Summary

When Voldemort attacked he didn’t kill Lily and James. When he met his downfall they mistook Harry's twin as the GWL, they send their son away to the Dursleys but he doesn't quite make it in to the Dursley's loving care. Harry will take Hogwarts and his 'family' by storm and by the time the 'light' realize their mistake it will be too late for them to fix.

Notes

This is a revision to my original version of this fic over on FF.net,

I'll be posting this version over there ASAP

Yes there is a lot of cliche here but please deal with it and give it a shot!

#Parsel#
Un'Beta'd
Chapter 1

Twins: A Different Life.

Chapter 1:

"Quick Lily, he’s coming! Take the twins and run." James Potter yelled frantically, as he felt the wards trigger but he knew it was already too late. The Dark Lord blasted down the door and hit James with a stunner before the man had the chance to even open his mouth. Usually, Voldemort would have killed him, Potter was a strong opponent, but he had promised one of his Elite to spare the Mudblood girl and it would raise a number of questions if Potter was dead and she wasn’t.

The Purebloods may begin to believe he was favouring Mudbloods over them and that would be counterproductive, while his Elite understood most of his true motives, even they wouldn’t understand why he had killed the Pureblood and a Mudblood was still alive. He continued up the stairs silently, he could sense which room she and the children were hiding in and he opened the locked door with a careless flick of his hand. The Dark Lord stepped in to the room and saw Lily Potter stood in front of a cot, blocking both children from his wand.

“Not my babies please.” She begged “Take me instead.”

“Stand aside, girl.” He ordered and she shook her head.

“Please, not them. Kill me, not them.”

“Move, and I shall spare you.” He hissed and when she refused again Lord Voldemort sighed, he didn’t have time for this. He threw a stunner and Lily Potter slumped to the ground unconscious. He stepped carelessly over her still form and looked in to the cot at the two children who were now gazing up at him. One of these children was propheced to defeat him and that was something he could not allow to hang over him, the war was at a crucial point. He would give them a painless death, magical children were to be cherished so he didn’t take any pleasure in what he was about to do.

It mattered not, the Potters were young enough to have more children. He just had to decide which child was the one the prophecy spoke of. One, the girl, had brown eyes and auburn hair, but there was nothing extraordinary about her so he shook his head and turned to the other. The boy, Harry Potter if the rat was correct, looked upon him with glaring green eyes that shone with power even at his age, and the Dark Lord closed his eyes and felt the waves of magic rolling of the boy.

“You are a powerful child, the one to defeat me. I would keep you alive if I knew you would join me, but of course with your family there would be no chance.” The man murmured more to himself than anything, but unknown to him, the child, Harry Potter, heard every word. Voldemort levelled his wand and cast the killing curse, it struck the boy square on the forehead but rebounded at remarkable speed, causing a magical backlash ripping the Dark Lord from his body and caving in the ceiling. Harry was thrown back unconscious bleeding from the lightning cut on his forehead and a piece of wood hit Rosina Potter on the cheek creating the same mark.
When Sirius Black fell in to the ruins of the Potter cottage, he cried out in utter agony when he saw the still form of his best friend, he stumbled over frantically and even though he believed it to be useless he cast an ‘Enervate’. He felt relief beyond measure when James stirred, laughing hoarsely when he blinked and opened his eyes.

“James, Jamie.” Sirius called and James groaned.

“Si’rus?”

“Thank Merlin,” Sirius breathed in relief, “I thought you were dead.” At the mention of being dead, James leapt up and dashed up the stairs with Sirius behind him, he burst in to the ruined nursery and took in the scene with ragged breathing. Lily’s fallen figure, the pile of smoking robes, the crumbling ceiling, and the trail of blood running down Rose’s face as she screamed.

“Lily!” He whispered, “Sirius, is she…?” He couldn’t bear to finish the sentence and closed his eyes when his best friend moved forward to check.

“She’s alive!” Sirius yelled and James almost sagged to the ground in relief. He walked over and helped his wife get to her feet before rushing over to pick up his crying daughter.

“What do you think happened?” Sirius questioned and James shook his head.

“Do you think she destroyed him, like the prophecy said?” James asked, nodding to the smoking robes and then pointed to the cut, “She’s marked.”

“Where’s Harry?” Lily demanded, “Where is my little boy?”

“Here he is,” Sirius assured, scooping the stirring form of his godson up and accidentally wiping the remaining blood from his forehead so no one noticed the mark he had there.

“I think she might have.” Lily agreed, calming she had her son in her arms.

“We’ll have to call Dumbledore.” James said, “Come on, we have to know.” James led them to the floo and called for the Headmaster, Dumbledore looked grave when he stepped through and they explained as much as they could.

“You should return to your manor for safety, I will call as soon as I can be certain he is gone. For now, act with great caution.”

“We will,”

“The entire world has gone insane!” James exclaimed, as he walked in to the playroom of the manor. Lily, Sirius and Remus were sat on the floor as the Rosina played with the building blocks and Harry sat in Moony’s lap as he quietly read him a book.

“Why, what’s happened?”

“Everyone knows.” He told them shaking his head, “I walked in to the ministry and there was this wild cheering and clapping as soon as they say me. It seems as if some of the Death Eaters lost their minds, something about their disgusting mark fading and work got out that Voldemort was coming here.”
“Oh my!” Lily gasped and James ran a hand through his hair.

“The press is going wild, wanting to know what happened.”

“I can’t believe this. It’s only been three days.”

“I’m hoping Dumbledore has some answers. Let’s go to the castle.” James suggested, and Lily nodded her head. Her nerves had been stretched thin since the attack and now it had gotten worse, if everyone already knew it would only be a matter of time before they were hounded.

“We will see you guys later.” Remus said, “You can tell us what happened.”

“Ok, thanks for staying with me.” Lily said sincerely and they smiled. Sirius and Remus waved her off.

“It was no problem.” They assured before stepping in to the floo and vanishing in the flames.

“I’ll just make sure it’s ok to go through,” James said, and Lily shifted so she could hold both the children as James called Dumbledore. “He said to come through, I’ll take Rosie.”

They made it through the floo and were welcomed in to Dumbledore’s office, the aged man was sat behind his desk with his hands bridged together at the tips.

“James, Lily, how are you?”

“Stressed,” Lily admitted, holding Harry close to her.

“Professor, the media have already caught wind of what has happened?” James told him, his voice lined in question.

“Yes. I am afraid to tell you that there was also an attack on Frank and Alice.” Dumbledore informed them gravely and they gasped.

“Oh no, are they alright?” Lily questioned fearfully and Dumbledore looked down with a wary sigh.

“That have been rendered completely insane due to overexposure to the Cruciatus curse and are now in St. Mungo’s with no hope of recovery.”

James choked and Lily released a sob, Alice was her best friend, they had been planning on raising their children together. Little Neville was only a day older than the twins, it would have been so nice.

“What about Neville?” Lily gasped and Dumbledore managed a small smile.

“While in a great deal of shock and some minor bruising from a fall, young Neville is just fine.”

“Oh thank Merlin,” She breathed.

“Who did it?” James snarled and a dark look crossed Dumbledore’s face before it was gone.

“Bellatrix, Rodolphus and Rabastan Lestrange and Barty Crouch Jr.” He answered and James hissed.

“Filth!”

“Thankfully, they have been apprehended and taken in to custody. It was them who were screaming about the fall of Voldemort and how the Potter’s would pay. It has been connected that Voldemort
was heading to you and that something happened to cause his fall at Godric’s Hollow.” Dumbledore explained and James relaxed just a little bit.

“Have you worked out what happened?” He asked the man and Dumbledore looked at the two children intently.

“I believe so.”

“Well?”

“It is my belief that Rosina is indeed the child of the prophecy.” Dumbledore said slowly, “There is dark magic surrounding her even now, and your son has none. She was conscious and he was not, leading me to believe he was knocked out by the backlash while the magic of the killing curse surrounded Rosina.”

“So it’s her, she is the one.” Lily whispered and Dumbledore nodded.

“You understand that she must train. Lord Voldemort is not truly gone and when he returns she will be his prime target.” Dumbledore stated and Lily shuddered.

“What about Harry?” Lily asked looking at her son.

“I think it would be best if someone else were to look after him or he will be forever bitter at the attention young Rose will get as she grows.”

“What!” Lily gasped.

“Think Lil’s Rosina is famous we won’t have time for another child.” James reasoned with her and Lily looked conflicted.

“What about Sirius and Remus?” She suggested, “He could stay at the House of Black and we will still get to see him.”

“That’s not a bad idea.” James allowed, “But everyone knows Sirius is my best friend.”

“Sirius will be targeted much more due to the arrest of his cousin. It will not be safe for the child.”

“Your right but where shall he go?”

“Your sister would be the perfect candidate.” Dumbledore suggested and when Lily went to protest he held up her hand. “No one would suspect and no one would find him. When he returns to the magical world he will have a humble upbringing, away from the fame and media and won’t be bitter to Rosina’s fame.”

“Very well.” Lily finally agreed, she needed to protect her son. Rosina would be in the limelight not matter what so at least Harry would be away from that. She handed over her son to Dumbledore and left, taking Rosina from James and flooing home leaving James to say their goodbyes. Dumbledore looked at the child and sighed, he apparated to Privet Drive and strode towards Number four. He cast a light sleeping spell on the boy and placed Harry on the doorstep of number 4 Privet Drive, tucking a letter in to his blanket and apparating away.

He wasn’t the only magical visitor on that ordinary muggle street however. As soon as Dumbledore had vanished, another elderly man arrived, he had an even longer beard than Dumbledore and a staff taller than himself. He moved towards number 4 quickly, lifting the child much easier than a man of his age was supposed to be able to do.
“I cannot allow this fool’s continued mistakes. You shall not grow up in this home.” The man murmured, “Nor shall allow the fates to remain unchecked.” The man shook his head and vanished in a flash of light.

Sirius was restless, there was something pulling at him and he couldn’t pin point what is was but he wanted to see his godson right away. He walked through the floo of the Potter Manor unaware of what had happened at Hogwarts. Sirius was familiar with the halls of the manor so he arrived in the sitting room in no time, James and Lily were sat close together with Rosie but he didn’t see Harry and frowned.

"Hey guys, where's my godson?" He asked and their reactions made the pulling tug painfully, Lily completely stilled and James’ smile vanished. James cleared his throat and looked at his best friend warily.

"We have decided that it would be best if for him to live elsewhere." He said in a rush, and Sirius froze. He couldn’t believe his ears.

"I'm sorry, what did you just say?" Sirius' voice was deadly calm.

"We sent him to live somewhere else so we can concentrate on our special little Rosie and so Harry wasn’t faced with the press." James told him. It all clicked in to place, the pulling was his Godfather bond was stretched too thin and he was unable to protect his charge.

"You sent your child away to live to focus on your other!" Sirius exclaimed outraged, his mind working a mile a minute.

"Rose is famous, Dumbledore said it was for the best if he went to live with my sister." Lily put in and Sirius went pale.

"You sent my godson to live with muggles." He roared utterly furious, his Godson, the Heir to the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black and Potter sent to live with common muggles. It was completely preposterous, even the light orientated families would disagree with this and the dark sided ones would have aneurism. Narcissa! If he still spoke to his cousin she would flay him alive. “What were you thinking?”

"Dumble-"

"I don't care what that old fool said! You got rid of your own child! Did you not once think of giving him to me if you were so set on throwing him away?” Sirius snapped in disgust. "Think logically for the love of Merlin, James. Not only is he your son but he’s Heir to two of the highest Houses in our world."

James looked sheepish.

"We didn’t think about that.” He admitted, “But it can be taught to him when he get him back. We just knew we had to concentrate of our special girl, and the media is already going wild. Harry’s better off away from all of that."

"You disgust me, both of you.” He sneered, making James recoil slightly at how much Sirius resembled all the other Blacks for a moment. “Did you not think for a second what this will do to
me? My bond with Harry is pulling, James!"

“You can mask it.” James waved off and Sirius balked; the man had no idea!

“And what of Remus?” Sirius snapped.

"Remus will be fine." James said easily brushing off his friend concern.

"Fine? F-,” Sirius threw his hands up in the air. “Harry is his cub, you know they developed a closer bond and this will tear him up, his instincts will go mad.” Sirius shuddered at that, his mate would be in pain because of this and he couldn’t allow that. “Just tell me where he is and I’ll take him.”

“You can’t Sirius. Dumbledore said it will be too dangerous for you to look after him.”

“What? The war is crumbling, it will be no more dangerous with me than it is with defenceless muggles. Tell me where my Godson is.”

“No. You can’t. Haven’t you heard? The Lestranges and Crouch Jr have been caught for torturing Frank and Alice in to insanity. Everyone knows Bellatrix is your cousin, Padfoot.” James told him and Sirius blinked, absorbing the fact that his friends were as good as dead and that his cousin was the one responsible. That didn’t sound like Bella at all. She didn’t go after Purebloods, especially not family, and Frank had Black blood. But she had been caught. He would have to see to that, but it still didn’t have two sickles to do with their argument.

“That means nothing. The Black Manor wards are stronger than the Potter Manor wards and you know it, and fear of the Black name stops even Malfoy moving against me.” Sirius countered, “If you are not willing to raise your own son, fine, you are not the man I thought you were. I will take him, I am his next of kin.”

"No Sirius it’s done. Harry will be at Hogwarts when he's eleven. Leave it." James stated firmly, closing the conversation.

“I will not leave it.” Sirius yelled, “Tell me where he is!”

“No.”

“You make me sick. If you don’t tell me where he is then we’re done, James.”

“What? Sirius! Be reasonable!” James exclaimed, “We’ve been friends since we were eleven.”

“Will you tell me where my Godson is?”

“No,”

“Then we’re through.” Sirius informed him calmly. He turned on his heel and walked out of the room, not sparing a glance at Lily or Rosina as he went and completely ignoring James calling him. He stepped through the fireplace and raised his ward to block out everyone except for Remus, Sirius walked up to the family lounge and sat down, calling an elf for a drink. He sat there thinking, his mind whirling a mile a minute on how to rectify this situation.

If he could just find his Godson then everything else would sort itself out. James couldn’t raise argument at his custody once he had him because all Sirius would have to say was that James left his child with muggles and he would get eaten alive by the Wizengamot and the Pureblood fanatics, Sirius could just hear August Longbottom now. The more pressing matter, however, was how he was going to break the news to his mate without causing him too much pain. Remus was due here
any moment, Sirius cursed James in his head; what was he thinking? He began to pace, this was bad, this was so bad. Sirius was so caught up in his pacing that he didn’t notice Remus had entered the room until the man physically stopped him moving.

“Sirius? What’s wrong?” He asked softly and Sirius opened his mouth to speak but no words seemed to come out. Remus grew worried at that, Sirius Black was never speechless. “What’s going on?”

“They sent Harry to go and live with muggles and they won’t let me take them and James has completely lost his mind.” He burst out and Remus blinked twice, his wolf registered that someone had said his cub was gone and Moony snarled before Remus could control himself.

“What?”

“Said that Dumbledore suggested it, something about needed to focus on their special Rosie and it was better for Harry to be away from the fame.” Sirius explained more heatedly than he had wanted but he was just so outraged, he saw Remus eyes flash amber and the werewolf ran off. Sirius knew where he was going, he was going to check to see if his cub was there or not. Remus floo’d straight to Potter manor striding purposefully to the living room, James rose to greet him but paled when he caught sight of the flashing amber eyes.

"Is it true?” Remus snarled, coming to a stop right in front of his friend.

"Moony it was for the best he-" James was cut off by a fist, a sharp crack rang out and blood spurted from the now broken nose.

“You have no idea what you have done.” He hissed before forcefully moving himself back towards the floo before he lost control and attacked James Potter. Sirius was waiting for him with a drink, which Moony was only too happy to knock back in one gulp.

“What did he say to you?” Sirius asked and Remus looked a little guilty.

"I may have hit James before he could offer an excuse." He admitted and Sirius’ eyes went comically wide.

"Hit him?” He repeated weakly and Remus nodded sheepishly.

"And broke his nose."

"He deserved it."

"Yes he did. Now we just have to work out how to get our little cub back.” Remus said rationally, even if on the inside he was anything but. Moony was howling in the back of his mind and it was only the fact that his mate was stood in front of him looking as determined as both he and Moony felt that he kept his control.

It was time to embrace the House of Black.

The old man and the child flashed back in to existence outside a pair of large iron wrought gates, which swung open to admit him as he approached. He walked up the grounds, admiring the grand castle he was moving towards with a fond smile. The doors opened for him and he walked through
the entrance hall and up the moving staircases to the seventh floor, he came to a stone gargoyle.

“To the Headmaster if you will.” The old man requested. The stone came to life and the old man stepped on to the moving staircase, he looked at the sleeping child and sighed. He was breaking so many laws of the universe but he couldn’t see the world fall to the pit in which it was to fall, should the timeline be kept as it was. Unfortunately, he didn’t have the power nor the legroom left to bring the child’s Godfather with him. The old man knew that the Godfather and his mate were going to suffer ten long years without the boy, but their suffering had the chance to save the world and they would see the child again. The old man walked in to the office and came face to face with four people; two men and two women.

“Merlin!” One of the men exclaimed. He had long dark red hair that flowed like a mane around him, a trimmed beard, red robe falling to his knees while jodhpurs covered the rest of his leg to his brown boot show he had been riding recently. His belt held a bright gold buckle and his red cloak was lined with golden silk and had gold embroidered lions on its hem. His name was Godric of Gryffindor.

“This is a surprise.” The other man drawled. Like his fellow he was dressed for riding, only his robes were of emerald green and his lining silver, however that was where the similarities ended. He had black hair that fell straight to his mid back and it was pulled in to a silver strap, his beard was precisely cut in to a goatee, he was slimmer and taller than the other male also and his name was Salazar of Slytherin.

“I come with a plea.” Merlin admitted coming further in to the room.

“Is that a babe?” The women gasped.

“Yes. Would you take him for me?” He asked and the petit woman with long curling red hair that was left resting to fall down he back, she was dressed in a flowing black and yellow gown stepped forward and to the sleeping boy. “Thank you Helga.”

“It is of no trouble.” She assured him, “He is quite the treasure.”

“Allow me a closer look?” The other woman asked, her inky black hair was pulled in to intricate braiding and patterns away from her face. She held a statuesque beauty and she was dressed in a gown of blues and bronze.

“Of course, Rowena.”

“What plea do you bring to us?” Godric questioned and Merlin sighed.

“This child’s name is Harry James Potter, born to this earth eighteen months prior but a thousand years from now, and he is one of Fate’s chosen.” Merlin began and there were sharp inhales of breath.

“His destiny is locked within a prophecy but I have witnessed what will become should he remain on the path he was placed. There is a divide, in the future, where the orientation of magic are categorised in to good and evil, light and dark.”

“That is stercore!” Godric exclaimed and Rowena sent him a spell that mimicked the feeling of having a wand rapt on the back the person’s hand. “Circe, Rowena!”

“I shall not remain while such language is being spoken.” She warned him and he scowled.

“The leader of the light is a fool, he had made many grievous mistakes and he had just made one which will send the world in to peril. If this child were to remain on his path, should he fulfil the
prophecy magic shall die for it cannot live without balance, should he fail and die, those fighting shall destroy themselves, revealing magic to those without it and causing a war that will destroy the very earth in which we live.” Merlin told them all gravely.

“What is to be done?” Salazar demanded and Merlin folded his hands over his stomach.

“This boy’s magic will far outreach any magical born to this world, except one. And so I bring him to you, the four greatest magical people of your generation and many generations to come, to teach him all the magic you know and all the magic he can achieve. Teach him to be strong and sure, to battle and to endure, but also teach him how to love and to laugh and more importantly how to live.” Merlin said to them softly. “I bring him to you to change the worlds fate by changing this boy’s life, and when the time comes and he must return to his own time he will have received the best preparation that he could possibly have and hopefully alter the balance of the fates.”

“Is it even achievable?” Helga asked, her voice no more than a whisper.

“It is my last option.” Merlin admitted and the four shared a look.

“We would be honoured to offer our aid.” Godric decided and Merlin smiled slightly.

“I have broken numerous laws in doing this, and my powers are low. The boy has a Godfather and his mate who care very deeply that I was unable to bring with me, I have opened the bond they share between Godparent and charge so he will subconsciously feel their love and worry. When you begin his control and Occlumency training, it will need to be explained to him. The connection will close when he returns.” Merlin informed them and they nodded.

“We shall see to it.” Rowena assured.

“I have also given the four of you the dialect of the child’s time, you have not noticed it and you will not until Harry is returned. Should he interact with others, he will hear it in his dialect and they will hear his speech in theirs. However, this does not work for foreign languages, he will have to learn those, unless he has been gifted with any speech.” Merlin explained, “He will not be able to learn otherwise.”

“I see, that is an extraordinary piece of magic. Another law broken, perhaps.”

“Yes, a necessary one.”

“Most definitely.”

“I will also like to come and help train the boy, I believe he will have an aptitude for some of my magics.” Merlin mused.

“You know you are a welcomed guest.” Helga said with a smile.

“The world and I are in your debt.” Merlin stated seriously, “I must leave you now, and I shall be gone for quite the while. I must accept the punishments of the laws I have broken this eve.”

“Be well, friend.” Salazar said, “And return when you can.” Merlin offered them a bow and disappeared in a flash.

“We will need to divide our times to look after the boy.” Rowena said, “And we shall have to keep him from the students until he can begin his control training, it is imperative that he learns to focus and control all aspects of his emotions before we begin teaching him. His wild magic shall forever act beyond his reach otherwise.”
“Excellent suggestion,” Godric said brightly, “Until that point we shall monitor his magical outburst and decided a course following that.”

“Very well. I must return to my pit, I have four possible advances that must be reviewed before the number of trial subjects needs to be sent.” Salazar told him, “Inform me of my duties when you are able.”

“As you must,” Godric allowed and Salazar swept from the room.

“Oh, he’s awakening.” Helga whispered.

“Look at those beautiful eyes.” Rowena gasped, catching sight of the piercing green irises hiding behind pale lids.

“Such loveliness.” Helga murmured, “We must have him fitted and have the castle provide a room for him that we are able to access from each of our domains.”

“I shall immediately begin.” Rowena volunteered and Helga nodded.

“I will order the necessary furniture from the craftsmen, and have it delivered as the quickest convenience.” Godric said.

“Let us return with our bearings here and Rowena may lead us to the rooms.”

Godric led the two women out of the office and down through the castle, each of them thinking of the burden in which they agreed to bare. It would be worth it, should they succeed and they each knew they would give their very all.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Un'Beta'd

#Parse the#

I hope you enjoy!

I'm not J.K either!!

Chapter 2:

It had been a long six years since Merlin had come before the founders and asked them of their task, but it had been a good six years. Little Harry had grown well and he had wormed himself in to all of their hearts, even if some were reluctant to show it. It had been difficult at first, Harry's wild magic was much more powerful than they had expected and they had to begin control and Occlumency training when he was three. It had helped a great deal, a child's mind was much more imaginative and they were able to think up the wildest of things that adults simply couldn't.

It hadn't stopped the wild magic completely however, and due to that fact Harry had learned to control it slightly. He could bring things to him if he wanted and vanish things too, it was amusing to watch a four year old try and be sneaky with magic. Merlin returned to them after three years and he was rejuvenated and excited, the strands of time were already rewriting themselves and he took that as a positive seeing as there wasn't really anything that could be worse than before. He had begun telling Harry stories of his Godfamily when he was six, showing him how to pull strength from the feelings within when he needed to.

It had been decided that they would postpone the beginning of Harry's training for another year, simply because of the vast amounts of magic the child had within him. At the age of seven, Harry almost had full wandless control of his magic, and he was most at ease with summoning and vanishing things, doing it with an absent flick of his hand when he wanted something. Of course, it wasn't only magic they had been teaching him. He learned how to read and write with remarkable ease, and he was being prepared to take on Heir and Lord responsibilities in the most basic of formats. They were unable to teach specific things as they were unable to access anything to do with the Houses he would later inherit, but etiquette, customs and history were a must and how to interact with other races.

Rowena also insisted that they begin the teachings of other languages when he was young, she had started teaching Latin and French to Harry at the age of four and with each mastery of a language another would begin and Rowena made sure to speak in a different language each time she was with Harry to make sure he never forgot. Once they were sure it was safe to begin teaching they had organised a timetable and an outline of the magics and other learnings Harry would need and who was going to teach which subjects.

Harry had been excited all week, he knew he would be learning proper magic and he had been reading at an almost unhealthy rate so he was ready; he said he didn't want to have to stop all the time. Speaking of the child, seven year old Harry Potter burst in to the office where Merlin, Rowena,
Helga and Salazar were sitting giggling as Godric chased him, and he ran to hide behind Salazar's chair. Godric huffed and Harry peaking around, grinning knowingly and Gryffindor shook his head.

"Too clever." He grumbled and Harry snickered.

"Have you eaten your breakfast?" Helga questioned and Harry nodded.

"Yep,"

"Now, you know why we are here." Salazar began, his voice cool, "You must promise to listen to our instructions clearly, and not to break the rules we set for you."

"I will," Harry promised solemnly.

"I will be teaching you of your time, we will go over the change in customs and the facts of history as they are known for everyone else; even if you already know the truth. I will also be helping you tune in to any hidden abilities you may have." Merlin told him and Harry nodded.

"You shall be learning Blade Handling, Transfiguration, Defensive Magic and Riding with me." Godric said brightly and Harry grinned.

"With me we will be covering Charms, Arithmancy, Runic Magic and Astronomy," Rowena said to him, "Though, shall you show any aptitude for the art of Divination then I shall be the one to teach you that also."

"We will cover Herbology, Care of Magical Creatures, Wards and Protection Magic and Music and Arts together," Helga continued easily.

"And finally," Salazar drawled, "I will teach you Potions, Offensive Magic, Mind Magic and Archery."

Harry looked at the five of them wide eyed – he would be learning so much! A bright smile lit up his face and he all but bounced on the spot, he would do his very best.

It was much harder than Harry could have ever thought it would be. He had been fitted with a beautiful wand, walnut with a core of Hebridean Black dragon heartstring and unicorn hair, but he struggled to cast magic correctly; it felt much more of an effort than he was used to. During the second week of his training, Harry had tried the shield charm Godric was teaching him without his wand and it sprang out of his hand in a great rush of magic.

So it was decided that he was to be taught without a wand, and once he had the basics down he was taught to use his wand too, though he much preferred it without. He was getting on quite well, and it was finally time for his first lesson with Salazar. There was something about the tall, dark haired man that drew Harry in, and even though Salazar was not the friendliest of people, Harry really did like him. He swallowed hard when he saw the mood in which the Slytherin founder was in, the man was normally intimidating but when he was angry he was downright scary.

"Come," He barked at Harry, who jumped up and rushed to follow him.

"Sal…"

"Not now, Ric." He snapped, sweeping out of the room and leaving Harry to hurry and follow him down to the dungeons. He was ushered in to Salazar's lab and winced when the man cursed under his breath.
I knew this would happen. Damn. He hissed to himself and Harry blinked, he had never heard the usually calm man say such a word.

What's happened? Harry asked hesitantly, unconsciously slipping into the Parseltongue that Salazar had spoken previously.

An experimental potion had been ruined because-. Salazar froze, his spine straightened and he slowly turned to face the seven year old child looking up at him.

"Did you just speak in Parseltongue?" Salazar questioned in disbelief and Harry looked at him blankly.

"The snake language?" Harry said in confusion and Salazar offered him an unimpressed look.

"The ancient dialect of the serpent." He corrected, "Yes,"

"I don't know. I thought only you could speak it?" Harry pointed out and Salazar nodded.

"As did I." He murmured, "Can you understand me?"

Of course I can. Harry said, looking at the man as if he had lost his mind.

We are not speaking English, Harry. Salazar told him amused and Harry gasped.

Really? It seems you have the gift of Parseltongue. Salazar mused, "It is unknown why, but it is to our advantage."

Cool! Harry exclaimed and Salazar offered him a small smile.

It seems our lessons became slightly more interesting. Salazar stated, "I shall teach you the magics unique to Parseltongue and I shall show you how to write in the language and how to identify when you are speaking and when you are not."

This is going to be so amazing. Harry decided and Salazar chuckled. He gracefully bent down to kiss the crown of the child's head and squeezed his shoulder.

Congratulations on receiving such a wonderful gift.

The other three founders didn't know what had happened over the first year of Harry's training, but whatever it was made the child and the most severe of founding four unusually close. Harry only used to be around Salazar when the man was out of his dungeons and now the little boy spent nearly all of his free time with the man, it was quite amusing to watch Slytherin walk around with Harry following him like an excitable niffler. Godric had expected his old friend to get frustrated with Harry's seemingly endless questioning and stalking but the reserved man always had a small smile for the little boy and answered everything patiently. Helga swore she had seen Salazar picking Harry up and carrying him down to the dungeons because the child couldn't keep up, Godric didn't believe her whatsoever and Rowena had laughed at their bickering.

Six months in to training was when the nicknames started, Salazar would call Harry 'Little Snake' or 'Snakelet' and by this point the other three had just accepted that the pair had obviously bonded in some way. Harry did spend lots of time with the other founders of course, and they were all exceptionally proud of his progress, more than that as he had blown their expectations right out of the
Over the first year of training, it had been discovered that Harry had no aptitude for Divination at all, and he had a rather severe dislike for the subject in general, citing that everyone made their own destinies. Once he had stopped using his wand for his main casting he had shot through all the practical magic he had been given, showing accelerated abilities in Charms, Offence, Defence and Parsel Magics – much to Salazar's secret delight. Harry did struggle a bit more of the less active sides of magic, Herbology, Astrology and Runic Magic being his weakest subjects, though this was completely irrelevant when it came to Potions as he absolutely adored the subject and it was by far his best after Defence. Godric had found that, after he had gone over the basics of the Blade Handling class, Harry was suited using double daggers and while Gryffindor himself usually fought with a sword, he was able to teach Harry how to handle them. He drilled the boy on movements that would achieve the best results, going over them individually before combining them in to links. After a year of training, Harry felt comfortable with the blades in his hands and he was able to correctly pull off all the links Godric had set for him. Gryffindor had promised that they would be learning how to throw the blades two, if he managed to keep up with the hand to hand side of things much to Harry's delight.

The other weaponry Harry was being taught was Archery and he thought it was a blast, once he had been fitted with a bow Salazar had given him clear instructions on what spells he would need to learn to protect his hands against the draw as he was bound to make mistakes while learning. Only once he had mastered the spells was he allowed to begin firing arrows. At first, he had been shockingly terrible, not being able to find the strength to pull back enough, or his arms were shaking so he managed to miss the entire target. The worst time was when he had somehow hit a rock and the arrow had ricocheted of the hard surface only for it to imbed itself in Salazar's shoulder. Harry had been utterly mortified and was very reluctant to pick the bow back up after that, but Salazar had been determined to help him improve as there was not one subject of his that Harry didn't excel at. He built up physical training for the boy, making him lift heavy rocks and larger cauldrons rather than letting him levitate them so he could build up his strength. It had worked slowly and it helped Harry hold the bow straight and actually begin to hit the outer edge of the target. It frustrated him because in his Offensive Magic training he had a freakishly good aim, one that Salazar had even admired, but with the bows he couldn't seem to hit anything but the outside. He had grown desperate and mentally begged the arrow to please just hit the middle of the stupid target, to his and Salazar's utter disbelief, the bow had slammed directly in to the centre of the target, not just in the red zone but straight in the very centre.

They had both forgotten all composure and gaped at the target stupidly before Salazar looked at Harry in question, the little boy had shrugged helplessly because he had no idea. Slytherin had ordered to do whatever he had done again and so Harry had tried, again mentally asking the arrow to hit the centre and to both of their delights it had shredded the previous arrow and hit the very middle. From then on he asked the arrow to hit whatever he wanted to hit and it never failed him, Salazar was practically skipping in delight and started teaching the boy how to hit further targets to build up his muscle memory. Once Harry was nine he would be taken hunting to learn how to hit moving targets, until then Salazar had promised to teach him trick shots once he was sure Harry could hit the furthest of targets.

Unlike with Archery, there wasn't a force on the earth that could make Harry even an acceptable artist. He didn't have the touch for painting or drawing, nor the patience, and he often got fed up when nothing he tried to draw looked remotely what it was supposed to. He wasn't the greatest musician either. After a year he still hadn't really took to any particular instrument and didn't have much interest in trying to change that fact. Helga had decided to teach him how to dance, he had
already learned the waltz as that was what was expected of him with his position as an Heir, but Helga had decided as music and art wasn't his thing, and because Harry was a very good dancer, that she would expand his abilities and he had to admit he did enjoy it.

Harry had lessons with Merlin once a week and the aged Warlock had been delighted to find out that Harry did, in fact, have some hidden abilities. The boy shared his ability and could cause and manipulate lightning, which meant Harry had the ability to master the element of air; something he would do over time. He also had the ability to master the element of fire too, a welcome surprise, however, Merlin had warned Harry that he wasn't likely to master either element before his eleventh birthday but that only made Harry more determined to try. Merlin had also told Harry all about his Godfather and his mate, and showed him how to access the subconscious link that Merlin had opened. It had made him so much happier to know, though he couldn't help but feel a huge sense of loss at not seeing either Sirius or Remus.

Much to Godric's delight, Harry had shown an exceptional ability to fly a broomstick, not only that, the boy seemed to have absolutely no fear at attempting anything and everything whilst in the air. It was like he was born to fly, and by the first month of him being on a broom he was already flying around the pitch standing up – something neither Rowena nor Helga were pleased about. He carried his talent over to riding animals too, horses and hippogriffs seemed to adore the boy and he grasped how to ride them properly within another month; having particular fun in testing the hippogriffs to the length of their flight ability and loving every second of it. Rowena was less than impressed when she caught him flying past the Astronomy tower and Godric's ears were still ringing by dinner time after the hour long lecture she gave him. She didn't find out about him putting Harry on Hercules, his Griffin familiar however, something Ric was thankful for.

Helga working with Harry in Care of Magical Creatures helped him when flying, he loved animals too. When Harry was nine, he was informed that he would be expected to learn how to do some of his spells silently, and instructed by Helga to do so. Surprisingly, it was the Hufflepuff Founder who was the best at silent casting, and as she was a highly adept teacher, she went through all of his basic magic with him until he could do it silently, and then they would advance. Godric, Rowena and Salazar came together once a week and taught him how to combine Transfiguration, Defence, Charms and Offence in to duelling, teaching him to never rely on one branch of magic and to always keep moving.

He picked up on the movements surprisingly quickly and his reflexes were almost inhuman much to their amazement, and it wasn't long before he had started to incorporate his daggers in to the duel. Salazar had gifted him with a stunning set of goblin made daggers, they were pure black with vicious curved blades and beautifully carved hilt finished with two sparkling marquise cut emeralds. As they were goblin made they were resistant to pretty much everything, only taking in that what makes it stronger, and Harry had found that he was able to slice spells in half as well as deflect them with the blades. His and Salazar's secret of Parseltongue was discovered by the others when Harry accidently handed in his Arithmancy homework written in Parseltongue, Sal had found it hilarious when Harry had brought it to him and was sure to remind the child of it as much as possible.

Because of this and other incidents including accidently blowing out a wall, his Mind Magics had to be advanced further, Salazar had already taught him how to build a mindscape and Harry's wasn't basic but it wasn't as detailed as it could be, only being Aphelia's home, and it wasn't fully connected. He developed his mindscape in to layers and weaved layers of defences in to the actual scape rather than just protecting it from the outside, he had his first corridor which was had nasty trip wires and then a Parsel password door that led to the home of Salazar's Basilisk familiar Aphelia, who he had slither around to protect the viewing pool he created in replacement of Aphelia's pool/ The basilisk was the only protection in the hall, but then, she was a basilisk and it would take something close to a miracle to get that far in to his mind anyway and they would still have to face a
At the end, there was a statue of Sal and there was another Parsel password opening that led to stone stairs that would flatten in to a slide, like the female dorms, unless you tapped the right stone before you took a step. It wouldn't be too dangerous, if only it didn't lead directly to a study and the momentum would carry the intruder straight in to a burning fireplace. The study was identical to the one Sal owned when he was down working and spending time with Aphelia, the only difference was Harry's wasn't big enough to fit the growing basilisk and Sal's was. There were bookshelves everywhere and every book that could be seen was a book Harry had read, and he was able to go back and read them whenever he pleased.

There also a tall ebony display cabinet that was filled with hundreds of phials, each shelf was of a different year and organised by month and then by person. It was a charmed cabinet of course, expanded on the inside so much that Harry could walk in to it and have better access to his memories. However, the cabinet was also a trick. An intruder could pick up a memory but they would be unable to view it even if they poured it out, if they did that then it would simply vanish and reappear on the shelf where it had sat before. The only way to view the memory was to discover the correct bookcase, guess yet another Parsel password and enter a bare room with only a viewing pool in the centre.

It was a technique Salazar had created himself and it was a mix of things. The first, looping, was where the memory would return back to its shelf – something it would also do once the memory had been viewed. The second, connecting, was where the mindscape was fully connected to the body and soul and acted as the link to the viewing pool – usually when a pool was used, the one who's memory it was had to form a magical link to play the memory of others. The final, vanishing, was where the memory would vanish if it was poured or released in any other place except the pool, and it was difficult because it was formed as a ward in Parsel by Salazar and it had to be cast on the entire cabinet, the entire study, entrance chamber and corridor so the memories were not shown anywhere else. It was the hardest thing Harry had ever done in his mind and it took him almost a year to have it perfected, but once it was done he was so pleased.

Salazar had also made him strengthen his defences protecting the entrance to his mindscape, and Harry had gotten extremely bored so he thought of something new. It had taken him six months to perfect, but when he had finished it, it had left Salazar stumped. It was a completely white space, there was nothing else except blankness and seven doors one behind the other, seven being the most powerful magical number. Each door had either a password, a ward, a sequence or riddle that had to be completed. The passwords were two words and each word was a different language and on both the first and last door. The sequence was tapping on correct symbol in the correct order, but the catch was there were other symbols that were thrown in to trip the intruder up. The riddle was written on the door and they would have to speak the answer to get it to open and the door in the centre, door four, was warded with everything he knew and would have to unlocked before they could pass. Salazar had been confused, the doors were not blocked off and it was possible to go to any door and any time to unlock it.

Salazar had merely gone through the last door, cracked the password – as all magic leaves it's traces and he knew Harry enough to know the words he used! – and expected to be sent through to the next layer of defence. Instead, he had walked through the door and was met with the white space again, only this time one of the doors was open. After several hours of the man not being able to work out what had happened but knowing there had to be a way forward else Harry would have shut of his own mind and would be in comatose. Harry had finally relented and explained to Salazar that, in order to break the looping illusion, all of the doors must be open and then the intruder had to walk through the last door to move on. It was based on the vaults at the bottom of the school, where seven keys had to be found and used before it would open, it didn't matter what order just as long as
Salazar had been impressed and had set about creating the same for his own mind. The mastering of his own mind had also helped him master his animagus transformation with Ric, he had a black phoenix form which made him immune to most poisons and venoms, enabled him to heal at a much rapid rate and he never got sick and gave him the ability to travel through flames. He and Salazar had spent over a year working out a way to allow him to use his flames whilst human. When Harry was ten, the Founders and Merlin finally sat him down to explain the events of Samhain that had caused Merlin to do what he did, Harry understood that he was not born from this time, that there had been an attempt on his life and he would eventually have to return to his own time, he just didn't know why.

He had been told to wait and that they would explain everything and the day of explanation had finally arrived, and Harry was excited. He shot his final bow through the apple Salazar banished and grinned.

"Will you look at that?" Harry exclaimed in mock surprise, "I hit it."

"Just because your system works now, do not forget how you started." Salazar quipped and Harry shot him an unimpressed look.

"Sal, if you want to speak of failures, need I remind you of the mindscape incident." Harry drawled, using the tone the man he was directing it at was famous for and he laughed as the man shot him a dark look.

"I do believe we are expected for a meeting." Salazar changed the subject easily and Harry snorted. While the man had been impressed by his seven doors and had taken the idea for himself, he hadn't liked getting trapped in Harry's mind for hours upon end trying to figure out how to move forward.

"Yes, I felt Merlin arrive ten minutes ago." Harry said.

"His magic is masked, your sensitivity in increasing." Salazar mused and Harry nodded.

"It has been since I finally managed my animagus form." Harry told him.

"Not so surprising, really. The Phoenix is a rather phenomenal creature." Salazar said, leading him through the passageway that went from the entrance hall up to the fourth floor. They continued up to Gryffindor's tower, slipping through to a hidden corridor that led to Godric's office and rooms. Godric and Merlin were laughing together when Harry and Salazar entered, while Rowena and Helga were smiling and shaking their heads.

"Ah, there he is!" Merlin exclaimed brightly, sat in his all too familiar young form.

"Hi, Merlin," Harry greeted, going to hug the warlock before taking a seat next to Salazar.

"Rowena was showing me your latest work in Spell Craft," Merlin said, "I have to say I am impressed."

"Thanks. I'm sure I have the basic frame work for it complete, it is just building up the layers so it works and it is stable." Harry said to him brightly.

"And you have taken very well to Elvin too," Merlin noted.

"Much better than Nymph." Godric threw in slyly and Harry blushed.
"We don't need to mention that." He grumbled, remembering the time when the Oaken Clan from the Forests of Dean had visited the Dark Forest and he had slipped over so many words he had nearly offended them. It was only thanks to Rowena being with him that the situation had been saved, Godric had found it absolutely hilarious.

"Do not worry, Harry dear," Helga soothed, "I shall have to tell you about the time Godric asked to by an Arabian nobleman's daughters instead of his horses." Harry gasped and burst in to peals of laughter as Godric groaned and buried his face in dismay.

"Helga!"

"I can't wait to hear about that!"

"We have much more important things to be getting on with." Godric declared and Harry grinned.

"Yes! The story behind the rebounding curse." Harry said, "Who was the powerful man and what did he mean when he said I was the one to defeat him?"

"I shall start from the beginning." Merlin decided, "And it starts with a prophecy."

"What!" Harry exclaimed in disgust, "You have to be kidding me!"

"Snakelet," Salazar said sternly and Harry bit his tongue and cleared his expression.

"Sorry, Sal."

"The prophecy stated that a child born at the death of the seventh month, of parents who thrice defied him, would have the power to vanquish the Dark Lord. The child would be marked as his equal, but he would have the power he knows not and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives." Merlin explained and Harry raised his hand to touch his lightning scar before scowling slightly.

"So I'm guessing I was the one." Harry muttered unnecessarily, he was thinking it over and he could understand the attack. Merlin had told him about the war and the Dark and Light Lords and how the war was reaching its peak with the Dark side prevailing, if he had been told that someone was prophecied to defeat him at such a crucial stage then he wouldn't have wanted the threat around either.

"Yes, however a mistake was made." Merlin said and Harry looked up.

"Oh?"

"Yes, in the midst of what was happening, there was an explosion in the room and you were knocked unconscious and your twin sister was thought to be the Chosen One. The Leader of the Light suggested to your parents that you should be moved elsewhere so they could focus on your twin and keep you out of the media." Merlin told him and Harry blinked. Then he blinked again and tilted his head a bit like a bird, his mind had exploded in to questions and the most prominent one being:

"What in the name of Circe Almighty were they thinking!?" He burst out outraged.

"I would not have phrased it so, but I have to agree with Harry." Salazar stated coldly, the very idea of abandoning a magical child for any reason was simply not plausible to him whatsoever.

"And another thing." Harry continued, "If I had a sworn Godfather who is very much alive and I am
not with him, where in Hades did they send me?” Merlin grimaced slightly, eyeing the Slytherin Lord warily knowing he was just going to love this.

"To your mother's muggle sister."

"WHAT IN THE NAME OF CIRCE ALMIGHTY WERE THEY THINKING?” Salazar roared, surging to his feet "A magical child taken from its true world and SENT to muggles! An utter disgrace! No training or control – no protection! He would have self-destructed, his wild magic would be out of control and eventually his magic would have overcame him once his majority hit him and killed him! It's insanity at its height. Criminal, I tell you, absolute criminal!"

