“Very well,” Tom stated, sounding as though he was suffering enormously.

“It doesn’t mean we can’t get our revenge,” Hadrian said coldly, he loathed those who abandon or abuse children. “There are many ways to make someone suffer without drawing attention to ourselves, curses…spells, ensuring they greatly diminish their coffers and more importantly…their reputation. It’s much more satisfying then a quick death.”

Tom’s eyes flashed and a sadistic grin stole across his features, “Yessss,” he hissed out, satisfaction coursing through him, now he liked that idea very much. He had many hexes, curses and jinxes saved up in his book, most of which he hadn’t had a chance to use and observe yet.

“Thought you’d like that,” Harry said in English, “I better get writing to Gringotts,” it was something that had to be done immediately, and not left for an indeterminate amount of time. Not that Fenrir would be found, Peverell-Slytherin manor was safer than anywhere else, they’d ensured that. The wards were the newest available, also with a few added that were not from this time. Giving it a definite advantage over all other properties. Nobody was looking for him either, so it wasn’t as if they could guess for the life of them where he would be.

“Inform them you do not want the Greyback’s knowing who is doing the adoption,” Tom stated firmly but quietly, not wishing to be overheard. The rest of their group was already asleep it seemed, considering how much they had drank during the ‘party’ it didn’t surprise him.

“Ah, Tom, Hadrian, still up I see,” Slughorn commented as he wandered into the common room. He didn’t often check on the students this late at night, so both were surprised to say the least.

“Is everything okay, professor?” Hadrian enquired, wondering at his appearance just as Tom was.

“Yes, yes, everything is well,” Slughorn, “I hope you all arrived back in one piece?”

“Excuse me, Professor?” Tom asked feigning ignorance.

Slughorn just gave them a knowing look, “Don’t get caught,” he ordered stubbornly refusing to repeat the question, before turning back out of the common room as if he had never been there to begin with.

“Okay…that was…unexpected,” Hadrian murmured, blinking in surprise.

Tom remained silent, a speculative look on his face as he tried to figure out how Slughorn knew. He must have some sort of trigger tied to them, although they had left from Slytherin Common Room, so it might explain it. Slytherin was Slughorn’s territory, who knows what kind of wards he had up to protect the students. Trying to find out what sort of spells there were up in Hogwarts was a futile exercise, he should know, he’d tried to find out in sheer curiosity. He’s failed spectacularly, the only thing he had failed at actually.

No matter, they would just need to be more careful from here on in.

“Wards in the common room or the portraits,” Tom and Hadrian deduced together out loud.
“I reckon wards though,” Hadrian mused, “Took around a hundred wizards simultaneously destroying the wards around Hogwarts, with giants, trolls and Dementors to break the wards.” Refusing to discuss such a sensitive topic in anything other than snake language. Standing up, gesturing towards the stairs, ready to head up.

“I know,” Tom replied still speaking English, his tone dry, as he stood, joining Hadrian as they both ascended the stairs, heading for their common room. He had seen the battle after all, the final battle in the Pensive. Along with a whole host of memories that he’d rather not see, his own destruction twice, one of them permanent. It’s why, no matter what, he would never create Horcruxes. He probably would have tried something different if not for his power of immortality he had gained through bonding.

Tom went right to bed and fell asleep quite easily, Hadrian on the other hand wrote to the goblins at Gringotts with his request before burrowing under the covers of the cooling rapidly Dorm room.

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It was absolutely no surprise that as soon as Tom was out of the common room, that Hadrian was accosted by the others. Or rather, one other who had the guts to actually ask the question on everyone’s mind. Avery. “What happened last night?” and they all knew something had happened, sozzled or not, they’d seen the way Tom and Hadrian had tensed up before forcefully relaxing and asking them to get everyone home.

“Nothing,” Hadrian replied as he lobbed all his books into his bag, zipping it up before shrugging it over his shoulders.

“That’s a lie if I’ve ever heard one,” Dolohov snorted, his tone derisive.

Hadrian straightened up to his full height, turning to stare at Dolohov with a blank look on his face. Dolohov flinched, it was often Hadrian’s glare could rival Tom’s but right now it did. Fiercely.

“We’ll be late for breakfast if we don’t go now,” Avery said, delicately changing the subject.

“Yeah, we will be,” Hadrian agreed, his glare letting up as he dismissed Dolohov entirely.

“Whatever it is, I hope the situation is resolved,” Avery added, as they begun to make their way out of the common room, Tom was nearby talking to Nott.

“It will be,” was all Hadrian gave them before adding, “Nothing too serious.” Which was true, there was nothing they couldn’t do with the fortune he had amassed. He quite honestly didn’t think the Greyback’s would need any convincing to sign over the rights to their son, and if he’d already been disowned legally and magically, then they would only need to adopt him.

“I’m glad,” Avery said sincerely, while Dolohov just scowled in the background, all of them still moving towards the Great Hall.

“We’re all here if you need the help,” Orion told him patting him on the back, almost causing Hadrian to jump in surprise, he hadn’t even realized Orion was there. Sneaky bugger.

“Thanks Orion,” Hadrian said with a grin, he was beginning to look more and more like Sirius every day. Yes, technically Sirius looks like Orion but he knew Sirius first so it was always going to be a comparison.

“Do you think we’ll gain a mountain of points today again?” Nott asked, with a wicked chuckle,
eyes twinkling deviously. With them practicing Wandless magic during the summer...they were much more advanced than anyone else in the classroom. Everything the teacher asked since they returned, they’d been able to do quickly, due to the fact it was just the basics. The more advanced they got and the class got, they were still able to stay ahead, while some others couldn’t get their first spell yet.

“Ravenclaw’s quickly catching up,” Lestrange grumbled, as did his stomach when they entered the Great Hall.

“Myrtle deserves every one of those points,” Hadrian chuckled, “She’s got no experience and is managing to keep up with us...quite well too.” He hadn’t expected it, but Myrtle hadn’t lived to see her potential realized in his timeline. Which no longer existed, Myrtle would have passed by this already actually.

“She’s good,” Lestrange admitted, but not without slight censure. She was a Half-blood, she shouldn’t be that good, but he was coming to learn that everything he thought he knew was wrong. It would take more than a year or so for it to completely digest. However, being in a Hogwarts environment was exactly what was needed to understand. To see and to observe that his beliefs were actually wrong.

“That she is,” Hadrian agreed as he claimed his seat, Tom was still busy talking at the side of the door, his face intense, but he wasn’t overly concerned. If it was anything important he would have sensed it over the bond they shared.

“You hear who she’s dating now?” Mulciber garbled through a mouthful of food. Very aware if his mother had seen him do such a thing, he would have been slapped on the hand with a ruler, and sent back to his Governess for re-lessons. Fortunately, what happened at Hogwarts, mostly stayed in Hogwarts.

“Selwyn,” Crabbe answered that one.

“Wonder what his parents think of that,” Goyle mused, Selwyn’s were pureblood’s after all. Unfortunately, it wasn’t an odd happenstance lately. The Half-blood’s were suddenly becoming extremely suitable ‘wives or husbands’ for their offspring. Power was...something very important to pureblood’s, and the thought of declining magical powers and such things had them all terrified. He too suddenly had his marriage contract broken, he was to pick whoever he pleased as long as they were not too closely related. He was grateful for it really, the girl they had picked...not to be discourteous but she was rather...hideous to look at. He wasn’t much himself, he knew, but if they’d had a child together it would have probably looked like a troll unless he gained his looks from their ancestors.

“She’s powerful in her own right,” Rosier stated, albeit grudgingly, “She won’t get a better match than that,”

“Only she’s not looking for a ‘match’ but rather a partner, someone to treat her like an equal, someone who will love her,” Hadrian commented, his gaze unwaveringly upon Selwyn, who had frozen on the spot. “Not using her blood status to gain himself a wife to have an heir with.” Warning him if that was his intention he best stop. He hadn’t read Selwyn’s mind, not that he’d be able to, the guy was a pureblood and most pureblood’s had shields up to prevent their minds being read, they were taught before attending Hogwarts. Tom didn’t care for that though, and just invaded their minds regardless of their shields and they wouldn’t say a damn thing.

Selwyn relaxed marginally after the threat, and sat himself down, ready to eat.
Tom too, claimed his seat, ignoring the conversation around him having no desire to converse about Selwyn’s love life. He knew that Selwyn would make a very good pureblood to have in his corner. He saw in the pensive that Selwyn became a very loyal Knight – he refused to call them Death Eaters – going so far as to hand over his wand without question when ‘Voldemort’ demanded it, while chasing Hagrid and Harry on that insipid contraption someone called a motorbike.

“Girls aren’t our equals though,” it was Carrow who said that statement, his tone baffled at just the mere mention that girls were anywhere near equals.

“Yeah, I wouldn’t go there,” Avery warned Carrow, telling him he was on thin ice with just a look.

Carrow was wise enough to heed the warning.

Although, even if he had chosen to ignore the warning, it wouldn’t have mattered, as Hadrian felt the wards flare. Warning him that Fenrir Greyback had woken up at last. He’d sort of expected it back when the full moon was officially over. He hadn’t heard a peep until now though.

“I have to go, cover for me,” Hadrian whispered to Tom, already climbing from the Slytherin bench. Theatrically clutching his stomach, as if he was about to be sick.

Tom nodded, noticing Avery looking concerned, and about to get up to help Hadrian, he commanded, “Stay,” without preamble.

Avery blinked in surprise, Tom rarely let Hadrian go off alone, he was always with someone… although not so much these days he was noticing. “Predicted?”

Tom nodded once, causing Avery to relax, a sight that didn’t fail to amuse Tom. Avery had tried to kill his husband with a very venomous snake back in the day. Wanted desperately to be rid of him, to the extent his entire family had suffered from it. Not as much as Avery had suffered himself, of course. He knew it wasn’t the bond forcing Avery to show concern, that wasn’t how it worked. Avery had genuinely grown to care for Hadrian and would protect him with his life.

Out of all others, he would pick Avery to watch over his husband, as he did so frequently.

Far off an owl hooted indignantly as it veered off course, making its way in the opposite direction.

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Hadrian breathed heavily as he finally entered Peverell-Slytherin Manor, he had bolted from the Great Hall, down the steps out into the entrance hall. Down those steps before bolting towards the gates then and only then did he Apparate home. He would have preferred going to Slytherin common room and using the Floo, but Slughorn evidently had all transportation means under inspection. Especially if his words last night were any indication. So, to avoid anyone knowing he was actually leaving, this was what he was having to resort to.

It was a good job he was fit, otherwise he probably would have keeled over by now.

Unfortunately, he wasn’t quite done yet, he thought, as he jogged towards the guest bedroom, he could hear snarling within, snarling that sounded remarkably wolf like despite coming from a human voice box. It made Hadrian pause, his heart hurting a little. Was Fenrir already more wolf than human even at this point? Merlin, he hoped not, otherwise he wouldn’t be able to help the child. He’d need more human interaction than he could give him if that was the case.

He prayed that it wasn’t the case.
Taking a deep breath, he stepped up to the door, opened it and slid inside. He was slightly surprised to see the room whole and untouched by the young werewolves rage.

And he was raging if the deepening growls were any indication.

Thinking back to when he was eight years old, trying to remember what he was like, and how he should approach Fenrir. Yet they were two different people, perhaps it was best to let his scent do the talking for him.

“Hello, Fenrir,” Hadrian said, seeing the panic envelope the young boy, he added, “My name is Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin, this is my manor, you crossed my wards last night. We brought you in here for some rest…would you like something to eat?”

Fenrir who had begun to advance on Hadrian with low growls, ready to fight his way out of the manor. Paused upon the mention of food, his stomach growling fiercely. He wasn’t used to being hungry after the full moon, normally his wolf managed to get something to eat for them where his weak human body could not. Sure, it was only something small, like a rabbit or a hare, but it filled his shrunken stomach. The taste of the blood and meat still lingering in his mouth when he returned to human form. If he had it his way, Fenrir would have preferred to remain in his wolf form.

That was the sole reason that the transformations did not hurt him overly much. Instead of the fear and dread people felt, Fenrir only felt elation, excitement and pure unadulterated relief. Considering he was able to eat something while a wolf it wasn’t surprising really.

“Oh, Dobby?” Hadrian called for his House-elf, hoping against hope the House-elves had the forethought to make something for Fenrir. Also something fit for the young werewolf, while humans when so emaciated needed bland foods such as porridge, a young werewolf needed meat to becoming strong.

As if anticipating his needs, Dobby popped in with a tray, a bowl full of porridge with maple syrup and a plate filled with bacon and sausages. “Well done, Dobby, thank you,” Hadrian said with pride, eyeing Fenrir who was looking at Dobby as though he was the snack.

Dobby squeaked when he noticed the look, Hadrian stifled his laughter, taking the tray and allowing the House-elf to leave.

“You’re wolf is beautiful,” Hadrian said softly, as he approached the young boy, placing the tray on the bed then sat down. “Did you know complete acceptance of your wolf gives you the ability to transform into a wolf at will? Almost like an animagus form? You’re magic will likely make it possible but in a few years when your magic is more mature.”

Fenrir cocked his head to the side, very reminiscent of his wolf side, he hated humans, didn’t trust them as far as he could throw them. Both in human and wolf form. They tried to kill him in wolf form, and the humans had anger, fear and disgust in their scents when they look at him. Not this one though, this one felt calm and soothing, he meant what he said, his scent told Fenrir as much. He wasn’t afraid of him, wasn’t disgusted and the surprise he felt held him back from attacking, also the food, especially the bacon, he was positively salivating for it.

“Go ahead,” Hadrian said, gesturing towards the food, watching Fenrir eye his hands as if he suspected it to be a trap. Once he was sure Hadrian’s wand wasn’t anywhere near his fingertips, he snatched the entire plate of meat and bolted for the corner of the room. Greedily grabbing the food and stuffing it into his face, chewing quickly.

“I’m not going to take it from you, Fenrir, but if you keep eating so quickly you’ll be sick,”
Hadrian quietly told the boy, sighing in relief when he calmed somewhat, but still ate too fast but hopefully it would prevent him regurgitating it everywhere. Food was the fastest way to a werewolves heart, and their trust.

Turning to the window, his senses tingling, an owl, he realized quickly, there was an owl approaching the wards. It was fast, which meant it was a Gringotts Owl. Now those beasts had been bred for their speed and stamina. Instead of using his wand to open the window, Hadrian approached it, waiting for the owl to land.

“Use your spoon, Fenrir,” Hadrian stated firmly, quickly laying down the ground rules for the young werewolf. He might be ‘alpha’ in future, but he wasn’t one right now. He needed guidance, a firm hand to prevent him from completely getting out of control. By firm hand, he definitely did not mean abuse or physically hitting someone or even verbally flaying them alive. Neither one did anything other than completely destroy any trust or love between two others.

He heard rather than saw the resulting scowl, a half growl later the sound of metal scraping against the bowl was heard. Hadrian smiled in pride, he was very glad the young boy could take a telling. Perhaps Fenrir needed an Alpha of his own for now, until he grew into his own. Could Fenrir’s wolf see him as a dominant Alpha? Could it be that easy? No, he was looking at this all wrong. Fenrir was just a desperate child, whether he hated humans or not…he would still desire a home, warmth, food, comfort, he wasn’t a feral animal.

He was part animal though, his wolf would always be part of him, and he couldn’t keep the boy trapped here. He’d have to give him a choice and hope for the best.

He definitely had no shame though, he was completely starkers and didn’t care the slightest. The owl swooped onto the window ledge, Hadrian accepted the missive from Gringotts and the owl hooted before taking off. Apparently, he need not reply.

“You have a choice, Fenrir,” Hadrian said, after the boy was finished with his food. Turning to face the boy again, and continued speaking. “You can stay here, have three meals a day, warmth, a roof over your head.”

Fenrir once again cocked his head to the side, surprise sliding over his wide blue eyes, never leaving Hadrian’s face.

“You won’t be too overwhelmed with people, Tom and I, my husband, we’re still at Hogwarts, which means a great deal of the time we will be there. I know it’s not ideal, but I don’t want you remaining out there in the wilderness, hunting for food when you can, especially in this cold weather.” Hadrian admitted, sitting himself on the bed, letter on his lap. “I can understand if you don’t trust us, or even wizards, but you must understand we’re not all the same. One of the greatest most gentlest men I ever knew was a werewolf. Unfortunately, he chose to suppress his wolf instead of accepting who he was, the both sides of him, there is no shame in either. You cannot let other people define who you are and who you wish to be.”

“There would be rules of course, number one would be do not disrespect the House-elves, they deserve common courtesy. Number two, don’t destroy the property, number three, you need to be dressed…number four, respect, it’s important, both to us and us to you. If you stay you’ll meet Tom soon enough.” Hadrian informed the child. “Number five, don’t lie, we would prefer the truth even if it isn’t…polite,” he knew both rules were contradictory, but truth was important to them, “If its rude…find an alternative way to say it,” he added with a wry smirk, but he doubted that would happen. Fenrir for all his faults in his timeline, spoke the truth to the extreme even if it made them sick to their stomach.
“If you don’t want to stay, then I will understand, I won’t like it, but I’ll understand. You deserve better than living out there on your own. I must return to Hogwarts before I am missed, but I will be back with Tom later today, at dinner time.” He informed Fenrir, pleased to see the boy listening intently. “The House-Elves will make lunch for you if you’re still here. Which I hope you are, Tom would be pleased to meet you. The next choice is up to you, and I hope you choose well.”

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Ugh that scene was definitely not the way I wanted it to go, which doesn't help when the next chapter is going to be a time skip towards the battle with Grindelwald...or did I promise Christmas first...or does Christmas come after? I'll need to re-read like the last 20 chapters to make sure :P can't have Christmas mentioned in passing during a battle now can we? Gosh the next chapter is going to be huge! hopefully nobody will be disappointed with it though :D the question is who will actually DO the defeating of Grindelwald? Will Hadrian make it so that Tom delivers the last blow? Or will he himself do it? Will Grindelwald survive the battle like he did the last time OR will we see him die in this one? Would you like to see Grindelwald's POV for the next one as they make plans as well? Are they planning on attacking Hadrian while he's in France because of the 'line theft' comments in the paper and the fact he's a Peverell? Perhaps thinking he has one of the Deathly Hallows? Read and Review Please!
Chapter 82

Chapter 82

Minister for Magic, Leonard Spencer-Moon stalked through the bleak halls of Azkaban Prison, surrounded by five Aurors who were his guards first and foremost. Not that he required them often, the public actually liked Minister Spencer-Moon, he was very good at his job. A sound Minister overseeing a period of great turmoil during the worst of times. Between the global wizarding war (which was in reality Grindelwald’s reign) and of course, the Second World War. He got on well with his British Muggle counterpart, Winston Churchill, and between the both of them, they were doing well in trying to keep their communities safe and spirits lifted with the times of great turmoil.

Try as he and President Picquery tried, they could not put a stop to Grindelwald, not only was he elusive but he was an escape artist by the likes they’d never seen before. Each time they grew close to capturing him he killed everyone and fled. The public were calling out for something to be done as Grindelwald slowly advanced across the globe coming close and closer to British shores. Their belief was that Dumbledore might be the only one powerful enough to stop him. Where those rumours had come from…nobody knew, but it was true, Albus Dumbledore did have powers that were of the charts.

Hence his reason for being here in Azkaban prison, hoping against hope to reason with the wizard, perhaps gain some insight into Grindelwald and his potential plans for Britain. His Aurors were extremely displeased with his visit, and what they suspected he might do to end this war once and for all. Especially given what he had done to Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin. The boy was very well liked in all circles, everyone desired to speak about him, or his books he’d published and the evidence of the matter pertaining to the books. If he did this, he knew he’d have more than pissed off Aurors at his neck, he may be risking his career but he had to make the hard calls.

He’d worked his ass off climbing up the ladder over the years, to think he’d begun his career as Tea Boy in the Department of Magical Accidents and Catastrophes. He’d been the Minister for magic for six years, much of that time in office, he had been termed a ‘War Minister’ due to the wars going on, everything seemed to be happening at once. He was in his element though, he was a very strategic thinker, tactical leadership came in handy during these times.

“Prisoner XO123 as requested, Sir, is in the interrogation room,” which consisted of two chairs and a table Spencer-Moon realized, Dumbledore was already situated on the seat, his chains firmly attached to prevent escape. Also preventing Albus from placing his hands on the table as well, as they hung limp between his legs, leaning his elbows on his thighs.

Those blue eyes stared calmly back, a knowing gleam sparkling just so, which made the Minister wish to grit his teeth. Remembering why he’d hesitated in coming even if only for a merest moment. During his trial he’d had the same look on his face. At least until he’d been sentenced at any rate.

“Grindelwald is coming closer and close to Britain,” the Minister stated curtly, flinging the newspaper onto the desk, revealing the headlines of Grindelwald suspected of being in France. “Do you know what he wants?” surprisingly, when Dumbledore caught sight of the paper he became alarmed and worried simultaneously, apparently he did care in some respect for the magical world. Either that or there was something he didn’t know.
“World dominion over both magical and muggle folk,” Albus said, “I think that’s been made more than clear.” Although Albus suspected it wasn’t Britain he was actually after but the boy. From what he’d overheard, the suicidal idiot had accused Gellert of line theft, putting a target on his back for not only the slight against him but by sheer idiocy he’d let Grindelwald know that another line from the great Peverell’s and coincidentally the Deathly Hallows still survived. He already had the wand, He was going to be after the other two items, the cloak of invisibility and the resurrection stone.

“There is a reason he’s coming, what is it?” the Minister demanded, he just knew there was something behind his current actions, he just didn’t know what.

“To finish what he started,” Albus informed him, sincerely, without giving out the whole truth, he had no reason to reveal anything. Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin had ruined his life, dragged his reputation through the mud and unveiled everything he had tried so hard to bury. His career was over, his life long ambitions and plans gone in a puff of smoke because of one boy so determined to ruin him. He’d succeeded but also doomed himself, Gellert would utterly destroy him.

“Which is?” the Minister reiterated, annoyance coursing through him, they were just going around and around in circles. Breathing out, he donned his blank mask and slid into the seat, staring Dumbledore down.

“To tear down all government structure, and control the world,” Dumbledore answered, and death of course, by coming ‘Master of Death’ when he gathered all three objects, its’ said the power would be immeasurable. Part of him would like that power, even if he knew he should never be in a position of power. It’s why he never tried for the position as Minister of magic, he’d already lost Ariana due to his quest for power, he refused to let anyone else die because of his greed.

“What are his weaknesses?” Spencer-Moon asked, a casual display of nonchalance in his body language.

“He has no weaknesses,” Dumbledore revealed, which was true enough, he had no family, nobody he would risk life and limb for. He had people to do everything for him, help wreak havoc on the world, but he wasn’t attached to any of them. He was driven, determined and powerful enough to see it through.

“Help us and I shall see about you getting some liberties in here,” Spencer-moon offered up, normally he was much more subtle than this. Unfortunately, he didn’t want to continue this ring around any longer than necessary. Plus, each delay could cost them dearly. Was he truly going to offer this piece of work amnesty if he defeats Grindelwald? Sure, he wasn’t exactly a murderer, but he was no saint either. A student in Hogwarts, several students had feared for their lives, this was wrong on so many levels.

“I will help bring him down, but it comes with a price,” Albus said, he unlike the Minister had all the time in the world on his hands. He wasn’t about to get some ‘liberties’ while in Azkaban, which was probably just longer reprieves from the dementors. He honestly didn’t know how long he could continue listening to that horrific scene over and over again. Thankfully he always passed out before the memory finished, he never wanted to know if it was him or Gellert who had killed his baby sister. He felt hollowed out, and he did not want to end up like every other prisoner in here. Completely insane and unable to function.

“I said nothing about you doing the deed,” the Minister declared, sitting up straighter eyes narrowing in on Dumbledore.

“He won’t be expecting me, if anyone can hold his own against him, it’s me,” Dumbledore said,
without an ounce of bragging just simple truth. He was the only one that stood a chance of ending Grindelwald’s reign of power.

“And in return?” spencer-Moon queried, heart thumping dangerously. He’d expected it to come to this, that Dumbledore would want to do it on his own. He also suspected – nay knew – what Dumbledore would request in return.

“My freedom,” Dumbledore answered, “I want a full pardon,”

“That I cannot do,” The Minister refuted immediately, the pureblood’s would revolt if such an instance occurred. Especially against a Half-blood who had wronged a pureblood, two pureblood’s if you want to be technically correct.

“Then we have nothing further to discuss,” Dumbledore stated, he refused to do anything for them, only to be stuck back in this hellhole. He knew though, he knew the Minister would crack. He was here because he was desperate, on his last leg so to speak. He had the upper hand and he wasn’t about to give that advantage up. Standing up, he made a move to leave the room, realizing how risky this was, but refusing to back down.

Seeing Dumbledore stand and move towards the door, he added, “What I can do is offer you House Arrest while you serve out the remainder of your sentence. Only if you succeed in bringing down Gellert Grindelwald once and for all.” Otherwise he would be right back here went unsaid but certainly understood.

Albus turned back and stared at the wizard, before wilting, “Then we have a deal,” he stated, anything to get him away from the presence of the Dementors. “Nothing gets done until all the paperwork is signed, sealed and delivered to me.” He wasn’t stupid enough to take anyone’s word on something, not something as important as this. This wasn’t just his freedom but his sanity, and for him his mind was his best asset, and it terrified him to the core at the prospect of losing himself to the dementors.

The Minister reluctantly nodded, he’d expected this too. “Very well,” he heaved a sigh, he definitely wasn’t going to be popular for this decision. Not that it was a done deal, he had to convince everyone on the wizengamot to agree to the transfer of an Azkaban inmate to house arrest. He could get them to agree, whether they liked it or not, nearly everyone on the wizengamot had family, all in danger within the British Isles with Grindelwald fast approaching. “I’ll see what I can do.” He never promised anything he knew he wouldn’t be able to live up to.

Dumbledore said nothing in reply, merely watched the Minister leave, a twinkle blooming in his blue eyes for the first time in months and months. He tried to tame the hope brewing within his chest, but it wasn’t easily done. Even with his shaky occlumency barriers. Nothing truly helped when it came to the presence of the dementors. Any mind shields one has, slowly disintegrate over time. His were well and truly shattered to smithereens, the dementors had been attracted to the guilt that constantly consumed him.

If this deal went through, he hoped that Newton had continued his duty and wouldn’t let him down.

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“It’s getting close,” Hadrian said, standing at the doorway beside Tom, staring out at the beautiful view. The pictures didn’t do it justice that’s for certain. He and Tom were definitely going to have to come back here at some point, but for an actual holiday not reconnaissance and ulterior motives to deal with Grindelwald. The Villa was his, so it wouldn’t be a chore to return at any given time.
The weather was warm and wonderful, especially compared to the damn horrible weather in Britain right now.

Tom turned and quirked an eyebrow in silent demand for answers.

“The Minister is getting ready to meet the wizengamot to do a deal, I’ve been told the meeting will last seven hours, it will take him only thirty minutes to get to Azkaban for Dumbledore to sign it.” Hadrian explained, everyone else was sleeping, getting much needed rest, they’d pulled a few all-nighters as they got closer to this day.

Tom’s gaze darkened in fury, seething over the fact the wizengamot would consider letting Dumbledore out let alone actually doing it. The quicker he and Hadrian had the control they so desired the better, between the wizengamot, the Ministry and Hogwarts – via the board of directors – everything in order to keep an eye on everyone and everything. Prevent such disgusting displays such as this, letting out Dumbledore before he served his sentence.

“They’re desperate,” Hadrian informed him pensively, knowing without looking that Tom was absolutely raging over what he’d said. They already knew which prevented a more…explosive reaction from his husband. Linking their hands together, his thumb brushing up and down Tom’s hand, causing the tense wizard to begin relaxing albeit marginally. “The public are crying out for help, and everyone was begging Dumbledore before all this went down, it’s expected really that they’d direct that to the Minister. I have no doubt the ones suggesting Dumbledore are his biggest supporters.” They were never going to be free of Dumbledore’s supporters though. He just couldn’t have the acclaim he had in another timeline.

“Doesn’t make it right,” Tom hissed out through gritted teeth, his anger just mounting, but with Harry’s grounding touch, it stopped him from feeling the need to curse everyone in the vicinity.

“No, no it doesn’t,” Hadrian agreed, “But it won’t happen.” They would defeat Grindelwald before that occurred.

Tom turned to face Hadrian, gripping his neck tightly, much more tightly than necessary, “Don’t do anything…stupid or heroic,” he knew Hadrian better than anyone else…and would always know his husband better than any other. He knew Hadrian was sometimes stupid, did things, took risks others wouldn’t. Inhaling sharply, he pressed his head against Hadrian’s “If you do…” that particular threat went unspoken.

“Nothing can happen to us,” Hadrian reminded him, soothing the feral beast that lay within his husband.

“That might be true, but it can to these bodies, all our efforts thus far…everything we have planned would be gone.” Tom argued, he did not wish to restart his Hogwarts education, or go through gaining control of the next generation, or wherever they landed next time. No, he was very content to remain Tom Peverell-Slytherin thank you very much. If Hadrian died…then he would follow him, at least he assumed so, since they were soul mates, joined together in a way that most wizards and witches did not contemplate let alone do. He did not want to do this alone, and that thought nearly bowled Tom over. He’d always been content alone, determined to do it…but now? Now the thought of doing it without Hadrian left a bitter taste in his mouth.

“Do you realize how insane that sounds?” Hadrian said, chuffing in amusement and part disbelief. Green eyes boring into dark brown, these bodies, although he supposed it was true enough. Just hearing it said out loud though was completely insane.

Tom didn’t bother replying, he knew Hadrian still found the entire immortality thing hard to digest.
He wasn’t sure why, because he relished in the knowledge, to an extent. He didn’t want to die, of course, and have his efforts to have been for nothing. Still, the knowledge he couldn’t die was liberating to say the least. “Seven hours, we have seven hours to do this.” According to Hadrian’s knowledge which was admittedly iffy the duel between Dumbledore and Grindelwald lasted six hours at least, according to eye witnesses. Written down as the ‘greatest wizarding duel of all time’ by yet another eye witness.

"Are we heading out?" Walburga asked, despite being asleep she was perfectly poised. Not even a strand of hair out of place. They'd been able to lounge out by the pool earlier, only for a few hours, but the sun, the heat and the tiredness of training, not even a dunk in the water had eased they'd all trudged in for some sleep. "When are you meant to go to the bookstore to sign your books?" and yes, she knew he wasn't really going to do it, but she was curious.

Hadrian glanced down at his watch, "Two hours," he confirmed, which meant they were on a very tight schedule. If anyone looked into their motives, they had to have it all laid out clearly. They were here for one reason, to the world anyway, that was him going to sign his books as he'd scheduled with his publisher. The entire thing with Grindelwald was a 'frightening' coincidence.

"You think word has gotten back to Grindelwald yet?" Alphard questioned, appearing right next to his sister.

"I have a feeling he already knows," Hadrian replied, you don't piss off a Dark Wizard and go free. Grindelwald probably knew everything about him. well, what could be dug up at any rate, which was only the past few years, the rest was magically created and completely safe from unravelling since Death himself had created it. which probably included when he had Portkey'd into the country and got his wand permit. At least his appearance at the store was secret, so he wouldn't know about that, unless he had the bookstore owner in his pocket – which was unlikely – so they had two hours to gain Grindelwald's attention.

"What do you mean by that?" Alphard asked, slightly alarmed, they still didn't know everything. Which didn't sit well with him, but he wasn't about to let Hadrian or Tom down. To think he'd been ready to distance himself from the group. Mostly because Tom was becoming more…vicious, and he hadn't wanted any part in that. Seeing the future for what it would become. A diabolical dictator. Hadrian's presence had changed everything, the dynamics in the group, and more importantly Tom. He suddenly found himself enamoured with the way the group was going, and he wanted to be part of it.

Dolohov made a strangled sound of agreement, his eyes slightly wider than normal.

"Alphard…I insulted Grindelwald, in the worst way possible…do you honestly think he'd let that slight go?" Hadrian said wryly, wandering over to the couch and sitting himself down. Tom went with him, sitting as close to Hadrian as possible. "No, he will have had someone check me out,"

"Doesn't mean he gives a shit, I mean he's trying to take over the world." Alphard pointed out, slumping down on a chair of his own. "Why care what one Hogwarts student says about him?"

Walburga gasped at her brothers plebeian words, had he been spending too much time with the Mudbloods?

"And locked his ex-lover in Azkaban," Hadrian chuckled, surprised to hear Alphard speaking that way. His mother would throttle him and his father kill him if he heard those words. They'd been brought up to be proper, elocution lessons.

"You really think he'll come to us now?" Alphard stood, wand in hand, moving towards the open
doors scanning the horizon as if he suspected wizards were surrounding them at all angles. His hair standing on edge as he realized the danger they were in.

Dolohov shadowed his movements, watching everything as if expecting wizards to just begin popping in. He'd been on the not attending list for this mission, he'd been half glad, half furious. He'd worked hard to prove himself, even though he hadn't actually wanted to come here. Who would in their right mind? These wizards of Grindelwald were vicious. Yet, the fact they said he wasn't going had subdued his fear and made him indignant. So, he had argued the point with Harry and with surprising results, he'd agreed to let him go.

"Alphard, Dolohov…nobody can get in here, it's safe," Hadrian reassured them, "Hell, it's safer than anywhere else…the only thing above the safety wards we've put on is the Fidelius Charm." even Walburga had gone tense at his proclamation.

"I suggest we eat, then get going," Tom stated firmly, "Alphard wake the others. Dobby?"

"Food as requested, Masters," Dobby said as he appeared, he'd already been aware he'd be called and had the food ready for them all. He also was aware of what they were doing, but due to the care Hadrian and Tom provided, Dobby would never think to betray them. Clicking his fingers, a long table of food was spread out before them, a feast for them to eat.

Hadrian blinked, he was used to food being delivered, but never saw a table being delivered along with it. Probably for the best, considering how damn large the table was and the amount of food… well, the smaller table they had in the Villa definitely wouldn't have fitted a third of it. "Um..." was all Hadrian could say, it was a ridiculous amount of food.

"Has Fenrir eaten?" Tom asked Dobby before the House-elf could disappear.

"Yes, Master Tom, Fenrir has eaten," Dobby nodded eagerly, they loved taking care of Fenrir, having someone to watch out for all day every day. Admittedly they had been beyond petrified of him to begin with, but Fenrir now emulated Tom and Hadrian, copying them in the way they treated the House-elves. He was far from 'normal' but he was getting there, he barely left Tom's side whenever he was around. Master Hadrian found the entire thing hilarious.

"Good," Tom replied, waving his hand gesturing for the House-elf to leave.

"You know what? I'm not even that hungry," Alphard admitted, his stomach queasy just staring at the food.

Tom watched Alphard leave, his blank mask hiding his confusion.

"I have a feeling, not much of the food will be eaten," Hadrian commented wryly, he'd get it sent to a shelter or sent anonymously to those in need. Food was scarce, a lot of people were going hungry, so he definitely wasn't going to allow the food to go to waste. Wool's Orphanage as well, perhaps, the kids deserved something nice to eat. He grimaced remembering the taste of the food, so bland and barely edible.

"We haven't eaten since breakfast," Tom pointed out, in fact he was ravenous himself.

Hadrian just shook his head amused, patting Tom's arm, it wasn't the first time Tom hadn't understood something. It certainly wouldn't be the last, thankfully he was here to make sure that he did get it. 'They'll be anxious, worried, maybe even a little fearful, it makes your stomach churn. They won't want to eat, but I think they'll try and eat something knowing they need to keep their
strength up.’ Using their connection to talk to Tom, he wouldn't say anything like this, not even in the presence of those he considered 'friends' and their closest acquaintances.

Tom just scoffed inwardly, showing what he thought of such weaknesses.

It wasn't just this sort of situation that could make you feel sick, even a game of Quidditch could have that affect. Well, it had on him, especially during his very first game, it didn't help with Snape being his usual self. If Severus did exist in this timeline...would he be different or still end up the same irascible wizard? His mother...she was so much like him it was actually scary. The sarcasm, the glares, the affronted look and by merlin, her potions were perfect. Thank goodness she wasn't the same age as them, otherwise Tom would have taken it as a personal outrage that she was better than him. There was no denying that Eileen Prince was the best potions brewer within Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Within ten minutes, everyone who had come with them, appeared in the room. Despite being asleep just ten minutes prior, they were perfectly presented. They'd been taught never to appear dishevelled in the company of others.

"Let's eat what we can," Hadrian suggested, as he stood, walking towards the table Dobby had conjured for them, "After that we begin planning out the attack." Well, the logistics of it at any rate. No plan ever went perfectly, something always went wrong he knew this from personal experience. He was also a very good escapist.

They spent the meal eating in silence, a tense anticipation coiling in the air. Once they were done, Dobby was called and ordered to see to it that the food went to those who needed it. The two others were called as well, to make it easier, it was a lot of food after all.

"Alright, from all the newspaper clippings and eye witnesses, he usually has at least eight others with him when he attacks," Hadrian explains, "His inner circle if you will, they're always the same people, nobody has been able to identify them yet either, so I wasn't able to do a real detailed background check."

"We do have rudimentary pictures of the so called 'inner circle'," Tom stated, standing up, dropping a folder to each of the others with them.

"They're not very good," Avery commented, staring down at the pathetic drawings that renditioned the wizards. "If this is the best the Ministry has...I'm surprised they ever capture anyone." Hello, they had pensive memories for a reason, they should use them, especially against Grindelwald's fanatics.

"I agree," Nott snorted derisively, something else they needed to change within the Ministry.

"I agree," Dolohov murmured grimacing at the impressions.

"When did you do this?" Dorea asked, taking a sip of her tea.

"Doesn't matter, we aren't going to be able to figure out who they are…” Walburga argued.

"That's interesting...." Avery stated, seeing the back of the drawings filled with information. Which Aiden assumed was regarding the wizards in question, even if they didn't have their names...they knew enough. Preferred spell, most used spells, suggested power level, left or right handed, whether he could do wandless magic or not. Very, very detailed more so than Avery would have thought possible.

"The drawings…” Nott begun to say to Avery, Rosier and Mulciber remained quiet on either side
of Avery as the arguments started out.

"It will do as an identifier, give us an upper hand on how we deal with them," Tom retorted, causing everyone to quiet down.

Orion, Cygnus and Alphard all put their heads together when Dorea turned their first page over, realizing it wasn't just a picture they were getting but information. Vital information that could see them getting the upper hand, although they could have done without seeing their kill count. The Black's all looked alike, you'd mistake them all for brothers when in reality they were cousins. Well, Alphard and Cygnus were in fact brothers, Orion was the cousin.

"This must have taken weeks if not months," Cygnus said impressed despite himself. His new wife was back home, and he had come when he heard the news from Orion and Alphard. That and his parents had demanded he go and take care of his brother and sister.

"Just a few days, I already had all the information," Harry revealed, giving Cygnus a grin. He hadn't met the wizard until the summer holidays, due to the fact like Abraxas he had left Hogwarts before he came onto the scene. Surprisingly, he'd known immediately who it was, despite how similar all the Black's were. He could see Narcissa, Andromeda and Bellatrix shining through him. He had no idea what Druella (commonly called Ella to those closest to her) Black nee Rosier looked like. If any of them resembled Druella it would be Narcissa who was the only one born with blonde hair, which was rare when it came to the Black's. It would take Cygnus and Druella six years to have an heir, unless they have miscarriages along the way before Bellatrix was born. If he had the ages correct that was, his information on the Black family was sketchy. He just tried to remember the information on the tapestry, and of course, what Sirius had actually said about his family.

"Know thy enemy," Avery said in approval.

"Indeed," Tom replied dryly, "Memorise every single one of them, and their preferred methods and we will have the upper hand." He stated imperiously.

"Tom and I will do drills, enact scenes the way they would, and you have to remember who and what," Hadrian informed them with a vindictive smirk. "The last test so to speak before the showdown."

"Speaking off…how exactly are you planning that?" Alphard queried, questioning him, but making sure it didn't come out like an accusation. "They don't even know where we are,

Everyone glanced up at that, they too wanted answers.

"I'll go and sign some books, word will get around, no doubt we'll have someone watching us, following us, that's more than likely when they'll attack." Hadrian revealed, "A few of you can help spread the word, and keep a watch on the outside for any suspicious characters."

"How do we stay in contact with each other?" Lucretia asked, "Not all of us are capable of casting the Patronus to learn the Patronus message."

"Ah, that reminds me," Hadrian said, waving his hand, keeping it outstretched until a large satin pouch smacked into his palm. Plonking it down on the table, he unrolled it, revealing the pendants within. "These will give us the ability to communicate, a mental link, so to speak."

"How?" Dorea asked, eager for knowledge, how she hadn't ended up in Ravenclaw was a mystery to them all.
Hadrian smirked, "This is a combination of both mine and Tom's greatest work actually," admittedly stolen from the mirror idea but Hadrian really didn't care about that. He would use anything at his disposal to ensure this worked.

"It requires a drop of blood imbued in the stone of each person you wish to have hear," Tom stated, "So even if they go missing, which they won't, nobody will hear what they shouldn't." he had a recall spell implanted so that he'd get every single one of them back. He wasn't risking his or Hadrian's blood getting into the wrong hands, no matter what. As soon as this was over, he'd retrieve them all and destroy them, shame really, it was a work of art. He supposed he could put them away just in case, in the Fidelus Charmed vault in their home, or at Gringotts. Considering how a seventeen year old successfully broke into the bank…he preferred using the one at home that they'd created to put their more…questionable books. They couldn't have anyone finding them after all.

Everyone at the table tensed, blood giving wasn't done, it had been drummed into them from as far back as they remembered.

"After today is over with, each pendant will be destroyed," Hadrian stated curtly, a look of understanding crossing his features. "In front of you if you prefer." He'd been absolutely cautious of his own blood after the ritual being used to bring back Voldemort. By Merlin, it had been difficult to leave the blood quill behind with Umbridge with his blood still on it. Thankfully though, she was just interested in torturing him, not using his blood for nefarious purposes.

Tom inwardly huffed, so their amazing piece of magic – he wasn't above praising himself – was going to be destroyed after all. Cocking his head conceding the point when Hadrian pointed out they could make new ones, their work might be destroyed but easily replaced. 'True' he conceded, speaking through their link.

The others relaxed marginally, grateful for Hadrian's words but not showing it. there would come a time when they didn't give any body signals away, but they were still young and Hadrian was used to reading body cues since he was a kid.

"Let's use these while we train, we only have an hour at most," Hadrian stated, "Let's get to it." and one by one, each of them used their wands and allowed a single drop of blood to fall upon the pendant. It glowed red each time, indicating that the rune had absorbed the blood and it was working.

Tom reached out and plucked one from the circle and put it around his neck, stashing it under his robes so it wouldn't be easily be found and removed or worse broken. As long as he could hear Hadrian though, he didn't much care.

"How do they work?" that was repeated twice, in their minds and out loud. "Oh, never mind." was only said out loud.

"Project what you want the others to hear," Tom stated, "Your actual thoughts are your own." He said, smug and superior, it was a beautiful piece of magic for sure.

"You know these would be amazing, for Aurors who are out on patrol, and such," Dorea said, thinking of her boyfriend, who wanted to either be an Auror or potioneer. It would give him a little more protection if he did become an Auror. Although, she suspected he might only say he wanted to be an Auror due to a few generations of Potter's being Aurors. His passion was definitely potions,

"It would," Hadrian agreed, but Tom probably found it too ingenious for the masses, probably
desiring to use it just for his people. Not that it was a bad thing, if the Ministry got wind of the invention, they'd create something to negate the connection the pendant created, both within the Ministry and elsewhere. They had a huge think tank in the Ministry for all that sort of thing. They rarely created anything new, instead made counters to inventions which was such a waste of their talents. Their belief they're doing the right thing didn't help matters either. Thankfully not ingenious wizard and witches worked for the ministry. Otherwise nothing would ever get created and the magical world would be stagnant.

Everyone remained silent as they read through the information Hadrian had gathered for them. Trying to memorise everything in order to have the upper hand. All that was heard was the shuffling of paper, or the others talking quietly to each other, pointing out a few things that would give them away without even needing a good picture.

"Orion and I shall go first," Tom said, getting back to their task, or rather test.

Orion's eyes widened, before he steeled himself, giving a curt nod, as they all moved to one of the empty guest bedrooms which would conveniently double as a good training room. It was thankfully a magical property, no light switches, honestly Hadrian didn't think they'd know what the hell to do in a Muggle property. Maybe, he'd arrange it one day, just so he could laugh his ass off at how clueless they were.

"It will do," Alphard mused, already casting spells, making sure the room was secured. If anyone went flying into the walls they wouldn't be hurt. It would be like falling onto training mats. The floor unfortunately, didn't receive the same treatment.

"Too bad we didn't bring the dummies," Walburga said, eager to prove her worth.

"Yeah, set them up to be like our new opponents," Lucretia pointed out.

"That…is actually a brilliant idea," Hadrian admitted, why hadn't he thought of that?

Dolohov nodded in agreement, it definitely was, it was better than fighting each other.

"It would take too long to reconfigure them," Tom pointed out, but it was a good idea, if only they'd set them up earlier. Unfortunately, they only had one hour before they had to get going to set the stage up.

"I'll do it while you work on Orion, even if it's only a few it still saves time," Hadrian shook his head, "An hour only gives us at least ten to fifteen minutes per person." The hour would fly by, at least with the dummies, they'd get in a little more training time. Not by much, but it would have to do. Even a little more training time could go a long way.

Hadrian waved his hand, and an hour in red numbers hovered above the room, counting down the seconds.

"Very well," Tom agreed, gesturing for Orion to step up, once he did, Tom didn't give any warning, he immediately begun flinging curses he knew was the preferred method of one of the worst of Grindelwald's men. Orion much to Tom's pleasure, figured it out very quickly, and adjusted his fighting method and they worked in tandem, both of them trying to hit the other but not truly wishing to cause harm.

Hadrian immediately got to work, requesting the dummies from Dobby, and got to work reconfiguring them. It wasn't easy work, especially making them specific to someone's fighting style. The fact he was having to do this quickly didn't help either, but within fifteen minutes he had
"Wingardium Leviosa!" Hadrian murmured, a pained wistfulness on his face, all his childhood memories tarnished because of greed and Dumbledore's need for control. Merlin, it hurt, he wished he could remove the memories and just start anew. He would never allow that or do it to himself, he'd never go back to the naive idiot he used to be. He'd never be a trusting fool again. Warmth and concern – at least Tom's sort of concern – pushed through the bond, letting him know he wasn't alone anymore. He'd figured out how to make Hadrian feel better, and used it when required.

"You take that one Lucretia," Cygnus ordered, when it came to family he would make sure the girls were protected and had the best chance of survival.

Within half an hour, Cygnus was training with Tom while the girls, Alphard and Dolohov used the dummies.

"You're up Avery," Hadrian called out, shifting the dummy into a suitable space so nobody ended up injured.

"You think the others are still upset?" Rosier queried as he mock fought with Mulciber. The look on their faces when they hadn't been picked had been comical to say the least. Made those who had been picked feel superior as well.

"Who cares?" Dorea called out from her position. Those that hadn't been picked (except Dolohov) questioned Hadrian sometimes, behind his back of course, but given they weren't chosen...perhaps he did know. He wouldn't want anyone questioning him so he had not chosen them. All of them had distrusted Hadrian at one point though, but that was when he first arrived and changed the Status Quo. Hell, Avery and everyone else received the biggest wake up call at the same time. If they weren't careful they'd be out of the group full stop. Considering they'd been friends with him since childhood, they wanted to help them but if they made his own bed they'd need to lie in it. None of them was going to risk their own lives or place in the ranks by helping them when that time came. They'd seen what happened to Avery before he made the blood oath, they were not going to see that happen to them, thank you very much. That had been just a taste of the power they were going to have when they were older.

As Slytherins they wanted a taste of that, no matter the cost.

"You and I are next," Tom said, stepping up right next to Hadrian, plastering himself against his back, talking into his ear. "You up for it?" he didn't say anything else about being careful, he'd said his peace and surprisingly it didn't help. He still felt worried, he wasn't used to such feelings. As for the others, he was worried, but only because he knew how vindictive pureblood's were and didn't want to end up on the wrong side of them, not until he garnered more power.

"Are you?" Hadrian half taunted, half concerned though. Tom hadn't stopped for forty-five minutes, they had a battle on their hands as it was. He didn't want anything to happen to Tom if he became exhausted. With their magical powers they didn't need to be concerned about magical depletion but physical exertion and exhaustion was a real concern.

"I'm fine," Tom stated slightly insulted.

"Alright," Hadrian replied, stepping away and getting into position. "Ten more minutes then we're heading out,"

Avery remained to watch the duel, honestly, those two made them all seem like amateurs. You wouldn't think either of them were lovers, husbands the way they duelled each other. It was as if
they were actually trying to hurt each other. Avery winced, correction, actually hurting each other, as Hadrian's arm was clipped by a cutting curse. Neither slowed down, even while injured they were determined to see it through. The magic swelling in the room was unbelievable proportions.

Then again the enemy wouldn’t stop when they injured their opponents, or take it easy on them.

The clock buzzed indicating the time had run down.

"How bad is it?" Tom asked immediately upon the buzz, swiftly making his way over, taking Hadrian's injured arm delicately to see for himself. Switching from enemy to lover within seconds nearly leaving the others with whiplash. Dolohov watched the scene with a frown, wondering if this meant they weren't going to go after all.

"It's fine," Hadrian replied, staring at the injury completely indifferent as Tom repaired the damage done to his arm. The skin knitted closed and Tom cleaned up the blood and repaired the clothes so that nothing remained behind. "It was sloppy," he had been sloppy.

"Agreed," Tom would never lie, he'd be caught out anyway even if he tried.

Hadrian huffed out a sardonic laugh.

"Do you want a blood replenisher?" Avery asked, if he lost blood during the battle, that potion might be the difference between continuing on and loss of consciousness.

"I'll get it, we need to get going, otherwise I'll be late," Hadrian informed them, and he definitely didn't want to be late. He wouldn't hear the end of it from his publisher, plus it was rude, and if for whatever reason he wanted to do this again, he couldn't let anyone down otherwise they would decline to let him appear at their stores.

"I'll keep him safe," Avery promised Tom as Hadrian disappeared through the doorway.

"I know," Tom replied, and it was the truth, out of them all, Avery would make sure Hadrian survived. Not just because they were close, best friends some might say, but because of the oath. He rather hoped it didn't happen, apart from Orion, Avery was one of his best. "Let's go,"

Tom and Avery re-joined the others who were more than ready, they were raring to go.

"Let's go!" Hadrian called out, entering the room, his face already looking a lot brighter, with red flushed cheeks. "The Portkey will take us to the bookstore," they weren't supposed to be able to Apparate yet, so Portkey it was. They weren't going to be breaking the law any more than they already going to, they didn't want the public crucifying them.

Each of them touched the Portkey, without a hint of concern, they'd been using them since they were old enough to know what they were.

Dolohov reached out touching it quickly, as if ripping a band aid off, either that or the camaraderie and adrenaline were making him want to fight.

Upon reaching their destination, Hadrian's hawk eyes caught the sight of several wands pointed in their direction.

"Shei—" Hadrian called out, but there was no time, waving his hand, he raised a shield before a massive explosion rocked him off his feet.

Then Hadrian knew no more as unconsciousness swiftly claimed him.
A/N - I wanted the conversation with Dumbledore and the Minister with more Slytherin subtly but it just wouldn't come...ones two desperate and the other is very patient and willing to do anything to win but that's how it went! I'll look forward to writing the next conversation with them that's for damn certain! :) It's going to be so much fun! so will everyone survive? Will any of the other knights make an appearance? Dolohov show up with a few hours and save them? Will Newt end up in the fray? or both Scamander brothers? what do you actually want to see the most? Descriptions of the duel or the actual duel or going back and forth? between Dumbledore, the duel and bystanders? Read and Review please! It's nearly finished I'd love for it to go out with a bang...at least I think it might be close to finishing anyway not sure whether it will or not just depending on if the time jumps work since I can't write sixty years worth of it but smaller time jumps over the years giving a few chapters to each timeline so you know what's happening that sort of thing!
Chapter 83

Lord Of Time

Chapter 83

“Look I don’t like it any better than any of you!” Spencer-Moon roared out, despite the arguing going on in the room, he was heard by the fifty plus people currently making a racket. “But the reality is...we have to stop him, for our sakes, for our children, for our grandchildren. He’s making his way steadily closer to us. We have no idea what he wants, but I strongly suspect it’s something here. He came to Britain once before, there IS a reason.” He’d bet his job on that actually.

“Meanwhile our children learn there’s no consequences for breaking the law?” Abraxas’ father hissed out through gritted teeth, fury thrumming throughout his entire body. His son, Abraxas should have been sitting next to him, still learning the ropes of his duties, unfortunately, he had asked for a few days to himself. Abraxas had been working very hard, dedicating everything to learning it all, and doing so in a timely manner. He couldn’t just deny him the only thing he’d asked recently. “That anyone could just walk free at any given moment? Do you realize who he antagonised?”

“I am aware that this situation isn’t ideal, but he won’t be going free, a house arrest is the next best thing I could offer him to get this far.” The Minister argued, knowing it wasn’t enough, it turned his stomach too.

“I assume you’re going to tell Hadrian Peverell yourself?” Aaron Moody boldly proclaimed, an Auror and proud member of the Wizengamot.

“Peverell-Slytherin,” one of the women reminded him, absently.

“Ah, my apologised, Peverell-Slytherin,” Aaron stated, his bold proclamation causing all voices to cease as they stared at the Minister actually wanting to hear that answer themselves.

Spencer-Moon swallowed thickly, of course, they’d all bloody stare at him waiting on his answers. This didn’t usually happen in a courtroom, it was usually the damn press that stared hawk eyed after a particularly juicy – to them anyway – question had come up. “Is that what it would take to get an agreement with everyone?” the Minister answered their question with one of his own.

The pureblood’s they are, they saw through it, and refused to bite. Instead silently stared, waiting on an answer being given.

The thought of actually having to speak to the boy, actually left him feeling rather nervous. He wasn’t even sure why, he’d only ever seen him at the trials. He had an air about him, of one who knew the power he held, and would wield it if needed. He even had every single pureblood backing him up. He and his husband were the upcoming power couple, nobody wanted to mess with. Doing this would mess with his standing, both in the magical world and the political world. He’d more than likely find himself out of a job upon re-election time. Yet, he knew, regardless of where it would lead him...he would need to do this. For the safety of everyone, Dumbledore was the only one who held a chance of stopping the powerful dark wizard in his tracks. “He deserves to hear it from me, so yes, I will tell him myself,” he revealed with a resigned air around him.

“This is a bad idea,” Lord Avery stated sharply, “Letting Dumbledore go, it’s going to bite us when we least expect it.” furious with the way the tide was blowing. With over fifty people in the room,
he didn’t like the odds of them actually getting the Minister to back down from his current path. Glancing over at Malfoy who looked just as grim as him, realizing the way things were going too.

“I’m in full agreement,” Lord Malfoy insisted, “Less time with the Dementors and a bigger cell is all that man deserves.”

“I only got the agreement for house arrest, anything less…will not do.” Spencer-Moon sighed, slumping into his seat as if his strings had been cut. “You have to look at this objectively without feelings or emotions getting in the way. Dumbledore has the best bet at ending Grindelwald once and for all. The global was is taking its toll on all of us, can we risk losing our children to this dark wizard hell bent on domination? There is too much at stake to risk it. The American Aurors have tried their hardest to get him, and their forces are considerably larger than our own…we will lose.” And he didn’t want to be the Minister responsible for the decimation of the British magical world. Grindelwald was ruthless, his forces just as bad if not worse. They wouldn’t be able to fight him, not alone, and they were spread thin as it was due to the global war.

That frightened the majority of the people sitting in the room. Only because it was the truth and they did not like it.

“Very well then, it seems we have no choice,” Fawley sighed, looking older than his fifty years of age.

“Shall we put it to a vote?” the room was grim and filled with an unnatural silence.

“Those who agree to Albus Dumbledore’s house arrest, and the agreement laid out before you, raise your wands.” The Minister stated, sitting up straighter, his heart pounding away like a never ending beat of an erratic drum. Watching with rapid attention, as slowly wizengamot members begun to raise their wands with clear reluctance.

There had to be at least twenty-seven people in agreement for the agreement to be fulfilled. Otherwise they would find themselves in a tie-break with nobody winning or worse, no agreement for Dumbledore and them in serious trouble. The Minister was absolutely terrified of either latter outcomes. It wouldn’t be required to be fulfilled until both the Minister and Dumbledore signed on the dotted line. Then they’d just have to track where Grindelwald was – never hard just find out the last attack – and get Dumbledore there in hopes of Grindelwald’s defeat.

Breath gushed out of Spencer-Moon, relief almost paralyzing him as he’d locked his entire body up awaiting the verdict. There were at least thirty hands up in the air, wands all lit. No matter what happened next, this was going through and that was…a load of his shoulders. He just hoped Dumbledore was able to live up to the hype.

Many of the wizengamot members who had not raised their wands were glaring broodily at those who had. Clearly very irritated with their decision, and part of Spencer-Moon didn’t blame them at all. He wouldn’t be doing this if he had any hope of a different choice in front of him. Unfortunately, there was no other options, he’d been wracking his mind to come up with something…anything. His mind had remained blank, there was nothing else to be done.

“Then we’re all in agreement,” Spencer-Moon proclaimed, countenance grim, just like everyone else’s.

Instead of immediately heading out after such a meeting, they remained seated, clearly reeling over what they were doing. They were basically letting a criminal go free to stop this war. While they knew deep down it was the thing they needed to do, it had never felt more wrong.
“Well, excuse me,” Avery stated, gazing appallingly around the room, “It seems my opinion won’t matter,” he dreaded having to tell Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin. He would have to, after all, his family was sworn fealty to him, his son Aiden wouldn’t have been successful without his approval (as he was the head of the family/magic) he had felt it when the oath took. There hadn’t been much any of them could do, even those who had been happy to see Dumbledore go down for his actions – despite his previous popularity – were scrambling to get him out in order for justice to be served. He’d wait until they returned from their trip, let them enjoy their little holiday even if it was a working one for Hadrian due to the book signing he had going on.

Avery was the first to leave the room, followed by the Minister, who immediately went to his office to draw up the contract with a heavy heart.

The scribe was the last to leave the room, going to the small office he had beside the Ministers to go over the information and file it away.

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"...wake up! C'mon Hadrian wake up!" Avery hollered, slapping at his face, as he deflected yet another bombardment of spells coming his way. The only thing keeping him going was his oath and the damn adrenaline that was coursing through him. "Aguamenti!" Cygnus cast wand aimed directly in Hadrian's projected path. It hit him right in the face, causing Harry to splutter and return to consciousness. In front of Hadrian and him was Tom, using debris from the completely obliterated bookstore and his own spells to hold off five wizards with Cygnus and Abraxas' aid. There were two others aiding them from down the road, saving as many people as they could. Drawing three of the wizards clearly on Grindelwald's side, attention to prevent massacre.

Dolohov was helping the girls to their feet, spell after spell emerging from his wand almost manically, as he strove to keep everyone safe. Perhaps for the first time Dolohov wasn't afraid for himself...but the others, and that was helping him find his courage. either that or shock had a part to do with it, Harry thought, he was covered in debris and blood, he wasn't sure how much of it was Dolohov's but he couldn't keep watching for long, he needed to get up. He needed to fight.

"What the fuck!" Hadrian he cursed, sitting up, wincing in agony, there was something poking into his back. Using his left arm, he felt around his back. Damn it, oh this was going to be painful, closing his eyes, gritting his teeth, he yanked out whatever was imbedded in his back. One glance at it, he realized it must have been debris he fell on when they exploded the place, it was a broken piece of wood, that was now bloody.

"You alright?" Tom asked, the only one feeling what Hadrian was right now, and it wasn't a small amount of pain either.

"I'll be fine," Hadrian grunted, "Help me up!" grasping a hold of Aiden's arm and propelling himself onto his feet. "Fucking bookstore owner, I'm definitely firing my publishers!" it was the only person who could have done it. Nobody else knew he'd be coming and as good as Grindelwald was...he wasn't bloody omnipotent. "How's everyone? And who's helping?" wand out, hearing one conjuring up fire, he hollered "Bombarda Aguamenti maxima!" and like a fireman's hose the water propelled out, sweeping the five wizards off their feet and down the street. "Lets get this over with."

Dolohov and the girls wanted to laugh at the sight of them being swept of their feet by the water but this definitely wasn't the time or the place.

"I don't see Grindelwald here," Orion said, completely covered in soot from head to toe, but otherwise unharmed from the blasting curse. Others hadn't been so lucky, there were dead bodies
strewn all over the store, it made his stomach queasy, or perhaps it was the suddenness of the attack maybe? Relaxing a little in relief now that the wizards were down, temporarily as it may be.

"Oh, he's here alright," Hadrian cast a sonorous on his voice, "Come out then Grindelwald, I know you are here, you are always there watching your people attack, stop being a coward and face me like a man."

"Bloody hell," Walburga grumbled, "Stop goading the psychopath!" sounding very much like her old portrait, so much so that a choked laugh came out of Hadrian.

"Walburga!" Dolohov choked out in reprimand, while even he had to stop himself laughing.

"Is that…it is….bloody hell…it's the Scamander brothers," Alphard blurted out, his neck clicking as he swiftly moved to check the other side when he heard spells being cast in the direction of the other five of Grindelwald's enforcers.

"Ah, shit there's more," Orion warned them, noticing another three wizards Apparating into the area. "Why the hell is the Auror here?" Scamander was an Auror.

"Well, one of them is mine," Hadrian said with feral intensity, eyes on the middle figure. Feeling the Elder wand calling to him properly for the first time.

"You must be the elusive Hadrian Peverell," came the soft voice of Grindelwald.

"Hardly elusive," Hadrian replied wryly, "You have something that belongs to me," gesturing to the wand without a hint of subtly, "How about we do this the wizarding way? Gellert Grindelwald I challenge you to a duel, with Tom Peverell-Slytherin as my second,"

"I do owe you for your disrespect," Grindelwald replied, coming closer eyes flashing in genuine anger. "By the time I'm finished you will be begging for death before I grant it to you." This was the pathetic wizard who had managed to take down Albus?

"I think that's the other way around, you don't get to go around using my coat of arms and make it hated all over the world." Hadrian retorted without a hint of anger or even hurt in his voice. He knew better than to let emotion get the best of him, it caused mistakes and he couldn't make any. What was it with bad guys having to talk about themselves and what they wanted to do? "Can we just skip the talk where you tell me I'm going to die. How I'm going to die and how much I'm going to beg for it? I've already heard it before, it gets boring real fast."

Tom coughed, trying desperately to stop himself laughing at the look on Gellert's face, the indignation was hilarious. Hadrian was very good at riling up everyone around him. Hell, even he'd gotten riled up, in the past and Harry's past (as Voldemort), hoping to keep Gellert's attention fixed upon them, they had a chance of killing him the others did not.

Hadrian gave Tom a wry look, a wicked smirk upon his face. 'This is why I was always able to defeat you' Dark Lord's and their need to hear themselves talking. 'It's a little wonder the duel between Grindelwald and Dumbledore lasted so long...' no doubt there was a lot of talking between them too. "Os confactus," Hadrian immediately cast a spell, refusing to let Grindelwald surprise him.

"Avada Kedavra!"

"Really straight to the killing curse? How unoriginal, are you sure you're from Durmstrang?" Hadrian snapped out, whipping a large chunk of stone towards the killing curse, so it didn't hit anyone more importantly himself. "Ulcere sanguis!" immediately returning fire. Sensing Tom
casting his own spells, he refused to take his eyes of Grindelwald, Tom was brilliant, he could hold his own he knew that.

Grindelwald growled, and began to shoot spells in Ernest from his wand, using his left hand to make it doubly hard for Hadrian. Not many could use a wand and cast Wandless magic at the same time. Unfortunately, for Grindelwald, he realized belated that Hadrian could do so as well.

"Necare!"

"Bombarda!" using his left hand to use debris to block the spell, which was actually darker than the killing curse, even though it did the same thing. Although this one was darker than most, it caused excruciating pain before death was finally granted. He'd heard of the spell, but had never seen anyone use it before. Even Voldemort had preferred 'Avada Kedavra' over that sort of spell, it showed he had mercy in his body.

"Interficio!"

"Scutum!" Harry shielded himself from the spell, while conjuring arrows from his hands and flinging them with all his might towards Grindelwald, two out of the dozen hit the dark wizard, one in the leg, the other was his left shoulder. It would make casting spells with both his hands extremely difficult. Good.

"Optrunco!"

"Parma!" swiftly using the counter curse to get that particular spell of his back, evidently he was through holding back, they were getting more and more vicious. Hadrian wasn't sure how much longer he could go without using some of his…darker arsenal he had in mind. He couldn't risk doing anything too dark, the duel was going to be replayed probably all over the world by everyone.

"Neco!"

"Combibo! Redire!" the idea coming to him swiftly, a way to keep Grindelwald on his toes absorb the spells then spit them back at him.

Grindelwald was surprised enough that he had to jerk away from the spell, allowing Hadrian a few precious moments to cast another spell, "Dirumpo!" technically a 'light' spell despite the fact it would literally burst someone asunder. Having to stick to light or neutral or boarding dark spells was really irking him.

The connection with the Elder wand was strengthening, "Having trouble using that wand?" Hadrian taunted, green eyes gleaming in amusement, telling a tale of a secret only he knew. "Dejugo!" trying to sever the connection Grindelwald had to his magical core.

Grindelwald alarmed by the spell, summoned his closest follower, and used his body as a shield from the spell, "Crucio!"

The spell hit it's mark.

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The Minister for magic, Spencer-Moon stared down at the contract, breathing out raggedly. An hour it had taken him to make sure the contract was airtight, getting three different peoples opinions as well just to make sure. He’d written to Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin, who was probably at Hogwarts no doubt enjoying the Christmas holidays. He’d set up a meeting with the young Lord, intending on keeping his promise. He would inform Hadrian himself, apologise for any pain it
brought him, and pray he wasn’t out of a job within the next few weeks. As Minister for Magic he wasn’t above the law, what he was doing letting Dumbledore free, was acting as though he was above the law letting criminals go free.

He worried that he was setting up precedent to be used in the future by other Ministers. That thought was actually terrifying.

Stiffening his shoulders, he stood up and swiftly excited his office, not taking the time to see anything in front of him. As soon as he was on the move, five Aurors began to shadow him, they knew where he was going and his schedule. Not that this had been his original schedule this morning.

Shivering slightly, unable to believe he was returning to Azkaban, let alone so soon. Hopefully it wouldn’t take too long to have Dumbledore situated, he didn’t want to remain on the island too long. He was depressed enough as it was, without the Dementors adding to it to be frank. He didn’t use a Portkey, it would take too long to set up, so he apparated to the other end of the island.

The Aurors soon followed.

Before long, six people got into a tiny boat, and with a flick of their wand, the boat glided along the water. Even if the water was clashing and waving, the boat didn’t so much as budge and the water didn’t touch them. It was a deeply uncomfortable ten minutes ride, they were grateful when it docked…for all of a few moments.

They failed to see or hear the Ministry clerk waving – fanatically at that - and calling them from the banks at the other side with urgency.

“I’m here to see Albus Dumbledore, prisoner XO123,” Spencer-Moon revealed sternly, and he didn’t need permission, he was the Minister for magic, he could come and go as he pleased.

“Follow me, the prisoners are currently eating, they’ll be finished in five minutes,” the guard explained, as he glided like the dementors through the eerily prison. They didn’t encounter a single Dementor on their way, but that was hardly surprising, the Dementors always left during prisoner feeding times.

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Hadrian was propelled back by the intensity of the spell, surprised by the fact it wasn’t as strong as Tom’s. He guess he had his answer, Tom was actually more powerful than Grindelwald. He guessed that’s where Tom had gotten his ‘darkest wizard since Grindelwald’ from. He was seconds away from crumbling, the pain getting a bit too much to bear when it ceased, as Grindelwald was swept off his feet by a dozen or so broomsticks whizzing by.

‘Tom…we need to end him now, I’m going to focus on the Elder wand it will only give you two minutes to cast a spell, you understand? It needs to hit him and it needs to be something that takes him out. Do not use a dark curse, if you can do it, let me know’ Hadrian murmured through their bond, as his knees buckled as the pain became too much. The blood loss was getting to be too much he could feel how wet the wound on his back was. He could feel darkness creeping up on him, but he fought it dangerously dizzy.

‘Do it’ Tom declared strongly, placing the Imperius curse upon his opponent and “Stupefy!” and he was out for the count, loathing that he was using light spells such a high paced duel, only stopping himself from being killed by Grindelwald’s fanatics. They’d agreed to it, prepared to go through with it, but it was harder than he could have ever imagined.
He didn’t wait to make sure his opponent was down, he turned swiftly in Hadrian’s direction. Concerned and eager to get this over with once and for all. He knew just the spell, and thanks to Hadrian he knew exactly where best to put it.

Grindelwald was going down, now.

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One such witness shuddered in horror at what they were witnessing, they’d never see that particular spell – the Cruciatus Curse – performed before. He’d imagined it much worse, but the immense pain on the face of the foreign wizard was a bit too much for him to stomach. He’d been watching from the beginning, trapped under debris, and he definitely wasn’t brave enough to move or try to. He was seeing a duel between a young teenager – who he was positive was Hadrian Peverell he’d been coming to have his book signed - and the evil Dark Lord Grindelwald and the boy had done so well in holding his own until now. If only he could reach for his wand, give the boy aid, he didn’t want to see someone die in front of him. Even twitching caused immense pain to flare through his body, reminding him that he was useless.

Groaning lowly in his throat, tears blurring his eyes as he fought to remain conscious, ceasing his struggle to try and reach for his wand. His entire right side was pinned down, and his left arm was trapped under his body, there wasn’t a part of him that wasn’t flaring in agony.

He could see from the corner of his eyes, that other fights were currently going on as well. They were just young boys, barely looked adults – in fact he’d be surprised if they were – righting wizards with decades more experience. He had no idea how long it had been going on for, it felt like hours, why was nobody coming? Then he realized…there will be wards up, it wasn’t the first time and probably wouldn’t be the last.

Another groan passed his lips, as his eyes fluttered closed, but he wasn’t too far gone that he didn’t fail to hear the utterance of that dreaded spell.

After that he knew no more.

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“All Hadrian could think when the spell was cast was ‘why the hell do Dark wizards prefer this spell’ quite honestly it was entirely too predictable and boring. Not the spell, the spell itself was bloody debilitating. Thankfully due to him being the ‘Master’ of the wand, Hadrian reckoned it wasn’t working to its full capacity. ‘NOW,’ Hadrian closed his eyes, focusing on the Master of Death powers, calling the Elder wand to him. It was his, after all, his to command, and his focus was so narrowminded that he literally summoned the wand to him, ripping it right out of Grindelwald’s hand.

“Diffindo!” Tom slashed, his aim true, the light green spell hit the wizard in the thigh. In the femora artery more accurately.

Grindelwald crumbled, as the blood began to pour from the open wound. Trying to use wandless magic to cauterise the wound, but his magic wasn’t reacting. Grasping at the wound, trying to stem the flow of blood, as dizziness began to overwhelm him. Panic clawing at him, he hadn’t foreseen his death at the hands of a school kid, he refused to let this be how he died.

Tom made his way towards Hadrian, sensing his looming unconsciousness and struggle to keep
doing whatever it is that he was doing. Turning him on his side, wincing at the state of him. The
wound was no small thing, it was still steadily oozing blood, debris still coated the wound too. He
cursed the fact he hadn’t taken healer classes, otherwise he would be able to help him. He needed
to get him to the closest hospital immediately. He didn’t want to take him to a French one though,
either of them spoke much French and he refused to argue with someone who couldn’t understand
a word that came out of his mouth. How long would the potion he’d taken before the attack keep
him going? Was it the only thing keeping him alive?

“How is he?” Avery asked, panting outrageously.

“You need to take him to hospital,” Newt said, not staring at either wizard, but rather off to the
side. “Now.” Feeling his brother demolishing the anti-Apparation and Portkey wards surrounding
the small French wizarding town.

“Go, I’ll help everyone else, I’ll use the portkey, get them back to Britain,” Avery urged Tom,
worry and fear his most pressing emotion.

Tom nodded his agreement, fishing out the portkey he handed it over, barely glancing at the
devastation that had been done to the wizarding street. He honestly didn’t really care, even if he
would need to put a mask on and pretend he did. Without another word, cradling Hadrian to him he
apparated them away.

At the same moment Aurors apparated onto the scene, wands out tense and alert already wards
flared up, as yet more spells went up preventing Apparation and Portkey usage.

“Facile, je m'appelle Theseus Scamander, un Auror britannique. Voici le sorcier noir Gellert
Grindelwald. Il a besoin d'une attention et d'une détention immédiates.” Theseus Scamander
informed the head Auror, showing his credentials, proving he was who he said he was.

One of the Aurors knelt down before the dark wizard, shaking in fear, he was definitely new. Two
fingers pressed against his neck, the shaking stopped, as he blurted out, “He’s dead!”

“Que s'est-il passé ici?” demanded the head Auror, “reste où tu es!”

“Stay where you are,” Scamander urged the teenagers, “Ils sont citoyens britanniques, mineurs, ils
auront besoin de leurs parents ou de leurs représentants. Ils ne parlent pas français.”

Actually the Black’s did, but they weren’t about to admit that, their French wasn’t the best. They
hadn’t learnt any French since they were eleven and started Hogwarts. They weren’t worried about
the ramifications of their outing, for they knew their parents would get them back to the UK before
they knew it. although, they’d be lucky if they were allowed to go on holiday again before they
were forty.

“Dites-leur qu'ils vont au ministère de la Magie, nous allons contacter leurs parents là-bas, un
traducteur attendra.”

“You’re going to the Ministry of magic, they’ll have your parents alerted and have a translator on
hand.” Scamander explained, “Newt will get in touch with the Ministry at home, I’ll stay here with
you.” As a senior Auror it was his right and duty to protect British citizens.

Dolohov surprisingly was able to keep up with the conversation, he knew French best out of them
all, he had relatives who spoke nothing but French and during Christmas and holidays and parties
he wanted to be able to converse with them. Still, he worried, his parents were going to be furious,
and his mother...she wasn't well enough to handle this. He hadn't thought this through.
Newt didn’t waste time, he immediately bolted away, only Apparating when he could further down the road, leaving his brother to explain in rapid French as to why he was retreating. Everyone else spread out, as orders were barked out as they searched for survivors, and praying over the dead as they respectfully lay them out in a large row in mourning. Except for Grindelwald and his men, who were discarded in a pile very disrespectfully.

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Ignatius Tuft cursed as the Minister turned his back, the five guards too. Irritation swamped him, casting a spell, waiting impatiently for the boat to return to the other side – to his side – he had to get to Minister Spencer-Moon before they signed the contract. The higher ups were terrified there was something in the contract that would allow Dumbledore to go free despite the fact Grindelwald was in fact now dead. Which he couldn’t believe, and if the rumours were true…it made it even less believable.

Rocking on the balls of his feet, excitement warring with disbelief, as he tried to put his pureblood decorum – which he had been taught since he was a young boy – back into place. Unfortunately, he just couldn’t, it was how he imagined an anxiety attack to be. Breathing evenly, centering himself, if he blabbered at the Minister he might not get far in the Ministry. They didn’t want some young experienced blabber mouth going up the ladder. His mother had gotten him this job, and he wouldn’t let her down.

He might only be eighteen, but he had grown up in a very ambitious household. Both his parents had been determined to better themselves and their status. Finally, finally the boat docked, he jumped in immediately, and cast the spell, grateful he had learned it before today. He didn’t bother sitting down, instead of knelt down, as it zoomed over to the island.

Unlike everyone else, Ignatius didn’t fear the Dementors, in fact, he was fascinated by them. Always had been ever since he read about them and their duties and abilities. They barely affected him, as he stepped foot off the boat.

“I need to see the Minister, immediately,” Ignatius informed the guard imperiously.

“He’s busy,” the guard grunted, barely glancing at the wizard before him.

“It’s imperative that I speak to him, on orders of the entire Wizengamot,” Ignatius stated indignantly.

“Then wait,” the guard replied, still not gracing the wizard with a single look.

“Look I have to tell him Grindelwald is dead! It can’t wait!” now that got a reaction, the guard’s head jerked up, staring at Ignatius in disbelief, as he tried to tell if he was joking or not. “We mustn’t let him sign that paperwork! A prisoner could go free! For no reason!”

“Follow me,” the guard didn’t wait for a reply, he merely turned around and began to run into the prison, through doors and up steps. Both were wheezing and breathing heavily by the time they’d ran up five levels, which thankfully was the last one Ignatius realized, as the guard exited through the door not up another level. “Thank Merlin for that!” he wheezed, his lungs felt as though they were being squeezed for an Apparation on their own.

“Two doors down,” the guard pointed in the direction, leaning against the wall, hands on his knees as he tried to regain his equilibrium.

Ignatius didn’t wait, he jogged the hallway, ignoring the feeling of helplessness the Dementors
produced. They were only doing what they had been bred to do after all. He didn’t care how rude it was, he banged open the door, it swung on its hinges and smacked against the wall with a resounding bang causing the Aurors to point their wands at him and both the Minister and Dumbledore to swing around in alarm.

Ignatius walked over, leaning down he whispered, “Grindelwald is dead.” so only the Minister could hear.

“What?” Spencer-Moon shouted, his voice strangled as he stood, eyes wide with disbelief, this had to be a joke surely?

Dumbledore sat up straighter, watching both of them with wary caution, wishing he could hear what was being whispered to the Minister. What was going on? and why was the Minister allowing such interruptions? Better yet, would it have any affect on his deal?

“You’re needed at the Ministry,” he continued, “Minister Renard is waiting for a conference call from you.”

Renard…French Minister…Grindelwald rumoured to be in France…conference call.

“Merlin,” The Minister whispered, stunned to the core, he honestly could have been knocked over with a feather. “You’re serious…this is really happening?”

“Sir?” one of his guards asked cautiously.

“Let’s go,” the Minister retorted, grasping he contract and ripping it up, and setting it on fire. “You will no longer be needed.”

The look on Dumbledore’s face was…extremely exhilarating to say the least.

He looked a cross between stunned and indignant. Failing to realize exactly what had happened.

“What is going on?” Dumbledore asked, moving to stand only to pause when five wands were pointed at him, each of them looking as though they were begging Dumbledore to make a move so they could curse him.

“Grindelwald is dead.”

Dumbledore’s jaw dropped, before he slumped back onto the chair, staring at the Minister in blatant disbelief.

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Well, I'm disappointed in this chapter I'm not sure about all of you, I like my battles a little more...just more really, and this wasn't it. There's only so many spells that can be shot, ways for the duel to go before someone has to win! the movies don't half make it look so much better :) but writing can fall short! So my apologies! I'm sorry I know you were looking forward to this chapter! I think I might re-write it, see if I can't make it better in some way! So, what did you think? Read and Review please!
Chapter 84

Lord Of Time

Chapter 84

Tom appeared with Hadrian unconscious in his arms in the emergency room of St. Mungo’s. The charms surrounding the place alerted them to incoming patients, so it was to no surprise that within seconds he had a Healer and Medi-Witch firing off questions as they did a basic diagnosis on Hadrian. Tom was just glad to have Hadrian here and able to converse with them in a language he understood, even using a spell didn’t accurately translate sometimes.

“What happened?”

“How was he injured?”

“Spells?”

Even as they asked they were conjuring up a stretcher and taking Hadrian away to heal him. Calls for blood replenishing potions being demanded for post haste when they noticed the abundance of blood upon their patient and the wizard who had carried in their patient.

“An explosion, a big piece of wood was imbedded in his back,” Tom said, covered in blood but staunchly remaining calm, but his face was pinched. “He removed it over an hour ago, and was in a duel, he’s been hit with the Cruciatus Curse.” Now his anger showed, and it was genuine, he revelled in the fact he had killed Grindelwald, and pleased he had died out in pain, he only wished he’d been able to prolong it, to the point that he had died in excruciating agony. Instead he’d used a light spell, just to pander to the masses. It disgusted him even though he understood the need for it. Their goals called for complete public adoration.

“Inform Healer Jackson,” the Medi-witch called to the Healer who was already half way out with Harry. “Incoming patient suffering from the Cruciatus curse and blood loss.”

“Yaxley?” Tom queried, wondering if it was the Jackson he was thinking off.

“Yes, he’s on duty today, why don’t you take a seat? I’ll be out to let you know what’s happen as soon as I can,” the Medi-witch said soothingly, trying to keep ‘Tom’ calm in a terrible situation. He looked more angry at the moment, presumably thinking on who had attacked his friend? “I have to go help them, will you be alright?” not wishing to leave him unless he was fine.

“I’ll be fine, just let me know what’s happening to my husband as quickly as possible,” Tom said possessively, unable to help but proclaim who Hadrian was to him. he didn’t want to have to explain everything later, when they refused to give him details while under the impression they were just ‘friends’ or some such nonsense.

The Medi-witch startled at that pronouncement, genuinely taken aback, they were so young, they looked to still be in school together.

“Here, fill in all the details you can, we need to know everything,” another Medi-witch emerged, her name tag proclaimed her to be Medi-Witch Hannah, “Has Hadrian taken anything in the last twenty-four hours?”

“A blood replenisher, he was injured earlier today, nothing big just a little accident we had while
practicing our spell work,” Tom explained, realizing he would have to tell them. “Nothing else,”

“That’s good, now we already have Hadrian’s file, so don’t rush,” Hannah said, “He’s responding well thus far, we’re removing the debris around the wound, now if you’ll excuse us, we need to help;” they also knew that Tom was Hadrian’s husband, they didn’t need to be told. Hadrian had worked in St. Mungo’s and many of them had gotten to know him during his short time with them. Although Serena wouldn’t know, she’d joined after Hadrian’s time with them.

“Of course, please, just help him,” Tom said demurely, forcing a worried and anxious look upon his features. Although, some of those feelings were not feigned. The bond with Hadrian was empty, cold, void, and he loathed that feeling more than anything else in this world. It was happening all too often – each time he was attacked actually – and it made him more than anxious. He was so used to feeling Hadrian, even in a more underlying sense that nothing felt foreign to him. He’d rather just experience all the pain and suffering Hadrian was instead. Unfortunately, the bond just didn’t work like that.

He felt as though he was missing a vital limb.

Within moments, Tom was left alone in the waiting area of the Emergency room. He wasn’t afraid Harry would be taken away from him for whatever reason. He would follow wherever he went, but it didn’t mean he wanted to have to start again. The trust they had or would have from the magical population wouldn’t come around again. Not like this, they’d just ended the darkest wizard the magical world had ever seen. Everyone would soon know that.

He half expected the Aurors to come through either the doors or by Apparating. Yet nothing, it was eerily silent, he wondered how the others were fairing. Things had gone wrong for a moment there, he’d been so confused and disorientated when that explosion went off. Hadrian was assuming it was the shop keeper or his publicist, and wondered icily if he was correct on that front. If he was, Tom would find out and the culprits would go mysteriously ‘missing’ and they’d suffer for their treachery. He didn’t care that it would shine suspiciously, he could do it so nobody was suspicious of him. He’d been doing it long enough after all. Less so since Hadrian came into his life, and able to calm his ire and blood thirst – ironically since he was sometimes more bloodthirsty than him – except when it came to the Riddles.

Closing his eyes, looking as though he was meditating, Tom tried for what felt like hours to get through to the others. The runes that should have allowed him to talk directly to them just wasn’t there. He could feel where Hadrian was meant to be, but that was the extent of the networks in his mind at the moment. So much for that idea, now they couldn’t keep in touch with each other, which meant he had no idea what was going on.

Where were they? Still in France? Did their parents know? Were they in the British Ministry of magic? Why had the Scamander brothers been in that particular part of Paris? Was Newton still trying to help Dumbledore? Guiding him from within Azkaban? He’d need to find out if he was going to Azkaban to see him, especially if he had more than just Newton Scamander visiting him. Very concerning, but not his primary worry right now. He hated not knowing everything, he wasn’t used to things not going according to plan. Except Hadrian, Hadrian might not have been part of any plan but he had definitely been the most welcoming distraction.

“Tom, have you had anything to eat or drink?” Hannah was back, as she approached him, food and drink ensconced in her arms.

“How is he?” he asked instead of answering her question.

“The Healer has cleaned and closed the wound on his back, we are unsure whether it will scar or
Tom barely blinked at the sight of a wizard Apparating into the room with three feet protruding out of his chest. Or the witch and wizard who appeared ten minutes later, one of which who was supporting the muzzle of what could only be a lion, the tail confirmed Tom’s thoughts when she turned around. That was some messed up transfiguration at play there. They all took seats, the witch picked up an outdated copy of Witch weekly and settled in for a long wait despite her tail, but before long a Medi-witch joined them in her lime green robes, her clipboard in hand, and begun to make queries and jolt information down. Tom didn’t pay one iota of attention to any of it.

He didn’t care about that.

Not even the wizard who came in with eight arms protruding from him like Ganesh the elephant-headed Remover of Obstacles from Indian mythology.

“Mr. Peverell-Slytherin?” came the call, pulling Tom out of his thoughts.
“Yes,” Tom replied immediately standing, it was a different Medi-witch, older, her name tag read ‘Margaret’ he noticed idly.

“Your husband has been settled comfortably into his room, would you like to see him?” she asked, keeping the door open gaze expectantly on Tom.

“I would,” Tom answered, making his way over to her side, she kept the door open for him gesturing for him to go in ahead of her. It seemed like he was getting the VIP treatment, just because he suggested donations. People were so easily bought that it should disgust him. It would have if it didn’t help get him whatever he wanted in life.

“He will probably sleep until tomorrow, his body has been through a lot and will need time to recover.” The Medi-witch explained as she walked through the corridor at a brisk pace. He had lost a lot of blood, almost too much, enough that they wanted to give him more blood replenisher potions but couldn’t without overdosing him. The only thing that had saved his life, was the fact that he’d had an accident earlier and taken one of the draughts. “His saving grace was the fact he consumed a blood replenisher earlier, it was pure luck, he’ll have to be more careful. We don’t want to have to reserve a bed for him.” she teased. Entering the loft, and up they went.

If Tom had been anyone else, literally anyone else they would have at least given a weak chuckle. Tom didn’t, there was nothing he feared more than losing Hadrian. His boggart certainly attested to that, it would probably still be the same regardless of their situation as immortals coming into play. “He has been in a few times,” was all he said diplomatically. Stepping out with an inaudible sigh of relief, he didn’t like the fact she was playing nice in order to get money from him.

“And here we are, just two doors down,” the Medi-witch exclaimed brightly, too brightly if you asked Tom. “If you need anything the staff will be most happy to help.” She added a little quieter as she opened the door, allowing Tom into the room.

“Thank you,” Tom told her, barely refraining from using a dismissive voice, he didn’t want to piss them off and be told to leave. He knew they could actually force him if they put their minds to it, although donations…so perhaps not.

“You’re more than welcome,” she replied, closing the door behind her, allowing Tom to relax and sit himself down next to his pale and unconscious husband.

The duel had barely lasted an hour, the entire time had gone by so quickly that he was still reeling over that fact. A whole hour, it felt like ten minutes or so in its entirety. The explosion had killed more people than the battle had, with Hadrian’s quick thinking, the group had survived. Without that shield charm…he dreaded to think of the outcome, not that Hadrian had gotten out of it unscathed.

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Albus Dumbledore reeling in shock, didn’t react at all while he was dragged up from the seat and returned to his cell. This had to be an elaborate hoax surely? Gellert couldn’t be dead, he was too careful, too powerful to be taken out by the ilk that walked around in France. No, the Minister was just trying to wind him up, he would return, he just had to, with new stipulations, either that or Gellert had merely faked his own death as part of his own plans and would reveal himself once they were done.

No, they were just trying to scare him, just because he asked for so much. Like his freedom was something to be trifled with. He was tempted to deny all new negotiations for this stunt, he wanted to believe this he truly did. Yet the image of Spencer-Moon’s actions and reactions didn’t strike
him as someone playing around. He wasn’t that good an actor, this…this was real, it was serious.

Gellert was dead.

Dumbledore blindly slumped on the ratty thing they had the sheer nerve to call a bed and think it adequate for any living breathing being. Where was Newton? Had he made it to France? Was he the culprit? No, Newton didn’t have a violent bone in his body, he wouldn’t fight. It just wasn’t who he was.

How many days has it been since he came? How long did he have before he returned? He wanted answers immediately, and he wasn’t going to get them stuck in here. No letters, no newspapers, no radio, Merlin help him he was completely cut off from civilisation, he hated it.

Swallowing thickly, as the cold begun to seep in as the Dementors roamed closer, egged on no doubt, by his heartbreak and anguish that no amount of occlumency walls – not that he had anymore – could contain.

And Dumbledore could think no more as memories swamped him, drowning him in further misery.

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“I don’t care for protocol I want my son seen by a healer immediately!” Lord Avery argued, never once raising his voice but it was no less demanding. “He has just been attacked! He and his friends all have! I won’t stand for you treating them like suspects! My lawyer is on his way and if he knows what’s good for him he’ll be here yesterday!” very impatient for his lawyer to make an appearance.

“Please understand we just need to find out what happened,” Minister Renard, “They are the only witnesses to the incident that’s conscious. Dozens of people are dead, shops destroyed, we’ve had to wipe the memories of at least thirty Muggles! Two of the witnesses have disappeared.”

“You mean Tom and Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin?” Lord Avery said calmly, ignoring his sons’ protest. “Where have they gone, Aiden? The quicker they know the better it will be for everyone.” He knew the pair, their reputation, there was no way they’d fled the scene of a fight without good reason.

“Father…” Aiden whispered, deeply conflicted, he was oath bound to protect Hadrian at all costs.

“They’ve done nothing wrong, they are witnesses to a crime, that is all, if anything more is implied I will have at least twelve of the sacred twenty-seven protesting most enthusiastically.” Lord Avery explained, standing proud and tall, refusing to bow to the French Ministers demands.

Minister Renard cringed at the mere thought, twelve extremely well off pureblood families… nobody wanted that least of all him.

“Hadrian was…badly injured, during the blast, then he spent the next hour duelling Grindelwald to protect us,” Aiden whispered quietly, lying through his teeth of course, but he couldn’t tell his father that. No, his father would never know about the fact they’d came here with the intention of actually fighting Grindelwald. “They went to St. Mungo’s for help,”

Lord Avery paled a little at that announcement, Renard more so. “How badly?”

“We don’t know,” Aiden shook his head, almost helplessly, and there was nothing faked about that. “We don’t know anything stuck here,” he said with vehemence and disgust. “I want to go home,” he wanted to go to St. Mungo’s and make sure Hadrian was still bloody alive. He’d left too
pale for words, and he’d already lost blood earlier.

“You heard my boy, he and his friends will be returning to Britain, their interviews can be held at the British Ministry of magic.” Lord Avery commanded, refusing to take no for an answer. “I assume you’ve already spoken to Minister Spencer-Moon?” giving him a look that spoke volumes, “What did he say?”

“He felt it was more prudent to inform the parents of the…children involved, which I understand entirely, we did not get to discuss much more than that,” Minister Renard explained, seeing the look of worry on Mr. Avery’s face, he caved, all he could see was his own sons face staring back tearfully. Not that Mr. Avery was tearful, but he was clearly worried for his friends. “Very well, we will move this…conference to the BMOM, they will be escorted by at least one of my Aurors and their parents through the Floo.” He wasn’t about to be shut out of this, not when it had been his country involved.

“Understood.” Lord Avery nodded grimly, “Lawyers as well, you’ll have a large gathering of people waiting for you.” He didn’t feel bad for his words, irritated at having to argue about something that should have been done immediately. He knew why the Minister was so insistent on doing it here, he too would have pushed for it as well, admittedly unfortunately…well, the people involved were just infinitely much more powerful than the Renard family and those he surrounds himself with.