Everyone in the office was looking at Salazar in varying degrees of alarm, Harry's being the biggest as A, it was his life and B, he had never seen Salazar lose his cool so much.

"Thank Merlin that that didn't happen." Harry muttered hollowly and Salazar scowled at the wall while Helga and Rowena looked at the child in concern. Slytherin eventually retook his seat and gently ran his hand through Harry's hair.

"Don't worry, Little Snake. We'll make sure you can go back and demonstrate to those pathetic excuses for parents what a mistake they made and illustrate just how much they wasted trying to teach your twin when you are so much better." Salazar stated firmly and Harry beamed.

"I think I might look forward to meeting my sister though," Harry said thoughtfully, "I mean, it's not her fault, is it? And it would be cool to have a sibling the same age, I could teach her things maybe."

"You are correct, Harry." Helga agreed with a smile, "You can decide upon meeting her."

"You don't have to like her, Snakelet." Salazar warned, "If she is awful, brush her aside and show your superiority."

"Salazar of Slytherin!" Rowena chided and Salazar didn't even look abashed.

"My dear Row, if one had qualities that are better than others it is one's right to illustrate as such when the situation arises. Modesty does not get recognition nor power, if one want's something one must show they have the ambition and the ability to get what they want." Salazar drawled and Godric rolled his eyes.

"I'm surprised you even know the word modesty, Sal." He joked and Salazar merely sniffed.

"So this prophecy is the reason everything happened. What happened to the Dark Lord?" Harry asked curiously and Merlin smirked slightly.

"This is where things begin to get interesting. The Dark Lord remains in spirit form, he survived the night and is biding his time to make a return."

"So the prophecy is still active." Harry questioned.

"Yes. It is." Merlin confirmed.

"And when the time comes, when he returns and confronts the light it will be revealed that Rosina was never the Chosen, that he cursed me, the light will expect me to step up and save them despite everything they have done to me." Harry's tone indicated exactly what he thought of that idea even if his expression was clear.

"Most likely. You see, I was foretold that should you continue on the path set for you then the very
world would be destroyed if you failed and died or magic would cease if you completed the prophecy." Merlin informed him, "Which leads to believe that you were expected to step up in order for that future to be an option. And for that reason, I brought you here."

"There isn't a force within this earth that could make me voluntarily aid the people who were willing to abandon me to muggles." Harry stated venomously, "If the prophecy stands true, the light's war is already lost because I won't be their attack viper."

"We do not expect anything of you than to be the very best you can be." Helga soothed him and Harry huffed.

"What is supposed to happen when I go back?" Harry asked.

"Your parents will collect you and 'introduce' you to the wizarding world and explain the situation, they have been led to believe because of your modest upbringings," Godric snorted because everyone knew Harry was just slightly over indulged, but he worked so hard that they couldn't say no to the boy. "-you will be understanding and accept your new role."

Harry looked at him in open incredulity.

"They expect me to be understanding and accepting after they abandoned me with muggles?" He hissed, "On what planet were they born? They have to out of their damn minds!"

"Language young man!" Rowena snapped and Harry sneered.

"At this particular moment in time, I couldn't care less what language is coming out of my mouth. I have just found out that my parents, the people who are supposed to love, cherish and raise you threw me away in favour of my sister. Not only did they throw me away without a care, but they threw ME AWAY TO MUGGLES!" He had gotten progressively louder until he was shouting at the end and his face was flushed in anger.

"Did you not hear what Salazar said earlier? If Merlin hadn't intervened and changed Fate's path I would be dead in seven years, with uncontrollable magic and no idea who or what I am. It would have killed me! And what if the muggles had been like those from the churches?" Harry shuddered at the very thought and both the ladies had gotten very pale.

"I know this is a lot to take in," Merlin said quietly, "But you are doing so well now, and you have at least a year to decide what you want to you."

"I'll have to get an actual feel of the time and the happenings before anything definite" Harry pointed out, before shaking his head. "I need to think."

"Take an hour out duelling today." Salazar told him, "Centre yourself."

"Ok," Harry said with a sigh, "Can I go now?"

"Yes, of you go, Little Snake." Salazar said and Harry left the room. He all but ran through the corridors heading for somewhere he could thing, somewhere where he might be able to understand. He ran up the stairs to the Astronomy tower and then he was at the top he transformed in to a Phoenix and flew up to the roof before changing back and sitting down. He flew in to his mind and rushed to his earliest memories, taking them all and throwing them in to the viewing pool.

He analysed every detail of what his mind had consciously and subconsciously remembered, from the blurry first sight of his mother and father right up until when he looked up green eyes like his own and watched as his mother passed him over to a man with a huge beard and blue eyes. Harry
was thrown out and he sat at the edge of the pool numb, his mother had just given him away, just like that. Why? Why would she do that? He felt an intrusion in his mind and when someone sat down next to him he knew it was Salazar.

"I don't understand." He admitted to his mentor, his voice shaky.

"I cannot say that I do either." Salazar told him, "If there is anything that you should take from his discovery is that for whatever reason this happened, it is not down to you. I may not fully understand but I know you, and I know how hard you work and just how brilliant you truly are. It is they who have missed out on knowing you and it is they who have lost the opportunity to watch as you have excelled beyond what was every expected of you."

"Thanks Sal," Harry murmured, leaning in to the Slytherin founder and sighing.

"Now, we are sat on the roof of the tallest tower of this castle and it is not something I am in agreement with." Salazar informed him and Harry giggled slightly, "You could have chosen the lake, Snakelet."

"As much as I love the water, there is nothing like the wind."

"You are spending too much time with Merlin." He decided, "Come, I must influence you more to counter it."

Harry laughed and followed Sal out of his mind, sealing it as he went, and back in to the real world, shaking himself out.

"How long have I been up here?" He wondered, stretching his aching limbs.

"Over two hours, which is why I came to get you." Salazar answered and Harry blinked.

"I'm sorry, I didn't realise."

"It is of no matter, the situation is understandable. Should you be late to another of my classes, however, and I shall have you mucking the stables."

"I wouldn't dream of it." Harry assured.

"Good. Now get us down from this infernal tower." He ordered and Harry laughed, he took Salazar's arm and burst in to flames. Everything, Harry decided, was going to be ok. He didn't believe in set destinies, he would carve his own and so help anyone who tried to stop him.
Chapter 3

Over his final year with the Founders and Merlin, Harry gained an almost inhuman determination to stretch the very limits of his ability. Since the revelation of what had happened back in his own time, he had pushed himself further and further, trying again and again until he had mastered everything they had thrown at him. And by Circe did it show. Harry was in his final duelling class and he was duelling Godric, the best dueller out of the Founders, and they had been fighting for nearly an hour with neither gaining the upper hand. Godric released a torrent of spells in one of his personalised links, Harry deflected them easily, spinning and casting a mirror shield to have them bounce back on Ric. The boy wasn't expecting for Godric to do the same, so he only had a split second to react, he twisted and two vicious looking daggers materialised in his hands allowing him to slice through two spells and he moved, deflecting the rest with the edge of his blades before they vanished again.

"Expulso, Relashio, Bombarda Maxima." Harry cast, and then he dropped on to the floor to dodge Ric's return fire. "Aguamenti," A rush of water burst in to existence drenching Ric and covering the floor, and Harry froze it with a quick "Glacius," before Ric could vanish it. Harry cast his own spell chain but none of them hit their mark, even though Godric couldn't move, he hissed to himself before smirking and planting his feet.

"Sacer Ignis," He called, focusing on the spell he cast and grinned when Godric's eyes widened. A huge, flaming phoenix erupted from his hands, it was billowing black like Harry's own flames and it reared up to strike its target, seeking to take life to sustain itself. There was a loud crack and the ice around Ric shattered, he threw himself backwards and slashed at the bird, stopping it in its tracks and throwing it back at the caster. Harry caught it easily, the fire washing over him without him so much as blinking and he sent a silent cutting curse through the flames as he banished them, catching Godric unaware. Harry took full advantage of that momentary distraction, casting three disarmers, a knock out Charm and an Incarcerous successfully ending the duel. He stood stunned when he saw Godric bound tightly on the floor and his wand well out of his reach, he summoned it to be on the safe side and span around when there was slow clapping from the side lines.

"Congratulations, Snakelet." Salazar called from where he was stood behind the protective wards, his voice full of pride and a small smile on his face; Harry beamed.

"Thanks, Sal!" He replied brightly, waving his hand to banish the ropes around Ric and throwing back his wand.
"You have done very well." Godric agreed, "And I just got beaten by a ten year old."

"In your defence, I am a fire elemental and sending fire back at me was not the best of ideas." Harry pointed out with a shrug, Salazar raised an eyebrow at him and Harry smirked. "Ok, so I was completely amazing, I know, but I was trying to make him feel better." Both Godric and Salazar rolled their eyes and the three of them began fixing up the damaged room.

"Let's go to Helga." Godric decided, "That was a very nice Cutting Curse." His arm was bleeding quite badly and Salazar sent a stasis spell at the wound to freeze it until they reached the medical wing.

"I wasn't expecting it to hit, but I thought I would try anyway." Harry told him, following both male Founders from the room.

"No, I was not expecting the spell when you were surrounded by flames."

"It was very well executed, Little Snake." Salazar put in, "Though, I still require your Potion's essay handed in by the end of the day."

"Honestly, I can't believe you had the audacity to give me extra time!" Harry said in disgust, looking at Salazar with an expression of extreme offence.

"It is at Master Level." Salazar reasoned, "You merely got the extension as every student would."

"But I'm not like every student." Harry pointed out.

"No, you do, by far, outstrip any of my other students." Salazar allowed.

"His progress in potions is outstanding. Is he truly that good at Potions?" Godric said surprised and Salazar cast Harry a proud look.

"He is,"

"I have the essay ready for you." Harry told him, snapping his fingers and making a scroll appear in the air before him. He plucked it out of the air and handed it over to the green Founder, who took it and slipped it in to his robes.

"You will be informed of your results by the morrow, Snakelet." Salazar stated.

"I'm not worried, I went over that thing eight times before I deemed it acceptable to hand it in." Harry shook his head, "Anything less than perfection is unacceptable, and should there be mistakes then there I don't deserve to become a Master."

"Circe almighty!" Godric exclaimed, "Sal, you are teaching him bad habits."

"I do not have bad habits, I merely have things others do not appreciate." Salazar sniffed and Godric snorted.

"Wow. That was an entirely new level of arrogance." He deadpanned.

"Hush yourself and get to Helga before I remove the stasis spell and you die." Slytherin snapped, "I won't waist my potions on you."

"You wound me, old friend."

Salazar rolled his eyes, pushing Godric over Helga's threshold and offering a pleased smile to the
gentle Founder.

"Godric got his behind handed to him on a silver platter in during duelling." He informed her gleefully, his voice mocking as he eyed Godric.

"Oh my, congratulations Harry." Helga cheered, waving her wand over the grinning pre-teen.

"Helga!" Godric exclaimed, "I'm bleeding out here!"

"Oh hush, Godric of Gryffindor. You are a fully grown man, you will wait while I see to Harry." Helga informed him sharply, making Salazar laugh at Godric's offended expression. Harry grinned when Helga gave him the all clear, stepping back to let Godric have his wounds closed.

"Harry, you had better be on your way. Rowena is expecting you." Godric reminded him, and Harry started.

"I had forgotten," He admitted, heading towards the door, "Bye everyone."

"That boy is a true wonder." Helga murmured, and both the males nodded in agreement.

Harry slipped through the castle without trouble, the semi-sentient building easing his passage as he moved towards Ravenclaw's domain. The statuesque Founder was engrossed in one of her books and Harry smiled slightly, entering the large circular office and taking his seat.

"I am sorry for being slightly late, Row." Harry said, snapping his fingers for his notes to come to him. "I finally managed to beat Ric in a duel and we had to go and see Helga afterwards."

"Congratulations, Harry. That is impressive." She told him proudly, "You shall be able to inform Merlin when he arrives in the eve."

"Is he coming for more training?"

"Yes, after dinner." She confirmed. "Now, we have your Spell Craft to finish. You're but steps away from completion."

"I have been working on it in my free time," Harry told her, pushing his notes forward and moving closer to her desk. "The spell is intended to mask your presence completely, and I have the incantation which I finished on my own."

"Yes, I see." Rowena murmured, "You will need to correct your scent layer, you have miswritten it."

"What!?"

"Here, look." She pointed out the elements he had used and Harry's eyes widened when he spotted the obvious mistake.

"How could I be so stupid?" He groaned, removing the wrong elements and rewriting them how they should be.

"It was a simple mistake, Harry." Rowena consoled, "Which you corrected as soon as it was shown to you."

"I've been working on this for weeks, I shouldn't have made such an error." Harry stated, shaking his head. "It was foolish."

"No matter." Row decided, "Let us focus on the actual construction of your spell. We do not want it
to rupture and we have only guaranteed the stability of the first layer. When we tested the others previously they wavered constantly."

Harry shuddered at the thought. He had seen one of the students accidently rupture one of their spells and it hadn't been pretty; Helga had managed to save one of their eyes though. They worked for a good few hours, with Rowena mainly supervising Harry's movements as he went through the process of building his spell.

"We will put in the final touches during our next session, and remember, do not finish it alone. I know you can build spells, but this is a highly complex multi-layer charm, and its instability could cause great harm." She warned him.

"On my honour, I will not work on this spell." Harry promised.

"Very well, let us go down to dinner." She decided. "How are you other classes?"

"Well I've just handed in my latest Potions essay to Salazar, I've beat Godric in a duel and even the unicorns like me." Harry told her with a grin.

"You have outreached all of our expectations." She said to him and Harry grinned.

"It is the only way." He responded solemnly and Rowena laughed. There was only one table within the Great Hall as the students were on holiday, and all of the other Founders were already in attendance.

"Ah, here they are." Godric announced, "We were going to send an elf."

"We were distracted with building Harry's latest spell." Rowena eased their worry and took her seat.

"For so long?" Salazar wondered, looking at Harry with a raised eyebrow. He had seen the boy edit a spell from scratch in a few hours simply because he was frustrated with human stupidity.

"This is four layered spell." Rowena told him, a proud look at her student. "We've been working on it in secret as we were unsure to if it were possible."

"Oh wonderful work, Snakelet." Salazar exclaimed, "Most impressive."

"Thanks. It's been hard, but I'm so glad it's worked out." Harry said with a smile. They ate their dinner with light conversation before Harry was hurried off to meet Merlin for his final lessons. The aged warlock had come in his young form that evening and Harry grinned at him, receiving a bright one in return.

"You alright, Harry?" He asked and Harry laughed, he always found it amusing that Merlin's speech would change along with his form; he didn't think he would ever understand the wizard.

"Yes, nearly finished on my first multi-layered." He told him, "Any day now."

"Congratulations, though your success does not surprise me. Your mastery to the air and storms came much sooner than even I could have expected."

"With the air and storms I can just feel it," Harry said, shaking his head at trying to put the experience in to words. "Fire on the other hand..." he trailed off with a glare at the wall and Merlin chuckled, leading him out in to the grounds.

"You are doing fine with fire." He stated and Harry huffed, "You can conjure and overcome, which
"What's the point in being able to conjure if I cannot direct or control?" Harry groaned, "It always ends up overpowering me and the only time I can ever force control is when I overcome someone else's fire spells."

"Exactly, you can overcome others which is steps away from being able to control your own. You know we have to work differently due to your raw power."

"Yeah yeah, I know. Because I have so much raw magic my own conjured fire is a project from that, making it harder to control and overcome compared to others who have weaker magic." He recited in a way that indicated he had done so a thousand times previous.

"Stop whining then and get to work. You haven't even worked on your fire since you mastered controlling your phoenix fire, you may have gained a better understanding."

"Here's hoping." Harry grumbled, taking up his place in the centre of the courtyard. They practiced fire here so they didn't damage the castle's lands. Harry took a deep breath and reaching in to himself, drawing up his command over the fire element as he had done so many times before and called for flames to come forth. It was easier than before, but he realised that he had unconsciously mimicked the way he used his phoenix ability to move. The flames were a mix of fiery red and inky black as they whirled around him, he slowly pushed the ring outwards, away from his body and stretching in size. He had got it about a foot further than he normally could before it started to flare and snap out of control, he raised his arms as the flames rushed towards him and he sliced his hands through the air banishing the flames instantly.

"For the love of Circe Almighty." He cried, "This is ridiculous, they always snap back at me."

"What do you do when you feel the flames waver?" Merlin asked and Harry shrugged.

"I don't know, try to stop them from burning me to a crisp."

"Ah, why do you do that?" Merlin questioned, making Harry look at him as if he had lost his mind.

"Because I don't want to die." He deadpanned. Merlin gave him a bland stare.

"I realise that death is not on the agenda any time soon." He intoned, "However, I wish to know why you bother to stop the flames coming at you."

"I just told you that I don't want to get burned to a crisp! It's not as if I can just blend with the flames – oh…" Harry got a look of dawning understanding on his face and grinned. "I'm a creature of fire."

"You are, which means that you are immune to the damages of flames." Merlin stated, "Use that gift to your advantage."

Harry retook his position and tried again. Over the next two hours, Harry managed to break his instinctual habit of halting burning hot flames coming towards him, but once he drew on that 'recklessly brave' streak Sal swore he had and allowed the flames to surround him he managed to gain a thread of control and let them fade away gently. Merlin caught him as he stumbled in exhaustion, the repeated drawing on an element was always taxing, but flames never came as easy as air and storm.

"Let's get you to your chambers, I shall inform the others of your departure this evening." Merlin murmured, easily hoisting the child up in to his arms and carrying him through the castle. He switched Harry's clothing with a wave of his hand and tucked the sleeping boy in to his bed. He
moved out of the chambers, and swiftly up the Founder's sitting area, hidden behind the staff room.

"Good evening, Merlin," Godric greeted, "Where's Harry?"

"He became exhausted after our session with fire." Merlin answered, "He has finally succeeded in gaining the beginnings of control."

"Astounding," Helga murmured.

"I believe we have Salazar to thank for this one." Merlin commented, "His work on aiding Harry to use his flames to travel assisted a great deal."

The Slytherin Founder bowed his head in acknowledgement with a slight quirk of his lips.

"As much as it pains us, we must speak of the upcoming weeks." Rowena spoke softly and the mood dimmed.

"Yes. Harry's day of birth is upon us in but fourteen days." Helga agreed.

"Are we still in agreement on our gift?" Godric asked.

"Of course, I have not wavered in my decision." Salazar answered immediately, and the others voiced their agreement.

"We shall present it on the eve, and explain how it will work." Merlin decided, "No doubt his curiosity will need to be sated.

"His curiosity will cause him many moments of peril." Salazar muttered exasperated, but shared a fond look with his friends.

"I have no doubt he will be pleased."

"It is my only regret that I cannot watch him when he returns to his home," Godric sighed, "Those good-for-nothing parents of his deserve everything he can throw at them."

"Calm yourself, Godric," Helga soothed, "Only Harry can truly the situation as a whole."

"My dear Helga, your natural instinct to see the best of everyone is charming but often misguided." Salazar huffed, "Children should always be cared for by their parents, but a child of magic should be worshiped by their parents. Anything else is nothing short of a betrayal to magic herself."

"We cannot know what occurred fully." She reasoned and he hissed.

"Have we not seen the misery in Houses as their daughters and wives birth the unblessed?" He demanded, "How the mother's soul screams in pain as magic has not found her child worthy of her gifts? If that is not enough, just look at how those born of Mud are treasured and worshiped as they create new fresh lines of magic, chosen by the lady herself! Taken in to our world, forsaking the foulness behind them and expanding our greatness. Some have even been adopted in to the old houses to expand their own lines and continue growing."

"I know," Helga told him firmly, "And should the situation be at black and white as first presented, then I shall expect Harry to act accordingly. But I will not pass full judgement."

Salazar wordlessly sighed and turned away, choosing to mutter about her foolish kind-heartedness in Parseltongue instead.
"This is not the time for us to be quarrelling." Rowena stated, "We are prepared Harry to face whatever he may encounter, and I, for one, have the utmost belief that he will handle everything in a way in which will do us all very proud."

Harry was practicing his spell work with Sal, who kept flinging curses at him to improve his already amazing reflexes. It was why he had managed to hone them so well, and why he was so good a sensing magic for his age. When you had dark arts Master throwing random spells at you, you learned to be ready for it and be able to dodge or shield from it no matter what. It was fun once he had gotten the hang of it, and it was a good work out for him to strengthen his muscle memory. Harry was left panting when Salazar finally relented, but he was grinning because he hadn't been hit once.

"You have gotten particularly good at that." Sal noted, flicking his wand to clean his charge up and straighten his robes.

"You didn't exactly give me a choice." Harry pointed out with a laugh, calming his breathing.

"Better now than be struck down." Salazar stated and Harry nodded in agreement.

"Of course,"

"I've looked over your potions work, Harry." Salazar told him as they walked to lunch, Harry froze at his real name.

"How was it?" He asked, Salazar went silent which didn't help Harry what so ever as just as he was about ask again Salazar spoke.

"It was phenomenal, Snakelet." He admitted and Harry broke in to the biggest grin.

"Really?"

"It was perfect. I could not have done better myself." Salazar told him proudly and Harry thought he may have glowed. "Your theory surrounding Aconite was ingenious, and I shall conduct some of your outlined experiments myself, to give extra credibility, even though your own ones were very nicely done. All of my notes shall remain a secret, of course, and I shall leave them for only you to find. The possibility of extracting the poison during the full moon to use to fight against the curse has much merit and your theoretical backing was brilliantly thought out."

"Thank you," Harry accepted the praise politely, a smile slipping on to his face without notice.

"Also the notes you presented for your shielding potion are wonderful. All the components are there and it should work, the only thing is testing it and I will not allow you to test it on yourself so do not even say it." Salazar shot him a reapproving look as he closed his mouth and smiled sheepishly.

"However Godric did volunteer with Helga to travel to collect one of the testers for you on this afternoon." He continued making Harry gasp.

"Wow!"

"If I've looked at it correctly-," Harry snorted and the mere thought of Salazar Slytherin misreading anything, and he gained himself an unimpressed glance, "then it should block everything apart from the killing curse."

"If this works, it will be unprecedented." Harry said excitedly, "It could change battles."
"I do not doubt you, Snakelet." Salazar stated. Harry skipped in to the Great Hall and hugged Godric, twirling around to kiss Helga's cheek and then slip in to his seat.

"I see Sal has informed you of my decision." Godric noted amused and Harry beamed.

"Yes, and I cannot thank you enough for doing this."

"You are welcome, my dear. We all have the utmost faith in you, this is merely to officially verify it." Helga said warmly. Harry was bouncing in his seat as Helga and Godric departed to the prison, he couldn't wait for this. This was something he had been working on for ages, scraping theory after theory until he finally had a workable recipe. Salazar directed the boy down to his labs where he ordered him to go through his Occlumency before beginning on his potion. For what is was designed to do, it didn't take that long to brew.

It was the ingredients that made it take the time, there were many plants and herbs that were picked different to their normal times, or selected for a different reason to their usual usage. Others had to be prepped months before hand, when he had first given the potion to Sal to look at, the Slytherin Founder instructed him to prepare the ingredients as he had theorised and they would see how they developed to illustrate if the theory was still plausible – scrapping and switching ingredients when they either failed or were discarded. The process of brewing the potion, while not too long, was not without its difficulties. There were times where he would need to be working with three different ingredients at a time, within seconds of each and Harry took a deep breath as he started the familiar movements of setting up his station.

He fell in to the brewing completely, rereading each line to make sure he had everything perfect as he worked. The worst part of it all was when he had to leave the potion to simmer for almost twenty minutes before he could continue, only being able to stir it when necessary. He brought the potion to boiling point before adding the final ingredient and watching as the bubbles burst in to colour, making the contents resemble liquid gold. Harry stepped back and moved the cauldron to cool, starting his cleaning and tidying up. He made sure everything was spotless, including himself, before returning to the cooled liquid, which had settled on a clear gold with a glass-like sheen. Harry bottled it up and then bolted from the room, Salazar, having expected such a reaction, was already waiting by the door to follow the excitable child. They moved through the halls to Helga's basement and Harry barely remembered to knock as he entered the testing chambers.

"I wasn't expecting you so soon." Godric said in surprise.

"It wasn't a long brew, just a hard one." Harry told him, thrusting the potion forward eagerly.

"Compose yourself, Snakelet." Salazar commanded. Harry closed his eyes and tightened hold on his emotions shields, settling his excitement in to an outward calm.

"This is prisoner 482." Helga informed him, her voice going clinical, "6ft, 195 pounds, no outstanding health issues. Life imprisonment; tester's unit. Aggravated rape, multiple counts."

Harry's expression darkened and he suddenly wished it was a worse potion they were testing, and by Salazar's expression he was not the only one.

"Administering test potion, passive action, defence." Helga continued, pouring the potion down the prisoner's throat. Harry had summoned a quill and his notebook to him and he was making it transcript everything, he had made this quill himself with Rowena's help. It was keyed in to recognise each voice of the Founder's, Harry and Merlin. It could only read eight people, but it made testing so much easier as they don't have to decipher the lines of text. They watched as the prisoner's skin seemed to glow lightly for a brief moment before it faded back, Harry was reciting what he saw
for his quill, discussing the proceedings with the others in the room. He had stepped forward to look closer at the prisoner, see his reaction to the potion and then watch Helga as she performed the first ten minutely check on his heath.

Salazar began casting spells at the prisoner, using basis magic: disarmers, stunning spells and implementing charms to begin with, varying the speed of his casting for Harry to verbally analyse for his notes. The spells seemed to sink in to the skin, but as Harry got even closer he saw that they were sinking in to a near invisible sheen millimetres away from the skin. The spells got more advanced and more harmful, but they continued to be absorbed and the prisoner's health remained stable, until Salazar was casting the darkest of arts repeatedly and the shield stood true. For experimental purposes, Sal cast a few spells in Parseltongue and they were both surprised when the shield held, though on the fifth spell Harry saw the barrier waver and dissipate, calling it out for his notes and Salazar cast a stunning spell just to confirm that it was definitely gone.

"Congratulations, Harry." Godric said brightly, securing magical supressing bands back on the prisoner.

"You have done remarkably well," Salazar agreed.

"I shall continue to monitor him throughout the rest of the day and until tomorrow, is signs have not shown by then it is passed the limit for passive potions." Helga told him, "But well done, dear one."

"Thanks," Harry said happily, "I can't believe it worked so well. I mean, Parsel spells…" he shook his head. They headed up to the Founder's room, where Rowena was arranging tea for them all and she offered them a warm smile.

"How did the testing go?" She asked and Harry beamed.

"So far, we have success." He told her proudly.

"Oh very well done." She congratulated. "You must be so pleased."

"I am, I am so happy."

They sat having tea and afternoon snacks, and the four Founders were discussing their lesson plans for the upcoming year, which reminded Harry of how soon he would be facing the future.

"I go back in a month, don't I?" Harry asked suddenly, halting the previous conversation and sobering the mood at the mention of the future.

"Yes, unfortunately you cannot stay here beyond that point." Rowena answered and Harry nodded.

"I know, I have understood that I will not staying for a long time and decided to look at is as an early betrothal. I would not be expected to stay past my fourteenth year in this time anyway, so it's only three years." Harry said honestly, "That and it is not as if Hogwarts won't have your portraits somewhere."

"That is a very mature outlook, Little Snake." Salazar complimented.

"What made you ask of your departure?" Godric inquired and Harry pursed his lips.

"Something Merlin mentioned during one of our sessions." Harry said, "It just came to me."

"And that was?"
"That my parents would be collecting me from the Muggle house to 'reintroduce' me in to the wizarding world."

"What about it?" Helga wondered.

"There is absolutely no force on this earth that is going to make me pretend to be a clueless child who hangs on to their every word." Harry stated, before sweeping his robes, "Besides, I am an Heir to some very prestigious houses, I am to be denied nothing and I shall achieve greatness." His voice had taken on an arrogant tone that mimicked Salazar's to perfection, he had his head tilted at an angle where he wasn't actually looking down his nose but it still felt like it and his expression the perfect mask of disdain.

Slow smirks appeared all through the room, imagining what Harry could put them through should the need take him. They had seen him at his worse, more arrogance than what could be considered healthy, and if he added that to his front of treating things and people as if they were nothing to him then his parents didn't stand a chance. All of the other Founders blamed Salazar, he was the one to boost Harry's sense of entitlement, he had repeatedly informed the child that there was no such thing as faults, merely things others do not have the capacity to appreciate. The saving grace was that Harry worked harder than anyone they had ever seen, nothing they threw at him was too much, no amount of essays or spell work or theory research overcame him and that balanced him out. Because, unfortunately, Salazar was right, he had the ability and the power to back up his arrogant words, so why bother to hide it.

"It will be ever so much a shame when you are much more talented than they could even hope to expect and will have no trouble illustrating said power." Salazar agreed, his voice amused.

"They are going to be in for a huge shock." Rowena noted with a laugh.

"How unfortunate." Godric put in convincingly.

"You are all terrible." Helga chided with a smile, "Although, Harry, do remember the wards and protections we have covered, they are getting quite advanced."

The group burst in to laughter at Helga's comment, sitting back and relaxing in the afternoon sunlight before they went to dinner.

Harry's birthday seemed to come at them instantly, and the Founders had been in a flurry to make sure their plans were able to be set in to motion. They greeted the bouncing birthday boy with a huge "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" and the Great Hall draped in shining banners and steamers for decoration and a table weighed down by presents.

"Happy birthday, Snakelet." Salazar repeated, leading him over and pushing his large pile of gifts forward swiftly.

"This is amazing! I can't believe I'm eleven."

"I know, it has come by so quickly." Helga sniffed.

"Such a grand age, your first step in full wizardy." Godric announce proudly.

"Begin with your presents, Harry." Rowena insisted with a smile. "Then we may begin with the celebratory break of fast."

Harry needed no more encouragement, tearing at his presented with vigour and exclaimed at all the
wonderful items he received. His absolute favourites included: a set of beautifully hand-stitched thigh
dagger holsters, charmed to grow and adapt to his movements and ageing, and a book of
personalised transfiguration and defensive magic spells from Godric. A gorgeous golden eagle quill
and ink set, with blue ink and bronze castings, and a journal of personal Arithmancy and Runes from
Rowena. A stunning bottle green cloak, with a black silk lining, with black fastenings and hand-
stitched snakes along the trim, a breath-taking elven carved recurve bow made from yew, along with
a dragon hide back quiver filled with ebony arrows, and a copy of her own advanced wards and
protection spells from Helga. Finally, from Salazar, he had the man's personal journal filled with
potions and spells written in Parseltongue, a lovely silver locket that has three small emeralds and the
Slytherin crest on it, and Salazar presented him with a beautiful dark green and black snake, around
the length of the man's arm and no more than two inches thick. She was introduced as Aressa, and
Harry was given strict instructions to look after her – not that anyone doubted that fact.

After the house elves had taken all of his gifts, Harry got to spend some quality time with all of the
Founders up until lunch time, then they parted ways and Harry first went with Godric, who took him
flying on brooms in the beginning and then he let Harry go around the castle and lake on Hercules,
his Griffin. When he was fully windswept and flushed, Godric took him inside to see Helga, who
had been called away to deal with a pregnant kneezel. Harry was lucky enough to help with the birth
and together they got all of the adorable little kittens tucked away with their mother.

Harry got cleared up and rushed off to see Rowena, where she challenged him to The Philosopher's
Game, which she soundly won at repeatedly, and Nine Men's Morris, which Harry managed to win
most of. She ushered him off to Salazar, who was waiting for him to go to his Chamber. Harry
introduced his new snake to Aphelia, who hissed her approval before winding herself around him
and complaining about Salazar's supposed neglect. Harry thought it was hilarious, especially given
the fact that the Slytherin Founder was known for spoiling the young basilisk. When dinner finally
came around, Harry walked with Salazar up to the Great Hall and the boy was delighted to see
Merlin, aged and bearded, in attendance.

"Happy Birthday, young Harry." He said to the boy with a smile, Harry beamed at him and happily
accepted the few gifts he was given.

"Thanks, Merlin." He returned, admiring the Journal that Merlin had given him, which was a
description of his life – right up until his death, which Harry thought was monumentally weird. They
all sat down together to eat dinner, and the house elves presented a huge cake for desert, where
Harry cut the first piece as it was his birthday.

"Now," Merlin began, quieting the conversations going on at the table. "We have not given you all
that we wish to just yet."

Harry looked at him in shock before a smile lit his face.

"Really?"

"Yes, and while the gift comes from the five of us, they are individual." Merlin explained and Harry
raised an eyebrow in confusion, looking very interested.

"In recognition of your power, abilities and credibility as a wonderful young man, we would like you
to become part of our direct lines." Salazar picked up, his lips quirking slightly as Harry's jaw
dropped.

"You what?"

"We would like you to become our Heir." Rowena repeated with a smile, and Harry blinked a few
"I-I would be honoured." He got out, overwhelmed. The adults shared a soft look as they let him compose himself and when his mask was firmly in place, Salazar withdrew a vial of clear potion, one Harry had seen and brewed many times before; Sanguinis eris – the blood adoption potion. Salazar allowed seven drops of blood to fall in to the phial, turning it a glistening silver, before passing it to Godric, who copied his motion and turned the potion a blinding gold. Helga accepted it next and the potion went a cheerful, sunny yellow and she handed it over to Rowena, who durned it a shining bronze. Merlin added his blood last, turning a rich, royal purple, and the five of them allowed their magic to flare making the potion flash. The different colours swirled together, but never fully mixed, and Harry took it when it was handed to him, drinking it down in one.

It burning its way through his veins, but Harry controlled his outward reaction to hunching and hissing as it felt like his blood was searing and his skin was melting. When it was finally over he was left gasping for breath, though he knew better than to ask for a potion to soothe the ache. His features had changed slightly, he was an inch or so taller and the muscle he had gained through years of training became ever-so-slightly more defined, though his lithe frame remained, he was more toned. His hair became darker, silkier and the gravity defying ability faded, falling to curl around his ears and down over his forehead. His face became sharper, cheek bones beginning to match Salazar's, his lips gained more shape from Rowena, his jaw became a bit more square and his eyes seemed all the more large as their vibrant green colouring seemed to glow.

"How are you feeling?" Helga asked in concern, Harry took a deep breath before nodding slowly.

"I think I am ok." He answered, looking up with a slight smile.

"You look a bit different, Harry." Godric informed him, conjuring him a mirror to see. Harry looked at the changes in himself with a grin.

"Thank you, truly." He said gratefully, "This means so much to me."

"We know, and we can think of no other that we would want to give this to." Merlin returned.

"I have a few questions." Harry stated and the adults shared a chuckle.

"We expected as much." Rowena agreed. "Ask us what you wish to know and we shall answer to the best of our abilities."

"How is this going to work in the future, when I return I mean?" Harry asked immediately.

"Merlin has informed us that by your time, only one of us is survived by blood – Salazar." Helga answered.

"We have put protections and clauses in to our accounts to prevent your inheritance being squandered by whatever our bloodlines may or may not do. Everything we have during your time will become yours." Salazar assured, "In regards to my last descendant, you shall have to discover who they are for yourself, and it will be your decision to inform them of your being. You will, however, become the Heir, should my descendant take up his Lordship, and you will understand why."

Harry nodded, not bothering to question it as he knew Sal would say no more, that and he didn’t mind holding the Heirship, he would have been honoured to merely be a son to the Slytherin House.

"Within the Wizengamot, we will have seats. Merlin has not revealed too much, as not to alter history too much, but our names will hold power and because of that only you will be able to sit in
them; you cannot choose a proxy.” Godric explained and Harry nodded, understanding more as Merlin had been teaching him the future etiquette, customs and happenings for years.

"We have also made it so you cannot be cast out of our Houses. It is impossible to remove your being from blood records, and your presence will become a blood bound secret." Rowena continued, "Your rightful place will never be taken from you."

"We will also be giving you a copy of our Heir rings. When you return to your time, the other rings will cease to exist, and you will gain access to your Lordship rings when you become fifteen years of age.” Merlin added. Five rings were placed before him and Harry slipped them on to his finger, watching as they melted in to one band with five crests imprinted on the metal; not enough to be distinguished, but enough to illustrate what kind of band it was.

Harry smiled down at it before rushing to hug the five of them, murmuring his thanks over and over again; this was the best birthday ever. He knew he was to leave soon, and he knew it was going to be hard never seeing them again, but he had also known he was never going to be staying since he was old enough to understand. This though, this he would carry with him for the rest of his life and he was honoured to do so. The future was looking even more interesting.

Chapter End Notes

All comments welcome XD
Two weeks, Harry decided, was really too short of a time. His last days with the Founders would be something that he cherished forever, and nothing would ever change that. They made sure he had the greatest time of his life. Rowena helped him finish and perfect his masking spell and its incantation, and he had fun showing it off to an impressed Salazar, although he did get a scolding of a lifetime for scaring the Slytherin Lord out of his wits.

The scolding didn’t do much, however, as Harry was too busy howling with laughter at the undignified sound that left the man and in the end Salazar had bribed Harry to keep quiet about the incident. Salazar later found out that Godric had been testing the spell with Harry, so had witnessed the entire incident first hand, and had no qualms in telling the Ladies all about it, he had even went as far as sharing the memory with them so they could get the full force of the hilarity. Harry had been forced to walk around doing a fair impression of Medusa, without the deadly gaze, for two days after that, and it was an absolute nightmare listening to the snakes go on and on constantly.

He thanked his stars however, Godric was still baying a week later. The final evening’s dinner was the grandest affair Harry had ever seen, the Great Hall was decked out at its finest and the elves had prepared a feast the Gods would have been proud of. They spoke and they sang, they laughed and they cried up until the early hours when Harry finally collapsed, completely worn out, in Salazar’s waiting arms.

His trunk was packed, he was dressed in his finest robes, Aressa tucked away and his wand was strapped to his arm – once he had finally found it. It was harder than Harry could have ever imagined, standing before the four Founders knowing it would be the last time he would ever physically see them, and he just broke down. He cried, clutching Salazar in a grip of iron, until he was out of tears. The adults couldn’t hold back their own emotions, parting from one they saw as family – who was family.

“**I know it is difficult, Snakelet.**” Salazar said softly, rubbing his hand over the boy’s shoulder. “But
you are strong and you are going to show everyone what a mistake they made.”

“We’ll miss you just as much, but we know that you’ll be doing so well.” Rowena told him.

“You’ll do us all so proud.” Godric agreed.

“You’ll finally get to see your Godfather and Uncle again.” Helga reminded him, smiling through her own tears, “You’ve missed them so much.”

That seemed to finally calm the boy down. He drew back and wiped his eyes with his hands, his missing etiquette being ignored this once.

“I do get to see them again.” Harry repeated, “I’ve been looking forward to that.”

“You will have the opportunity to rebuild strong bonds with them again,” Salazar pointed out, “I believe they will be overjoyed at the prospect.”

“I hope so. It’s been so long.”

“Do not doubt the bond, Harry,” Merlin told him, from his place in the corner. He had kept out of the proceedings, his position in regards to Harry was different. While he could not promise to see the boy again, it could not be said that he wouldn’t.

“I know, I shouldn’t. I guess I am just nervous.” He admitted.

“As soon as you see them it’ll all go away.” Godric assured.

“Those bonds will serve you well, Harry.” Rowena told him, “And I believe it will be best if you focus on those instead of ours.”

“What do you mean?”

“I do not think it wise that you put all your efforts in to finding our portraits, when you should be building up your relationships with your Godfather and Uncle.” She said gently, holding up a hand to stop his protests. “Should you come across us, then let it be a joy. But you are part of our lines now, you will have access to all of our earthly belongings and there will be a portrait of us in each of our vaults, as well as a joint frame for us to converse. You will speak to us again, never doubt. But we cannot be there for you like your true family, and I would hate for those relationships to be permanently damaged because you held on to us.”

Harry bowed his head, knowing what she was saying was true. He didn’t like it, but he would listen to Rowena’s wishes however difficult it was.

“Okay,”

“It’s time to go, Harry. We must get you settled and reattach the wards.” Merlin told him. Harry nodded reluctantly, and with one last round of hugs Merlin took his arm and they vanished in a flash of light. They landed in a small road with lines of identical houses stretching far in to the distance, they were horrifically repetitive and Harry felt his nose wrinkle in disgust.

"This is where I am to live?" He questioned in disbelief.

“This is where your muggle aunt resides.”

“I go from a grand castle to this.” Harry muttered, “Good Circe, this will be more difficult that I thought.”
Merlin chuckled at his dramatics, striding down the street with purpose forcing Harry to follow him, lest he get lost in the middle of the muggle world. They arrived at number four, and Merlin began readjusting the wards. Harry felt the magic flare around him as they settled in to place.

“These will break as soon as your parents come to collect you. As long as you do not come back willingly, no one shall be able to cast any spells to keep you here.”

“I’m not here willingly now.” Harry muttered, looking around the neatly trimmed grass and polished motor car.

“It is but one night.” Merlin assured. He knocked on the door, waving his hand as soon as it was pulled opened. The woman, who resembled a horse somewhat, gained glazed eyes, and her body sagged as his magic washed over her, embedding fake memories and actions to match the past ten years. She moved back and walked down to the kitchen, allowing Merlin to lead Harry up to the smallest bedroom of the house. The boy opened the door, only to stop in absolute horror at what he saw before him. The room was no bigger than Salazar’s potion’s cupboard, and it was equally as messy.

“You cannot actually believe I am to stay here.” Harry stated in outrage, and Merlin looked at him as if he had lost his mind.

(Of course not, child.” He replied, “There are cells bigger than this. No, I plan on changing a few things.”

He waved his hand in an arc, expanding and filling the room with everything Harry could possibly need, and creating a pocket space for his bathroom. Harry grinned, unshinking his trunk and placing it at the foot of his queen sized bed. It was in his favourite colour, green, with soft gold and silver tones throughout the room.

“Now, we must venture out and gather you a basic muggle wardrobe, which will give you a chance to illustrate your knowledge of the muggle world, in order to keep your cover. Then we shall venture in to Diagon Alley, where we shall activate your titles and go shopping.” Merlin explained to him. Harry nodded, letting Merlin change his robes in to something more muggle, and Harry found himself in a smart black shirt and a pressed pair of black trousers.

Merlin then flashed them to the area where they would be shopping. He made Harry shop and buy everything for himself to show he knew how to function in the muggle world, in order to keep his story he couldn’t afford any huge slips on muggle customs – especially given the fact his mother was a muggle raised redeemed. As he expected, Harry was fine, although there were a few occasions when Merlin had to point him towards the more relaxed clothing. Due to his upbringing, he naturally dressed formally most of the time so he drifted to more adult looking clothing. They only got the basics, knowing that Harry would never actually wear any of it and Petunia Dursley would have never looked after the boy in the first place.

Once everything was purchased, they headed towards the nearest alleyway where Harry shrunk the bags and Merlin flashed them to the entrance of Diagon Alley. Harry raised his eyebrow at the grubby pub he was led in to, it was strange to make the entrance of the main shopping district behind such a dank place. Harry shook his head, following Merlin to the back where they came face to face with a brick wall.

“Watch carefully,” Merlin instructed. He tapped the specific bricks in a certain order and the wall unfolded, revealing Diagon Alley. Harry was amazed. There were so many shops and so many things to be bought and used, so many new magical items that hadn’t been created where he grew up.
Merlin guided him to Gringotts, steering him as Harry was too busy looking around at everything on display. He finally shook himself out of it as he looked up at the huge, white marble building he had been brought to. Harry drew himself up and walked up the stairs, nodding politely to the two guards at the door and swiftly making his way to the nearest available teller. He calmly waited for the goblin to acknowledge him and when it looked up Harry bowed his head once.

“Greetings Master Teller of Gringotts Banking. I wish to speak with someone about my accounts as the soonest possible convenience.” He said in fluent gobbledygook. The goblin’s expression flashed in surprise, at what Harry didn’t know, but it was gone before he could politely raise question.

“Do you have identification?” The Teller asked. Harry set his hand on the till and revealed his rings, not expecting the reaction he gained from the goblin by doing so. The teller shot backwards alarmingly, stumbling from his chair and bolting down the aisle to hurriedly whisper something in another goblin’s ear. With two snaps of the new goblin’s finger, Harry and Merlin were surrounded by armed guards and ushered down through a set of doors and in to a low lit marble corridor. They came to a set of ornate double doors that opened on their own accord as the guard approached and revealed a spacious office, decorated for the upper class.