There was no way the Black's, Malfoy's, Dolohov or even the Nott's – not to mention the other parents – just came unprepared when they heard what happened, he was just the lucky one who had appeared first. He hadn't bothered waiting for his lawyer, instead he just spoke to him curtly and briefly through the Floo before coming here. He'd been shocked to the core, terror striking him when he heard. He hadn't known whether his son was injured or not, which was why he was insisting on him seeing a healer. Not all spells reacted immediately, and his son might not even realize he was hit with anything! It had been a battle for Merlin's sake he couldn't believe his son had been fighting Grindelwald's fanatics.

Swallowing thickly, Renard conceded the point, stiffening his spine, thankfully they were all in the same confidence room. Which meant he wouldn’t need to repeat himself over and over again. Plus, he would need to inform his Aurors about the whereabouts of the two missing victims/witnesses. He would need to send two that wouldn’t be star struck, since Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin was quite well known. It wouldn’t be easy, perhaps a few seasoned Aurors but he didn’t want to scare them, especially given what he suspected their new status would be once the news broke properly.

The wizarding wireless was already going haywire informing everyone around the world that Gellert Grindelwald was dead and had been killed in France. That the magical war he’d been wreaking was over, and his followers were going underground to prevent persecution.

Celebrations were already underway, making the Ministry busier than ever, as they tried to reign everyone in before magic was exposed.

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Tom heard a knock at the door, and it opening without him prompting whoever it was on the other side to enter, quite rude. He didn’t bother turning around already knowing it was the Aurors, he’d been expecting them for a while now. Pressing his eyes quite harshly, giving the appearance of redness as though he’d been crying. Only then did he turn around and look at them, keeping his hand in Harry’s. He was slightly surprised by the appearance of a familiar Auror along with three others he didn’t know. Four Aurors? His heart sank, why the hell would they send so many? Were he and Hadrian to be arrested for what they did? No, it couldn’t be, they’d covered their tracks
He'd even refrained from using dark magic – visibly anyway the Imperius curse they’d all cast had been wandless and thus untraceable – and his last spell that killed the wizard had been entirely ‘accidental’ after all, he’d been defending both himself and Hadrian after all. It was just an accident that the spell had hit the femora artery.

“Are you here to arrest us?” Tom asked, a vulnerable note in his voice, as loath as he was to use it, he had to play this right. Manipulation was his main playing field so it was very easy to do, although he preferred using charm than appearing weak.

“No, Lord Peverell-Slytherin, we aren’t,” Auror Aaron Moody reassured the visibly distressed young man. “We are here to collect your statements, this is Auror Bernard, Auror Antaya and Auror Chausse they are French Aurors, I’m here to help with the case. They speak fluent English, and we will only take a few moments of your time.” It appeared they’d only be getting Tom’s statement at the moment.

“I see,” Tom replied, still not standing up, it might have been considered rude, but he wasn’t meant to be thinking straight or wishing to be ‘polite’ these were adults and not easily fooled as the others in Hogwarts. He would need to watch his step, every action and reaction would be closely monitored.

“How is Hadrian?” Moody asked, a genuine concerned look on his face, the kid didn’t seem to have much in the way of luck. How many times had he landed in St. Mungo’s now? Four? Five? And they were serious attacks that left him unconscious for at least a day or two. Which with witches and wizards was unusual. He knew the boy by his first name, that was how often they interacted for Merlin’s sake. He had his permission of course, otherwise he would have continued to use his proper name like he was doing with Tom.

“They say he won’t wake up until tomorrow, he lost too much blood and he’s suffering from the Cruciatius Curse,” Tom replied, tone entirely subdued, staring at Hadrian instead of the Aurors. Looking every bit a terrified and worried husband of someone he loved very dearly.

Moody closed his eyes momentarily, “No permanent damage?” he would have crossed his fingers if he was a praying kind of wizard. To lose such a powerful, smart analistic wizard would be a damn shame. Society would suffer from it, that was for sure, he was a good person, just had a whole slew of bad luck. He moved further into the room, and took a seat on the opposite side of the bed.

“No,” Tom shook his head, “The others…I didn’t get a chance…how…are they okay?” rubbing at his head, attempting to look exhausted.

“They are all here actually, they’re being seen by healers, their parents have demanded it.” Moody explained, “But after they’re going right to the Ministry of magic to give their own statements.” They should be doing the same with Tom, but he couldn’t bring himself to try and force the young wizard to leave his comatose husband for a moment. Plus, they could get their answers here just as well as they could in the Ministry. In fact, it was his opinion that they were more relaxed and liable to say more when they weren’t in an official setting. “It looks as if they are all perfectly fine, they walked under their own power…”

“Oh,” Tom murmured, slouching in relief, “That’s a relief,”

“I’m sure it is,” Moody replied, he was used to giving empty platitudes – at least the would see it that way – he was an Auror he unfortunately dealt with a lot of unpleasantness. Nothing was worse
than telling people that their loved ones would never come home. Mothers, sisters, brothers, fathers, lovers, never got easier and the day it did was the day he knew he’d been on the job too long.

“Can you tell us what happened?” Auror Bernard asked, his accent very noticeable next to Auror Moody’s who was as Scottish as they come. He too moved to the other side so he could see Lord Peverell-Slytherin properly, and speak to him face to face without forcing him to face away from his husband. A very famous husband at that, he had read all his books, he had just a fascinating way with words and his research was impressive. While he was a fan, he wasn’t going to gape or stutter around the wizard, or worse ask for his autograph – even if it would be worth a fortune one day – after all the pair had just done the impossible…defeated Gellert Grindelwald.

Tom sighed, “Well, Hadrian’s publicist kept urging him to do book signings, to interact with his fans more, not that Hadrian wanted to. It wasn’t because he didn’t care, he just…isn’t one for dealing with strangers or being able to deal with the fans who don’t understand the concept of a personal life or personal space.” Shrugging his shoulders, he’d like to say he didn’t understand himself why Hadrian didn’t embrace the public eye, but he knew why. He’d grown up with his life in the public light them thinking they had the goddamned right to his life. “He gave in to their demands, and accepted their stipulations. When we heard…we decided to make a holiday of it, and before we knew it our friends wanted to come as well. Since most originated from France there is a nostalgic feeling associated with the country.”

Auror Antaya and Auror Chausse nodded their understanding, it was true enough. They still had crypts belonging to their forefathers there, catacombs that still had space but most prefer to be buried in the land they spent their lives. The Lestrange land was definitely by far the biggest but only marginally beating out the Malfoy land.

“‘And then?’” Auror Bernard prompted after a few moments of silence.

“Hadrian decided since we were all going to purchase a property in France,” Tom explained, knowing they would want to know which ‘hotel’ they were staying at eventually. “We settled in, had some fun, Hadrian and I had a mock duel, we’re both the best in school, so we like to compete sometimes. He got hit by accident, and he had to take a blood replenisher, and I’m so grateful for the slip up, they say it saved his life. Anyway after that we had maybe an hour or so before Hadrian had to go to his book signing. We decided to go with him, at least to the store, we planned on browsing it and then going to visit other shops while he worked intenting on meeting up with him afterwards.”

“Then what happened?” Moody asked, Auror Antaya was writing everything down, concentrating on that since he hadn’t asked any questions yet.

“We were…unprepared,” Tom spat out, truly seething over that if he was honest. He didn’t like when things didn’t go according to his plans. “We apparated in front of the shop, Hadrian must have noticed something we didn’t…he was in the process of shouting out to us to raise a shield, when the blast knocked us off our feet, and a few of us unconscious. We would have died if Hadrian hadn’t raised that shield…he saved all our lives. He will blame himself for what happened to the others.” and that was the damn truth, he’d feel bad, guilty even. Honestly, sometimes he wondered how Hadrian survived in Slytherin with his heart so full of goodness. It was equally filled with darkness though, only through trial and tribulations. He had a balance of ying and yang that stopped him going fully dark, as dark as Grindelwald actually. Without care and conscience while one might apply to him – except when it came to Hadrian – he never wanted to be caught and had no desire to rule over the pathetic Muggles and he'd never have as many followers, much
too big a chance of spies and usurping. He’d rather have a group of trusted wizards at his back.

Auror Antaya inhaled sharply, “Yes, it is a tragedy that their lives will be overshadowed by the celebrations right now going on throughout the entire world.” Everywhere had been affected by Grindelwald’s reign, each country had felt his affects.

“Yes, that’s partially what will cause his guilt,” Tom replied, it was just like what happened to the deaths of James and Lily Potter when ‘Voldemort’ – who he most definitely didn’t consider himself to be – was defeated the first time around. They’d celebrated then too, uncaring about the orphaned child, who they put with Muggles of all things. A blatantly powerful boy being abandoned at Muggles it was a disgrace. No such thing would happen when he controlled the wizarding world. He’d be a hell of a lot more subtle than Grindelwald he decided.

“Not to be discourteous to those who passed, can you tell me what happened next?” Auror Antaya said, her tone respectful and quiet aware that this part was going to be difficult for him. Not only that, his thoughts would be jumbled and he might not remember it the way it actually happened.

Tom pursed his lips, “I’m not sure how much time passed, we shakily got ourselves together, checking on each other, Hadrian and Lucretia were unconscious. Lucretia woke up quite quickly but Hadrian got the majority of the blast and was hurt but we didn’t notice it. We didn’t have the time to investigate anything, they begun attacking us from all angles. Me and the others were just shielding ourselves from them. We eventually managed to rouse Hadrian when he stood… he pulled a large portion of wood from his back. I didn’t even get the chance to suggest Apparating or doing it myself when more people showed up…one of them was Grindelwald.”

“He perpetrated the attack to get to Hadrian…?” Moody asked, a frown twisting his handsome face.

“We guessed as much, Hadrian thought so, he called Grindelwald out…hoping that he and his men would focus on him giving us all an out. He was willing to sacrifice everything, even his life, if it came to protecting people.” Tom said, brushing his hand against Hadrian’s eyes brimming with tears, which wasn’t easily faked, let me tell you. He would have preferred an onion to do the trick.

“He what?” Auror Bernard choked out, wondering if he was misunderstanding but he knew he wasn’t.

“He got them to focus on him, which lead to their duel, the rest of us were forced to focus on the others who were with him. Thankfully with the Scamander brothers appearing when they did…we were able to beat them back. Just barely, but we did it, I got angry when Grindelwald cast the Cruciatus curse on Hadrian. I dealt with the wizard I was fighting and cast a severing charm at him. My aim wasn’t good…I was just so angry…” Tom confessed before blurting out as if he was a scared young boy terrified of the consequences of his actions, “And I didn’t mean to kill him.”

“You defeated Gellert Grindelwald using a severing charm?” one of the Aurors choked out, shocked to the core.

The Aurors all gazed at each other in complete and total shock.

The newspapers were going to have a field day when they found out.

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Not much was happening here, and to be honest...the thought of rehashing everything is daunting!
next chapter I think will have either the Minister dwelling on the information and the newspapers and general reactions to his defeat hmm if you'd like to see further Dumbledore's reaction I think either Newt will have to visit to give him the details OR have the Minister go back just to stir things up more…personally I think I'd prefer Newt what do you think? As much as I'd love for five chapters to be about everyone and their reactions I'd rather not take 5 chapters to talk about it you know? Where will the gang meet up again? St. Mungo's? Peverell manor? Hogwarts? Ministry of magic? if you had to pick who you most want to see the reactions off who would they be? First five pick (not including Harry and the gang of course) of those you'd prefer R&R please
Chapter 85

Lord Of Time

Chapter 85

By the time the Aurors were done with the kids, the adults were beyond exhausted. Arcturus had spent the entire time fuming, an over the top papa bear routine. Given how his son, daughter and niece and nephews had been in danger nobody was surprised. Although, the fact the entire Black brood wasn’t there definitely was a surprise. Mel was…more protective than Arcturus, so the fact she wasn’t there indicated that she either didn’t know or she had been forced to remain behind. Considering what they knew about Arcturus and his relationship to Mel they didn’t think it was likely, plus, Mel wouldn’t have listened at all.

“Join us for a drink?” The Black Lord suggested, while they waited for their children to return from the pharmacy which would dispense the potions.

“Where is Melania, Arcturus?” Lord Avery questioned, instead of giving an answer.

“She’s waiting at home with the kids, I’ve been updating her frequently, she knows everyone is safe.” Arcturus, it was the only way to prevent Mel leaving the kids with the House-elves and just coming with him. By kids, he was speaking of the children on Melania’s side of the family, the Macmillan’s, they were young, Erin had just celebrated her first birthday and Edward his third. Orion and Lucretia were thankfully fully grown, and no longer needed constant supervision.

“Dad? Can I stay?” Aiden Avery asked his father, with just a hint of pleading entering his eyes.

“Son, the visiting hours have already gone by, nobody will be allowed in that room until tomorrow’s visiting hours. The boys need some rest to recover, as do you all, you’ll be lucky to get out of my sight before Hogwarts returns.” Lord Avery grunted, extremely serious about that. “Do not fight me on this and I’ll see about you visiting them tomorrow.” He conceded, he really didn’t want to have his son throwing a temper tantrum in the middle of St. Mungo’s. well, to them it would be a temper tantrum, open defiance, refusing to move, but it wasn’t something over the top.

“You can all stay over tonight if you wish,” Arcturus informed them all, his son and daughters eyes lit up. “The townhouse is more than big enough to have you all resting comfortably, you are all welcome to be my guests,” looking out at all the parents, mothers and fathers, no doubt anxious grandparents waiting at home too. None of the Black’s would fight me on where the kids were, but would likely be making an appearance at some point to check on their kids.

“I’ll accept that drink, Arcturus, but I think we will be returning home afterwards,” Lord Dolohov was the first to give an answer to Arcturus’ question.

“That’s fine, Damien,” Arcturus agreed, “I’m sure Temperance would be grateful for her own bed tonight,” he said in agreement, Temperance had delipidating back problems that not even potions could cure. She had been in the wrong place at the wrong time and got hit by the Aurors when she had just returned from her honeymoon. There had been fears she wouldn’t be able to carry a child to term due to the pain, hence why she’d only had the one son.

“I would indeed,” Temperance agreed, her husband had spent the entire time between fussing with her, pleading her to return home and worrying about their son and heir. For the past half hour he’d finally calmed down when the realisation that everything was going to be just fine had sunk in. As
soon as her son came closer, his potions in vials in a pouch to prevent breakages, she brought him to her side, when she’d heard the news her heart had almost stopped.

“Where the bloody hell is she?” Arcturus grumbled, there was only one person missing, Walburga, his niece, daughter of his brother Pollux.

“I’ll go find her,” her brother offered immediately, his arm heavily wrapped with bandages shielding the cuts from becoming infected. Alphard was probably the one with the most injuries, nothing life threatening and would probably be healed by tomorrow. “Mother will be displeased if anything happens,” Irma Crabbe favoured her daughter, constantly enforcing Alphard and Cygnus to keep her safe. It was why they and Orion had such a difficult time letting Lucretia and Walburga come to France.

“She’s coming,” Cygnus informed them, gesturing towards his sister, squeezing his brothers good arm. He was grateful to their uncle for suggesting they stay together, he wanted to stay close, the attack had left them all shaken, despite their resolution to see it through. They didn’t regret it, far from it, but he wanted them all together. Especially Lucretia who had been unconscious for however brief a time.

“I have a portkey calibrated to take us to the townhouse,” Arcturus informed them as his niece ambled slowly towards them. His baby sister Dorea (the baby in the family, a very, very late pregnancy by their parents but not the only girl, Cassiopeia was the third eldest) was quick to help Walburga. They were aunt and niece, but they acted more like sisters, they’d been raised together so it made sense. Everyone always acted surprised when they realized they weren’t actually sisters. He’d bet there wasn’t a single student at Hogwarts who realized Dorea was his sister not his daughter or niece. He would be wrong of course, since Hadrian was very much aware of his grandmothers origins. “Those that wish to come, hold on,” unsurprisingly everyone placed a finger on the portkey, which had been calibrated by the Aurors earlier. There was no doubt everyone wished to discuss what had gone down.

“Well, thank Merlin for that!” was the first thing the group heard, “You promised me an update every half hour Arcturus Black!” came the voice of one pissed off witch called Melania who was a force to be reckoned with. And she had been the one to teach the Black females how to manipulate and play the game as well as any man.

“Melania, I’ve just spent the past few hours in St. Mungo’s, filling in copious amounts of paperwork, paying for full workups to be done and making sure there were no curses upon the children.” Arcturus stated firmly, he wasn’t in the mood to be chided so especially in such a public manner he was tired, no, exhausted. If not physically then most definitely emotionally. “That is after watching them being interrogated instead of questioned like the victims they are!” the lawyer had made it clear it was unacceptable, but the Aurors hadn’t cared, too determined to get to the bottom of what happened.

“Have any of you eaten?” Melania asked, hands still on her silk clad hips. Her eyes mostly upon that of her son and daughter, who looked a little worse for wear, but generally they had looked worse after catching wizarding virus’ that were at least marginally easily to cure.

“No, there was talk about going to the cafeteria in St. Mungo’s but none of us wanted to eat substandard food,” Arcturus grimaced, the thought of it was enough to make him gag. They had witches mass make the food for everyone, instead of taking on House-elves in order to aid them. “Why don’t you show the boys the bathroom, Orion, let everyone get cleaned up…perhaps have your House-elves send something to wear over?”

“Good idea,” Lord Donovan agreed quickly, his son looked washed out, it wasn’t a good look on
him. that and quite frankly if he’d been in any other company he’d have been embarrassed by it. Fortunately, the situation was self-explanatory and the Black’s wouldn’t judge them for it.

“Girls you may use my bathroom,” Melania offered her en-suite to the girls, they were still covered in blood, pieces of wood, smeared with some sort of debris power-y stuff she couldn’t name. Robes were ripped and torn, pieces of it were clearly missing and others cleaned where the Aurors had taken pieces for analysis. Why they felt the need to do that when what happened was clear as day she didn’t know.

“After you’re done you may eat in your rooms or come to the dining area,” Arcturus added, causing Orion and Lucretia’s eyes to widen in disbelief. Their father never let them eat meals in their rooms, the only place to eat a meal as a family, he always insisted as together and in the dining room. With a few exceptions obviously, when they were sick, and couldn’t get out of bed. Although some soup couldn’t really be considered a meal now could it? There was a first for everything, even when they had friends over, they’d had to eat in the dining room no matter how much they begged. Had their father got such a big fright that he was off his game? “Orion, Lucretia just let me know what you’d prefer,”

With their jaws still hanging unattractively open, Arcturus’ son and daughter – a stunned Orion and Lucretia - led the others up the stairs of the townhouse. Passing the portrait of their grandfather and mother , Arcturus, Pollux, Cassiopeia and Dorea’s mother and father who had passed while Dorea had been quite young, just eight years old. Arcturus as the head of the family had been the one raising Dorea since. They were silent, watching them pass sensing the gravity of the situation. Something had happened. Once up the stairs they split off one set to Melania’s bedroom and the other to Orion’s - who as the heir had the biggest room even if girls tended to have more items – but both had en-suite bathrooms anyway.

As they entered Arcturus’ and Melania’s suite the Order Of Merlin medal gleamed proudly from where it was displayed on the wall. If Hadrian had been there, he would have smiled with a hint of wistfulness, remembering the tale Sirius told, with derision of course. How he’d probably just given them a bunch of gold, honestly, Sirius had been so prejudice towards his whole family, it was a shame.

Hadrian wasn’t going to let it happen this time.

Just having them in the house settled what was left of Arcturus’ and Melania’s frayed nerves. “I don’t know about you lot, but I could use a drink,” Arcturus’ grunted, gesturing for everyone to follow him, and they did, before long the parents were sitting comfortably around the brightly lit kitchen of Grimmauld Place, the favoured residence of Lord Black’s. It’s light coloured walls going well with the gleaming silver utilisations, most of them were actual silver which was kept in very good shape thanks to wonderful House-elves. Stamped with the Black coat of arms, even the individual forks, knives and spoons, handed down over the generations, and new ones were bought for each new marriage into the family.

A crystal – made by a prominent wizarding glassware maker – decanter and glasses on a silver tray – a gift for Melania’s and Arcturus’ wedding anniversary – was set in the middle for them, along with a pitcher for ice, and a pair of tongs to put the circular ice balls into their glasses should they desire to have their whiskey watered down a little.

Watering down a bottle of Ogden’s Old 1808 firewhisky not something they ever thought to do, but a few of the witches elected to do so. Being smart enough to realize their husbands were going to get themselves sloshed, and would inevitably need looking after. Temperance and Melania shared commiseration looks over the top of their husbands heads.
Snack foods popped up on the table shortly afterwards, the entire basement down below belonged to the House-elves. They had a kitchen down there, rooms, and of course, a table which was an exact replica of this one, allowing them to send up food or the likes without the endless popping in and out. A good house-elf was never seen after all.

Also in that basement a baby elf lay curled in the corner where it had been placed by Kerusha, it’s name was Kreacher. Plans had already been made to give it to Orion for his seventeenth birthday.

“Anyone else still trying to make sense of this…this…” Dolohov muttered before taking a gulp of the firewhisky, the cold feeling immediately left him feeling warm and almost giddy. He no longer felt the full affects due to the habitual drinking, although he wasn’t used to this kind of year, it was strong, almost smooth for a burn and definitely the best he’d ever had. “Incident?” he added it like it was almost a question.

“Oh, so I’m not the only one who thinks there’s more to it?” Arcturus said dryly, sitting at the head of the table, eyes gleaming with an almost knowing look in his eye. Yes, he’d suspected as much, he knew his kids better than anyone else, knew his sister, knew his niece and nephews better than most. He knew when they were leaving things out.

“They probably think they’ve gotten away with it,” Lord Avery said with an amused scoff of a chuckle. Raising his glass once before sipping on it, savouring as it was meant to be. “Question is, do we leave it and let them think they’ve gotten away with it…”

“Or teach them a lesson they won’t quite forget,” Arcturus joined in, more amused than actually pissed off.

“You just want to know what really happened,” Melania teased her husband.

“Is it just me that believes they’re actually telling the truth in terms of what’s actually happened today?” Lord Nott said, before adding, “It’s something else they’re hiding.”

“Presumably something to do with the boys,” Lord Malfoy insisted, silver eyes gleaming, “My son thinks he’s being sneaky but he has a lot to learn.” Thankfully those that had observed his son were all firmly in his pocket.

“Why is that? What have they been up to?” Arcturus questioned pensively, watching everyone around him, the witches looked wrung out, tired beyond belief. Not that the wizards were any better, but they weren’t showing it quite so obviously.

“He copied information about Grindelwald’s inner circle just three days ago,” Lord Malfoy informed them, “That’s just the last information he decided he wanted. Normally the information is sent off via owl, given the way he speaks of the Peverell-Slytherin’s I believe he’s sending them the information.” He kept a close eye on his son and heir, not out of suspicion but because of threats on their lives.

“That information will contain their fighting styles,” Arcturus concluded, “It’s little wonder they were able to beat them back.” Knowing how your opponent fought was nine tenths of defeating your opponent.


“Oh, come now,” Lord Avery said, scoffing a little, “As good as those boys are, I doubt very much
they could force our boys to comply with them. They wanted to go, of that I have no doubt.” While his son probably had felt the need to go in order to protect Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin, the others definitely hadn’t.

“The thought of anyone being able to force Dorea, Lucretia or Walburga to do anything is truly laughable,” Arcturus conceded with a wry smirk on his face. “Although, their actions are a little out of character.” Going into battle? Why on earth would they feel the need to do anything like that? He needed to have a conversation with them. It had been too long, the last time he had a conversation with them was when he was offering the destroy the marriage contracts they were under. Walburga and Orion had chosen not to, as had Lucretia who was marrying Ignatius Prewett. Dorea, however, never had a marriage contract, their parents had never set one up, and neither had Arcturus, he felt no need to force Dorea to marry, the family had more than enough members without it. although, Dorea was talking about marrying Charles Potter, but so far, he hadn’t had any meeting with Charles – who would need to ask his permission as Dorea’s head of house – so he wouldn’t think of it further until such time it occurred.

Melania relaxed back, as the truth settled her, it was true enough, her son and daughter definitely wouldn’t do anything they didn’t wish to. What on earth made them want to face Grindelwald’s men though? Was it possible that they planned all this? The fathers all seemed to think so, and they were probably right, who knew their children better than the parents?

Their attention was immediately caught when Orion, who looked much better after a shower and clean clothes, came into the kitchen. “Can we still eat up stairs father?” he asked respectfully, barely refraining from yawning, he was exhausted, as everyone could tell by his slightly hunched shoulders.

“I’m only going to ask you this once, Orion,” Melania asked, “Did you know what you were walking into?” her tone firm and unyielding.

Orion stared at them all, clearly caught of guard, and unsure of what to say.

“It will not be brought up again,” Arcturus promised, eyes gleaming, he already knew the answer, but he did desire confirmation. He was sure between the adults they could figure out exactly what they had been up to and intended to do.

Knowing his father always kept his word, he relaxed a little before contemplating his answer for a second. “Yes, we knew, although the explosion was a surprise.” He decided to give them that at least. “They had targeted Hadrian.” Without them any of the wiser, if Hadrian had gone alone…the outcome might have been very, very different and no doubt they’d already realized this. It left them all reeling really, even after everything they’d seen and done today.

“Very well, I’ll have the elf bring something up,” Arcturus declared, using the word ‘elf’ with a general tone, he neither hated the creatures or liked them overly much. “Go on, after dinner you will all head to bed,” it wasn’t a suggestion, it was an order. At least, they wouldn’t be tempted to disobey that order tonight, he had a feeling they’d be all too grateful for the sleep.

“Remember to take your potions,” Melania informed him, “I shall drop by to make sure everyone’s taken what they’re supposed to.” All of them had come in with potions from St. Mungo’s so yes, she’d make sure they took what they needed to in order to fully heal.

“We will mother,” Orion promised, giving them a tired smile, a nod before he exited the kitchen.

“Anyone else feeling overwhelmingly proud they were able to do what Aurors all over the world were unable to do?” Lord Rosier said, sounding extremely smug.
Lady Mulciber tutted, “It could have all gone wrong,” she chided.

“But it didn’t.” Lord Mulciber stated firmly, patting his wife’s arm, looking just as smug as Rosier felt.

“You didn’t change the marriage contracts did you?” Lord Avery said, “Let’s just hope your grandchildren aren’t going to pay the price for that.”

“You forget that the marriage contract is with Arcturus,” Rosier pointed out smugly. Cygnus was set to marry his daughter Druella Rosier soon to be Black. “I have no doubt they will have powerful children.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure of that,” came the voice of Abraxas, “The Rosier’s are related to the Black’s through both lines.” And according to the books Hadrian had written it was never a good idea.

“Abraxas, is everything alright?” Melania asked already half out of her seat, concerned that something was wrong.

“Yes. Everyone is fine.” Abraxas informed her, allowing her to relax, “I would rather eat here, I am no longer used to eating on the floor, I’m not as young as I used to be.” Speaking like he was in his thirties instead of just a few years older than those he had just left. Plus, they weren’t having much in the way of conversation, all too exhausted both magically and mentally after the day they’d had.

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“Excuse me? Can you repeat yourself, Armando?” Slughorn shook his head as if to clear his head, staring at the elderly wizard as if he had grown an additional head in the past few moments. The rest of the professors were all nodding, agreeing with Slughorn, perhaps they had misheard what he had just said. It all seemed like a wonderfully terrible dream.

There was only one faculty member missing, Healer Yaxley, who was frequently missing from meetings. He only really worked part time at Hogwarts, the rest of his time was given to St. Mungo’s, he was a healer first and foremost after all. He taught healer in order to encourage more students to come healers or Medi-wizards or witches. They always needed more healers, they were extremely important.

Just as important for the progression of the magical world was Potions Masters.

“It seems that some of our students are responsible for the defeat of Grindelwald and his enforcers,” Armando Dippet informed them, looking a cross between undeniably proud and anxious.

“Who? The Scamander brothers?” Herbert Beery, Head of Hufflepuff house asked, he was well aware of the adventures the Scamander brothers had been having as of late.

“Come now, Newt wouldn’t harm anyone,” Felix Meadowes, Head of Ravenclaw waved off that possibility.

“No, Dippet said students, not former students,” Slughorn pointed out, heart sinking, as Head of Slytherin he knew how well distinctions were used. “I have a feeling I’m not going to like this… am I?” understanding the look on the Headmaster’s face a little better. “My Slytherins are involved aren’t they?”

“I’m afraid so, many of them,” Dippet informed him, “There is already talk of them getting Order of Merlin awards,” first class ones at that, and they weren’t even out of school yet.
“Dear Merlin, don’t tell me, Mr. Peverell-Slytherin,” it was Merrythought who suggested this.

Slughorn pinched the bridge of his nose, “Which means Tom and the rest of their friends was involved too,” he didn’t need Dippet to confirm, the look of surprise on his face was enough.

“Oh, indeed,” Dippet informed them, “Mr. Avery, Dolohov, Malfoy, Rosier, Mulciber, Orion, Alphard, Cygnus, Lucretia, Walburga and Dorea Black.”

Slughorn gulped, thirteen of his students had been put in a very dangerous situation, they could have died. “How are they?” his tone grim, staring straight at Dippet demanding a straightforward explanation.

“Hadrian is in St. Mungo’s, I have no doubt Tom is right there with him, but the rest were checked over and released with full bills of health just a little magically depleted.” Dippet explained, “They will be returning after the holidays baring no unforeseen complications.” At least according to the Aurors, but he wouldn’t take everything they said at the face of value. He had his contacts within the Ministry, of course, and the portraits helped too, so he believed the information to be quite correct.

“How is he?” Slughorn demanded at once. He was fond of all his students, but Hadrian and Tom…they were very important to him. He’d never had a family, and often regretted it, but his students were his family and still spoke to the majority of them, they often brought gifts for him so he was never truly alone. Hadrian and Tom came close to being sons to him, and would do anything for them. He was already making plans to visit St. Mungo’s as soon as he was able to check on them himself regardless of what he heard.

“He is doing well and expected to make a full recovery,” Dippet reassured Slughorn, very much aware of Slughorn’s protective tendencies when it came to his snakes. It was why he allowed Slughorn so much leeway in his parties and such. “I’ve not been privy to much of the details, I’m afraid, due to his emancipation I’m not legally allowed to know such information.” He was legally an adult now, and in the eyes of the law his medical information was private, not even as his headmaster was able to glean information regarding Hadrian’s wellbeing.

“I see,” Slughorn was relieved to hear that, it took a great deal of weight from his shoulders. All his Slytherins were alive, they had survived…thank Merlin for that.

“By defeat…” Tyrian Selnick ventured, the librarian sounding rather afraid to voice the words. How many times had Grindelwald been caught but managed to get away now? Two or three? Honestly, everywhere seemed to be unable to hold the extraordinary powerful wizard.

“The threat that Grindelwald poses is gone, for good,” Dippet explained somewhat hollowly, while he wanted to feel victorious that the evil wizard hell bent of world dominion was dead he couldn’t. For it had come at a cost of one of his students, taking a life…however, accidental, weighed even the most battle hardened of wizards down. Tom had been abandoned at an Orphanage, by the majority of his family, his mother dying in childbirth, his father, uncle, grandparents on both sides were dead before he could get to know them. He’d never forget the look on Tom’s face when he found out. He tried, Merlin, he tried to keep his face impassive but it had not worked. “He is dead.”

“Who did the deed?” Slughorn asked, eyes closed, despair souring his stomach. He honestly didn’t want to hear the answer, but he needed to prepare. One of his Slytherins had murdered someone in self-defence, when they returned they would be different, need a mind healer to make sure they knew and understood they weren’t to blame. Survivors guilt wasn’t an easy thing to live with. Although, it wasn’t quite survivors guilt in the term it’s normally used in.
Each of the professors were all thinking the same thing, there was no celebration, or plans for one when it came to the professors. They were mourning the loss of innocence that one of the students had gone through. Soon, though, they would need to endure celebrations, as they let the children be happy and party over the fact the very real, very bad threat that Grindelwald posed was gone. The Muggle war not so much, but that hadn’t been the biggest threat to them.

Most of the students had elected to remain at Hogwarts, except most of the pureblood’s, they felt safe at Hogwarts so it was hardly surprising they’d elected to remain.

“Where did it all go down? How bad was the damage?” Apollyon Pringle, groundkeeper asked his tone subdued.

“France,” Dippet explained, “They are still counting the body count, I’m afraid more people were injured and killed than they first thought.” The youngest according to rumours was just a ten year old boy, he sincerely hoped that it wasn’t the case.

“What the hell were they doing in France?” Beery asked, incredulously, it was Christmas, and travel was strict, due to both wars.

“Book signing,” Slughorn defended Hadrian as he always defended his snakes. “He was doing a book signing, but from what I heard, Hadrian only agreed to go if there were oaths involved, he didn’t want to be overwhelmed by people coming to the book signing in hoards to see him, hence why he chose a small village.” he had been talking to the Prince girl and Rosier if he recalled correctly. Hadrian truly did not like being overwhelmed by the public, it was almost to the point of a phobia. They unfortunately, didn’t know a lot about Hadrian’s childhood, so he couldn’t safely say if that was the cause of it. It may very well be because of the initial attack by Grindelwald and his men back when he first appeared on everyone’s radar after making it to Hogsmeade.

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Unsurprisingly, Hadrian woke well before it was expected of him, and insisted right away that he be released.

“Mr. Peverell-Slytherin, you were severely injured, you need to take it easy,” the Medi-witch protested most heavily. Hadrian was a wonderful budding healer, but as a patient? He was horrendous to deal with, but wasn’t that always the way when it came to healers and hospitals. They make the worst patients. “You have a few more Blood replenisher potions to take before we feel comfortable releasing you.”

“I excel at Potions, I can take a few potions at the requisite times,” Hadrian informed her, flinging the covers back.

“It’s the middle of the night, Hadrian, please,” the Medi-witch pleaded with Hadrian to take it easy, they didn’t want to release him only for something to happen. Overnight Hadrian and Tom had become hero’s, there were people out there still celebrating their victory she could imagine what would happen if anything happened to them here in St. Mungo’s. she had horrific visions of the hospital burning down due to some overzealous thankful wizard or witch.

“What the hell is going on?” Tom retorted staring narrowed eyed as he exited the bathroom. He had felt Hadrian wakening so he wasn’t surprised by that. Nor could he say he was surprised that Hadrian was trying to leave the hospital. He hated being here, despite the fact quite frankly he should have a named bed for him with the amount of times he’d been here.

“We’re heading home, is what’s going on, now help me,” Hadrian declared, grasping onto the bed
as he took a dizzy turn, his back spasmed as pain made itself known. He barely refrained from
grimacing, wondering when he had his last dose, or if the potions even in St. Mungo’s were
sometimes watered down. At least Fenrir wouldn’t be aware of what was happening and wouldn’t
be worried enough to run without getting answers.

He rather hoped not.

“Perhaps you should listen to Sally,” Tom said, but he was nonetheless approaching Hadrian in
order to help him.

A knock at the door surprised all the occupants, Sally sighed, before opening the door, blinking in
surprise at the sight of the Aurors once more. She’d been expecting the healer, Yaxley was fond of
Hadrian and often with pride bragged about him. Given the fact that Hadrian was much like him, a
type of rare natural healer, if given the right training…it hardly surprised them.

They had said they would be back, but she’d presumed it would be when they had information that
Hadrian was awake. Which only she and Tom knew about at the moment, she hadn’t even had a
chance to tell the healer. “You put a spell upon my patient?” Sally said, her tone quiet and cold,
looking ready to unleash hell.

“No ma’am, we only had a few more questions for Tom Peverell-Slytherin,” saying Mr. Peverell-
Slytherin wouldn’t clarify anything since there were two of them.

“Lord Tom Peverell-Slytherin,” corrected Sally primly, all for the correct usage of titles.

“Yes, Lord Tom Peverell-Slytherin, our apologies,” the Auror was primarily staring at Hadrian, “I
hope you are recovering well, Sir,”

“Call me Hadrian,” Hadrian said wryly, eyes gleaming wickedly, “Our names are a mouthful I
know,” his lack of defensiveness and general good natured tone had both Auror’s relaxing and
smiling a little. They weren’t used to people being so open with them. They were law enforcement,
they were usually avoided or regarded with suspicion. Slumping back onto his bed wincing in pain.

“Can Hadrian have another potion yet? He’s in pain.” Tom asked Sally, without looking away from
his husband.

One glance at his chart, Sally nodded, “Excuse me I’ll be back in a few minutes,” she couldn’t just
summon the potions, everyone had to go down to the dispenser to get them. It was too dangerous
just to allow anyone to summon potions, so there were spells to prevent it.

“Thanks,” Hadrian murmured, sighing resignedly, as he tried to get comfortable. “Well, I’m afraid
I can’t leave the room for you to ask Tom those questions,” he said teasingly, it would always be a
good idea to have the Aurors on your side, avoid suspicion and make it difficult for them to think
of them doing anything illegal.

“These are Aurors Antaya and Chausse,” Tom informed Hadrian, watching surprise bloom on their
features at the fact he remembered their names after just a single meeting. “They’ve been asking
questions about what happened…yesterday now.”

“What time is it?” Hadrian asked, blinking in surprise at hearing that it was now officially the next
day.

“It’s currently two forty-five am, Sir, we apologise for the lateness,” Chausse said, genuinely
apologetic.
“You look exhausted, sit down and ask your questions, then go get some sleep, your bosses will surely understand,” Hadrian said, observing them. “Plus, you can ask me questions and get that out of the way which means you can get some more rest.”

Tom’s lips twitched at Hadrian bossing the Aurors around, but the truth was, they had deep dark bags under their eyes. It was probably at least twenty-four hours, maybe longer since they’d slept.

“Our colleagues are returning to take over tomorrow morning, we will be fine,” Antaya said, surprised that she was choosing to be so forthcoming. It was either the tiredness or the fact she genuinely liked Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin and she didn’t take to strangers easily at all.

The pair took the seat on the opposite side of Tom, books out ready to record everything.

It would be the last thing they did tonight before they went to the Leaky Cauldron to stay the night. It was the only half decent place, which was putting it lightly really. They’d actually ended up cleaning it themselves and making sure the bedding and everything was done too. They were far from germaphobes but there was only so much they could take without being offended. It was insulting that they were taking anything for the rooms in reality given their condition.

Sally returned with the potions while the Aurors asked Tom to clarify a few points before getting to Hadrian’s tale.

It took everything in Hadrian to keep a straight face when Tom suggested buying a few onions and chopping them in front of him in order to make him realize he was being a little too cavalier towards Grindelwald and his men.

He surprised the Aurors with a few very good suggestions that they vowed to take up to their superior ASAP.

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Two days later

The silent wizard, staring straight ahead was jolted as Aurors grabbed him, holding onto either side of his arms. Shock and defeat his most prominent emotions. Things had been going so well, the Dark Lord had been so close to taking over the world, then in a single hour…was it even that? Everything had just crumbled to dust. He’d watched Gellert for years, watched him taking on the groups of Aurors, civilians and everyone who dared stand against him. The echoes of voices surrounded him on all edges, he wasn’t sure whether they were talking to him or not, even though he’d heard his name mentioned.

He’d apparated with him thinking it was just another day, getting rid of another threat. Although, why Gellert had been so angry he didn’t truly comprehend. It was just a school boy, he wasn’t a threat to anyone let alone Gellert so why had he gone after him? Because of one stupid little bloody article? Hell of a thing to die for just when they were so close to their goals. Someone was talking to him again but he barely heard a word, he was too deep in his own thoughts.

“Gustav Huber do you understand what we have just said?” the Auror said, his French accent grating on Gustav’s nerves. He was officially being arrested and kept in prison until his trial and then once it was done he’d be transferred right back. There was no doubt that he was guilty, they had more evidence than they’d ever need to use in a trial.

“He’s not going to answer, let’s just go!” another Auror grumbled, annoyance thrumming through him. He’d had to stand through their silence over a dozen times. The Aurors were working in full
force to bring in all of Gellert’s followers, at least the ones they knew were guilty. They were working simultaneously with every force in order to bring them all in.

“Do you understand?” the Auror – Auror Bernard – stated a bit louder before repeating himself in German which yielded no results, he was being deliberately obtuse. He had returned to France while two of his fellow Aurors had remained in Britain to tie up loose ends within the Ministry of magic. They had only returned home to speak to their boss and grab a change of clothes before leaving again. They’d be going back and forth for a while still, until the cases were all wrapped up, which could take years, but the worst was over with. The war itself was over with.

When they apparated him to his ‘prison’ it got a genuine and very real reaction from the dark wizard. As Grindelwald’s ‘second in command’ so to speak, he had remained impassive no matter what they said or did. It was almost as if he was just waiting to be rescued.

Fear and indignation splashed across his face, when it penetrated exactly where he was. Even in the dark the place was lit up like a beacon, plus the words spread across the place kind of gave it away.

‘For the greater good’

Struggling futilely, his wand was already taken from him, and his non-verbal magic dimmed with the cuffs upon his person. “NO!” he snarled sounding like a rabid dog unable to believe they would bring him here. “Don’t you dare!” he knew how impenetrable the prison was, he’d helped design it. If he ended up in there, he would be stuck forever, unable to escape. Pale and clammy, Gustav was frog marched towards the prison without pause or sympathy. Others of Grindelwald’s arrested supporters were inside.

It had taken five ward breakers to tear down those wards – not easily found – but they’d succeeded. It had taken nearly a day of constant work before they’d managed to tear them down. Then the Auror enforcement head of office had used dozens of wizards to put up the best wards they were capable of. Actually using some of the wards that they had torn down, finding them ingenious really. This idea was all thanks to one quite ingenious underage (only a technicality) yet emancipated wizard. They’d been worried about space for a time, but with this idea, well, there was no worries anymore.

Gustav had been brought to Nurmengard.

“How dare you touch this place with your filthy hands and magic!” Gustav hissed ferally, jerking angrily in their hold, screaming in anger when it produced absolutely no results. He could feel the Dark Lord’s magic was no longer present, instead filthy light magic had replaced it. It made his skin crawl being so close to such an accumulation of light magic.

He didn’t stop screaming and cursing until dawn peeked over the horizon, and by then his throat was inflamed preventing any more screaming on his part.

It was a new day, making it three days since he’d lost his freedom, three whole days.

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Newton Scamander walked slowly with the guard beside him, almost walking sideways, refusing to meet anyone’s eyes as he trudged through Azkaban prison. His leg had been injured in the ensuing battle, Queenie and Tina had taken Jacob away to safety, but weren’t able to get back in to fight themselves, as the wards had been put up. The entire thing had been over by the time they managed to find a way to get to them on foot.
It took longer with his leg bandaged up, but he managed to keep up with the guard and get to the visiting centre.

Where Albus Dumbledore sat, shoulders hunched and hands bound so he couldn’t hurt anyone or himself.

“Newt!” Albus said, giving him a small smile, blue eyes missing their usual twinkle but nonetheless there was genuine happiness to see his former student.

“Sir,” Newt said, giving a nod as he slowly made his way over.

“Are you alright?” Albus asked, noticing the awkward gait and obvious bandages.

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Anyone else see Jude Law when reading these scenes? Well, surprisingly I do! :O LOL considering I've not even seen the second movie properly YET! not fully anyway, I've seen bits and pieces but never sat down to watch it, I've just not had the time really! And when I watch it I want to watch it fully :D I know everything that happens for most part annnddd I won't say any more in case someone hasn't seen it yet 😊 no worries on the spoiler front I like Jude Law but can't stand Dumbledore such a dilemma just like when Richard Harris played the part :D to perfection might I add 😊 never took to Gambon so it was easier to hate the character! And on to other points I think I've gotten everyone's reactions possible and everyone's suggestion so the next chapter I think I'll have Christmas day and Hadrian/Tom and Fenrir family time! What do you think? Would you like to see how Fenrir is with his guardians? or perhaps you'd like to see Newt/Dumbledore's conversation too? Read and Review please!
Chapter 86

Lord Of Time

Chapter 86

Newt grimaced as he sat, his leg twinging painfully, but the weight he’d just taken off his leg eased the pain considerably. He hadn’t been sure of coming here, but in the end he felt the need to put an end to this particular chapter of his life. He didn’t want to believe what Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin had told him all those months ago. Yet it continued to eat away at him, plus, with everything else he found out…it made it seem like it was true, including the blood pact that Dumbledore and Grindelwald had made to each other. “I’m fine, the injury is already healing,” he hadn’t really felt it after the battle, it wasn’t until he got to the Ministry that cries of alarm and concern reached his ear that made him realize he was bleeding profusely. They’d had a healer brought up, as he informed them of what had happened, everything after that was sort of blurry, he knew he’d had a conversation with the Minister before he left talking about a conference call with the French Minister for Magic.

“What has happened Newt?” Albus asked, hiding his impatience, he had learned long ago how best to put people at ease, and Newt was easily spooked so he always had to watch and moderate his tone around him. He was as skittish as his beasts he loved so much. He didn’t bring up everything the Minister said, or the rumours or anything of the sort, he wanted the truth. Trying to wheedle things out of him would just make this conversation become side-tracked.

Newt reckoned Albus and Gellert had to have been real close to have sworn a pact never to fight one another. It’s not something you did between best friends, which left him with only one conclusion to draw out of it all. Lovers. Which wasn’t all that uncommon, although there were some Muggle-borns who had a deep seated prejudice against two men together. The purebloods however, didn’t so much as blink, although they did prefer their offspring having a wife, at least, to procure a heir, one that was of a union between two wedded parents, so it wasn’t a bastard so to speak, a male rarely got pregnant even with the help of the potion, it had happened maybe four or five times since recording begun.

Shaking off his thoughts, pondering on how best to tell Albus what happened…if this had been his lover at one point it would hurt. He couldn’t imagine losing Tina, and he wasn’t with her, but he did like her a lot. Did he just tell him or did he try and break it delicately? Was there a way to tell him without him being hurt?

“Newt?” Albus asked, his tone becoming softer, a little bit worried by Newts continued silence.

“Grindelwald is dead,” Newt explained, not able to meet Dumbledore’s eyes, “I…er…have a newspaper?” it would explain in detail what exactly happened better than he would.

Albus closed his eyes, breathing out shakily, so it was true, he’d suspected as much but he’d hoped that it was the Ministry making one last desperate manipulation in order to get him to let up the list of his demands. Its exactly what he would have done to make things go in his favour. Desolation swamped him, barely able to swallow past the lump in his throat.

“Here,” the word had Albus opening his eyes, before accepting the newspaper in front of him. bleak desolation thrumming through him, just seeing the headline. Clenching his jaw shut, Albus opened the paper fully and began to read the information in front of him. All the while his heart pounded erratically, eyes popping in disbelief as he stared at one particular sentence, he’d been
taken out by a misaimed severing charm? By Tom Riddle? No, no, no, it was no mistake, no misaim, Tom had done this with deliberate moves, everything he did was deliberate, he was going to become the next Dark Lord. His soul was dark already, he was taking his so-called friends and Hadrian Peverell down with him. He could do nothing to stop it, he was stuck in Azkaban for a few more years, Merlin help him, what on earth could he do to stop this…”

“Newt…Newt you cannot trust the Peverell-Slytherins, do you understand me? You cannot trust them,” he urged the young man.

“That’s funny, Hadrian said the same about you,” Newt muttered, but whether Albus was supposed to have heard it or not well, Albus wasn’t sure. He didn’t want to fight with Albus about this, he was hurting right now.

“You spoke to Hadrian?” Albus asked, not sure whether he was feeling betrayed or not, he couldn’t feel much of anything in here. He couldn’t trust his own emotions, which were constantly being sucked out to keep the Dementors happy. “What did he say?” metaphorical hackles raised, but nothing but sadness exuding from him, some of his haggardness wasn’t exactly feigned.

“I didn’t head there to speak to him,” Newt found the need to defend himself, only partially lying, “He was at Slughorn’s party,” he’d been there yes, but had definitely ended up speaking to him.

“Let me guess, he blamed everything on me?” Albus sighed, shaking his head, sounding and looking resigned.

“No,” Newt said, just gave him a warning really, and a few home truths, he still wasn’t sure who to believe, its why he preferred his creatures. There was no backstabbing, human emotions…they were just there, just wanted companionship and looked after.

“Oh,” Albus murmured in surprise, his attention eating up now by reading the rest of the article, Newt had come here, he obviously didn’t believe anything the Peverell-Slytherin’s had said. He was still firmly on his side, that was all that mattered, he’d need to get others to keep an eye on Tom, stop him when they could, once he was out of here he would dedicate all his time to ensuring that they brought attention to Tom’s nature. It would show though at some point in time.

“I…just thought you ought to know,” Newt murmured quietly, it was that quiet he could hear the eerily breathing of the Dementors, rattling around the prison.

“Order of Merlin first class?” Dumbledore managed to get out through strangled vocal cords.

“Thirteen of them?” a party dedicated to them? by Merlin, this was worse than he thought, they were going to be so blind to everything! They weren’t going to realize until it was too late just what Tom was like. Didn’t they realize how dark a path the Slytherins walked? They were not redeemable, they had no redeeming qualities about them.

“They fought well,” Newt said, vividly reminded by how exhausted and pale and terrified they’d been. How they had tried to protect everyone, plus, he had no qualms about Slytherin’s, he got on well with a few, and they reminded him of Leta.

Albus paused in his reading, glancing up at Newt, perhaps he didn’t have the boy in his corner at all. It seemed as if he was defending them…was he? Or just telling it how it was? The Hufflepuff’s were known for their loyalty after all, and if anyone owed him it was definitely Newt. He prevented the boy from being expelled, he owed everything he had to him. No, Newt would remain loyal to him, he dismissed his worries. “Don’t trust them,” he cautioned the teen, taking his silence as agreement.

He had always been good at seeing only what he wanted to see.
“Times’ up!!” came the voice of one of the guards, his voice booming around the open room. They were watched, but not listened to. Just to make sure that no wizard handed over a prisoner a wand or something they could use to escape Azkaban.

“I er…have to go,” Newt said, standing gratefully, this entire meeting had been uncomfortable and Albus’ need to insist that the wizards couldn’t be trusted…was completely strange. They were just two young wizards who had been dealt shit circumstances, fighting to survive. Swallowing thickly, remembering the look on Hadrian’s face when he spoke, the look of pain, sadness and understanding.

“When will you be back?” Albus asked, standing up automatically, his brother had yet to come see him, but he hadn’t really been expecting a miracle. He and Aberforth hadn’t gotten on in decades, hadn’t really spoken a friendly word since their sisters funeral.

“I…don’t know,” Newt said, genuinely surprised by the question, as he begun to hobble away, his usual walk and gait completely impossible with the injury. He was surprised Albus wanted him to return, especially given he knew that Newt was normally abroad, rescuing and saving creatures, before letting them recover as he went along taking them back to their natural habitat. If at all possible…if it wasn’t they’d remain with him.

Only once Dumbledore was back in his cell did the tears begin, as Albus mourned the loss of his lover…nothing else seemed to matter. Then of course, was the Dementors presence, which just added to his grief, Ariana, Gellert, Aberforth, all lost to him.

Once Newt was away from the depressing walls of Azkaban, he apparated back home, to Scamander manor, where he was temporarily living in his old room with his parents until he was on the move again. His mother had insisted he remain with his parents until his injuries were healed and he recovered.

“Newton!” called Artemis seeing her son Apparating onto the property, her hands currently full with the baby hippogriff she had just helped with the birthing process. “Are you well? Did you take your potions?” she was always very happy to see either of her sons.

“I’m just about to,” Newt said, his face softening considerably as he watched his mother clean the hippogriff. He’d seen this his entire life, and the way she cared for them all had inspired him his entire life.

“You have quite a lot of mail, it’s on the dining room table,” Artemis called out as her son began to move again, judging by how badly he was limping he definitely wanted to take his potions.

Newts strides begin to go faster, he was waiting to hear back from publishing companies, he had written a book about Beasts he wanted published. He wasn’t sure what the companies would think or whether they would accept. He completely ignored his aching leg and the pain and swiftly begun opening them to see what they had to say. The magical world only had eight publishing companies in the UK, one of them was new actually, and as he read them, four had thanked him kindly for his ‘consideration’ but declined to see it published. Two were being extremely insulting by giving him practically nothing for his manuscript, he tore them in half and two were good.

But the Avery & Peverell-Slytherin publishers were giving him by far the best deal. He hadn’t even realized it was the same people, but the names on the bottom were very telling. There was a note at the bottom, personally from Hadrian and Newt read it.

I suspect your book will be read for decades to come, each generation of children having of their own copy, it will be up there with the classics, you deserve the best offer you can get for it. Might I
suggest a change in the title? Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them, it’s catchy, if any other publishing company gives you a better deal, I will one up the offer, I wish you the best of luck Mr. Scamander.

May your Yule Solstice be a peaceful one

Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin

“Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them,” Newt muttered the title to himself, his lips twitching, he liked the sound of that better than just Fantastical Beasts. The fact someone saw the worth of his book bolstered his confidence. Merlin, he liked the sound of the thought of his book being bought by each generation of children…it would also help with his creatures. What he wanted to see become of them, to give them protected status. Having this published would open their eyes to all creatures big and small and their relevance not just for potion ingredients.

There was only one thing for it, he wrote back to Avery & Peverell-Slytherin publishers, ready to negotiate everything he could from the front cover to the print. The money…well the offer was absolutely astonishing, he wouldn’t get a better one, correction didn’t get a better one. So he had no qualms about accepting that. Nothing would probably be scheduled to well after Christmas now, so there was no rush.

Dumbledore’s urgings to stay away from them didn’t once come to mind. He was doing business with them, it wasn’t as if he was becoming friends with them anyway.

A very fruitful business arraignment at that, and it wasn’t Newton Scamander that knew this…if Hadrian had been anyone else, say a naïve eleven-year-old kid he might have felt guilty of using his knowledge of the future for personal gain…luckily for everyone Hadrian wasn’t that naïve little eleven year old Dumbledore had moulded to his will.

Even if he was, Tom would have convinced him otherwise, he was very good at that after all.

Plus, he really was being more than generous in his offer, it’s more than he would get from all other publishing houses.

“Good news?” Artemis asked, eyes bright and mischievous. Absently running her hands through Newt’s hair, with clean hands, she’d already scrubbed them clean and decontaminated. The foal was now with it’s very exhausted mama, the feeling never got old. She rarely sold the hippogriff’s now, only when they reached a certain number, her husband drew the line at having too many. She had lost five just this past year, to old age, they were well looked after, content in life, but it still hurt losing them.

“I received an offer for my book, they’d like to publish it,” Newt said, handing over the letter to his mother, wishing he could share this with Tina.

“Oh My!” Artemis said, eyes widening in shock, “They must really like the book…I’ve never seen so much offered to a first time writer wanting to be published.” Although, the publishing house, she’d never heard of it before, so it was new too which made the offer even more surprising. “This is going to be a bountiful Yule! I mean if you’ve accepted it!”

“I am about to,” Newt said, shyly before wincing at the stabbing pain in his leg.

“Pain relief potion!” Artemis scolded, “You need to be healed before your brothers wedding!” her son was marrying Leta Lestrange, she was currently in America with her son, who had left directly after what happened in France to meet with her at MACUSA. All she’d gotten out of her son was
that Leta had unfinished business.

Newt rolled his eyes as his mother summoned the pain relief draught and tapped her foot waiting impatiently for him to drink it like he was five years old again. He was an adult, he was capable of looking after himself, nonetheless, under his mothers expectant gaze he drank it, with a hint of amusement playing around his mouth and eyes.

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December 25th

Tom groaned, “Why do you have to be up so early?” he grumbled, feeling the excitement and happiness thrumming through the bond, as Hadrian practically wiggled on the bed with a hyperactivity he’d never seen in him before. His groan was more dramatic when he noticed it was barely passed six o’clock in the morning. Hooking his arm around Hadrian’s middle, he pulled him against his chest. “Sleep,” he absolutely refused to get up this early.

“It’s Yule!” Hadrian said, grinning widely, “We’re supposed to get up really early today!”

“No we’re not,” Tom argued, he hated Christmas, or more accurately the entire Yule solstice. Peeling open an eye, he had to mentally amend that statement, it wasn’t quite so intolerable anymore. Having someone to share it with, money and means to enjoy his life, not alone in an orphanage surrounded by disgusting Muggles and being forced into being cheery or forced to enjoy pathetic toys they’d gotten. As if he found anything remotely entertaining about a wooden toy car or train. “Sleep,” he commanded, “You’ve got everyone coming around today and unless you want them writhing under my wand you’ll let me have my allotted hours of sleep.” He warned Hadrian, and that wasn’t entirely an empty threat either.

“Coming from anyone else, Tom that would sound kinky as hell,” Hadrian whispered, green eyes gleaming in wickedness.

Tom huffed out a quiet laugh, amused despite himself.

“I’m surprised Fenrir isn’t up yet,” Hadrian admitted, his excitement tapering off into tiredness that the initial burst of happiness had surged away. He was happy, he had a home, a husband, a adopted son he loved, and more friends than he knew what to do with…all their plans were coming along, he had new businesses taking off, partnering with his friends, yes, he was more than happy…shimming around so he was facing Tom properly without hurting his neck, ”Tom?”

“Yes?” Tom murmured, burrowing further into the side of Hadrian’s neck refusing to contemplate getting up.

“Thank you,” Hadrian said, his voice sweet and sincere.

“For what?” lashes blinking against Hadrian’s neck before Tom was staring at him with an odd look in his eyes, feeling what Hadrian was feeling through the bond.

“For accepting all of me, for giving me this,” Hadrian answered, “For being you,” yes, he’d been in this time, maybe have found some moderation of contentment, but he’d be watching from the sidelines, isolated and probably alone. It was a pretty grim sort of existence, one he would have accepted anyway, because he didn’t know any better, not really. His friendship with Ron and Hermione had been contingent of him not being smarter than Hermione and going along with what Ron said otherwise there would have been hell to pay.

“That’s a given,” Tom replied, he would never change or expect anyone to change for him. plus, he
absolutely adored Hadrian as he was, even if he was a product of his upbringing and life.

“I love you,” Hadrian told him, giving him a peck on the lips, nothing sexual about it, after last night…he’d need a few days to recuperate. Although, apparently Tom had already recovered, judging by the hardness he could feel. Neither he nor Tom were the lovey-dovey sickening type, and all these displays were rare and just between them.

“And I, you,” Tom murmured, squeezing Hadrian tightly, the emotions through the bond conveying what Tom could never give voice to. He’d never experienced love, wouldn’t have known the emotion if it hit him in the face, until Hadrian came into his life and offered it to him freely and unconditionally while aware of just how…dark he truly was and even helped him. Stopped him becoming that…thing in the future. It would have been easier to poison him, end the threat entirely but he hadn’t, hadn’t even contemplated it. If it had been the other way around…he wasn’t sure he would have taken the hard road.

A yawn broke their moment, Tom chortled under his breath, shaking his head entirely too amused as he watched Hadrian feign falling back sleep. His eyes softened as he watched Hadrian, it took his breath away how much he cared about Hadrian, how much he loved him. It usually took moments of extreme danger to make him appreciate what he had right now.

They’d beaten back Grindelwald for Merlin’s sakes, and been questioned dozens of times already since it went down, they weren’t the only ones, but it was finally over, the inquest had ended.

“How long will it take for the war to be over?” Tom asked, glancing out the window, they had forgotten to close the curtains last night, and the daylight was right and irritating and just in his eyes.

“Not long now,” Hadrian murmured, giving up the pretence of sleep entirely, “At the end of April beginning of May Hitler will be dead…eight days later the Germans will unconditionally surrender and Germany will be carved up by the four Allied powers…but officially the war doesn’t end until September…I can’t remember the actual date…history wasn’t my strong suit plus I’ve not really had Muggle history since I was eleven years old.” He was surprised he remembered as much as he did, but he’d never been stupid, despite what his grades would tell you.

Tom hummed thoughtfully at that.

“But it will take another decade for everything to get back to normal, properly I mean, there will still be food shortages and rationing until then.” Harry sighed, grateful at least the magical world didn’t have to endure that. Mostly because his property was actually self-sustaining, between the animals, vegetable patch and trees of fruit, there was no shortage of food for them all. A lot of the other pureblood’s were in the same boat, and it allowed the magical world to continue to thrive without fear of rationing.

They remained quite comfortably in their spot until it became glaringly obvious twenty minutes later that neither were going to get back to sleep any time soon.

“I blame you,” Tom stated as he rolled out of bed, his stomach grumbling hungrily, he’d been too wound up to eat dinner yesterday, although Hadrian had made him wait until he finished his dinner before allowing him to pounce on his husband. “What time are they coming at today?” Tom asked as he undressed without a hint of embarrassment or shyness ready to shower.

“For lunch, they need to go back before dinner though so from twelve to three, three thirty for a few of them,” Hadrian explained, “They’re all going to…who’s turn is it to host the Yule party?”
“I believe the Rosier’s’ invited us,” Tom replied, as he made his way through to the bathroom, the shower switched on a few seconds later. “We can’t always decline the invites you know,” he admonished Hadrian, it was the best wait to recruit, to get people on their side. They’d gotten away with it due to the fact it was known amongst the pureblood circle that they had adopted a young son.

“Wanna bet?” Hadrian muttered around a mouthful of toothpaste.

“If we don’t go then we must host one, as society dictates,” Tom pointed out, “And everyone of importance must be invited.” The ball room they had would certainly be big enough for those in high society and those they wish to invite.

Hadrian spat out the toothpaste, “Are you trying to kill me? Seriously? You want to actually host a damn party? Where they will judge you because you don’t have the correct coloured napkins and shit?” that stuff horrified him to the core, it really did, so judgement like the Dursley’s.

“Well, we can have someone do everything for us, hire a professional to get everything done on time with us getting our input without worrying about making sure it’s perfect.” Tom commented as he scrubbed himself clean, “Just think about it, you do need to begin socialising Fenrir, unless you want him to turn into a compete recluse…or worse like before…we need to get rid of the budding hatred he has for wizards and witches.” They seemed to be an exception to Fenrir, which Tom actually felt smug about, but he knew it was detrimental in the long run.

Harry scowled as he spat out the water he’d just drank, “Stop manipulating me to get your own way,” he grumbled, but it was half-hearted at best, if anything he was impressed with how easily Tom could manipulate him into doing something he didn’t want.

Tom snorted, “Like you don’t do the same thing?” it was a sort of game between them, they both knew what the other was doing. Although, if they truly were against it, Tom knew Hadrian would put his foot down, just like he would if it was fundamentally something he didn’t want to do.

“Okay, new rule, don’t use Fenrir,” Harry conceded the point, “We keep him out of it, deal?”

“Very well, but as I said, we need to nip it in the bud,” Tom pointed out, “He spends too much time alone,” and if it got him what he wanted this once he’d take it. There were other arguments in future that he could use, he didn’t particularly need to use the same thing over and over again.

“Yeah,” Hadrian conceded the point, brow furrowing, “I’ve been worried about it too, but I also don’t want to push him too far too soon.” He didn’t want Fenrir suddenly deciding to run, to live on the street again, he did not want to see the little boy he cared so much for going down that feral route and turning into a werewolf who hated who he was – a wizard – and was in turn hated for being a feral, power mad werewolf.

Tom smirked under the spray, it amused him how his ‘friends’ had reacted to Fenrir, they were terrified of putting a toe out of line. If they thought Hadrian was protective of the House-elves… well, they hadn’t seen him with Fenrir. They even so much as give him an odd look Harry was glaring at them in a way that promised painful retribution. Fenrir seemed to have clued on and deliberately wound them up by adding heat to the fire.

Hadrian couldn’t be blind to Fenrir’s antics so he must approve.

Who would have thought he’d get used to the urchin and actually like him? well, as far as he was capable of liking someone that wasn’t Hadrian at any rate.
They continued their morning routine in contemplative silence, Hadrian’s earlier excitement seemed to have tapered off. Tom almost felt regret that he’d been grouchy, but what can you expect running on five hours sleep? They’d had dinner later than normal after Hadrian had wrapped the gifts and put them under the tree, and they’d spent the rest of the night getting re-acquainted now that Hadrian’s back had fully healed and he was no longer experiencing pain from the wound in his back.

“I’m surprised Fenrir is still asleep,” Hadrian commented as they padded out of their bedroom, making their way to the sitting room, the smell of breakfast already wafting from the hidden kitchen. “Before all this…he’s bound to remember how fun Yule was and the gifts,”

Tom snorted, “You think they had the money for that?” they’d seen a statement of the Greyback monetary holdings, and they’d barely had three sickles to rub together. They were living off a distant relative’s kindness and Frank Greyback’s pay check. “I doubt he knows what normal is,” just like many children around the world, although he had at least had something to open at the orphanage even if it was something worth less than Galleon probably a Sickle. The gifts had been donations, the matron definitely didn’t go out and buy the gifts, they had other items that were most definitely a priority, like clothes and food.

Hadrian’s mind drifted back to the Weasley’s, the pain still hurt, their betrayal still stung, “Money isn’t a requirement to have a lovely Yule.” Hadrian said quietly, “Spending it with people you love…regardless of money…that, that’s what’s important.” And he believed that wholeheartedly. “All the money in the world cannot replace human interaction and real happiness…superfluously bought people…are really lonely and unhappy.” Draco Malfoy was a prime example of that. All his friends were bought and paid for, all his accomplishments were bought and paid for…he’d never had to fight for anything, it all fell into his lap. He’d never had a genuine friend, and had no idea how to make them…it was sad really. As a kid he’d just seen someone he wanted to avoid…as an adult he was more aware of the world around him and understood.

“Oh? Should I take your gift back?” Tom teased, before glancing out the window, to find snakes outside. The cold weather didn’t affect much of the garden due to the Basilisk they had and spells placed upon the area to ensure the cold never bothered it. Narrowing his eyes in silent contemplation before dismissing the snakes he reckoned they were looking for the Basilisk. Either that or leaving to avoid it, perhaps even enjoying behind outside without the weather affecting them too much? He hadn’t seen their other snakes for a while, but as long as they weren’t causing trouble then he didn’t see the need to contain them.

“You probably had more fun finding it than I will of getting it,” Hadrian chortled, same with him, they liked trying to outdo and surprise each other. Most of the items were actually antiques and kept safe, books, pendants, things like that.

Tom just sniffed haughtily, not denying it.

“Breakfast is ready,” came the voice of the only female House-elf they had.

“Thank you,” Hadrian said, as always, treating them with the kindness he believed they deserved.

Tom no longer rolled his eyes at the display, he understood the…desire to have loyal house-elves. Considering the fact Dobby had died to save Hadrian…well, yes, he understood. He’d like them if they saved his life too.

“Looks like I won’t have to wake Fenrir,” Hadrian commented dryly, grinning widely, both of them felt the wards alerting them to Fenrir on the move. The entire manor and the grounds were riddled with spells, more than they’d need, but rather safe than sorry. They knew every move
within the confines of their home and grounds. Of course, it was a little more difficult when they had large groups of people, he suspected, but still informed nonetheless.

“Food,” Tom said expectantly. of course, they didn’t need to wake Fenrir, he could smell food a mile away. He never turned his nose up at anything, not even vegetables actually. He ate like he had a bottomless pit instead of a stomach, but given how thin and sickly he’d been when he first appeared…Tom didn’t blame him. He knew what it was like to go hungry and having so much in front of you? He’d barely resisted temptation, of stuffing his face. it would have made him stand out even further if he had, amongst the elite of pureblood society, as if being a presumed Muggle-born in Slytherin wasn’t enough.

They’d learned pretty quickly that not all was it seemed.

Fenrir barreled into the room, with all the grace of a buffoon.

“C’mere,” Hadrian said, opening his arms, and Fenrir flew into them, so starved for attention he was that he never once turned down a chance of being hugged. It was predominantly his wolf side, Tom reckoned, especially as it saw Hadrian and himself, as his Alphas. If Fenrir was anything like he was in the future, he would soon find himself showing his natural alpha tendencies. “Oh, you give the best hugs,”

Tom gave Hadrian a look of mock indignation and hurt, as he claimed his seat, desiring to eat breakfast before it got cold. Honestly, Hadrian didn’t half pander to Fenrir, and surprisingly having to share Hadrian’s attention didn’t make him feel angry and jealous as he feared it would. The attentions at the heart of the matter were entirely different, the love was different, and Tom didn’t get any less attention than he normally would. Hadrian had left him to come to those particular conclusions on his own, something he wouldn’t have been able to do without the bond they shared.

“Did you remember to buy dress robes for him?” Tom asked, as Fenrir finally let go before eagerly sitting himself down and eating the food, which much more grace than he had entering the room. Fenrir had copied them to begin with, or rather Tom, utterly fascinated with him. It’s where he got the majority of his manners from, that and Tom absolutely refused to let Fenrir act like a hooligan.

With a piece of food in his mouth, Fenrir froze, staring between them, wondering why the hell he’d need dress robes.

Hadrian nodded, running his hand soothingly through Fenrir’s brown hair. “I did, they should be here before the celebration,” a disgruntled look on his face, but he knew this was one celebration he couldn’t miss. It would send the wrong impression if he didn’t go for his Order of Merlin award, plus he was happy the others were receiving their dues, and he wanted to celebrate with them surprisingly. The Ministry, the pretention he could do without…but he couldn’t pick and choose now could he?

Fenrir’s brow wrinkled, “What celebration?” why didn’t he know about it if he was going? Why was he going? He didn’t want to go.

“Do you remember me telling you how I hurt my back?” Hadrian said, and Tom continued eating allowing Hadrian to do the talking.

Fenrir nodded, he’d been furious when he heard, he almost wanted to hunt down who hurt his Hadrian and make them all pay. Fortunately, the person who had hurt him was dead now, so there was nobody to hunt down and rip to shreds. His wolf had been howling it’s displeasure hearing about how hurt his Alpha had gotten. It had almost induced the change in him, made him change without the aid of the full moon which had been actually scary. His Alpha had said it was fine, that
if he changed into a wolf that was fine too, that accepting the wolf within him fully will elicit the change. It was a dire contrast between his parents, and Hadrian and Tom. His parents had been scared of him, disgusted, eventually they’d ‘given up’ on him and just spat that he was a feral thing now, he belonged in the wild. It had hurt so much, they’d locked him out of the wards…leaving him on his own, twenty-seven days of the week, he’d be human, trying to find things to eat and the humans had been disgusted to see him, never once helping him, and on the 28th day he’d turn into a wolf, with more chance of eating and hunting something down. He’d been on the prowl for a rabbit, when he’d ended up in Peverell-Slytherin manor by accident. It was the best accident ever in his book.

“That man was Grindelwald, he was a Dark Wizard who was causing a lot of trouble and the Ministry want to celebrate that he was gone. So Tom and I have been invited to a celebration and we’re getting awards and money for what we did.” Hadrian explained, the kid was probably too young to know who Grindelwald was and just how bad he was, so it was hardly surprising when Fenrir just shrugged indifferently and went back to eating.

Hadrian just grinned at Tom before they ate their breakfast as a family. No doubt Tom would be directing Fenrir on how to act in public, no doubt desiring to present themselves as the perfect family, even if inside they were a little broken, little bit messed up and all were dark at the core of them.

Unfortunately the Ministry just didn’t understand that dark did not mean evil.

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There we go! I edited the bits I did wrong, especially the 'Headmaster' bit and of course, the one with Dolohov not in the picture...hopefully that's an end to that mess up took me over an hour to fix those screw ups but phew got it done! Now I'm not sure if this was what you were expecting BUT this is what came out :) now will we continue the Yule celebrations...or will we head straight to the celebration party at the Ministry? I'm not sure but I think a time skip for a few years MIGHT be needed soon :) Will Severus be in this story? Will Hadrian help set Eileen up after her parents refuse to help causing them to be struck from the hierarchic ladder ? nobody will want to piss off Hadrian after all! Will we see Leta Lestrange along with Newts brother at the celebration? is that just the beginning of the differences in the magical world? Now Leta has to have an Uncle out there...I mean there are Lestrange's in our time so will we bring him into it...there are Lestrange's in Toms circle so cousins too?! will Hadrian's acceptance of her despite everything draw her back to the last of her family giving her what she's so longed for? Wonder what else happens around about this time...i'd hate to miss anything so if you can think of anything or anyone you might think relevant go ahead and mention it in a review :) anyway there we go! R&R please
Chapter 87

To say Hadrian was feeling anxious would be putting it lightly, he had never liked being in the spotlight. Especially Ministry of Magic sort of spotlight, and that was where he would be this night. Watched by everyone, judged, he had already been ‘famous’ before this, in this time, but tonight would cement his role in the spotlight from which there was no return. It was weird how much he had changed since coming here, to this time, yet at the same time, not. He had come to the past with every intention of just fading into the background, doing what he could from the shadows, only to be propelled right into the frontlines again, by Tom yet again. No, it wasn’t all Tom, his desire to prevent Dumbledore’s ascension to fame and acclaim had been his real reason for all this. The fact it sat well with Tom’s plans heralded his going along with it. The changes they wanted to make, they had to have the public believing in them, in their causes, revering them, otherwise…well, Hadrian didn’t want to see the world descended into another war, which Tom would resort to if need be. He believed wholly and completely about his cause, enough that he’d go to any means necessary, thankfully though, that didn’t mean making Horcruxes and splitting his wonderful mind.

“You are making me feel sick,” Tom informed Hadrian as he wandered into the bedroom sounding slightly annoyed, the bond conveyed differently of course, “Do you require a calming draught?” the echoing of his anxiety through the bond was perplexing when it was mixed with his excitement, it made his stomach feel odd to say the least. He felt as though he had butterflies crawling up his throat and a sick feeling on top of it. Not a good mix when he was genuinely looking forward tonight.

Hadrian’s lip curled, “No,” he could control his own feelings, thank you very much, he didn’t need the aid of a damn potion. He hadn’t even needed one during exams or the Triwizard tournament. Although he may have taken one if anyone had thought to offer when he was eleven…and about to play his first ever Quidditch match. The feeling hadn’t lasted long at all, before raw, excitement bubbled through him. He had discovered he loved flying. “I’m fine,”

Tom blinked and watched Hadrian shore himself, and the sick feeling did actually fade away through the bond. He had iron clad control over his emotions…which shouldn’t be possible and he hadn’t just closed off the bond since he could still feel him. Had he just reassured himself in the space of a few moments? “Fenrir is ready to go,” Tom commented, deciding against bringing it up, he had a feeling Hadrian hated how he reacted to parties in general. The more he attended, the less anxious he would get over public appearances.

“He has his dress robes on?” Hadrian asked, perking up, a genuine smile crossing his features. He had bought him normal black robes instead of red ones. He had so badly wanted to buy him the red ones, Fenrir would have looked adorable in them. Unfortunately, it was a black tie event, everyone witch and wizard were to dress up to the nines. The last thing he would ever do was embarrass Fenrir, no, not on his watch.

“He does and I’ve already coached him on how to act,” Tom replied wryly, there had been a lot of pouting over Tom’s stern words too. He’d calmed somewhat when he realized it was only for when he was in public setting. That how Fenrir behaved reflected back on both of them, both he and Hadrian. That and the fact he was a werewolf, he would need to set an example for the other creatures because they were all relying on him. Both his adoptive parents and others of his kind. To
show they weren’t the ‘creatures’ they were made out to be.

They were hoping to get some of the laws changed quick enough that Fenrir might just have a normal schooling at Hogwarts. Neither were holding their breath, but they could hope. They wanted what was best for Fenrir after all, and home schooling would not let him be integrated into society and would prevent him from social interaction that’s important to his upbringing.

“Alright, I guess we best get going then,” Hadrian stated, straightening his attire, making sure it was perfect.

Tom as always was impeccably dressed in his black dress robes, wearing his Slytherin locket and the thick platinum wristband that Hadrian had gifted him for Yule. It had their names inscribed along with their coat of arms and was imbued with dozens of protective charms and would alert him to any attempts to give him potions or poisons. They were newer and more potent than the bonding rings they wore. On the underside was three words, just three words: *pietatem fidem caritatem*, loyalty, love and fealty. Tom had his loyalty and love and he had with those words, formally acknowledged his loyalty to his ‘Lord’ as it were. Tom had strutted around like a peacock for the rest of the day, not even bothered by the lack of sleep. He had however, told Hadrian later that night that he never wanted to be his Lord, that they were equal and would both be Lord’s of the faction they would build, had already begun to build. However, they both knew that Tom’s decisions would be the final ones depending on whether Hadrian could talk him out of it.

Hadrian was dressed in a similar fashion, with white trim instead of silver. Wearing the pendant he’d received from his husband that Ignotus Peverell had once worn and of course, his Lordship and bonding rings. His hair, which had steadily grown longer, was up with a silver Slytherin clasp that had been gifted to him for Yule. Their lapels were bare, ready to receive their medal, when the time came for them to be awarded.

“Fenrir, we are leaving,” Tom called out, not quiet shouting but not being as quiet as normal so the young boy could hear him. Fenrir was going to be one of the youngest at this party, and would give Hadrian the perfect excuse to leave before it was over. Tom however, planned on using this party to his own advantage and get at least a few others on his side, or at least observe everyone to see if there was anyone worth joining his cause.

Fenrir was quick to bulldoze towards them, Hadrian positively melted over the sight the boy made in his own dress robes. He was also quick to fix the hair which was a little windswept. “If anyone says anything do you remember what to do?” Hadrian asked, kneeling before Fenrir.

It was odd to think that by the time Fenrir was seventeen…he’d probably be towering over both of them. In the pensive memories, Fenrir was tall, taller than everyone that included ‘Lord Voldemort’ and Tom was by no means short of stature. “Tell either you or Tom,” Fenrir stated firmly with a decisive nod. “So you’ll kick their butts!”

Tom smirked at that declaration, not him, at least not right away, he was more subtle, but Hadrian? Hadrian would lay all their shit bare and then some. It truly came in handy being from the future and knowing things other did not. Although, a great deal of magic still remained unexplored, especially for six decades passing, nearly eight by the time Hadrian had come back. Regretfully the wars had forced a toll on the magical world, for which they hardly able to recover between bouts of violence.

Things would be so very different this time around.

“Alright, good, we’re leaving by Portkey, so hold on tight,” Hadrian explained to Fenrir, ignoring Tom’s eye roll, probably at his smothering, but Hadrian couldn’t help it. He wanted Fenrir to know
he was wanted, that he could come to him any time he needed to that someone would fight his battles for him.

“Do you have the admittance tickets?” Tom asked, he definitely did not. Seeing the look on Hadrian’s face, he realized he had forgotten. Lips twitching, he flicked his wand and summoned them. Speaking of wands, they had rightfully received the Elder wand from the Aurors after Tom had stated that yes, he would like the wand that he had won by conquest. Oddly enough, it responded to him just as well as Hadrian. Neither had kept it, it had been tucked away in the vault alongside the resurrection stone, both wrapped in anti-summoning and tracking spells, so that they could not be found. Hadrian however, had kept his invisibility cloak, it was much too handy to truly desire to leave in a vault for the rest of its days. Snatching the three tickets, he slid his wand away again, and touched the Portkey, “Ministry of magic,” was intoned and with that the three of them were soon on the move, leaving their home and travelling to the Ministry of magic’s atrium.

“Hadrian! Tom!” came the voice of Avery, who was already on the move towards them, dressed impeccably in his own black robes. “Hello, Fenrir,” Avery added with a small smile seeing the young boy was with them.

A few people they didn’t know used the Floo network and automatically begun walking in the direction of the ball room.

“You look good,” Hadrian said, “Everyone else already inside?”

“Yeah, it’s about to start, they were getting everyone situated, this place was getting too packed.” Avery explained, with everyone either using their Portkey’s, Apparating in or using the Floo Network. “Abraxas has told me that everyone’s sat together, us I mean,” instead of with their families went unsaid.

“That pleases me,” Tom nodded, he had no desire to sit with strangers all evening. As fun as it would be to make contacts while he ate his meal, it wasn’t something he desired. He’d rather have his ‘friends’ with him, and he was sure Hadrian and Fenrir would too.

“Abraxas sitting with us as well?” Hadrian asked as Tom handed over the three tickets, Avery handed his over afterwards.

“Yes, and his fiancé,” Avery said, “She’s very beautiful,” he had to admit.

“Ah, so we’re finally going to meet her, does she even understand English?” Hadrian asked dryly, not sure whether he was being sarcastic or not to be frank.

Avery barked out an amused laugh, “They moved there on the behest of her mother, when she was ten so she could attend Beauxbaton like her mother. Her father is English, Heir Dawlish, his brother is Lord Dawlish, Dawlish was quick to agree to a contract between his daughter and Lord Malfoy. They moved back recently with the war over with. They had contemplated leaving earlier but with everything so unstable they didn’t wish to risk it.” hence why nobody had actually met Abraxas’ wife-to-be. Heir Dawlish used to be the heir to the Dawlish fortune, but his brother Lord Dawlish had a son, so he was heir and would be Lord when his father passed the title to him or passed away, not the brother.

“Which one has a son called John Dawlish?” Hadrian asked, the sound of music hitting them as they continued to walk towards the room hosting the ball. John Dawlish was an Order member and Auror in his time, but if he recalled correctly, he’d only met him a few times, and considering his age, he was probably really young, not even Hogwarts age yet.
“Lord Jerimiah Dawlish.” Avery explained, for the longest time they thought Robert would gain the estate when Jerimiah died, due to the fact Lord Jerimiah didn’t have children until very late in life. His own brother had a child before him, despite being younger than Jerimiah by four years. “His brother is Heir Robert Dawlish, he only had a daughter,” giving him the rundown, but that wasn’t out of character, since they often had to inform Hadrian due to the fact he hadn’t grown up in the Magical world and he didn’t know a great deal many people. Tom sometimes requested the same thing from him.

“Ah,” Hadrian acknowledged that he understood, “Everything okay with your parents?”

“Yes, my sister’s getting married next month,” Aiden said proudly, and he was proud of his sister.

“Are you close to her?” Hadrian asked, as Avery opened the door allowing them to go through first. To say he had been shocked to hear that Aiden actually had a sister would be putting it lightly. Not only that but his sister was actually older than him by a good few years. His sister, he’d learned, didn’t have much in the way of magic, and had barely graduated Hogwarts. Some viewed that as no better than a squib, but Aiden seemed to really love her regardless.

“As close as we could be, I was often being tutored for my place as heir,” Aiden explained sourly, “Then she was gone to Hogwarts and my parents…well, they rarely spoke of her, it wasn’t until we were both older that we actually became close.”

“She still lives at home?” Hadrian asked, inwardly pissed off at the expectations of parents causing children to feel inadequate.

“For now, she can’t wait to get away,” Aiden said slightly lost at that.

“I honestly can’t say I blame her,” Hadrian sighed, “Being judged as lacking by her own parents… I’m surprised she has any self-worth whatsoever. Do you both get into arguments over your parents?”

Aiden nodded, slightly surprised.

“Then don’t, she’s entitled to feel how she feels about them, just make an effort to see it from her point of view. Maybe make a point to her that they wont discuss your parents, get to know each other as brother and sister without anything else getting in the way.” Hadrian explained easily, Tom lifted Fenrir up so that he wasn’t crushed as they made their way to the table, trying to avoid bumping into everyone or getting hit by chairs that were constantly being moved by sitting wizards and witches. “Keep an eye on her husband, listen to her thoughts, be there for her…” from what he understood the witch had a very, very secluded life with nobody there for her. Just a husband who would ignore her to further her career with a devoted son (Barty Crouch Junior) who had tried so hard to get his father to spend even just a little time with his wife who was dying, literally, and desired his company. It seemed as though she’d always loved Barty Crouch Senior or…perhaps she didn’t think she deserved any better.

“Keep an eye on her…what?” Aiden spluttered, she wasn’t even married yet and he was sounding like he knew something. Which gave him pause, narrowing his eyes shrewdly, he did know a lot of information. Was he some sort of clairvoyant? “Have you seen something that might make you think Crouch will hurt her?” protectiveness roused.

“Just do as I suggest, Aiden,” Hadrian informed him. Giving him a grim nod, not saying anything further. Especially not in public setting, not that he had any plans to divulge everything anyway. No, his past and his appearance here would always remain between him and Tom.
Avery sat after Tom, Hadrian and Fenrir did, slightly perplexed by what he had just been told.
Hadrian was never against speaking up when he wanted to, so whatever he knew...well, he didn’t
even know what he was thinking. He mustn’t want to state where or when he got this information.
He did know however, that he would be keeping an eye on the wizard. She probably wasn’t in any
type of imminent danger, otherwise Hadrian would definitely have said. He wasn’t the type of
person to leave someone in danger.

“Ah, Mr and Mr Peverell-Slytherin! Men of the hour! Glad you could finally make it!” Spencer-
Moon beamed at them, “I just wish to thank you both for what you did for us…”

“Thank you, Minister, it was nothing really,” Tom said bashfully, playing his part beautifully, if he
didn’t say so himself. Shaking the proffered hand with a charming grin.

Unfortunately, when Spencer-Moon went to shake Hadrian’s hand, he received only a blank look
from the wizard, “You would have let Dumbledore get away with what he did to me…” just
managing to sound successfully hurt instead of wrathful, which he very much felt. Stupid bloody
Minister’s thinking they could do whatever they liked without consequences.

The Minister openly cringed at the reminder, how foolish of him was it to think for a moment
nobody would find out due to the fact it had never been enacted. It came close, too close for
comfort, but the contact had not been signed. Dumbledore was not free, and would remain in
Azkaban for a further two years. “Yes, yes I would have done.” He sighed resignedly, “I had a
choice to make, a very difficult choice, and not everyone was happy about it, but being a Minister
isn’t about making easy choices...difficult ones...take more courage, but I will take the blame and
shoulder it.” pausing a few times to find the correct words to use, but nonetheless remaining
honest. He never wanted to be one of those ministers who lied constantly, not about the reason for
running for Minister or even about choices he made during his term.

Hadrian was impressed despite himself, ‘He actually means that’ Tom’s voice commented in his
mind, which meant Tom had been able to glean something from the Minister’s thoughts. Someone
in high power actually knowing nothing about the mind arts? He wasn’t sure how he felt about
that, it was dangerous, but unfortunately, Occlumency and Legillimency was a difficult and ancient
craft that only the noble’s seem to know and practice. Well, except from the few who learned
through necessity and caution (Severus) and Dumbledore, he didn’t come from noble stock, but his
need to protect his secrets probably heralded his learning. ‘Don’t hold a grudge against him, it will
look extremely childish,’ Tom added mentally, meanwhile looking around the room which was an
impressive sight. It made the Great Hall during the Yule Ball pale into insignificance truly.

Dozens upon dozens of round tables with crisp white sheets over them. Roses and thorns bundled
together in a small vase at the centre of the table with beautiful wrought crystal glasses and of
course, a gold coloured placemat, charmed to bring the food up when it was time. There were
dozens of waiters serving an abundance of drinks.

They were unfortunately, avoiding their table, which didn’t impress Tom at all. He waved his hand
in an imperious ‘come here’ gesture, when one actually passed near enough. “Whiskey please,”
Tom declared.

The waiter looked around nervously, “I’m afraid Sir, you need to be of legal drinking age to…”
assuming the wizard was underage, just like everyone else at the table.

“Hadrian and I are seventeen-years-old,” Tom informed him, which was true enough, Hadrian
turned Seventeen in September and he did on New Year, just yesterday, today was the first of
January, the holidays had flown in. Hadrian had spent a great deal of that time recovering and
recuperating, as had he, between Hadrian being injured and the magical exhaustion they’d both
suffered from.

After hearing that the waiter begun falling over himself to serve them their asked for alcohol. Pouring more than a generous amount into a tumbler which he gave to Tom with a flourish.

Before the waiter could give Hadrian anything, “No, I’ll have two butterbeers and a shot of firewhisky please,” he’d need something to get through the night.

The Minister was still standing there, waiting for any sort of answer or acknowledgement. It wasn’t the first time the need for drink had side-lined a conversation, and it wouldn’t be the last.

“Very well, I forgive you, but know that I will never forget.” Hadrian explained seriously, “You made a difficult choice I understand that, but it was me whom Dumbledore…” Hadrian dramatically shuddered, without finishing, not quite sure how to phrase it anyway.

A burst of amusement shot through Tom as he ‘soothed’ Hadrian, by rubbing his back giving him the comfort he so clearly needed. Amusement was clearly being supressed by everyone around the table. The thought of Hadrian being afraid of Dumbledore of all people was comical. No, Hadrian wasn’t afraid of him, if anything Hadrian loathed Dumbledore with an intensity that even surpassed Toms. Which hello, shouldn’t have been possible but nonetheless was.

“I understand,” the Minister said sombrely, dipping his head in respect. “I shall leave you to enjoy the festivities, please, enjoy,” the Minister said, his shoulders not quite so hunched anymore, a little more relaxed at the clear forgiveness from the boy he had so nearly wronged.

Hadrian drinking caused a burst of chatter from the table, surprised to see that Hadrian was actually drinking. He’d never in their memory actually drank anything more than butterbeer. None of them actually considered butterbeer an actual drink, you’d need to drink more than your body weight to actually feel even a smidgen of giddiness. They watched in bemusement as he put the shot into the flagon of butterbeer and took a gulp of it wiping his mouth in satisfaction. The other butterbeer went to Fenrir who delighted in the foamy drink.

The group all began to catch up, revealing everything they’d heard to Tom and Hadrian. Or just bemoaning their fate with their parents not letting them out of their sights since they returned to Britain.

“Hadrian, Tom, I’d like to introduce you to my fiancé, Imogen Dawlish, soon to be Malfoy,” Abraxas said standing before Hadrian and Tom with a proud look on his face.

Tom and Hadrian automatically stood, both kissing Imogen on the hand in greeting. “It’s lovely to meet you, Imogen, we’ve heard nothing but good things about you.” The other wizards had stood as well, the witches remaining seated as tradition dictated.

Hadrian observed her, trying to place her at all in any of his memories, even in passing. He was unsurprised that he couldn’t, Abraxas and Imogen weren’t alive in his time. She was a thin and dainty woman, with blonde hair, not as blonde as Abraxas of course, but still blonde. He was surprised to find that in her, he saw little bits of Draco. Draco was never actually as tall as his father or grandfather, hell, even Narcissa who was a tall woman and able to stand right next to Lucius without being towered over. Draco did take after all his immediate relatives on the Malfoy side it seemed.

A loud clearing of a throat, and a “Hadrian?” brought him out of his musing, Abraxas, who was shooting wary glances at Tom as if expecting him to get furious that Hadrian was spending an inordinate amount of time staring at his fiancé forgot to get angry on his own behalf. The others
however, were more than used to Hadrian spacing out from time to time, having spent a lot more time with him.

“What?” Hadrian asked, shaking off his lingering procrastinations. “Did somebody say something?” looking around the table curiously. Idly noticing that everyone had sat down, and did so himself.

“I was wondering where you got your idea…for your book?” Imogen repeated, her tone soft and quiet, as if she wasn’t used to speaking to people. she was sitting at the next side of Hadrian, and Abraxas on her other side.

“Oh, well, I did it for my Magical theory class, put a lot of effort and time into it,” Hadrian half-lied, half told the truth since he had done it for his magical theory class. “I realised it would make a good book, I wanted everyone to know what I’d figured out so I published my results. I definitely didn’t expect the book to become so popular.” So even without good investments, the basilisk parts – which continued to bring in an obscene amount of money each year – he would have been more than comfortable with the interest he garner from that one book itself.

“Why not?” Imogen asked surprised, “It’s not only theoretically sound but it’s actually proving to be the truth.”

“It’s been my experience that most pureblood’s don’t do well with their belief’s being…proven wrong. I expected them to blacklist the book and continue on as they were, sure in their belief that keeping their lines ‘pure’ would result in strong magical offspring.”