“Director Ragnok, it has happened. The young Heir has come.” One of the guard members bit out in its gravelly tone. The goblin, who Harry had not first noticed sat behind the desk, looked directly at him and smiled a slow, very pleased smile, and had Harry not seen the same expression on Sal’s face many times he would have been mildly alarmed. As it was, he returned the expression and was welcomed in to the office.

“Greetings, young Heir.”

“Greetings, Director Ragnok of Gringotts Banking. My name is Harry Potter.”

“We have been waiting for you for a very long time, young heir.” Ragnok told him, sitting forward on his chair and looking at Harry intently. “When I was appointed Director and Chief, I was brought in to a heavily guarded secret that had been passed down from the moment our first branch opened here, when the Founders opened the very first accounts; that Merlin himself had taken a child from the future to have him grow in the past, and when the child returns he would be their heir. We were to protect their accounts to the height of our ability and when the child returns he would be their heir. We were to protect their accounts to the height of our ability and when the child returned, it would be bestowed upon him. The Founders accounts have been perfectly preserved, harnessed, and expanded as much as could. Now, I can finally see the last of the Founders wishes be put in to place, though, I did not expect it to be the missing Potter child.”

“Thank you, Director. Those vaults hold more than monetary value.” Harry said gratefully before his lips quirked in to a slight smirk. “As to my name, I can understand your surprise. The Potter House is rather prominent.”

They shared a amuse smirk at that before getting down to business.

“On to your accounts.” The Director began, “As you can imagine, you have a very substantial monetary value. You also have much property and artefacts within the vaults. Upon your fifteenth year, you shall become Lord to each House without a current Head and will be able to take your place upon the Wizengamot.”

“Are Gringotts able to continue their current arrangement with investment and management of my accounts?” Harry inquired.

“We would be honoured.”
“Thank you. May I have copies of all my account details?”

“I shall issue you with the standard copy given to all ‘new’ clients. Should you lose them, there is a five galleon fee for each new copy.”

“Very well, I shall keep them safe.” Harry said. Ragnok drew out five folders and slid them over the desk, he briefly flicked through the folders and felt his eyes widen at the large numbers appearing before him; they really hadn’t lied when they said they would set him up for life and after that. Sweet blessed mother of Circe.

“May I enter one of my vaults to make a withdraw?” Harry asked and Ragnok nodded once.

“We at Gringotts offer weightless money pouches and banking slips for easier purchasing.” Ragnok informed him.

“How much for both?” Harry asked.

“Four galleons a pouch and fifty galleons annually for the banking slips.”

“How do the slips work?”

“When you make a purchase, the keeper will hand over a slip with the amount, once you check it’s correct you stamp it with your ring and it will be taken from your account. It works as an instant account transfer, preventing forgeries as the slip is unable to be changed once it has been stamped. Some keepers have taken to tying slips to their price tags so the Lords and Ladies only have to stamp each item they want instead of it being tallied up.” Ragnok explained and Harry was impressed.

“I’ll take both, take the annual fee from the Gryffindor account.” Harry decided.

“It will be done.” Ragnok said, “Griphook will escort you to your chosen vault and present your weightless pouch.”

“Thank you for your time, Director Ragnok.” Harry said with a bow of his head, “May your wealth grow and your enemies fall.”

“May your gold flourish and your magic prosper, young Heir.”

Harry and Merlin were shown from the room and led out back in to the main hall, they were then directed in to a stone passage and Harry climbed in to the cart with an air of confusion. That confusion lasted until they shot forward, then the boy was too busy cheering and asking the goblin to take it faster; he was rewarded with a somewhat dangerous look before they sped up and plummeted further and further underground. When they came to a stop outside vault number two, Harry hopped out and presented his hand to the Griffin, he felt it take his blood and it burned gold before swinging open.

Harry actually stepped back at the sheer velocity of gold before him, sweet mother of magic itself! He cautiously filled his pouch with many handfuls of gold, silver and bronze, unsure as to the prices and to what shops took slips, he knew not to venture too far in to the vault as he would stumble upon a portrait and he was not ready for that yet. He was getting the feeling Rowena had more of a valid point. He went back to the cart, whooping in delight as they rocketed upwards, and he couldn’t help but laugh at Merlin’s nauseated look when they were back out in the fresh air.

They first headed to Madam Malkins where Harry got fitted for top quality robes in black, greens, silvers, greys and deep blue, he also picked up a new black hooded cloak to go with his green one. He had a few robes he could wear from the past, but many would have to be stored as they were too
dated to be worn today. Plus, Merlin told him only to get a basic wardrobe for now as he would be returning with his parents the next day.

They went to the apothecary to look around and then Harry raided the book shop, though he was disappointed with the lack of wild and dark magics. The shopkeeper looked immensely relieved when Harry said he could pay by slip. Merlin took him next to the owl emporium and Harry’s attention immediately snapped to a beautiful snowy owl.

“Hello beautiful,” He whispered, gently petting her plumage.

“My my, what a surprise.” The clerk remarked from the counter, “She’s had everyone else’s fingers for trying to touch her – even mine.”

“How much for her?” Harry asked, holding his arm out as an offering. The owl regarded him for a moment for taking flight and landing on the appendage, Harry transferred her to his shoulder and walked over to the counter.

“Twelve galleons, lower than normal but no one’s been able to get near her.” The clerk allowed.

“I’ll take her, with a couple packs of owl treats and the very best perch you have available.” Harry decided. The clerk packed everything up and Harry paid in gold, leaving the shop with the owl in tow.

“I’ll meet you back at my residence.” He told the bird, “Number four, Privet Drive.” She cooed and took flight, stretching her long wings and soaring away. Harry wanted to drag Merlin over to get a broom, but he was informed that first years were not allowed a broom and Harry was outraged. He huffed all through looking over telescopes and Herbology tools until Merlin ordered him to put on his cloak and pull up the hood.

He was led in to a darker alley called Knockturn alley. In Knockturn, Harry surmised, was where you got all the shady deals and underhand purchases. He ripped through the bookstore finding some brilliant books on the arts and went straight to the apothecary to buy some ingredients that he needed for his potions that were apparently illegal these days, he shook his head in disgust. He found another clothing shop, specialising in duelling and battle wear, and Harry found himself a pair of the comfiest pair of boots he had ever tried on.

He didn’t order any duelling robes, he wouldn’t switch out the ones Salazar had made for him for all the money in the world, and when he finally grew out of them he would have them stored in a warded box; he didn’t want them to ever ruin. Once Merlin had took him around the other shops, and Harry was comfortable enough to know his own way around, the aged warlock flashed them back to the bedroom of Number four. Merlin called a house elf from somewhere to bring them food, and they sat down for a final meal together.

“This is where I leave you for now.” Merlin told him, rising to his feet once both plates had vanished.

“I know. You cannot promise to see me again, but you cannot state that you will not.” Harry recited and Merlin nodded, a somewhat sad smile on his face.

“I will miss you greatly, child.” He spoke softly and Harry sighed.

“I’ll miss you too. But I know I have to be strong, and I knew this was going to happen.”

“No matter what, we shall always be so very proud of you.” Merlin stated. Harry hugged him tightly before the Warlock flashed from sight. Harry sighed despondently, suddenly feeling so very alone.
He steeled himself, pulling all of his emotions in to his control and slowly took a breath. He would not fall at the first hurdle, he would not dishonour the Founder’s and Merlin’s gift by being unable to move on. He would have been expected to move away from home in but a few years anyway, he could do this.

He moved over to open his window for his owl to arrive before turning to repack his trunk, it had a few compartments within it, created by Rowena for easier storage, and Harry packed his new things in the top compartment, already having sealed his belongings from the past, the ones that couldn’t be explained, underneath under wards. He let Aressa slither out on to his arm and grabbed a book, laying down on his bed to have a read; might as well get acquainted with some new potions.

He awoke to knocking on his bedroom door; he groaned and rolled over blinking a few times. At first he was confused to where he was but then it click so he rolled out of bed and opened the door blinking up at his aunt.

"Breakfast is ready and your parents are coming for you today at 12 so make sure packed." She walked away and Harry grinned; today would be fun. He changed in to black jeans with his black boots and a green t-shirt, he threw on a grey cotton zip up with hood and went down stairs where there was bacon and egg waiting for him. He had to blink around a few times, adjusting to an apparently ordinary muggle breakfast. He was told to do the washing up after and he looked at them in distain, he simply waved his hand making the plates wash themselves and headed back upstairs ignoring the shocked looks. The only things he ever washed up were his potions cauldrons.

Harry spent the time waiting for his 'parents' reading through his books, as he had a natural edetic memory and he was a master occlumense all he had to do was skim read and it was burned to his brain. It was very helpful, allowing him to work through his projects quicker as he could take in double the information. Dead on noon, there was a sharp knock at the front door and his aunt called up the stairs to him.

"Boy, your parents are here."

Harry rolled his eyes are the ever so pleasant notification before his face broke in to an evil grin, time to put on a show. He shrunk his truck and tucked it in to his pocket, ran a hand through his hair to make sure it fell correctly and blanked his face. He instructed his owl to make a relaxed journey to Hogwarts to allow her to stretch her wings some more seeing as she had been in the shop for Merlin knows how long, she nipped his finger gratefully and took off, leaving Harry to dispel Merlin’s spell work and leave the room.

He reached the bottom of the stairs in minutes, coming face to face with his parents for the first time in ten years. An odd feeling welled up inside of him at the sight of them, these were the people who gave him up. He cast his eyes over James Potter, he was relatively tall, with dark hair that stuck up everywhere, aristocratic features and chocolate brown eyes hidden behind awful round glasses. He was dressed much like Harry, in muggle jeans and a t-shirt, the only difference was he was wearing a leather jacket. Harry couldn’t see much of his features from the man, and there wasn’t much feelings there either.

His eyes drifted to the woman by his side. His first thought was she was very pretty. Her burning auburn hair surrounded her heart shaped face, highlighting her pale skin and piercing green eyes, eyes that Harry once had. The Founders had changed the colour of his eyes. She wasn’t very tall, but
she held womanly curves and a misleading delicate nature. He could see his face in hers.

“Hello, Harry,” Lily Potter said softly. Harry turned his attention fully to her, looking at her with no expression, and it seemed to put them both on edge.

“It’s good to see you again.” James tried, drawing Harry’s attention to him. Harry didn’t respond, he wasn’t going to lie to them.

“Ok, well, we shall be taking you shopping today. We need to explain a few things to you, and reintroduce you to your sister.” James told him, infecting his voice and expression with cheer Harry knew he didn’t feel. He internally sneered.

“Lovely,” the word came out in a cold drawl, making them flinch slightly. “May we leave now? Should I spend another moment in this… home, I fear I may lose some of my will to live.”

“Of course, let’s go,” Lily agreed. “Don’t you have anything to take with you?”

“I can assure you, there is absolutely nothing from this house that I would dare lower myself to take.” Harry sneered, casting once more look of disgust at the house before swiftly walking away. He caught the look his parents shared, rolling his eyes at their lack of discretion and waiting for them to catch up.

“We will be travelling in a rather unusual fashion today, but I assure you it is perfectly safe as long as you stay calm.” James told him patiently and Harry raised an eyebrow.

“I assume you wish to apparate to the Leaky Cauldron so we can begin shopping in Diagon Alley. If that is the case, you lied about it being perfectly safe. It isn’t. You can splinch yourself and your passenger, and it does not have anything to do with my lack of calm. You should not be willing to apparate someone else unless you have a full belief that you will be able to complete the transition within any circumstances.” Harry informed him coolly. “Seeing as you do not seem to have that belief, I do not think I shall be travelling anywhere with you.”

Harry turned to Lily with an expectant expression, she shook herself out of her shock and took his hand. Harry felt the disgusting feeling of being shoved through a tube before they appeared in a corner of the pub. Harry shook himself, ridding himself of the horrid feeling, before twisting his wrist to straighten his clothing.

He immediately felt out of place dressed in his muggle clothing in the wizarding world, it didn’t feel right and he couldn’t wait to switch clothes. Lily hurriedly leading them towards a private room, her head ducked as she moved much to Harry’s confusion.

“If you could sit down,” Lily said, “We have a few important things to go over.”

“One of them being how you know of the magical world. Petunia wouldn’t have told you.” James said, looking at Harry with question all over his face. The boy regarded them for a moment before taking the chair with its back to the wall opposite the door so he could keep his parents and any visitors in check. Once he had settled neatly in to his seat, and waited for either of them to speak.


“Well what?” He asked calmly, “You have not asked me anything to gain a verbal response.”

“I asked you how you know about the magical world.”

“No, you made a statement regarding what we would be discussing.” Harry corrected, internally
“How do you know about the magical world? Petunia would not have told you.” James questioned grudgingly.

“I have an eidetic memory, meaning I remember everything I have ever seen, heard, touched, tasted or smelled. Considering that, it should hardly come as a surprise that I know of magic as I do clearly remember my short time with yourselves.” Harry answered, his voice and expression clear of anything.

“That’s very surprising,” Lily said slowly.

“It makes everything easier though.” James said brightly, “We don’t have to bother explain why all the strange things kept happening when you were growing up.”

“Strange things?” Harry wondered and James blinked.

“You know, accidental spats of magic – things you couldn’t explain when you were angry or scared.” James hedged and Harry blinked once.

“You expect that to happen?” Harry said surprised. His parents shared concerned looks but Harry had no idea why – flux magic outbursts stopped as soon as he began working with the Founders in Mindmagics and mediation. Why in Circe’s name would they want his magic fluxing when his core was going through its second settling? The only time it had happened was when his Occlumency slipped and when he was very very young.

“Accidental magic is one of the key indicators to illustrate if a child will be magical or a squib.” Lily explained and Harry remembered Merlin explaining that a squib was the current name for the unblessed.

“Oh, well, I know I’m a wizard so accidental magic is irrelevant.” Harry decided, ignoring their looks of concern. He was not unblessed thank you very much.

“We have more important things to discuss.” Lily said surely.

“Yes. We do not know what your aunt told you about why you ended up living with her instead of us, likely it was lies, but you need to know the true story from us.” James told him. Harry tilted his head slightly.

“So you didn’t decide to cast me away to live with muggles because you are selfish, fame hungry, good-for-nothing wastes of human flesh?” Harry asked innocently, repeated one of the phrases he had heard Salazar mutter to himself in parsel to avoid Helga’s ire. He enjoyed their twin looks of outrage much more than he probably should have, but that was too good of an opportunity to pass up.

“Absolutely not!” Lily exclaimed.

“There was a war raging when you were born led by a self-styled Dark Lord, who had gained followers that terrorised the wizarding world. He personally came after us, but when he went to kill your sister the curse rebounded and he was defeated. After that, we had no choice but to separate you both. It was known throughout the wizarding world so soon and the overwhelming media and public interest would have been too much, and unfair.” James explained, and Harry found it hilarious that the man actually believed what was coming out of his mouth.

“So you did cast me away to live with muggles because you are selfish and fame hungry.” Harry
confirmed, “It’s good to know. I feel much better now.”

“It was for the best!” Lily told him softly, “Even today the reputation follows us.”

“So instead of keeping me and making sure I was already used to it by the time I reached an age I could understand everything, you cast me away and what? Expect me to suddenly be used to this apparent fame following you around?” Harry wondered. “Yes, I see the logic in that decision.” He did try to control his scathing tone, but it didn’t work all that much. He couldn’t help it really, that was the worst excuse he had ever heard.

“You’ll understand more when you’re older.” James assured. Harry gave him a blank look. The man couldn’t possibly believe that!

How utterly pathetic.

“Is there anything else? I wish to meet my sister now.”

“No, we can go now.” Lily said, standing up and waving her wand. Her muggle dress was replaced by robes that held the Potter crest, James mimicked the motion and then led them out. Harry rolled his eyes, they didn’t even bother to ask him. He snapped his fingers, allowing his chosen robes to wrap themselves around him as he left, not even deeming their surprised looks notice as he walked towards the entrance of the ally.

“We’re meeting your sister at Gringotts, she’s with a close family friend currently. We wanted to speak to you alone first.” James told him cheerfully, “You’ll like the Weasleys.”

They made their way through the alley and Harry would have been foolish to miss the amount of attention they were getting, he was hugely thankful he had been prepared for it, and that he was used to having large crowds watching and staring at him; joys of being Salazar’s best student.

They came to the marble steps and Harry spotted a chubby red headed woman, who appeared to have a kind face but extremely sharp eyes. She was fussing over a girl who appeared to be his twin sister. She had their mother’s auburn hair, but hers didn’t seem to be shining like Lily’s, and the same heart shaped face too, but she had inherited her father’s eyes hidden behind glasses and she had a lightning bolt scar, identical to his, only hers was on the top of her left cheek bone.

“Rosie!” James called, and the girl looked around, her face lighting up at the sight of her father.

“Daddy!” She rushed in to his arms and Harry had to take a few moments to adjust to such behaviour. He had never even heard of a Pureblood heiress acting in such a fashion in public.

“Rosie, I would like you to meet your twin brother, Harry. Harry, this is your sister, Rosina.” James introduced. Harry, minus his surprise at such frivolous behaviour, was very interested in meeting his sister; she wasn’t responsible for their parent’s actions.

“It’s nice to meet you, I suppose.” She spoke blandly, making it perfectly obvious her words held no sentiment whatsoever. Harry quirked an eyebrow.

“You too,” He returned. She looked him up and down before turning away and looking back at James, completely dismissing him. Harry looked at the back of her head affronted before his mask came up, he had never been dismissed in such away; such rudeness.

“Daddy, we have to go shopping because I have seen some robes and a necklace I need immediately.” She said pleadingly, hanging off of his arm. Harry was expecting James to reprimand her so he looked up hiding his shock when he laughed.
“Of course, Rosie. Anything you want.” He agreed, “We have to go to our vault first. Harry hasn’t been before.”

“Ok fine.” She sighed, and then she cast a look back at Harry. “We’re the Noble and Most Ancient House of Potter, from a long, respected, wealthy line.”

“Good to know.” Harry responded. She seemed offended by his lacklustre response, but what did she expect?

“Well, I’m the Heiress so it doesn’t matter to you.” She sniffed.

“I am first born.” Harry said sharply, and she gave him a smug smile.

“Daddy made me Heiress anyway.”

Harry’s eyes narrowed, drawing himself up and striding in to the bank ahead of them. He didn’t need the Potter Heirship anyway. He moved towards a free teller, greeting them politely and smiling slightly at receiving the same in return. They were still in conversation when the Potters arrived, so Harry bowed his head to accept the goblin must return to his duties.

James wasn’t impolite, but he didn’t greet the goblin correctly and Harry shook his head. Thankfully he didn’t need to go down to his vault, he wouldn’t want to take any of the Potters down there anyway. They sped down to the Potter vault and Harry had to admit he was highly surprised at their fortune, it was very substantial. Rose caught sight of his slight surprise shot him a smug look, crossing her arms and tossing her hair over her shoulder.

“The Potter fortune has been growing for centuries.” She informed him primly, “Flourishing since our manor was finished. I love the manor, growing up there was the best.”

Harry knew exactly what she was doing and merely raised an eyebrow, had he actually grown up with the muggles the gloating that she was using might have actually worked. As it was, he had the greatest childhood ever, so he actually felt a bit sorry for her.

“Come on, Rosie. Take what you need. You too, Harry. You are entitled to use the Potter family fortune.” James encouraged and, very briefly, Harry’s lips twisted in to a smirk before it was gone.

“Ok.” He answered, rising gracefully and making his way forward. If James was going to offer him access to free money then he was going to take it, regardless of whether he actually needed it. He was handed a pouch and nearly laughed when he realised it was bottomless; this would be fun.

“Am I allowed to go in?” Harry wondered.

“Of course. Just don’t go past the suit of amour.” James pointed to the one he meant and Harry nodded. He stepped in to the vault and had a wander around, nothing really picked his interest that much so he crouched down and shoved as much gold in the bag as he could in 30 seconds before rising and walking back to the front. He knew how statements worked; Potter wouldn’t know until the end of the month. He had been here in person, it wouldn’t need authorisation; thank you goblin loopholes.

He took two handfuls when James looked at him in question, and the man nodded, ushering them back in to the cart for them to return to the alley. Rosina bounced her way over to Madam Malkins, barging inside with no grace whatsoever and was immediately seen too by the shop owner herself, who was all but cooing over her.

Harry’s nose wrinkled involuntarily, he moved past the disgusting scene and noticed that there were
already three other customers inside. They all had pale skin and aristocratic features, the man and the boy, who looked around his age, had white blond hair, while the mother had a more golden tone, though not by much.

“Oh, the Malfoys.” James muttered in disgust, “Filthy Death Eaters.”

The Malfoy family barely hid their disgust of the Potters, with the lady looking at Rosina’s behaviour in open distaste. She turned and spoke to what Harry assumed was her son, keeping her voice low as not to make it travel across the store. Harry moved away from the Potters completely, browsing the rows of clothing to see if there was anything that caught his interest. When he came up empty handed, he moved forward to have a few more sets customised for daywear. He stepped up on to the podium when he was told to, murmuring instructions on what cuts, stitching, materials and colours he wanted before removing his own robes to be fitted.

“What about these for daywear?” James suggested, holding up a truly awful mix of maroon and burnished gold that just clashed badly, and Harry wouldn’t have been able to stop his sneer of disgust even if he tried.

“If I were to wear them I would feel pain even if I were dead.” Harry stated in contempt. Put of the corner of his eye, he saw the Malfoy mother delicately cover he mouth and look down and the Malfoy father turn his head to the side. The boy badly his a snort and Harry flashed him a slight grin before turning back to James who was looking at him in exasperated displeasure.

“Well what would you prefer?”

“I shall have my robes customised to fit my standard.” Harry told him simply, “I have already passed on my styles, colours and materials.”

“I want my robes customised too.” Rosina demanded and Harry turned away with a shake of his head; his sister also fell with his parents. Once he had his robes to his standards, another was tossed over his head and Harry immediately threw it back off again.

“What in Circe’s name is that?”

“It’s a school robe, they are basically all the same.”

“What awful material.” Harry said horrified. “We have to wear that daily?”

“There are others, but everyone wears these.” James stated. The boy stood next to Harry made a noise of disagreement which got him a look of contempt from James, though it didn’t linger too long.

“Madam, we require the premium school robes.” The Lady Malfoy instructed, Harry catching sight of her Ladyship ring he had previously failed to notice due to her stance.

“Right away, Lady Malfoy.”

“May I also have the premium school robes?” Harry requested, “I simply cannot abide by that previous material. Also, I require silver sterling for my cloak clasp and not steel.”

“That’s really not necessary.” James interrupted, “Just buy the normal stuff.”

“Daddy can I have a golden clasp, to match when I get in to Gryffindor.” Rosina asked.

“Of course, Rosie.” He replied instantly. Harry slowly blinked once, looking at his father as if he was a complete fool before turning back to his seamstress.
“My requests still stands. If my father wishes not to purchase my items then I shall pay for them myself.” He told her, his voice smoothing in to a tone of cool superiority that he had learned from Salazar. “I have the funds, do not doubt me.”

She did as he asked, moving to fitting him and he was pleased with the premium robe, it was much nicer. James looked absolutely outraged when the five figure number appeared, but Harry merely paid via bank slip and accepted his shrunken robes with a nod.

“How could you have possibly afforded that?” James demanded, not even bothering to keep his voice low.

“Magic,” was Harry’s toneless reply. He didn’t bother to see if James had a response, walking out and leading the way to the book shop, Flourish and Blotts. They bumped in to a group of red heads and Harry spotted the same woman who had been fussing over Rosina when they had first met.

He noticed, surprised, that the family, who must have been the Weasleys mentioned earlier, was obviously poor. He, of course, knew that not everyone was as privileged as he was, Circe only knew he was spoilt, but his parents had said that they were close family friends. Why then, if the Potter House so rich, were the Weasleys so poor; didn’t the Potter House help out? Most of the ‘close family friends that were entire families’ usually got made vassals of the higher houses, helping them with funds, education, jobs etc. Merlin hadn’t said that Vassals were no longer in use and he mentioned load of other past customs that were no longer in place.

“Ron!”

Rosina knocked passed him, rushing over to one of the red heads that must have been her friend. Harry glared at her back, finding himself rapidly losing patience; to think he had wanted to meet her. Harry stepped around the group, his eyes catching sight of identical twins stood at the back whispering to each other. They really were identical. But what really made him notice them were the twin looks of disdain they held while looking at his sister and her friend, Ron.

“You do not seem to enjoy our esteemed company.” Harry said to them, his voice low. They looked up at him, their expressions taking on a slight interest when they realised they didn’t know him.

“Look, Forge. A complete stranger.” One of them said.

“You’re right, Gred. We don’t talk to strangers, it’s bad.” The other said and Harry found his lips curling in to a slight smile at their mocking tone.

“Don’t you know? I’m Harry Potter, twin to the wondrous Girl-Who-Lived.” He told them, his voice dripping in sarcasm. He felt his smile stretch in to a grin at their smirks.

“Oh famous twin,” they murmured, “Forgive our mindlessness.”

“This once, should you introduce yourselves, of course.”

“We didn’t do that already?”

“Such a shame.”

“We-,”

“That is to say my twin and I,”

“Are the magnificent-,”
“Most impressive-,”

“Quite simply handsome-,”

“Fred-,”

“And George-,”

“Weasley.” They finished their adjoining speech together, making Harry chuckle slightly; he liked these two already.

“What ails two fine gentlemen such as yourself?” Harry wondered and they cast a look at Rose and Ron.

“The company in which we are forced to abide by is hard on the nerves.” Fred said seriously.

“At least you do not have to go home with her today.”

“There is that.” They agreed.

“Harry, we have to go.”

“And that’s me.” Harry sighed. “I’ll see you at Hogwarts?”

“We’ll be the ones pranking the Girl-Wonder.” They assured.

“That is something I can get on bored with.” He said cheerfully, waving as he followed the rest of the Potters out.

The rest of the day was much longer than Harry had anticipated and by the time they reached the sanctuary of the apothecary, Harry was almost fit to burst.

“Why do we even have to go here?” Rosina demanded, “I don’t want to take potions anyway, and the teacher is horrible.”

“Professor Snape is a master of the art.” Lily told her daughter, but Harry looked up at the name.

“Snape? Surely not Severus Snape, the youngest Potions Master in the world.” Harry said.

“Oh yes, the very same. He just published his recipe for the edited wolfsbane potion.” Lily answered and Harry’s eyes widened slightly. He had read about that last night in one of the newest potions books he had bought with Merlin. Some of Snape’s creations were absolutely amazing, he would give Salazar a run for his money that was sure. Harry couldn’t believe his luck. His favourite subject would be taught by the record holding potions master, how great was that?

“He’s still horrible,” Rose huffed.

“Snivellus has always been a nasty piece of work.”

Harry looked at them both as if they had lost their minds; how could they not appreciate such talents? And to such a degree? He noticed Lily didn’t seem to agree, but didn’t seem to be inclined to voice
her own opinion. He wordlessly shook his head, collecting double the required potions ingredients and walking away from the Potters, needing some time to himself before he snapped. He needed to calm down, he wasn’t going to waver yet.

Harry had a browse of the broomsticks, mourning the fact that he wouldn’t be able to fly the beautiful Nimbus 2000 for a while yet, before moving to the ice cream shop and ordering strawberry, with sauces and fresh fruits. The rest of his apparent family eventually caught up with him, Rose shooting him a glare for some reason Harry didn’t care enough to wonder about.

“Where are we staying?” He asked, his full mask back on his face.

“We didn’t want to overwhelm you too much, so we’re going to spend the rest of the time before school in the Leaky Cauldron. That way you’ll also have first hand experience with the wizarding world to help you adjust.” Lily explained.

“Wonderful,” He drawled. “Shall we depart? I wish to rest now.”

“We’re going to have an ice cream first.” James said and Harry merely looked away, deciding to watch the many witches and wizards moving through the alley. The strangest thing to him was that he didn’t see any other race whatsoever, no Veela, Fey, Nymphs, Weres or even Goblins from the bank. Merlin had told him that there had been a huge decline in race acceptance but he had never imagined it would be this great. What had happened in the 1000 between the time of the Founders and the current time?

He couldn’t even begin to imagine, and it made him think more on the war that he had been born in to. If the ‘light’ was mainly running the country now, why did the ‘dark’ have so much opposition? He would have to do his research. Harry rose with the Potters and headed back to the Leaky Cauldron, accepting his key with barely a nod of his head. He locked himself in to his room, casting some of the wards on his door to stop them entering at all. He removed his shopping bags and snapped his fingers to remove and fold his robes, before dropping down on the bed gracelessly, finally releasing the groan he had been holding back for a good few hours.

“I know you said I was strong, Sal, but right now I need patience not strength.” He muttered to himself, wishing he could see Salazar right now. He steeled himself, beginning his meditation to calm and centre himself. Everything would be fine. As soon as he was back at the castle he would be much better. He barely had two weeks left, that amount of time had flown by with the Founders. If he said it enough, he almost believed himself. Almost. It was going to be a long stretch of time, he just knew it.

Lovely.

Chapter End Notes

All feedback welcome - if you have questions I will try and reply!

Next chapter ASAP
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Thanks guys, for the amazing response so far to this fic - you are all amazing!
Read the tags!
#Parsel#
I'm not J.K
Un'Beta'd

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 5:

It took Harry more effort than he cared to admit or acknowledge to get up off his bed and actually put his things away. He had forgotten, briefly, that there was no elf that came in to do it for him – usually when he went shopping it was left in the main area of his rooms to be put away for him while he went to lunch/dinner/lesson. Aressa was there to hiss soothingly too him, and he reminded her that she would have to stay hidden while around the Potters.

One of the things Merlin was sure to remind him repeatedly was that people saw the gift of Parseltongue as an evil and dark trait. Harry was still outraged over that, even more so because Merlin wouldn't tell him why; something about having to do his own research. He was about to continuing reading his new potions texts, now even more eager to learn potions with the teacher revealed, when there was a knock at the door and his mother's voice drifted through.

"Harry, it's time for dinner."

Harry mentally sighed, dragging himself away from potions and down to the room where they were eating. Harry didn't say a word all through dinner, though he did watch and listen to the others interactions. The main topic of conversation, to Harry's great disgust, was his sister and it was basically a retelling of how great she was. And he had been called arrogant?

Circe almighty! He didn't even finish his meal, the food left a lot to be desired and he felt his intelligence leaving him the longer he stayed, so he rose to his feet and was all for running back to his bedroom when Lily stopped him.

"Why don't you stay down with us for a bit," She suggested, "It would give us all chance to get to know each other."

"Why would I want to do that?" Harry wondered in confusion, "I am not the one who decided I should be removed from my original family simply because it was decided one child was better than the other." He eyed the three of them disdainfully and then swept from the room, not giving them a chance to respond. He missed Lily's shoulders drooping, not that he cared much, and her murmured words to her husband.

"I knew this wouldn't work."
"I told you, Lils, he'll adjust." James assured, an underlying layer of steel in his voice. Lily dropped back in to her chair, her hands coming up to cover her face as she took a few deep breathes. She didn't care what James said, she just knew, deep within her gut, that Harry would never accept them as his family. It was much too late for that, and she knew that they deserved it.

Harry had never hated the fact that he was right more than he did at that very moment. Two weeks, apparently, was a very long time, and by the time September 1st had arrived Harry was ready to call it quits and find his own way back to the Founders time. He had been forced to hibernate in the somewhat dingy room for the best part of a week, which had been absolutely havoc on his normal routine, venturing out to explore the alley some more and braving his family to ask a few questions he was unable to find the answer to himself.

The most important one was when he would be introduced to Sirius and Remus again. Harry had been stung, and rather worried, when he had been informed, sharply and shortly, that the House Potter did not associate with such people as the House of Black. When Harry had slowly pointed out that their grandmother was a Black, he had been glared at until he had left the room by his father; Harry thought that was hilarious. He was very confused though, he didn't know what to expect when he finally did meet his Godfather and uncle again.

Merlin had assured him that they cared a great deal about him, and Harry had felt nothing but love and longing from the bond that Merlin had opened, but they were no longer in contact with the Potters; did that mean him too? He would have to wait for them to approach him, just in case, and if they did he would latch on with both hands. Harry went through his trunk once more, making sure everything was secure and he had not left anything behind before shrinking it down and tucking it in to his pocket. He had been warned, laughingly, by his father that underage witches and wizards were not allowed to perform magic outside of school. Harry had actually laughed at that, walking away shaking his head; what a ridiculous rule.

He moved through the grubby pub, easily finding his 'family' in one of the lounges where he walked in on a conversation involving Rosina excitedly bragging about how much further ahead than everyone else she would be because of her extra training and he couldn't help his snort.

"What are you laughing at?" She demanded.

"I thought you were joking." Harry replied blandly, "So I laughed."

"Everyone knows I'm going to be the best in the year, I've been training for years ahead." She informed loftily.

"Good for you." Harry said, highly doubting that she could outdo him in practical magics, and knowing she didn't have a hope in potions. It wasn't until 10:30 when they floo'd to the platform, and Harry came face to face with an absolutely wild crowd of people, all seemingly losing their rational minds as they caught sight of Rosina. Harry sneered, ducking out and away from the crowd, climbing on to the train without a backwards glance at his 'family'.

Rosina was absolutely loving it, turning her face at the perfect angle so everyone could see her scar and Harry shook his head, moving away from the nauseating sight and looking for a compartment. When he found one, he unshrunk his trunk and pulled out his school robes and a few books before placing his luggage in the rack. A slight smile crept on to his face when the whistle blew, it was a reminder that he was going home and as the train pulled off he felt himself relax. He was away from his parents and the castle was big enough that he wouldn't have to see Rosina too often, there was no way they would end up in the same house because Harry was going to Slytherin and she didn't have an ounce of what Salazar would ever look for.
Harry got completely lost in his book, uncaring to the world passing him by outside the window as he reviewed some of Potion Master Snape's ground breaking work. He hadn't realised that Merlin had slipped this book into his potions collection, and it was focused on more obscure potions and ingredients. He only broke out of his reverie when the compartment door slid open and revealed the blond boy from the robe shop.

"I've been looking for you." He said in a way of greeting, inviting himself to the seat opposite Harry.

"You have?" Harry asked, his eyebrow quirking up.

"Yes, you interested me in the shop." The other boy admitted. "I'm Draco Malfoy."

"Pleased to meet your acquaintance, Draco Malfoy. I'm Harry Potter."

"So you are the other Potter twin. There were rumours, of course, but after Samhain you were never seen or heard of again so people took it as a mistake. Mother said you were."

"I am not surprised. My wonderful parents thought it best to send me to live with elsewhere." Harry said, a humourless smile on his face. Draco's eyes widened, his hands twitching as if he wanted to grab something.

"They sent their own child away?" He repeated, his expression turning to disgust, "How dare they send a magical child away! That's barbaric."

"It was for the best." Harry mocked.

"They believe that?"

"Oh yes, gave me the full sob story of how there was a terrible war and when Rosina defeated the Dark Lord they were forced to give me up because of the fame and her training." Harry rolled his eyes, grinning when Draco gave him a look that said everything he thought of the excuse. "Yeah, I know."

"And my father didn't think the Potters could get any worse." Draco muttered, shaking his head.

"Sorry to disappoint," Harry said.

"Disappoint? Are you joking? He'll be delighted they managed to make such a monumental error."

Harry grinned.

"I think I like your father already."

"You'd be the first out of the current Potters."

"I take it they do not get along."

"House Malfoy is also Noble and Most Ancient, and father is very influential within the Ministry. Potter was Head Auror and is close to Dumbledore, and they believe my father is evil simply because he is not 'light'."

"That is completely ridiculous." Harry scoffed. "The whole light and dark issue is nonsense." Draco eyed him thoughtfully.

"What house do you think you'll be in?"
"Slytherin, of course." Harry answered immediately.

"So sure? The past nine generations of born Potters have been in Gryffindor."

"I am nothing like any other born Potter." Harry stated surely, "I will definitely be going to Slytherin house. What about you?"

"Most definitely Slytherin." Draco responded, "All Malfoys go to Slytherin, though, we have had a few Ravenclaws appear."

"I could go to Ravenclaw," Harry allowed, "But I know Slytherin will win out."

"You'll be lucky if you do go to Slytherin. Slytherin Head of House is Professor Severus Snape and he favours his house greatly. He and your father have a fierce rivalry, and should you not be in his house it might transfer to you – though, Rosina will definitely be in for a surprise."

"Does it run that deep?" Harry wondered.

"Oh yeah, they went to school together and it began there. Uncle Sev hates anything James Potter with a burning passion, and it's another reason Potter loathes my father and me." Draco told him. "Uncle Sev is my Godfather."

"Sweet Circe, Severus Snape is your Godfather!" Harry repeated in awe.

"Yes, why?"

"He is an absolute genius in potions." Harry exclaimed, "I've reading his book and it's fantastic."

Draco puffed up proudly, his uncle was amazing at potions and it was good when people acknowledged that fact.

"Did you know he is the youngest Potions Master in the world and his recent development of the upgraded Wolfsbane potion gained his honours certificate?" Draco said, his tone slightly bragging, not that Harry cared; it deserved to be bragged about.

"Really? That's amazing, and completely understandable. The complexity of that potion alone, regardless of its success, should have gained recognition simply because it remained stable." Harry said.

"He tutored me growing up," Draco said proudly.

"Wow, I bet that was brilliant."

"It was, but he's a very strict teacher. He cannot stand any foolish behaviour at all." Draco admitted.

"Well potions are very dangerous, and one mistake could be lethal." Harry reasoned.

"It's why he's the most disliked Professor in Hogwarts, except from the Slytherins of course. No one seems to understand that."

Just then a woman walked by pushing a trolley full of food and Harry's eyes lit up, he could do with some sweets. He bought a bit of everything, indulging his sweet tooth to the max and Draco seemed to be of the same mind.

"Mother banned me from all sweets last week because I snuck out on my broom," Draco told him and then he grinned, "Father slipped me a few galleons to make up for it."
"My father made the mistake of handing me an empty pouch and saying I was allowed to take what I wanted from the vault. He won't get the statement until the end of the next one."

They both laughed and dug into their sweets, getting to know each other better and Harry was certain he and Draco would be fast friends. It was about an hour after they had bought sweets that something popped into his mind and he voiced his thought to Draco.

"You said my father was Head Auror."

"Yes, didn't you know? He was removed when he took up the Flying Instructor spot at Hogwarts this year." Draco said, causing Harry to violently choke on the chocolate frog he had just bitten into.

"Excuse me?" He gasped, "He's going to be teaching this year?"

"Yes, and your mother is; she's teaching Arithmancy. Their appointment gained some controversy with Professors Snape, Black and Lupin-Black." Draco told him, "How do you not already know this?"

"Have you met my family? Would you like to spend an extended amount of time around them?" Harry pointed and Draco nodded, conceding his point, "When you say Black and Lupin-Black, do you mean Sirius and Remus?"

"Yes, Sirius Black and Remus Lupin-Black used to be best friends with James Potter."

"I know. Uncle Sirius is my Godfather and uncle Remus just adopted the title." Harry said.

"That would explain the huge altercation they had. The Godfather bond would have been strained to the highest degree." Draco said, looking mildly horrified at the thought.

"I'm glad I'll get to meet them again so soon. When my father said they no longer spoke I wondered if I would even get to see them this year." Harry said thoughtfully.

"Oh no doubt both of them will be searching you out." Draco said surely, "Sirius Black has been causing waves since he took up his Lordship, and he won't be cowed by James Potter."

"That's very good to know."

Their pleasant atmosphere was unceremoniously broken when the door was shoved open and Rosina flounced in with the Weasley boy and a girl with lots of busy brown hair and a somewhat tense air around her; she was a Mudblood, Harry was sure of it. They were all tense and nervy as they adjusted to the magical world they were coming into, but they soon settled in once they began classes on wizarding customs and traditions.

Salazar always said the Mubblessed, as they were also called, were amusing for him to teach, and often quite brilliant to teach once they fully accepted their new world. He didn't care for Blood Traitors, the ones who went back to the Mud, back to the Muggles, actually he quite despised them. Harry shook his head, eyeing his sister with distaste.

"What do you want?" He questioned.

"Daddy wanted to speak to you and you ran off." She stated as if it was a great offence. Harry raised an eyebrow, waiting for the actual point when he realised that was what she had come to tell him; something he already knew.

"Obviously I did not wish to speak to him." Harry pointed out.
"You're just jealous." She spat, smiling nastily at him, "I'm famous, loved and powerful; everything you're not. I even got the Heirship over you, even though you are first born. And what happened to you? You got thrown away."

Harry's expression of disbelief was not improvised or fake whatsoever, and it took him a moment to actually formulate a response to her words. He blinked twice, tilting his head to the side slightly, looking at her with mild scorn.

"Indeed. It is surprising how jealous I find myself of your overinflated ego, your frivolous and contemptable behaviour, and your empty words of power and skill. Oh how I wish I were you." His voice was oily with sarcasm, thick and lingering at the end of his sentence. Draco smirked at the expressions of outrage Harry's words caused, sitting back to watch what would happen next.

"You can't speak to her like that! You're nothing compared to her! She's the Girl-Who-Lived – she's had advanced training," Ron yelled.


"Calm down, Weasley. Everyone knows that the only reason you stick around with her is to try and raise your own pathetic reputation. The Weasleys – biggest bunch of Blood Traitors in the wizarding world." Draco sneered, "Not even a Vassal and yet you still cling on; it's disgusting."

"You both are very rude." The unknown girl interrupted. "Rosina Potter did defeat You-Know-Who, that deserves some respect."

"For a Mudblood you really chose the wrong first influence." Harry stated seriously. Ron and Rosina both gasped, rearing back and looking at him in horror before the male red head exploded.

"How dare you say that to her!"

Harry looked at them in utter bewilderment. There wasn't anything that offensive in his last sentence, a Mudblood's first influence was crucial yes but stating otherwise was hardly that harsh. And then he remembered.

"Right, not supposed to say that word. Got it." Harry ran his hand through his hair and shrugged, Merlin had warned him that "Mudblood" was seen as a highly derogative term these days. He was just so used to the using the term – it was what they were!

"Wait until I tell mummy and daddy about this." Rose snarled, "You are going to be in so much trouble. I can't believe you said that!"

"I'm truly terrified." Harry deadpanned. She huffed and stormed off, taking her entourage with her. Harry flicked his finger at the door, waking it shut and pull the blind down, hoping to ward away any more interruptions.

"Was that wandless magic?" Draco questioned, completely shocked.

"Yes, I don't like my wand all that much. Waving it around and while saying the incantations is tiresome." Harry told him. Draco looked at him blankly, blinking a few times before shaking his head.

"There are going to be a lot of unexpected things happening around you, aren't there." He said eventually.

Harry merely grinned.
The rain had dried off by the time they had gotten off the train. Two hulking beasts for children appeared before Draco and cleared a path for the blond to walk through, Harry didn't like to turn gifts down and moved with him to avoid the crowd. A giant of a man was yelling for the first years, cheerfully fawning over Rosina when she went up to him, and then leading them down to the boats. Harry smiled in remembrance, Godric had taken him on the boats first. He climbed in, sitting next to Draco and keeping his mask in place, the other boy was doing the exactly the same. As soon as Harry caught sight of the magnificent castle he felt as if all the stress and tension that had been building since he first met back with his parents was washed away.

To see her, still standing in her glory and her beauty, her magic saturating the entire area and making Harry's own sing, it was better than any words could describe. They were introduced to Professor McGonagall, the Deputy Headmistress, Head of Gryffindor and Transfiguration teacher, who led them in to the entrance hall and Harry nearly beamed when he discovered hardly anything had changed. It was more worn, and there were many more portraits, but other than that there was no difference. Hogwarts was still standing proud. They were given a small speech of Hogwarts basics and what to prepare for before they were left alone for a moment. Harry did get a bit of a surprise when a group of ghosts floated through the wall, he had never seen any ghost in the castle before. When the Professor returned, they were led in to the Great Hall and Harry immediately looked up to the ceiling, smiling when he saw Row's amazing spell work still in place.