“What do you think this will mean for any squibs born in this generation?” Imogen then asked, truly fascinated. Ignoring all conversation that was going on around her, as she focused on Hadrian and his views.

“I believe that they will have more hope of being accepted,” Hadrian mused thoughtfully, surprised by Imogen’s questions. “If they are accepted into the magical community instead of discarded like yesterday’s trash…” Hadrian railed off.

Imogen nodded enthusiastically, “Then there will be less Muggle-borns coming into the magical world.”

“There is really no such thing as a Muggle-born, two Muggles cannot give birth to a magical child. It’s impossible. The magic has to be in the line already for a magical child to be born of what people see as ‘Muggles’ but the magic is just…dormant until a child is born with a magical core.”

“So, only one has to come from a magical line or do they both have to? It’s one thing that wasn’t really clarified in the book,” Imogen asked enthusiastically, “Oh, yes please,” she added to a waiter who was gesturing for any of them if they’d like some wine.

Abraxas just continued to listen to them talking, barely refraining from dropping his jaw incredulously. He wasn’t sure he had seen Imogen talk so often or so much to anyone in the time he’d known her. Not even to him, and he couldn’t help but actually feel jealous of the budding friendship.

“That’s only because I couldn’t quite discount it being possible, it would need thoroughly testing for decades to know definitively.” Hadrian explained passionately, “Plus, I don’t know every single name of wizarding families, and with names changing with females being born…it’s very difficult.”
“It would be fascinating to see if we could come up with some sort of ritual that would allow us to know anyone magical on the magical tree, active magic I mean,” Imogen agreed enthused.

“That would require blood magic,” Hadrian pointed out wryly, “Regretfully, it was banned, one of Dumbledore’s ideas I believe.” Hypocrisy at its finest, he had done blood magic with Grindelwald a blood pact never to fight each other. He reckoned that was what Newt was charged with. To get Grindelwald’s blood, but he would never be sure.

“I wonder if we could get it changed again?” Imogen pondered as she took a drink of her wine.

“It’s possible, but the goblins rules are different, if a ritual is created…the goblins can do it, for a fee of course.” Hadrian said wryly, causing Imogen to laugh in sheer delight ‘for a fee of course’ was one of the goblin nations favourite sayings. Everyone knew that, well, everyone who had spent more than one meeting at Gringotts.

Tugging at his sleeve had Hadrian immediately turning around, “What’s up, cub?” using the nickname he’d given Fenrir.

“I need to go to the toilet,” Fenrir whispered into Hadrian’s ear, he had drank the entire flagon of Butterbeer so it was hardly surprising.

“Right, of course,” Hadrian murmured quietly, craning his neck around, looking for any visible signs of a toilet.

“Everything okay?” Avery and Imogen questioned almost in sync.

“Yeah, Fenrir needs the toilet, excuse us,” Hadrian explained, standing up and making his way out of the room, Avery excusing himself and following him, much to both Tom and Hadrian’s amusement.

“Go enjoy the party, nothing is going to happen, this is the Ministry,” Hadrian tried to shoo Avery away, and failed spectacularly.

"You must be Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin,” Drawled a voice as Hadrian, Fenrir and Aiden re-entered the room after using the facilities. The music wasn’t loud enough to prevent conversation, but they were closer to it being at the door.

“I don’t know about must be, but yes, I am,” Hadrian replied, arching a brow at the wizard speaking to him. He was vaguely familiar, but Hadrian couldn’t pinpoint exactly why.

“Lord Rosier, Evan Rosier’s father,” Aiden whispered, informing Hadrian of to whom he was speaking.

“Your…book…was illuminating to say the least,” Rosier informed him, staring at him.

“Which one? I believe I have four published,” Hadrian queried, completely ignoring the derisive tone of his. He honestly didn’t care what anyone thought of him or the books, if it helped the majority of the magical world, brilliant.

“Magic and it’s descendants,” Rosier said, lips curled back in disgust.

“Ah, I see, and you have a problem with it I presume?” Hadrian asked, “Despite the fact there is enough proof going around for even the most reluctant to know that I’m quite correct?”
Avery stiffened, wand sliding into his hand as he observed Rosier with caution. Adult wizard or not, he would protect Hadrian with his life, as he had sworn to do well over a year ago. Rosier did notice the actions, and made a considerable effort to relax his posture, having not realized he must have taken on quite a argumentized and aggressive stance. He refused to apologise although he did dip his head in respect and also silent apology. “And what are the chances of these abnormalities being present in any children born of…”

“You’re Druella’s father, aren’t you?” Hadrian asked, eyes narrowing, speculatively. “Cygnus’ betrothed?” despite the fact Cygnus was older than Druella. “How many generations?”

“Barely two,” Rosier informed him, his voice a little cold and brittle.

“I don’t see why that would alarm you, most wizards don’t seem to give a shit about their daughters, except for the money they could get for them.” Hadrian retorted, “The only ones this far are the Half-blood’s and some of the purebloods,” he couldn’t lamp the Black’s in with the others, since they were genuinely cared for.

Rosier’s eyes became glacial, “My daughter is worried that any child she has will be…problematic to say the least.” Not able to use the word that should be used, not in conjuncture to a would be grandchild.

Hadrian paused, lips pursed, Druella and Cygnus would go on to have three daughters. Andromeda, Bellatrix and Narcissa, two out of the three were perfectly normal and he honestly had no idea if Bellatrix had been at one point normal, or if she had always been a bit…insane. Azkaban could have caused it for all he knew, she might have just been like Sirius before it all happened. Lacking impulse control, but that wasn’t exactly a terrible thing. It only had the potential to be. If he said anything…those three girls could be wiped out of existence. His hatred of Bellatrix didn’t wipe out the good mother Narcissa was…or Andromeda. He had no idea if Sirius and Regulus would be born for Merlin’s sake.

Leaning forward into Rosier’s personal space, he leaned in and quietly spoke, “Hmm, she’ll have three very powerful daughters,” Hadrian commented mysteriously, before walking away from Rosier, refusing to discuss it more, although he did stifle the need to laugh at the perplexed look on his face.

“What exactly did you just say to him?” Avery whispered as they reached their table, looking back to find the wizard still standing there with an openly baffled look upon his face.

“Indeed, I would like to know as well,” Tom replied, as he absently removed a colouring book and crayons and putting them across Fenrir’s place setting, so that he would have something to do and not be completely bored out of his skull. Fenrir beamed at Tom in delight and eagerly moved to sit down and begin colouring with his crayons. He had seen what looked like a brewing confrontation, but Avery’s not-so-subtle move had made Rosier rethink his actions. He had heard everything, a simple charm had allowed him to hear nearly everything. Hadrian’s whisper to the wizard had not been picked up by the eavesdropping charm.

“Just told him what he needed to hear,” Hadrian explained with a shrug at both Tom and Aiden. Adding through the bond they shared, ‘I told him his daughter would go on to have three magically powerful offspring’ knowing if he didn’t tell Tom he would keep asking.

“That was not smart,” Tom uttered glaring at Hadrian heatedly, for his idiotic actions.

‘Come on, Tom, it’s not as if they’ll ever get the real reason I know, they’ll just think I’m clairvoyant or something, a seer or some shit’ Hadrian said wryly, his amusement shooting down
the bond along with his words. ‘They’d have their selves admitted to St. Mungo’s if it even crossed their minds what really happened’. Who in their right mind would think ‘Master Of Death’ not even Dumbledore would think it and he was obscenely obsessed with the Deathly Hallows.

Tom relaxed and conceded the truth in that statement, he also knew why he was going to such lengths as well to ensure things didn’t change too much. At least yet. He did not want to be responsible for the ‘death’ of those he knew, failing to realize not being born wasn’t the same as being killed. Plus, he couldn’t deny that they were powerful, the witches, quite so, especially Bellatrix who he had seen in the pensive memories more than any other. Plus, Regulus and Sirius, Sirius who had been Harry’s godfather and despite not knowing him long, had become very attached to the wizard. Understandably, due to his diabolical upbringing, Tom reckoned he’d attach himself to the first wizard who offered him a way out of the orphanage. Not true attachment of course, but using him to get what he wanted, as he always did. Except for Harry and his friends, who he was genuinely coming to care for much to his consternation. Then there was Fenrir, that little boy was burrowing into his cold heart, he was amusing to say the least. That and having someone to shape, to raise as his own, to mould…knowing how loyal he could be…it was heady to say the least.

“What were we talking about again?” Hadrian asked Imogen, ready to begin talking once more, “Something about goblins…”

“Goblins doing a ritual?” Imogen offered, a wry grin on her face remembering what had happened.

“Oh, yes, that,” and with that Hadrian and Imogen began talking at length about everything they could think. Fast becoming friends, talking and laughing as if they had known each other for years, occasionally making sure Fenrir was fine and happy.

“Hadrian? It’s time for the meal,” Tom explained, turning to face his husband, his own voice a little tired due to the talking he’d been doing with everyone passing their table, all wanting to shake hands with the wizard who had defeated Grindelwald. Tom of course very shyly accepted their praise, insisting it was a joint effort from everyone involved. Hadrian remained deep in conversation with Imogen and he didn’t disturb him, he knew Hadrian had no desire to talk to strangers, and quite frankly he was rather enjoying the attention on himself. ‘And do stop monopolising Abraxas’ betrothed, I think he’s about to turn a very unattractive shade of red’

Hadrian was very surprised by that statement, his head snapped up, glancing at Abraxas immediately and noticed the tell-tale signs of looming anger despite the attempts at impassivity. A frown immediately marred his forehead, what the hell? Abraxas knew he was married, knew he was happy, they all did, he and Tom hadn’t married out of convenience or arrangement for Merlin’s sake. So, why the hell was he angry?

‘How long has he been like this?’ Hadrian asked mentally, shaking his head in confusion.

‘Pretty much the entire hour and a half you and Ms. Dawlish have been conversing,’ Tom replied with dry wit. Slightly surprised that Hadrian hadn’t realized, he really must have been enjoying the conversation with the witch to have become a little lax in observing his surroundings.

“Fenrir do you need to go to the toilet before we eat?” Hadrian asked, inwardly pondering what to do with Abraxas.

Fenrir shook his head, no, he didn’t need to go to the toilet.

“Very well, I’ll be back in a bit,” Hadrian said, giving Abraxas a look and nodding his head to the blonde, demanding that he follow without saying a damn thing or without too many people
noticing, especially Imogen who was too busy smiling and speaking quietly with Fenrir with an adoring look on her face.

“I shall accompany you, please, excuse me,” Abraxas said to his intended, as he stood, his manners as always impeccable despite his mood.

There was one other who was watching closely and noticed the interaction. Newt Scamander, who was at the party. He stood as well, and silently made his way towards the toilets along with Abraxas and Hadrian, not straying too close to them in order to avoid arousing suspicion.

“Alright, Abraxas, what is going on?” Hadrian asked, as soon as they stepped into the bathroom, after checking to make sure nobody was there, which was thankfully the case.

“Excuse me?” Abraxas asked in confusion.

“You do realize I’m married and bonded with Tom? Who I love?” Hadrian pointed out, washing his hands idly before turning to face the blonde. He did notice that the door hadn’t closed properly, and knew Newt had been following him, Tom had informed him of that fact. Subtle he was not.

Abraxas remained stone-faced and silent.

“Talk to me,” Hadrian said in a soft and soothing voice, “What’s the matter?”

“She’s spoken to you more tonight than I’ve managed to get out of her for the past year!” Abraxas cried out exasperated, unable to keep silent, as he was once again reminded that despite Hadrian being one half of the leader...he wasn’t Tom and he did give out good advice, at least according to Orion.

“Ah, I see,” Hadrian murmured, rubbing his forehead in exasperation, “And have you actually asked her why?” having a funny feeling he knew why exactly she hadn’t spoken much with Abraxas.

“It’s clear me she doesn’t want to talk to me,” Abraxas grumbled, rather upset.

“Do you often actually give her a chance to talk or do you shove your own ideals and belief’s down her throat the seconds she opens her mouth about something?” Hadrian asked genuinely curious about the dynamics between them.

“I’m lucky if I can get her to open her mouth during our luncheons! I’ve even asked her about her favourite subjects but it’s like getting blood from a runestone!” Abraxas puffed out indignantly, he was trying for Merlin’s sake.

“How is her relationship with her parents?” Hadrian then asked, trying to get a clear picture.

“How do you mean?” Abraxas asked bewildered.

“Does she talk about them?” Hadrian asked, “What have your observations been? Has Dawlish ever expressed any concern about his daughter? Asked you to take care of her?”

“Of course I’ll take care of her!” Abraxas puffed up indignantly.

“You’re not listening to a damn word I’m saying,” Hadrian retorted angrily, “Either listen and let us figure it out or just go back out there.” Getting rather annoyed by Abraxas’ attitude.

Abraxas calmed, breathing out, “She mentioned once that she couldn’t wait until we were married
and that she could have her own home. Asking just once if she would be able to decorate it.”

“What was your answer?” Hadrian asked.

“I said, ‘Of course, but all ideas go through me first for confirmation’,” Abraxas replied, not able to look Hadrian in the eye.

“So basically told her she had no say in any part of her life, the house she wants to make for the both of you. She evidently doesn’t have the strength to stand up for herself, so she’s been raised as a typical submissive witch to go to a husband with no other value than continuing on your line. A doll to do as you please…a woman saying she basically couldn’t wait to get away from her parents…it’s not normal, how is her relationship with her parents? Has Dawlish’s own wife even spoken up in your presence?” a lot could be said about a relationship a witch and wizard were in when they were in private.

Abraxas flinched at the disgust in Hadrian’s voice.

“She doesn’t, neither have, it was…well it was only myself, my father and Heir Dawlish that spoke,” Abraxas conceded, not seeing anything remotely bad about it.

“Ever heard the saying, seen but not heard?” Hadrian asked wryly.

“Yes,” Abraxas replied, “My father often muttered that while I was a young boy,” and a bit too boisterous.

“That’s how she’s been raised I think, you are going to have to open up, tell her what you want from a wife, give her a freedom she’s never had before…she’s probably been taught all her life that her husband’s will comes first, she’s buried her own personality, her own wishes and desires deep down inside in order to live with what she’s expected to be.” Hadrian answered bluntly, “You want a wife? You want someone to talk to? Someone to be an equal to you in this marriage? Then bloody explain that, she can’t read your mind, you can’t pick and choose which part of an equal marriage you want, it will confuse the fuck out of her! She’s a wonderful woman, very smart, she could keep up with you Abraxas, and she isn’t any lesser to you because she’s a woman, if she wasn’t you’d damn well be the last of the Malfoy line. She’s going to be the mother of your children, that deserves respect and a hell of a lot of consideration.”

Abraxas looked shocked by the way Hadrian was speaking, he’d known out of everyone Hadrian would give it to him straight. Unfortunately, he hadn’t even thought of half the things Hadrian had just laid on him.

“Today she must have been absolutely petrified of embarrassing you, of showing you up. She wants to like your friends, to like you, to be at least moderately happy in her life. I was the most approachable out of all of you, and that is why she wanted to speak to me, that and probably genuine curiosity over the book. The fact I didn’t snub her, talk down to her or act as if it was a chore to speak to her probably eased her enough that she could talk to someone! She’s a long way from all her friends, she grew up in France, she’s been pulled yet again away from all she knew at her parents behest. Let her find her footing, friends, just…try and see it from her point of view Abraxas, or speak to Lucretia, Dorea, Walburga, at least they’ve been raised strong, and determined to have a say in their lives and not taking shit from any man. It seems Imogen…hasn’t had that opportunity. Listen to what she says and Merlin, try and keep her parents out of it if she gives any indication that she doesn’t want them in her life overly much.”

The door opened interrupted their conversation, and Hadrian noticed Newt sliding away from the corner of his eye. Abraxas straightened completely, masks already in place when the wizard
stepped in, going straight to the toilet stall.

“Just think on it,” Hadrian commented, throwing the towel in the waste basket before ambling out. “Now let’s go, before we’re late for the meal.” Which wouldn’t happen of course, at least not for another hour or so.

They both made their way back to the ball, and it was much easier to get to their seats this time. Everyone was seated, there was no dancing, no people trying to talk to everyone as they all heartily and with great happiness sat down to their meals. Hadrian and Abraxas slid into their seats, noticing that everyone already had their food, and Tom had ordered for him. Abraxas plate was quickly filled with a few spoken words by Abraxas who was still slightly thoughtful and not paying one hundred percent attention to his surroundings.

Hadrian smiled at Tom in silent thanks, digging into his soup, which was the perfect eating temperature. Plucking two rolls from the centre and handing one to Fenrir and one for himself.

“Enjoying yourself?” Hadrian asked, focusing entirely on Tom as he absently ate the admittedly delicious soup, potato and leak, creamy and very nice, the House-elves they used had outdone themselves.

“It has been fruitful so far,” Tom agreed, he’d spent a lot of time observing people and getting to know them, and there were a few he knew would back him if and when he went into politics. “There are quite a lot of Wizengamot members here,”

“Not surprising really, they do have the money and status to get to this thing,” Hadrian conceded. “Myrtle’s going to be absolutely furious with me when I get back to Hogwarts.” Which was only a few days away, the fortnight holiday was nearly over with…and so much had happened.

“Haven’t you written to her?” Aiden asked, slightly surprised, out of everyone not in the group… Myrtle he’d say was Hadrian’s ‘good friend’ maybe even ‘best friend’ it was the sort of friendship that lasted no matter how often they talked or didn’t as the case may be.

“Yeah, I let her know I was alive, after the attack and all that,” Hadrian told Avery, “Haven’t had a chance to actually sit down and write properly though. I did tell her I’d reveal everything when I got back to school after Yule holidays.” He wasn’t surprised Myrtle didn’t have the connections to get invited to this though.

“She’s still going to totally bombarda you over…” Avery went on to say, only to be interrupted, “Mr. Peverell-Slytherin, Sirs! A picture for the Daily Prophet! Smile!” and what felt like a dozens of flashes went off on Hadrian’s face, a feral sort of sneer graced his face momentarily. “I would appreciate it if you actually asked our permission before taking our pictures.”

Not that the reporter and his goon cared, thinking they already had what they wanted.

“Won’t he be disappointed when nothing develops?” Hadrian said with a smug look on his face.

“What do you mean? How could you stop it?” Cygnus asked, his face rosy with drink and merriment. The rest of the Black’s all turned to Hadrian curious as well, as far as they knew, there was no such spell that would stop photo’s from developing.

“A spell,” Hadrian shrugged, it attached itself to the lens and prevented any of the pictures from being taken. Any that were developed – well from now anyway – would be blurry images that were no use to him or anyone.

“Where do you come up with all this? Like seriously?” Lucretia asked in exasperation, “How many
spells have you created? How many potions? And you’ve only been here what a few years? You’re a hell of a spell crafter.” How he would choose a career she did not know.

“Potions, spells and books?” Imogen said, “What career do you see for yourself after you’re finished with your schooling?”

“There’s a lot I want to do,” Hadrian confessed, grateful to see that Abraxas wasn’t annoyed with the fact they were conversing. “I think I’ll be continuing all three…but primarily publishing for now.”

“We have our own publishing company,” Avery stated smugly, “With Hadrian’s book constantly at number one it will flourish,” he’d sank a lot of money into it too, not his parents money, his. Using his trust vault to do so, he was already seeing money coming back.

“You say that like it isn’t already?” Hadrian said wryly, he knew the interest the company was getting better than most. He kept a good eye on all his investments at least once a day to ensure there was no funny business and the Goblins did as well. He’d had others trying to invest in it as well, but Hadrian had no need for others interest or investing in it. “Plus, I have a feeling that another book will wipe me off the number one spot,” he said mysteriously, a small smile playing across his face when he thought of Newt’s book.

“Oh? You’ve been reading manuscripts too?” Dorea asked, curiosity getting the better of her.

“Oh, yes, I had a lot of resting to do,” Hadrian admitted, he had employees who dealt with the day to day running of Avery & Peverell-Slytherin publishing, and so far they were doing a wonderful job. “It’s already accepted, it’s just undergoing editing then it will be published sometime at the end of January beginning of February depending on how long it takes to get agreements on the editing, pictures the front and things like that.”

“It’s difficult to believe you have your own companies, your own employees and you’re both still at Hogwarts.” Imogen admitted, “And a child to take care of,” Fenrir was just adorable.

“We’re emancipated, we aren’t children,” Hadrian commented, shrugging his shoulders dismissively. He didn’t want anyone treating him like one either.

“What are you going to do with Fenrir’s education and wellbeing while you’re both at Hogwarts?” Imogen asked, “If you’re looking for someone to take care of him…I would be more than happy to offer my services!” before realizing she may have spoken out of turn, a quick glance at Abraxas showed her apprehension.

“You don’t need the money…” Abraxas started before pausing, Hadrian’s words ringing in his ears, “But if its something you want to do, I will support you,” it would only be for a short while anyway, because he and Imogen planned on starting their own family.

Imogen startled at that, “Really? You mean that?” ‘and you’re not just saying it in front of your friends’ definitely went heard.

Abraxas placed his hands in hers, “Of course,” he really liked the way her entire face brightened up, and just because he had agreed to let her do something. She was happy, and Abraxas felt a sense of accomplishment. It bolstered his spirits. Maybe he would be able to have conversations with her like she’d had with Hadrian earlier. He blatantly ignored the smirking Hadrian was doing, and more so the smirk spreading across Tom’s face. Honestly, it was like those two could converse mentally all the time. They didn’t even need to talk to each other.
“What do you think Fenrir? Would you like to see Imogen sometimes?” Hadrian asked thoughtfully.

Fenrir just shrugged indifferently, he didn’t care either way. He missed Tom and Hadrian when they were away, but he didn’t mind being on his own. Imogen was nice, she’d paid attention to him, and helped him colour in.

“We’ll discuss it another time?” Hadrian informed Imogen, before they headed back to Hogwarts. Tom had already sifted through tutors for Fenrir, but if they could get someone they actually knew it would be best. Plus, a women might make feel Fenrir more at ease.

“Indeed, tonight is for you,” Imogen said properly, giving him a rare genuine smile.

“Don’t remind me,” Hadrian sighed in exasperation, choosing a main meal for both Fenrir and himself from the menu of what they had on offer. Getting a rib steak meal for Fenrir and himself, the second it appeared it looked mouth-wateringly good. Tom, Hadrian noticed had chosen the same.

“You don’t want to be here? Are you mad?” Abraxas asked, gaping, “You’re…” he couldn’t explain even if he tried.

Hadrian just smirked wryly, “I’m just not into all this schmoozing, this isn’t for us, it’s for the Ministry to show case they have our support…that we are allied, to get more money and inevitable more support themselves.” The Ministry didn’t do anything out of the goodness of their hearts, Hadrian had learned that very early on. With his piece said, he begun to eat his meal with relish.

“But it will give you support as well,” Abraxas pointed out, “Both of you, it will allow you to go far,” and both of them would, of that he had no doubt, it’s why he was following them so ardently.

Tom smirked, “It definitely will,” he commented, and that was why he was here, making connections and planning ahead. He couldn’t wait until he was out of Hogwarts and doing this full time, it was going to be so much fun having everyone eating out of the palm of his hand.

“What’s your new book about, anyway, Hadrian?” Dorea asked, turning her attention back to the table after conversing with Charles for the past ten minutes, who was at the table next to them.

“Actually, it’s about the Celtic celebrations and rituals, and our traditions, to give those Muggle raised a chance to better understand the magical world.” Hadrian informed them, “I used a lot of information from books from the Peverell vault, these books are so rare that Muggle raised students don’t have a chance to read or understand out traditions. If we have any hope of bringing them back…then they must be educated.”

“You should speak to Professor Adage about that,” Alphard spoke, wiping his mouth with his napkin, “Perhaps even Professor Binn’s, that way it would be compulsory to learn,” that would ensure they all learned about it.

“Dippet would allow it, I can’t see him saying no,” Cygnus agreed, he seemed to have a soft spot for both Tom and Hadrian. “I had no idea you were even writing about something like that, I would have liked to have offered my own input.”
“No, it’s a neutral view, I tried not to put my own personal feelings anywhere near it,” Hadrian shook his head, “Plain enough that they will understand our ways without any influence. They get to decide whether they would like to perform the rituals and we might be able to bring them back mainstream.”

“It would be amazing,” Dolohov agreed wholeheartedly, vividly remembering his passionate speech on the train. “Did you go about explaining why it faded from the mainstream?”

“Yes,” Hadrian nodded, but the fact remained the Muggles kept a better record of their history than the magical world. Slightly surprised by Dolohov’s warm-ish nature. Normally, Dolohov could barely stand him in all honesty. Was it the drink? The win? The popularity? The camaraderie? Or perhaps a combination of all these things. Or was it his turn to pull an Carrow and an Avery, it had taken those two aforementioned wizards, a very, very long time to get on with him. Hadrian wasn’t sure if it was jealousy, spite or just genuine dislike, but Carrow and Avery had not liked him, admittedly Carrow’s dislike didn’t extend to trying to kill him like Aiden had tried to do. Dolohov since integrating into the group had…set Hadrian on edge. He put up with it, knowing he wasn’t going to always like all of them.

“When you plan to publish this one?” Walburga asked, wiping her mouth and placing her used cutlery on the plate in a specific pattern.

Hadrian finished swallowing his own food before he spoke, “At least a month, perhaps less, everything is all set, they just need to be published.”

“I don’t suppose you’ll give us a signed early copy?” Walburga asked, a hopeful look on her face.

Hadrian scoffed a little, rolling his eyes, “That doesn’t work on me,” he informed her, pointing his knife along with his hand at her, which was rude. Especially not considering he’d seen her a shrieking old nasty hag of a woman. “I’ve made it so that ten are sent to the authors, more than that they have to ask, so I will probably get that ten as well. I might send out one or two, might,” he wasn’t going to promise them something and then not go through with it.

Glancing and nodding when he noticed that Fenrir needed the toilet yet again, and was asking Tom to take him. “Whiskey?” he mouthed to Tom, who nodded in turn, Hadrian was quick to order two butterbeers, a shot of firewhisky and a normal glass of whiskey for Tom with ice. He spelled the glasses so that if anything – or anyone – went anywhere near them he’d know.

“Did you dress him?” Lucretia asked, watching Tom and Fenrir leave the room, rubbing her temples, the music was beginning to give her a little headache. That and the drinking she’d been doing, just because they wouldn’t serve her…didn’t mean that they didn’t find alternative ways to have a drink.

“I bought it, yes,” Hadrian said wryly, eyeing her with amusement, “Thinking of having one?”

“No,” Lucretia declared stiffly, to the surprise of everyone except Hadrian, Dorea and Walburga the boys looked aghast.

“You can have a career and be a mother, Luc, being a mother isn’t…a weakness, isn’t pathetic because it’s ‘expected of you’ unless…you think that of me and Tom?” Hadrian asked, green eye gleaming with power and ferocity.

Lucretia startled at the nickname, nobody outside of her immediate family (which was a large family) ever gave her a nickname before. It was also very rarely used, they’d been raised ‘proper’ which meant manners had been drummed into them from a very, very young age. Lucretia said
nothing to Hadrian, merely frowned as she ordered herself her dessert.

“It’s right after dessert they begin giving out the medals isn’t it not?” Hadrian asked, stifling a yawn, moving closer when he was asked kindly for a photo, by Marion, the woman and her partner, who had previously came to Peverell manor for an interview in the past. The three smiled for the picture, spoke for a bit before she moved on to take pictures of everyone.

“They said at least fifteen-twenty minutes after dessert,” Tom corrected Hadrian as he sipped his whiskey, ignoring the jealous looks coming off his ‘friends’, who were still very much underage and couldn’t be seen just outright drinking, no they had to be sneaky. Mostly getting older siblings to help them through bribery or blackmail.

“Think they’re going to be able to walk in a straight line to go up on stage?” Hadrian waved his hand towards them, and they paled drastically, they hadn’t thought of that, if they showed up their parents…they would never hear the end of it.

“Crap,” croaked Alphard, shuddering at the mere thought of his parents turning their ire upon him after being proud of him just moments before.

“Here, sober up, at least for a little bit, and for Merlin’s sake, eat something, a mint, your breath smells of alcohol.” Hadrian chortled, handing each of them a sober-up draught. It was very similar to the Pepper-Up draught, just with a little something extra, a kick, that a Pepper-Up didn’t have. He handed one to Tom as well, even through he’d only had three fire whiskey’s in total, it was more than they’d normally drink. There was a time and a place to get your’re used to alcohol but it wasn’t today.

“Pot, Kettle, Black,” Dolohov uttered, shaking his head.

After consuming the draught they ate their dessert as they became a lot more alert. Tom drifted two tables down, speaking to a few others Hadrian wasn’t familiar with. Fenrir remained by his side during that time, with a set of Rune domino’s to play with, and Hadrian did play with him while keeping up and adding his own thoughts into the conversations.

That was until a ‘Sonorous’ had everyone turning to the stage, it was time. Hadrian drowned out the majority of the speech, which rehashed everything that had happened. How they were horrifically ‘ambushed’ and if it hadn’t been for Hadrian’s quick reflexes they would have all perished in the explosion. Turning Grindelwald’s death into a love story of the ages. How Tom had reacted to save the ‘love of his life’ quite honestly, Tom and Hadrian had to refrain from gagging at the way they said it. Fortunately, they kept a straight face, for that was how they wanted the world to see them. It wasn’t far from the truth though, they would kill for each other.

“Without more ado, I’d like to welcome to the stage…” the Minister begun, accepting one of the medals from his undersecretary. “Aiden Avery,” beginning the process of awarding them the Order of Merlin medal first class to those who had ended Grindelwald’s reign at near personal cost.

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It took me two days to read through my own story just to make sure I’ve not mentioned Abraxas' intended's name LMAO! >.< TWO WHOLE DAYS!! the shock lol but I shan't need to do it again, I've made sure to document absolutely EVERYTHING that might need to be saved :) I will be doing that with The Contract as well, I've not put anywhere near enough info into the document/summary I have of the story...too eager to update that I forget to write down anything
and everything lol!

So do you want to see them getting their medals in the next chapter or will it be back to Hogwarts for them in the next one? It’s already over 10K words so I wanted to get it posted 😊 I also want to introduce Aiden Avery’s sister (Barty Crouch’s mother) into the story soon too! What do you think those who have little titbits of the future by Hadrian will think? Hmm, I think Molly Weasley will be born in about four years…or so but once this arc is over with the next will be during the birth of the next generation! Will they make Hadrian the godfather of many of their offspring? Will Tom become Minister of magic and Head of the wizengamot in his time? Will Hadrian become a teacher or will he merely continue to write books for now? Mpreg, yes or no last chance cus if I do have them going forward in time it would be during this arc that it happened I reckon! R&R PLEASE!

Do you think it should be second class to the other Slytherins and only first class to Tom and Hadrian? Hmmm...
Chapter 88

Lord Of Time

Chapter 88

Aiden Avery straightened his robes subtly as he stood, tall and regal like all pureblood’s as he made his way through the crowd and taking the two steps until he was on the platform, and standing in front of the Minister for Magic. An explosion of pictures were taken, causing lights to flash over a dozen times simultaneously, “The Ministry thanks you for your actions and sacrifice,” Spencer-Moon said smoothly, placing the medal on the teen’s lapel, before they shook hands and turned to face the crowd, before the Minister took a step back, allowing Aiden to speak to the room, as all participants would do.

“Firstly I want to thank you all for coming here tonight to help me celebrate what will probably be one of my greatest achievements of my life,” Aiden said, grinning at the crowd, annoyed by all the flashing lightbulbs but paying no attention to it and the laugh he elicited, damn Hadrian had been right. He’d worked with Hadrian and Tom in how to draw the crowd in, to say the right things, even his parents hadn’t heard his speech despite their asking him. “Although, truthfully, I don’t believe I really deserve it, I was only doing what any one of us would have done. The right thing, at the time I wasn’t thinking of medals or celebratory parties, I was just trying to survive. To help my friends survive the assault.” Placing his hand close to the medal, as he spoke absently. Pausing to allow room for the aww’s and cooing that had come up at his words. He didn’t need to look over at his friends to know they were hiding the incredulity at his words, not everyone ‘would have done it’ and they know it as well as he.

“It was a team effort, from all of us, and I am proud of my friends, they deserve it, and thank you again. I will wear this with pride.” He finished, they’d been asked to keep their speech short, with so many recipients, having over ten people giving speeches could potentially take all night. Forty-five seconds was the time they’d been given for their speech length.

Another handshake with the Minister of magic, he was then gestured to leave the platform using the other side. Which he did, fighting to keep the smug smirk appearing on his face. That could come later, when he returned home…depending on what they were doing later, nothing had been discussed.

His smile become a little more genuine when he saw his sister standing and clapping for him. A look of pride on her face, all for him, she gave him a thumbs up, regardless of the disapproval on their parents faces.

“Next I’d like to call to the stage the next recipient for the Order of Merlin first class…” Spencer-Moon said, pausing for dramatic effect, “Antonin Dolohov,”

“Evidently not doing it by alphabetical order,” Hadrian mused as he applauded politely.

Antonin stood, and made the same path as Aiden, allowing the Minister to place the medal upon his lapel, his crisp clean black robes and shiny gold medal clearly seen by all. He allowed a small smile to appear on his face as he shook hands and faced the crowd.

“Hello, thank you all so much for coming to mark this day with me and my friends and family it’s pretty overwhelming.” Dolohov said, clearing his throat, “It means a great deal to us all, we Slytherins tend to get a bad name sometimes…so this…this is an opportunity for everyone to see
that we are just like everyone else…I accept this award and hope there is less prejudice with it. Thank you.” With that Antonin shook the Minister’s hand and with more purpose than Aiden Antonin stalked back towards his seat, head held high, almost defiantly.

The cheering and applause was almost deafening, the moment Antonin sat down, it was a relief, he was beginning to feel a little shaky.

“He has no idea,” Hadrian murmured quietly to Tom, he and Tom were the only ones who realized just how bad the prejudice could have gotten in future.

Tom hummed, giving a single nod in agreement, as Fenrir coloured in yet again between them, half a glass of butterbeer wedged between his legs, and a large straw sticking out his mouth as he absentely sucked on the brew with glee, he liked it very much. He seemed oblivious to everyone else, despite the knowledge it must be harsh on his ears.

“Next I’d like to call to the stage the next recipient for the Order of Merlin first class…” Spencer-Moon said, pausing a little less for dramatic effect, getting the show on the road, “Orion Black,”

The applause that came from the entire Black family was thunderous to say the least. All of them were there to celebrate the families achievement. Six Black’s awarded Order of Merlin first class, you’re damn right they were proud. Near all of them still in Hogwarts with the exception of one, who had only been out of Hogwarts for a bit. It boded well for their future and yes, they were feeling rather smug. It included extended family and soon-to-be family as well.

Orion as the next Lord of the Black estate, would one day be in charge of the entire Black family and all it represented. Him getting an Order of Merlin first class, well, it just meant he was going to do a very good job, Arcturus couldn’t be more proud of his family if he tried. Except when he got to hold his first grandchild in his arms, the next heir for the Black family he imagined.

“We stood and fought, and would have stood and fought further without withdrawal. We stood and fought for the betterment of our society, for our freedom and peace. A lot of us in the past, such as Merlin himself, chose a path full of hazards, but our characters and courage as a nation heralded his triumph. The cost of freedom is always high, and the French paid for that freedom with the lives of their own. However, I believe that they too would never surrender or submit. They will never be forgotten, so with that I accept this medal with great honour and remember the fallen who have laid the path here to this day, to freedom and peace.”

If anything Orion’s speech caused even greater reception as every single person rose to their feet and applauded.

“Okay, that was a good one,” Aiden agreed, admiring the speech, it was much better than his own fumbling one. Next to Orion’s his and Antonin’s sounded like that of a five year old. Maybe they should have asked their parents, because damn everyone was definitely going to remember that speech.

“Definitely,” Hadrian agreed, as he claimed his seat once more.

“Next I’d like to call to the stage the next recipient for the Order of Merlin first class…Alphard Black,” Spencer Moon, called out, pride exuding from him as he watched the next generation become even greater then the generation before them.

“Now this should be good, he has a way with words,” Tom said grudgingly, not as good as he and Hadrian of course, but in his view nobody was as good as them.
“Too nervous, he doesn’t like attention on him and he wasn’t trained to be under pressure, that’s all on Orion.” Hadrian disagreed, Alphard was definitely the quietest of all Black’s, and one of the fondest Hadrian felt for, only because he had helped Sirius, his nephew, by giving him the funds to get a flat and such, upon his death, only to be blasted from the family tree by an irate Walburga or Orion. Perhaps both.

“I don’t know he did wonderfully during debates in class,” Walburga said, “I think it gave him confidence, it’s a lot worse debating with friends and family than giving a speech in front of primarily strangers.” Which this hall was by the way, made up of distant acquaintances they all knew because of their family. Of course, family was there too, but their father/uncle/head of their family.

“We’re about to find out,” Hadrian said thoughtfully, watching Alphard turn to face the crowd, they all looked alike, all the Black’s and surprisingly it wasn’t painful to see, he’d always be fond of Sirius, but that was a different life, a different time, Sirius Black wouldn’t be the same person he knew.

“I wish to thank each and every one of you here tonight, for your time. I also wish to thank the Aurors who worked tirelessly and often time thanklessly in order to fight Grindelwald’s tyranny. The war with Grindelwald might not have touched Britain as much as the other countries, but that time had been coming with haste like a looming shadow threatening us all. We have endured…difficult decisions, pain, loss and fear but as always Britain does not surrender to its foes, we fight, fight for our freedom and the righteousness. I will accept this medal in their honour, also my own honour, and we will continue to fight against tyranny of any kind.”

“Nicely done,” Hadrian admitted, cheering along with the others, that had been a good speech, that class truly had helped Alphard come along. Alphard had never agreed with the dark side, from what he knew, he’d been indifferent to it all. Which was why it had been a surprise when Alphard began spending more and more time with them.

Hadrian failed to realize just how much he’d turned everything on it’s head. With his arrival at Hogwarts and his continued presence by Tom’s side.

“Told you,” Walburga said smugly, cheering on Alphard loudly, uncaring about the glances she received from her Aunt, Uncle and parents. He deserved to know how proud of him she was.

“You did,” Hadrian agreed, grinning widely, happy to see her so…buoyant, even Abraxas’ fiancée was cheering for Alphard with a smile on her face genuinely looking happy for them. They needed this, Hadrian realized, after spending so much time fearing the worst, fearing an invasion…it must be good to be able to let your hair down. They didn’t have his advantages, didn’t know what he did, that Grindelwald never makes it as far as Britain, never touches Hogwarts or all within Britain herself. Didn’t know that he’d been destined to spend what was left of his life in the prison he’d created for his own enemies. Not anymore, no, instead he was six foot under…if he’d been buried that is, who knows? He may have just been set ablaze. He did have a relative after all, a great aunt, she might, just might admit to it if she had any feelings left towards the wizard.

“Next I’d like to call to the stage the next recipient for the Order of Merlin first class…Cygnus Black,” Spencer Moon, called out, after picking up the next medal already well aware of everyone he was to present medals to.

Cygnus unlike the others positively swaggered up to the stage with an air of arrogant pureblood and Black pride. Something of which all Black’s had in abundance, he was nonetheless humbly accepting the medal and manfully shaking the Minister’s hand with the grace of a man, which he was and nodding once.
“What can I say that hasn’t already been said?” Cygnus said with a rueful grin, “I stand here before you simply by sheer dumb luck as a good friend likes to say. We were attacked viciously and without mercy while enjoying our Yule holidays. We were indeed lucky to survive, and I am grateful to be able to stand up here today and say this. Thank you for this wonderful honour, I am proud of the resourcefulness and dedication we carried out and put a stop to this monster who was terrorising the entire world with his actions. His mistake was going after Hadrian, and he paid for that, and now we can celebrate our freedom and refusal to bow down to his dictatorship.”

Hadrian laughed as he applauded, sheer dumb luck, yes, it was a favourite saying of his when he survived something that others might not have. Starting all the way back to Minerva McGonagall when he was eleven years old in another time. To hear Cygnus Black say it though…well, who could blame him for laughing?

Tom rolled his eyes, but the fondness was there as he gazed at his husband.

“I’d like to call to the stage the next recipient for the Order of Merlin first class…Abraxas Malfoy,” the Minister called out, applauding with everyone else as Abraxas made his way up after kissing his betrothed on the hand, causing Imogen to flush beautifully and beam at Abraxas as if he hung the moon and the stars even if she was somewhat confused by his openness and the way he had been with her tonight. It was different, something she wasn’t used to from their luncheons and dates they’d had so far.

Hadrian watched the scene, vividly reminded of Lucius and Draco. They were all so alike that it was quite frankly scary sometimes. They were almost like clones of each other, especially now as Abraxas was growing his hair, the blonde tresses getting longer each time Hadrian saw him. He had no trouble seeing Abraxas’ parents either, who were radiating smugness from where they sat with the other parents. Well, they were entitled he supposed, this once, to be smug. Their son had just won and Order of Merlin first class, they weren’t just handed out like sweets. And frankly? This was the biggest group ever actually awarded the first class simultaneously.

“Thank you all so much for coming tonight to help us celebrate this momentous occasion. Not just for us but for everyone around the world who can now relax and resume a normal life without fear of being attacked at given moment.” Abraxas said his dulcet tone drawing them in. “I’d like to thank my parents, friends and more importantly my fiancée for their support in what has been quite a trying week.” Laying it on a little thick, but he was trying to refrain from making his speech all about him, despite the fact he did indeed just win an Order of Merlin for goodness sake. “However, we are all British and what we do is carry on. Which is exactly what we will all do, carry on.”

The applause wasn’t as loud, but it was not ‘subdued’ just less…enthusiastic. Abraxas didn’t seem to mind, he merely shook the Minister’s hand and made his way back to his seat.

Fenrir tugged at Hadrian’s robes yet again, as he put the empty butterbeer flagon back on the table. “I need to pee!” he whispered squirming in his seat.

“Alright, come on then,” he said, hopefully he wasn’t about to be called upon.

“I can take him?” Imogen offered, somewhat unsurely, not sure of the protocol she hadn’t been around children often, well, more accurately someone that wasn’t a baby. Did she take him to the girls toilets or did she take him into the boys?

“It’s fine,” Hadrian said, giving her a reassuring smile, thankful for the offer, but he did want to stretch his legs and if he heard any more speeches he was going to die of boredom. Although, admittedly, some of them had been very tastefully done.
Giving Tom and everyone else a nod, he eased Fenrir out of his seat and put the boy—who was gaining a serious amount of weight lately—on his hip and guided them both out of the grand hall, ignoring the looks he was getting from people—until they realized who he was—for leaving the hall during the speeches.

When they were leaving the toilets they bumped into the Dolohov’s or rather Hadrian swept forward and prevented Lady Dolohov from falling to the floor. Her face a mask of intolerable pain, but her mouth remained firmly shut despite the fact she surely wanted to cry out in agony. “Are you okay, ma’am?” Hadrian asked, allowing her husband to ease her up, into standing position again.

“I’m fine, my apologies,” Temperance said, “Just a little tumble,” trying to wave it off with an air of grace.

“No, you’re in pain,” Hadrian said, glancing at Dolohov as if suspecting he was the cause of it. “Do you require a pain relief? I have brought some with me?”

“They no longer work,” Lord Dolohov insisted, a dark look of anger on his face.

“What caused the pain?” Hadrian asked, his voice quiet and soothing, a probing look on his face.

“The blasted Aurors is what happened,” face red in anger, it was their fault, he didn’t care about the compensation she’d received. He calmed slightly when he felt his wife’s hand on his back and rubbing soothingly.

“It was an unfortunate accident, I was lucky not to be paralysed, I was hit with a severing charm by the Aurors in the back. Just wrong place wrong time scenario, returning from our honeymoon.” She explained to Hadrian, not sure why she was, but everyone already knew this, it wasn’t a secret.

“Nerve damage?” Hadrian asked in understanding, a thoughtful look on his face.

Surprise flickered through Temperance Dolohov’s face, “Why, yes,” she murmured, surprised that the boy understood.

“And none of the potions work?” Hadrian then queried.

“No,” Lord Dolohov insisted gruffly, “Now if you’ll excuse me, do enjoy the rest of your evening.” He wanted to get his wife in bed and as comfortable as he could make her.

“Wait,” Hadrian said quickly, his hand disappearing into his cloak pocket, and pulling out a bag, which he then unfurled to reveal an assortment of potions and salves that he’d made, which definitely weren’t all from this time. “This will help her, massage it onto her back four times a day, until the tub is finished.”

“What is it?” Dolohov asked suspiciously, not in a ‘you’ll kill my wife’ kind of way but leery of accepting something he didn’t know.

“A salve that will sink into her skin and kill the pain, it has phoenix tears in it, very potent and it should help in fact the pain should lessen considerably…even permanently.” Hadrian informed him seriously, not at all offended, before he went on to explain what other ingredients were in the salve just in case Lady Dolohov was allergic to anything. The list wasn’t all that long, but he rushed it nonetheless, Fenrir was beginning to get impatient.

Dolohov relaxed and a hopeful gleam entered his eye before it was covered up. “How much?” he grunted out, assuming he was doing it for the money.
Hadrian just shook his head, “Good luck, I hope you feel better soon,” was all he said with kindness towards Temperance before he added a quick, “Goodbye!” and he once again lifted Fenrir up.

It was about fifteen minutes later, when he returned, Hadrian realized that Mulciber and Rosier had already given their speeches and gotten their Order of Merlin’s. That Dorea was missing from the table, and one glance showed that she was shaking hands with the Minister, ready to give her speech.

Getting Fenrir comfortable and settled once again, very proud of him and his patience. He had been so well behaved tonight that Hadrian couldn’t help it, he was so overwhelmingly proud of him. Merlin, thank goodness they had found him when they did, otherwise it might have already been too late for him. lightly adjusting his hair, Hadrian absently kissed him on the head, before leaning back ready to listen, tonight hadn’t been so bad actually, he’d been fearing it would be much worse.

Arching a brow, Tom wondered why Hadrian had been so long, but Hadrian just shook his head, he’d explain later.

Tuning in to listen to the speech.

“It’s my greatest pleasure in accepting this award, thanks to everyone who worked hard to end the threat that was Grindelwald and his followers. I’d like to say it was luck that we survived, but it wasn’t, it was the work of everyone, my friends, my family and more importantly Newton and Theseus Scamander who’s timely intervention allowed us to get our bearings in order to fight. Thank you to the tutors my parents hired that allowed me to be able to fight alongside my cousin and brothers as equals, it was thanks to them that I was able to fight alongside them and be as ferocious as any wizard. A special thank you to Charles Potter who also encouraged me to continue with these lessons during the summer holidays.” She added standing tall and proud, ignoring the whispers that had begun at her words.

“Woah,” Hadrian said, eyes widening at the words, he hadn’t expected that at all. She was finally coming out as dating Charles Potter. He shot a quick glance at the Black reactions, seeing them all baffled was better than angry he guessed.

“What the hell was that all about?”

“How the hell does she know Potter?”

“I think it’s about high time we spoke to him don’t you?” Orion said with deceptive mildness, eyes boring into Charles Potter who was unaware of the protective fury radiating from Orion.

“If you want to risk her wrath, go right ahead,” Hadrian said sniggering with a wicked grin on his face, “She’ll make sure you can’t have kids,”

Orion paled at the threat, crossing his legs, “Maybe…another time,” he muttered, “I’m sure father will deal with it.” hiding behind his dad.

“I can’t believe I’m defending him,” Hadrian said in amusement, Charles Potter was very, very light orientated. Did not believe in the use of dark magic, and had very prejudice and narrowminded views that he was definitely going to pass down to James Potter. He wondered why Dorea endured it, allowed her son to besmirch the house she came from and all she represented. She was a Slytherin and proud of that fact, she was a Black and her core was easier suited for Dark magic. It was just the way of the world. Then again they struggle for years to have James if he recalled
correctly, he honestly didn’t know, so much conflicting information he couldn’t begin to wade out
the truth to rumours even about his own family.

‘Worried?’ Tom arched a brow, speaking through the bond they shared. What would happen if
Dorea and Charles did not get together? History would be changed, Hadrian’s history specifically,
but as MOD and someone completely different he wasn’t Harry James Potter anymore. He was
Hadrian Peverell, and surely nothing could happen even if things were changing enough that he
wasn’t born in this timeline. Hadrian had changed it the moment he appeared in Diagon Alley that
day, altered the future all he knew disappeared with it.

‘I always worry about things like that’ Hadrian revealed honestly, he felt responsible, but he was
learning to let go a little, be less worried.

‘I know’ Tom answered, watching Walburga accept her medal next, the normally blank faced
witch was beaming in sheer delight. She should be delighted, the list of witches who had won this
award was low, Lucretia, Walburga and Dorea were probably what…fourteen, fifteen and sixteenth
on the list. Something he had to admit he was surprised by, given some of the things witches had
done for the magical world, including inventing Floo Networking, for which that had won the
witch an award, he couldn’t quite remember her name.

“When I received the letter inviting me to this celebration, a celebration to award me an Order of
Merlin I was very surprised, in fact I almost fainted,” Walburga admitted, causing a light-hearted
laugh to go around, “Neither my cousin or aunt ever expected to be the recipient of such an
outstanding award, to have our contributions noticed. A lovely surprised to be sure, and one I will
always remember. I never woke up and expected or even dreamed of such an award being gifted,
neither before or after the fight, you’ll never know how much this means to me, so on behalf of
myself and my friends and family, from the bottom of my heart, thank you.”

Harry was amongst the first to stand and applaud, once again, as he often did with every interaction
with Walburga, wonder how she turned from how she was to the damn portrait left to hang in
Grimmauld Place. He genuinely liked her, and couldn’t see how Sirius could think she was nothing
but an ‘old hag’ and constantly worried that something could happen to her in future. Something
that changed her, but oftentimes he came back to grief, grief did a number on anyone. Losing her
husband, her son and her other son, the Black heir who should have been Lord Black…fleeing as if
the grim was on his tail as soon as he could.

“I’d like to call to the stage the next recipient for the Order of Merlin first class…Lucretia Black,”
the Minister called out, grateful that they were still Black’s otherwise he would have been a little
lost on their names, they were all betrothed if he recalled correctly, and would soon be married and
joining other families.

“Are you returning home after you receive your medal?” Aiden asked, his gaze on Hadrian. He
knew very well that Hadrian would look for the quickest escape route as soon as possible.

“Probably,” Hadrian said, “It’s getting late and well past this wee man’s bed time,” his hand
 carding through Fenrir’s brown hair.

“Right, just because it’s his bed time,” Aiden teased him, a rueful grin on his face, Hadrian loathed
being in the public eye.

“Of course,” Hadrian said blinking his green eyes innocently, “Who’d want to miss all this?”

Everyone at the table snorted, the shocking thing was Hadrian actually sounded like he meant it.
When they all actually knew he’d rather already be at home, although to be fair, they were all
looking forward to hearing his speech, no doubt he’d leave them all stunned. If they thought Alphard had a way with words or Orion…nobody came close to Hadrian. He could make you feel like shit without actually being nasty about it and bolster your spirits like nothing else. It depended on which way he went, and how he was feeling this particular day.

“She’s up,” Alphard said, quieting the entire table, as they all turned to stare at the resplendent vision Lucretia Black made all dressed up for the night. Her betrothed was staring at her starry eyed, clearly aware of how lucky he was to have her in his life.

Ignatius Prewett was so gone on his wife-to-be that was clear to see. The Prewett’s Hadrian realized, had money and connections. What had happened to those connections and money? Then again Ignatius wasn’t the firstborn, he didn’t gain control of the estate, so whatever happened couldn’t be courtesy of him. Ignatius was going to be the Uncle of Molly Weasley and the three other kids they had, Bilius, Gideon and Fabian. His eyes widened when he recognized a young woman at the table, well young-ish certainly a lot younger when he saw her last. Muriel, Molly’s great aunt. Bloody hell was that a smile she had on her face? A big difference to the scowling sour thing she was in future.

“Good evening everyone, I hope you’ve all enjoyed tonight, for it’s not just for one but all. I think it’s safe to say I never envisioned myself standing here with such a prestigious medal being presented to me. I have never felt such an intense passion at receiving any awards or accolades for that matter. however, let me tell you it is not just my sole effort that has brought me here tonight. A great thank you to my tutor Samuel Flint and Tara Wentworth for their dedication in making me be the best I can be. They and Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin saw a talent in me that even I couldn’t see in myself.” Lucretia explained, “Not just them but my family too, everyone needs families and mentors and I’m very fortunate to have mine guiding me at such a young age. Let this be a guide to every witch looking to change the world, its not over unless you want it to be, and a true example of this is me, standing right here, in front of you. Thank you very much!”

“That was quite demure for her,” Orion acknowledged, as he stood, yet again, cheering for her, they’d expected more power to witches speech than what just happened. “Mom has been spending a lot of time talking to her though,” the near loss had frightened their mother something fierce. Melania Black was a force to be reckoned with when she was worked up.

“And Arcturus,” Walburga pointed out, as she drank from her spiked butterbeer, now that speeches were out the way, they could enjoy themselves a little more. Cygnus had gotten the shot of whiskey for her.

“Yeah,” Orion agreed, with his betrothed, who sidled close together while they stood and applauded until Lucretia re-joined them again, Cygnus slyly giving her the whiskey imbued butterbeer with a wink when she returned.

Lucretia grinned and gleefully accepted it, before they all sat down again.

“Four Galleons Tom’s called first,” Alphard suggested, a sly smirk on his face, that was very reminiscent of Sirius Black.

“Nope, definitely me,” Hadrian disagreed, “The Ministry will see his contribution as the best, so yeah, definitely last and they’ll probably add more to the speech.”

Everyone automatically looked to the Minister, waiting to see which one would be the winner of the bet.

“The next recipient of the Order of Merlin first class…Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin,” the Minister
called out, taking the medal from its box, when the assistant opened it for him.

“Damn it,” Alphard groused, almost pouting, almost, it was a near thing.

“I’ll be back for it,” Hadrian said smugly, running his hand through Fenrir’s hair before he stood up, making his own way to the podium. Nothing in his body language suggested he was unhappy or annoyed by this display, but Tom could feel how Hadrian felt. He hated the spot light so enormously that usually Tom found it hilarious. He believed it was just past experience that made him that way. That in time he’d get used to it, but he was beginning to think that wasn’t true either.

The Minister however, broadcasted a little bit of discomfort, probably due to the reminder of the conversation they had at the beginning of the evening. He was far from a stupid wizard, he knew that the Peverell-Slytherin’s had the ability to make his life a living hell should they have the desire to do so. They not only had the money but the political backing of the entire pureblood population. Everyone was going out their way to try and speak to the Peverell-Slytherins this evening, their table had been overwhelmed with people clamouring.

“Good evening, everyone,” Hadrian said, facing the crowd, nothing revealing his general dictate. “Thank you all for coming tonight. The support we have received from you all has been awe-inspiring. It’s times like these that we must band together, whether we are human or the creatures you so deride and pretend to better than. It only causes strife, tension and inevitably wars. Let what happened a week ago be words of warning to anyone wishing to pick up where Grindelwald took off, we will not stand for it. There will always be someone strong enough to stand up against such reckless hate. Always someone strong enough to do what must be done. As a poet so accurate said, to be human is to err; to forgive, divine. We must forgive those who seek to destroy what we’ve built, we are all only human, that is not to say we forget, learn from past mistakes and make a bright, bright future. A future for all of us, this current generation and the next and the next after that let the past go, let prejudice and old belief’s go. Thank you.”

With that Hadrian stepped down, giving a nod to the crowd before making his way to his seat. Kissing Fenrir on the forehead and giving Tom’s shoulder a squeeze as he claimed his seat. The applause was still going strong, ironically, Hadrian didn’t believe they would take what he said to heart. They’d try though, he’d give them that.

“Last but no means least, I’d like to call up Tom Peverell-Slytherin, who’s dedication and aid has ended this war before it reached our shores, and prevented countless deaths,” Spencer-moon declared, “And we owe him more than we can repay, Tom Peverell-Slytherin everyone!”

Hadrian grinned at Alphard, “Told you,” he said smugly, he might be in a different time but they were all the same. The Ministry was trying to gain their favour in order to bolster the public image of them.

Alphard grumbled, but grudgingly handed over the gold coins, it was no skin of his nose really, he had more money. He was a Black he just didn’t like being proven wrong. They should all know better than that by now, not to bet when it came to Hadrian. He had a canny ability to be right, constantly.

Harry turned his attention back to Tom, watching him walk towards the platform, tall and proud his commanding presence out in full force. Tom had been writing his speech since they received word that they’d be getting this party in order to prepare. Although, he had no idea what Tom intended to say. Tom had been working on it while he read through the dozens of manuscripts he’d had sent to himself and sleeping while he recuperated. One of them had been Scamander’s, and despite having read it before, Hadrian had re-read it and enjoyed it just the same. Suggesting a name change and giving him more than he knew any other publishing company would give to a newcomer, only
because he knew how just popular it would be, it would send his company higher up the food chain, he knew the amount of money that book would continue to bring in. Worth whatever he had to pay.

Tom had his masks up in full force, playing the humbled but charming teenager that he used most frequently at Hogwarts. Accepting the Order of Merlin graciously, and seriously, even from here, unable to hear what Tom and Spencer-moon was saying, the Minister had that starry eyed look on his face that was constantly associated with anyone Tom talks to for any length of time and with purpose.

“Thank you all so much for coming to help celebrate our accomplishments this evening. A few years ago, I could never have imagined that I’d be standing here before you the recipient of such a prestigious award. This will always be a cherished memory, however, the marriage to my husband definitely is my most defining moment, although this will remain close to my heart.” Tom said, sounding awed and humbled, an award-winning smile gracing his features. Possessively reminding everyone that Hadrian was his, and very much taken.

The women in the crowed ‘awwed’ over the words as if he had said something adorable and cute. Quite a few of the wizards all seemed deeply amused, guessing accurately the real reason behind the words. Especially his friends and Hadrian himself just barely, barely refrained from snorting.

“It was as it’s been stated, a group effort, and I wish to thank each of them for their actions that day, that proudly enabled us to end the Dark Lord Grindelwald’s reign of terror. I’d also like to thank my professors at Hogwarts for the passion they show for their subjects, especially Professor Merrythought, our DADA teacher who’s passionate speech from our first class heralded my own love of Defence against the Dark Arts. And a special thanks to my Head of House, Horace Slughorn for his dedication in making sure each of us were more than performing adequately at our subjects and believing in us.”

Hadrian looked around, lips twitching, Tom had them all eating out of the palm of his hands. Making his speech not about him, Merlin it had to be killing him, there was no doubt he wanted to discuss his own accomplishments but knew he couldn’t if he wanted to come across in a certain way. Image was everything to Tom, at least his public image anyway.

“Also I’d like to thank my husband, who I would not be standing here today without,” Tom said, dark eyes gleaming, a world of secrets behind those eyes, secrets that only Hadrian and Tom shared.

Hadrian pursed his lips barely able to refrain from guffawing, now that was probably the closest thing to the truth Tom had said this evening.

“Thank you,” Tom added, to the crowd and the group cheered and the others begun to applaud, Tom shook the Ministers hand before making his way back to the group. Horace Slughorn applauded the loudest, proudly boasting that ‘Tom’ was his favourite student, and the smartest that had walked the halls in a few generations. They could hear him from here without any difficulty.

Tom just seemed amused by the words, as he claimed his seat, interlocking his fingers with Hadrian. ‘I did mean that’ he said mentally to Hadrian, he wouldn’t be here without him, and he owed him everything.

‘You don’t need to thank me, Tom, you were capable of all this on your own. You are so smart, so dedicated, and so very powerful. Just a little impatient, the Horcruxes added to the madness…I’m glad I was able to save you from your impulsiveness. This though…this you were always capable of. You were made for this, everyone else who follows you can see the greatness in you,’ Hadrian
said with pride and love shining through his green eyes, pressing a kiss to Tom’s hand. ‘Now you can give me the speech you probably wanted later tonight, how about it?’ knowing without a doubt Tom will have written two, one he wanted to say the other he knew he would.

Tom gazed at Hadrian, still surprised by how well he knew him sometimes. ‘As long as we’re naked’ Tom suddenly declared causing Hadrian to choke on the butterbeer he was just taking a sip off.

Hadrian narrowed his eyes, ‘I’ll get you back for that’ knowing he’d done it on purpose, their bond made any real attempts useless to say the least.

‘I’d like to see you try’ Tom said smugly, tonight had went splendidly, and it wasn’t over yet. There were still a few people who he hadn’t spoken to tonight.

With the speeches over, Dorea was gestured over by her Head of house, her brother. No doubt there would be ramifications over her words about Charles Potter. Dorea didn’t wilt over the gesture, just straightened her spine and made her way over to her brother after excusing herself from the table.

“Will she be alright?” Imogen asked, watching the witch leave worry prevalent.

“She’ll be just fine,” Hadrian insisted, watching her closely, she was very worried, and it showed just what her own life with her parents had been like without any discussions. “Thank you for coming this evening, it was great to finally meet you, don’t be afraid of making friends.”

“It was wonderful!” Imogen burst out, a big smile on her face, “So much fun! I’m glad I got to meet everyone.” And that it went smoothly, she’d been terrified of messing up. Abraxas had been different tonight, more talkative and he’d even let her offer to babysit Fenrir! She’d offered without thought and he’d agreed! She hoped he hadn’t just said that because of his friends, but Abraxas had never once refrained from giving his opinion when he felt it was merited in public or privacy, not that they had met in private overly much, they always had a chaperone. Which was usually her father, which did put a dampener on the evening. Since this was a very public outing no chaperone had been required.

“We should meet up tomorrow for lunch? Perhaps my parents can chaperone this time?” Abraxas joined the conversation, watching his betrothed closely when he suggested his own parents, Hadrian’s words ringing in his ears.

Hadrian turned to face Fenrir who was rubbing his eyes sleepily, trying to stop himself listening in on the conversation between Imogen and Abraxas. Wishing that he knew more about the Malfoy family. All he knew was that Abraxas died of Dragon Pox before or just after Draco Malfoy was born. There had been no mention of Imogen, did she die giving birth to Lucius? The thought was terrifying to say the least. Regardless of his running thoughts, he still heard the quiet conversation the betrothed pair were having.

Imogen’s big smile reduced somewhat, but it was no less genuine, perhaps even a bit fond. “I’d love that,” she said, her eyes light up in a way Abraxas hadn’t seen before. It took Abraxas breath away.

“You’re so beautiful,” Abraxas said, it’s the thing that had drawn him to her, she barely spoke, so it wasn’t as if her personality could have drawn him. He was beginning to think there was a reason for that quietness now. “Thank you for coming tonight, it’s the most fun I’ve had in a long time.” Doing what he did, learning to be Lord of the estate, it was hardly surprising that a celebratory evening had been so much fun. Plus, the awkwardness that usually followed them during dates was gone.
“Thank you for inviting me, it was so much fun getting to meet your friends,” Imogen said softly, “I just hope I didn’t get a little too much for Hadrian…I really do love his books.” She might have been a little too fan girly with him.

Abraxas snorted, “Don’t you worry about that, Hadrian doesn’t have trouble telling people to leave him alone if they get too annoying.”

“Hadrian?” Imogen asked incredulously, glancing at him in doubt, he didn’t look like he’d hurt a fly let alone someone else.

Abraxas laughed in delight, “Oh yes, never ask him a question you don’t want to know the answer to. For he gives it to you regardless to whether it hurts or not. He doesn’t like to lie…and most certainly loathes being lied to.” at least this was the idea he had gotten.

“Oh,” Imogen said, mouth open making an ‘O’ gesture in surprise.

“We celebrate Imbolc, it’s a month away…but I’d very much like it if you would attend with me?” Abraxas asked.

“You mean sneak away?” Imogen said shocked.

“For an evening, yes,” Abraxas, “Nothing improper I assure you,” reassuring her.

Surprisingly, doing something so forbidden didn’t terrify her, but excited her, “Yes!” she replied before Abraxas could say anything else. “I’d love to see them all again and celebrate Imbolc with you all.” She had never celebrated any pagan holidays, nor the non-magical ones either. Yule was always just a quiet time at her home, while everyone else celebrated, her friends knew better than to send gifts, her father set them alight in righteous fury. She usually gave her friends a few small trinkets to open before the holidays, not that she could anymore, she was no longer in school.

“Bring a few of your friends, from France if they have the time, I’ll send you two invites…would that be enough?” Hadrian re-joined the conversation, not even slightly embarrassed at having heard them.

Imogen just stared at Hadrian as if she couldn’t comprehend his suggestion.

“No?” Hadrian said, seemingly amused by her state, glancing briefly at Tom who stood, giving him a smile and a nod. Knowing he desired to make connections, as long as he wasn’t brought along for the ride then he didn’t mind at all.

“I…yes, please,” Imogen said a little dazed, she hadn’t seen any of her friends in so long.

“Oh, it will probably be a few days, I haven’t bought any invites yet,” Hadrian explained, feeling feral amusement through the bond to Tom, well that hadn’t taken long at all. “I don’t normally, we usually just use word of mouth but I suppose we should make it a bit more professional this year if we’re inviting people.” people outside of their social circle, he definitely would have to invite Myrtle, she’d be pissed if he didn’t, not that he’d consider not inviting her. She’d come in the past and fitted in quite well with everyone and could hold her own. He’d done that, he’d given Myrtle the courage and conviction to stand up for herself.

“I know a start-up business that’s absolutely perfect for the job?” Imogen suggested, “Their prices are acceptable, much less than other professional jobs and perfectly done.”

“Been looking at them for your wedding invites?” Hadrian asked, as always paying attention to what people said.
Imogen glanced at Abraxas and flushing, “My parents did my betrothal announcements…I would have liked to have used them. She just needs someone to take a interest and well…a Malfoy order would have been a perfect first start and opened doors for her.” The witch and her husband had begun a start up company, and she liked them.

“Get me some of their samples,” Abraxas suggested, “But no promises,” he couldn’t risk social ridicule if they were substandard, not even for his soon-to-be wife.

“Do they have a shop? Start-up funding?” Hadrian asked, always on the prowl for new things to invest in. He didn’t need the money, hell, he didn’t think he’d ever need the money with all the companies he’d invested in, both Muggle and Magical in nature, he probably had the most money out of all clients in Gringotts. Not to brag about it, but he’d made sure they had money for everything they wish to do in future and were already currently doing.

“They want to get one in Diagon Alley they said, they’ve got their eye on a print shop, it used to belong to a newspaper that’s long since went out of business?” Imogen said, more of a question than a statement.

“Magical news global,” Abraxas imputed, it was the only other newspaper that had gone bust and had a shop in Diagon Alley, “The printing presses and everything are still there, it’s quite frankly a perfect set up.”

“That’s it! Yes, they’re enquiring about it,” Imogen said.

“It’s difficult, most start-up businesses don’t make it past their first year,” Orion commented, “Leaving most in debt,” mostly because its people with not a lot of money or connections trying to do something different.

“Yes, they commented on that,” Imogen said with a sad smile, “They’ve passed their first year but still don’t have premises.”

“Who are they anyway?” Lucretia asked, wondering if she knew them.

“Oh, Judy and Edmund Macmillan,” Imogen explained.

“Any relation to your mother?” Hadrian asked, knowing that Melania was a Macmillan.

“Very distant relations, cousins I think twice removed,” Orion said, indifferently, “They don’t move in our social circle,” other than Melania’s brother, his uncle, and of course, cousins who were babies right now, they didn’t associate with any other Macmillan. Not that they were from the main Macmillan tree, it was a bastard one if he recalled correctly, and it affected its descendants whether it was right or not. Plus, there were no other Macmillan’s other than the main branch and the bastard one.

Hadrian nodded, wondering what age they were, he was imagining an older woman and man, but there was no guaranteeing that’s what they were. He knew it took a long time, more than just a year to start up a business, and it could flourish regardless of your last name. Look at the Weasley twins, they’d worked hard, while at school…and probably would have taken another few years to get their own premises if he hadn’t given him his Triwizard winnings. From what he had heard even while on the run, they were close to running Zonko’s out of business. It was a chain of stores and Weasley’s had one, and yet they were close to bringing such an empire down, it was impressive to say the least.

Even if they had betrayed him, everyone had betrayed him and…no, he wasn’t going to think on
them. They didn’t even exist, and when they did…well, he wasn’t alone anymore.

He had a family of his own.

A family he could never imagined even on his best of days, and even if they became who they had been in future, he wouldn’t care, he’d still love them wholly and fiercely. For his loyalty was not one sided, not like those he had the shame of calling his friends in his past.

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A/N – Remind me never to want to write speeches! Especially that many! My goodness I think I stared at my laptops cursor for over an hour just trying to think of what Tom should say, and what he would want to really say. In the end this is what came to me, I hope you enjoy the chapter anyways, sooo, still not sure whether to have a significant time jump or whether to have smaller ones throughout the chapters like significant things like weddings, parties, official things, political going-ons and important things Hadrian and Tom get done both the things they do in public and things they do out of public view 😊 R&R please
Chapter 89

Lord Of Time

Chapter 89

Hogwarts had become a grand and wonderful spectacle yet again, but this time it was for the newly graduated students of Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry. The quidditch pitch was gone and in place stood a podium and hundreds of chairs for students and parents to see their children gain their graduation certificate. Only wizards and witches of course, could come to see their children graduated, those with Non-magical parents were having to graduate without their families behind them cheering them on. Fortunately, most had friends who were sitting in place of them, so that they did not feel alone.

There was a massive table filled with an assortment of finger foods and drinks – non-alcoholic – for the parents and students to eat while they waited. As for those who were graduating, there was another row of chairs behind the podium for the students to receive their certificate from their Headmaster Armando Dippet.

“Are you all ready, ladies and gentlemen?” Slughorn asked his students, positively bursting with fatherly pride as he stared at them all. Remembering them as young eleven-year-olds who had entered Hogwarts for the first time – with the exception of Hadrian of course, who had joined a little later – he’d known some were destined for greatness, but they had all surpassed all he had thought of them.

“Yes, Sir!” came the chorus of voices, whether they were Slytherin or not, they responded to Slughorn who might play favourites but didn’t actually outright antagonise all students in his bid for searching out those he believed would do wonders for the magical world.

“Good! Good!” Slughorn said, still beaming in pride, as he absently nodded. “Come along! Take a seat! We’re about to start now!” they had their robes with their house crest and hats on, the hats they hadn’t worn since their first ride to Hogwarts ironically enough, it was fitting that they’d end their Hogwarts education wearing them.

‘We did it,’ Hadrian thought, as he claimed his seat, his husband as always close by and sitting next to him. The rest of the Slytherin’s surrounding them. He’d actually graduated from Hogwarts, something he hadn’t been able to do the last time.

‘We did’ was all Tom replied, well aware that Hadrian despite his good grades hadn’t actually graduated in his past life. In fact, he had been surprised to know that they actually did graduation ceremonies, since he’d never attended one, which left Hadrian wondering whether Dumbledore had put a stop to it…or if he’d just been that ignorant and didn’t know about it. Although, surely, if it existed Ron would have attended his brothers graduations? He was dragged out of his errant thoughts by a mental nudge, in time to hear the tail end of Dippet’s speech.

“…one by one as I call your name you will come up and receive your graduation papers, well done students, I am proud of you all.” Dippet said proudly, glancing particularly at the group of Slytherin’s set to graduate today, it had been one hell of a year for them and they were all here, ready to graduate. Thank goodness for small mercies, the thought of any of those lives snuffed out made him shudder. “As for right now, please help me in welcoming the class Valedictorian Tom Peverell-Slytherin!”
Tom smoothly stood up, as everyone cheered, from the back dozens upon dozens of lights heralded the press being here. The group of Slytherins were quite often in the newspapers, the press hounding them when they could, in order to give the public more of what they wanted.

“Good afternoon, friends, families, professors,” Tom said with smoothness that came with knowing exactly what he wanted to say. “I am proud and honoured that I was given the honour of being class Valedictorian this year, and since then I’ve been pondering on the best way to express my admiration.” Utterly charming and captivating them.

“In the past seven years I have pushed the boundaries of what I expected of myself and in turn made the world a better place. I feel as though my friends and I – as well as my husband – have been given a second chance and none of us intend to waste it. So, I urge each and every one of you not to waste it either, live, thrive, reach for your dreams and goals and do not ever give up. It might take a while to get there…but all good things come to those who are patient enough to wait!”

“So I say this, only you have the ability to decide what you do with your lives. The one with the strength to become what you want to be. Make change, save lives, and just live your life to the fullest if not for yourself but your friends, family and those who are not here to do the same. Thank you and congratulations graduates we did it!” He finished giving a nod to indicate as such so that the applause would begin.

Tom returned to his seat, and immediately tangled his fingers in Hadrian’s, kissing him on the hand.

Hadrian grinned wryly, green eyes sparkling in amusement, as always Tom was very conscientious of his public figure. Meticulous to the last, especially if there was anyone around, that and his possessiveness rearing its head allowing two birds one stone sort of deal.

“Are you packed yet?” Aiden asked, but unfortunately, his name was called at that very moment, to gather his certificate.

“First up was Aiden Avery!”

Aiden sighed but got up, a pleasant smile appearing on his face, none of his irritation showing, stepping in front of Headmaster Dippet he shook hands and accepted his certificate and smiled at his parents and his sister, who were all cheering on him, her betrothed Bartemius Crouch was there. Harry’s warning had Aiden watching him closely at all times. “Thank you!” was all Aiden said in lieu of a speech. Not that they were expected to give one of course.

Aiden then walked over to the post-certificate seats, so he couldn’t return to his conversation with Hadrian and Tom. This past few months – nearly half a year – had been hectic to say the least, they’d done nothing but study for their exams, except for the times they took off to celebrate their Celtic holidays but that was only a single night and there weren’t enough of them to unwind properly.

It was worth it though, six months of intense studying, they’d passed all their classes with ‘O’s and a few ‘EE’s’ Tom and Hadrian unsurprisingly had the highest grades Hogwarts had seen – better than Albus Dumbledore’s – which had made Tom extremely smug. Hadrian though didn’t seem to mind one way or another, just happy that he’d graduated.

Abbott and Baird then familiar friends. Aiden didn’t have long to wait before the Black’s were surrounding him.

“I can’t wait until this is over,” Orion groaned, as he claimed a seat next to Aiden.
“I could sleep for a year,” Aiden said in agreement.

“Too bad our parents won’t let us,” Orion said wryly, certificate clutched in his hand, leaning back with a sigh, just because he’d graduated didn’t mean he was free of obligation. He was now to properly learn to be the Head of the Black family, all the while a plan for his and Walburga’s wedding was in the wings, thankfully though he wasn’t in charge of that, no Walburga was in charge of the majority of the decisions, as was traditional.

“Yeah,” Aiden grimaced. “I’ve got to attend that Abbott party tonight,”

“You’ve got to attend the coming out parties huh?” Orion said grinning widely, grateful at least that he wouldn’t be forced to endure that. as he was already betrothed and ready to marry Walburga, he didn’t need to attend any coming out parties for eligible ladies looking for a suitable marriage.

“There’s like a dozen this fortnight,” Aiden grumbled, rubbing his forehead. “My parents are demanding I go and at least have a list of three potential candidates by the end of the month.” Clapping along with everyone else who did, not truly paying attention anymore.

Orion winced, “I’m glad I don’t have to go through that,” he admitted, “But I suppose it’s a good thing really, you’re getting at least a margin of choice?” it was a surprise Aiden hadn’t a contract already he was the heir of the Avery estate, his sister, while older than him, did not count. The moment she was married she’d be a Crouch not an Avery and the family wouldn’t have to pay for her way. Whatever was left of her vault was all she’d ever have from the Avery estate. Unless, Aiden gave her an allowance but it wasn’t normally done, for the daughters marry into quite wealthy families.

Aiden scoffed, “Choice, my ass!” he’d have never been so crass less it was with someone he considered a very good friend. “They’re already ‘urging’ me towards girls they think are ‘suitable’ for the Avery name.” debutant balls weren’t even held yet but he was being led in certain directions, honestly did they think he was born yesterday? He didn’t have to worry about being passed over as heir, not unless his father wanted to besmirch the family name and divorce his wife – who he loved – to marry another in order to have an heir with no guarantee any child of that union would be a boy. So, when he said no, he didn’t need to fear being disowned.

“Are they all pureblood’s?” Orion queried, applauding yet again with everyone else, but not really focused on what was going on.

“No, father’s actually making sure they’re not related to us, there’s a few half-blood’s in the mix, with ‘good breeding’,” Aiden said, rolling his eyes heavenwards. “I’m not looking forward to this summer at all.” He admitted, sighing resignedly.

“I don’t think anyone is,” Orion said with an amused laugh, “Well except for Hadrian and Tom,” they didn’t have to answer to anyone, they were perfectly able to do as they pleased whenever they pleased.

“Lucky,” Aiden grumbled, “They’re going on holiday tomorrow,” if only he could talk his parents into going on one…he was exhausted.

Orion nodded, everyone was already aware of it.

“Looks like Abraxas and Imogen have made it,” Aiden said, gesturing towards the gates of Hogwarts where the couple were walking through. With it being a public outing no chaperone was required, back in the day it wouldn’t have been accepted, but the rules weren’t quite so strict these
days. Especially as the plans for the wedding were in full swing, it was less than three weeks to the wedding now.

“Huh, that’s unusual,” Orion said, craning his neck to see them, wizengamot meetings rarely finished early, if anything they always ran on. “I wonder if he convinced them to make sure it ended as quickly as possible…”

“It’s possible,” Lucretia said, “He’s a hero, they’ll be clamouring all over the place to please him,” a sardonic grin adorning her features.

Walburga sniggered, “Look at all the press, just waiting for a picture of us graduating…how slow is news these days that they need to use this?” shaking her head, her face screwed up in revulsion, she detested the press much like the rest of them, invading their privacy and whatnot, but they weren’t stupid enough to let it be known.

“Hadrian warned us this would happen,” Dorea commented, “That they would take a great interest in us, just to be there to see us at our lowest. He recommended just going about your life and they’d get bored and move on to fresher news soon enough.”

“How would he know?” Alphard asked, “It’s not as if he’s been the focus of the press before…not even when he appeared, there was a small article in the paper but that was it. Nothing since, at least nothing I’ve noticed?”

“He did an interview, remember? About the line theft?” Orion threw over his shoulder, to Alphard.

“And he’s been in the paper quite a lot to be fair, maybe seven or eight times in total?” Dorea admitted, “Follow up interview and one about being the recipient of an old estate despite not going up in the magical world. Then there’s the books…and the marriage and convergence of the Peverell-Slytherin line.”

“You haven’t seen today’s paper have you?” Diggory asked his tone grim, sitting close enough to hear them.

“What do you mean?” the Black’s asked him as one.

“Um…I take that as a no, they’ve revealed who Tom and Hadrian adopted and that he’s a werewolf, and questioning why he hadn’t been given their name and what they planned to do with Fenrir. Nobody will care much, it’s just Skeeter, he’s pathetic.” Diggory said hastily, trying to reassure them.

“Is he here?” Orion asked coldly, eyeing the press with pursed lips. He wasn’t all that familiar with the Skeeter family, they obviously didn’t move around in his society. So, he couldn’t honestly say he knew what he looked like or what his name was. The Diggory’s would know, they didn’t adhere to any social structure, but that was Hufflepuff’s for you.

“I don’t know,” Diggory admitted, his own eyes roaming over the press, trying to see…”Yup, the blonde curly hair, his daughter looks like him but she’s working in the Ministry and doesn’t have much to do with him. Letisha has a daughter, Rita, I don’t think he’s even seen her yet. It’s causing all sort of noise in society,” he admitted.

Alphard grimaced in distaste, “I vote that you tell him Orion,” he definitely wasn’t.

Orion glanced at Alphard indignantly offering him up to be the sacrificial lamb so to speak.

“Agreed!” came the rest of the Black’s in sync.
Diggory laughed, but he only saw the good side of Hadrian and Tom and was unaware of the underbelly so to speak that went on underneath Hogwarts. He was distracted by his name being called, “Excuse me!” with that he moved away making his way towards his fellow Hufflepuff’s.

“He’s not going to like this,” Dorea said, watching Diggory leave, “Do we know he’s telling the truth?”

“I know someone who will,” Walburga admitted, “I’ll be right back,” with that she took off into the audience side of the quidditch pitch, or what used to be and wasn’t right now. Luckily the students were all in their groups, Gryffindors, Slytherins, Ravenclaws and Hufflepuff’s, not that there were lots of them, just enough. Then there was those who chose to sit with their parents, but those were only eleven-year-olds or younger. Definitely not what she was looking for, but regardless, she found Myrtle quite quickly.

“Myrtle!” Walburga called out, jerking her head to the side, crouching so as not to bring too much attention to herself from the professors.

For a Ravenclaw…she knew the social cues from Slytherins, and also knew what this was about Walburga realized. Myrtle had an angry tense set to her shoulders. “You’re here about the paper aren’t you?” she asked as she edged towards her. Deducing accurately what Walburga herself wanted.

“You’ve seen it for yourself?” Walburga asked, desiring confirmation not more rumours.

“I did,” Myrtle confirmed, “I have a copy here, just in case nobody had seen it,” she lived close to the Prophet station, so it was hardly surprising she’d managed to glimpse a copy before having to head to the graduation. Pulling it out of her pocket, and handing it over. “He’s going to be furious.”

“Considering he has all but a few shares of the paper…he’s lost his job, he should have checked who his boss was.” Walburga sneered, when she glimpsed the paper, “Idiot.” Hadrian had allowed the paper to run as it was, but now? Now he was definitely going to step in and Skeeter was definitely going to be sued and even arrested. “He actually named names,” it was illegal to put children’s identities into the newspapers without permission, he truly hadn’t even tried to make it subtle. Merlin, there wasn’t a name in the dictionary to describe how stupid he was.

Myrtle eyes lit up and she cackled, “HA!” eyes positively gleaming with vindictiveness, “He deserves everything that comes his way, I mean regardless of his owning the paper…imagine going after him…he’s one of the most powerful wizards we have.” Admiration and smugness radiated from Myrtle.

“Agreed,” Walburga, “Can I take this?” she asked.

“Sure,” Myrtle agreed, she didn’t want to read that rag again until this was righted. “I’d planned on talking to him later…’just in case he hadn’t seen it and was confused by any comments that might come from those who had read it already.

“Thanks,” Walburga, “I’ll talk to you later,” with that Walburga walked away, there was a time where she’d loathed Myrtle Warren. Not only because of her blood status but the fact she was such a dastardly coward. It was amazing just how different she’d become over the last few years. Going from being unable to look anyone in the eye to openly challenging them, Walburga would never have guessed that she was such a powerful witch under all that fear. Walburga reckoned if she was sorted again, it wouldn’t hesitate to put her in Slytherin, she was already an honorary Slytherin at this point anyway, the amount of time she spent in Slytherin common room. mostly because everyone had been studying this year and Myrtle of course…wasn’t graduating this year, younger
than them that she was.

It took all of Walburga’s training to stop herself from storming back over, but it didn’t stop the
dark cloud of anger and malcontent on her face. The rest of the Black’s watched her approach,
along with a few of their friends who had been handed their certificates already who’d joined them.
All of them became tense and alert, knowing there had to be a real good reason for her sudden dour
mood.

Lucretia, Dorea Myrtle and Walburga were extremely protective of Hadrian. Not due to the fact
they thought he couldn’t protect himself or any such nonsense. No, it was the simple fact that he
cared about them, saw something in them that he had allowed to shine, saw them more than just
babymakers or the mother that would have the next heir and Lord of the estate of whom they
married. The fact he allowed them join in heralded the world seeing them more too.

“What’s happened?” Orion asked, just short of demanding, but he was able to refrain from using
that tone of voice on his wife-to-be. Not because she was his wife, but because she was a vicious
little thing, and would definitely make him pay.

“Diggory was right,” she said, seething, handing over the paper she’d gotten from Myrtle.

“What?” Dolohov questioned, as he moved over, craning his neck to see what had everyone
in such low spirits, certificate in hand.

Aiden informed Dolohov of what Diggory had said to them moments prior, but his attention was
only half fixed on Dolohov as he read the newspaper. His mouth tightening into a pursed line as he
read the article, furious over what he was reading. Aiden was a shield and more importantly a
friend of Hadrian’s to see this article was a great offence to him. Much had changed since he had
tried to stupidly end Hadrian’s life out of jealously and spite.

“Merlin, is he senseless or what?” Dolohov murmured, awed at the sheer stupidity of what the
tasteless reporter had written.

“More so than you can imagine,” Walburga stated, “Hadrian owns the majority of that newspaper,
he’s not only insulted an extremely powerful wizard but his own boss.”

“He has?” Dolohov blanked, staring in stunned disbelief. He hadn’t been aware of Hadrian buying
the shares of the daily prophet, but why should he? He didn’t know Hadrian’s holdings, not unless
one was discussed in front of them while he went through his files while in the common room or
while at home when he visited. Mostly just discussing it with Tom actually, not with them. “I’m
surprised that hasn’t gotten out.”

“He begun years ago,” Walburga waved it off, “He mentioned it once when a questionable article
came out, I can’t even remember what the article was about,” she admitted absently.

“He’s dead,” Lucretia hissed under her breath, “Unmitigated asshole,” using language that would
have seen her parents clip her around the ear.

“Ease up, he’ll regret it, Hadrian will make sure of that,” Alphard said wryly, vividly reminding the
revenge he had taken on Aiden that day. Sure, Hadrian probably wouldn’t go after Skeeter, yet,
he’d let the heat die down first, so he wasn’t suspected, but until then he would make sure Skeeter
lived to regret his life choices. “It’s going to be…fun to see what he comes up with,” what revenge
he would seek out.

Aiden winced, “I wouldn’t want to be him,” he freely admitted, Hadrian was absolutely as
terrifying as Tom when he felt wronged. He was definitely the more laid back and sympathetic of both their Lord’s, no doubt about it, but when it counted they were very vicious in protecting their own. “Forget Hadrian…Tom’s going to utterly destroy him.” he’d go placed Hadrian wouldn’t…at least he assumed so, Hadrian was very protective of Fenrir so perhaps they would be on the same page.

“Tom’s going to destroy who?” Hadrian surprised them all, causing them to jump, Aiden thoughtlessly hiding the newspaper behind his back.

“Have you read the Newspaper this morning?” Alphard asked, rolling his eyes at Aiden’s actions.

Hadrian arched a brow, staring at the group as if they were the oddest thing he’d encountered in years. “No, we left much to early for the mail.” He admitted, narrowing his eyes, “What’s going on?”

“Myrtle had read the newspaper, as had a few others closer to the Prophet station, Diggory for example.” Walburga explained, snatching the newspaper from Aiden, “Skeeter wrote an article.”

Hadrian froze, a frosty look coming to his face, which confused them all, Skeeter hadn’t done anything to gain Hadrian’s ire had he? Yet there was a dark look on his face that spoke of a desire to end the wizards line as if it had personally offended him.

“Hadrian?” Aiden offered up, staring at him in confusion. He saw Tom reacting as well, to Hadrian’s upset, up at the podium as he shook Dippet’s hand and hastily made his way towards them.

Hadrian sighed, his darkness fading entirely, “Let me see it,” he demanded, hand out expectantly, not reacting to Tom coming up behind him, able to sense him well enough. He always knew when his husband was near, the bond they shared was…entwining on an elemental level.

Tom did not ask to be let in on what had caused the abrupt shift in Hadrian’s mood. He just remained at Hadrian’s back, a silent stalwart presence and pillar. He would know soon enough just what was going on anyway. The newspaper was handed over, and Hadrian’s green eyes flared in fury as he began to read the article, the others warmed around them, hiding the seething wizard from view, thankfully his magical control was impeccable. Thus, there was no magical outbursts on display.

‘How I bloody loathe the Skeeter’s,’ Hadrian seethed to Tom, he had absolutely zero doubt that this wizard was related to Rita Skeeter. It was much to late to be a daughter, so perhaps a granddaughter or great-granddaughter. “He’s going down,” he was going to make sure that this disgusting weasel regretted every single word he published today. It wasn’t going to be worth the effort he’d put into it that was for damn certain.

“Are you already familiar with him? Your reaction indicated as much?” Aiden asked, curious about what Skeeter had done in the past to alienate Hadrian so thoroughly.

As always, Tom was quick on the uptake, eager as always, to ensure Hadrian’s safety so that nobody found out the truth. Not that the truth would ever truly be revealed lest Hadrian actually told them. Which he wouldn’t do, only he would ever be given the full scope of whom Hadrian had been and what had happened. Which still made him smug and extremely satisfied to this day. Only he would ever be aware of Hadrian and his past as Harry Potter. “He’s made extremely dubious articles in the past, we were displeased with them, especially considering he didn’t check out the sources or dig for the truth overly much before publishing them. We’d considered firing him, but decided against doing anything without full proof of his activities. He was careful, leading us
unable to do anything without him possibly suing for wrongful termination.” They couldn’t know Hadrian’s ire was entirely to do with this Skeeter at all but one from his past who had done him wrong many times. If they checked, they would indeed find articles that were...on the dramatic side so to speak. Nothing front page, and Hadrian probably hadn’t read the articles, he didn’t read tirelessly through the news like he did.

“Maybe he found out what you were up to and decided to get revenge?” Alphard suggested, a thoughtful frown on his face.

“He wouldn’t be stupid enough to tick of his own boss?” scoffed Orion, “Would he?” he asked dubiously.

“Perhaps we should pay the Prophet station a visit before we leave?” Tom asked Hadrian, wrapping his arms around him, clutching his middle possessively.

“Forget the damn station, I’m going to have a word with our lawyer,” Hadrian stated sharply, eyeing the article in extreme distaste. “I’ll have him arrested for this. What he’s done is not only unethical but illegal.” Go after him was all fine in his opinion…but the second he had gone after Fenrir? Well, that would be the last mistake he’d ever made. Their lawyer was a goblin, one that was just as vicious as the rest of his own kind, and Hadrian had never sought to have a wizard lawyer as was normal by wizarding standards. The likelihood of their lawyer using someone working in Gringotts to act as a go between in this case would be quite big.

“Then we shall do both,” Tom declared, dark eyes showing seething protective fury, he loathed when Hadrian was pulled into his past and relieving old feelings. This Skeeter would pay, not yet, but he would pay for this with his life, and he’d keep a close eye out for this Rita Skeeter, any sign of her becoming a report he would put her down too.

“How long will this last?” Hadrian asked, unimpressed with the festivities now.

“Technically you’ve gotten your certificate you can leave whenever you like,” Orion was the one to inform him, as they all parted from the tight circle they’d performed earlier now that Hadrian and Tom’s ‘masks’ had gone back up, and none of the press could capture their moment of fury. Such things were always best kept from the public eye. “It is seen as rude to leave immediately though, but given the circumstances everyone here would understand.” And it was true enough, the pureblood’s were going to be just as incensed as they were.

It was now mere socialising one had to do now, all of them bragging about their children and the bright futures awaiting them now they were ‘adults’ and of course, their grades and how well they done.

“Don’t let what he wrote get you down,” Myrtle said, joining them. Myrtle had not been happy with Hadrian at all after they returned after Christmas for a bit. For not offering to allow her to come to France with them – which she would have loved, the whole Grindelwald thing not so much – and the fact she had been the last to find out what happened. Or what felt like the last person anyway.

“I won’t,” still remembering the left hook she’d given him, twice, left his arm stinging painfully from where she’d punched him twice in retaliation for worrying her despite the fact Hadrian had written to her to let her know he was still alive and well. she’d been quite contrite afterwards, but Hadrian had forgiven her, her fear and worries were genuine and Hadrian hadn’t had much of that in his life. Of course, he had to talk Tom out of getting revenge, he hadn’t saved her life to see it end because she pissed off Tom after all.
Myrtle snorted, very un-lady-like, giving him a knowing look, “Give him hell,”

“We will.” Tom stated fiercely, he’d barely spoken to anyone, let alone Myrtle in the past near enough six months. Tom, understandably wanted to do well in his exams, in fact he wanted to get the best grades the school had seen in decades. His grades had been better than in the original timeline. He hadn’t endangered himself with creating two Horcruxes, which he would have done at this point, which means he would be clear and level headed in a way Voldemort hadn’t been. He considered them both different people, he would never understand his other self’s actions, but he needed have to since he did not exist.