He couldn't wait to find her workings for it, he wanted to try it for himself. Harry nearly gaped when Professor McGonagall put Julius down on a three legged stool and he burst in to song; he had become a sorting hat? Harry very nearly laughed out loud at that. Julius had been created as a joke, a hat that made decisions because Godric never seemed to be able to. It had been Helga who had originally created him, and Harry honestly couldn't believe he was still going. The Founders were truly incredible. Harry cast his eyes around the hall, taking note of the similarities and differences from what he was used to, before he turned his attentions to the top table. It wasn't as decorative as the Founders had presented, but the huge Hogwarts banner was hanging behind like it always did and the Headmaster's chair was still large and throne-like. The only difference was the man sitting in it.

He had long white hair and a long white beard, an aged face and half-moon glasses that covered, but did not remove from, twinkling blue eyes. Harry felt his lip curl; the great Albus Dumbledore. Harry moved on, spotting his mother and father sat together, a man in a purple turban and then he stopped, his eyes widening slightly. He was older than he remembered, but the time that past didn't actively show; his Godfather looked handsome and somewhat rougish as ever. Right next to him was his uncle Remus, a scar on the left side of his face adding to the strong image he seemed to hold. Harry shook himself out of it, he had to focus on the sorting and then he would worry about his Godfather and uncle. He just had to stay calm for a few more hours.

Harry wasn't the only one surveying the room. Up at the top table, one man was critically eyeing the new arrivals with a sharp eye. Sat next to Sirius Black, Severus Snape easily picked out his Godson, the Malfoy hair glowing in the candle light. He watched Draco be called and enter his House before the hat had even touched his head, he nearly rolled his eyes at the smug look that came to the boy's face and he pranced, much like his father, over to the clapping Slytherin table. There was a boy, the one he was sat next to, clapping for him also, and Snape's eyes narrowed; he couldn't place the child. He dismissed him being a Muggleborn, Draco knew tolerance through Narcissa, but he wouldn't have befriended one unless there were extremely extenuating circumstances. They reached the P's and Snape felt the automatic sneer of disgust curl on to his face when he heard the name "Potter" be called out, just waiting for the jumped up brat of a girl to flounce up.

He had quite the surprise when instead of hearing "Rosina" following, he heard "Harry", and the
boy who had been clapping for Draco walked up to the stool. He was the picture of Pureblood Heir. His back was straight, his steps were perfectly measured and when he took his seat it was with much more grace than most adults could hope to achieve. Severus also didn't fail to notice the near aneurism Black seemed to have when the name was called, nor did he fail to hear the almost silent whine that escaped Remus. They looked at the child with a longing so strong that Snape looked away; he just knew this child had something to do with the legendary split between Black and Potter.

Their relationship had been rocky since the fall of the Dark Lord, they barely spoke, and when they did it was short, sharp and tense. It had come to a head around a year after their initial fall out. Snape would remember the screaming match that had happened in the entrance hall for many years, with Black calling Potter the lowest form of scum on the planet and that he would rather return and apologise to his mother than even associate with Potter again. Given the very well known utter hatred that was mutual between the late Walburga Black and the Black Lord, it said a huge amount and ever since Black changed. He became Lord Sirius Black, he grew up and went up. And when Black had come with a genuine apology and explanation behind his behaviour in school, Severus had accepted.

He still found it hard to believe that he was actually, dare he say it, friends with Black. Not just Black! No, Lupin too. The werewolf had changed a lot. Whatever had made Black split from Potter had obviously involved Lupin too, because the man had given James Potter such a dangerous look when the man had last approached him that it had made Severus shudder. There had been no gentle man behind that expression. With glowing amber eyes, and a sharp edge to his face that wasn't normally there, he looked as dangerous as he actually was.

Severus felt his surprise turn in to outright shock as the hat almost screamed out Slytherin before it had even approached the boy's head, moving its pointed top and waving the boy a way. Snape caught the boy's expression, not a touch of surprise on his face, no but there was one thing that shone out; pride. He glided over to the Slytherin table, sitting next to Draco and giving him a look that screamed "I told you so".

"Oh well done, Puppy,"

Severus looked at Sirius, who had an almost savage grin on his face, and though it was obvious he was talking about the Harry, he was looking down the Head table. Severus spotted what he was looking at and felt his own expression curl in to a smirk. James Potter was practically frothing at the mouth as he glared at his son, who had the audacity to offer a cheerful little wave to his father, openly smirking at the man. The year suddenly didn't look as horrible as he first thought it would be.

Harry almost laughed as Julius directed him to Salazar's house before he had even touched his head, the hat recognised him immediately and he was only too pleased to take his seat next to Draco. The blond flashed a smirk at his placement, nodded at Harry's "I told you so" look. The raven haired boy didn't even bother trying to stop his smirk when he saw his father's look of absolute disgusted horror, he even offered a cheerful wave to the man when a glare overcame his features. He watched his twin be called up next, the entire hall bursting in to whispers, though they didn't seem all that positive from the Slytherin end of the room, much to his amusement. When Julius called out Gryffindor, the House of Lions burst in to outrageously loud cheers and Harry sneered; how Godric would be ashamed.

While he may have been the most lax when it came to decorum, he knew when there was no time or acceptance in such behaviour and if he had been in place when his house had acted as such in the Great Hall, right in the middle of the sorting ceremony… Harry shuddered. The entire house would have been chopping wood for the entire castle for a week – without magic! The sorting continued, finishing with Blaise Zabini being placed in Slytherin, and then the Headmaster rose to speak. He
had his arms open wide, projecting an image of a kindly grandfather, but Harry didn't buy it for a second; Merlin had taught him all about Dumbledore.

"Welcome to another year at Hogwarts." He said them all, "I have just a few words before we get befuddled by are magnificent feast and they are: Nitwit. Blubber. Oddment. And tweak. Thank you."

The tables were suddenly filled with every kind of food the students could imagine and the hall burst in to sound. Harry was very pleased to note that his expression of incredulous distaste was mirrored on every member of the Slytherin House over Dumbledore’s words. He turned to focus on his years mates, most of which seemed to already know each other and were looking at him as if he was a strange, exotic animal.

"Yes, I am unfortunately a Potter. Yes, I broke tradition and ended up in Slytherin. No, I am not upset over that fact. No, I am nothing like my wondrous twin." Harry said coolly, looking at him pointedly. They introduced themselves then, and Harry made a note of the names behind the faces; they were all of Pureblood Houses too. They didn't openly ask about his existence, but Harry knew they wanted to know, and he was sure it would come out eventually that the Potters had given him up. Harry cast a look around the hall. The Gryffindor House was the loudest and he shook his head, he hoped that Godric's portrait never had to see them, because the man would be so ashamed. Though, he might be able to talk some sense in to them.

The Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff tables weren't so bad, he would actually have to see their members interact to pass judgement. The Slytherin table was acting how Salazar would have wished, composed and calm, and eating with complete decorum. Harry started him meal, almost sighing in delight at tasting the wonderful cooking of the Hogwarts elves; he would have to go and see them. When the last remnants of food disappeared, Dumbledore rose again to speak. He gave out the necessary announcements, where Harry's eyebrows shot up when he was told the dark forest was out of bounds; how would they learn how to gather ingredients for potions? Or learn stealth and tracking?

Dumbledore's warning about the third floor corridor gained his interest, and the apparent danger surrounding it, what was hidden there? And when could Harry go and get it? Following the speech, the tables started filing out, with voices of prefects calling for the first years to follow them. Harry walked with Draco, pushing their way towards the door so they could move down to the dungeons, only Harry found his path blocked. James Potter stood in front of him, his expression dark as he eyed Harry and the other Slytherin's with distaste.

"Come with me, we're going to the Headmaster's office." James ordered.

"Why?"

"You need to be resorted."

"No thank you." Harry replied instantly, "If that's all, I have Housemates to catch up with." Harry went to walk away but James grabbed his arm in a tight grip, yanking him in the opposite direction.

"It wasn't a suggestion." James snapped.

"Get off me!" Harry yelled, trying to get free.

"No, we're going to the Headmaster's office and having a resort." James repeated.

"I said: Get. Off." Harry growled, making his magic turn his skin red hot. James yelped, drawing
back his hand and shaking it. Harry gave him a black look, drawing himself up and storming off, heading towards the Headmaster's tower. He wouldn't put it past his dearest father to seek him out daily until he had a stupid resort. Of course, he would make sure he went back to Slytherin. His feet carried him the familiar way and he ignored James, who was glaring and holding his hand, completely, sneering as the man moved in front as if he was leading him. The man uttered the password under his breath and the statue jumped to the side, revealing the moving spiral staircase that gave access to the office. Harry came face to face with six other people, his mother and the Headmaster being two of them, Harry assumed that the other four were the Heads of Houses seeing as Professor Snape was there and Draco had told him as much.

"Ah, James, you found young Harry." Dumbledore said pleasantly.

"I was hardly hiding." Harry pointed out blandly.

"He'll be resorted, Professor." James said, "The hat obviously made a huge mistake. Potters are never in Slytherin."

"Perhaps if I had been raised a Potter instead of being cast aside for the best we might be facing a different case." Harry drawled coldly, eyeing James with a great distaste. "As it is, I missed out on that undoubtedly wondrous experience and have been placed in Slytherin House. I see no reason to dispute this."

"Harry, why don't you take a seat?" Dumbledore suggested kindly.

"No thank you, Headmaster. I would prefer to stand, I don't intend to be here long." Harry replied.

"Very well, put the hat on him."

McGonagall placed the hat on his head and it yelled Slytherin again instantly, much to Harry's amusement.

"He cannot be a Slytherin!" James exclaimed, "He's a Potter."

"If there is one thing I am certain it is that this boy belongs in Salazar's House." The hat snapped, "To place him elsewhere would be a travesty."

"You have to sort him somewhere else." James yelled.

"I refuse. My decision stand. I will hear nothing else of it." The hat declared, falling dormant on Harry's head, telling the boy to come visit him when he could in his mind. James stormed out of the office in a rage, Lily cast a troubled look at her son before rushing after James.

"Well that was a huge waste of time." Harry said mock brightly, "I do apologise for taking you all away from your duties."

"Come, Mr Potter. I must speak with my Snakes, and you are one of them." Professor Snape instructed, "Headmaster."

"I will speak with you tomorrow, Severus." Dumbledore said. Harry happily followed Snape out of the office and down the familiar route to the dungeons. Harry honestly believed that he could be blindfolded in any part of the castle and still find his way back to Salazar's domain. They came to the plain stone wall that Harry knew was the entrance to the Slytherin dormitories. Salazar had used the plain wall as a constant reminder that looks can be deceiving.

"This is the entrance to Slytherin House." Snape told him, and Harry blinked, remembering that this
was supposed to his first time to the castle, so he nodded to show he understood. "The current password is 'basilisk'. It will be changed every month with the noticed pinned on the notice board."

The wall had slid open on the word 'basilisk' to reveal the Slytherin common room. The rest of the House was milling around in the room, obviously waiting for something and Harry guessed it was the Professor. Harry glanced up at Snape to check he was allowed to go and the man motioned for him to go. He took up a place next to Draco, flashing a grin at his surprised look.

"Everything is in order, sir." One of the prefects spoke from the far side of the room as Snape moved to stand in front of the grand black marble fireplace, a spot Harry knew was visible from all possible angles of the room.

"Welcome to Slytherin." Professor Snape began, directing his speech to the first years. His voice was like silk, low and perfectly measured to travel through the entire common room without difficulty. He had a presence about him that kept the room utterly silent, but within the House Harry felt no hostility or fear. All of the older years seemed to respect the man quite a bit.

"I am Professor Severus Snape, your Head of House and the Potions Master of this school. As a new member of this House there are a few rules that you must know and learn to abide by. Outside these walls you will face prejudice and discrimination because of your House selection: Slytherin House is not seen in a positive light. Because of this, all Snakes, while not within our main territory, will appear as a united front. Even if you utterly despise a fellow Housemate, outside these walls you will allow none of this to show. If you see a fellow Housemate in need of aid, you will help them. This rule is non-negotiable." He looked at each of them to make sure they understood before continuing.

"We are Slytherin, and this House champions cunning. Should you, perchance, deviate from the written rules: Do. Not. Get. Caught. If you think you may be caught, have an alibi at your disposal. And if you are caught, make sure that it's by me." Snape gave them a look that promised a steep retribution should they be caught at all, and Harry very nearly grinned; Salazar had given him the same look a hundred times. "The prejudice you face, unfortunately, also extends to members of this faculty. They will believe the words of another House over you in a heartbeat. So if you have any problems, any issues or any concerns, you are free to come and speak to me at any time. My office can be accessed through the painting of the stirring cauldrons, and if you are unsure a prefect or older student will show you the way."

Harry's attention snapped around when two people walked out of the painting mentioned, his eyes widened slightly as he saw his Godfather and uncle step through and walk over to Professor Snape.

"These are Professors Black and Lupin-Black, our History Professors. If you are unable to find me, they are also available and can be trusted. Should you find yourself in trouble in higher areas of the castle, you will find it easier to seek either of them out and they will be able to bring you directly to me." Snape moved his attention back to the House as a whole, looking around to check their attentions.

"All first and second years are to travel in groups unless absolutely necessary and your curfew is at 8pm during the week and 9pm on weekends and holidays. I expect the prefects to organise and structure study sessions where necessary and see to it that our younger members are settling and adjusting accordingly. Any concerns you may have can, of course, be brought to me. Marcus Flint is the current Captain of the Quidditch team, any inquires of the sport are to be directed to him." Snape paused, regarding them all for a moment before he spoke again, this time his tone was caution and very serious.

"As you all would have noticed, we have two new members of faculty this year; James Potter is now our Flying Instructor and Lily Potter our Arithmancy Professor."
There was an outbreak of whispers at that, and Harry felt many sets of eyes glance at him. He kept his mask in place, keeping his back straight and his head turned towards the Professor easily; they would soon know he was nothing like his so called family. The room fell silent with a look from their Head of House, and he nodded.

"I offer you this single warning. They are not your friends."

His tone belayed the real message; avoid them as much as possible, and when you can't, the rules became your doctrine.

"Are there any questions?"

When there was a negative response, he nodded dismissing the House to do as they pleased. A ripple of noise sounded as friends reconnected and people made their way up to the dormitories. Harry noticed his Godfather and uncle lingering by the main entrance and he felt his heart jump a little when he looked up and met Sirius's eyes. There were a myriad of emotions in those clear grey eyes and Harry knew his were just the same.

"Harry – Mr Potter, may I speak with you for a moment." Sirius asked and Harry nodded, not being able to answer verbally. He followed the man out almost unconsciously, his mind whirling about what could possibly happen. Sirius and Remus led him up through the castle and Harry wondered where they were going, Remus must have caught his expression because he spoke.

"Please do not be alarmed, we just don't want to be overheard. The walls have ears."

Harry nodded again, his nerves on end as they came to a portrait and it opened to reveal a living quarters. Remus moved over to stand behind the squishy chair, offering him a seat as Sirius took up pacing in front of the fire.

"I know this is strange," Sirius said, "I didn't really think this one through. You are probably wondering who the hell I am, and Moony did tell me to be rational, but I was never really good at that and-,

"Padfoot," Remus interrupted gently and Sirius took a deep breath, turning to face Harry.

"Right. Ok. You probably don't remember, and I am a hundred percent sure your father wouldn't have told you, but my name is Sirius Black and when you were born I was named your Godfather." Sirius said, "It was a full bond, which means I'm still your Godfather. And I thought you should know, because – you know, just in case you need anything or want someone to talk to or-,

He was cut off because all of Harry's self-restraint snapped and he launched himself at the man, wrapping his arms around him and burying his face in his chest. Just knowing that everything Merlin had said over the years, that his Godfather would still want to know him when he got back regardless of his father.

"It's so good to see you, uncle Siri," Harry murmured. He found himself picked up and hugged closer to the man, and he relished in the feeling. It was silly, but it made him feel so much less alone. Sirius placed him back on his feet, not even bothering to hide his emotions; his smile was positively glowing. Harry looked over to see Remus stood back a bit, but it was impossible to miss the longing on his face and Harry rushed over, treating him to the same treatment as his Godfather.

"Uncle Moony!"

"Harry, my little cub." He murmured, holding him close, "You're all grown up and so big!"
When they all sat down, Remus didn't seem to want to let him go so Harry got comfortable on his lap, not minding at all. Godric used to do the same thing when he was in certain moods.

"You remember us?" Sirius statement was phrased like a question and Harry smiled, nodding his head.

"I have an eidetic memory, I remember everything." He told them. They looked both impressed and alarmed at that, sharing a look before Sirius spoke again.

"We tried to find you, to bring you back." He said seriously, his voice almost begging Harry to understand. "I demanded you be given to me but Potter refused. I hadn't had my Lordship at this point, so unless I could find you and prove without a doubt that your father's judgement was unsuitable for your living conditions there would be nothing I could do. By the time I had received my Lordship and gathered credibility, Potter was too famous and well respected. Anything that happens to him bounces off immediately and we still couldn't find you to prove anything."

"Don't worry, uncle Siri. I believe you." Harry assured, "I know you did everything in your power to find me."

"How are you?" Moony asked meaningfully, "How did you grow up with magic with those muggles." His tone was slightly disgusted, having personally met Petunia and Vernon Dursley he hated to think what his poor cub had been subjected to. They both looked at him as if he was mad when he grinned, and when he noticed the looks Harry's expression went slightly mischievous. Merlin had told him that it would better if he was honest with his Godfather and uncle from the start, they had tried so hard to find him and cared so much about him that the aged warlock didn't doubt that they could be trusted. He had also pointed out that it was impossible to build a strong, true connection upon a foundation of lies.

"I didn't quite make it to the muggles when Dumbledore dropped me off." Harry said, "He thought it a good idea to leave me on the doorstep and someone else came along and took me instead."

"What?" they both exclaimed, looking relieved that he didn't have to suffer the muggles and alarmed that some unknown person had picked him up.

"Who was it?" Sirius demanded.

"And were they nice to you growing up?" Remus added.

"Would you believe me if I told you it was Merlin who found me and took me to live at Hogwarts with the four Founders, who were absolutely wonderful." Harry asked and was met with utter silence. When they continued to look at him blankly, Harry laughed. "Merlin took me to the Founders to change the fates. He said that should I continue on the two paths set for me, it would either mean the end of the world or the end of magic itself. I grew up here, in these halls, when it was first made. They took me in, raised me, cared for me and taught me everything they could."

"You were raised by the four Founders over a thousand years ago." Remus repeated.

"Yes,"

"And it was Merlin who took you."

"Yes."

"Are you sure?" Sirius questioned and Harry snorted.
"Very sure. The five of them made me their blood and magical Heir for my eleventh birthday." Harry told them proudly, allowing them to see his ring flash between the House rings. He was met with another silence, but this one was more of a stunned one rather than disbelief.

"Well shit."

Harry burst in to giggles at Sirius stunned words, laughing harder when Moony reached over and hit him, warning him about his language, especially in front of Harry. Sirius rubbed his arm, pouting slightly, though he shot Harry a wink and a grin when Remus looked away.

"I cannot believe you actually grew up with the Founders." Remus said in wonder. "What was it like?"

"Want to see some of the things I brought back with me?" Harry asked.

"Yes!"

He snapped his fingers, bringing his trunk to him and opening it up once he had got up off of Moony. He dug out some of his old styles robes and some of the gifts he had received from the Founders, telling them about the stories behind them with a happy sort of sadness. He was telling them the story of how he had shot Salazar as they admired his bow when Aressa made her presence known. Sirius, who caught sight of her first, made a sound bats would perceive as a signal to them and physically leaped up and over the sofa. Harry was momentarily bewildered, but when he caught sight of what had caused such an extreme reaction he roared with laughter, hunching over and struggling to breathe.

"Dear Circe," He gasped, "What was that?"

"You have a snake." Sirius stated, eyeing Aressa like she was about to eat him, despite her small size.

"Yes. This is Aressa. Salazar gave her to me as a gift for my eleventh birthday." Harry told them.

"But they are all slithery and hissy and snakey." Sirius said, shuddering and Remus muffled his own laughter when Harry replied with "It's because they're snakes." He cast a mild warming charm on his robes at the top of his arm, using the directional version of the spell that Row had showed him. Aressa slithered back up, seeking the additional heat and settling back to sleep. Only then did Sirius deem it safe to return to his seat.

"I am going to take a mild guess and say your parents do not know of your upbringing." Sirius hedged. "And that you won't be telling them any time in the near or distant future."

"Lily and James Potter will never be my parents." Harry stated surely, "They lost that right when they sent me to live with muggles and soon they will truly understand the mistake that they made."

"You are going to give them utter hell, aren't you?" Remus said amused, and the expression that came to Harry's face was answer enough.

"I almost feel sympathy." Sirius muttered, grinning. He glanced at his watch and yelped, leaping to his feet again. "It's getting late, and I said to Severus I would have you back soon."

"Can I come back?" Harry asked.

"Of course you can, pup." Sirius replied cheerfully.
"Any time you want," Remus assured, "The password is sanctuary."

"I'll send you through the floo, that way you can go straight to the common room through Severus' office." Sirius said. Harry shrunk his trunk and hugged Moony goodnight, moving towards the fire and waiting for Sirius to throw the powder.

"Severus, I'm sending Harry through." He said and then motioned for Harry to step in, after he had gotten his own hug. Harry stepped out of the other grate, mentally cursing the unpleasantness of the floo system, and nodded to his Professor.

"I advise you go straight to bed, Mr Potter. You are expected in the common room at 7am to be shown to the Great Hall with the rest of the first years."

"Yes, sir, of course. Goodnight." He left via the portrait he was pointed to, going through the tunnel and coming out in the common room. He went straight upstairs and found the first years plaque on the first door in as per custom. All the first year boys were inside and on a bed leaving only one free, Harry moved over to the bed nearest the fake window, unshrinking his trunk with a wave of his hand and snapping his fingers to pull out his night wear. He still slept in the blue tunic he had stolen from Godric over black sleep trousers he had bought when he went shopping, so he vanishing in to the bathroom to prepare for bed, unaware of the stunned looks he received from his dorm mates.

"Did anyone else see that?" Theo was the first to ask, breaking their silence.

"He used wandless magic," Blaise confirmed.

"He doesn't like to use his wand, apparently." Draco told them, "He said so on the train."

"He doesn't like to use it?" Blaise repeated, "So he just doesn't? Wandless magic is almost impossible."

"I couldn't tell you." Draco admitted, "Before the summer when I first saw him in Madam Malkins, I didn't even know he existed."

Harry emerged from the bathroom changed, dropping down on to his bed with a muted sigh.

"I'm surprised to see you back, your father..." Draco trailed off, not needing to say exactly what Harry's father had been like. Harry flashed him a grin.

"The hat refused to put me anywhere else so they had to leave me here." Harry told him, very pleased.

"I bet James Potter loved that." Theo muttered and Harry looked over at him with a smirk.

"I would say he was delighted, it was really emphasised when he stormed out of Dumbledore's office."

They shared a laugh at that and Harry leant back against his headboard. "Do any of you have an aversion to snakes?"

They all shook their heads and Harry nodded, moving Aressa from his arm on to his bedpost, casting a warming charm on the whole frame for her comfort.

"You have a pet snake?" Blaise exclaimed, "Is that safe."

"Aressa is harmless," Harry assured, and them he tilted his head, "Unless you decide to attack me. 
Then I make no promises."

They seemed to accept his word for now, casting a cautious eye on the serpent before continuing their own nightly rituals. Harry got under the covers and closed his hangings for the night, he felt a hundred times better than he had since he had returned to his own time and, that night, he fell asleep easily, looking forward to the next day.

It was going to be fun.

Chapter End Notes

All comments welcome!
Chapter 6

Harry was awake, dressed and on his second book by the time the rest of the boys even stirred, he was used to getting up early and it was only on a rare occasion he stayed in bed. Harry had his school bag packed with all his lesson books and his chosen extras ready to go, he knew there was a strong possibility he was going to be bored in class, but Merlin had told him it enabled him to do other things with his time.

He would be able to gain connections, work on separate projects and try and sort through the whole dark and light issues in the current time. He cast a tempus and rose to his feet, it was approaching the time where the prefects would be leading then up to the Great Hall so Harry went back in to the dorm to tell Aressa not to get caught and to make sure the rest of the boys were up and at least getting ready. Slytherin was a united front after all.

"How in Merlin's are you ready already?" Draco exclaimed.

"I've been reading for like 2 hours." Harry said with a shrug, "Now if you want to eat hurry up." Harry stroked Aressa before leaving the scurrying pre-teens in favour for his books. Draco was the first to immerge, looking slightly disgruntled but his attire was impeccable and he was ready to go for the day. Some of the girls had arrived by that point, and they were milling around the common room waiting for the prefects. Crabbe and Goyle were the last people to arrive, just in time because two prefects came down and nodded to them.

"This will only happen today unless you believe you will have difficulty finding your own way to the Great Hall." The male prefect told them. "If you do have problems, speak with one of us, and if you cannot find up speak to Professor Snape who will pass on the message to us."

They were taken the long way to the Great Hall, much to Harry's aggravation and he made a note to show Draco, at least, the quicker way of getting to the Hall. Harry helped himself to breakfast, waiting for his timetable to be handed out and striking up conversation with Draco about what classes the other was looking forward to. Harry took his timetable happily when Professor Snape came around to hand the out, though his mood was slightly diminished when he realised he wouldn't have Potions until the following Friday.

"Shall we go to Charms?" Theodore asked and they nodded. The entire first year rose and left together, getting nods of approval from the older years. They had a basic map on the back of their
timetables, but Harry noted that it was the long way to the classroom and they would be there only just in time; not a way he wanted to start his first day of school.

"Ignore the map and follow me." Harry said to them, walking up the first flight of stairs and then turning left instead of continuing up.

"But we haven't got time to explore." One of the girls said.

"Yeah, and if we're late on the first day Professor Snape will be really mad." Blaise added.

"Don't worry, we're not exploring." Harry said, leading them through a portrait of a man who was making his cutlery and crockery dance. They moved through the sloping corridor quickly and came to an apparent blank wall, Harry tapped the top left corner and it swung open, bringing them out on the Charms corridor.

"Tah dah!"

"How could you have possibly known that?" Draco demanded and Harry smirked.

"I'm just that good." Harry stated. Realising that they were not going to get anything else out of him, they all slipping on their masks and waited for the rest of Ravenclaw House to arrive. Harry noted that the other House didn't seem to have the same rules as Slytherin, because they were going individually or in pairs. The Professor was the tiny Flitwick, Harry surmised that he was part Goblin, who took the register and started right on with his lecture. Harry was disappointed, but unsurprised, when Flitwick started with the basics of Charms, including the twelve wand movements, none of which Harry used himself and it made him sigh when he realised he would have to actively use his wand.

How tiring.

It wasn't a bad class, but Harry understood more how advanced he was and how different the teaching was these days. The Slytherins looked at Harry when the class was over and he was only too happy to lead them to Transfiguration. They were early with Harry's shortcut so they waited for the Gryffindors to arrive, and when they did they were loud and rowdy and disorganised. Each and every Slytherin held perfect posture and expression, not even deeming the Lions worthy of their disdain, and entered the classroom silently.

Professor McGonagall was strict and precise and Harry felt that Rowena would appreciate her teaching style, she turned her desk in to a pig and back with mere flicks of her wand and Harry was quite impressed; she didn't even look like she focused on it at all. She gave a brief lecture before handing out matches and instructing the class on how they were to turn it to a needle, putting them right to work. Harry's match became a perfect needle instantly, gaining him ten points to Slytherin much to the Gryffindors ire and Slytherin pleasure. His sister, who he had thankfully not seen since the sorting, looked particularly irate and Harry was not surprised that she stopped him on the way down to lunch.

"You think you're so good, don't you?" She spat at him, "You don't even care."

Harry raised an eyebrow at her, declining to answer and that seemed to annoy her even more.

"You were just welcomed back in to our family, in to House Potter, and then you go and dishonour it. Becoming a slimy Slytherin and then not even getting resorted."

"Yes, I was just welcomed back. I was welcomed back when I shouldn't have needed to be in the first place, because I shouldn't have been sent away." Harry drawled and Rosina sneered.
"You are so obviously jealous." She stated, "You can't have everything I have so you're trying to bring me down, trying to show me up. But it won't work, I'm loved and famous, I'm the Girl-Who-Lived and you are no one."

"Trying to show you up? Circe, your ego keeps growing by the day." Harry said incredulously, "I don't care about you and even if I did I wouldn't need to try and show you up. You do a wonderful job of that without my help."

"Just you wait, daddy is so angry with you and you're going to be in so much trouble."

"Seeing as I don't have a father I won't wait in suspense." Harry replied coldly, turning and walking away, feeling rather than seeing the rest of his Slytherin year forming a protective half circle around him. He very nearly groaned out loud when he saw his 'father' heading in his direction, and Harry was about to make a break for it in the opposite direction when he caught sight of his Godfather coming up from the dungeons. Harry ducked under James' outstretched arm, running and jumping into Sirius' arms and making sure to call out "Uncle Siri!" loud enough for James to hear. He felt his Godfather snicker in to his shoulder as he was set on the man's hip.

"What excellent timing." Sirius muttered.

"BLACK!" Potter shouted, storming over to them, though Sirius kept out of immediate reach.

"What do you want, Potter?" Sirius questioned sharply, his voice so cold that Harry was quite surprised.

"Put my son down this instant." He demanded.

"I believe that it is Harry's decision as to whether or not I carry him around." Sirius stated.

"Harry, get down this instant. Did I not expressly tell you we do not associate with people such as him?"

"I'm actually quite comfortable right now, so if you could ask me again at a later time I might because to change my obvious answer of no." Harry returned.

"It wasn't a suggestion," James snapped, reaching out for him. He found himself coming face to face with Sirius' wand, and an expression of cold fury from the Black Lord.

"You took him away from me once. You will have to kill me before I let you do it again." Sirius hissed lowly, "Watch yourself, Potter. Our positions are a lot different to what they were ten years ago."

James gave them both nasty looks before stalking away, knowing a lost battle when he saw one.

"So how was your first day, Pup?" Sirius asked, his previously angry demeanour vanishing with Potter.

"Good, but everything has been easy so far. I actually have to use my wand." He sounded incredibly put out and Sirius snorted, though he wasn't the only one. Draco had stayed with him, sending the rest of the House on as they were now with a Professor.

"Merlin forbids." He threw at him with a smirk and Harry pouted.

"It's so much effort."
"And doing everything wandlessly isn't?" Draco returned, only half in mocking.

"No! It's so much simpler; you only have to direct your magic then."

"I'll take your word for it." The blond said.

"Have any other problems?" Sirius wondered, placing him back on his own two feet.

"No, nothing, unless you count my delightful sister."

"She's bothering you already? I'm not really surprised. She has been brought up waited no hand and foot, nothing has ever been denied to her because of her status and it hasn't changed over the years." Sirius said in disgust.

"It shows." Harry said.

"I can't believe she's allowed to act like that, my mother would punish me until the end of the next century should I show such a lack of decorum." Draco said with a shudder, and Harry knew the feeling; Sal would have strung him up!

"Narcissa is still as scary as ever then." Sirius noted, "Terrified the living daylights in to me when I was younger."

"Mother said you used to be quite close." Draco said and Sirius nodded, a sigh escaping him.

"We were, once. But the war happened and things got messed up." Sirius allowed, "Looking back, I should have done so many things differently, but its pointless to linger on 'what ifs'."

"You should write to her again." Draco suggested, "I know she would like that."

Sirius looked at him in surprise.

"You know, I might do that. There is nothing to be lost from it." He agreed, then he turned back to Harry. "Draco's mother is my cousin."

"I thought so," Harry said. Sirius walked them to their places on the Slytherin table and was about to head up to his own placement when he remembered something.

"In case you are not aware, James is not all that pleased with your placement and will be doing anything to 'show you the right way to be'." Sirius told him and Harry grinned.

"So I'll do the opposite of everything he does." Harry declared, making Sirius chuckle slightly.

"Yeah, pretty much. I'll see you later, Pup."

"Bye, uncle Siri."

Harry sat down to eat opposite Draco, helping himself to some ham and potatoes before acknowledging the looks he was getting from his year mates.

"He's my Godfather." He answered, knowing exactly why they were shooting him questioning looks. They each got a look of comprehension before the public masks were back in place. None of them stayed at the table for long, wanting to get down to the greenhouses with plenty of time to spare and unfortunately Harry didn't know any shortcuts to them, but he did know the way.

Harry wasn't much of a fan of Herbolgy, struggling a bit on the subject and he knew that while he
had the edge over the rest of his year mates, he would struggle on plants he had never seen before. Dormant magic subject were just not made for him. He did quite like Professor Sprout, and she made understanding everything very easy, seemingly understanding that Herbology wasn't the masses favourite subject. It was a double session and the Slytherins hurried back down to their dorms, wanting to get cleaned up before they went to their study session. Harry couldn't believe that they had a free period on the first day, it was completely ridiculous especially when there were so many things they could be learning. Merlin had said the curriculum had changed quite a bit, but it was another one of those things he had left for Harry to experience himself. It was different, and he wasn't all that happy with it, being used to being so busy all the time, but he would get used to it.

Harry's first week at school in his own time was surprisingly brilliant. He was, with no surprise to himself, the instant top of all his classes. He would accept nothing less of himself. He had been avoiding James Potter expertly, but there had been a few close calls. The closest being when James had finally cornered him and made a grab for him, Harry found himself lifted in to the air and set on his uncle Moony's hip, protectively held close to the man as he gave James a truly dangerous look that had the man backing up quickly. Harry didn't really blame him, he had seen the wolf come out in his uncle, his eyes starting to light up amber and his lip drawing back from his teeth – Harry was pretty sure he would make a hasty retreat too.

When Friday finally arrived, Harry was practically bouncing with excitement for his Potions class. Even though he knew that whatever would be taught to him that day wouldn't even be close to a challenge for him, he couldn't help but feel that it had been much too long since his last Potions lesson, not even lesson just time in the lab. First years were not allowed to use the labs on their own. Harry hopped that he would be able to speak with the Professor to get that slightly amended, he loved to brew and just the thought of only being able to do so in class was horrifying. His dorm mates, having seen him pour through numerous Potions texts, some of which they didn't even know existed, all knew what was making him so twitchy.

Draco finally got annoyed with his pacing and muttering under his breath that he forcefully sat Harry down to wait for the rest of their year mates. The blond was quite excited to be taught by his Godfather, but at the same time he was nervous because he knew the high standard the man expected from all of his students and he was worried that he would have forgotten everything he had been taught previously. Harry's bright mood was noticeable to anyone who had the right eye, and up at the Head table there was one who was eyeing the boy with a somewhat questioning expression.

"What has your Godson deviating from his usual perfect calm?" Severus asked Sirius, who was sat next to him.

"I would assume the same thing that has your Godson doing the same." Sirius responded, and then he grinned. "Harry has been so excited about Potions all week that I thought he might combust if this day didn't hurry and come around."

"Really?"

"Oh yeah, he's an absolute Potions fanatic. He's been going on and on about it all week." Sirius told him, "I think you might have a little admirer in him."

"Admirer?" Snape repeated and Sirius chuckled.

"You should hear him talk about your work in Potions. He has all of your books, even that ridiculously rare one that's on obscure Potions insight, and he's been offering us random facts about your work followed by how amazing it is." Sirius grinned, "It's quite adorable really."
"Do you know if he has brewed before?" Severus asked.

"Yeah, he has. It's his absolute favourite subject." Sirius answered.

"I shall have to watch him during my lesson, then."

"I do not think you will be disappointed." Sirius assured. Severus cast a critical eye over the boy in question, wondering if Sirius was being generous or the boy was actually good. Harry had finally calmed himself enough to eat with the proper decorum and then take out his current Potions text, he had memorised it, of course, given that majority of the information was already known by him, but the bits he didn't he had made sure to memorise it. He hadn't heard much on the Professors teaching style, only that he favoured Slytherins and was the strictest teacher in the school. His attention snapped up when his 'father' came to a halt behind him, looking at the entire table with open disgust.

"Your mother and I believe it would be best if you spent the weekend with us." James stated and Harry looked at him blankly.

"No thank you."

"It wasn't an option. You will be collected after dinner. If you don't you'll have detention and lose points."

"You cannot do that!" Harry exclaimed.

"I can and I will."

"Fine," Harry snapped, rising to his feet, "But let it be well known that I would rather do anything else with my time than spend it in your presence." He stormed off after that, unable to stay in the man's vicinity. He realised, when he got to the doors, that he had forgotten his bag, so he snapped his finger and plucked it from the air when it appeared. His feet took him to the Potions classroom, noting with a pang that it was the very same room that Salazar used to teach in and he sighed. He knew he shouldn't have stormed out, Sal would lecture him how he wasn't supposed to allow the enemy to show they were getting to him, but it was just so hard with James Potter.

There was something about the man's upstart behaviour that just set him off, how he actually believed that casting a child out because the other was suddenly famous was ok literally stunned Harry, and that he believed his words and showed no remorse for his actions. Harry didn't think he would ever understand. The only reason he would ever give up a child of his was if there was no other choice, and he would never ever send them to muggles. The notion was completely inconceivable. He noticed, with a start, he was almost fifteen minutes early to the lesson because he hadn't finished his breakfast, so he sat down, using the air around him to make him a chair, and cracked open his book again.

If anything would settle his mind it was Potions. He didn't rouse until Draco nudged him, and he rose to his feet, clearing his expression and shooting the blond a nod of gratitude. The Gryffindors came down as loud as always, Harry could hear them speaking about how Snape was the worst teacher in the school and how he hated Gryffindors. They were shut up when the door slammed open startling them, and Harry very nearly grinned; Salazar used to do the same thing. He said that if the students were not prepared to hear a door slam when they were not focusing on potentially lethal concoctions then they had no business being in a lab. Harry thought it was because he loved scaring the crap in to people, but he never actually voiced that thought to the man.

The Slytherins entered first, silently and in a single file, taking their seats without haste, though Harry was sure to grab the front desk with Draco and Theo. The door slammed shut once the Gryffindors
had got in, whispering amongst themselves as they got to their seats, they fell silent as Professor Snape strode to the front of the room, his black robes billowing behind him ominously. He took the register and paused when he came to Rosina’s name.

"Ah yes, Rosina Potter. Our new celebrity." The final word was send with a touch of disdain, and Rosina flushed, glaring up at Snape. Harry couldn't help but smirk, Rosina would be getting absolutely no special treatment in this class apparently. Once he had finished he rose and stood in front of his desk, crossing his arms and regarding them coolly. He had that ability to keep the room utterly silent without doing anything, and then he began to speak.

"There will be no foolish wand waving or silly incantations in this class. As such, some of you will not appreciate the subtle science and art which is Potions." He spoke softly, his voice carrying through the room effortlessly and Harry felt himself leaving forward, absently flicking his wrist to make his quill copy down everything that was said.

"I can teach you how to bewitch the mind, and ensnare the senses. I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, and even putter a stopper in death."

Harry was on the edge of his seat, and he noticed that Draco was also unconsciously leaning forward also as he listened completely enraptured.

"Miss Potter," The Professor's sudden change in tone and volume made Harry jump slightly, "What would I get if I added powered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?"

Harry's mind supplied him with answer immediately, and he waited for his sister to answer the question.

"I don't know," She answered, causing Harry to blink in surprise; that was very simple. He exchanged a look with Draco, the blond's eyes telling Harry he thought the same thing.

"So you didn't think you would open a book before you came to my class, did you?" Snape mused, his voice lined with displeasure. "Let's try again. Where, Miss Potter, would you look if I were to ask for a bezoar?"

That question was even easier than the previous one, Harry thought, raising an eyebrow at Draco, who shrugged slightly.

"I don't know." She said again, and this time Harry turned to look at her as if she had lost her mind; how did she not know that? He saw that the busy haired Mudblood girl had her hand thrown in to the air, and, while he was pleased that she obviously had some brains in her, it wasn't a discussion period so it was highly unnecessary. He turned back to the front, shaking his head slightly, though he had to mask a grin as he caught sight of Draco looking at her as if she was some strange exotic creature.

"Pity," Snape said, not sounding at all as if he meant it, it was more as if he knew this would happen. "One more time, Miss Potter. What is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane?"

"I don't know," Rose ground out, sounding extremely angry much to Harry's amusement. That question was a trick question, granted, but it was basic Herbology knowledge, let alone Potions

"Clearly fame isn't everything, is it, Miss Potter?"

"Clearly Hermione knows, so why don't you ask her." Rose snapped, indicating the Mudblood. Muttering immediately broke out on the Gryffindor side, all of them casting Rose looks of awe at her nerve. The Slytherin's were casting her their own set of looks, though theirs were more of distaste
than anything remotely positive.

"Five points, Potter, for your cheek." Snape growled and they instantly fell silently, looking at the Professor in disgruntlement.

"Let's see if the other Potter possess any intelligence." Snape decided, turning to face Harry in expectation. Harry straightened himself up, looking at the Professor respectfully.

"In answer to your first proposed question: adding powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood would give you a sleeping draught so potent it is known as the Draught of Living Dead." Harry began, his voice completely even. "To find a bezoar, in response to your second question, you would look in the stomach of a goat, and the stone will save you from most poisons if administered in time. Finally, there is no difference between monkshood and wolfsbane, they are the same plant that also know by the nameaconite and is a key ingredient within the highly regarded Wolfsbane potion: which allows a werewolf to retain his or her mind during the full moon, and was created and developed by you."

Snape nodded once, quite impressed by his answers and the extra information offered; it illustrated his knowledge, but not in an arrogant or obnoxious way.

"Correct, Mr Potter. Ten points to Slytherin."

Harry nodded, pleased, and settled to take notes as the Professor began his lecture on the Potion they were working on, Harry was delighted to discover they would be brewing that day. It was a simple boil cure, though a different one to how he learned, and he noted that if he combine the methods he should get the absolute perfect potion. When they were given permission, Harry snapped his fingers and his ingredients laid out before him in the desk, allowing him to get straight to work. Snape watched the male Potter as he walked around the classroom, becoming more impressed by the minute; the boy was a complete natural. All of his motions flowed with ease, and his almost absent precision screamed of previous heavy brewing. His analysis was interrupted when the Longbottom boy's cauldron melted suddenly, spilling its spoiled contents all over the floor.

"Idiot boy." Severus snapped, vanishing the mess with a sharp jab of his wand. "Did the instructions not clearly state that you were to remove the cauldron from the heat before you added the porcupine quills?"

The boy whimpered in response, nasty looking boils already swelling all over him.

"Take him to the hospital wing." He shot at his partner and then he turned to Rosina Potter. "Miss Potter, take five points for trying to make yourself look good through other people's failures." He had seen her watching Longbottom, and seeing as she had completed that step herself she couldn't fail to miss the disaster waiting to happen. The Professor once again began moving around the room making his observations, his eyes naturally being drawn back to the male Potter, raising an eyebrow as he saw the boy frowning at his cauldron.

"Is there a problem, Mr Potter?" He inquired, approaching the boy. He couldn't help but feel amused when the boy looked like a deer caught in headlights. Harry looked at his Professor in horror, he hadn't fixed his problem yet, and now the man was right next to him. The stupid potion, he couldn't work out where he had gone wrong.

"It's only a small mistake," He began, casing the spectrum spell and narrowing his eyes, "Its three shades lighter than it is supposed to be."

Three whole shades, Salazar would have had him cleaning cauldrons for a week should Harry have done such a thing in his class. One shade he could deal with, different time of ingredients that could have lost or gained potency over the years, and he was
mixing a recipe for the first time, but three shades? Harry shook his head. Severus looked closely at that potion, eyeing the spectrum spell in surprise; that wasn't taught until sixth year. He noticed that the potion was indeed three shades lighter, but it was still a well-made potion and only a master would question it.

"It is an acceptable first attempt."

"But this isn't a first attempt." Harry told him, "I could do this potion in my sleep, and I have made many more advance ones." He scowled at the potion as if it was doing it on purpose and then he blinked, slapping his hand to his forehead as he released a muted groan. "I am a complete idiot."