“It’s going to be odd not having you here,” Myrtle admitted, reflecting on what next year would be like without the core group. “Hopefully you’ll write often!” the thought of not hearing from him or being in his life was disheartening, Myrtle cared so much about Hadrian, Tom and the others, mostly Hadrian who had…given her the necessary confidence and tools to become who she was. He never took the credit for it either, just insisting it was all her.

To say the remainder of the school year was…intense to say the least. Just because Hadrian was mentally older than the others, didn’t mean he knew all the material for his exams, which was very different from his own time. Things here were more difficult, the classes, the expectations, and let’s not forget the actual amount of classes which were double the availability than what was available in sixty/seventy years. The majority of their time you’d find them with their heads buried in books as they put as much time as they could into studying for their exams.

With all of them having different strengths and weaknesses, they had their own subjects they needed to study more for. In the end, Hadrian had posted a notice on the Slytherin board for every seventh year. A time and place for the subjects so they could study for if they felt the need, or continue studying on their own, either way Hadrian would be studying at that time and they were free to join him. Myrtle had been there for the majority of it, spending time with them when she could, understanding the need they felt for constantly studying for their exams. She too would soon be on the sudden train to studying rigorously, in order to ensure the best results possible.

“Are you kidding? I’ll be coming to Hogsmeade to see you when I can,” Hadrian promised, “I’ll write to you too.” Although to be honest, he didn’t think Myrtle would have the free time much, the past two years had been hell on him and he was more quipped to handle it than Myrtle and even Tom at the end of the day. It hadn’t stopped the worries he had of failing his exams as silly as those worries were, everyone was affected by them to varying degrees. No matter what age one was.

“Good!” Myrtle settled at the pronouncement, Hadrian generally kept his promises except for when there was extenuating circumstances.

“I’m so proud of every single one of you!” Melanie Black said, a wide beaming smile on her face, unable to contain her jubilance. As the wife of Lord Arcturus Black, she was in charge of the entre Black family just as he was, despite them having parents of their own, although, she was most proud of her children but she was their mother and that was understandable. She didn’t realize that they were all still seething, but her jubilant demeanour had all of them shifting there’s as not to be discourteous.

“Ah, Melanie, it’s good to see you,” Hadrian said with a twinkle in his green eyes, he felt fondness for her.

Melanie’s proud grin became a feral sort of smirk, he’d remembered the promise, she hadn’t expected it of him.
Arcturus who had made his way over with his wife looked indignant over the familiar way Hadrian had spoken to his wife. Who he believed they had not met yet, it was...uncouth to have done so in his opinion. He was cautious enough not to actually open his mouth and put his foot in just in case.

“You remembered!” Melanie said, before turning to her husband, “We met in Hogsmeade, it must have been over a year ago already!”

“It was just before the attack on Hadrian’s person by the foreign wizards,” Tom added, nodding, “Nearly two years ago now.”

“Yes,” Melanie nodded sombrely, “I remember cautioning them over that, I dislike when too many foreigners come here, you just never know who to trust or when an attack could be perpetrated. To think the attack was so maliciously perpetrated when you were innocent...utterly distasteful.” They’d all quite forgotten that Grindelwald’s sign had in fact belonged to the Peverell family, understandably so due to the fact there hadn’t been a male Peverell that they’d known of for such a long time, centuries one might even suggest. Now though, things had been corrected, they were now all very much aware of it, it had been in every publishing platform for weeks raising awareness.

“Yes, I followed that particular case closely, they didn’t get the sentence I was hoping for,” Arcturus admitted, a small scowl graceing his features, “Regrettfully some of the wizengamot took pity on them due to their age.” Which personally he found insulting, they were adults, not mentally incompetent in any way, fully able to understand what they’d done when they’d perpetrated the attack. They’d been outvoted, but nevertheless they were paying for it and hadn’t been let of due to their age so he supposed he should be grateful for small mercies.

“Yes, I appreciated the warning;” Hadrian said simply, he did not think on those who attacked him, if he spent his time doing that...he’d never be thinking of anything else ever again. No, they were paying for their actions, and probably would for the rest of their lives...short as it would be, Tom would make sure of that. He probably should feel bad for what Tom was no doubt planning but he didn’t care. So long as he didn’t get caught, but Tom was smarter than that, time had proven as such, he was much too sly to get caught.

“Shall I accompany you to see Silverhook or shall I head immediately to the Daily Prophet?” Tom asked, a dark gleam in his eye, it wasn’t just Skeeter that would pay, the idiot manager of the Hogsmeade office would too be fired for accepting the article for publication. He honestly didn’t care if he sued, he’d make sure the wizard would live to regret it for a short while.

“Silverhook?” Arcturus asked, after inhaling sharply just hearing that name, he was one of the most ruthless goblins in Gringotts if you did not include the goblin king. Not only that but his services were extremely expensive even to a pureblood’s standards. “You keep him on retainer?” surely not!

“I do,” Hadrian said wryly, “He earns every single Knut he gets, him and Ironclaw both,” they were running his estate and constantly trying to get the companies and buying out the shares that he desired. There were so many that they were constantly on the prowl. He knew what was going to be big or what would get bigger, he wanted both Muggle and wizarding companies so yes, he earned the money he got from his work.

“I guess that means you’re leaving already?” Myrtle asked, disheartened but not all that surprised.

“I want to get it sorted before we leave for our holiday;” Hadrian nodded, answering Myrtle’s question, “Sorry about that guys,” he added sincerely. “We can meet up after we’ve dealt with it, in Diagon Alley? Have a drink and a chat before we head off?” he suggested to everyone. Tom, him
and Fenrir were going on holiday after all the tests and the fact they’d barely seen Fenrir had made
that decision for them. they could use a break.

Skeeters action had put a dent in their plans, but it was far from disarraying them, it would be dealt
with nonetheless. Then they would take their well deserved rest, and most importantly, they
wouldn’t need to endure a hotel, instead they’d bought a property that suited their needs well. He
was thoroughly going to enjoy it, and well…Silverhook and Ironclaw could deal with it. Hadrian
doubted their presence would be required, after they’d had those responsible for the articles fired.
He wanted to see their faces.

“Will you have it sorted before then?” Dolohov asked.

“Course they will,” Aiden said wryly, “You don’t leave for a few more days right?”

“We’re leaving tonight,” Hadrian shook his head, correcting Aiden’s belief.

Aiden groaned again, “Seriously?” sighing resignedly. “I don’t suppose you’d pack me in your
cases?” it would be comfortable enough until they got to wherever they were going.

“Well, the Floo is up and running, maybe, maybe you can come when you’re not too terribly busy,
the last weekend perhaps?” he was definitely not inviting them all, it was a holiday, they were
there for themselves not others.

“Do not even think of having them all over the night before I get married,” Imogen protested,
giving Hadrian a faux glare. “You are returning in time aren’t you?” she added, eyes widening at
the thought, even though they had sent back a yes on their card. To let them know they intended to
make it.

“Of course we’ll be there, you’re forgetting Abraxas has asked Tom to be his best man,” Hadrian
pointed out, so he was an important part of the wedding process. Abraxas had just only now got
enough courage to ask him two nights ago, it had tickled him something rotten, he’d spent ages
laughing over it. Abraxas and Corvus were probably the closest to real friends Tom had, and oldest
in age of the Knights, not that they were called that. Older than Tom and still worried constantly.
Too worried to ask if Tom wanted to be the best man, probably too terrified of asking someone else
too and insulting him. They were less ‘walking on egg shells’ with him nowadays than before
Hadrian had come into his life. Hadrian only knew this because the others had spoken of it.

“He did?” Imogen asked, surprised and elated, “He’s been putting it off for a while…I was
beginning to think…” well the worst really.

“Nothing like that,” Hadrian stated firmly, “Well, I think we should go now…we’ll meet up with
you all for a drink in a few hours? Diagon Ally?”

They were all quick to agree that they’d be there and gave their goodbye’s.

Hadrian and Tom stopped by to say goodbye to Slughorn and of course, Dippet who Hadrian had a
fondness for.

Their Hogwarts career was over with, and it was time to face the world and change it for the better.
One step at a time.
There we go! it's soon to be on to the next era! It will require a lot of research more than I had to do for researching the war :P but it will be fun...who am I kidding :O it definitely wont be lmao! but it has to be done :) hmm I think Molly Prewitt it the first of the next generation that's known to be born then the next lot then I think Lucius before the rest of the group Lily, James, Sirius, Severus etc...which makes it probably a near enough decade jump...or would you like to see Hadrian and Tom's attempt at doing what they want? Hadrian becoming a teacher and Tom working his way up the ladder? Or will we jump and see it already come to fruition? R&R please
Lord Of Time

Chapter 90

“Ah, Lord’s Peverell-Slytherin, I wish I could say I’m surprised to see you,” Silverhook commented from where he sat behind his desk watching the figures approach. “I’m to assume you want to press charges upon reporter Skeeter?”

“Indeed we do,” Tom replied coldly, “I want everything you can conceivably think to charge him with to thrown at him.”

“Defamation of character, child endangerment, slander,” Silverhook commented from the top of his head. Wizards took the protection of their minor children very seriously, to put their names in the papers was at the height of carelessness, adding the fact he was a werewolf? Well, that just made the case much more complicated. “He will be found liable for those and receive quite a tough sentence for child endangerment,”

“Stalking a minor, harassment of a minor, taking pictures without parental consent, racial hate crime,” Ironclaw added as he stomped into the room, both wizards had to stop themselves sniggering, the image reminding them of a toddler throwing a temper tantrum. “You could also add harassment to you and yours, Sirs, since you’re both been targeted but not in the same way as your son.” And Fenrir was their legally, they had adopted him.

“How long could he potentially be put away for that?” Hadrian asked coolly, as he took his seat, getting himself comfortable. He was entitled to be, he paid these goblins a lot of money to keep them on retainer, and now they were about to prove themselves.

“Children endangerment and stalking will be the most noteworthy and provable, he’s hung the noose around his own neck by publishing these photos which I can safely say were taken within the wards of Peverell Manor.” Silverhook said, gesturing towards the photos Skeeter had taken for the article.

“Legally changed to Peverell-Slytherin manor,” Hadrian pointed out, as they should well know, since they had been the ones to see it done.

“My apologies, yes, you’re quite correct, Peverell-Slytherin manor,” Silverhook admitted almost absentmindedly, as he mused over the previous question, “I would say anywhere between two and five years in Azkaban, less if its his first crime.”

“Only had or has had civil suits against him,” Ironclaw informed them, putting the information on the desk, the moment he’d seen the newspaper he begun digging having expected at the very least a letter demanding action. Any pureblood worthy of the name would have done the same thing since their minor child had clearly been targeted. Fenrir Greyback Peverell-Slytherin had clearly been the victim of an attack by Skeeter.

“I assume you’re going to be visiting your buildings to fire Skeeter next?” Ironclaw asked, eyes gleaming vindictively polished black coal.

“Oh, yes,” Hadrian said his lips curling into a vindictive leer. Skeeter was going to regret the day he was born. He had endured the media unaware of the laws that protected him, or should have protected him, but no longer. He wasn’t a naïve young fool anymore, he would protect his with all
the forces he could bring to bear. It just so happened he had everything he could bring to bear.

“I thought as much, here, his P45, and a few blank ones just to be on the safe side. Or as the American’s are fond of saying, his pink slip,” Silverhook said, sliding over the paperwork. “He will not be able to bring any civil lawsuits against you for what’s happened. You have the legal grounds to fire him and then some.”

Hadrian scoffed, as if he cared about whether the asshole would bring a civil suit against him. Anything he could get would be pocket change to him. Then again, he didn’t want to have to give Skeeter a Knut of his money, which would have been insult to injury really. Hopefully this would be a warning to his granddaughter Rita Skeeter so that she didn’t become the foul despicable, disreputable reporter in his time.

“That will be the least of his problems,” Tom vowed, his mind already conjuring up ways to make his life a living hell, more so than a few years in Azkaban would facilitate. Nobody spoke about him and his and got away with it, not with some measly years in Azkaban. Death was too good for the likes of him, Hadrian had taught him that death was too good for most people, and thus his mind didn’t automatically go to killing his enemies but something…so much worse. Yes, his husband had a positively evil mean streak in him that made his own seem relatively mild in comparison. At least he thought so at any rate.

“I want the charges sought immediately,” Hadrian stated, giving them a firm look, “Now if you’ll excuse me, it’s time I made sure that the reporters know their place.” Eyes gleaming darkly, he would prevent something like this happening again. Thankfully his son was much too young to read the newspaper and hadn’t seen the vile things that had been said.

“Of course,” Silverhook agreed, too bad he couldn’t be there to see the dressing down, but he had a funny feeling the wizards would be gossiping about it, he’d get the news somehow.

Ironclaw added, “And before you go, I’d like you inform you that the two plots of land you desired have been purchased and that Riddle Mansion in Little Hangleton has been bulldozed. All surrounding property has been bought and the wards are good to go, once you have given the all clear and signed the documents. I was about to send them out this morning.”

“Perfect,” Hadrian said satisfied, they’d have the place up and running before they knew it, “And there are no problems with my building plans?”

“None whatsoever,” Ironclaw confirmed, “But I must ask, what do you intend to do with the homes surrounding the area? I notice you requested that the outbuildings weren’t to be destroyed along with the mansion?”

“I’m contemplating the idea of allowing a groundskeeper to stay on the property, either that or security to keep the children safe. Perhaps a mixture of both, as for the homes farther down, for those who work within the children’s home so they are always in close proximity. There’s definitely enough, perhaps even encourage a few shops make it a real community, a magical one,” Hadrian informed the goblins who nodded, it made sense in a financial way, less they had to pay out if they were given properties while they worked with them.

“And the buildings in Knockturn Alley?” Tom enquired, now that was a project close to both their hands, the place wasn’t as bad as it had been in Hadrian’s time, and they wanted to prevent it from becoming so. It was still run down, the financially stricken magical’s and creatures lived down there, Diagon Alley, Hogsmeade and even Muggle properties were too expensive for them.

“I’m afraid that’s a bit more complicated, we are being met with constant obstructions despite our
efforts to reassure them that they aren’t being kicked out of their homes any time soon. What we have managed to oversee are a lot of building violations to the point we’re beginning to wonder if they were even built properly to begin with.” Which was evidently not the case.

“Send us a list of all those who are renting the buildings, both retail buildings and homes.” Hadrian demanded, as his demand was scribbled down. “We might be better off writing to them,” he suggested to Tom.

Tom rolled his eyes, “If we must,” although if they were met with less resistance it would have things moving along more swiftly. He personally didn’t really care about those who were living there, it was a way to make a considerable amount of money and keep the magical’s safe, now that’s what he was interested in. Plus, it would make him look like a humanitarian, what was it Hadrian called it? Philanthropy, known so much for his good deeds that any negative or bad rumours about him would be discarded immediately.

Something Hadrian was determined to see through, before Dumbledore was released from Azkaban. Considering the weight the old fool still had, and could have when once again free…it was understandably a very smart move to make, thus he had begun the process which had been put in his name. He couldn’t let Hadrian get all the credit after all now could he? Plus, they did have an astonishing amount of money to spend, and would continue to do so, all the bets they could place in sixty years, and inventions they know to hedge their bets on…yes, they’d always have more money than they knew what to do with.

“But after our holiday,” Tom declared, he’d be sharing Hadrian all day every day during their holiday with Fenrir, he was not sharing him at night so that Hadrian could write to strangers about his plans, personally he felt they should be left to worry, it was good for them. Plus, the added nice surprise they’d get in the end of it and the added bonus of them revering the ground both he and Hadrian walked on. staring absolute as if he expected an argument.

“Agreed,” Hadrian said, he was very much looking forward to this holiday with his family. Giving Fenrir a normal childhood, letting him experience new things and trust and rely on him and Tom more. The less he had to deal with on the holiday the better, he needed this, after this past year. N.E.W.T’s were exhausting as the name suggests. Plus, if they tuckered him out…he and Tom could find new and entertaining ways to enjoy themselves.

Surprise flashed over Tom’s features, but it gave way to smug satisfaction soon afterwards.

“Is there anything else that might require our immediate attention?” Tom asked, turning back to the goblins, he didn’t want to see a single more letter than needed from them while they were away.

“Remove one hundred and fifty galleons from my account please, Ironclaw,” Hadrian asked of the goblin in charge of his account.

“Three hundred and fifty galleons altogether,” Tom corrected him, with their accounts co-joined, there was no point to doing two separate withdrawals from the vault. He hadn’t had a chance to withdraw any spending money for himself either. Better to have too much than not enough, it wasn’t as though it could be stolen, since they were very cautious about their items. Especially Tom, who knew how easy it was to steal, having done it during his own childhood.

“Nothing imperative, it can wait until you return from your holidays,” Silverhook stated, continuing to talk despite Ironclaw leaving the room. “I will however, keep you both up to date on anything regarding Skeeter.” Which was all he would be doing, he had seen the look on Tom Peverell-Slytherin’s face, he definitely didn’t want work, his Estate or anything else getting in the way of his planned holiday with his husband.
“Perfect,” Hadrian declared, “Thank you for your help, Silverhook, and may your coffers never empty.” They certainly wouldn’t with the money he gave him. He knew Silverhook was the head of his ‘clan’ goblins had very big families, and he was responsible for all of them.

“You’re more than welcome,” Silverhook said, standing as they did, both wizards gave a nod in goodbye, before they were leaving the room. No doubt heading straight for the teller to get their funds for their holiday from Ironclaw. Then they were probably heading straight to Diagon Alley, to the Daily Prophet offices…oh, he actually wanted to go and see it. To hear for himself if Hadrian’s silver tongue was as vicious as he’d heard rumours of.

They were going to be utterly terrifying in a few years’ time.

If they weren’t already.

Hadrian and Tom did indeed pick up their pouch of gold, silver and bronze coins from the desk before departing from the bank.

“If he has any sense, he probably won’t be at work today,” Tom mused, which would be extremely disappointing, but not unexpected. Then again, he was assuming anyone had any ounce of self-preservation. Reporters didn’t seem to have any, given the articles they liked to write, and not just Skeeter either.

They passed Madam Malkins robe shop, Flourish and Blots, Hadrian pondered actually going in and getting a few books to read but eventually decided against it. Despite the fact it was in fact a relaxing holiday they were going on, he knew they’d all be visiting everywhere that struck their fancy. Especially Tom, he would want to see everything he could and would probably buy more books than would be feasible if they weren’t wizards. The stationary and Quality Quidditch supplies were passed next before they got to the Daily Prophet station, which was also right next to the apothecary and of course the Leaky Cauldron.

“Rather small for a reporters building,” Tom stated shrewdly, the Muggle ones were ten times the size of this, but then again, the Muggle newspapers were bigger, and had a lot more different sections and more selection than Wizarding ones.

“Hmm, it is, on the outside, let’s see what it’s like on the inside,” Hadrian mused, tugging Tom into the building with him.

“Are you glad you bought all those shares?” Tom teased, as he stalked in, gaining a lot of curious and annoyed looks in equal measures. Presumably due to the fact they had just walked like they owed the place…which in fact, they kind of did.

“Yeah, otherwise the Ministry would have done it,” Hadrian said, his face shifting closer as he whispered the words to Tom so that nobody could overhear them.

Tom arched a brow at that.

“Only more than half shares, the controlling shares,” Hadrian amended, “It’s how they were able to get away with so much shit they published about me.” In his time, but that wouldn’t be happening, he wouldn’t be selling any of his shares, which were high up in the ninety-five percent of the prophet shares. All done under the radar, of course, but it would get out eventually but it wouldn’t matter by then.

Say what he liked about Cornelius Fudge he had tried to keep his legal teams from having field days.
Tom snorted derisively, the wizarding world had declined in Harry Potter’s future, but it wouldn’t happen here. He and Hadrian would prevent it, although he was deeply curious to know if a ‘Harry Potter’ would still be born here.

“Excuse me? Can I help you?” came the haughty voice of Ross Rabnott according to his reporter identification card, that was around his neck visibly displayed. Apparently he wasn’t just any reporter but he was the senior reporter of this establishment. It seemed they had met who they would be firing as well.

“Where can I find Sawyer Skeeter?” Hadrian asked coolly, staring the wizard down.

Tom meanwhile looked over at the wizard they were about to destroy. Eyeing him as if one would a piece of meat that had gone rotten. He was responsible for approving that article that was turning the beginning of his holiday into an annoyance and who had upset his husband and said stuff about Fenrir. He actually liked the little kid, when he wasn’t monopolising Hadrian’s time of course. He certainly didn’t deserve the names the reporter called him. It was going to be lovely making sure he paid for his mistakes…and that his family did too.

Ross shifted just slightly at the penetrating gaze of the wizard he was not currently having a stare down with. No, but it was impossible not to feel that gaze boring into his own, especially when his face was right next to the other wizard’s. “Can I ask who’s asking?” he eventually managed to get out through slightly gritted teeth.

Tom’s eyes flickered with surprise, “You do not recognize us?” he asked smoothly, someone who works in the publishing industry, who just approved posts to allow Skeeter to publish documents – admittedly they weren’t taken with them in mind, they were more background to Fenrir’s central frame – but still, he wasn’t sure if he was insulted or if he just thought Rabnott was stupidity personified.

“Then let me do the introductions, Lords Hadrian and Tom Peverell-Slytherin,” Hadrian very nearly spat out, “Legal and Magical guardians of Fenrir Peverell-Slytherin,” stressing the last name, Fenrir was a Peverell-Slytherin, and had not retained the last name Greyback despite the papers claims. He kept his decorum, but only because he knew this piece of filth would live to regret it. It was more difficult than you can imagine to get a job in the magical world, especially after you disrespect the pureblood’s. As much as he decried he wasn’t one, they had claimed him as one and genuinely liked him. He’d brought the magical world out of it’s stagnant state was continuing to do so.

“Proprietor of the Daily Prophet,” Tom added, with a shark like grin directed straight at the fool, who he gloriously got to watch go pasty white, only to flush red in suppressed anger by the look of it.

“Nobody owns the Daily Prophet,” Ross pointed out, his voice small and croaky, not quite believing them, but too afraid to yell it just in case it was true. He might not recognized them, but the names? Well, those names he recognized, even before he the other day when he had absently read Sawyer’s article.

“We own ninety-five percent of the shares,” Tom drawled watching in eager delight at the wizard crumbling before him. “Should we wish to have you go out of business, we could make it happen like that.” clicking his fingers to show just how much power they had over hundreds of peoples livelihoods. What control they had over his livelihood.

“F-follow me,” Ross said, a pale imitation of the wizard he had been just moments prior. Pale and shaken, eyes on the floor, ignoring the eyes of his reporters boring into him with confusion, some
amusement, and more importantly, a whole lot of worry for those who had actually heard the commotion, and they were passing the news around rapid-fire. “I’ll take you to him,” praying with all his strength that those two were only going to take their mood out on Sawyer and not every single one of them. Tom Peverell-Slytherin’s threat echoing around in his head on a repeated loop.

“Ross! How’s the figures?” Sawyer asked, sounding smug and satisfied, clearly not taking a proper look at his boss, to see that he wasn’t himself. “I’ve already got a follow up…” his jaw suddenly clenched shut as he got a look at who else was in the room. It wasn’t his boss like he had assumed. He hadn’t really expected any retaliation, they were kids, teenagers, just finished school. “Can I help you?” oh well, if he had another civil suit it would be worth it anyway, the money he was probably bringing in was worth it, and the insurance would cover it.

“Sawyer Skeeter pack your gear, you’re fired,” Hadrian stated sharply, entering the office properly, green eyes lit with fire.

Sawyer laughed, “Yeah? How’s that?” not taking the seventeen-year-old seriously. Well, eighteen-year-old if they had done their homework seriously.

“Um…Sawyer, they own ninety-five percent of the shares of the Daily Prophet,” Ross whispered to him, as if the other two wouldn’t be able to hear him regardless of how quietly he whispered. They were standing right next to them after all.

“Rightttt,” Sawyer drawled shaking his head in amusement, some stupid joke wasn’t going to get to him. They were just trying to get him back for what he wrote in the article.

“Remember to pack only your belongings, unless you wish to have theft added to the list of charges against you.” Tom added coolly, he wouldn’t be laughing soon enough.

“Your P45, do not come looking for references for the next idiot who’s stupid enough to take you on,” Hadrian slammed the paperwork that essentially fired him, onto the desk. Paperwork that couldn’t be considered forged, it came directly from Gringotts, and they prevented tampering. “You’re done.”

“For what? An article? I’ll sue you if you fire me for that! The wizarding public are allowed freedom of speech!” Sawyer changed immediately, spluttering with rage, when he saw the P45.

“That article you wrote endangered a child! An underage child!” Hadrian roared loud enough that everyone in the reporters office had to hear it. “You not only named him but you shamed him for something beyond his Merlin-damned control! Not that there is anything to be ashamed of!”

Sawyer stepped back at the vitriol coming his way, the spittle from the shouting landing on his face.

“Easy,” Tom murmured, squeezing his hand in reassurance. ‘Do not allow him the knowledge that he’s got to you,’ he warned him through their link.

“No just any child, but my child,” Hadrian declared possessively, his voice low and controlled once more. “My son, the heir of the entire Peverell-Slytherin estate!” Hadrian was still leaning over the desk, if looks could kill, Sawyer Skeeter would be six feet under.

“It’s all public knowledge!” he squeaked out, glancing at Tom as if to ask for him to get control of his husband.

“You are going to wish you hadn’t heard of me before this is all said and done,” Hadrian threatened, standing back up straight, he was going to torture and kill him he decided.
“How much did you give to the Greyback’s? How much was your career worth?” Tom asked, staring at Skeeter in disgust, shaking his head in what could only be patronising disappointment.

Sawyer swallowed thickly, how did he know he’d gotten the information from the Greyback’s? Or that he had paid them a pittance for their information? Three galleons and they had gleefully aired all their dirty laundry, including how Fenrir had actually become a werewolf. He hadn’t printed that though, it would have gained the boy sympathy, and he didn’t care much for that, it wasn’t the intention behind the article.

A knock on the door had everyone glancing at it, the red robes gave away their occupation before a word could be said.

“Y-y-you involved the Aurors?” Sawyer squeaked out, backing away further, eyes wider than a House-elves on a bad day.

“Auror Skeeter?” Auror Spinnet questioned, staring straight at the wizard, indicating he knew who he was dealing with.

“Yes?” Sawyer managed to get out through his suddenly parched throat. Glancing around the room as if hoping for a sudden way out.

“My name is Auror Spinnet and my partner Auror McCormack I’m placing you under arrest for Defamation of character, child endangerment, slander, Stalking a minor, harassment of a minor, taking pictures without parental consent, racial hate crime, you do not have to say anything, but anything you do say will be recorded in court of law, do you understand?” with that said, flicking his wand, Sawyer’s hands were bound together in front of him by invisible cuffs.

Sawyer was wordlessly shaking his head, this couldn’t be happening, all he’d done was write an article. He felt sick to his stomach, Merlin help him, what was happening?

“Do you understand your rights?” Spinnet repeated slowly, as if dealing with someone stupid.

“Y-y-yes,” Sawyer sputtered, tugging at his bound hands, trying to separate them futilely. “The lawyer,” he looked to Ross desperate for aid, to be dug out of his hole he’d unknowingly dug himself into.

“Don’t look at him,” Hadrian said, his face blank, revealing none of his thoughts, which was more intimidating than when he’d been spitting in a rage. “Nor will the Daily Prophet be paying for a lawyer for you.” He wouldn’t be paying for a lawyer for him went unsaid but definitely heard even by the Aurors in the room who hadn’t been around for the entire confrontation.

“He’ll soon be using the Daily Prophet to look for work not to aid you,” Tom added, giving Ross a look of utter contempt. “You approved the article, and I’ve noticed articles in the past that were dubiously written with little to no proof that could see the Daily Prophet in serious trouble if someone had elected to sue us. You’ll find your P45 on your desk by the end of business today. I expect your desk emptied by then and you gone from the building. If not I’ll have security escort you out.” His tone booked no argument, there was no nerves to be heard from a young eighteen-year-old who was a boss for the first time.

If anything Tom Peverell-Slytherin was in his element and actually enjoying himself.

Ross closed his eyes, the thirty-nine year old wizard feeling the weight of his decision to allow Skeeter to print the article weighting heavily upon him. To hear he was fired from a job he’d had since he became apprenticed at seventeen was difficult to hear.
With that Spinnet and McCormack took an arm each of Skeeter, and begun guiding him out of the room.

“Can’t you Apparate from here?” his panicked pleading voice was pathetic.

The Aurors ignored his pleading, he wouldn’t be the first suspect to wish to disappear or want die from embarrassment when they were escorted by the Aurors to the Ministry. Instead they ignored his feeble struggling and guided him out of his office and through the building. You could hear a pin drop, it was so silent compared to how it had been when Hadrian and Tom had entered.

When Ross opened his eyes again, he found himself alone in the room, breathing out a shakily, shoulders hunched. He forced himself to stand straight, and walk out of the room with his head held high. He didn’t feel confident or smug or proficient, he felt like a right failure.

“Boss?” came the echo of various voices as he headed for his own office. The last thing he wanted to do was stop and explain, sate their curiosity, but he knew no work would get done if he didn’t say something. It wasn’t going to be his problem soon enough, but he truly worried that they would all lose their job if those boys got wind of them not working.

“I’m sure by now you’ve all read the newspaper this morning,” Ross said, turning back to face them, “What Sawyer was unaware of…was the fact that ninety-five percent of the shares of the Daily Prophet belong to Hadrian and Tom Peverell-Slytherin. He has been arrested, and his office will be cleared out. Let this be a warning to all of you about what you choose to write, especially about the graduation pieces.” Aware that the boys had indeed just graduated.

That warning caused a lot of rushing around, and pale faces, clearly they had more than just mentioned the Peverell-Slytherins in their article and were deciding against sending it to him for vetting. Now that everyone was suitably distracted he walked into his own office, looking around with a gutted air around him. He was fired, really, he had nobody to blame but himself, for not digging deeper into what they were capable of or not listening.

The pureblood’s didn’t normally tend to have reporters arrested and fired.

With a soft resigned sigh, he sat down on his chair, and with a flick of his wand, all his possessions, including awards he’d won with his published works, begun to fly into a box. Within moments, the office he’d worked out of for a decade, was emptied of any of his personal effects. He silently despaired how he’d find another job, he feared he’d find it damn near impossible, the Peverell-Slytherin’s seemed to have a lot of clout, money and connections.

He deeply regretted allowing that article to be published.

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“It’s safe to say he didn’t see that coming this morning,” Tom said utterly amused, eyes gleaming coldly though, “Did you hear him say he had a follow up article?” the plans he had for the wizard were too good, he wanted him to suffer like nobody ever had. Let that be a warning to anyone who went after his own.

“I did,” Hadrian replied, shaking his head in disgust, “I’m not surprised, reporters that have any measure of success go to any lengths to keep their numbers up. They’re that desperate for stupid awards that they would gleefully and unapologetically tear peoples lives to shreds.” Well, Skeeter wouldn’t be doing that anymore, he did wonder how the wizard died in his time…or perhaps he retired, he’d definitely had a hand in Rita Skeeter being the way she was he reckoned.
“Well, they’ll know better now,” Tom said wryly, he reckoned they wouldn’t say a word about them for a while…or at all really. He was very pleased Hadrian had decided to slowly and subtly buy out the shares…it was so worth it for a moment like this. To see smug wizards who thought they were better reduced to stuttering terrified messes. The power he got off doing it was…unlike anything else he’d ever experienced—even with his friends so to speak.

There is no good and evil, there is only power and those too weak to seek it. Those were the words the wraith of him had said, and it was quite correct, he wasn’t too weak…but he wasn’t that weak creature either, that had failed…Tom was determined not to.

Hadrian snorted and shoved Tom a bit, shaking his head, “Honestly,” he tutted, giving him a smirk. “What?” Tom asked, a mask of serene innocence on his face, reckoning he knew why Hadrian reacted that way, something must have bled through the bond, perhaps the words themselves?

“There they are,” Hadrian pointed to the large group outside of the terrace of a restaurant. It was an expensive one, and he knew immediately the Black’s were responsible for it.

“They do a good steak,” Tom agreed with the choice.

Hadrian rolled his eyes, “Come on then,” he sighed, overpriced food here they come, they could eat for a month at home for the price they were going to pay for a single meal here. It was also impossible to get into unless you had connections and a hell of a lot of money.

When they walked in, the server immediately knew who both of them were, calling them by name and guiding them up to the ‘private terraced room’ where the others were currently waiting on them. They weren’t all that surprised to see that the adults had elected to join their children, it was to celebrate graduating school, becoming adults officially after all.

“Hey, we got you a butterbeer with a shot of whiskey and you normal whiskey,” Avery said, pointing towards the table with a grin. “Might as well start your holiday as you mean to.”

“Thank you,” Tom said graciously, moving over to collect their drinks, Wandlessly checking to make sure they hadn’t been tampered with. While he trusted Avery with his life, the drinks had been served by people they didn’t know. The drinks were clean regardless, no doubt the restaurant wouldn’t want to risk its reputation by tampering with something. Yes, their Lordship rings would protect them, but it never hurt to be too careful in his book. Especially since new poisons and drugs were being made every day, it would only be a matter of time before one slipped through the cracks.

Of course, he was forgetting that not everyone was as smart as him and Hadrian.

“I heard you’re going on holiday?” Melanie Black asked approaching him with a simple smile on her face, she was so proud of her children and their friends.

“We are,” Hadrian nodded, confirming what she already knew.

“Where have you decided to go?” Melanie asked, thanking her husband lovingly when he brought her over her drink.

“Egypt, Cairo,” Hadrian informed her, accepting a drink of his own that Tom brought over.

“Oh, you’ll love it, we went there for our honeymoon, I didn’t want to leave! The culture, the history, oh, it’s so fascinating, and so much of it was lost.” Arcturus Black boomed, enthusiastically, “A lot was closed during that time, the sand storms,” or tropical storms as they
like to call them. His ‘Oh’ that was supposed to portray his enthusiasm though sounded like he was grunting it out.

“Why didn’t you go somewhere else?” Tom queried, Hadrian nodded, he was curious himself.

“Oh, no, Cairo is where the history is, nowhere else compares,” Black swatted the suggestion away, why go somewhere second rate instead of the best? It made absolutely no sense. “I assume you’re remaining at the magical side while there?” they had so many magical markets, Egypt had so many magical places that it made the UK look pathetic by comparison.

“They’re finding a lot of tombs in Luxor at the moment,” Hadrian pointed out, “We’re going to take a trip that way, but you’re right Cairo is always going to be the hot spot for the Egyptian magical world.” In complete agreement, it was always going to fascinate curse breakers, and they were always going to be finding things. Financing digs there proved very fruitful.

“Arcturus has actually funded two digs in the past,” Melanie informed him, “It was a thrilling experience!”

“Was it worth it?” Tom asked shrewdly, not that he felt the need to fund digs in Egypt to gain funds, no, he’d never be desperate to do something that wasn’t near enough a sure thing. He had Hadrian for that.

“It was indeed,” Arcturus admitted, puffing out, “Both successful, and the amount we got for it will keep the Black’s going for quite a few more generations!” he guffawed.

Hadrian suddenly found his drink deeply fascinating, keeping the Black’s going, huh, not at all. In fact, he ended up with the entirety of the Black Estate after Sirius died. Not that he’d gotten to use any of it, of course, no doubt the Ministry had claimed it or some shit. Only two of the Black families had continued the lines out of all the Black’s this generation had, but maybe he had changed that.

“How long were you in Egypt each time?” Tom asked fascinated, this must have been decades ago.

“Too long,” Melanie said ruefully, “He was gone for months at a time, but unfortunately when his father began taking ill, he had to return and take over the running of the estate.” And the toll worse still when Arcturus’ mom became pregnant with Dorea. They hadn’t lived to see their youngest daughter grow up, instead Arcturus had been looking after her. She’d grown up with Arcturus’ kids, seeing him more of a father figure than brother.

“I am sorry,” Tom offered up lamely, honestly, he didn’t have much in the way of understanding families, or growing up with parents who cared. He understood partners, fiancé’s and bonded husbands, because he’d gone through every stage with Hadrian. Quite frankly, the thought of losing him was a bit much to bear, so he understood how his parents felt, but not Arcturus himself. He’d killed his own father for Merlin’s sake, gladly, gratefully.

“It’s never easy losing loved ones, but we are British and what we do is carry on,” Hadrian said, squeezing Tom’s hand in silent comfort over the feelings broadcasted through the bond at the moment. “Unfortunately, Tom and I can only imagine the love Arcturus held for his parents.”

Both froze at that reminder, both of them looking at each other awkwardly.

“Are you ready to order?” asked a voice from the doorway, “I did knock,” he added hastily, seeing the looks he was gaining from the patrons.

Hadrian laughed a little, cutting the tension, “Yes,” he answered for them, who were still chatting
amongst themselves all beginning to sit down unaware of any tension. “Thank you,” he added to the waiter.

After that, all of them sat down and ate a meal, drank and had a merry time, celebrating not only their graduation, becoming adults but it also turned into Hadrian and Tom’s celebratory party for them before they left for their holiday.

“How did it go at the bank by the way?” Avery asked, his voice slurring slightly, an indication that he’d had too much to drink.

“Yeah, I want to know too!” Myrtle declared, her eyes alight with delight. “Did you leave him nameless?” cackling with amusement.

“It went as expected,” Hadrian said amused, “And no, I didn’t leave him nameless, although I think he would have preferred that to what actually happened.” he admitted. He felt no guilt for what they had done, it was deserved, going after a kid? Who had done nothing. It was diabolical, he deserved everything he got, and he hoped that the wizengamot or council of magic, whichever one ended up overseeing his trial would give him a really long sentencing.

“We did see Aurors, were they…” Abraxas asked.

“Yeah, they arrested him, just after he was fired.” Hadrian confirmed what Abraxas was thinking.

“He had the audacity think the Daily prophet would pay for his lawyer,” Tom said derisively, as if they would pay for something like that.

“Idiot,” Myrtle crowed, ignoring the aghast looks the others gave her. She wasn’t one for curbing her thoughts, not anymore. She’d grown a spine and she intended to keep it, no matter what company she kept or direction her life went in once she left Hogwarts. “Congratulations guys!” she did smooth over her slight, and once again everyone raised their glasses and drank. As if they needed any more.

Tom and Hadrian couldn’t stay too long though. “Alright guys, we best get going, Fenrir will have been expecting us…” looking at the time, “An hour ago,” he’d been aware they’d probably go celebrate but hadn’t factored in the damn reporter. “I can go alone, you can stay if you like,” knowing Tom would be desperate to make more connections and become more embroiled in the pureblood circles. Not something that can be done by constantly leaving when the party just starts.

“Aww! Just another hour!” Myrtle pleaded with Hadrian.

“No,” Hadrian said shaking his head, eyes gleaming in delight, he didn’t think he’d ever seen Myrtle drunk before. “You take care of her,” he ordered of her boyfriend.

“Yes sir,” he squeaked out. He wasn’t afraid to say that Hadrian Peverell-Slytherin terrified the hell out of him.

Tom chuckled, “I’ll stay.” he confirmed, ‘I’ll be back in time for his bedtime story,’ he’d never say those words out loud, it would completely destroy his reputation. It was just unfortunate, Fenrir preferred his stories over Hadrian’s at night, and thus he was always the one that gave his bedtime story, almost a ritual at this point.

“Alright, I’ll see you at nine o’clock,” Hadrian agreed, leaning over and kissing Tom and smirking at the eye roll only he saw.

“Remember to write and bring me something back!” Myrtle declared, standing up and hugging her
best friend, or more like stumbling into him.

“I will,” Hadrian agreed, “No more drink for you, a coffee is what you need,” He laughed as he helped her back into her seat, ignoring her pout. A soft fond smile appearing on his face, one that made everyone take a double look, they weren’t used to seeing that for anyone other than Tom.

“Take care everyone,” Hadrian said, giving one last loving touch to Tom, he left the room, and actually paid for the meals and drinks as well as another two rounds, something they didn’t find out until a waiter went up to inform them of the fact and ask for their drink order.

“We’ll need to find a way to thank him, I had intended to settle the bill,” Arcturus grumbled, but he was very pleased.

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As promised this chapter is for you (anonymous donation) and Jessica congratulations can't wait to hear what you have and that its healthy! I hope this chapter has everything you hoped it would have! One more chapter with young Fenrir with Hadrian and Tom before we start time jumping!! It's been a long time coming for a skip but here we go ninety chapters in for its first one :D Do you want to see Dumbledore released in the next chapter along with the weddings of Abraxas and Orion? R&R please
Chapter 91

Lord Of Time

Chapter 91

It took all of five minutes to get to their destination with a portkey, they landed in the grand lobby of the Magical Cairo Alley hotel (and restaurant) a five star hotel. Tom would only conceive staying in the best of hotels, and anything less would not do. They deserved the best, they worked hard to accumulate their money, so in his book it was a must.

“I must admit it’s beautiful,” Hadrian said, glancing around in awe, Fenrir was copying his actions, the place was resplendent. This was where they would be living for the duration of their trip, returning home just in time for the Full Moon then of course, Abraxas and Imogen’s wedding. Fenrir would always spend his full moons in Slytherin-Peverell manor, where he was safe. They wanted him to associate it with fun, happiness and a safe place.

“I picked well then?” Tom asked smugly, as he approached the desk, speaking to the witch manning the desk, in English. Informing her of whom they were, in order to receive their room keys.

“You did, and you know you did,” Hadrian said wryly, rolling his eyes at his husband. Honestly, the way he coveted everything, especially the best should be concerning. At least he didn’t need to steal or kill in order to get what he wanted these days, money opened a lot of doors and allowed those to part with their precious items.

“Is there a pool?” Fenrir asked, craning his neck and taking everything in with wide eyed excitement.

“I’m sure there are two,” Hadrian nodded, “One inside and one outside,” thankfully unlike Muggle hotels, the place wasn’t overwhelming with people, so they’d be able to actually use it without having to be there at the crack of dawn to get a chair. Fenrir had never been somewhere so repentant, the Greyback’s had been piss poor by the time the child was born, and the moment he became a werewolf… they hadn’t wasted a single Knut more on him. They’d abandoned him, and then sold a story on him, that would never be accepted.

‘Don’t you worry about them,’ Tom declared mentally, his voice edging into darkness, ‘They will pay with their impudence with their lives.’

‘Good,’ Hadrian stated firmly, nobody hurt his boy and got away with it, and it was also very revealing that Tom had also begun the process without him having to ask. Tom cared for Fenrir a great deal than he liked to pretend. ‘Nothing too quickly I hope?’ he wasn’t that golden boy anymore, wasn’t afraid to do what needed to be done to protect his family.

‘No, but by the time we return, they will be dead’ Tom stated, lips tugging just so, showing he was immensely pleased with himself.

“If you’ll follow Aions, he will see you to your room, Sirs,” Cliupatra gestured towards Aions who she passed the key over to, the penthouse suite, it was unmistakable where it was, but nonetheless, they would show their guests to their rooms. “Welcome and I hope you enjoy your stay with us,”

“I’m sure we will Cliupatra, thank you,” Hadrian said, surprise flittering over her eyes, he’d said her name correctly, most people stumbled over it or just mangled it to pieces. She nodded pleased,
smiling at her newest guests.

“No bags?” Aions asked, staring at them.

“Shrunk down,” he gestured towards his pocket with a smile.

Aions smiled, “Follow me,” and with that they were on their way.

“Can we go right to the pool?” Fenrir asked, jumping a little as the elevator hummed and rode them to their destination, the very top of the building. They were going too fast for them to even bother putting music in the elevators like the Muggles so liked doing. clinging tightly to Hadrian’s hand, big gold eyes staring up at Hadrian. Nothing like the empty, mad, soulless eyes of the adult Fenrir and he was determined to see to it that they never made an appearance.

Hadrian grinned, yeah, he got it, it was boiling hot, maybe they should have changed before using the Portkey. He’d feel a little better in his shorts and t-shirt, so would he for that matter. “Yeah, why not?”

Tom sighed, wonderful, their first day was going to be wasted at a poolside.

“Meanwhile, Tom why don’t you find out about the markets and their opening times and when it’s best to go when there’s a general lull? We can visit the closest one later this afternoon?” Hadrian asked his husband, eyes gleaming with amusement. He doubted very much Tom would be kept away from anything that struck his fancy. He definitely didn’t want to be stuck in a hotel, he wanted to be out there investigating, he had a feeling they’d be separating a few times when Fenrir just didn’t want to do any more walking.

Placated, he nodded curtly, “I’ll do that,” he declared, and the elevator doors opened, allowing them to step right out and to their doorway, Aions, dressed smartly in his work wear, opened the door for them, allowing them entrance. “If you need anything, or wish to order room service, instructions are by the speaker, here,” he informed them, “Just input numbers and you’re good to go.”

“Perfect, thank you, Aions,” Hadrian said, handing over two gold coins, “Much appreciated,”

“You’re welcome sir,” Aions said, his glee hidden as he pocketed the tip, understanding the unspoken communication between them. His services were no longer needed and he was free to leave, so that’s exactly what he did, not wishing to anger their guests. He couldn’t afford to lose his job after all, and these were obviously well connected, wealthy clients, the ones who could afford the penthouse of this hotel always were.

He closed the door with a quiet click behind him.

Hadrian flicked his hand and the trunks emerged from his cloak, and the everything held within begun to fly out and into position. Most of it was clothes, since they were indeed on holiday. Their toiletries flew into the bathroom, deodorant and aftershave following. Books, paperwork – they were never without paperwork – correspondence that had arrived via owl and letters they’d yet to get through – and would do so while they had a minute to spare but it wasn’t a priority for them. this was a celebration. They’d graduated Hogwarts, passed their exams, it was time to relax before they got back to real life.