He snapped his fingers, summoning a single lime green leaf to him. He nearly sliced off the tip of the leaf, dropping it in to the cauldron and stirring it twice anti-clockwise, watching as the potion darkened to the correct shade with relief.

"Very impressive, Mr Potter. Stay at the end."

"Yes, sir."

Harry bottled up the potion and sat down, nodding to his year mates to say he would be fine as the class was dismissed.

"Mr Potter," Snape began, but Harry twitched.

"Please, sir. Can you call me Harry because Mr Potter sounds like James and…" he trailed off, wrinkling his nose.

"I understand completely, Harry." Snape said. "Your work today illustrated how adapt you are at potions brewing and your knowledge of ingredients. You previously stated that you have worked with more complex potions – which ones?"

"Hm, it would be difficult to say." Harry admitted, he had only worked with a few difficult potions that were still known today and wouldn't take a hell of an explanation. "It would be a choice between the Polyjuice potions or my own creation."

Snape started, a touch of disbelief entering his expression as he looked at the boy; surely he couldn't think that he would believe that.

"You say Polyjuice potion, at eleven." Snape repeated in mild disbelief, and Harry conceded the man had a right to be disbelieving – the Polyjuice potion wasn't a difficult brewing process really; he had learned to brew it at nine.

"I supposed given the simplicity of the Polyjuice potions actual brewing process, it shouldn't be counted as really difficult. The only difficulties that should arise is the preparation of the ingredients, and having the timing perfect; even a few seconds out could ruin it." Harry mused, "With that outlook, I would, modestly, have to say my latest creation would be my most complex potion."

Snape looked the boy over and realised he had complete belief in his words, and while Snape was sceptical, if Harry was indeed being truthful then he was a genius in the art.

"What potion have you created?"

"It's an advanced shielding potion, yet to be named. It protects the drinker from basically everything except a direct killing curse." Harry answered, "I have it in my Potions journal."
"May I see it?"

"Of course." Harry agreed, snapping his fingers, making a small black book appear on his desk.

"How do you do that?"

"It's an edited version of the summoning charm. I got so sick of waiting for my items to soar through the air to me, I mean seriously, who thought that would be a good idea." Harry shook his head in obvious bewilderment, and Snape blinked. The boy had edited a spell at eleven? What in Merlin's name…

"Damn,"

"Language," Snape warned, "What is it?"

"You don't happen to be able to read Parseltongue, do you?" Harry wondered, looking at his teacher sheepishly.

"No, there hasn't been a known Parselmouth since the Dark Lord." Snape replied slowly, and Harry quirked an eyebrow; that partially answered why the language was seen as evil.

"Well, I must be one of those weird twists of fate." Harry said brightly, waving his hand to copy his potion in to English and handing it to the Professor. Severus read through the potion's description and then the recipe, feeling his eyebrows climb higher and higher the more he read.

"This is incredibly impressive," Snape admitted, and Harry straightened up proudly.

"Thank you,"

"You say it has been tested."

"Yes, it is in full working order." Harry confirmed.

"I wish to see you brew it, but the ingredient prep time is too long unless you already have some?"

"I do. I stored enough to brew 6 more batches after the initial testing." Harry replied.

"If you can return this evening and prove you can brew this potion, I can adjust your work to something that will be, at least, mildly challenging for you." Severus decided, and Harry smiled, nodding before he abruptly stopped and a vicious curse word spewed from his mouth in Parseltongue, one that would have Rowena washing his mouth out should she have heard and understood.

"I have the distinct impression that it would be in both of our interests that I not know what you just said." Severus drawled and Harry ducked his head slightly, before scowling at the wall.

"I has been demanded that I spend time with my – ah – family." He sneered, "It is not optional."

"I believe I actually feel pity for you."

"I could ask and say its educational–,"

"Do not bother. James Potter loathes the very air I breathe, a feeling that is completely mutual, he would not allow you to come near me out of lesson hours even if it was a detention." Severus informed him and Harry's shoulders dropped.
"I must be cursed." Harry muttered.

"Should you be able to escape on Saturday, I shall be available to contact in my office. If I am not there, wait for me and I will return from my personal labs."

"Thank you, sir." Harry said happily.

"Here is your note for being late to defence." Snape said, handing him a roll of parchment, "A prefect will be waiting to escort you."

"Yes, sir."

Harry grabbed his bag and left the classroom, whooping in delight once he was away from the door and jogging up to the waiting prefect.

"Which way we heading?" She asked.

"Up," Harry responded.

"So what did you do to get held back in the Professor's first class?" She questioned, and Harry smiled brightly.

"He's offered me a chance to prove that I can brew a certain potion, if I can then he's going to put me on an advanced curriculum."

"Sweet Merlin, kid. You must have impressed him." She whistled.

"I hope so," Harry said. They stepped out on to the Defence corridor and the Prefect blinked.

"That was fast."

"Handy shortcut," Harry answered, and she nodded, not even questioning it; your secrets were your own in Slytherin. "Thanks for the escort,"

"No problem, kid, we take care of our own." She told him, "Good luck with the Professor."

"Thanks,"

Harry entered the classroom barely containing his grin, passing his note to Professor Quirrel and taking the place Draco had saved for him.

"I'm guessing it went well." Draco said.

"I'm not containing it very well, am I?" Harry asked rhetorically.

"You are basically bouncing again." Draco pointed out, and Harry forced himself to take a few deep breaths to still his movements.

"He said that he was impressed and he's given me a chance to prove I can brew a certain potion, and if I can brew it I might get on to an advanced curriculum." Harry told him and Draco's eyebrows shot up.

"Wow. You must have really interested him. Uncle Sev usually doesn't do that, and the only reason I'm going on to an advanced curriculum is because he's been my tutor for the past four years." Draco said impressed.
"I just hope I don't screw up."

They settled down in the lesson, Draco letting Harry copy down the notes he had already take, though it wasn't much. Quirrel was an appalling teacher, stumbling and stuttering though his lecture and quivering at any sounds made within the room. Harry's eyes narrowed; there was no way that stutter was real! He was glad to get out of the room, rubbing his scar absently as it burned, there was something off about that man, and it set him a bit on edge. Both he had Draco didn't stay long for lunch, heading up to History, a lesson Harry was very excited for as it was his Godfather and uncle teaching it.

He had heard nothing but good things so far. Merlin had kept him up-to-date with current History, leaving somethings out for him to work out himself, and he had been told to be prepared for some severe inaccuracies in regards to the Founders; Harry was somewhat worried to find out. If there was anything bad written about any of the Founders that he knew to be incorrect he didn't know how he would react. Harry again grabbed the front seats with Draco, Blaise and Theo and waited for the Professors to arrive. Professor Lupin arrived first, slightly flustered with parchment hanging out of his briefcase as he dropped it on to his desk.

"I apologise for my less than stellar punctuality," He told the room, "Your fellow Professor thought it would be a marvellous idea to be extremely childish." As he spoke, a huge black grim trotted in to the room, only, it didn't look as terrifying as it was supposed to. It had a massive pink bow around its neck, and cute matching ribbons on its ears and tail, and it looked extremely put out in its predicament. The whole class laughed at the dog, who cast a fierce look at the smirking Lupin. Harry cleared his throat, politely raising his hand as he looked at the dog in amusement, he knew it was his Godfather and he didn't even feel a little apologetic for what he was about to do.

"Yes, Harry."

"Correct me if I am wrong, sir, but don't our teachers have to be in their nearest human form to teach?" He asked innocently. The dog's attention snapped to him, actually gaping, before it released a whine and covered its snout with his paws.

"Excellent point, Harry, very well done. You are correct, so I think I will need this spell..." Remus flicked his wand and a blue light hit the dog, who was forced back in to his human form; and by Merlin what a sight he made. Harry choked on air as his Godfather was revealed: the man had hideous orange robes, sickly green skin, and the same bright pink ribbons on, only this time they were in his hair, around his neck and around his hips. The entire class roared with laughter, and Sirius joined in, shaking his head at the state of himself.

"That was evil, Harry." He said and Harry did a mock bow. Sirius drew up a chair next to Remus and the pair launched in to the lesson; it was completely brilliant. They somehow made the most tedious of Goblin wars suddenly the most exciting and enrapturing thing on the planet, and Harry found himself actively learning things; something which was definitely a change for him since he got back. They finished early on Fridays, and Harry was pleased to go back to the common room with the rest of his years mates to get all of their homework finished before the weekend. All of them looked at Harry as if he was mad when he tore through all four essays due without so much as glancing at a text book, and Blaise spoke up in disbelief.

"How could you have possibly finished?" He questioned, motioning to his half finished second essay.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked, looking up from the book he had decided to read while everyone else finished.
"You completed all of your essays in just over an hour."

"Excuse me?" Harry said, sitting forward and straightening out his scrolls, "Why did I take that long, I should have been finished… oh never mind, I added an extra foot to Transfiguration and Charms."

"You are remarkably strange." Draco informed him seriously, and Harry sniffed.

"I am not strange, others merely do not understand my greatness."

Silence met his words before they cracked up and all fell about laughing, and Harry couldn't help but grin; Salazar had received the same response when he had said the same thing to the other three Founders. Dinner, in Harry's personal opinion, came around way too fast, and it took a lot more force of will to make himself go up to the Great Hall that he would have imagined.

"You get to escape to Potions tomorrow." Draco pointed out, noticing his new friend's darkening mood.

"That is good," Harry allowed, "But I still have to be with them."

Draco mirrored Harry's expression of distaste, offering know words as there wasn't anything to say; he would have to be around his family. James Potter was waiting for him when he left the Great Hall and Harry nodded to the other Snakes, walking over to the man and silently following him when he walked off. They arrived at their private quarters, and Harry stepped in, only for him to freeze in the doorway.

Obviously the rooms were meant to illustrate Gryffindor pride, but it was done so very badly that Harry felt his eyes begin to water. There was no mixing of tones, or blending of colours, everything in Harry's sight was either a vibrant red or a burnished gold; it was something else. He was showed to his room, which, thankfully, had been toned down a bit, but they were not to his tastes and he asked if he could change the décor.

"Why would you want to? We are a Gryffindor House." James told him.

"But I don't like it." Harry pointed out, and James didn't even offer an answer, instead leading him back to the sitting room.

"Hello, Harry," Lily greeted with a smile, and Harry nodded in return. He took the chair furthest away from the rest of the Potters, noting, with disgust, Rosina seemed to very smug about something.

"So, Harry," Lily began, obviously trying to make an effort. "What is your favourite lesson so far."

"Potions," He responded instantly, and Lily smiled while the other two wrinkled their noses.

"Potions," James said disgusted, ignoring the look that Lily threw him, "Why would you even enjoy it? It's not even real magic. Rosie's favourite subject is Transfiguration – just like me."

"Transfiguration is so much better," Rosina agreed, her voice stuffy, "Potions is the absolute worst and Snape is mean to me."

"What did that slimy git do to you, Rosie?" James questioned, his voice melding between anger and concern. Harry noted, with amused derision, that the conversation had switched back to the wonder child almost instantly, and he was kind of impressed; that did not take long at all.

"He purposely embarrassed me in front of the whole class by asking me really hard questioned that no one else would have known either. And he made fun of me because I defeated Voldemort."
Rosina told him angrily, crossing her arms with a huff, and James looked furious.

"Wait until I get my hands on that greasy bastard." James snarled, "He has no right to be horrible to you, simply because you got rid of his vile Master."

Harry did make a mental note of that; if Snape was a past Death Eater then he might have information Harry needed.

"I cannot believe you are going to try and pull that ridiculousness." Harry said to Rosina in disdain, "For one, I answered all the questions after you failed to, and two, you didn't even know where to find a bezoar."

"Rosina! Is this true?" Lily exclaimed, looking at her daughter with wide eyes, "That is basic knowledge that could save your life!"

"What's a bezoar again?" James asked, and, for a split second, Harry caught sight of a flash of disgust on Lily's face as she turned to look at him; Harry wondered what that was about. It was obvious, even from the very small amount of time Harry had spent with his family, that Rosina was all James, he hadn't seen even a brief patch of Lily within her minus the shape of her face and the colour of her hair.

"Harry, how are you finding school so far? Are you struggling with anything?" Lily asked, looking away from her husband and daughter.

"No, I'm top of the year like I expected to be." Harry responded.

"That's not possible," James denied instantly, "Rosie has far more advanced training; she must be top."

"Really?" Harry drawled sceptically, "Maybe, if that is the case, she should begin showing it rather than getting fawned over by her questionable company."

"What do you mean?"

"He means Hermione," Rosina cut him off before he could answer, "On the train he called her the 'M' word."

"How dare you use such a word!?" James yelled, and Harry didn't so much as blink, regarding the man with an expressionless face, "It is disgusting and degrading, and should never be used. How could you? Your own mother is Muggleborn."

"First of all, I actually didn't mean the Granger girl: I was speaking about that Weasley boy, he doesn't have two brain cells to lose by the looks of things. He's completely idiotic and hangs of Rosina like she's a trophy; its disgusting." Harry corrected, his voice cool, and he ignored James and Rosina's outraged looks. "Secondly, if you knew anything about true history or etymology of words, you would know that the term Mudblood is not actually a degrading word, it's the original name for those of muggle birth and used to be worn as a badge of honour. And finally, if any of you had an ounce of common sense, you would know that Lily is not, in actual fact, a Mudblood, but a Redeemed."

"A what?" Lily questioned and Harry blinked; Merlin hadn't told him 'redeemed' was no longer used.

"A child blessed with magic from a squib line: called Redeemed because the line in which they come from has obviously been redeemed by magic as they were gifted with her powers." Harry explained.
"There's no such thing." James waved him off. Harry found it incredibly difficult not to scowl at him, what did Potter know?

"Fine ignore me, I don't particularly care. It does mean that I don't actually have to waist my breath talking to you, so I thank you for that. Goodnight." With that, Harry got up and went to the room he was staying in; he couldn't hack Potter for one more minute. He dropped down on his bed with a sigh; he couldn't wait for tomorrow to come.

Chapter End Notes

All responses welcome!

Thanks guys!
Chapter 7

When Lily went in to wake her son up Saturday morning she was surprised to find him in a meditative trance in the centre of the bed, it was unusual, she thought, that he could meditate so well when he was so young; Rosina couldn't do it even though Lily had tried. It was why there was no hope in teaching the girl Occlumency. Lily wondered if Harry had any shields within his mind, when she was younger she had managed to build up some of her own without knowing what they were and it was only when he had explained everything to her did she know what she had done. Feeling it was best to leave him as he was, she quietly left the room. Lily knew that Harry didn't even want to be there, and she had tried to convince James to let him be. She said that maybe if they just left him to his own devices, and be a silent support, he would eventually come around. She knew, of course, the likelihood of that was very slim, but it was a better option than what James was doing currently.

Harry knew his mother had entered but appreciated that she left him alone, he wanted to complete his testing without interruptions and only when he had been though every part of his mind did he rise and go down to breakfast, which, to his misfortune, was not going to be ate in the Great Hall. The food was very nice, obviously coming from the Hogwarts kitchens, and Harry was only too happy to sit and eat in silence. He murmured a thanks to Lily for breakfast, knowing that she would have been the only one to actually remember him, before vanishing back to his room to study his creation.

He didn't doubt that he knew it, and he knew the potion was flawless, but he was going to be making it in front of a completely new audience and that held a mild pressure. He even watched himself make the potion in his memory, carefully noting everything he did and didn't do whilst brewing and bringing it to the forefront of his mind. In no time at all, Harry was being called for lunch and he smiled slightly; he would be escaping soon.

"Rosie has her extra training this afternoon, I would ask you to join but it is advanced level so you more than likely wouldn't understand." James told him in what could have been a sympathetic voice. Harry raised an eyebrow, barely keeping in his amusement at that sentence, but it gave him the perfect excuse to vanish for the entire afternoon so he was taking it.

"I'll be on my way so I don't get my average sized brain confused with the advanced training." Harry said, his voice lined with Sarcasm that went way over James' head. He got to his feet and left, slipping through all of his shortcuts to get him back to the dungeons as quick as humanly possible. He walked in to the common room and released a sigh of utter relief, dropping down on the leather sofa next to Draco with as much grace as an elephant, smiling slightly.
"What has you so happy? I'd have thought you would have been angry because of the Potters."
Draco inquired.

"Oh I am, but my happiness at seeing green again is overriding that." He answered, making the blond look at him in confusion.

"What?"

"I have literally never seen so much red and gold in one room." He said seriously, "It was everywhere."

"That bad?"

"I honestly believe they would be less red and gold in the Gryffindor common room. And it was just so bright! I was starting to believe I would become colour blind and never see anything other than red and gold."

Draco snorted at his dramatics, shaking his head when Harry laughed.

"Don't stay here too long, if you want to go and see uncle Sev, anyway."

"Right, let's get that going and then I hide out here for a bit longer before torturing myself by going back." Harry waved at Draco and slipped through the portrait that led to Professor Snape's office, being told to enter when he knocked.

"Good afternoon, sir." Harry greeted brightly.

"I see you managed to escape."

"Yes, something about Rosina going through her advanced training that I wouldn't be able to understand." Harry told him, rolling his eyes and grinning at his Professor's look of distaste.

"Let us not talk about your ah sister and continue on to potions." Snape decided, leading him through to his classroom. Harry was only too happy to comply with his decision, following him through and then getting straight to work. Snape watched from his desk at Harry seemed to flow perfectly, confident in his movements and sure in his potion. When the potion had to simmer, Harry snapped his fingers and brought the same little black book from the previous day to his desk.

"Sir if you were to add a moonstone to the Draught of Living Death it would turn in to a medium strength sedative, yes?"

Snape thought for a moment.

"Yes, depending on the magical ability."

Harry smiled in thanks, noting something down before stirring his cauldron almost absently 7 times clockwise.

"Why do you ask?" Snape wondered.

"I think I may have created something but I'm not sure it would have to be tested." Harry said re-reading his notes, "Or if it has been done before."

"Explain it and I can see if it would be possible to test it or if I know of it." Snape suggested and Harry nodded.
"It would work as a sedative only in a gas form and could knock out many people at once if inhaled, a medium strength sedative with an egg of an ashwinder and 4 'corn hairs, boiled and then rapidly cooled."

"That would make the liquids separate instantly."

"Yes but what would happen if you put both of the separated liquids in the same phial and shook it, temporarily fusing the two?"

"It would release non harmful gas that would knock who-ever breathed it in until it separated again or it was capped I believe but I don't think it's ever been tested, nor have I ever heard of anyone doing something like that. It would have been announced amongst the Guild." Snape mused. Harry grinned, bringing the potion to boiling point before adding the final ingredient and watching as the bubbles burst in to colour, making the contents resemble liquid gold as it should. He moved the potion back to cool, cleaning his station as he normally would and then going back and bottling it up. He watched as the Professor examined the potion with a critical eye, testing everything from the viscosity to the shade consistency.

"It is perfectly made," Severus declared and Harry grinned in relief; he didn't doubt himself at all, but it was still tense.

"Thank you," Harry said, accepting the potion back. He drank it down, shuddering as he felt it take effect. "This dosage lasts half an hour under constant varied spell fire."

"Very well,"

Harry flicked his wrist, conjuring up a large, full length mirror and completely missing Snape's floored look. He began casting spells at the mirror, making them reflect back on to himself to illustrate the shield working. Harry started with light spells as Salazar had done, steadily working his way up to the darkest, most vicious spells he knew, completely forgetting that A, he was in the company of his Potion's Professor who didn't know of his past training, and B, he was eleven years old casting spells many fully grown adults struggled with whilst being completely wandless and almost fully wordless.

"There," Harry said, turning to his teacher once he had clearly illustrated that the potion worked. Snape blinked slowly, using everything he had to control his expression as he started at the child. He had recognised a lot of the spells the boy had cast, and most of the ones during the end were spells that he shouldn't even know about let alone be able to cast; there were adults that couldn't cast them!

"It is safe to say your potion is a complete success." Severus told him, remembering why he had seen such a display in the first place. "Now, would you care to explain how you effortlessly cast incredibly advanced magic and some of the darkest arts know to wizardkind whilst being wandless and almost completely wordless at eleven years of age?"

Harry opened his mouth to say absolutely anything but then closed it as he didn't know what to say. Merlin had told him that while it couldn't be announced from the centre of the wizarding world, he was free to tell anyone who he trusted about his secret, but Harry had no idea how to work out who to trust with such knowledge just yet.

"I learn really quickly?" He offered, and then realised that was the worst excuse he had ever come up with in his entire life. The look of absolute disbelief on the usually stoic Potions Master's face only emphasised the poorness of it. He flicked his hand, sending a black flaming phoenix bursting from his wrist and vanishing in a shock of flames. They waited a few moments before there was a thud from Snape's office and Sirius tumbled through the door.
"It's always your damn floo, Sev. I swear you do it on purpose." He grumbled, rubbing his head. "What's up, Pup?"

"Well I just slipped up majorly and you know Professor Snape better than I do." Harry told him brightly.

"Stupidly advanced magic and dark arts?" He asked and Harry nodded sheepishly.

"Sevvy here is trustworthy." Sirius responded, grinning when both Severus and Harry choked at the butchery of the name.

"If I ever hear that Merlin awful version of my name again, Mutt, I will slip you a potion that will permanently alter your anatomy." Severus growled. Sirius held up his hands, grinning as he stepped back behind Harry.

"Gee thanks, uncle Sir. Hide behind me while he curses you to Avalon." Harry huffed, sticking his nose in the air.

"If you hurried up and began explaining you interesting childhood he would forget all about cursing little old me." Sirius said and Harry laughed, folding himself on to his stool to begin his explanation. As he had done so with Sirius and Remus, he did not mention the fact that it had been he who had survived the killing curse.

"As impossible as it seems, it does explain your unnatural training, your pre-existing knowledge of the wizarding world and how you seem to move around this castle with ease not even Dumbledore has." Snape mused, "It does not, however, explain your extraordinary amount of magic."

"How do you know what?"

"It practically rolls of off you."

"I don't know, but I don't like to brag," Harry began, only for Sirius to flick his ear.

"So modest,"

"Salazar always taught me that if you are superior to, or better at something than, someone else, it is not your responsibility to hide it but their responsibility to accept it." Harry said with a shrug.

"That explains so much." Sirius said with a grin.

"As much as it may pain you, you may wish to make a hasty retreat before he comes looking for you." Snape pointed out and Harry groaned, draping himself over the desk.

"Astronomy tower, here I come." He muttered, making Sirius burst out laughing at the overdramatic behaviour.

"Get moving, Pup. The quicker you get it over with the sooner you'll be free." Sirius said and Harry nodded, departing with a heavy sigh, and dragging his feet back up to his adoring family. When he entered, Rosina was stood with her wand out pointing it at a book.

"Accio." She called frustrated, the book barely twitched.

"Don't worry, Rosie it's a difficult spell and you still much more advanced than every other 1st year." James told her soothingly, and Harry barely covered his snort with a cough.

"What are you doing back?" Rosina demanded, "I'm in the middle of training."
Harry looked at her with amusement.

"Not very successful apparently."

"I'd like to see you try and do a 4th year spell." Rose snapped and Harry shrugged, taking out his wand.

"Accio." He said with a flick of his wand. The book soared in to his outstretched hand instantly and he nodded, he knew that spell like the back of his hand, having edited it himself. The look of flabbergast on James' face was almost as amusing as the outraged horror on Rosina's, and he laughed, banishing the book back with a wave of his wand just to rub it in.

"Carry on. I see I am very much outclassed here." Harry said, his voice dripping in sarcasm. He span on his heel and entered the room he was staying in, chuckling to himself as Rosina stormed off in to her room.

"How did he do that?" James asked shocked.

"I don't know Rosie has been trying for weeks now and still hasn't got it." Lily said with a shake of her head. "Everything seems to be effortless when it comes to magic for Harry and it has been rumoured that he does wandless magic."

"Don't be ridiculous, Lily, that's impossible." James waved off, "I expect it was just luck."

Lily didn't respond.

He was being punished, Harry surmised. That was the only possible explanation to why he was being 'treated' to a full 'family day'. It was a cruel and unnecessary punishment, and he nearly pleaded with the deities to release him when they sat around the fireplace in a group.

"So Harry, I expect you have a few questions for us. What would you like to know?"

"Why muggles?" Harry asked immediately, making them shift. He saw Rosina smirk out of Lily and James' line of sight and nearly rolled her eyes; he was glad not to have grown up with her.

"It was the only option. After the fall of Voldemort it was still dangerous to trust anyone, and Dumbledore said that Rosie would need to train for when that monster returned. You would have been pushed to the side, it wouldn't have been fair."

"I would have been in the way, you mean." Harry muttered.

"No! Not at all." Lily denied, and Harry scoffed.

"Still doesn't explain why you gave me to muggles."

"Like I said," James told him strongly, "No one knew who to trust."

"So the man who you personally sworn in as my Godfather, with a permanent magical bond, wasn't to be trusted?" Harry offered and James glared at the indirect mention of Sirius.

"Dumbledore said it would be best if you were to grow up away from the wizarding world so you knew humility." James admitted, and Harry stiffened. He turned to look at James, his green eyes burning as his face seemed to turn to marble. There was more to that sentence that what met the eye, and Merlin had taught him all about the life he would have led should he have actually been raised by the muggles. He would need to know due to the memories implanted. Merlin had chosen to
implant the events of the deviated timeline to make them fully take to the woman's mind; it was always easier to alter someone's memory if you were changing it to something they would actually do, rather than something you were making up completely; outside sources would spot the inconsistencies. And it was all because of an old man's games.

"You mean to tell me that you subjected me to ten years of muggle hell because of an old man who likes to play with people's lives?" Harry said, his voice icy.

"It wouldn't have been that bad." James brushed off, "Sure Petunia isn't the nicest of people, but she we did tell her to take care of you."

"Did you check up on me at all to make sure?" Harry asked, already knowing the answer. "Of course you didn't, too busy living your fame-hungry perfect lives. Parading yourself to the media and portraying the perfect family. You disgust me."

"Watch your mouth!" James ordered and Harry sneered.

"You think everything was perfect living with a magic hating muggle?" Harry wondered, "Why don't you ask your wife how perfect it was? After all, she is also a freak."

As he expected, Lily flinched violently at the word.

"Oh, Harry." She whispered.

"Save it," He snapped. They fell in to a tense silence, and Harry wished he could leave; he saw no point of being there at all.

"Do you have any other questions?" James asked eventually.

"No."

"Nothing?"

"No."

"Well how about I tell you about the Potter's?" James tried, but it was obvious he was getting annoyed; not that Harry cared.

"If you must." Harry sighed and he was treated to the grand story of the amazing House of Potter; it finished with the great tale of how Rose defeated the Dark Lord.

"We even had book deals." James told him happily and threw Rose a proud look to which she beamed. Harry just sat there emotionless throughout the entire tale.

"That thrilled me, it truly did but can I go now? I have potion notes to make."

James face immediately darkened.

"No you can't, you will make an effort with us, we are trying to include you back in to the family."

"Well maybe you shouldn't have gotten rid of me in the first place." Harry suggested casually. James looked fit to burst but before he could speak Lily did.

"What are you doing in potions?"

"I'm fiddling with the potion I created." Harry told her, seeing no reason not to answer the question.
"That's impossible, your only 11 you couldn't have created a potion, and they take years." Lily said.

"Well I have." Harry confirmed but she shook her head.

"You don't need to lie to get our attention, we love you just as much as Rose."

Harry's brows shot up before he sneered.

"If you show love by getting rid of children then I would shudder to see your hate." He stated coldly, "Besides I do not need to lie, I usually refrain from doing so."

"But it isn't possible for you to have created a potion, don't be silly."

"Why ask if you are going to say I'm lying?" Harry snapped.

"Do not speak to your mother like that." James snarled.

"I don't have a mother." Harry replied in the same tone.

"Go to your room now and think about what you've done wrong."

Harry looked at him incredulously; that was all he had been asking for!

"Gladly,"

James seemed to realise he had given Harry exactly what he wanted, but by that point Harry had already risen gracefully and went to the room he was currently occupying to get on with work he actually wanted to be doing. James came to check on him at dinner and asked if he was ready to apologise, to which Harry responded with "what for". He was told he would be kept there until morning so he could realise his behaviour and Harry shrugged uncaringly. It wasn't much of a punishment for him, when he got hungry he merely called for an elf, who was more than happy to serve the Founder's heir whatever he wished and then settled for bed early. Come Monday morning, he was up, dressed and at breakfast at 6am, reading a book as he ate. Sirius, who ambled in with Moony at seven looked absolutely horrified at Harry's wide awake look.

"Pup, why in the name of Merlin are you doing up and that awake at this unmagical hour?"

"If I would have stayed any longer I feel as if I would have reached the point of no return." He said with a shudder. Moony squeezed his shoulder gently and led his tired mate up to the staff table. Draco was the first to see him when the first years entered the Great Hall and the blond made a direct line to him, making Harry smile in relief at seeing a fellow Snake.

"So, how was it as a whole?" He asked and Harry looked at him seriously.

"Horrific, awful, painful, long, boring, scary and ridiculous."

"Wow,"

"I know."

Before he knew it Harry had been in the future for over two months and he couldn't believe how well he had adapted. He had grown so close to Siri and Remus that he couldn't imagine life without them, even more so than the Founders and he finally understood fully why Rowena had made him promise not to search for their portraits. Since he had been old enough to understand, he had always known that after his eleventh birthday he would never be able to physically see them again, and it
was only now he realised seeing their portraits would have affected him.

Sirius and Remus, should the fates decided it, had many many years left on this earth, possibly over a century, and Harry had the same, and he would have that time with them to live and to grow and to love them. And he had been given that chance because he had put in the effort to reform the lost but never forgotten bonds. If Rowena hadn't have made him promise not to go searching from their portraits, he would have spent every spare moment he had scouring the castle to look for them, wanting to speak with them as soon as possible.

Yes, he often wished fiercely that they were there with him, but then he would realise that he could go and see Sirius and Remus and the need would die down a bit. Draco had rapidly become his best friend; he and the blond were inseparable. Harry hadn't interacted much with the students at Hogwarts, not only was he younger than all of them but it would be hard to explain where he had come from; whenever it did crop up he became a distant cousin of Salazar's and nothing else was asked. Unfortunately for majority of the teaching staff, the two Snakes had become the Slytherin House's version of the Weasley twins; they were always getting up to some kind of mischief. Not that the teachers knew it was them, they hadn't been caught yet, and they liked to brag about that fact – very quietly.

Harry had also become quite close to the stoic Potions Master, granting him access to anything potions related, he had come to understand that Snape had a very dark sense of humour, and a sarcastic streak that could cut steel. He had, quite successfully, avoided anything to do with his 'family', the failed family weekend deterring them slightly, much to Harry's relief. It wasn't perfect, but overall Harry was loving the future. When he walked in to common room one morning, he caught sight of the notice announcing flying lessons and immediately turned around and bolted back up to the dorms. He wrenched back Draco's curtains and leaped on to the blond's bed, Draco, who was not expecting the sudden attack tumbled on to the floor.

"Why?" He demanded, glaring up at Harry, who had fallen about giggling.

"Sorry," He gasped, "I wanted to tell you about flying lessons."

"So you decided to throw me out of bed at this unmagical hour." 

"It's like 7am!" Harry exclaimed.

"What?" Draco yelped, leaping up. "Why didn't you wake me?"

"I did. You said you were getting up." Harry defended, rolling his eyes as the Malfoy Heir rushed about to get ready. Seeing as none of the other boys were getting up, and Harry fully blamed the fact that they had Astronomy last night, he waved his wand and dumped cold water on all of them. Of course, he wasn't stupid enough to stay in the room after he did that, slipping out of the door before he could be blamed. The filthy looks he received when they finally got down to the common room told him they knew exactly who woke them and he grinned.

"Morning."

"I hate you, Harry." Theo told him.

"Cheer up, we have flying lessons today."

"With the Gryffindors," Blaise added, reading the notice. Harry's expression went rather feral, and the group of Slytherins shared a smirk.

"What have you got planned?" Draco asked and Harry chuckled.
"It would be such a shame if the wondrous Girl-Who-Lived were to be shown up during our flying lessons." Harry mused slyly, "Especially when our Instructor speaks so highly of her."

"Oh most definitely a shame," Draco agreed. They left, eager to start the day so they could get to their flying lesson, and by lunch time Harry was looking strikingly evil for an eleven year old. Sirius took one look at his Godson and walked in the opposite direction. Harry and Draco pointed out the brooms acceptable for the Snakes out of the terrible choices they were given and Harry made a note to have them replaced; these were not Hogwarts standard. The Gryffindors arrived when James did, they were crowding around the man and Rosina, who was soaking up all the attention as James bragged about the flying she did when growing up. Harry shared a look with Draco, snickering when the blond mimed vomiting.

"Afternoon class," James greeted, "Let's get right to it. Stick your hand over your broom and say 'up'." Harry, like Draco and unfortunately Rosina, got his broom to jump in to his hand immediately. The Slytherins had a great laugh when Weasley's broom shot up and hit him in the face, ignoring the loss of ten points they received for openly laughing at him. James went around the Gryffindors, correcting them where they were going wrong and helping them when needed, but he paid absolutely no attention to the Slytherins, so Harry and Draco helped their House – especially the ones who had never been on a broom before.

"Now, mount your brooms, and when I blow my whistle I want you to kick of fly slowly around the pitch and touch back down - Rosie with demonstrate for you now." James instructed, grinning at his daughter. Harry noted grudgingly that she did have quite a bit of flying skill, though not as much as she bragged about, and Harry shook his head in disgust as she touched down preening at the applauding Gryffindors.

James blew his whistle and the group rose up, some of them were unsteady but others flew off; Rose shot off, flaunting the skill she did have. Harry looked at Draco who gave a short nod and grinned; the pair of them flew after her. Harry flashed a smirk at Draco, flattening himself to his broom and creeping up behind his sister. When he was flying directly behind her, he gave a burst of speed and would have hit her if he didn't readily leap up of his broom and over her, he landed perfectly in front of her and carried on as if it was nothing. Harry was the first back to the start, nose-diving towards the ground before levelling out and jumping of his broom, landing neatly on the grass.

"What do you think you were doing?" James exploded, storming over and shaking him. Harry shocked him, backing away from the enraged man when he let go, just as the rest of the class landed and came over. Draco was immediately by Harry's side, glaring at Potter.

"Given that we are in a flying lesson, I would think your question held an obvious." Draco drawled. "Shut it, Malfoy." James snapped, keeping his eyes on Harry, "That was ridiculously dangerous. You could have seriously hurt Rose!"

Harry's eyebrows shot up; that was what he was worried about?

"I really doubt that." Harry told him, shrugging carelessly, making it apparent that he didn't care either way.

"You selfish brat! Ever since we got you, you've been-," He was cut off by Sirius, who swooped in from no-where and grabbed Harry, swinging around and laughed.

"Absolutely amazing flying, Pup!" Sirius complimented, "I didn't think you would be that good."
Draco, who had stepped back in line with his own Godfather, who had come out with Sirius, turned in to the man, covering his laughter at James' outraged expression.

"Class dismissed." James barked, making the class flee, not wanting to be around the growing tension. The only ones who remained were Rosina and Draco, each standing next to their respective family.

"What brought you out here?" Harry asked his Godfather.

"Severus and I were with Moony and we caught sight of flying. Seeing as the rules on broomsticks only say that first years aren't allowed to own their own, Severus didn't see any problem with placing you on the Quidditch team." Sirius answered brightly.

"Wicked!" Harry cheered, getting placed back on his feet so he could hi5 Draco.

"Like hell he is!" James exclaimed, "He's a danger in the air."

"Excuse me, Potter. I do believe that I am in charge of what happens with my Slytherins." Snape drawled.

"Damn it, Snivellus, your attempts to become better than me is pointless; it will never happen."

"Arrogant bastard." Draco and Harry said together, getting a nudge from their respective Godfathers, even if both adult's expressions were dark. James turned to the boys, dismissing the Malfoy Heir and glaring at Harry.

"I know what this is about. You are very clearly jealous of the fame and attention Rosina receives, so you deliberately tried to hurt her. And you wonder why we gave you up? If this is how you act now, you would have been even more unbearable should you have grown up around it. We've welcomed you back in to our family, and you continuously throw it back in our faces, repeatedly doing anything and everything to bring us down. You're childish, and ungrateful, and it's pathetic."

Sirius, Severus and Draco were in shock at what had just spewed out of James' mouth, and the fact that he genuinely believed his words. Harry had gone very still, his face resembling white marble as his eyes burned like green fire. The clouds overhead rolled in, rumbling and swirling, the winds suddenly began to rage and thunder clapped as Harry's anger made his control on his magic waver dangerously.

How dare than man say such degrading and false things to him? How dare he use his behaviour as evidence to support his mistakes and his actions? James Potter was an insignificant insect, he was arrogant without backing, obnoxious without reason and a sheep led by its Master.

"You think that that pathetic excuse of a witch needs me to hurt her? Be realistic, I am surprised she even knows how to walk on her own, let alone fly; everything has always been done for her. You think I am jealous of her? Do not be so comical. There is not anything that she can do that I cannot do better and faster. You question my behaviour, but never once realise that it is only you and your spawn that ever see a problem, and you try to justify giving up your own child on the word of a manipulative old man because of my actions. You make me sick. To be in your mere presence nauseates me. You are so caught up in your own fantasy world, believing that the sun shines because the precious Girl-Who-Lived wills it so, that it's going to be much to late when you finally understand that there are many who believe otherwise." Harry's voice was like ice, sharp, cutting and cold, and then he laughed. A sound much to cruel for someone so young.

"You call me ungrateful and yet; what have you done for me? You threw me away to muggles and
then bring me back and expect me to be happy about it. You expected me to accept your weak excuses, and your half-hearted attempts to sort everything out. I despise the fact that we share blood, I loathe to know that I came from you. I hate you. But do you know one thing? I am glad I was not raised by you, thankful that you are weak of will, and unable to make decisions on your own, because if that-," He jabbed his finger at Rosina, "is the illustrations of your child rearing skills, then I wouldn't wish it on anyone who walks this earth. You say the Dark Lord is set to return, and yet you are not prepared. You'll all be slaughtered, cut down and stomped out, and I pray to Lady Magic herself that I get front row seats, because nothing would please me more than to watch your perfect world burn with you in the very centre of it." Harry spat at Potter's feet, turning on his heel and stalking away; his magic itching to lash out. He left the group in silence, taking the storming winds with him, and Sirius regarded James coolly.

"Congratulations, Potter, you now, if it wasn't clear before, have only one child." Sirius walked away, taking Severus and Draco with him; he had a Godson to find. Though he doubted he could, when Harry wanted to vanish he would and he knew the castle better than anyone could ever hope to.

Harry had gone straight to the dungeons, slipping through corridors he could tell were no longer used to get to Salazar's duelling room, which was attached to his chambers. He spat out the access code, striding in when the wall slid open, banishing the dust cloud with a sharp twist of his wrist. Finally, once he was where he felt at ease, he just let go, allowing his magic to expand around him and his spells to flow effortlessly at the targets. He obliterated the room, releasing all of his anger, his insult and his longing; he was done. He was done keeping himself in check and making sure he didn't push the Potters too far, he was done adapting his behaviour to fit other people's views. And when flames burst from his hands, burning brightly and scorching in heat Harry laughed, bending them to his will and then crushing them in his fists.

Game on.

When Harry eventually fell through the entrance of the common room he was immediately pounced on by an extremely worried Draco, who would later deny all anxiety.

"Dray," He called, stopping the blond with his nickname, "I'm fine just had to work off a little steam."

"Potter was completely out of line!" Draco exclaimed, coming to a stop in front of Harry and crossing his arms, "What are we going to do about it?"

Harry grinned, spontaneously hugging his best friend.

"And that, Draco Malfoy, is why we will forever be great friends." Harry declared. They sat down and began planning ways to make Potter feel as miserable as possible, sharing somewhat evil looks at some of their ideas and then smirking. The rest of the common room seemed to give them a wide birth, not wanting to know what the devious duo were up to now.

"Oh, uncle Sev and Sirius want to see you." Draco remembered, rolling up their parchment and tucking it to his robe.

"Uh oh." Harry said, "How bad do you think it's going to be?"

"Well uncle Sev still wants you on the team, and while he understands your loss of cool, he may not be pleased. Sirius was more worried, seeing as you somehow created a storm," Here Draco have him a: you will definitely be explaining that look before continuing, "and completely enraged at Potter. He ran off muttering something about 'losing him again' and 'having to calm down a frantic wolf'."

"You will definitely be explaining that look before continuing," Harry assured him. "And don't worry, I have an idea."

"It'd be nice to kick Potter's ass a few times," he said, watching Sirus and Sev as they walked out, "but I'm not sure how that's going to work."

"Well," Harry said, "if Potter wants to fight, I reckon I know a few people who might want to join in."

"Are you sure that's going to work?"

"I don't know, but it's worth a try."

"Well," Harry said, turning to look around the common room, "if you see anything, let me know."

"Will do," Draco said, "but I think I'm going to go find Potter and make sure he understands what he's done."

"You're probably right," Harry said, smiling. "I'll see you later."

"See you, then." Draco said, turning and walking off, leaving Harry to stare at the common room and wonder what was going to happen next.
Harry went a bit pale.
"Crap."
"I take it you know what that means." Draco said and Harry nodded.
"Uncle Moony is always in a funny mood after being ill."
Draco still looked confused before he had a look of understanding on his face.
"Werewolf. Right."
"How did you know?"
"Uncle Sev brews his potion." Draco waved Harry away. "You need to go now unless you want him to come down here."

Harry looked mildly alarmed at that fact and jumped to his feet.
"I'll be back later, I'll explain then." Harry promised, and then he was gone. He used Salazar's corridors to get to the Founders corridor, and Harry was very surprised to see it obviously unused, but he didn't remain there for more than a second, slipping back through another corridor and out on to his Godfather and uncle's floor. He muttered the password when he got to their frame, walking in only to have himself pounced on for the second time that day. This time by a frantic uncle and worried Godfather.

"There you are, cub." Remus exclaimed, "You had us so worried. We thought we'd lost you all over again. Sirius told me what that bastard said. I'll hunt him down and string him up." The final bit came out in a snarl and Harry patted the man's back soothingly from his place on his hip. Allowing him to sniff and check him over, he couldn't help but grin at the protectiveness, it was nice really.

"I'm fine – really!" He added, when Moony didn't look like he didn't believe me.
"Are you sure?"
"I promise." Harry assured, finally being allowed down. He went over to hug his Godfather and smiled up at the man, "Potter just annoyed me a bit."

A bit? Nice storm, Pup." Sirius joked and Harry laughed, his smile turning sheepish.
"Yeah, ok, more than a bit."

"He'll get his own eventually." Sirius said. "Congratulations on making the team, though."

"Thanks, I am so happy." Harry said, "I can't believe it. I was gutted when I read that first years weren't allowed brooms."

"It's a rule mainly to compensate muggleborns coming in to the world. To make it fair." Sirius told him and Harry's nose wrinkled.

"That's stupid, this is the wizarding world. They should be going straight in to a customs class rather than taking every day things away from the rest." Harry stated, "We're expected to learn and adapt to their world, they should be the same to ours."

"Dumbledore has changed a lot over the years." Sirius said, "I do not discriminate against blood, but we have reached the point where we don't even celebrate our own holidays."
"That is just offensive to Lady Magic," Harry declared, "So many things are wrong with this time, and it all seems to be around Dumbledore. He's the bigger power currently, isn't he?"

"While not official, yes. Fudge hangs on his every word, he's in charge of this school, in charge of the courts and in charge of the international courts. The Leader of the Light." Moony answered.

"Some light. Who claim to stand for equality, fairness and good and yet treat other races as inferior and cage off branches of magic." Sirius grumbled.

"Enough of the failings of our world." Remus decided, "You had better run off and see Severus, Harry. He will want to speak with you about your place on the team."

"Oh yes, I don't think he was pleased with you storming off when we walked out to speak to you." Sirius said.

"Merlin," Harry groaned, "I'll go see him now."

"Off you go, cub. Be careful."

"I will. Bye!" Harry ran off with a wave, easily getting down to the dungeons and to Professor Snape's office. He smartened himself up and knocked on the door, the usual brisk "Enter" was called and he pushed open the door.

"Mr Potter, of what do I owe the pleasure."

Oh that was just cold, Harry thought with a wince.

"I came to apologise for ah storming off earlier." Harry said calmly, keeping his face blank as he watched his favourite teacher continue to write without looking up once.

"What should you have done in such a situation?" Snape inquired and Harry almost grimaced at how much the man reminded him of Salazar at that moment, the Slytherin Founder could be absolutely relentless when he wanted to.

"I should have retained my cool and dealt with the situation rationally. It was also highly disrespectful to disappear like I did."

Snape finally looked up and motioned to the seat in front of his desk, Harry sighed in relief; he was forgiven.

"You look worn." Snape told him, Harry rolled his neck.

"I've just come from Draco then Uncle Moony after Sirius told him."

Snape actually winced.

"Well on better terms, I've confirmed it with the Headmaster and you are allowed on the team." Severus told him and Harry grinned, "However, Potter 'appealed' to the Headmaster to allow the next Merlin on the Gryffindor team."

"What!? Oh come on!"

"As expected, the Headmaster immediately granted his request, going further by giving permission for Potter to have her own broom." Snape smirked slightly, "Which means you are also allowed to have your own broomstick."
"Brilliant." Harry said, "If Potter wants to see his daughter crushed on the pitch as well as the classroom then so be it."

"Do not make my choice a mistake." Snape dismissed him and Harry laughed, rising up and walking towards the door.

"Sir, without overcompensating, I'm probably better on a broomstick than I am at making potions."

He caught up with the rest of the first years as they headed up to dinner, and Harry grinned at Draco.

"Potter got the Girl-Who-Lived on the Gryffindor team and she got given permission to have her own broom, which means-;"

"You can have your own broom too." Draco finished, smirking.

"Yep, and I can't wait to crush her."

"It's going to be beautiful." Draco agreed, "You'll have to talk to Flint, apparently he's brutal."

"It'll be worth it."

"I'm kind of jealous."

"Don't worry, as soon as it's humanly possible to get you on the team you'll be right there with me." Harry assured, "There can be no other way."

"Of course." Draco agreed, "Seeing as we have a few plans for Potter, what about his spawn?"

"I have a plan to make Rosina's life hell for the next couple of weeks but we will need inside help."

"Oh?"

"Yes, we will need the twins."

A beautiful snowy owl swooped down towards the Gryffindor table, catching the attention of the majority of the hall. She dropped her letter in front of the Weasley twins and soared off leaving many curious. The twins read the letter and left, much to the surprise of the rest of the hall and no one noticed two Snakes slip out the hall at the same time. In a hidden archway four people stood looking positively evil.

"So slip this in to her shampoo and put this on anything she uses daily." Harry handed the twins a bottle and a powder.

"What will it do?" They asked in sync, there was nothing pleasant about Draco or Harry's smiles. For the rest of the day, Harry and Draco set up the magical 'tripwires' in every class room and the Great Hall, so every time Rose walked through the doorway it would reactivate the prank, even if it had been removed. Marcus Flint cornered him in the common room telling him to get a decent broom and be on the pitch that night at 6, Harry was left blinking at the abrupt demands and the sudden departure and slowly shook his head, deciding to go and see Sirius as Draco said he wanted to catch up on some homework and write to his parents. As soon as he arrived, Sirius leapt up and handed him a long package, grinning wildly.

"Open it!" He said excitedly.

"Oo present!" Harry said equally excited. He tore off the paper and whooped when he caught sight
of *Nimbus 2000* on the top of the broomstick. "Uncle Siri, this is amazing!" he cried, rushing to hug
the man. "Oh Circe have I wanted one of these! Look at it – its beautiful."

The design of it, the sleekness and the balance put all other brooms he had ever been on to shame; it
was fantastic.

"I can't wait to take this out on the pitch with Draco!"

"Well off you go then," Sirius ordered, "You still have time and you don't have any lessons left."

"You're the best, uncle Siri." Harry declared, running off and hugging a surprised Moony as the man
walked in. He ran all the way back to the dungeons, falling in to the common room and wordlessly
holding out the broom to Draco, who took it with a gasp.

"A Nimbus 2000!" He exclaimed, "That's the best broom there is!"

"Sirius just gave it to me," Harry explained, "Wanna come out and practice on it?"

"Of course!" Draco confirmed. The pair of them darted from the common room, getting to the
entrance hall quickly and rushing down to the pitch. Where Harry leapt on to the broom and took off,
cheering at the ridiculously fast speed and very smooth flight.

"What other stunts have you got up your sleeve?" Draco called to him, Harry grinned and placed his
feet on his broom. Working with the balance, Harry stood in a fluent motion, he flew like this slowly
at first before he picked up speed. He sailed past Draco, who was smirking but shaking his head at
his friend's antics, and readied himself for a trick. He stepped back and bent his knees, as soon as he
reached a straight stretch he jumped and flipped in the air. Draco nearly screamed when Harry didn't
land on his broom, instead he caught himself with his hands and pulled himself up, grinning madly.
When the raven head landed, he received a punch in the arm from a very pale Draco.

"What was that? Are you trying to kill me?" The blond demanded.

"That was amazing, it's the first time I've landed that perfectly, usually I fall!" Harry said
breathlessly, Draco swallowed.

"I dunno if it's such a good idea you playing Quidditch now."

Harry looked affronted before grinning.

"Here, its your turn." Harry said, handing over the broom.

"Wicked!" Draco said, accepting the broom and kicking off. Draco was very good, and he showed
previous experience in the air and he circled the pitch.

"Come on let's go cause trouble before Flint puts me through my paces." Harry said once his friend
was back on the ground. Draco smirked and the pair walked back to the common room. Harry
rummaged around in his potions store and pulled out two phials of clear liquid.

"We need to clear the Entrance Hall so we'll have to consort with the twins." Harry said handing a
bottle to Draco.

"What does this do?"

"It's timed transfer glue, we are going to spread it in the Entrance Hall and it works based on a time
delay, from the moment it coats your shoes it'll stick solidly to the floor every 15 minutes."
"This is going to be brilliant."

The pair dashed up to the Great Hall, where people were filtering in and out from the lunch hour; the twins, luckily, were just leaving so Harry and Draco ran after them and pushed the pair in an all too familiar alcove.

"Gred, Forge."

"Oh look Gred its Harrykins."

"Yes with his little blond friend."

Draco rolled his eyes.

"Gentlemen I believe you like to cause mass mayhem and disturbance." Harry said with a smirk.

"Of course." They answered together.

"Well if you could cause a massive disturbance so the Entrance Hall is completely clear for ten minutes me and Harry here would be most appreciative." Draco told them, and the twins grinned.

"Note to selves stay away from the Entrance Hall at all costs today." Fred said.

"When will the prank on Rosina kick in?" George asked.

"Monday morning and let's just say it will be a very interesting few days."

Harry and Draco lingered discretely in the Entrance Hall waiting for the signal, they didn't know what to expect from Fred and George Weasley; the pair got high praise for their pranking from Sirius and that was never a good sign. They jumped when a catastrophic boom sounding from many floors above, and that told them the twins had started. Teachers and students alike ran up to see what was going on and the two Snakes didn't have to wait long before the Great and Entrance halls were silent. From opposite ends Harry and Draco poured the entire contents of potion on to the stone floor and watched as it spread like wild fire, coating it in a clear sheen. When the entire floor was covered it sank in making it look ordinary and the pair ran back to the dungeons grinning evilly as they went.

"We had better warn uncle Sev or he will kill us." Draco said and Harry nodded. The pair headed to the Potions classroom, they needed to stock up on prank potions any way. Snape was sat behind his desk marking homework when the pair arrived and nodded in greeting. Harry pulled out their list and Draco immediately selected the potions he was comfortable in making, leaving Harry the other half. The pair of them worked together very well, trading ingredients and helping on the others potions. Once they had bottled up and cleared away, they approached their Professor.

"Yes,"

"Professor, I was wondering if you knew any spells that would stop a transfer potion." Harry asked. Snape's brow raised as he took in the two blank faced teens in front of him, they were both perfectly calm and composed, except for their eyes, which were alight with mischief.

"I know of a few. The most simple one would be the basic shield charm. Why do you asked as I'm sure you both already knew that." Snape replied evenly, knowing full well that Draco knew it and Harry used it for extra credit in his last essay.

"We just wanted to confirm with you, Professor." Draco told him, "There have been rumours, sir."
"Really?"

"Yes, that the Entrance Hall isn't safe. There was something else too… what was it Draco?"

"That there may be those who find themselves in a 'sticky situation', whatever that means."

That was shockingly good, Severus admitted. If he didn't know his Godson, and hadn't been watching Harry since he arrived, he would have absolutely bought it. As it was, he did know his Godson and Harry had been on his radar since he had been sorted into his House.

"Indeed," He drawled, eyeing them. They didn't so much as twitch, nodding respectfully and taking their leave. There wasn't much for them to do until they went to dinner, so he had Draco lounged about the common room. Draco was telling him a bit more about his family when he suddenly sat up.

"How long does the glue last?" He questioned.

"It goes on and off, sticking them in place for about thirty second before releasing them. It'll last about three days."

"Don't you think we should warn a few Snakes, like, maybe, the Quidditch team you're supposed to be training with later. Harry's eyes widened and he shot up, he ran to the boys fifth year dorm. He poked his head in and was relieved to see Flint sat on his bed.

"Flint?"

"Potter, have you ordered your broom? You had better be good because we're taking a risk letting a first year on the team."

Harry rolled his eyes.

"My Godfather has already given me one." He assured, "It's a Numbus 2000,"

Flint whistled.

"Nice. You better know how to fly it."

"Do you think Professor Snape, of all people, would allow me on the team if I didn't know how to fly?" Harry asked rhetorically, "Anyway, if you want the team to practice, you should tell them not to walk in the Entrance Hall without a shield on their feet."

"Got it," Flint got up and went to warn the rest of the team while Harry went back to Draco, muttering to himself.

"Flint give you a hard time?" The blond asked his friend.

"Honestly, you'd think he would trust Professor Snape's judgement by now." Harry grouched.

"Just pull what you did earlier and Flint will soon stop talking." Draco waved him off. Harry grinned. The pair warned as many Snakes as they could about the Entrance Hall, but they didn't tell everyone knowing it would put their House under suspicion if none of them got caught in the prank. It was true practice for their masks when they got up to the Entrance Hall and found people stuck in odd positions, the glue obviously kicking in at the wrong time. Harry ducked his head, moving in to the Great Hall to cover his snickering. Draco didn't bother, he caught sight of Ronald Weasley stuck in a weird, lunged position and openly laughed at him, even going so far as to nudge Harry and point at the red head.
Dinner was surprisingly calm right up until the very end when the chaos started as people rose to leave. The first caught up in the glue’s timing were a couple of third year Lions, who found they couldn't leave their seats when they tried. The noise in the Hall grew when others discovered they were in the same predicament, and there was laughter as people caught sight of others getting stuck mid walk. Laughing helplessly to themselves, Harry and Draco edged back out of the Hall and back down to their House rooms, sharing a high five as they dropped on to their beds.

"This is going to be brilliant," Draco decided, grinning.

"Just wait until tomorrow when everything with Rosina kicks off."

Harry was treated to watching the Slytherin team run through their training practice before he was allowed on a broom and then Flint was all over him.

"Potter let me see your quickest lap." Flint barked. Harry raised his eyebrow but kicked off, flattening himself to his broom and shooting off. He didn't bother to slow up much on the corners, using his weight to control the sharpness over his movements.

"Not bad, Potter. Let's see how you fly while trying to catch things." Flint pulled out a bag of ordinary gold balls and started launching them in to the air; Harry took off. Flint threw the balls in every direction and Harry pulled off some spectacular stunts, some of which he had never done before but he didn't miss one. When he touched down next to Flint, the Slytherin Captain was gaping at him.

"Thank you Lady Magic!" He whispered reverently. Flint eyed him with a somewhat manic glint in his eye and Harry was ever so slightly alarmed.

"Do I qualify?" He wondered. Flint nodded mutely.

"Play like that in every game and you'll be Captain soon enough." Flint told him, "Practice every Thursday and if you miss it you had better hope your reason changes the very foundation of magic or else."

He stomped off, taking the Quidditch equipment with him and Harry was left wondering what he had gotten himself in to. He shrugged, shouldering his broom and making his way inside. He wanted to shower and then tell Draco all about it, after all, they had to keep themselves calm for tomorrow. He couldn't wait to see Rosina.

I'd love to know what you think :)
Chapter 8:

Harry choked violently when he saw Rosina enter the Great Hall on Monday morning, coughing and spluttering as he tried to regain control of his breathing and eventually having the air clearing spell shot at him my an amused Daphne Greengrass.

"What in Merlin's- dear sweet mother of Circe!"

Harry had forcefully turned Draco's head to show him exactly what had caused his reaction and the rest of the first years followed his line of sight. To put it mildly: Rosina Potter looked awful. Her long auburn hair was a livid green, matted together in greasy clumps. Her skin had a sickly yellow tinge, appearing cracked in some placed, though her palms were a bright purple. Whether it was nerves or sheer embarrassment, Rosina had paused in the entrance of the Great Hall, and, at the worst possible time for her, when the Hall burst in to loud laughter, the glue from the previous day kicked in and she found herself unable to move over to the Gryffindor table. Harry was in pain as he tried to control his laughter, and Draco was pink in an effort not to laugh, but it was just too much. They both rose, moving from the hall as fast as they could without breaking decorum, and as soon as they were clear they burst out laughing, collapsing against the nearest wall and laughing until tears streamed down their cheeks.

"Oh Merlin," Draco gasped, "That was the funniest thing I have ever seen in my entire life."

"On Circes Magic I didn't know it would come out like that." Harry laughed, and then his eyes widened. "It's set to develop as the week goes on."

They shared a wide eyed look and then fell about laughing again.

All through the week Rosina kept being transformed every time she walked through a classroom door, or entered the Great Hall, and many times Draco and Harry had to excuse themselves simply because it got better each time it happened. Rose had confronted them, blaming them and screaming about how they were going to pay for what they did. Her red headed side kick, the Weasel, as Draco had so tenderly named him, had tried to hex them. Harry and Draco had returned fire, hitting him with spell to give him spots and a colour staining charm, making him walk around with carrot orange skin and pulsing yellow spots all over his hands and face. James tried to give them detention, but the wormed out of it by stating they had air tight alibis and they couldn't have got in to the tower.
When he tried to get them for jinxing Weasley, they produced several witnesses, not only from Slytherin, who swore it was self-defence. Fred and George also caught up with them and congratulated them thoroughly on the genius idea, welcoming them to the pranking world. When Samhain rolled around, while Harry was disgruntled that he could not perform the ritual he usually would, he was feeling positively evil as he knew the tripwires and the strength of their prank on Rosina were at their height. What he didn't realise was how bad it would actually be as a result, so when Rosina walked in, Harry gaped.

"Lady Magic herself, what have we done?" He breathed grabbing Draco's arm, the blonde looked confused until he spotted her and his jaw dropped.

"What in the name of Merlin's mighty magic did we do?"

"Remember I said it would be at its strongest today…?" Harry trailed off. Rosina looked like an ill stereotypical muggle witch. Her hair was black and lank, her skin was a pale green, her nose as lengthened and on her face she had two pulsing warts on her chin and nose. Her hands had gone crooked, her finger nails her brown and long and her teeth had turned yellow.

"I am a horrific genius." Harry whispered unable to take his eyes off of Rose.

"Agreed," Said the first years, looking from Rose to Harry and shuddering. Harry spent the day staring at Rose and hardly paying attention to anything, Draco had to forcibly move him out of the way of solid objects. He had finally snapped out of it when he entered the Great Hall for the feast, he was blown away with the decorations. He may be very disappointed on not being about to perform the Samhain ritual, but the modern time definitely got the feasting right. They were happily enjoying the feast when Quirrell burst in screaming about a troll in the dungeons. Mass panic broke out and Dumbledore shot out purple fire crackers to silence the room.

"Prefects lead there house to their dormitories, teachers follow me to the dungeons."

"Don't we live in the dungeons?" Harry pointed out to the prefect, who was huddling the younger years together.

"We're going to the library, Professor Snape will know where to collect us from." She told him. Harry was about to fall in with Draco, when he spotted Rosina sneaking out of the Hall with Weasley and he pulled Draco off to follow them. Draco saw what he had seen and nodded, slipping in to the shadows so they were not seen. They only just dived behind a statue when Professor Snape strode around the corner towards the third floor corridor.

"Where do you think he's going?" Draco muttered, not knowing the castle as well as Harry.

"That's the most direct route to the 3rd floor." Harry replied, "But I don't know why."

"Forbidden corridor, perhaps, but I don't know why." Draco suggested, "But never mind for now. Do you smell that?"

Harry took a breath through his nose and instantly regretted it, the stench of rotten innards filled his sense and Harry immediately cast an air freshening charm around them. They crept along, catching up with Potter and Weasley, watching as they locked the troll in the bathroom, only for a high pitched scream to sound out. Potter cracked the trolls head open with its own troll as Weasley pulled Granger out from under the sinks she was hiding in. Harry heard the sound of rushing footsteps so he and Draco fell back, watching as Granger was dismissed and the Potter and Weasley left together.

The Snakes followed the pair, listening to their theories that Professor Snape was out to steal
whatever was hidden on the third floor. Harry and Draco shared a look. While they highly doubted that their Head of House was out to steal anything, the Gryffindors had stirred their interest in what was hidden there and why it would be stolen. They walked past the library and realised the Slytherins were still there, so they ducked inside and settled with the rest of the first years, who shot them questioning looks but didn't ask out loud where they had been. When Professor Snape came to collect them, Harry couldn't help but notice that he was limping, pointing it out to Draco and giving him a look.

"What do you think is hidden there?" Draco wondered, when they were finally alone in the dorms.

"I don't know, but I can guarantee we will find out."

Harry was sat still at Slytherin table on the morning of his first Quidditch game; Slytherin v's Gryffindor. He hadn't eaten anything and was silent; Draco raised his eyebrow at his friend.

"You aren't nervous, are you?" The blond asked with a wry grin.

"No." Harry answered a bit too quickly.

"Harry, you are amazing on a broom! You shocked Flint speechless and pissed off James Potter." Draco said slowly and Harry grinned.

"I am pretty amazing aren't I?" He agreed, shaking off his pre-game nerves and digging in to his breakfast. It wasn't too long before Flint called them down to the changing rooms, and Harry got to his feet.

"Good luck," Draco said and Harry smirked.

"I got this."

In the changing room Flint was pacing infront of the assembled team, a look of grim determination on his face.

"We want a quick game." He declared. "Potter, watch out for the Weasley twins, who will be targeting you, they have a wicked aim and make a horribly good team. Pucey, Warrington and I will concentrate on scoring and Montague don't let the girls distract you from protecting thoses rings or so help me you will regret it."

The crowds were piling up out there; Harry took hold of his broom to calm his nerves and remembered Draco's earlier words; he was amazing on a broom.

"It's time,"

The team walked out stoicly to the announcers call.

"Here come the Slytherin team: Captain Flint, Montague, Pucey, Warrington, Bole, Derrick and a new addition this year, first year Potter!" They were screams and cheers from the Slytherins and Ravenclaws whilst boo's from the Lions and some braver Puffs.

"For the Gryffindore team we have Captain Wood, Johnson, Bell, Spinnet, Weasley, Weasley and another new addition to the teams and a bit of sibling rivalry it's the Girl-Who-Lived: Rosina Potter!"

Harry saw the Lions come out in glaring red and smirked. Madam Hooch, the Quidditch referee, stepped on to the pitch and released the bludgers followed by the snitch, taking hold of the quaffle.
"Mount your brooms." She called clearly. Harry climbed on to his broom locking eyes with his twin.

"I want a nice clean game, from all of you." Even with the last part of her sentence, she still looked towards the Snakes. She blew her whistle and threw up the quaffle, 14 people rose up in to the air as the game began. Harry flew off, darting between the players as he flew higher, eyes flicking everywhere for the elusive snitch. He dodged a speeding bludger aimed at him from Fred, grinning as the twin shot him a cheery wave and shot off.

He started sweep in and out of the players, becoming a nuisance for the three Lioness’, and cheekily winking when he caused Johnson to drop the quaffle again. An hour in to the game and the score was 120-60 to Gryffindor and Harry still hadn't seen the snitch, he was circling the game, upping his tatics to disrupt the Gryffindor plays when he spotted the snitch scraping the grass by the Slytherin goal post. He was closer but Rose was lower down so he would have to go all out, she hadn't spotted it yet so he casually made his way to directly above the golden ball and dived. He shot down like a rocket drawing gasps from the crowd.

"The male Potter looks like he has spotted the snitch, he is in a spetacular dive!" Lee Jordan's voice rang out, Rose was on his tail but Harry kept up the break neck speed. Just when he was about to hit the ground he pulled up and leveled out so he was grazing the grass, Rose had leveled out a bit above him so he had the advantage and used it by snatching the snitch out of the air, he lept of his broom with his fist in the air grinning like a crazy person.

"210-120 Slytherin win." The Snakes went wild and the team hoisted Harry up in the air, rhythmic stamping echoed around the pitch followed by loud hissing. Harry saw Rose being consoled by her father and if possible his grin grew. Draco flew in to him when he was back on the ground followed by an excitable Sirius and mellower Remus. Sirius lifted Harry up amongst the cheers and Flind yelled.

"Party in the common room!"

"Let's celebrate." Harry screamed from above and got an answering cheer.

"Come see us later, Pup." Siri told him putting him back and Draco pounced.

"I told you you're amazing." The blonde said as they made there way back to the common room, where a massive party was on the up. The common room was packed with food and drink and everyone was celebrating, it was loud and rambunctious as the usually reserved Snakes let their hair down in their sanctuary. The party lasted all day and well in to the night, and somewhere in between that, the older years cracked open the Fire Whiskey and thought it would be a great idea to feed it to the excitable first and second years. Harry, remembering he said he would see his Godfather, stumbled out of the room and up to Sirius a little on the tipsy side, he fell through the marauder quarters and tripped over gigglng.

"Pup!"

"Oh hey, uncle Siri." Harry said brightly from the floor.

"Have you been drinking fire whiskey?" Sirius asked with a grin, knowing the very same thing had happened to him as a first year. The older years always found it hilarious to see the younger ones drunk, and Sirius himself knew it was amusing having done the same when he was in sixth year.

"No, I haven't drunken anything!" Harry told him wide eyed, before bursting in to giggles, Sirius chuckled.
"I take it you enjoyed the party."

"Uhuh." Harry said from his place on the floor, Sirius picked the boy up and tucked him in to the spare bed. Harry fell asleep almost instantly and Sirius smirked, the kid would wake up with a first time hang over; they were the worst.

Harry groaned when he awoke Sunday morning, he looked around through squinted eyes and confirmed he did make it up to Sirius. He stumbled in to the living space and collapsed on the sofa next to Sirius.

"So how are you feeling?" Sirius asked joyfully, Harry glowered.

"Great." Harry deadpanned.

"It could have been worse, you didn't drink that much I'm guessing because you were still coherent it's just because you're a first timer." Sirius explained holding out a hangover cure. Harry gulped it down happily sighing in relief.

"Well next time I will drink myself stupid cause them at least the pain will be worth it. I'm going to kill Flint." Harry grumbled, slouching down in to the sofa. He couldn't summon enough energy to look around as the portrait opened, but the visitor soon entered his line of sight and Harry grinned when he saw Draco slump through the door, the usual Malfoy pristine well out of the window.

"I thought you might be here." Draco muttered, collapsing in to the nearest chair, "Ugh my head hurts. I might write to my father and have Flint crucified for causing me unnecessary pain."

"Morning cousin," Sirius called brightly, tossing over a hangover cure.

"Thanks," Draco said gratefully, "I was wondering where you got to, Har. I woke up on the sofa and you were gone so I came here."

"Yeah I stumbled up last night."

"It was quite amusing." Harry threw him a look that said 'shut up or pay' so Sirius got up and called for some breakfast. "I've said that next time I'm drinking myself stupid so it's worth it."

"I second that." Draco agreed. Sirius brought over pancakes, toast and juice just as Lupin fell in to the living room. He looked around in surprised, blinking before shrugging and helping himself to toast.

"Do I want to know why you're all here?" Remus asked.

"I do not know what you mean, uncle Moony, are we not aloud to visit for breakfast?" Harry asked innocently, Remus eyebrows rose.

"Of course you are, cub, but usually you wouldn't be in your pyjamas and Draco wouldn't look like he has just rolled off of a sofa." Harry looked down and at Draco then back at a smiling Remus and grinned.

"Well we thought we'd try something different today." Harry said.

"Riiiightt." His disbelief was apparent and the boys laughed. They ate breakfast and chilled in the marauder pad all day, planning pranks and mapping out ideas. When the two pre-teens left Sirius pulled out the whiskey and passed one to his friend.
"I feel for the Hogwarts population." Remus said with a grin, Sirius chuckled.

"I think they were behind the sticking mess and that whole Rosina situation, how I don't know but I know it was them."

"I agree they are pure Snakes; clever and ridiculously sneaky."

Harry found that November past in a blur with everything he had going on, Slytherin were top of the Quidditch and house cup and he had finally tested his sedative; it was a success. Harry was walking back from the library when he heard the Gryffindor trio speaking in hushed tones and he immediately ducked behind the closest statue to listen to them.

"No I've heard of him before I just can't think." Granger muttered irritated.

"Well whoever he is he has something to do with whatever is hidden on the 3rd floor." Rose said.

"Yeah and Snape's after it," Ron growled.

"We will just have to keep looking for this Flamel guy, he has to be somewhere." Rose sighed.

"Nicholas Flamel, I know I've read it somewhere." Granger whisper exclaimed, sounding incredibly frustrated.

"Come on, we have to finish that Transfiguration essay." Rosina reminded them, "Daddy said he would help us."

Harry remained perfectly still as they passed his hiding spot, not even breathing until they had turned the corridor and silently ran back to tell Draco. He found the blond pouring over a Charms text for his homework.

"Put that down we have someone to search for." Harry told him sitting down.

"Just let me finish, I'm nearly done and if I don't do this my father is going to kill me, my grades are not what he expects them to be." Draco sighed, Harry looked alarmed.

"Dray why didn't you tell me your father was on to you about your grades I would of helped you."

"Its nothing he's just picky." Draco tried to push it off but Harry wasn't having it.

"What is he complaining about?" Harry demanded in a tone that held no room for arguments.

"Its because of that damn Mudblood and her need to live in the library, I'm 3rd in the year but she just won't quit and when he found out that she was a Mudblood with no prior wizarding knowledge there was a clear warning for me to sort it out." Draco burst out. Harry frowned, understanding the dilemma, some purebloods often felt that during a Mudblood's first few years in to the wizarding world it was their right to guide them, and they didn't particularly like when they were showed up by new comers. Harry found it mind-blowing that they wouldn't care if the Mudblood had been in the world for quite some time, believing that their success was because they had fully accepted their role in the wizarding world, but hated it if they shone in the beginning. Harry shook his head, grinning at his best friend.

"Well your not having the top spot sorry, that's all mine and if your father has a problem with that he can write to me and I'll explain that as someone who can produce successfully cast all of our curriculum spells wandlessly and wordlessly, as well as recite what they are and what they do, I
deserve it." Harry said to him, snickering when Draco rolled his eyes, "Granger is an easy one to overcome, she's all theory. Her starting influence in to our world was the worst possible choice so she'll suffer when it comes to practical. You, on the other hand, are great at practical casting, and are much more advanced, meaning you just need to strengthen your theory based work. You study Occlumency, right?"

"Yes all traditional Purebloods teach it to their children to help the stability of our core growth."

"We will have you just below me by tomorrow and then we have some work to do."

They went and sat in the empty dorms, Harry placed his fingers on Draco's temple.

"Let me in and trust me this will work." Draco nodded, they both fell in to a meditative trance and Harry went in to Dracos mind scape. It was remarkably ordered for an 11 year old but there were flaws, Harry ordered Draco to create a room and store all magical study and knowledge in there in ordered files, going through each section as they did so. They set it in subject categories and placed it for easy access; they came out of the trance that they had been in for four hours.

"What's the basic water charm?"

"Aquamenti." Draco answered immediately them grinned.

"Wow this is amazing!" The blonde exclaimed. "It just came to me instantly."

"It's because your mind had re-evaluated all it's information and you have properly sorted through it. What you'll have to do, each time you meditate, is to add each bit of learned knowledge in to your files and eventually your mind will do it automatically, becoming so accustom to the subconscious feel of the magics you learn and connecting them with the similar feeling ones already in your mind."

"That's incredible. Is that a further branch of Occlumency?"

"Sort of, you have to fully master your mind for it to do so, but it also happens faster the more in tune you are with magic."

"Thanks, really." Draco told him sincerely, and Harry nodded.

"Just tell me next time, remember I'm amazing." Harry said seriously. Draco punched him in the arm.

"So what did you rush in here about earlier?"

"The 3rd floor I have a lead, who is Nicholas Flamel?"

"Flamel, I've heard of him."

"Same, I've read it somewhere this year and for the life of me I cannot think where, its taking too long to go through all of the things I've read." Harry shook his head, "I may remember everything, but sometimes that's the problem: I remember everything."

"I'll write to father and ask, he should be pleased when uncle Sev gives him my new update." Draco suggested.

"Well when we find him we find out what's hidden on the 3rd floor."

"Harry!"
Draco flew over to the other Snake, grabbing his arm and dragging him back up to the dorms he had just come through much to Harry's bewilderment.

"Take a breath, Dray!" Harry told him, "What's going on?"

"I've just received a letter from my father," he answered, his eyes alight. "Nicolas Flamel is a famous alchemist."

"Oh my Mother Magic." Harry breathed, his eyes going huge, "I know what they are keeping in the third floor."

"Well?"

Harry snapped his fingers, bringing an old tome to his hands and flipping it open to the right page before handing it to the blond.

"Nicolas Flamel is the only known maker of the Philosophers Stone…" Draco trailed off in awe. "They are keeping that in a school full of children?"

"It makes you wonder why it's hidden here now, doesn't it? I mean, Flamel has recently celebrated his 665th birthday, I'd have thought he knew how to hide things by now."

"That is true, which means there must have been a direct threat against it, someone he, and Dumbledore, seeing as the old man is hiding it here, must believe could actually steal the Stone." Draco pointed out and Harry nodded.

"I wonder who?" Harry mused.

"Stuff that. I want to know what they have guarding it."

"We, my blond friend, are going to find out this evening." Harry told him, grinning when Draco smirked. The pair went to dinner feeling excited for the night ahead, Harry had Draco practice the disillusion charm repeatedly until the blonde had mastered it and they went to bed nervous but excited about what they were about to do. When they were sure everyone was asleep, the pair got up and disillusioned themselves silently, making sure to keep hold of each other's arms to be on the safe side. They crept out of the common room, Harry ever-so-slightly twisting the alert ward Snape kept there, which all Snakes took as a challenge rather than a deterrent; Harry wasn't sure which one Snape intended either, and silently up to the 3rd floor, dodging Filch and Mrs Norris as they did so. They stopped outside the door to the corridor and took a deep breath.

"Wands at the ready?" Draco asked.

"Yes."

Harry unlocked the door with a flick of his wrist, sensing no other magic there, allowing them to slowly push the door open and enter with extreme caution. Harry turned to shut the door, feeling Draco freeze behind him and knowing whatever it was it wasn't going to be good. He turned to see what the problem was and felt his blood run cold. There, stood in front of them, with six rolling black eyes, three sets of gleaming white teeth and a body that made them look like ants in comparison, was a very angry Cerberus.

"So we leave now and come back when we have a full plan?" Draco suggested, his voice much higher than normal.

"I knew you were smart, Dray," Harry agreed, his voice also higher than it should be. The animal's
growling was bouncing around the room and it took a step towards them, they bolted, throwing open the door and slamming it shut and running all the way back down to the Slytherin dormitories.

"Well I think it's safe to say they have some protection on the stone." Harry stated brightly, being the first one to recover; Draco threw the raven head a dirty look.

"You don't say?"

"So all we need to find out is how to get past that thing and who's after the stone." Harry pointed out, ignoring the sarcasm.

"I have a book on magical creatures we can look in tomorrow but we'll still have to work out who's after it." Draco said and Harry sighed.

"The wonder group think its Snape." Harry told him and Draco snorted.

"Please, if uncle Sev wanted to steal something no one would know until it was gone." The blond declared, and Harry had to agree; that man was way too sneaky for his own good.

"We need a plan because if people see us studying and the chaos stops they will all know it's us, so we need to find time to do homework, cause chaos, see Siri and Snape, watch all suspicious behaviour and figure out the Cerberus." Harry listed, causing Draco groaned.

"Why do I have the suspicion we are going to be sneaking out a lot over the next few weeks?"

Harry just grinned in reply.

Draco turned out to be right on par with his prediction; he and Harry spent a ridiculous amount of time sneaking around the school. They found it increasingly difficult to do everything in the day so they ended up creeping out at night to set up their pranks, it was easier to do it like that and their chances of getting caught were reduced. One night, as they were heading back towards the common room after rigging the 'Puff table to make all of its members have black hair and a badger stripe for the day, they walked in to a corridor that Professor was patrolling and almost panicked; Snape was the last person they wanted to get caught by.

He may have told them all at the beginning of the year that if they were to get caught then he was the better option, but Harry had seen what punishments the Snakes who were caught by him received and he had no desire to have one himself. Silently cursing, Harry did the only thing he could think of at that very moment, he cast his vanishing spell on him and Draco without a word, just as Snape looked directly at them. The Potions Master walked up the corridor, passing the boys by mere millimetres and continued on with his patrol. As soon as he turned the corner, Harry muttered the counter spell and released the breath he had been holding.

"What was that spell?" Draco questioned him, when they collapsed on the sofa in the common room. None of them had wanted to speak until they had returned safely.

"I created it, it's made to vanish you completely, 100% untraceable. You could dance naked in front of someone's face and they would have a clue unless you touched them." Harry explained and Draco looked at him in awe.

"You really are a genius aren't you?"

Harry smirked.

"Well now that you mention it…"
Draco punched him in the arm and headed to bed with a chuckling Harry following. In the morning the pair paid dearly for their night time escapades, they each looked like utter hell and it took copious amounts of time and magic before they would face the public and go to the Great Hall. Professor Snape was passing out the list for people who would be staying at Hogwarts for Yule and Harry didn't have a clue what he was doing, so he didn't sign, figuring he would speak to Sirius about it later. He and Draco headed off for History with the rest of their year mates and unfortunately ran into James Potter on their way through.

"I've come to inform you that we will be spending Christmas as a family here at Hogwarts so you need to sign up." James told him in a stiff voice. Harry looked blankly, wondering if the man had truly lost all sense or if he was that stupid.

"I apologise, sir, you must have the wrong person. I am an orphan, you see." Harry returned, his voice even.

"You will do as you are told. After the way you have been behaving it is the least you can do."

James snapped.

"The least you should have been able to do was not give up one of your children but we both know how that worked out." Harry threw back instantly, making James' expression go dark.

"Even if Harry wanted to put himself through such pain, he had other commitments to oblige to over the Yule season – he will be at the manor with me." Draco cut in, his voice an arrogant drawl as he looked at Potter in distaste.

"No son of mine with stay with any filthy Death Eaters." James hissed, making both boys scowl.

"It's lucky you only have a daughter then, isn't it, Potter?" Harry spat, throwing him one last look of contempt before pushing past with Draco.

"Its like he loses more intelligence each time we see him." Draco exclaimed.

"Thanks for bailing me out there, Dray," Harry said sincerely, but Draco waved him off.

"It's fine, its not as if I was lying anyway."

"Since when am I coming to yours for Yule?" Harry questioned in confusion and Draco blinked.

"Did I not tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"You, Sirius and Remus have been invited for the manor for Yule this year. It seems Sirius took my advice and has been in contact with my mother. She has insisted you come to use for the season. Uncle Sev will be there too." Draco explained and Harry grinned; this was perfect.

"Brilliant. We'll stop by later to make sure they are going." Harry decided, as they were ushered in to their class.

"Very few people have the nerve to say no to my mother, Sirius is not one of those people." Draco muttered, keeping his voice very low as the man in question was a few feet from them. It was a brilliant lesson focussing on vampire wars, the class howled with laughter and Siri pretended to be vampire and crept up on Moony making the usually relaxed professor yelp and fire multiple spells.
What was funny was Moony clearly wasn't thinking about what spells he fired because Sirius ended up bright purple with an orange stuffed in his mouth glaring at a sheepish werewolf. Their next class, to Harry's misfortune, was Transfiguration and that meant dealing with-,

"I can't believe you are running off to a filthy Death Eater's house instead of staying with us." Rosina announced, glaring at him. Harry gave her the most pitying look he could manage and sighed.

"What part of my actions has, in any way, led any of you to believe I would want to spend any time around you voluntarily?" Harry wondered and she huffed.

"It's pathetic that you aren't over this petty jealousy. As soon as you accept the fact that I am famous and much better trained than you everything will be ok." She told him seriously and Harry almost gaped at her, his eyes going wide with disbelief.

"Do you even hear yourself?" He got out, wondering what actually went on in her mind and if it was something that could be fixed.

"The truth hurts," She sniffed. She was saved from the hex Harry wanted to direct at her face when McGonagall granted them access to her classroom; he would have hexed her to shut her up. He was actually blood related to such an imbecile. The lesson passed quickly followed by a short lunch, double Herbology with the Puffs and then a free period.

Draco and Harry sat with their year mates to do their homework as usual, with Harry helping Daphne and Blaise with the spell from Transfiguration and Draco helping Pansy, Tracey and Theo with Charms. Overall, they had been told on the sly, the Slytherin first years had the highest combined scores so far and they wanted to keep that in place. Draco reminded Harry of the invitation at dinner, which made him grin and pull the blond to the marauder pad. Harry all but bounced in, greeting his uncles with a bright grin.

"I am going to take a guess and say Draco told you what we are doing for Yule?" Sirius said with a laugh, and Harry nodded.

"Potter was under some strange believe I would be staying with him during the holidays." Harry told him.

"In what way have to made them believe you would want to spend more time with them?" Sirius questioned in disbelief.

"He practically said the same thing," Draco noted, pointed at Harry.

"I am looking forward to it though I haven't seen my cousin in years. Thankfully we have been corresponding for the past couple of months or she would probably still think I am the same naïve twat – ouch Moony I meant twit – I was when I was growing up. She knows my views on the world have changed."

"Mother says she is looking forward to catching up with you in person, Sirius." Draco put in, happy that his best friend was coming. He was worried because he knew Harry would want to be with Sirius and Remus for his first Yule back, but when his mother had told him that she had already extended the invitation to Sirius and Remus he was delighted; his mother thought of everything.

"I am feeling the same." Sirius agreed, "And better yet, this time we will probably see eye to eye on more things now and I could never tire of winding up dear Lucy."

Draco balked at the butchery of his father's name, looking personally offended much to Sirius' amusement.
"What do you mean about seeing eye to eye now?" Harry asked and Sirius sighed.

"Well when I was younger I did everything in my power to be different from all the other Blacks, as we were and still are known for our affiliation to dark magics. I met Potter, who came from a strictly light background, I wanted to fit in and conform to his ideas so I distanced myself from my family and ended up running away in my 6th year. Though, it was more to do with my parents than anything else. They were disgusting human beings." Sirius answered, shaking his head. "When Potter decided to reveal his true colours I finally realised there isn't much difference between dark and light, so I started to read about all the stuff I was supposed to learn growing up, and not the crap my mad mother fed me. I was shocked at how wrong I was, and Narcissa has been giving me information. Of course, then I brought to mind everything I had ever been told about the light and dark and I looked in to the Dark Lord and his ideas, turns out the crap about him wanting to slaughter all mudbloods was crap sprouted from the light."

"That's understandable," Harry said, knowing he would favour the dark over the light any day of the week.

"Another thing that has made me think over the years is the continued prejudice Remus and others of his kind go against every day, and seeing as we have a primarily light government it is obvious who is blocking things. But the true problem was what they did to you. That would have never happened within the so called dark, I still remember thinking that Narcissa would string me up if she saw what Potter did; to give away a fully magical child to muggles would be the ultimate crime."

"Have you told mother about Harry?" Draco asked and Sirius shook her head.

"No, I'm a Gryffindor, not stupid."

"You can break it to her when you arrive for Yule," Draco told him cheerfully, "I only told her that Harry was who she thought he was and that he had broken Potter tradition by getting sorted into Slytherin."

"What did I ever do to you?" Sirius groaned and the boys snickered.

"Ignore Sirius' dramatics," Remus told them, "Is there going to be a ball?"

"No, thankfully it's the Jugsons holding it and we are not required to attend." Draco answered.

"Thank Merlin for small miracles. I may have taken up my Lordship and work in the Wizengamot, but there is no way I am prepared for a ball."

"Me and Draco will have you and Moony ready for Pureblood society in no time at all." Harry told them with a grin.

"We will call it etiquette for dogs." Draco said with a smirk and Harry burst out laughing, running as the adults took in what they said and let out indignant cries.

By the time the Yule holidays had come around, Harry was almost desperate to get away from the castle. Well, that wasn't quite right. He adored the castle and if it was up to him he would live there forever, what he wanted to get away from was the Potters, or, more importantly, James and Rosina. Lily, thankfully, had fully respected his wishes and left him alone, merely greeting him when polite company required it and going on her way; though she never spoke to him around James for some reason. He was packed and anxious to leave, the rest of the departing students, including Draco, had already left on the train hours ago leaving Harry to floo to the Malfoy Manor with Sirius and Remus.
Just as the boys had promised, the two were dressed and ready to formally meet the House Malfoy for the first time in many years. Remus was dressed in crisp, tailored, smoky grey robes, with the Black crest printed on the right arm, and Sirius had donned a dark blue robe, his own crest, signifying his Lordship and Head of House Black, on display proudly. They had to wait for the Malfoys to collect Draco before they could go and it seemed to put a tense air around the room until eventually Harry cast a tempus and almost cheered.

"Ok, we can leave now." He announced, jumping up and walking towards the fireplace. He blinked, very surprised, at the Pureblood personas that had suddenly risen over the pair, but he grinned before raising his own and stepped in to the grate. "Malfoy Manor." Harry was sucked through the fireplace, spinning almost wildly and he was forcefully reminded why he absolutely despised the floo system. He gracefully stepped out of the fireplace once he had come to a halt, only having time to vanish the ash from his robes and the floor before he was captured in a bone-crushing hug from a blond.

"I thought you were never going to get here!" Draco exclaimed and Harry grinned.

"Calm yourself, Draco," A cool voice commanded gently, "Let your friend move to the side as the others come through."

Draco's cheeks pinked slightly and he moved back, letting Harry moved to the side and wait for his Godfather and uncle just as the grate flared green. Sirius came through with a slight stumbled, which he immediately covered well and moved aside as Remus followed without so much as a wobble. The three newcomers turned to their hosts, and Harry noted the startling similarities between Draco and his father. Draco was truly a mini-Lucius, the only difference was he had more of his mother's softness in his face and his hair was a single shade darker.

Lucius Malfoy just had an air about him that screamed 'you will pay me attention', his features were sharp and well defined, and he was quite tall too. His long blond hair fell just past his collar bones showing his years as Lord and Head of his House. Narcissa Malfoy had features Harry had seen in his Godfather's face, and she was truly a beauty. She appeared the epitome of grace and elegance even if she offered them a warm smile.

"Welcome to Malfoy Manor. We are delighted you could accept our invitation." Lucius greeted formally.

"We were honoured to receive one." Sirius returned in the same tone.

"Now the formalities have been accomplished; it is so very good to see you again, Sirius." Narcissa said warmly, "I was very pleased when you said you could come."

"It's great to see you to, Cissa," Sirius returned, gaining a smile at her old nickname, "I'm glad I took your son's advice and got back in contact."

"Yes, he's a good boy." Narcissa said pleased. "Let us go to the lounge and sit. We could use a nice catch up before we settle for the night."