Weeks of fun and sun.

Now Hadrian had seen Tom in every conceivable form of dress, including undressed. However, when he walked out in a pair of sandals, black shorts and white tee Hadrian gaped. He was always
so prim and proper, to see him dressed so casually was a shockingly hot.

Tom just smirked smugly, very well aware of the reaction he had gleaned from his husband and relishing in his ability to still gain that reaction.

“Go get your trunks and a t-shirt on,” Hadrian urged him playfully, giving Tom one last look before he headed to their room to change too. “Light colours!” he called out to Fenrir. Giving Tom a quick kiss before he disappeared into his room.

“Uh-huh!” Fenrir practically squealed out, muffled by his clothes over his face.

Hadrian laughed a little, shaking his head, a soft smile on his face as he changed for a sit around the pool. He decided to leave everything to do with paperwork. He wanted to enjoy his holiday, not have Fenrir remembering it with him reading or head stuck in a book or stuck writing. Fenrir was coming out more and more every day, his true personality shining through, no longer always scared. It was good to see.

Once dressed, he was about to leave before he decided just the one book. It was for pleasure reading though, not work or anything like that. He wasn’t going to spend all day in the pool, but he intended to catch the sun for a few hours until Tom found a market close by for them to investigate.

Tomorrow they’d look at digs and temples to go see, he wanted to experience another culture, for Fenrir to experience it, to see the look of awe and joy on Tom’s face. He’d always wanted to investigate other magicks’ he’d spent his late teen years and twenties roaming around investigating everything. He wanted to let Tom do that, experience it, but without ending up completely lost and enthralled in all Magicks was capable.

“Meet us at the pool?” Hadrian suggested, knowing Tom was going to gather every possible suggested place that he was slightest bit interested in. He was rather looking forward to seeing what Tom chose…this was going to be new for both of them. Nobody knew what ‘Voldemort’ had done during his trips abroad. The places he’d visited the magic he’d learned. Britain was the only magical community that branded their magic as light or dark with secondary meanings of good and evil. It wasn’t as prevalent yet, and hopefully never would be. Hopefully Dumbledore wouldn’t get the opportunity to sabotage the magical world…or turn it into his own version.

“In fifteen to twenty minutes,” Tom promised easily, as Fenrir bounced back into the room, wearing exactly what he should. Hadrian nodded his approval, good, he was glad to see that he was doing as asked and behaving despite his excitement.

“Behave, and stick close to Hadrian,” Tom told Fenrir, who nodded solemnly, silently promising to be a good boy and make sure nothing hurt Hadrian. They shared a secret mission in life, golden eyes gleamed just as Tom’s dark ones did, then Tom winked. Fenrir brightened immediately after, and that was it.

Fenrir eagerly followed them into the elevator again, and rode it down back to where they came. Excitement thrumming through him, watched as Hadrian and Tom kissed before parting ways, Fenrir eagerly waved at Tom not at all deterred by the nod.

“Come on then,” Hadrian said, staring down at the young boy, he’d never seen him so exuberant. This had been one of the best ideas they’d ever had. Perhaps there was a chance that Fenrir could be a normal young kid, unburdened by his werewolf status. Would that change if they stayed in Britain and people kept sneering at him? Giving him cutting remarks? How did you toughen a child up without stealing their innocence? They wanted to make him strong enough to withstand what society would throw at him but make sure he understood love and acceptance too. It was a
delicate balance wasn’t it? One he wasn’t even sure they could walk the tightrope on. neither Tom nor himself wanted to abandon Britain for somewhere else, not even France…but for Fenrir’s sake they’d do anything.

Then again with their reputation…nobody on the ‘dark’ sect would dare to say anything…and the light? Well, they’d learn pretty damn quickly that anything said to his son would be the last thing they did.

Fenrir squealed, “Can we get the crocodile floaties?” he asked hopping on the spot before calming down in the space of a few seconds, reminding himself.

Hadrian stared at Fenrir, “Floaties?” he asked him baffled, was that some sort of breakfast cereal? Coco puffs?

Fenrir pointed to the crocodile floaties, it was a gift shop that held all sorts…but also held dozens upon dozens of swimming items from swim-wear, goggles to floats – such Anubis donut floats – and of course the arm bands, crocodile arm bands. Only these ones were spelled to make sure you never go underwater, and that they couldn’t come off, with young hands trying their luck. Unlike the Muggle ones they couldn’t offer the same amount of protection.

“Ah, alright, here, you go get them, I’ll be at the door,” Hadrian said, as Fenrir blasted into the gift shop and was quick to snatch his allotted item in his hands before going to the check out. Handing over the Galleon that Hadrian had given him moments prior. The wizard – bless him – made sure Fenrir wasn’t on his own, his concern melting away as he gave him his change and waved goodbye.

Hadrian gave him a nod, before he and Fenrir were off again, and quickly both of them, stared agog at the scene in front of them. It wasn’t just a pool, there was literally everything, an underwater adventure pool with transfigurations available to turn you into any animal you like with gills of course and supervised. Normal pools with balls and noodle floats strewn around flumes – water slides – and a kiddie pool and another pool farther up doing aerobics children style and they were loving it by the looks of it. In the Muggle world you’d find two of these things only in the area…this was vast…it was a good job the magical world could keep up with so many children and adults without fear of losing a child to the rapids of the water.

“Can we play ball?” Fenrir asked, not afraid to ask for what he wanted, and it wasn’t because Hadrian would never say no to him – even though he knew that – but because he’d been taught he was important and not to be seen and ‘not heard’ as his parents had demanded of him.

“That is volleyball,” Hadrian corrected him, it was in the child’s pool, the net small enough that they could enjoy playing without being frustrated at not getting it over. That particular pool was empty right now, most of the kids were in the aerobics class, shrieking with laughter, as they did the most absurd poses including handstands and karting wheels. They had to have taken Gillyweed or bubblehead charms. He couldn’t make it out from this far, plus their heads were facing their instructors when they weren’t submerged in the water. It was the wrong direction for him to see. “Come on then,”

With that Fenrir and Hadrian made a beeline for the pool, getting Fenrir into his ‘crocodile’ armbands, not that he’d need them yet, but he’d wanted them on. Hadrian just shrugged, if he wanted them on why stop him? He added a spell to protect them from the harmful rays of the sun.

Pretty soon the pair lost track of time, with the sun beating down on their back and having fun.

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Tom lips twitched into a small smile, thankfully hidden behind the pamphlets, his husband’s emotions bleeding strongly through their bond. It was simple childish glee, happiness, if it was anyone else they would have been judged nine ways to Sunday for being so Juvenile. Hadrian wasn’t everyone, he was quite simply Tom’s weak spot, his anchor to emotions, and quite frankly what had stopped Tom becoming the monster in the pensive. Even to Tom that Voldemort had been a monster, it was so far from what he wanted it was horrifying. The pureblood lines that had bit the dust…the amount of magical blood spilled. He wanted the magical world to embrace all magic, to expand, flourish and be capable of so much more. He and Hadrian were already helping with that.

Weakness or not, Tom didn’t care, his husband could take care of himself…they both could. If anyone made the mistake of thinking to go after Hadrian because of Tom they’d find out who was in actuality the more ruthless when angered.

Although ruthless, definitely wasn’t an emotion he was feeling right now. After taking some of the suggestions from Clupatra regarding the more popular digs and temples he felt he had enough to last them the entire duration. He was looking forward to some more than others, and the thought of all the magic he could learn that the UK did not approve of. They were so backwards it was ridiculous really.

“Thank you,” Tom replied, giving her his usual charming and utterly devastating smile, one that Hadrian had to stifle his laughter when he used it on the unsuspecting public. Hadrian had said, ‘Quite frankly, if they were dogs their tails would be wagging, their tongues would be out and they’d be drooling excessively’. If he wasn’t wrong, he believed Hadrian had been quite jealous, but it was more of a burst of unsuspecting jealousy than anything else. It had surprised Hadrian as much as it had surprised Tom. Almost as if Hadrian never wanted anyone to see that smile except for him. For Hadrian though, the genuine smiles were only for him.

He didn’t wait for her to reply, he turned swiftly and left, a handful of leaflets for different places all over Egypt. The sheer size and number of magical areas in Egypt was staggering, it truly was. Britain’s magical society was squeezed tightly into one area, giving them Diagon Alley and Knockturn Alley. True, that would change once the construction of Peverell-Slytherin orphanage was complete and businesses sprung up around it. still even with the two magical places…it was nothing compared to the amassed society of magical’s in Egypt. Even with the time on their hands, they were never going to be able to visit absolutely everywhere it had to offer. Which meant, they had to return for definite.

He wanted to thoroughly investigate everywhere, it would allow them to expand their plans and ideas and incorporate new ones. Things had been working here for eons they knew how to make it work. The British magical world was in it’s infancy compared to Egypt.

Sighing softly, stretching out once he was in the sun, they’d barely ate breakfast before using the Portkey. He was definitely having an early lunch, he was hungry. The smell of the food being prepared reminded him of that, as his stomach grumbled a little in complaint. He’d grown used to decent meals every single day, a full plate at that too.

Time to join his family, Tom thought, a family, something he’d desperately desired as a child. Before real life taught him that families were an illusion, that they just broken people. Or so he’d thought. That children were used and broken by those families too. He’d sworn never to let that weakness infect him, then along came someone who challenged his convictions, made him challenge his own sense of self, how he operated and more importantly…remade him. Showed him that families could mean strength, happiness and freedom…more reason to fight, to better the world, it was like he’d been living in black and white and with Hadrian…he saw everything in a
Following the pull of the bond, not even bothering to attempt to find the pool any other way. The area they had picked was calm and quiet, good. His dark eyes sought out his husbands, eternally drawn to him, orbiting him. Always in awe of the powerhouse he was and the power he hid so effortlessly. The kindness that balanced with his vindictiveness.

Watching and feeling the immense happiness, sheer thrill, childish glee and beaming pride exude from Hadrian. He was enjoying himself, just passing a ball, listening to Fenrir chat about things he wanted to see, do, wanted for himself. Fenrir didn’t normally talk that much, ever. Sliding into one of the closest pool loungers, he closed his eyes and relaxed back into it, and just listened.

It was like he as a whole different child. And just because they were here?

“Can we come back after the full moon?” Fenrir asked, jumping, smacking his hand against the ball, his feet and hands wrinkled beyond reason. He didn’t much care, he was having too much fun, he liked it here, it was warm and sunny… “Can we get a pool like this back home?”

Fenrir was aware that they would be home by the full moon, but the concept of time wasn’t something child would really fully understand. It was just numbers to them, words really.

“Maybe a hot tub,” Hadrian said, smacking the ball back, he wasn’t sure whether Muggles made them yet or not, but for wizards it would be a piece of cake. As would pools, but they didn’t really get all that much warm weather to indulge in pools unless…he makes it indoors and makes the room warmer so it would be more enjoyable.

Fenrir squealed as he was unable to reach the ball in time, snatching it out of the water he tried to smack it again but it went straight into the net. Scrambling over, he tried again, and again, failing each time and becoming increasingly frustrated.

“Fenrir,” Hadrian said firmly, causing the young boy to stare up at him, amber eyes showing his frustration and confusion at being called out. “Take a deep breath, throw the ball in the air and hit it, there’s no need to get frustrated,” he soothed the youngster, giving him a reassuring smile. The Greyback’s might have allowed temper tantrums or just not cared, and he might have had them when things didn’t go his way on his own…but it couldn’t happen now. They had adopted Fenrir before they even finished Hogwarts, they’d be watched closely to ensure Fenrir was being raised right. To pureblood standards, and tantrums were okay out of public eye, but in public? Definitely not okay, and that wasn’t just the pureblood’s. This time was vastly different to his own when it came to child rearing. Smacking a kid was considered right here, but in his time? Illegal, not that it had stopped Vernon of course…children here were to be seen and not heard. Petunia and Dudley wouldn’t have lasted five minutes.

Hadrian laughed softly, grinning widely, as Fenrir succeeded, “Well done!” he cheered him on.

‘And what has you so amused?’ Tom asked through their link from where he lay, making a mental note to get a pair of sunglasses. Not just any pair of course, a good pair. Just because they can talk to one another…didn’t mean they could read each other’s thoughts. Of course, the burst of savage amusement he’d just felt was different from the amusements he’d been feeling for the last hour and half, and yes, that’s how long they’d been at poolside surprisingly.

By the looks of it though, Fenrir was beginning to become bored with their current activities.

‘Just imagining Petunia and Dudley surviving here and the looks on peoples faces if Dudley had a massive tempter tantrum…while hitting his mum,’ Hadrian said, the mental picture of people’s
horror was hilarious though and it continued to bleed through the bond.

‘They wouldn’t last two minutes’ Tom said imperiously ‘Muggles!’ he sniffed in distain. Hidden behind that distain was anger, genuine seething fury, he couldn’t wait until he could get his hands on those who had hurt his husband. He knew all the names and was just waiting for the right time…which gave him ample time to plot and plan exactly what he wanted to do with them.

Hadrian just gave him a look, smirking wryly, despite his ‘distaste’ for Muggles, he didn’t try to stop him sending a weekly shop from the Peverell-Slytherin larder to the orphanage. All home grown stuff, fruit, vegetables, some meat, the rest of their funds could go to spices and herbs and such as well as hopefully, some things for the children. They’d been doing it ever since this place was up and running, they didn’t use enough to worry about not having enough left for themselves. There was just no point to wasting food when there were children going hungry. Hadrian wouldn’t have it.

“How’s your wife?” Tom asked, seeing that Fenrir was just floating around now, not even bothering to throw the ball, not surprising. This had kept his attention far greater than he had thought.

Fenrir nodded, “Can we do something else now?”

“We can,” Hadrian said, as he walked over to the edge of the pool and hoisted himself out. “Have you found anything of interest?”

“Plenty,” Tom said smugly, “But there’s a market a mile away that might be of interest today,” handing over that particular pamphlet.

Hadrian grinned when he saw that the stalls housed a lot of books, “Now if Fenrir is bored here, he’s definitely going to be bored there.” He said dryly, “I guess I’ll investigate the other stalls with him…” hopefully Tom wouldn’t be busy for more than an hour, he got lost in books when he was around them, but he didn’t read anywhere near as much as he wished he could.

“There will be food,” Tom declared, “It’s lunch, I shouldn’t take longer than that,” he’d join them later, but he wasn’t leaving without a full meal in his stomach.

“It will be authentic Egyptian cuisine,” Tom added, something they wished to do, experience Egypt in its entirety, including the food.

“Sounds good actually,” Hadrian nodded, “Alright,” not even bothering to dry himself, the sun was burning brightly. He would have probably already been bright red if not for the spells, he burnt very easily. Fenrir though…he didn’t think Fenrir did, it might have been dirt he saw on the elder version, but he didn’t think so, Fenrir had been tanned, evidently he must have spent a lot of time away from Britain…not that he could blame him. Not only had he been a wanted werewolf, but detested for the simple reason of being one. They still had a bit of time before lunch, “Walking?” they had no reason to rush anywhere, they could take their time and truly experience all that Egypt had to offer.

“It will help pass the time,” Tom agreed, and exhaust Fenrir for tonight, he did intend to spend every single night with his husband without interruption. So, as long as they were active during the day to the point that Fenrir was tired come night he would consider the holiday a big success.

“Fenrir, time to go!” Hadrian called to his son, and Fenrir was his son in all but blood. Thankfully the laws in this time didn’t prevent a werewolf from becoming heirs and Lord’s of estates, not that Fenrir would actually become the Lord of the estate…he and Tom didn’t plan on going anywhere.
Fenrir scrambled out, the fear of being left behind always had him reacting that way, some things he guessed wouldn’t change. Hadrian helped him out of his ‘floaties’ shrunk them and allowed Fenrir to carry them in his pocket when he asked.

He didn’t ask where they were going, quite happy to clutch Hadrian’s hand and watch everything going by, in the hotel, and the streets when they left. “What’s that?” he perked up, staring at the oddest thing he’d ever seen.

“That is a Camegle,” Hadrian said wryly, a cross between a Camel and an Eagle, he’d never seen one in real life before just books. It was the oddest sight, seeing wings on a camel’s hump, thankfully though, they couldn’t actually fly, they could glide for a time, but that was it. The Camel was too heavy for it’s wings to carry it anywhere. “Shall we look for a book on different creatures?” Hadrian suggested to Fenrir who nodded eagerly, not taking his eyes on the odd looking creature he’d just encountered.

Thankfully it was moving along the other side of the pasture with them, so that Tom, Hadrian and Fenrir could continue their walk towards the market. The market could be seen from a distance, it was massive, they could be here all day and still not see it in its entirety.

“Merlin, it’s…massive,” Hadrian commented, roaming over the markets and stalls he could see, the sun beating down on them all.

“It is,” Tom agreed, “One of the biggest ones, according to what I read, and more importantly, has everything conceivable.”

“You probably should have brought your trunk,” Hadrian said dryly, thank Merlin they didn’t need to worry about weight restrictions, because the amount of books Tom was going to buy…they’d need to install another library.

“Perhaps in next bedroom… the knock down the wall, install a private library there? Along with a study?” Tom suggested, almost as if he could read Hadrian’s thoughts on the subject. “One for both of us, turn the individual ones into something else…an entertainment room?”

“I don’t see why not,” Hadrian mused, it wasn’t as if they kept secrets from each other, or had the need to hide projects they were working on since nine times out of ten they asked each other’s opinions on certain things or read over their work. The bond made keeping secrets impossible anyway, and that’s why it had been chosen for them. Plus, one could be converted into a pool room for Fenrir. He seemed to like the water, and so sue him, he liked spoiling him in a reasonable way.

Stepping into the market…was another whole new experience, the noise was…intense. Haggling, calling out for people to come to their stalls, shouting out prices and it was just wow.

“That’s rather uncouth,” Tom stated sharply, glaring at those responsible for irritating his eardrums.

They got steady louder as they passed, each one determined to see them come to their stand for items.

“I’m surprised…it’s as though they can sense we have money,” Hadrian said amused, “We don’t look any different from the other tourists,”

“Are you kidding? The hotel workers probably revealed we’re here,” Tom replied dryly, they were in penthouse for Merlin’s sake, that screamed money if nothing else. They looked after their own, no surprise, something Tom actually approved of.
“Perhaps,” Hadrian murmured, he didn’t like to think they would risk it by doing something so ‘uncouth’ as Tom pointed out.

“Look a wolf!” Fenrir said, his finger jerking towards the figure repeatedly, “He has a wolf!”

“Go ahead, I’ll be at the next stall,” Tom replied, already making a beeline for the books.

“I think that’s a Jackal, Fenrir,” Hadrian commented, close enough for the wizard selling them to hear.

“No, he’s often mistaken as Anubis but this is Wepwawet,” the Egyptian wizard corrected Hadrian, but respectfully. “He was considered a war deity, in late Egyptian history.”

Hadrian noticed that he didn’t say mythology but actual history, interesting. He could also feel Tom’s interest, he was clearly listening.

“Wepwawet is a wolf?” Hadrian enquired, it could be another way to help Fenrir feel proud of his werewolf.

“He is,” the wizard stated proudly. “Wepwawet was seen as a wolf deity, thus the Greek name of Lycopolis, meaning city of wolves, and it is likely the case that Wepwawet was originally just a symbol of the Pharaoh, seeking to associate with wolf-like attributes, that later became deified as a mascot to accompany the pharaoh.” Slightly surprised by the child’s desire to have the figure.

“Do you have any simple books regarding this and other figures?” Hadrian queried. Something that Fenrir could read on his own perhaps…when he learned, but it might be a while before that.

“Not here, but you’ll find them in the market without a problem,” the wizard explained, and that much he knew, everything you could possibly want from clothes to books were available in dozens upon dozens of stalls.

Fenrir gazed up at Hadrian with wide eyes, excited to know more.

“I’ll take three, this one and the bigger figures at the back,” Hadrian gestured towards the Wepwawet figures, they’d go somewhere in the manor. They’d find a lovely place for them somewhere, maybe on the landing beside Fenrir’s room. “Shrunk down, please,” he added, obviously, he wasn’t going to walk around the market with them floating behind him. He’d buy as much as he could about Egyptian mythology, he had a feeling Fenrir was going to be utterly fascinated with it.

Perhaps he should buy Fenrir information on Roman mythology for his birthday or Christmas.

“Can I carry it?” Fenrir asked, his fingers twitching as if to grab it and not let go. He wanted to see it properly. It was a replica of the real thing, just something to enjoy, they weren’t going to be selling genuine items on the market.

“Sure,” Hadrian agreed, if he dropped it, it was easily repaired, the wizard passed it over as he shrunk down the two bigger ones and slotted them easily into a box for the wizard.

Informing the wizard of the price, expecting haggling only to blink almost stupidly as the exact amount was handed over without pause. He took the coins and handed over the purchased items, thanking him.

“Have a good day,” Hadrian informed the wizard, as he slotted them into his pocket, they were waterproof, hence his book which he had shrunk down in his pocket was also dry. “Ready to go?”
he asked Fenrir who was busy staring at his figure every which way he could.

Fenrir nodded, grasping Hadrian’s hand keeping a tight grip of his new wolf, they were off, but not far, stopping beside Tom who was indeed haggling over the price for a dozen books. The witch he was haggling over almost looked too happy to try and get the best price she could for her haul.

Hadrian pressed a hand against Tom’s back, ‘Let her have her win’ he said through the bond, ‘They’re probably worth more than what she’s selling them for.’ and Tom would more than likely sell half of those books if he found his interest in them lacking. “Remember to buy something so you can understand Egyptian,”

“Of course, already on top,” Tom gestured towards the book that was noticeably newer compared to the others. “Very well,” he sighed exaggeratedly, agreeing to her price, watching surprise flash over her features before sheer delight took its place. Hadrian was quite correct, they were probably worth a lot more than he was paying for them.

“Here, I’ll take this,” Hadrian said, plucking the bag with the pyramids and sphynx on it, handing over a galleon and telling her to keep the change. The books as well as the shrunk figures were put inside.

By the time they were through looking at everything in one section of the market, they’d managed to nearly plough through nearly half the money they’d brought with them for their stay. During their lunch Tom had suggested visiting the local Gringotts branch for more funds, “Not many places will accept payment through cards or cheques” which was true enough, so far only the hotel had.

Hadrian had agreed, they’d been rather reckless with their money, but that’s what holidays were for. He certainly held no regrets over it that was for damn certain. Most of it had been books though, and things that Fenrir had seen and hadn’t asked for.

By dinner Fenrir was already slowing down at that point, showing signs of being tired, and he had stopped taking naps a while ago insisting that ‘I’m not a baby’ and with his recovery allowing it, well, they hadn’t insisted. He’d asked to be allowed to be transfigured and to go into the water as a crocodile, which Hadrian had allowed. Seeing as the witch was actually held a Mastery in Transfiguration, producing her credentials at Tom’s insistence before any agreement was reached. Fenrir had spent over an hour and a half in the pool before Hadrian gestured for him to return, it was time for dinner.

“It’s going to take us at least four days to get through the entire market,” Hadrian said, “If this is the biggest one and you want to visit them all...we won’t accomplish that and visit everywhere we wanted to visit.” Pointing out the obvious as they sat enjoyed their dinner.

Fenrir was slowly and tiredly – but positively glowing – making his way through his dinner. His hair had dried, leaving his light brown hair to fly away in the light breeze from where they sat on the balcony. They’d booked it that way so they could eat in peace without the buzz of everyone else’s conversation. His statue was still at the table, he hadn’t let it out of his sight since the market, except for his dip in the pool as a crocodile but left it in safe hands.

Hadrian almost never wanted him to grow up, to stay this young and innocent forever, where they could protect him from the world. He didn’t even want to see a gleam of the old Fenrir on this little one. Green eyes gleamed viciously, one glance shared between the two, they were both silently in agreement, anyone who dared to try would meet sticky ends.

“Perhaps we all should have an early night tonight?” Tom suggested, a subtle smirk playing across
his face.

“Is that what you want to start calling it?” Hadrian teased wryly, drinking the last of his butterbeer, which tasted vastly different to British butterbeer. There was an alcoholic one and a child’s one, and the alcoholic one was strong. “Mmm, lovely, I’ll need to start importing this stuff,” much better than the stuff back home by a long shot.

“That will cost a fortune,” Tom pointed out amused, normally Hadrian disliked spending a lot of money on things. The only exception thus far had been for food and the manor, heck even gifts to prove points but that was quite rare. It had only happened a few times after all.

“Hardly a fortune,” Hadrian laughed, eyes gleaming with merriment, “Come on you, lets get you to bed,” he told Fenrir, who was almost falling asleep in his empty plate.

Tom stood immediately picking up Fenrir’s wolf, and following Hadrian who had Fenrir leaning heavily against him but walking under his own power. Yes, he couldn’t wait until he got Hadrian alone tonight, shifting to conceal his sudden problem. Which thankfully wasn’t bad enough to call attention to it.

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There we go, next chapter will have Abraxas and Imogen’s wedding before we say goodbye to young Fenrir I think…until the next round of kiddies comes along! I’m gutted I wanted it to be more fluffy and more Fenrir in it…but I hope you enjoy it... With a few other kiddos add in’s along the way that I desperately need to do – EP most importantly – I’m sorry I took so long to get this chapter out! I had to go to the vets – my gosh! It took four hours+ for a call back (I’m glad they actually called back!) Took at least an hour to get there and another hour to get back with the busses not going as long and then he spent 7 minutes in the vets itself LOL! Something that usually only takes an hour max took me nearly all day! I don’t blame the vet of course! It’s for everyone’s safety! But I can’t wait until this is over – if it ever is!! – and only getting out once a day I’m having to choose between shopping and walking the dogs! Good job there’s nothing else I can do otherwise it would be even worse! thankfully we aren’t into the better weather yet…in fact it’s quite cold we’re getting more winter weather right not bitterly cold 1 degree is what it feels like *Shivers* R&R please!
Chapter 92

True to their word, Tom, Hadrian and Fenrir returned from their holiday in Egypt in time for Abraxas’ and Imogen’s wedding. Tom attended Abraxas’ party the night they returned, which they didn’t call a stag night, apparently that was too common for the likes of the pureblood’s. No, instead it was referred to as a pre-wedding party, Imogen hosted an afternoon tea party while Abraxas hosted his at night.

Judging by the state that Tom returned in, they were all in dire need of a potion and good breakfast. Hadrian had never understood that tradition, especially doing it the night before the wedding.

“Hey, time to get up, we’ve got to leave in an hour,” Hadrian said quietly, giving Tom a little prod to wake him up. He still stank like a brewery, they had been drinking the hard liquor last night. “Your breakfast is ready, take your potion and go get a shower.”

Tom groaned pitifully, staring blearily at Hadrian accusingly, wondering why he was wakening him up. He felt like someone had taken a jackhammer to his head and drilled in for fun. The big shit eating grin Hadrian had definitely didn’t help matters any.

“We have an hour before the wedding,” Hadrian commented again, watching Tom’s eyes widen as he actually heard what he said this time. “Breakfast is ready, take the potion and go shower.”

Placing the potion that would get rid of his hangover into his hand, he absently wondered just how much Tom had drank, he’d been absolutely plastered last night. Thank Merlin for the portkey, because he wouldn’t have been able to Apparate in his state, he had barely been able to walk.

“You’ll like the paper this morning,” he added, before standing, and leaving their bedroom.

Upon hearing that, Tom drank the potion down hastily, almost choking in his haste. Throwing the vial in the waste bin, he was swift to get into the bathroom, grimacing at the smell surrounding him. It was little wonder Hadrian told him to bathe, putting the shower on, he undressed and put his clothes in the laundry basket, and they promptly disappeared. Then and only then did he step into the shower, groaning in happiness, as the pressure and heat eased the ache in his bones, as the potion did the same thing.

What was in the newspaper this morning? He thought as he scrubbed himself. Judging by the gleeful mood Hadrian was in it could only a few things. Dumbledore’s early release appeal had been shot down already, so it couldn’t be that. It had tickled Hadrian pink to know his early release had been denied. The sex that night had been…bordering on animalistic the savage glee had not faded for days it had made their holiday significantly…headier.

So much so that Tom hadn’t minded not getting to go to all the markets and digs while in Egypt.

No matter, they would return one day, he thought as he grabbed the shampoo, and added a dollop to his hand and craned his neck to massage it into his hair. He intended to see the world, and the magic that it had to offer with Hadrian at his side. Perhaps once Fenrir was a little older, and he was set into the political world firmly.

Once he ensured his hair was free of suds, he stepped out, clean and then dry with a simple spell. Moving through to his bedroom, not bothering to dress, he grabbed a pair of pyjama pants and put
them on, he’d get his dress robes on after breakfast.

With quicker steps than normal, he moved down to their sitting room, already hearing Hadrian and Fenrir talking quietly, as they ate their breakfast. The smell both made his stomach rumble and made him feel a little sick. It quickly abated as the hangover cure continued to do the trick.

“Good morning,” Tom said, as he stepped into the sitting room, his smile more a grimace. He’d had all of four hours sleep, it wasn’t something he was used to anymore.

“Is it really?” Hadrian teased wryly, giving him a knowing look. “How much did you have to drink?” he’d never seen Tom that way before, he’d even been singing…singing, as he tumbled into bed last night.

“I may have lost count,” Tom confessed, as he slid into his seat, across from Hadrian, picking up the newspaper immediately, eager to see what had gotten Hadrian into such a good mood this morning.

There was nothing prudent that caught his attention on the first page. Nothing prudent to them at any rate, not that he knew of. Added to the side information, they hadn’t put their money into the investments of that particular broomstick manufacturer that had gone under. Hadrian had never heard of them, so cautioned against it, and he was unsurprisingly correct to do so.

Glancing up at Hadrian, quirking a brow in silent query, wondering what Hadrian wanted him to see.

“Third page,” Hadrian commented, innocently enough, as he ate his scrambled eggs.

Tom flipped the page, and immediately zoning in on the headlines on that particular page. ‘Greyback’s die of new strain of Dragon Pox disease’ and without any other family except for Fenrir, the family line was now gone, there was no other family members to take on the mantle of Lord Greyback. Which was pretty much all they had, a title, no money, and a manor that was falling into disrepair and ruin. Just like the Gaunts really, a title and nothing else except for a ring to show for it before Tom came along and killed what was left of them.

Anyone that had been in contact with the Greyback’s in the past few weeks are to report to the Ministry’s Auror’s office and St. Mungo’s for testing immediately.

“It took longer than I suspected,” was all Tom had to say, as he flipped back to the first page and begun to read the newspaper properly, between bites to eat. He’d assumed they’d have passed long before they returned home, and honestly, hadn’t thought to ask, knowing it would rouse suspicion.

“Do you think the Aurors will show up?” Hadrian asked, as he absently wiped Fenrir’s chin. He had come a long way from the almost feral child he’d found, and for most part he was very neat and tidy when he ate, but sometimes and only sometimes made a little bit of a mess.

“It’s possible,” Tom agreed, giving Fenrir a glance, “Fortunately, our alibi is airtight,” giving him a smug grin.

“That it is,” agreed Hadrian, “Aiden?”

“Yes, but I got the dragon pox altered elsewhere,” Tom agreed, “Untraceable transaction and never face to face, they don’t know who it was.” taking every precaution he required to ensure his families safety.

“I hope you’ve put that potion somewhere safe and not in this house,” Hadrian warned him, already
knowing Tom would have taken all precautions, but better safe than sorry for his own piece of mind. Fenrir hated taking potions, and wouldn’t drink one unless he was asked to anyway, same with all children when it came to disgusting medication.

“It’s in the vault,” Tom replied, he’d given Aiden explicit permission, one time only, to enter his private vault to gather the small amount he’d require to do his task, leaving the rest safely ensconced in the vault. He’d planned all this long before he actually used the Portkey to Egypt. He was always a great planner, and quite willing to wait until the time was right.

He would always have care when things were directly connected to him. especially since he knew Dumbledore would not give up easily, even once released from Azkaban prison. Plus, it amused him so to think of Dumbledore becoming increasingly frustrated at his attempts to pin something on him and failing spectacularly.

“Good,” Hadrian said, giving him a quick kiss, grimacing a little, Tom had not brushed his teeth. “Now get dressed and go do your duties as best man,” he added.

Tom frowned, “And what exactly is that?” he hadn’t done a wedding before, except his own which was very different from Abraxas’. He had no interest in reading about them either.

“I’m not sure myself,” Hadrian admitted, thoughtfully, “But I think you’re supposed to make sure he gets to the wedding on time and in one piece…make sure he’s eaten and things like that.”

Tom stared blankly, “Abraxas is a grown wizard, not five years old,” he commented dryly.

Hadrian laughed, “Yeah, but for all you know he’s still sleeping his hangover off…”

“I doubt it, his parents will have made sure he is up, appropriately dressed and ready to marry…they wouldn’t risk a mar on the Malfoy name.” Tom said dryly, he definitely wouldn’t be needed until the actual wedding, but perhaps he should Floo over just to make sure. He was actually rather fond of Imogen, as fond as he could be of anyone, of course, probably due to Hadrian’s own fondness bleeding through.

Hadrian cocked his head to the side, thinking back to the only other wedding – except his own – that he’d been to. The Weasley’s hadn’t had a ‘stag’ party, at least none that he saw or heard off. It was the middle of war though, but Ron would have surely been invited if they did. Charlie had been Bill’s best man, but they’d been staying at the Burrow and banshee ‘Molly’ Weasley had been in charge of it all. Perhaps the parents did have a big say in the wedding, whether they paid for it or not.

He wouldn’t know.

Eventually he just shrugged his shoulders indifferently, “Come on kiddo, time to get dressed,” gesturing for Fenrir to follow him, now that he was finished his breakfast, between getting Fenrir and himself ready, they’d only have enough time to Apparate there he reckoned. “Pick up the gifts when you’re dressed please,” he asked Tom as they left the room.

Tom agreed, as he finished his breakfast, reading what was left of the newspaper, but nothing really caught his eye or interest. He didn’t wait around long, aware that he too had to get dressed for this wedding. It wasn’t the only one either, he had Orion and Walburga’s to attend in a weeks’ time.

The only part he was actually looking forward to was speaking to the other pureblood’s he wasn’t familiar with yet. Making more connections and finding out more about his potential enemies.
Those who were so firmly lodged up Dumbledore’s rectum they couldn’t see daylight. Admittedly, he might not have as many as he would have done if he’d defeated Grindelwald. They had been warned by Death that he’d still be a problem, but said nothing about him being a major problem.

The rest of the nuptials he could honestly live without. Still, Abraxas had been loyal to him, and that deserved a repayment, which was why he had agreed to be his best man. Thankfully, Orion had picked his cousin to be his best man so he didn’t need to go through this again.

At least for now.

He knew within the next year, that all those within their group would be married, followed by heirs, luckily he nor Hadrian had to worry about such things.

Within the next ten minutes they were dressed and presentable. So much so that it would make even the pureblood’s envious, Hadrian just watched Tom preen with an amused look on his face. The only reason he had made this effort was for Tom and of course Imogen. He couldn’t very well turn up in casual attire to a wedding after all.

“I should have just faded into the background,” Hadrian said dryly, as Tom inspected his own lapel, straightening it to perfection.

Tom straightened, “That wouldn’t have been possible,” he added certainly amused by the comment. “You’re the epitome of what any parent wants of their child. Looks, power and intelligence…not to forget your lineage. You were never going to be able to remain in the shadows…” not with him about anyway.

“Eh,” Hadrian muttered, neither agreeing or disagreeing, proudly displaying the Peverell pendant that Tom had gotten him. The one that he’d refused to set aside because of the attack. Grindelwald had stolen his birth right, the Peverell coat of arms, and Hadrian refused to let that all everyone remembers the insignia for like in the future. Although, there was a lot of speculation as to why that particular insignia.

Hadrian wasn’t about to let them in on why, and no doubt Dumbledore wouldn’t be too eager to either.

“Let’s head off,” Tom replied, eager as always to make an impeccable impression, and gain alliances. Money and status did the trick for most pureblood’s and he and Hadrian had more than they’d spend during their immortality and better status than they could wish for.

“Hold on tight, Fenrir,” Hadrian declared, as Tom summoned the gifts, and Hadrian summoned the invites which acted as Portkey’s to the venue, so that nobody could get there uninvited. Tom took one and Hadrian and Fenrir the other, and were transported from Peverell manor to grounds of Malfoy manor where the vows were to be exchanged.

“Woah! Look! White peacocks!” Fenrir exclaimed, gazing at them in wonder, and a little hunger as his wolf peaked through so soon after the full moon.

“Albino peacocks, yes,” Hadrian agreed, gazing at them, he’d heard of the prized Albino peacocks, but he’d thought that was Lucius not Abraxas.

“They’re worth a fortune overseas,” came the smug and sure voice of Lord Octavius Malfoy. “We don’t just give them to anyone.”

“At least they’re well looked after,” Hadrian commented, another dig at the House-elves situation, but it flew right over Octavius’ head. Not that it surprised him, to the likes of the Malfoy’s animals
had greater feelings than House-elves.

“Good morning, Lord Malfoy, thank you for granting us entrance,” Tom said formally, ignoring Hadrian’s cough, no doubt at his distaste at having to be ‘demure’ towards Octavius, but it was all for good cause.

“You’re more than welcome! Young Tom,” Octavius said, positively oozing smug superiority in his attempt at a fatherly tone. “Everyone is gathered just around the corner, you cannot miss it, I’ll be joining you shortly.” Never once acknowledging Fenrir, not that the boy seemed to mind, far too fascinated by the peacocks.

Hadrian’s gaze hardened, at the blatant dismissal, lips pursed, he stared coolly at the wizard eyes gleaming, before he turned and led Fenrir down the path, which was carpeted for the occasion, utterly missing the beauty of the grounds and the effort made.

Tom nodded at Octavius, stifling his own amusement at how pale the wizard had gone at Hadrian’s glare. He followed his families footsteps, definitely not up to apologising for what just occurred. The wizard hadn’t just offended his husband but his child, and Fenrir was theirs, to protect, to raise, to teach. His people knew better than to scorn Fenrir, lest they raise Hadrian’s ire…soon the others would learn as well.

If they weren’t already, since the news of what had occurred within the walls of the Daily Prophet had gotten out into society.

Apparently the Malfoy’s hadn’t gotten the subtle undercurrents…perhaps they would now.

Hadrian turned the corner of the manor, and stepped past the lush green bushes that arched up into a gateway. Staring at the change in the grounds of Malfoy manor. A massive iron wrought archway painted white, adorned with white Roses and Calla Lilies. Dozens upon dozens of seats, all dressed in white chair covers with decorative bows at the back.

To the left there were large tables set up with an assortment of food. Sat in the middle was a six tonne, six tiered wedding cake, and next to that the third table, housed a fountain with an assortment of plates and foods that one could dip chocolate or cheese (from the fountain).

“This has to be Imogen’s idea,” Hadrian commented, “It’s…too low class for the Malfoy’s, don’t you think?” glancing at Tom thoughtfully.

“Considering I’ve seen Lady Estella Aurelia Malfoy’s wedding dress in pictures, I’m in complete agreement. Between the dress that I was assured was over one million in costs and not to forget the ‘real gold candelabras’ with ‘crystal confetti’ with only the purest of society attending.” Tom said blankly, yes, they’d been bragging and he’d been forced to listen to it. “Quite frankly if Imogen’s been forced to wear it…we might not find her.” She was much thinner and shorter than Lady Estella.

“Merlin,” Hadrian sighed, shaking his head as Fenrir took off, already running towards Aiden who he hadn’t seen in a while. He would never have guessed those two would grow close…nor did he believe he and Aiden would given their history.

“Do you regret our hasty nuptials?” Tom asked curiously, as he and Hadrian began walking towards their seats, which were all reserved. Family and close friends first, then everyone else.

Hadrian snorted immediately, ignoring the indignant looks he received. “No, definitely not.” He was quite happy with their chosen method, he’d rather avoid anything like this. As shy as Imogen
was, she wanted this day, her day, he’d been reassured.

Tom nodded having suspected this, Hadrian just didn’t care for many people. Those he did care for though, he protected fiercely, and would do so at the risk of his life. To think that loyalty had once been used and abused, it was a surprise Hadrian could ever think to trust again let alone do it. He was aware Hadrian could have just left, went elsewhere, but he had chosen to allow him into his life, reveal the entire truth and now look at them…everything was within their grasp.

All they had to do was reach out and take it, claim it.

Hadrian and Tom were quick to say hello’s to one another, before Tom ambled towards a tent that was partially hidden, that presumably housed Abraxas, and his parents followed. A few seconds later, they emerged as Abraxas stalked towards his spot and stood proud and tall his gaze never wavering from the manor…where his soon-to-be wife was going to emerge from. He had not seen her in two days, and had no idea what wedding dress she had picked and he couldn’t wait to see her again.

He had fallen for her these past months as her true personality emerged, and he had fallen hard. He could finally envision himself being happy, and not just marrying to suit his parents whims.

He was in awe of her, the way she listened to him and calmly and sternly informed them of what she wanted for her wedding day. Then he had backed her up, showing her that he wouldn’t just keep his word, protect her, but back her up and show a united front. Instead of a grand hall, she’d chosen Malfoy Manor, together they had chosen the cake but the rest of the wedding details had been already decided, but she had altered them to suit her tastes.

He had not expected to ever be getting married in the gardens of his ancestral home. Yet he was inordinately pleased, she was declaring her allegiance to the Malfoy name.

Abraxas noticed Hadrian looking at him, and he mouthed ‘Thank you’ unsure if the other teen would understand why he was thanking him. Yet he couldn’t help but thank him regardless, he had a feeling he wouldn’t have all this if not for him.

The bridesmaids made their way down, dressed in strapped pale pink corset bodice dresses, Abraxas smiled at them, aware that Imogen thought very highly of them. three were her friends from home and then there was Myrtle, someone who she had come very close to as of late.

Then he forgot everything he was thinking as the gentle music changed, and began to play as his soon-to-be wife emerged from the manor, and he got his first glimpse of her. She was taking his breath away.

She was absolutely stunning.

A white strapless satin smooth fitted corset bodice gown lined with beautiful silver embroidery that flowed into a train. With a sweet heart neckline. Under the breast line a band of silver gem filigree. She’d forgone a veil or something had gone wrong. He hoped not, he didn’t want anything spoiling her special day.

This had been something she’d been imagining every day since she was a little girl, she’d confessed when he’d gotten his head out of his ass and actually spoke to her and asked her opinion.

She was utterly radiant, with a smile on her face that just could and should not be wiped off. He wanted to see her smiling like that every day for the rest of their lives.

He barely noticed Tom standing beside him, especially with his magic being partially cloaked. His
focus solely for Imogen, who may well have floated towards him for all he noticed his gaze focused on her face.

Before too long, Imogen was standing beside him, beaming at him, paying no mind to her father, who seemed very disgruntled at that. Then again, whenever he had been in their presence he had been very disgruntled regardless. Presumably not liking the fact his daughter had at long last found her voice and was gaining independence from him and didn’t need to rely on him for anything anymore.

Then the bonding process begun, binding Imogen and Abraxas together, binding their vows with magic, ensuring their longevity.

“I, Abraxas, so do swear to uphold, honour, cherish, obey,” everyone gasped as one when the wizard uttered those words, it just was NOT done. “Love you until death do us part, so mote it be.” And with that he placed the ring on her finger with his left hand, his right tightly clasped in Imogen’s and corded with magical rope, and it would remain that way until their vows were complete.

His parents foreheads were throbbing as they stood, transfixed with a smile so fake that it was painfully obvious to all.

With a shaky smile, she began, “I, Imogen, so do swear to uphold, honour, cherish, obey, and love you until death do us part, so mote it be,” she said without pause or doubt.

With that, their vows were said, and the magic sank into their bones, binding them to their words. Their vows were so different from all others, and had been a last minute decision on both their parts.

Neither of their parents were happy, but it had not been their decision to make.

“May I introduce you to husband and wife, Lord and Lady Malfoy,” came the voice of the officiant, who had bound them to their word and married them. “You may now kiss the bride.”

Abraxas gave his new wife a quick kiss on the lips, anything more would have been too ‘crass’ for the upper elite pureblood’s. “You’ve made me the happiest wizard in the world.” He confessed so lowly for only his wife to hear.

Imogen beamed in happiness, “I love you,” she whispered right back, and she did, when she’d met him…she hadn’t dreamed of this. She’d only hoped to care for her new husband…and the longer they spent together she believed she might be a little content…but now she knew she was going to be so very happy.

The smitten couple, barely took their eyes off each other during the official photos that were taken. Barely remembered what they said to friends and family, too lost in each other.

“My beautiful wife…will you do me the honour of this first dance?” holding his hand out.

Hadrian watched them dance, a small secret smile on his face. Leaning back against Tom, Fenrir busy playing with a boy Hadrian wasn’t familiar with. The boy was a good few years younger than him, and he was behaving himself, which pleased Hadrian immensely.

“You are awfully pleased with yourself,” Tom commented quietly, not that anyone was listening in, everyone was having their own quiet conversations as they watched the happy couple dance.

“No, happy, Tom, I’m happy,” Hadrian corrected him, there was a difference.
The first dance came to an end, with people beginning to join the couple of the dance floor that had been created for just this occasion.

“Do you want to dance?” Tom asked, surprising himself with the desire to do so.

Hadrian smiled, “I’d love to,” he said sincerely, standing, both made their way up, and Hadrian shouldered Myrtle with a thumbs up, she looked beautiful, she’d most certainly grown out of that awkward phase.

And Tom and Hadrian danced like it was their first one, just as lost in each other as Abraxas and Imogen.

Life was good for the Lords of Time.

Unfortunately their personal bubble of happiness gave way to disgruntlement as Dumbledore was released from Azkaban prison having served his time.

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End here and begin a sequel or will I just continue with the time skip I had planned? I hope you enjoyed the chapter! A picture of the dress Imogen is wearing is available to be seen on my facebook group page if you want to see :) I’ve never been very good at describing things that are in front of me lol but luckily I had a little help ;) R&R please

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!