They were lead through the halls of Malfoy Manor and Draco was giving Harry a murmured commentary much to the other boy's pleasure. He had never actually seen a Pureblood Manor before, having never been anywhere accept Hogwarts, the prisons and the market, and he was fascinated. He even started pointing things out and asking questions that Draco was happy to answer to him, the blond was just telling Harry about his mother's latest redecorating some 6 years ago when they finally caught back up with the adults in the lounge.
"Draco, why don't you show Mr Potter to his room," Lucius suggested to his son, "The both of you can get him settled before returning for dinner."

"Of course, father." Draco said, "Come on, Har,"

"Mr Malfoy, please call me Harry. I am sure you have had the unfortunate experience of meeting my sperm donor, so I am sure you will understand why I do not wish to be even associated with that name." Harry said sincerely before following Draco out of the room, catching the sound of his Godfather bursting in to laughter as they reached the stairs.

"Did he really just-,"

"Yes he did, and your face was priceless, Lucy." Sirius snickered, making the Malfoy Lord scowl.

"Please refrain from calling me by that butchery of my name, Black." Lucius ordered, but Sirius only looked at him innocently.

"How have you been, Sirius? You look well." Narcissa asked. Sirius sighed, running his hand through his hair.

"Honestly, before September, not great." He admitted, "If it wasn't for Moony and my refusal to give up, I would have probably drank myself in to an early grave."

Narcissa's eyes widened in alarm, and even Lucius's mask broke at the admission.

"Whatever happened?"

"Potter," Sirius answered, both his and Remus' faces darkening.

"We heard of your fallout, of course." Narcissa said to them, "But nothing of the reasoning."

"You finally realised what a weak-minded fool he is." Lucius drawled, ignoring his wife as she shushed him.

"No, he is right, Cissa. I should have listened to grandfather's warning more, and I can never tell him that. I was too caught up in my hatred of my mother and father, the need to be as far away from them, and by association, the family." Sirius sighed. Both of the Malfoys looked shocked, but Narcissa had a note of understanding on her face.

"Aunt Walburga and uncle Orion were demented fools." She told him. "But what happened to make you realise? You all but swore to never return."

"After I split from Potter, everything I thought I knew about my 'friends' and the 'light' was thrown in to the air and so I started to read up on the things I was supposed to have learned while growing up. Not the things my parents forced upon me, but all of the scrolls, the books and notes grandfather kept, and once I saw the difference I started to look in to everything about the Dark Lord's views and ideas. The light, I can't even call it lies because they truly believe it, their doctrine is complete crap. Discovering all of this on top of what Potter had done… it really drove it home. I just didn't know what to do, it was only when Harry became friends with Draco, and he mentioned that I should write did I find a way to restart contact."

"This is brilliant, Sirius. You understand why the family were so angry." Narcissa said, and Sirius nodded.

"What sort of thing could Potter have possibly done?" Lucius questioned, "I do not mean any
disrespect but there was nothing short of your grandfather completely banning you from leaving that would have stopped you."

Sirius didn't know exactly how to respond to that, how to explain the entire situation fully so while his mate was thinking, Remus asked a question instead.

"How are magical children regarded within the 'dark' section?"

"A fully magical child is treated with the utmost care, they are a treasure and to harm one is considered to be the most heinous of crimes. Even the Dark Lord never harmed a child, if they were to be killed it would be instant death and even they were rare." Narcissa answered, looking confused at the question.

"It is why the Weasleys are so stigmatized." Lucius added, "They have performed a near impossible feat, producing seven fully magical children, two of which have incredible careers currently and ahead of them, and the next one is set to go straight to a good position in the ministry. Despite this, they throw away our culture and completely disregard our traditions in favour of the loathsome muggle ones."

"That's the reason?" Remus said in amazement, "We were always told it was because they accepted Muggleborns and were poor purebloods, not being able to stand in 'proper' society."

Narcissa released a delicate scoff.

"What utter ridiculousness. Their financial situation has absolutely nothing to do with their station. They are still an Ancient House, if they would bother to recognise it, but they don't. Their seat has remained dormant since Septimus Weasley passed many years ago, they don't even acknowledge it enough to pass it to Dumbledore. The term Blood Traitor does come from those who renounce their wizarding lines, after all."

"More lies," Sirius sighed.

"Why the question about magical children, Sirius?" Lucius asked and Sirius glared at the wall briefly before controlling himself.

"As you know, there were 'rumours' the Potters were gifted with twins, but after Samhain night of '81 the second child was never seen or heard of again."

"Yes, it was quite strange, but it was believed that there was a miscommunication during the war until this year." Lucius noted.

"The reason the second child, Harry, wasn't heard of after that was because Potter decided it would be a grand idea to ditch my Godson and Heir to filthy muggles." Sirius's sentenced finished in a snarl, the mere thought sending white hot rage through him. Narcissa gasped in horror, her hands flying to cover her mouth, and Lucius' hands clenched in to fists and he hissed.

"How could they do such a thing?" Narcissa whispered.

"Well they had to concentrate on their special little Rosie and keep Harry away from the press." Sirius told them seriously, mimicking the words Potter had said to him all those years ago.

"Excuse me?" Lucius exclaimed, "You mean to tell me that they rejected one of their children, from a set of twins no less, because of a bit of fame."

"That's exactly what they did." Remus stated, his voice holding a slight growl.
"And of course it was off of Dumbledore's suggestion." Sirius threw in bitingly.

"Why am I not surprised that manipulative, meddling old man had his hand in it?" Lucius muttered.

"Potter seemed to expect to collect Harry when he was eleven, tell him that they got rid of him because his twin was famous but it was ok for them to have him back now, and Pup be perfectly accepting of that." Sirius told them, his voice lined with incredulity.

"I presume that was not the case." Narcissa said.

"That was so far from the case that it is no longer funny. Potter is completely deluded, and that brat of his has be bred of his delusions." Sirius said with a grimace.

"Lady Potter seems to have a better understanding of the true damage done, she has not bothered Harry since he plainly told them that he considered himself an orphan and better for it." Remus continued.

"Oh that poor boy," Narcissa sighed and Sirius grinned.

"Wait until you meet him properly, Cissa. He's grandfather's idea Black, powerful, wicked smart and a cunning streak a mile wide." Sirius informed her proudly.

"Draco has been writing home about Harry an awful lot." She allowed, "Current top of the year and a Slytherin to boot."

"Potter tried to have him resorted but the hat refused to put him anywhere else but Slytherin." Remus said amused, "Potter was less than pleased."

"The first born Potter to Slytherin House in over five generations; that was definitely interesting news to hear about." Lucius commented and Sirius smirked.

"If he was in the traditional Potter Gryffindor the House would not survive. He and your son are brilliant."

"Coming from you, I do not know if that is a good thing or not." Narcissa joked and they shared a laugh. They were joined again, very suddenly, by the two boys as they came running in to the room, Draco slightly ahead.

"I told you, I don't mind them away from me. Note the very important away in that sentence." Draco exclaimed vehemently. Harry flashed a perfectly innocent smile, one he had just about perfected.

"Awh, Dray! She won't hurt you, she just wanted to say hello. You've hurt her feelings now."

"Don't give me that crap." Draco snapped, still edging away from him, "You let her slide over my neck!"

"It's where your scent is the most." Harry pointed out. He held out his arm revealing his pet snake, "Look at her, she's completely harmless." Aressa chose that moment to release an odd, snakey sort of yawn thing, that Harry had honestly no idea about, but it revealed her razor sharp teeth and sent Draco to the other side of the room. Sirius, on catching sight of the snake, had leapt to his feet as if to bolt if the time came.

"I didn't think you brought that thing with you." He yelped, eyeing Aressa carefully and Harry rolled his eyes.
"Aressa goes with me everywhere."

"Who's Aressa?" Narcissa asked curiously as Sirius shuddered and Remus chuckled. Harry held up his arm to show them his snake.

#Say hello, beautiful# Harry hissed and she reared up and gave her tail a wave.

#Hello little blond human's family#

Harry grinned.

"She said hi."

The Malfoys, bar Draco, looked at Harry completely stunned.

"You are a Parselmouth." Lucius stated, his voice obviously shocked. "How is – but that should – your not…"

"Yeah that was my reaction but you get used to weird things surrounding Harry." Draco told his parents.

"Hey, weird things don't happen around me." Harry exclaimed and Draco raised an eyebrow.

"Where's your wand Harry?" He asked simply. Harry blinked and felt his wrists and then checked his pockets.

"Damn it, I lost it again."

"Language cub," Moony chided.

"But you must always have your wand on you Harry." Narcissa fretted and Harry frowned.

"I hate using it though, it's so much effort." Harry groaned and Draco rolled his eyes.

"Yes Avalon forbid you act like us mere mortals."

Harry stuck his tongue out and snapped his fingers, his wand appeared mid-air and he secured it to his wrist.

"There,"

"How in Merlin's name did you do that?" Cissa questioned shocked. The two Marauders decided they were going to enjoy this Yule time much more than they first thought if this was going to be a continuous thing.

"I summoned it." Harry answered.

"You summoned it? But it appeared right before you."

"I know, it's an edited version of the spell." He said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world, sitting down to pet Aressa.

"You will get used to it." Sirius assured Narcissa and Lucius, looking highly amused at their blank look.

"Somehow, Sirius, I do not believe I will." Lucius sighed.
The Marauders merely smirked.

Chapter End Notes

I would love to know what you think of it!
Chapter 9

Staying with the Malfoys was very different from what Harry, Sirius or Remus was expecting. Lucius was crisp and cool, ever the Pureblood, but once you got passed the hard exterior he was very nice, and actually quite amusing to be around. He and Sirius got in to quite a few conversations about the Wizengamot and re-establishing the House of Black and the House of Malfoy's alliance, the upset their coupling would bring to the light side was genuinely enough for Sirius to agree, everything else that could come out of it was just a bonus. Narcissa was a mother through and through, and spoilt Draco rotten, though Lucius was hardly the epitome of strict when it came to his son. Yes he had high expectations of him, but as long as Draco maintained his high grades and didn't bring any negativity to the House Malfoy then Lucius gave his son everything and anything he could want.

Harry also got subjected to Narcissa's mothering, she insisted that without it Sirius would teach him his own wild ways and that was not acceptable; Sirius had pouted for a while after that. Not that Harry actually minded, he actually quite enjoyed the feeling and she reminded him of Rowena. Sirius and Remus seemed to fit right in after the first few nights too, the tension that Harry didn't know they had been carrying seemed to fall away, and when Severus arrived it was brilliant. They had decorated the Manor and Harry was amazed as the twisting and gleaming wreaths of evergreen that covered almost every shelf, mantle or table.

Harry and Draco had a great time relaxing, flying, pranking and being kids, even if they did get a few scoldings for not fully following the rules; Harry discovered that they needed to be even sneakier if they didn't want to be caught. The boy in question was currently scribbling over an idea he had been working on since the beginning on the year when he suddenly froze and broke out in to a massive grin, he bolted to the private sitting room where everyone was sat and burst in with his journal in his hand.

"I have done it, its official, I am a freakin' genius, and I have proved it with this." He announced grandly to everyone and Sirius just cracked up seeing the utter disbelief on Narcissa and Lucius' face.

"Your modesty astounds me, Harry." Severus drawled, having become used to the random bouts of self-praise Harry would give himself, and the boy grinned.

"Well wait until you see this." He said, handing over his latest work, Snape looked through it with
his eyebrows raising the more he read.

"This is amazing, all the components will work and even though it is complex I have no doubt you will be able to make it." Snape told him and Harry nodded excitedly.

"I know, sometimes I surprise myself with my intelligence." Harry sat down with a happy sigh, "I was just born to be smart."

"Where did this idea come from?"

"I created a spell that does the exact same thing but I know that it is a tricky spell to cast." Harry shrugged.

"You've created a spell." Lucius exclaimed in disbelief.

"Yes and edited a few. I've created a potion too, well two potions now."

"Are you sure you are 11?"

Harry grinned.

"Pretty sure yeah."

"What spell is it?" Narcissa asked and Harry smirked, he waved his hand vanished from where he was sat completely. He decided to have a little fun so he got up and was amused when they were looking around in confusion.

"That is much better than a normal disillusion." Lucius commented impressed, Harry smirked and walked up behind the elder blonde's chair.

"I would agree." He laughed when Lucius jumped violently and turned to glare at Harry, who had already moved around so he was almost nose to nose with him.

"Thank you for that, Harry."

Harry cancelled the spell just as Lucius turned around.

"You're welcome."

He nearly collapsed when Lucius all but jumped over the chair in fright, a strangled sound leaving him. Sirius, Remus and Draco were all laughing so hard it was silent, Narcissa was giggling and even Snape chuckled.

"Oh Merlin, that was the funniest thing." Harry gasped out, easily ignoring the black glare he received.

"Please refrain from doing that again."

"Lucius dear, I've never seen you jump so violently." Narcissa told him and Lucius scowled, but his eyes gave away his mirth.

"You can use my classroom to try this when we return to school." Snape said to Harry, who beamed in response, he snapped his fingers and the black book disappeared back to his room.

"On the off chance," Narcissa began, "You're little trick where your summoned items come directly to you wouldn't happen to be one of the spells you have edited." Harry flashed her an impish grin.
"I got sick of waiting for my things to fly through the air hitting Circe knows what on their way." He answered and she ruefully shook her head.

"We were speaking, before you came in declaring your brilliance, about your, how did you put it, 'sperm donor.'" Remus finished with a grin and Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Why were you wasting valuable speech talking about that?"

"I was explaining to Cissa and Lucy (said blond glowered) just how unbearable he has become, and what the spawn is like." Sirius said and Harry wrinkled his nose.

"The wonder child is something to be desired that is for sure, our pleasant flying instructor on the other hand is a first class prick."

"Language," Remus and Narcissa chided at the same time.

"Sirius, what have you been saying in front of the poor boy?"

"Why is it immediately my fault?" When just got blank looks from everyone in the room he sighed and shook his head.

"Let's talk about better things." Harry said.

"Yeah," Draco agreed and the pair looked at each other.

"PRESENTS!" They yelled.

"Yes, we know, it's Yule tomorrow."

"Come on Sev, you're supposed to be cheerful." Harry pointed out and the Potions Master rolled his eyes.

"Brats, the pair of you."

"Oh Harry, I found that book, I did leave it here." Draco remembered and Harry's eyes lit up.

"Come on, then we can get to work as soon as we get back." Harry said and pulled Draco from the room.

"What are they up to?" Lucius questioned.

"I don't want to know." The three Professors sighed.

Harry and Draco ran all the way to the blond's room, where Draco pulled out the book and flicked straight to the Cerberus page, they read over the page almost hungrily and Harry's eyes shone.

"Here," He breathed, pointing to the lines he was reading, "Cerberus' go straight to sleep when they are subjected to music."

"Brilliant, all we have to do is get through the rest of the tasks." Draco said excitedly, "I can play the violin,"

"That's lucky because I suck as instruments." Harry with with a grin, "We'll go as soon as possible."

They planned out when they would go and what they would need to take, neither of them had any
idea who wanted the stone but that could come after they had it. Narcissa sent for them for dinner around 5 and the boys were eagerly talking about their plan and just looked innocently when asked what they were discussing, they all ate cheerfully they two boys were sent to bed early because they would be up half the night the next day.

"WAKE UP! IT'S TIME FOR PRESENTS." Harry yelled at the top of his voice, as he jumped up and down on Sirius'and Remus' bed, shocking them awake and almost throwing them to the floor.

"Cub, calm down," Remus instructed with his hand on his heart as he tried to control his breathing, "You scared us half to death."

"But uncle Moony," Harry whined, "Presents!"

"Alright then, Pup. Go on, we'll meet you down there." Sirius told him, finally being able to stop his heart racing. Harry and Draco met in the hall and ran to the sitting room where there were stacks of presents everywhere, they were just about to pounce on them when they were both grabbed by the waist and hoisted in the air.

"Ah ah, calm down boys." Came the amused voice of Lucius, setting his son easily on his hip as Sirius did the same with Harry.

"You have to wait for Remus, Narcissa and Sev, who I believe you forgot to wake." Sirius pointed out.

"No I tried but he warded his door so tight that it would have taken me half an hour to unpick them." Harry told them with a grin, "I didn't think it was necessary to blast down the door."

Said Potions Master walked in with a smirk.

"Now that, Black, is called intelligence." He informed the man, who stuck his tongue out petulantly. Narcissa came in, looking wide awake despite the fact that it was barely six am and she was dressed in her nightwear, with a yawning Remus, who looked like he was still actually asleep, and they all finally sat down. Harry turned his pleading eyes on Sirius and Draco did the same to his mother and father.

"Fine,"

"Go on then."

They cheered and jumped for the presents, they dished them out to everyone and began unwrapping their own without so much as a scrap of decorum or patience, much to the amusement of the adults. Harry had absolutely loads of presents from robes to Quidditch gear, and other random things that he had casually mentioned or pointed out since his return; it was almost as if Sirius and Remus were making up for lost time. There was a final envelop left for him and he raised an eyebrow, he opened it and felt his eyes widened he took in the words on the parchment, reading it over three times before looking at Sirius in complete shock.

"Is this for real?" He breathed, completely blindsided, and Sirius looked a little sheepish.

"It's only a suggestion, I mean I know how much you hate Potter and I thought-," He was cut off when Harry bodily threw himself at Sirius. This was practically everything he could have asked for and meant more to him than any material gift in the world.

"Yes, the answer is yes." Harry answered excitedly, no doubt in his mind whatsoever.
"Really!"

"Of course, I wouldn't want anything else." Harry assured, "I'll be fully changing it, of course."

"What to?"

"Well I needed you for that, although I'm thinking Harrison because it can be shortened." Harry suggested.

"Yeah, maybe Regulus for a middle." Sirius put in and Harry nodded. He snapped his fingers, summoning a self-inking quill — weren't they one of the greatest creations Harry thought — and signed the parchment without haste. Sirius filled out the rest of the forms, sealing them with his Lordship ring before setting them aside and pulling out a familiar potion. Harry bit back a grimace, drinking the potion down in one and gritting his teeth over the pain that washed over him, he could feel it changing him him, and Harry didn't know if it was his imagination or not but it seemed to be changing more than it did when he had done the same process with the Founders.

"I, Sirius Orion, Lord and Head of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, do hereby select Harrison Regulus as son and Heir to my House. So I wish it, so mote be it." Sirius spoke clearly and the magic started to stir in the air.

"I, Narcissa Selene, daughter of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, do recognise and accede to the Lord and Head's decision, and accept Harrison Regulus as Heir." Narcissa spoke next bringing the magic higher and leaving Harry to finish the vow.

"I, Harrison Regulus, do hereby accept Sirius Orion as the Head and Lord of my House, and as my father. So I will it, so mote be it."

The magic flashed and there was a cold cry of a raven, signalling the acceptance of the Black family magic, and Harry felt a ring appear on his finger; the Black Heir ring. Harry hugged his new father tightly, almost overcome with emotions; he had a proper family name, not just in name and Potter could go screw himself. He was passed to Moony next, who muttered his congratulations and then on to Narcissa, who pressed a kiss to his dark hair and welcomed him to the family.

"Yes!" Draco burst out, as soon as the moment was over "Now we're actually decently related."

"Another Black, wonderful." Snape drawled but he was only joking and Harry flashed him a roguish grin.

"You love it really."

"He's got that damn grin as well, Merlin help me!" He sighed dramatically.

"Don't worry Sev, I'm here to help you out." Sirius told him sympathetically before cracking up. The rest of the morning passed cheerfully and the elves provided a small lunch, Harry and Draco had a game of chess, where Harry lost rather spectacularly; he blamed the new blood. They played games and relaxed all day, having an absolutely incredible Yule feast before they performed the Burning of the Log. When Harry finally collapsed in to bed in the early hours of the morning, he was completely exhausted but the happiest he had ever been, and he fell asleep with a smile on his face.

Draco came running in to Harry's room flushed with excitement, he was dressed in his Hogwarts robes and was grinning.

"Hurry up, we have things to do as soon as we get back."
Harry grinned.

"Yes I know, I'm ready now, I had to perfect my new look, I'm spending too much time around you." He received a whack around the head for his comment, though Draco didn't deny it.

"Uncle Sirius is still moaning about going back to teach Potter, mother silenced him much to Moony's relief." Draco told him, he had taken to calling Sirius and Remus 'uncle' just as Harry had started calling Cissa and Lucius 'aunt' and 'uncle'.

"Aunt Cissa did the right thing, poor uncle Moony has to live with father." Harry said, he had taken to calling Sirius father as he saw the man a better one than his birth father. There was no question in his mind; Sirius Orion Black was his father and nothing anyone could ever say would dispute that. They both left the room and headed for the sitting room, where they were greeted by the weirdest of sights: Sirius was laid on the floor with his arms around Lucius' leg, Remus and Snape seemed to be trying to pry him off and Narcissa looked as if she was holding herself up on Lucius with laughter.

"What in Merlin's name?" They burst out before giving in to fits of laughter, the adults gathered their baring's quickly as Draco and Harry continued to clutch each other in support.

"Oh Merlin,"

"That was the funniest thing I have ever seen." Harry gasped.

"I don't even want to know, just remember that we are never going to forget that." Draco sighed wiping his eyes.

"Come on you two, leave the children to play." Narcissa said with a smile, they smirked at the affronted men and followed her to the fireplace. Harry found himself in a tight hug from Narcissa and a kiss on the cheek.

"Be good and write regularly, I'll see you in the summer." She told him and Harry smiled, before he threw floo powder in to the grate.

"Marauder's Pad, Sanctuary." He called and vanished in a flash of green flames, moving aside so Draco could come through. They fell on to the couch in wait but when the adults didn't come in the first five minutes the boys grew bored.

"Shall we leave them a prank and go to the feast?" Draco suggested and Harry smirked, they set up a charm which would change their robed bright orange and green as soon as they left the portrait hole. Harry also charmed the couch to sing when sat on and they left, hurrying down to join the rest of the students for the feast. Sirius and Remus rushed in at the last minute, throwing glares to the innocent faced first years as they moved to their places as the Head table. Once everyone had settled, the Headmaster rose with a grandfatherly smile on his face.

"Welcome back, I hope your Christmas' were wonderful; dig in." He announced and the feast began. It feast passed quickly, Harry and Draco spoke with their friends and Harry pointed out his new name and Heir, especially to Pansy. She was one of the biggest gossips in the school and if they wanted anything put out there they would go to her, she could make the most outlandish of stories pop up and be believed from apparent thin air, and it never appeared to originate from Slytherin House. Harry gave it until tomorrow before the entire school knew, including the staff.

"You know that you are going to be in for some arguments because of this." Draco muttered to him and Harry smirked.

"Oh I know, I can't wait to see his face."
They left the hall but a voice stopped Harry in his tracks.
"Harrison Regulus Black."

He winced
"Oh you got the full name." Draco laughed
"You too Draco Lucius Malfoy,"

"Looks like you did too, Dray." Theo snickered at the both of them, Harry turned around to face his father with a beaming smile.

"Father, so good to see you, it's been a while, we should catch up."

"A prank on our door?"

Harry and Draco both looked confused, immediately going to innocent.
"What are you talking about?" Draco asked bewildered.

"We came through the floo and went to the feast." Harry told him with a nod.

"I think you should look to the other marauder you live with." Draco pointed out, making Sirius look confused.

"What, I mean- never mind." He walked away shaking his head and the pair hi 5'd.

"We are good." Harry said.

"So good." Draco agreed and they carried on to the dungeons, happily getting settled back in to the Snape pit and having a brief catch up with the rest of their year mates before heading to bed early for lessons tomorrow.

Harry yawned as he jabbed Draco awake, he had become more relaxed in his sleeping habits since his return to the future, not having the gruelling training and lessons he put himself through anymore, but he wasn't worried as all his magic was regularly practiced. He had even made time to practice his bow and arrow work during the holidays, beginning to teach Draco as the blond was fascinated.

Harry went down to wait in the common room reading a book as usual and Draco fell in to the room soon after, they trudged up to the Hall and absently ate breakfast. Their lessons were simple, both having read and studied ahead, and Harry was glad when the day was over. He was right in saying that his name change would be all over the school by that day, because he was cornered by his wonderful sister after Transfiguration; it was always Transfiguration.

"Just because you have changed your name doesn't make you any less pathetic." She spat at him and Harry merely raised an eyebrow.

"Whatever you say, Potter," He drawled with a smirk, relishing in the fact he could call her that and have no association with the same name; it was glorious.

"Well we're better without you, anyway." She huffed, flouncing off and leaving Harry to move down to dinner. Unfortunately he didn't get far because Potter Sr caught up with him just outside the Great Hall.

"What is this I've heard about you changing your name?" He demanded and Harry smirked.
"I decided to change my name over the holidays, I think it suits me better." Harry answered him brightly.

"You can't just change your name in the wizarding world, it's different to the muggle one." He snapped.

"Oh I know, which is why father blood adopted me." Harry said cheerfully, he carefully sidestepped James, who had just worked out what he said and was beginning to look irate, and made his way in to the Slytherin table.

"BLACK," was heard roared from the Entrance Hall, both Sirius and Harry exchanged looks and Harry pointed at Sirius with a grin. James Potter came storming in and straight up to Sirius, who was trying not to grin as he spoke to Severus.

"Black, what do you think you are doing?" He spat.

"Well I was talking to Severus until you spat at me." Sirius replied, wiping spit from his face.

"You cannot just blood adopt my son."

"Actually I can, Harrison was quite for it."

"His name is Harry,"

"No you should look at the records, its Harrison Regulus Black, Heir to the most Ancient and Noble House of Black." Sirius told him proudly.

"Didn't you agree with Lucius that Harrison was to be the next in line to carry the Malfoy line if anything should happen to Draco!?" Snape asked and Sirius nearly broke, they hadn't agreed to anything of the sort but it was pushing Potter's buttons.

"You did what! He's a filthy death eater, what is wrong with you, associating with scum." James ground out.

"That filth as you put it Potter is my family."

"Yes and we all know what sort of family you have Black."

Sirius got to his feet and it was a much more impressive sight than Potter.

"I would be quiet if I were you Potter," His tone was soft and deadly.

"Is that a threat?" James sneered.

"Oh no, but like you said everyone knows what sort of family I have." Sirius' wand was in his hand as if indicating his point and Dumbledore decided it was time to intervene.

"Calm down gentlemen, we can go to my office to discuss this properly."

"That is not necessary Headmaster, there is nothing to discuss." Sirius said, never taking his eyes of the Potter Lord.

"Everything has been said." James agreed and stalked away, Sirius sat down calmly and continued to eat like nothing had happened.

"Why do I have the feeling he is going to become even more unbearable?" Snape questioned.
"Why do I have the feeling your right?"

By the end of the week Harry wanted to murder James Potter with his bare hands, Draco had to physically restrain him from cursing the flying instructor and Harry spending more and more time in Salazar's duelling room to relieve his stress. Potter had taken to striping Harry of points whenever they met and making snide comments about Harry, Sirius, Remus and the Malfoys and it was driving Harry crazy.

"I swear I'm going to wring his neck." Harry snarled, storming in to the common room.

"What has he done this time?" Draco sighed.

"50 points, 50."

"What? You have got to be joking!? That completely wipes our lead putting Gryffindor at the top."

Theo exclaimed and Harry nodded furiously.

"I know and he took them off for obstructing the hallway, insulting a fellow student and wasting his time." Harry spat, "I was putting a book in my bag as I left the library asking Daphne to remember the Charms book."

"He can't do that! Go to Professor Snape." Blaise told him and Harry nodded, Draco cleared his stuff and left with Harry to see his Godfather. The two Snakes slipping through the painting and knocked sharply on the potions masters' office waiting for an entrance. Snape was working on essays but looked up when his Godson and best student entered, becoming immediately alarmed when he took in their demeanour.

"What is wrong with the pair of you?"

"Potter," Harry growled and when Snape raised an eyebrow he elaborated, "I just lost 50 points for rules that you wouldn't even take of the Gryffindor's for." Snape's eyebrows rose to his hair line.

"What were you doing?"

"Putting a book in my back coming out the library, he took points for wasting his time and obstructing the hallway." Harry exclaimed angrily.

"He is becoming worse I see."

"Worse, he's lucky I haven't cursed him, I could do it and not get caught." Harry muttered and Snape smirked.

"Well take 30 points for preventing harm of a staff member and 30 for you Draco for helping a fellow classmate in their time of need."

Both boys grinned.

"Thank you sir, we do try our best." Draco said.

"Am I allowed to curse him?" Harry asked genuinely.

"As your Professor I have to tell you that you are not allowed to do such a thing." Snape told him and Harry sighed wistfully.

"Well as a student I am implored to listen to your professional opinion."
Snape rolled his eyes and dismissed them.

"Get out brats."

They ran away snickering at their dismissal. Draco suggested that they go and see Sirius and Remus, and when they arrived they were greeted with Sirius pacing.

"I want to wring his fucking neck." The animagus snarled.

"Let me guess, James Potter." Harry wondered from behind, coming in to sit down and Draco threw himself on the couch.

"Yes, how did you guess?" He replied sarcastically.

"Because he just had the same rant." Draco pointed out with a smirk.

"He is the most insufferable, annoying, pig headed twat I have ever had to deal with. What in Merlin's name I was thinking when I became friends with that?" He ranted, throwing his hands up in the air, "Grandfather, if you are listening, I am sorry for ignoring you."

Harry noticed Remus was silent, the werewolf was gazing in to the fire with a faraway look and Harry narrowed his eyes.

"What did he do?"

"He insulted Remus."

Harry's eyes flashed.

"What did he say?"

"It's not what he said it's what he implied, going on about how student's grades would fall because the Professor was out a lot. Never mind the fact that we have been teaching here for a year longer than he has. We had the highest grades to come out of the History classroom in over a century, I say we, but everyone knows Moony is behind it; all the students think he's great." Sirius explained and the two Slytherins shared a dark look.

"Potter is a complete idiot, and anything that comes out of his mouth is nothing but worthless drivel. If uncle Moony is going to listen that I'll hex him, everyone loves you guys teachers." Harry said firmly and Remus looked around.

"But-,

"I don't want to hear it, you know he speaks nothing but crap, have you heard the stuff he sprouts about Rose?"

Remus smiled.

"Ok cub,"

Harry nodded.

"Other than Potter becoming near enough unbearable, things are going well. It was amusing to watch the light all but wilt when the announcement of House Black and Malfoy's updated allegiance." Sirius told them, and the pair grinned.
"Good, our Houses will stand together strongly." Draco said brightly.

"It's close to curfew, Pup, you had better get back to the common room." Sirius told them and the boys said their goodbyes.

"I say we prank James." Harry said quietly as they walked back.

"I agree, what he said to Moony was low and we already have the plans in place." They were both suddenly yanked in to a familiar alcove, biting back a yelp of fright when they came face to face with two identical faces.

"Hello tiny first years." Fred greeted.

"We could have sworn you just said the name 'Moony'." George continued.

"And we know that is a famous name of a very famous prankster."

"You've heard of the marauders?" Harry questioned.

"Of course, they're our idols."

"We owe them so much." Fred sighed.

"You realise you're talking about my dad and uncle." Harry pointed out and the twins choked.

"What?"

"Black and Lupin?"

"Yeah," Draco said slowly.

"Padfoot and Moony, we don't mention the others." Harry told them.

"We've been in this school for a year and a half with two of the marauders and we didn't know." Fred murmured faintly, "Oh the horror,"

"You're the marauder heir." George breathed, looking at Harry in amazement. Fred fiddled in his pocket and pulled out a worn piece of parchment.

"This belongs to you. We know it off by heart now, anyway."

Harry blinked and grinned.

"Is this what I think it is?"

Sirius had told him of the map which he believed to be lost but apparently not.

"The marauders map." They said together.

"Guys, I could kiss you right now."

"If you must." Fred said in a self-suffering sort of way and Harry punched him.

"Tomorrow evening, meet us here and I'll properly introduce you to Padfoot and Moony." Harry suggested and they beamed, the twins slipped out and Draco turned to Harry.

"What is it?"
Harry offered him a smirk.

"This is the thing which will make us impossible to catch."

Draco raised an eyebrow and Harry tapped the map.

"I solemnly swear I am up to no good."

He muttered and the map appeared, Draco's eyes widened before he also smirked.

"This is brilliant."

He exclaimed and Harry nodded.

"I know but it needs to be edited, I know of other passages which aren't on here."

"Come on, Potter is on his way."

Draco pointed out, and they hurried off, getting back to the common room easily and sitting down to do the remainder of their homework.

Introducing the twins to the marauders was hilarious, the red heads got down on their knees and bowed like they were worshipping Gods much to the hilarity of Harry and Draco, who laughed at the shock looked on the adults face. Harry explained what had happened and Sirius' admitted to being impressed that they not only found the map, but they managed to gain access to it. He and Remus happily told the twins some of their best pranks and the twins did the same, all six of them laughing at some of the things they had all done. Fred and George left looking a little star-struck when they were welcomed back anytime, and Harry didn't know whether to be concerned that he had introduced the four of them properly or excited.

Harry quizzed his father and uncle on the spells of the map because he was going to make his own and add the shortcuts and everything he knew about the castle, he also had an idea on linking the map to viewing and listening spells which could be put on the portraits. Once he had a list of the spells he left to study the map, he was finished with his homework and Draco was studying with Theo and Blaise, helping the pair out with the latest Herbology Harry sat on his bed, with his curtains drawn and Aressa around his neck, and opened the man, scouring it for every detail that it had. He was amazed, there was so much there and the dots of people had Harry's mind automatically wondering what they were doing. Dumbledore seemed to be pacing in his office, Snape looked as if he was brewing and when Harry's eyes glanced on the Defence corridor on their way up to Padfoot and Moony he froze.

Quirinus Quirrell was stated clearly but nearly on top of him was the name 'Tom Marvolo Riddle', Harry frowned in confusion which only deepened when Quirrell moved and the name went with him, Harry had seen that name before and decided he would look in to it. He noted where he would add passageways, noting down the rooms he knew to be there but didn't seem to appear on the map, and how he could link the listening spells. He jotted down a few more notes before settling for sleep, Aressa hissed her goodnight and curled up by his neck.

It turned out he wasn't the only one who had heard the name Riddle, Draco pointed out an award the man had won in the 40's.

"Why did you want to know?"

Harry shrugged and Draco rolled his eyes.

"Well never mind that, guess what I have got my hands on."

The blonde pulled out a violin from his trunk and Harry's eyes lit up.
"Tonight?"

"You read my mind."

The pair were on edge all through dinner so much so that Harry completely blanked James and Rose Potter, which, given the state of their current relationship was quite impressive. He and Draco went to bed early so they could catch a few hours, Harry told Aressa to wake him when the moon was risen which was around half eleven, and when they rose they were alert and ready. The raven head cast his masking spell on him and Draco and told the blonde to cast the spell ‘calor conspectu’ at his temple.

"This is completely strange." He muttered prodding Harry, who just looked like a red/orange outline in the Slytherin dorms.

"Yeah it's a bit disconcerting but come on."

They walked out and headed to the third floor, Harry was constantly checking the map but they were lucky. When they reached the Cerberus' room, Draco began to play the first thing that came to his mind, the blond was amazing and a beautiful tune floated through the room immediately sending the Cerberus to sleep. Harry levitated the paw of the trap door and jumped, the music stopped and Draco came flying down behind him as the Cerberus growled, they landed on a plant that started to wrap around their limbs.

"Devil snare." Draco hissed and Harry lit a fire to release them, he cancelled the masking spell as they got up.

"Not particularly difficult." Harry pointed out as they went down the corridor, they entered a room which had loads of flying keys, and Harry didn't even bother to fly on the broom to search for the right one. He placed his hand on the door and sent a pulse of magic through it, it clicked open and they walked in to a huge room.

"Is that a chess board?" Draco gasped and Harry nodded, when they tried to walk across the pieces came to life and blocked their way, Harry raised an eyebrow.

"I'm guessing we have to play our way across but I don't particularly want to play chess with stone pieces." Harry said to Draco who nodded in agreement.

"Any suggestions?"

Harry grinned and grabbed Draco by the arm, he flamed them to the other side if the white pieces, the blonde stumbled and started retching.

"There, that works." Harry told him cheerfully, he received a filthy look.

"What in Merlin's name was that? And never do that again."

Harry merely smirked.

"Come on, Dray, pull yourself together, Malfoy's never show weakness." Harry told him only for Draco to punch him and walk in to the next room; the blond immediately ran back out eyes wide.

"We don't have to go through that specific room do we?"

Harry raised his eyebrows and cautiously entered the room, he understood Draco's haste. A troll, around 20ft tall, stood with its club hanging dumbly at its side, it didn't notice them at first but when
it did it gave a huge roar and swung its club, they dived out the way and Harry spotted the door on the opposite side.

"Dray, the door is over there." Harry pointed dodging the club again. "Go through it and I'll flame."

The blond nodded and bolted, Harry flames out just in time as the club smashed in to the floor where he had just been stood, they both bolted through the door and flames shot up in each doorway, ones were purple and one was black. Draco pointed out a sheet of parchment on the table which was filled with 7 different shaped and sized bottles, Harry picked it up and read it.

Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind,
Two of us will help you, whichever you would find.
One among us seven will let you move ahead,
Another will transport the drinker back instead.
Two among our number hold only nettle wine,
Three of us are killers, waiting hidden in line.
Choose, unless you wish to stay here forevermore,
To help you in this choice we give you these clues four:
First, however slyly the poison tries to hide,
You will always find some on nettle wine's left side;
Second, different are those who stand at either end,
But if you would move onwards, neither is your friend;
Third, as you see clearly, all are different size,
Neither dwarf nor giant holds death in their insides;
Fourth, the second left and the second on the right,
Are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight.

"Sev is way too smart for his own good." Harry muttered but he was grinning.

"This is the time where I thank Merlin you are unnaturally smart." Draco told him and Harry laughed at the irony. He inspected each bottle when and found the bottle which would let them go forward through the black flames.

"Here, this is it, drink it and go through."

"That's hardly a mouthful, what are you going to do?" Draco asked taking the tiny bottle.

"If I'm right as soon as the bottle goes back in its place it will refill." Harry explained.

"And if it doesn't?"

"I'll use a flame freezer and walk on through."

Draco rolled his eyes and walked through the flames, Harry placed the bottle back and watched as it shook before refilling, he grinned and necked the bottle following Draco through. He didn't want to just walk through the flames, though he may have been a fire elemental, it didn't mean cursed fire would wash over him; he'd like to try that theory in a controlled environment first.

"See, I'm never wrong." Harry said smugly.

"Well oh genius one work this out." The blonde motioned to a grand mirror that was in the room, it was the only thing in the room so Harry walked forward to inspect the mirror, he could feel the magic on it as he looked it over.

"Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on woshi." Draco muttered.
"What?"

Draco pointed at the inscription at the top of the mirror.

"What does it mean?" The blonde asked as Harry gazed at it.

"I show not your face but your heart's desire." Harry read, "It's in mirror."

"Clever,"

"Yes which means that this is the key to the stone."

Draco was stood in front of the mirror and he looked in to it, he gasped and stepped back.

"I have the stone and I'm using it but I don't know how to get it."

Harry tilted his head.

"Oh that's good," He breathed with his eyes alight.

"What?" Draco asked bewildered.

"Let me stand there for a second." Draco moved and Harry placed himself in front of the glass, he closed his eyes and focused his thoughts and feelings then snapped his eyes open. He was stood calmly in the mirror when the reflection suddenly winked and pulled a blood red stone from his pocket and replaced it in the same place, only this time he felt a weight land in his actual pocket and he broke in to a shit eating grin.

"Oh Dumbledore, I won't deny you are clever." Harry turned to face Draco and pulled the stone out of his pocket, Malfoy's eyes widened.

"How in the name of Circe did you do that?"

"You needed to want the stone but not want to use it, it is quite simple if you think about it but brilliant."

Draco shook his head.

"I give up." He sighed and Harry laughed. He looked the stone over, looking at all its tiny details before conjuring up one that was identity and setting it back in to the mirror.

"Come on, we have to flame back."

Draco curled his lip in distaste, Harry rolled his eyes and grabbed him, making sure to land in the bathroom just in case Draco was sick. The other Snake wasn't, but he didn't look to healthy as they went to bed, Harry secured the stone in his trunk under every ward he knew plus a Parseltongue password. He fell in to bed with a smile on his face.

"What are we going to do with it? I mean we both have enough gold and I don't know about you but right now I don't think we need to worry about living forever." Draco said to Harry quietly as they made their way to Herbology the day after.

"I'm thinking about finding who was after it in the first place and go from there." Harry suggested with a shrug, of course he wanted to do some experiments as well but if they could find who wanted it they could bargain.
"True, it's just actually finding who wanted it," Draco pointed out, Harry didn't answer because they reached the rest of the class. They were learning the correct way to pick aconite so he didn't have to concentrate, he was thinking on who could possibly want the stone then snorted to himself; who wouldn’t.

"We'll work on who's after it, it doesn't matter too much, it's not like it's going anywhere." He would be alerted if anyone so much as brushed against the compartment he had hidden the stone in.

They had no luck on discovering who was after the stone and it went out of Harry's mind when the next Quidditch match approached in February, he had begun his own version of the map and he had some pretty decent research on Tom Riddle. He had written to the goblins, who had happily sent him as much information as they could on the name 'Riddle' as they weren't allowed to give away personal information. Riddle was from a long line of Unblessed that seemed to come from somewhere close to Morgana Le fey, he went to Hogwarts during the 40's and was a top student, he had received a special award to the school, a prefect and Head Boy and was the smartest person that had every walked the halls of the school.

Then it seemed that after the 50's Riddle just vanished of the radar, he either changed his name or was living as a hermit but there was no trace of 'Tom Marvolo Riddle' until Harry had seen the name on the map and the map never lied. It frustrated Harry to no end that he barely knew anything about the mysterious name but it was put in to the back of his mind in thought of the game, Flint was pushing them to the limits and they were training nearly every night much to the team's ire.

"If you're going to complain you should think of the 60 points Gryffindor were leading us by on the last game." He roared and that shut everyone up. It had come to a tie. Even though Slytherin had already beaten Gryffindor, they Lions had won all of their games with a lot of points, so they were tied with Slytherin at the top of the board as this was the decider match. Harry and Draco had put plan 'humiliate Potter' in to motion. It started off as small things like changing the colour of his shoes, they would cast little spells on him daily and they were slowly getting bigger; Harry made his robes change violent pink. It was starting to get to Potter as it was happen every day, but what he didn't realise that Harry had slipped a potion in his drink that was like a memory, it made the magical core remember all of the spells cast on its being and it could be triggered to replace the spells with a certain word or spell.

The Snakes were layering up the spells and Harry had set the trigger word to 'Rosie', so when Harry slipped him the activation potion every time James said 'Rosie' or it was spoken around him all of the prank spells he had vanished or removed would come back full force and the potion was untraceable. It was a genius potion he had found in the back or Sal's book and he immediately made it, Draco sat down with a nod signalling the activation potion had been administered and Harry smirked evilly.

"Let the fun begin." He murmured. Unfortunately for the pranksters, they didn't see James until dinner, but when they did it was so worth the wait. He sat down and began speaking with Lily and it didn't take two minutes before James suddenly changed. Harry coughed to cover his laugh and Draco ducked his head, James Potter had green skin, orange hair, pink robes, blue shoes, yellow eyes and a clown nose. The hall erupted in laughter and James looked down in alarm, he waved his wand and got rid of it with a laugh and continued his conversation. Again half way through he changed in to the same get up causing laughs, when it happened for the 5th time Harry had to determinedly look away from the staff table and Draco was concentrating on his plate at an alarming rate but his glowing pink cheeks were a clear sign of his amusement. On the 7th time they left to laugh outright, they clutched their sides and held each other up in their giggles.

"How long does this last?" Draco gasped out.
"I'm not sure, I think it needs a counter." Harry replied and they dissolved in roaring laughter again.

"Oh Merlin, this is going to be hilarious."

Harry nodded in agreement.

"Come on lets go see dad, it's been a few days."

When they got to the marauders quarters they discovered Sirius and Remus in fits of laughter.

"What's so funny?" Harry asked with a grin of his own.

"Potter stormed out of the hall." Sirius told them, and they hi 5'd. "It was you?"

"How? They left before James and it kept happening?" Remus pointed out and both Draco and Harry's grins were anything but reassuring.

"It might have something to do with Rosie." Harry told them putting emphasis on 'Rosie'.

"Yes, he does often speak about Rosie." Draco added with a smirk, both marauders had raised eyebrows so Harry explained a bit more.

"If one were to mention Rosie near Potter then something unfortunate may happen." Remus eyes widened before he cracked up.

"Word activated prank." He told Sirius through his laughs, the animagus gaped before falling about laughing.

"How long does it last pup?"

Harry grinned evilly.

"It needs a counter."

And they all fell in to more laughter.

The prank on James Potter lasted in to March before Dumbledore told Snape to find and brew a counter potion. Harry, Sirius, Draco and Remus spent copious amounts of time in tears of laughter. They had taken to walking past James and declaring something was 'simply Rosie' and he would change, it took a lot of self-control not to yell the word in the Great Hall and it amazed them that he hadn't seemed to connect what caused it. James was like a walking storm cloud, especially when he found out he had to rely on Snape for a cure. The Potions Master had come in to the common room and stood in front of Harry with a raised eyebrow for 5 minutes before the boy caved and fetched the potion which would deactivate the prank. Draco did point out it was a job well done and Sirius said that it made the top ten of pranks of all time, which was a bonus, the twins also came up to them and patted them on the back silently and walked away; it seemed as if they couldn't find the words.

Harry was working on his edited version of the map still, he had started to draw it up, which was a task in itself – there was just so many things to remember. Putting Hogwarts down on parchment was much more difficult that he could have anticipated, and he admired his father and uncle all the more for it. On top of that, he was still trying to find a lead to who was after the stone and repeatedly coming up black, making frustrated and irritable, so he was forced to go through his entire mind and reorder it. It helped him focus and he realised he was better off searching for the mysterious Riddle at the current time. He was sat in Defence where Quirrell was stuttering through something pointless
and Harry decided to check the map, his head shot up when he saw 'Tom Marvolo Riddle' practically on top of Quirrell as usual, his eyes narrowed and he discretely cast his heat signature spell to see for any hidden presence behind the Professor.

When he didn't find any he looked at the map again to check and the name was still there, he cancelled the spell and frowned in thought; what in Hades was going on? He knew the map was fine as he had gotten Remus to check it and it clearly stated Riddle was in the room, he silently left when the bell rang trying to work out the puzzle and absently rubbed his scar which was burning slightly. Rose pushed past him and he froze as everything clicked in to place. Tom Marvolo Riddle disappeared in the late 50's early 60's just as the whisperings of the Dark Lord Voldemort began, a genius and a model student Riddle was somehow connected to the Dark Lord, but how? Then it came to him, Voldemort couldn't be a real name, it emerged in the early 60's before it boomed and was feared, but Voldemort had disappeared on Halloween when the killing curse had backfired now the Philosopher's Stone which created the elixir of life was hidden here and the Dark Lord was famous for his ability to possess people; Harry had done his research.

"Harrison!" Draco's voice entered his whirling thoughts.

"What?" His voice sounded off.

"You phased out and froze, I called you 5 times."

Harry blinked.

"I need to do something." He muttered and began running full pelt back to the common room, he tore through tapestries and jumped down stairs, he flew in to the common room ignoring the alarmed looks and nearly fell up the stairs in his haste to get to the dorms. He rushed to a desk and pulled out the journal he had been using for all of his research on Riddle just as Draco fell through the door, he waved his hand and sealed the doors shut and pulled out a quill. Harry wrote down the name Tom Marvolo Riddle and rearranged it, his eyes widened as his suspicions were confirmed.

"I cannot believe it." He breathed completely stunned, he couldn't believe he didn't work it out sooner: with his scar and someone wanted to steal the stone, who else would be desperate for the Philosopher's stone so suddenly and an actual threat to it? Dumbledore must have known, placing it close to him to try and ward him off with his presence. He suddenly hired both the Potters, both of which were for runners in the last war and both very good with a wand.

"What is it, you've gone strange?"

Harry looked at his best friend with the shock still written on his face.

"I've worked it out, who wants the stone." Harry told him.

"What? How and who?"

"I should have seen it before, it was glaring me in the face." Harry muttered to himself.

"Who is it?"

"Remember I asked you about Riddle?"

Draco nodded.

"Well I did some research in to him, he's from a long line of unblessed from his father's side but I couldn't get the info from his mother because I didn't know her name; you cannot get information on
a certain person, just a surname it's a loophole." Harry explained and Draco nodded in understanding,

"But where did you even get the interest and what's he have to do with the stone?"

"I saw his name on the map and he was always by Quirrell, like literally on top of the man and the map never lies. In my research I found that Tom Marvolo Riddle vanished in the late 50's and when I checked the map in Quirrell's lesson today, Riddle was there still." Harry was excited now, the Dark Lord was in the school right now and it was the perfect opportunity to speak to the man. If his words were honest and his cause appealed to Harry, then the boy would join his cause, however Harry had a few points he wanted to make clear. He wouldn't follow anyone and he would never take the Dark Mark, the tattoo branded in to the Dark Lord's followers, he would join him however but he was getting off topic.

"I get that, so you think whoever this Riddle person is wants the stone."

"Oh I know he does and I know why, I also know why he disappeared." Harry rushed out and handed Draco the journal; Tom Marvolo Riddle – I Am Lord Voldemort. The blond's eyes widened and his jaw dropped.

"You cannot be serious?"

"It fits, Voldemort is an anagram of his original name. When Riddle vanished Voldemort rose until he vanished on Samhain when the killing curse backfired. I thought Riddle vanished when he didn't, he was very much out there; it was the name that vanished." Harry explained excitedly to a wide eyed Malfoy.

"That's all well and good but if this is the Dark Lord how do you explain him always around Quirrell when no one was in the classroom?"

"Voldemort was famous for his ability to possess anything and anyone: Quirrell's stutter is too fake and there's something about his which is off." He left out his scar as he hadn't explained to anyone that he was the one that Voldemort attacked.

"So the Dark Lord is in the school right now and is after the Philosopher's Stone." Draco summarised in a slightly higher voice than normal and Harry nodded. "The same Philosopher's Stone that we have?" Harry blinked a few times.

"Yeah that stone would be the one." He said like he was just realised it.

"We're dead," The blond moaned looking at the door like he expected the Dark Lord to burst through and murder them.

"I have every intentions of giving him the stone should his answers satisfy my questions." Harry stated firmly and Draco looked at him insane.

"You're going to go to the Dark Lord and give him the Philosopher's Stone after asking him questions?"

"Yes, I won't simply join a cause simply because others have told me its worthy." Harry told him, "It's not in my nature. Besides, I want to talk to him; he seems very interesting."

Draco suddenly sank on to his bed.

"He seems very interesting." He repeated faintly, "This is it, isn't it? This is how it's going to end."
"Don't be so dramatic." Harry waved him off, "Do you want to come with me?"

"You're quite alright."

Harry laughed.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it! Feel free to let me know :P
Chapter 10

It was a week after his discovery when Harry finally found the perfect opportunity to go and speak with the Dark Lord, he was going to do it Friday when lessons finished early and most students would be scattered around the school. He wouldn't be missed too much and that was exactly what he needed. He was ridiculously nervous and physically couldn't sit still on Thursday night, many different things spinning in his mind about what he was going to do the following day.

"I need you to cover for me tomorrow at lunch and if I don't make it to dinner." Harry reminded Draco as he paced the dorms.

"Of course," Draco was almost as nervous as Harry, his best friend was going to see the most feared Dark Lord on his own.

"Just say I'm doing research and I've gone somewhere in the castle."

"Ok,"

"And if I'm not back before midnight, tell Snape and Sirius everything and point out they probably won't find my body."

"Don't say that." Draco hissed.

"It's the worst case scenario." Harry pointed out.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Definitely, I refuse to pass this opportunity." It was the truth even if his insides felt like crap.

"I need to do something, I'll be back in an hour." Harry muttered and vanished in flames, Draco ran his hands through his hair with a sigh; Harrison Black drove him insane. Harry landed near Salazar's training room, his magic was restless as he had been keeping in reigned in tighter ever since Snape
had told him it could be felt as soon as he entered a room. He hissed the password and stood on the platform, he unhooked the hold he had and his magic flared around him strumming in the air, falling in to his duelling stance he began. Harry had missed the twists and flexes of daily duelling practice, the flow of magic circled him humming in contentment. Harry threw everything he had in the firing spells and they were coming in streams, he laughed at the release and finally brought his fyre up and watched as it soared around the room before he let it melt away.

He was glad that he could still perform well, though he wouldn't know how well he came up against an opponent for a while. He brought his magic in and made his way back to the dorms, his nerves had calmed slightly but they were still very much there. Draco was asleep when he got back, the blond was scared for him even if he wouldn't admit it. Harry sat and went in to a meditative trance, going over his mind more to soothe himself rather than order it. When he came too he was perfectly calm and his mind was sharp and clear, and he was ready.

He was up dressed and reading at 6:30 Friday morning, he had Aressa with him as well as the Stone, he was surprised when Draco appeared not long after, they sat in silence until the rest of their year mates came down. At breakfast Harry acted normally but he refused to look at the staff table because he knew Snape or Sirius would spot his swirling emotions he had masked, Draco was quiet and Harry threw him a meaningful look and he pulled it together. They went to Potions and Harry put his full concentration in to his work, he refused to meet Snape's eye head on which he knew the man would notice but he would deal with that later.

Draco was barely keeping it together when they walked to Defence and Harry really couldn't blame him, he swore the time they waited for the door to open was the longest minute of his life. Harry sat in his usual seat next to Draco who was staring at his desk, taking a deep breath and they shared a look. The lesson was just as pointless as always but it seemed to go on forever, Harry felt his anticipation build and his magic thrummed under his skin to be released. He was discretely watching Quirrell as he stuttered through an explanation of the disarming spell, watching as the man had complete control over his entire act and he had to admit he was impressed.

"Is there any chance you are wrong about this?" Draco asked, his voice barely audible. Harry looked up at Quirrell and as the man turned he saw his eyes flicker red for the tiniest of moments and his scar started to burn; Harry blinked.

"If I thought I was wrong before, I know I'm not now." Harry replied in the same low tones and Draco froze.

"What do you mean?"

"His eyes just went red." Harry breathed and Draco's knuckled went white.

"Merlin,"

Harry nodded and they went back to listening to the stuttering, Harry was running through his ideas and jumped when the bell rang. Draco looked at Harry with wide eyes and slowly got to his feet, Harry followed him to the door and they were the last ones in the class.

"Are you sure about this?" Draco questioned paler than usual.

"Yes, I have to do this, Draco, there are other things involved that no one knows about except me and him." Harry explained softly, Draco seemed to look more worried. "I swear I'll explain everything later, if he lets me that is."
"What if you don't come back?"

"I refuse to go out fighting, I may be able to hold him off in this weakened state."

"Sev and Sirius are going to murder me."

"I-i-is there a p-p-problem boys?"

Draco squeaked and Harry kicked him.

"Nothing, Professor," Harry said politely, throwing Draco a look; the blond swallowed and nodded.

"Midnight," He hissed before turning on his heal, Harry slowly shut the door and sealed it.

"Can I h-help you M-M-Mr B-Black?"

Harry took a deep breath, he was still facing the door but he was wound tighter than a spring.

"Let me speak to him, Quirrell." Harry said clearly, his voice strong and un摇awering and there was a small intake of breath from behind him.

"W-what are y-y-you talking about B-Black?"

"I wish to speak with the Dark Lord, or is he back to Mr Riddle now?"

Harry felt the wave of power that came as Voldemort took control of his host.

"How do you know that name?" Quirrell spoke again but his voice was different, it was smoother, colder, and darker.

"I knew that name before I connected it to you. I found out someone called Tom Marvolo Riddle was around Quirrell permanently, it took me a while to figure out how especially when there was no heat marking another person in the room. You are rather famous for your ability to possess people."

"Very clever, Mr Black," He murmured, "Very clever indeed. Such knowledge of one's enemy can be beneficial."

"Enemy?" Harry repeated, turning around to face him, "Hm. That would depend on your viewpoint."

"Oh?" There was the barest trace of interest in his voice as he spoke, looking the boy over slightly, "Some of your associates would question that."

"Past associates," Harry corrected, "You've noticed the recent change of name, I am sure."

"Ah yes, Harrison Regulus Black, Heir to the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black. Quite the sudden change, after eleven years as the son of Potter. I hear they are doing rather well for themselves now."

"Yes, they are apparently." Harry agreed candidly, "As sudden as they may appear, it was always heading in this direction. It's a side effect of leaving one of your children on the doorstep of a muggle house."

Harry felt a surge of anger that wasn't his own, and the Dark Lord hissed, his magic suddenly snapping around him before it settled again.
"They did what?"

"Yes, you see they had absolutely no other options as it was just so important they focus on their special Rosie. After all she is so famous, they didn't want me to 'suffer.'" Harry told him blandly.

"They dare cast away a magical child!" He seethed, "They sent one blessed with Lady Magic's gifts to filthy muggles?"

"On the word of Dumbledore, of course."

"That loathsome man would see others suffer for his so called greater good." The Dark Lord spat, "Potter is nothing more than a weak minded sycophant, functioning merely to do Dumbledore's will. To send a child away… if any of my Death Eaters would have done such a thing they would have burned."

Narcissa truly wasn't exaggerating when she said the dark had a very strict believe in the next generation Harry surmised, quite moved by the passion in the man's voice; Salazar would have been proud to hear someone championing such actions.

"You understand my wish not to associate when them." Harry said quietly.

"I would have killed them."

"Trust me, if I could get away with it Potter wouldn't be on this earth." Harry snapped, "As it is, I am sure you haven't missed the obnoxiously bearded individual currently holding reign on this castle."

The Dark Lord snorted at the boy's description of Dumbledore; obnoxiously bearded, he would have to remember that one.

"You have worked out who I am and then still approached me; why? You must have a purpose, by your actions today no one other than your friend knows you are here."

"I have a proposition for you." Harry told him bluntly and Voldemort blinked slowly.

"You have a proposition for me?" He could not have sounded more incredulous if he tried. Harry didn't know whether to be affronted or amused by his reaction.

"Yes,"

"You are eleven."

"Its funny that I should be aware of that already given that I have lived those eleven years." Was Harry's deadpanned yes highly sarcastic response and Voldemort smirked, the brat's audacity amused him.

"I could kill you quite easily," He pointed out and Harry tilted his head.

"Actually, I do not believe it would be as easy as you think." Harry mused, "While I don't doubt you are incredibly powerful, beyond that, you are currently not in your own form and your core is not fully your own. And as it were, I do have my own power and tricks that would help me to evade you if needed."

"You speak of power yet I do not feel any magic coming from you."

"And you speak of feeling magic when I cannot feel yours," Harry countered immediately, "There are ways to hide your magic if you do not want anyone to feel it."
"Release it, show this power you speak so highly of." Voldemort goaded and Harry smirked. He saw what the man was doing, but he was willing to play along. The Dark Lord had already answered quite a few of his questions with his words on magical children, there would be few things to derail his preferred outcome now. Harry released the hold he kept on his magic, letting it fill the room and swim around them, though he made sure not to let it pass the room's borders. Harry didn't realise his eyes had fallen closed until they snapped open and he slowly breathed out.

"Most impressive," The Dark Lord's voice was smooth and layered in something Harry couldn't quite decipher.

"I like to think so, yes," Harry agreed without blinking.

"You have hidden your magic and obviously hidden my real identity for this proposition; what of it?"

"I believe we could be mutually helpful." He began.

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes, Rose Potter is supposed to be the one to destroy you-,

"She will not destroy me!"

Harry smirked.

"Oh I know, after all it was me you hit with the killing curse that night." He responded lightly. Harry noticed that the Dark Lord had stiffened quite a bit so he continued. "I believe your words were 'You are a powerful child, the one to defeat me. I would keep you alive if I knew you would join me but of course with your family there would be no chance.' If I remember correctly that is." Harry knew he was right, he had watched the memory many times and the slight widening of Quirrell's eyes, Riddle knew too.

"How?" It came out barely loud enough for Harry to hear.

"I have an eidetic memory and I became a master Occlumens at 10." Harry waved it off like it was unimportant, Voldemort decided he would come back to that.

"The light are pinning their hopes on the wrong person who has no remote talent. I will never join the light but I refuse to bow to anyone, it is not in my nature." Harry said and Voldemort smirked.

"Indeed, I had that same problem which is why I never followed Grindlewald."

Harry made a note to put that in his research.

"Currently, being only 11, I have no plans for the wizarding world; no doubt that will change. There are already many things I do not like. I do have the political ability as well as the gold to accomplish whatever I wanted but that is boring and it will not hold without allies and backing." Harry said to him, deciding to draw on all the times he had seen Salazar negotiate with someone. The man had been teaching him to do it himself, and Harry had negotiated on his behalf once or twice. It was much more thrilling this time, however.

"I want to be stood there when you tell the light that Rosina isn't the Girl-Who-Lived; that is going to be more beautiful than the purest of magic – no offence, dear Lady."

"Why come to me if you could politically do whatever you require?" Voldemort asked him.
"Why did you create your army when you could have done the same? I couldn't find any information on your mother's family as I didn't know her name but with your father's name you could have pulled a lot of sway."

"My father was a muggle."

Harry blinked.

"Tom Riddle Sr, died just under 50 years ago by the killing curse, Morfin Gaunt confessed, that Tom Riddle?"

"Yes, how did you know that?"

"I did a little research and I can safely say your father was an Unblessed - Squib, from a long line actually, the name 'Riddle' is a direct decedent from Le Fey." Harry explained eyes narrowed in thought, Voldemort blinked a few times.

"I looked in to my father, he was not on any records anywhere. How were you able to find something like this?" he asked curiously, if this was true then there would be a lot of things changing.

"The Riddle line wasn't based in this country, the line of Le Fey was thought to have died out when really the last one Cassiopeia Le Fey fled and married an Australian wizard by the name of Septimus Riddle, then I don't know how but the line ended up in the States and the last Wizard of the Riddle line attended the Salem Institute of Magic in 1865, Argon Riddle. He had a Squib, who came to this country as a babe because of his status and grew up as a muggle unknowing of his grand ancestors, called Thomas Riddle in 1880, who then had your father in 1905 who then had you obviously."

Harry explained running over his notes in his head to make sure he didn't miss anything.

"This was a little research?"

"Yes, I wanted to know what you were doing around Quirrell and for that I needed to know who you were, you have a trophy here and I started with that."

Voldemort shook his head, he would be worried to see what a lot of research was.

"Although glad of the information it doesn't explain how you were able to look in to my line so vigorously." He pointed out to the boy, who grinned.

"There is a handy loophole that the goblins will go around if you have enough sway with them. You can't find out information about a person directly but if you wanted to know about a name they can fill you in, the reason I couldn't find out about your mothers line is because I didn't know her name, I did however know the last Le Fey's name and that's how I found it married in to the Riddle line."

"That is a very handy loophole."

"Yes, I thought so."

"If I would have knew this when I was fifteen it would have saved me a lot of effort. I could only find my mother's line which is from Slytherin."

Harry froze completely, even his mind came to a crashing halt. Slytherin, he was of the Slytherin line, Salazar's line. He was to be the Lord Slytherin, this was the one last living Heir, the last of the born bloodline. Salazar refused to even give him a hint of who it would be, citing that it was for him to discover. Oh Harry would bet his Potions ability that the man sat imagining this meeting millions
of times, finding the entire situation absolutely hilarious each and every time. His chosen Heir, born
to one of the lightest current Houses also being the direct Heir of the Dark Lord, and not just any
Dark Lord, the Dark Lord behind the reason the entire situation happened. Harry burst out laughing
trying to even rationalise the situation, mentally planning to curse Salazar's portrait for his no doubt
hundreds of laughs at his expense.

"Would you care to share your sudden amusement?"

"I'm sorry, but it's almost tragic how unprepared they are going to be." Harry said, and that was an
understatement. This was almost unsettlingly perfect.

"Oh?"

In answer to the unasked question, Harry held up his hand and allowed his Black Heir ring to switch
to his Slytherin Heir ring and watched as Voldemort's eyes widened. He moved faster than Harry
could have predicted, snatching his hand in a surprisingly gentle movement for its ferocity, his finger
gently traced over the ring's design and the snakes suddenly came to life.

#Greetings, Lord to the Ancient Serpent House.#

#Greetings, Serpent House Guardians,#

#How may we serve our Lord on this day?# One snake asked.

#We remain vigilant in protecting the Heir.# The other said.

#He is definitely the Heir?#

#He has the approval from the Lord of All,# The first snake hissed.

#Continue your duties, Guardians,# Voldemort instructed, stepping back and giving Harry a look full
of questions.

"This should not be possible." He stated and Harry's lips quirked.

"You will find that there is a lot which most deem impossible that I can do. I do not believe in
impossible." Harry told him.

"You also know you will be explaining how this is possible. You do have Slytherin blood and magic
in you somehow as you wouldn't be able to wear the ring, you have been accepted. How I do not
know."

"An explanation can be given after we have settled my proposition." Harry offered, "The reason I
came here was because the future war is inevitable, and I won't be with the light."

"You are correct, there will be a war. Even if I were attempt it all politically, Dumbledore would not
rest until I am dead." Voldemort agreed, "But that is not all."

"No, as I have already said; I will not bow to anyone. But I have done my research in to you and
your cause, and you have answered basically all of my remaining questions today. I am interested in
joining your cause." Harry admitted and Voldemort considered the boy.

"Your new family might not be as happy with your choice."

"Have you not heard?" Harry asked, a smirk coming to his face, "The Black/Malfoy allegiance has
just been renewed, and Lucius is as loyal as ever."
Voldemort's eyes seemed to shine at that, and a smirk that didn't belong to Quirrell came to his face.

"That is pleasing."

"There are many that would definitely not agree with that thought." Harry said with a grin.

"I can imagine."

"Should I actually join your cause, I won't be a Death Eater. I would expect you to actually take in my input, I may be young now, but I won't be forever."

"I see,"

The fact that the Dark Lord didn't immediately dismiss the notion made Harry very happy, his mind was still whirling with the fact that he was talking to the very last of Salazar's born bloodline.

"What would you have to offer me in return for such an agreement?"

Here Harry gave him a smirk, he slowly reached in to his pocket, making sure all his movements were clear so it didn't come across as an attack, and withdrew the stone. He placed it on the desk between then and took a huge amount of gratification when the man's eyes widened and he sucked in a sharp breath.

"The Philosopher's Stone," He breathed, looking at the rock hungrily before snapping his gaze to the boy who had current possession of it.

"How?"

"I get bored very easily." Harry told him, "I have certain abilities and knowledge that made it particularly easy for me to access. It was only the final task, from Dumbledore, that gave us a slight hiccup."

"Why am I not surprised?"

"It was quite ingenious, as shameful as I feel to admit it. He used the Mirror of Erised, you had to want the stone but not use it; a category you don't fit in to."

"He knew I was after it, it was obvious as soon as I got here." Voldemort admitted, his attention going back to the Stone in question.

"Alongside my proposition, on the agreement of giving you the Stone, I wish to be allowed to experiment on it."

"And what would an 11 year old want to do with a legendary magical artefact?" Riddle asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Potions of course, it may help me with my research. I've only created 2 potions and I need three for my Mastery with honours, I'm trying to beat Snape who got his Mastery at 18 although he didn't have honours." Harry answered.

"Potions Mastery?"

"Yeah, you can't get a Mastery in Spell Craft so that's that out the window."

"I get a feeling you have a lot hidden."
Harry grinned.

"I do, I have explained some things to Sirius and Sev, but I left out Samhain; I wasn't speaking of that until I had spoken to you and gotten my answers." He shrugged.

"If you could keep it that way until I have my own body it would simplify things."

Harry nodded.

"So we are in agreement?" Harry confirmed.

"I will agree to your conditions as long as you adhere to mine." Voldemort decided after a minute of silence, "In the future, you will report to me before you go ahead with anything war related, you will not question my actions or my decisions in meetings or in front of any outside my Elite, and you will explain everything." The final word of that sentence was stressed and Harry almost grinned at the unsustainable curiosity, it was a Slytherin trait. Harry picked up the stone and casually tossed it in the air catching the Dark Lord's attention instantly, he followed the stone's movements with a gaze almost dangerously sharp. It was Harry's intention, because while the man may agree the boy wanted a safety net for himself and his family and for what he was about to try he needed the man distracted.

#You have laid your terms and so have I. Do we have a formal agreement, Lord Slytherin?#

#Our terms are agreed, Heir Black, Heir Slytherin# The Dark Lord agreed, a touch absently and Harry grinned. He felt the magic seal in the vow and almost breathed in relief. He had switched languages purposely, for you could not lie in Parseltongue and you could not break your word. Parseltongue was a language much more connected to Lady Magic herself than the human tongue, it was why it's spells more powerful and why you couldn't lie. You cannot lie to Lady Magic. He had just secured himself a very safe place for the future war and he was going to make the most of it. He held out the stone for the man to take, seeing no reason not to give it to him right away, to honour his word immediately.

"I ask that you, nor the young Heir Malfoy speak of this. Until I am in my own form, I wish to remain as dead as the public believes me to be. The only problem I foresee is Dumbledore, he will notice the stone is gone."

"Not likely, we stole it over a month ago." Harry told him.

"How does he not know?"

"He's traps were flimsy, it's a setup made for someone to get through. I simply replicated the stone and replaced it, he will be none the wiser until the end of the year in the least."

"I intend to be up and moving much before then." Voldemort brushed off, "Very well, I have much to do. It has been ten years." He threw Harry a scathing look, but the boy merely smiled up at him with a disgustingly innocent smile.

"When you listen to the words of a prophet, you deserve all the repercussions coming to you." Harry informed him chirpily, "Besides, I didn't do anything. That was all on Fate."

"I am going to regret this decision at a later date, I am sure of it." He decided, and Harry laughed.

"Probably,"

"Be gone, brat, and keep your silence." Voldemort dismissed, his words holding no real bite.
"Yes, oh mighty Lord of my House." Harry returned, sweeping in to a graceful yet obviously mocking bow. He ran away laughing when he found a sharp stinging hex coming towards him, slipping through the corridors to find a spot where he could gather his thoughts. Everything had just changed, even if nothing had yet to happen, it was all different and Harry already felt lighter.

The man would probably be slightly pissed when he remembered that Parseltongue made agreements binding, but he let a weakness be exploited so he would have to reap the repercussions. What Harry could not get over was the fact that he was Salazar's Heir, Harry wanted to laugh again at the irony of it all. What pride Salazar must have felt when Merlin told him that his last descendent was fighting for Lady Magic's full freedom, Harry shook his head.

He settled himself, knowing he needed to get back to the Great Hall for dinner, and when he cast a tempus he realised he was already late. He rushed down to the Hall, falling in with some older Slytherins, who cast him a disapproving look for being alone and ushered him in to the middle of their group; they were a very paranoid lot. Harry was directed down to the rest of the first years and he dropped down next to an oblivious Draco, who was busy staring at his plate like it was the most fascinating thing in the world.

"Not hungry?" He asked with a grin, causing Draco to jump violently and turn to face Harry as if he was a ghost.

"You're alive!" He whisper exclaimed.

"Yes, I said I would be fine."

"Yes but saying that and doing that with what idiotic move you just pulled off are two very different things, you prat!"

"Thank you for worrying about me, Draco." Harry said.

"I wasn't worried," He denied instantly, and Harry looked at him in obvious disbelief so he hurried to continue, "I just didn't want to be the one to tell everyone why you suddenly vanished."

"Ahh, I see," Harry said, nodding seriously. Harry started eating, not realising that he was actually starving as he didn't eat a proper breakfast due to his nerves. He and Draco were just finishing up when Quirrell hurried in, he hid his smirk when the man jumped a mile when he was offered food; that was true dedication right there. Harry left with Draco, Daphne and Tracey, discussing their History essay that Remus had given them recently. The conversation gradually drifted off of school related things, and the girls had Harry and Draco in tears of laughter as they gave a very amusing rendition of the expectations of Pureblood daughters and Heiresses at Yule season.

"His face when Daph told him exactly what he could do with correct spoons was the greatest thing I have ever seen," Tracey was telling them, grinning at her best friend's sheepish look.

"I know my formal etiquette perfectly, and I have never once caused a slight against House Greengrass. The fact that my father even dared put me in with Tori for lessons was insulting."

"I am sure you let him know how much." Harry joked; she merely smirked.

"I do love Italy in the Yule time."

"I thought the Heirs had it bad." Draco said with a shake of his head.

"There mere thought of having to go through three dress changes blows my mind." Harry agreed, "Each of them having to be different and yet still be within in theme or matching your partner. That's
"Just too much."

"Not to mention shoes, accessories and hair." Tracey reminded them.

"Yuck," they boys said together.

"Tracey, Daphne?" Pansy called, coming over with the rest of their year mates, "I've just gotten the pre-release for the Solstice, do you want to come and start selecting now. I am because I cannot go through another Yule like this one."

"Oo yes, that'll be a relief when I can just hand my mother the selections and wait for her approval of which ones." Tracey said in delight, "Daph?"

"I am right there." She agreed, "Bye boys," they boys waved as the girls vanished up to the dorms.

"I don't think I will ever say they have it easy again," Blaise muttered with a shudder.

"You get the horror story from Pansy?" Harry asked. Blaise and Theo nodded.

"I didn't even think of it when I saw Daphne's switch of dress this year at the Jugsons, but now Pansy explained what they go through…"

"Thank Merlin we were born male." Theo decided.

"Harry, have you got that book so me and Theo can finish off our essays?" Blaise remembered and Harry nodded, snapping his fingers and handing it to the boy.

"Just throw it on my trunk when you're done." The Black Heir told him, rising to his feet. He and Draco vanished up to the dorms, allowing the others to do their work in peace.

"So what happened?" Draco asked, when they were sat on his bed. Harry was sat opposite his friend and they both had their legs stretched out comfortably.

"He answered a lot of my questions, and I was happy with what he had to say. So we have come to an agreement and I gave him the stone."

"You have an agreement with the Dark Lord?" Draco repeated incredulously.

"Yeah, it's going to be great."

"I give up," He decided, throwing his hands up in the air. His best friend made his head spin, and it was just easier if he rolled with it. Though he did kick him when Harrison laughed.

Harry had a permanent skip in his step for an entire week after his meeting with the Dark Lord, Draco thought he was clinically insane but Harry didn't mind, it wasn't everyday you made a binding agreement with the greatest wizard of their time. Who also happened to be the last of his greatest mentor's born bloodline. The only thing putting any sort of downer was James Potter and his spawn. They were suspiciously quiet which raised questions, James didn't take unfair points off and Rose wasn't throwing comments left right and centre. It was highly unusual and Harry soon understood why when his father came striding over to him with a grim expression on his face.

"Harrison, Dumbledore wishes to see you." He informed him stiffly. Harry's entire body stiffened and he looked at his dad through narrowed eyes.

"Really now, and why is that?"
"I have no idea," Sirius sighed. The Blacks walked silently up to the Headmaster's office; when Sirius started naming random wizarding sweets Harry stepped away in alarm.

"What in Circe's name are you doing?"

"Dumbledore likes to make his password a different piece of candy every week." The man explained, his tone saying exactly what he thought of that, and Harry's lip curled.

"Of course he does," He pressed his hand to the gargoyle who recognised him and allowed them access with a cheerful wave, Harry grinned at his dad's astonished face.

"Heir remember,"

"Right,"

Harry was tempted not to knock but Sirius beat him to it and rapped sharply on the door, pushing it open when they were called in. Harry withheld his hiss when he saw all the Potters along with Dumbledore in the office.

"Headmaster, you wished to see me?" Harry asked in a forced polite tone. This was the manipulative bastard that convinced his parents in the first place, always believing he had the answers to everything. Dumbledore smiled a grandfatherly smile at him and motioned for him to sit.

"Ah yes, Harry, I haven't spoken to you this year, it is about time I have." He said kindly, "That is all Sirius,"

"Like hell it is, I won't let you attack my son without me present."

"He's not your son, Black," James spat and Harry noted that Lily winced and stepped back lightly, he narrowed his eyes slightly.

"Official documentation says otherwise, Potter,"

"Now lets all calm down, this situation can be resolved simply." Dumbledore told them all softly and Harry was tempted to snort; he was the creator of the mess in the first place.

"Sirius, why did you adopt Harry-,"

"Harrison," Harry corrected.

"Harrison," Dumbledore sent him a look which Harry ignored, "When he has a perfectly able family, did you do it out of spite? Using a child in your arguments is not the way Sirius and I'm disappointed in you."

Harry counted down the seconds until his dad exploded, Dumbledore had a great way with words.

"USE HIM!" Sirius yelled at him in utter disbelief, "How dare you accuse me of using a child that I love like my own, the reason he is now my son instead of that pathetic excuse of a wizard is because I wanted him and I actually give a fuck about him, I gave him the option and he chose me."

"The only reason he chose you is because he doesn't know you, he doesn't know what your family is like and he doesn't know how adoption works in the world, I expect you just gave him a potion and told him to drink it." James snapped and Sirius looked ready to kill him.

"If that was true then shouldn't you be asking why he was so willing to drink an unknown potion to get away from you?"
“Harrison, you haven't spoke yet.”

“There is nothing to say, I am happy with Sirius being my dad.”

“What of your aunt, did you not like living with her, she cared for you all these years.”

Harry sneered.

“The woman hated me and my very being, whoever thought it would be a good idea to place me there was clearly as thick as shit.”

Sirius smirked.

“I placed you there because it was unfair to leave you where you would be second best, young Rosina needs training.” Dumbledore told him in a voice which asked for an apology, Harry internally snorted.

“I stand by my original statement, thick as shit. She supposedly vanquished the Dark Lord on Samhain, why would she need training? Not that shows she's had any.” Harry replied nastily and Sirius' lip twitched.

“Do not speak to the Headmaster like that, it is disrespectful and I forbid you.” James snarled and Harry laughed coldly.

“Shut up, Potter, you're embarrassing yourself more than usual.”

“Why you disgusting little brat, you can see you've been associating with the wrong sort of people.”

Sirius hissed and Harry's fist clenched.

“I think I will have to place you back with your aunts instead of spending the summer with your parents and sister, it is clear that you are unable to adjust to your sister's fame. It is unfortunate but it is to be expected, it is why you were placed away in the first place.” Dumbledore sighed in a resigned way. Harry felt his angry rise and an unhealthy rate, how dare this man even try to interfere with his life? He had no power over him. “It is for the best, I believe after the summer away from everything you will appreciate what the Potters have done for you.”

“He is my son, he will be staying at Black Manor for the summer.” Sirius growled with his teeth bared, his anger teetering on the edge. James scoffed.

“Yes because it's best for him there,”

“What's that supposed to mean, Potter?” Sirius demanded, his tone holding warning.

“Look at your family! Black by name, black by nature; the darkest House in our world. You've just renewed your alliance with Malfoy, the boy had no hope with you.” James had an ugly look on his face and Harry just knew he would not like these next words. “Of course, you are mated to a werewolf, who knows what the boy will be exposed too with that around.”

The shock of white got rage that shot through Harry was stronger than he had ever felt and for once he didn't even think, he just launched himself at James aiming for the throat; how dare he use Moony's condition against him. Moony was a million times the better person and wizard that Potter would ever be. He was stopped in his tracks when Sirius grabbed him around the waist just in time and pulled him back, the Black Lord looked positively murderous as he held the struggling boy in his arms. Harry's magic was starting to leak out of his control and he glared at James and Sirius wasn't
"I will laugh as you die Potter," Sirius didn't raise his voice but it made the Potter Lord pale, he seemed to realise he had gone to far.

"I promise you now, Potter," Harry snarled still struggling to get to him, "I will personally be there when you die and I will try my hardest to kill you myself." Harry's hair started to ruffle as his magic picked up, with one last scathing look to the occupants Sirius wrenched his son from the room.

"You need to calm down," Sirius hissed and Harry laughed.

"Calm down, after that, you have got to be fucking kidding me." Harry told him, "You should have let me kill the bastard,"

"In front of the Headmaster, you are going to be watched now after what just happened."

"I don't care, he will not get away with what he just said about uncle Moony,"

Sirius growled.

"No he won't, I'll strangle the prick myself."

Harry stopped struggling and let Sirius readjust his grip on him.

"I cannot believe the nerve of the Headmaster, who does he think he is?"

"A meddling old fool."

"I swear if James comes near me I won't be responsible for my actions," Harry warned and Sirius chuckled coldly.

"If he even looks at me I won't be responsible for my actions, by all means go ahead as long as nothing leads back to you."

Harry's smirk was positively sinister.

"Oh don't worry, nothing will be proven."

They were back at the marauder pad where Sirius muttered the password and stepped in.

"Are you calmer now?"

"Not really but I won't immediately go and kill him." Harry replied.

"Kill him?" Remus repeated alarmed. Sirius took three big steps and kissed him, Harry grinned before clearing his throat.

"I have innocent eyes."

Remus blushed and Sirius rolled his eyes.

"Says the one planning murder,"

"Yes with probably reason."

"I'm guessing the meeting didn't go well," Remus hedged and both faces darkened.
"That would be a slight understatement, Moony." Sirius ground out.

"How bad did it go?"

"I had to physically retrain Harry from killing James with his bare hands."

Remus' eyes widened and his attention snapped to the furiously pacing boy, he knelt down in front of Harry to stop him, Harry threw himself at him wrapping him tightly in a hug.

"If you ever listen to anything that comes out of James Potter's mouth I'll permanently take away all your books and ward the library against you." Harry told him in a muffled voice, Sirius smiled slightly.

"Ok, Cub,"

"I'll come with you to see Sev, you've missed his lesson."

"What I've missed potions!" Harry yelped.

"Sorry, Pup,"

"I'll shave his damn beard." Harry vowed under his breath, Remus chuckled catching it.

"Go on, Cub, and be good." Remus warned and Harry gave him an angelic smile.

"You know me,"

Sirius rolled his eyes and they left for the dungeons, Harry's class was just coming out when they got there and Harry grumbled to himself. Snape was at his desk when they went in and he looked up with a raised eyebrow.

"Potter Sr and Dumbledore," Sirius stated.

"I see, shall I expect extra joyous behaviour from it?"

"Yes, unless he mysteriously disappears then Harrison got to him."

Harry shrugged.

"It went well then," Snape said dryly and Sirius scoffed.

"Very, I have never wanted to AK someone as badly as I did James Potter in the office." The Black Lord ran a hand through his hair.

"Surprisingly, I am surprised."

"What did we cover today?" Harry asked getting his mind off of the unpleasantness.

"Nothing you don't know, and the homework is a foot on the properties of Moonstone." Harry nodded.

"I'm going flying," He told them and left with a nod, he trudged to the common room and went to change. Draco took one look at him immediately knew something bad had happened.

"I'll get your broom,"

Harry nodded and threw his things down, he went down to the pitch where Draco was there with his
broom. Harry kicked off and did some loops to relieve his tension, he went in to a nose dive relishing in the adrenalin pumping in his veins and pulled up in the very last second his toes grazing the grass.

"Harrison, are you insane" Draco yelled at him and Harry grinned feeling better.

"That felt good,"

"I refuse to watch from now on, I'm going to die young." He complained dramatically and Harry rolled his eyes.

"Wanna go?" Harry held out the broom and Draco grinned.

"Do you need to ask?" The blond kicked off and Harry was impressed, he handled the change of broom well.

"Are you trying out for chaser next year?" Harry asked him when he was back on the ground.

"I don't know,"

"You are now, you'll be great, uncle Lucius will get you a broom."

"I tell him I'm trying out and he probably will." Draco agreed.

"Hopefully he will get you a Nimbus."

"If he doesn't, I'll tell mother." They grinned; Narcissa spoiled them.

Quirrell disappeared suddenly at the end of March leaving the teachers in a mess, Harry couldn't help the smirk that came to his face when Dumbledore made the announcement. Draco raised an eyebrow and Harry's smirk stretched, he wasn't surprised the Dark Lord moved quickly. They didn't have a cover teacher at the time so all DADA classes were cancelled apart from NEWT's and OWL's, Harry had another skip in his step and it made ignoring Potter and his spawn all that easier.

He was keeping an eye on Lily though, she was pale and withdrawn lately and Harry couldn't help but think that there was something serious going on behind the scenes, he couldn't remember the last time he saw her speak or eat properly. He shouldn't but he was getting concerned, Harry could see that she had lost a lot of weight through the glamours she applied, he would continue to watch her and he would ask Sirius later. Draco dragged him to the library with Theo and Blaise to finish their homework after breakfast and Harry rolled his eyes.

"You know I've finished mine right?"

"Yes, which is why you're coming with us." Draco stated like it was obvious and Harry shook his head.

"Of course oh great one,"

"Glad to see you understand," Draco sniffed and Harry laughed giving him a shove. They grabbed a table and Harry helped them with their Charms and History essays, he added extra to his own Potions one and it was now triple the length but he doubted Snape would mind.

"How do you know so much about Potions?" Theo complained and Harry grinned.

"If I tell you something you have to keep it a secret," Harry told them lowering his voice, they nodded eagerly.
"I'm applying for my Mastery with honours in the summer hopefully, I'm hoping to set a record."

Theo and Blaise gaped and Draco shook his head.

"I didn't think you would be doing it this summer, I thought maybe Yule."

"If everything works out I can experiment in the summer and they apply, if not then it will be Yule. Speaking of Potions, I am due to be with Snape in around 1 minute and I don't particularly want to be late." Harry said and they nodded.

"He will murder you,"

They all cleared up their things and hurried out, sticking to the Slytherin rules. Unfortunately luck was not on their side and they ran in to Rosina, though she was alone so they had the upper hand; it didn't stop her though.

"Thank Merlin you are not in our family any more, we wouldn't want something like you to tarnish our perfect name." She sneered. Harry snorted at the irony of her words and shook his head.

"Your name doesn't need me to tarnish it, they have you for that. I couldn't think of a bigger tarnish if I tried." He replied brightly and she glared at him, her cheeks flushing.

"You'll always be second best." She snapped, "Black only adopted you because he felt sorry for you."

"Of course he did." Harry agreed.

"You're nothing compared to me."

"Wrong, Rosie dearest." Harry informed her, "I'm better than you'll ever be. Now, if you don't mind, we have somewhere to be and it doesn't involve your presence." He stepped around her, the other Slytherin's followed his lead. He heard a muttered spell from behind and threw up a shield around them all, walking towards Rosina with flashing eyes.

"Did you just try to hex us as we walked away?" He demanded.

"You are just lucky it didn't hit."

"Not only is that so wrong its not even funny, but there are four of us here. Where did you think this situation was going to go?" Harry said to her in disbelief, "Even if it did hit you would have been hexed in the next second."

"You don't know that. I can take you all."

The Slytherins burst out laughing at that, truly wondering about her blind arrogance.

"You are not worth our time, Potter." Draco told her, shaking his head in disgust. Rosina was fuming, her face was bright red and her fist was clenched around her wand. Draco's words seemed to push her because she tried to hex him only to find herself frozen by Harry. His eyes were narrowed in anger and it was only his hold on his magic keeping her upright, he suddenly released it, letting her drop back and shared a look with the other Slytherins.

As a silent agreement, they didn't turn the opportunity down and stuck her frozen form to the wall, changed her to Slytherin green and silver and wrote: *I should not attempt to hex those who are better at me.* They shared a grin and hurried down to the dungeons, sharing a grimace of pity for Harry as
he was now very late to Snape's extra lesson.

"Good luck," they murmured, walking off as Harry knocked and was granted entrance.

"I am so sorry, I had a run in with Potter spawn." Harry explained and Snape nodded.

"As long as you didn't do anything to get caught,"

Harry shifted a little.

"Well we might have gone a bit OTT, but it's her word against ours."

Snape's eyebrow rose.

"We?"

"The designated group we are to travel in," Harry answered evenly.

"What did you do?"

"Now why would I want to ruin the surprise?"

"Get on with your potions brat,"

Harry grinned and did just that.

"I'm set to break your record." Harry said to him and he chopped up some roots.

"Which one?"

"You have more than one?"

"Youngest Potions Mastery and highest Mastery score,"

"Well then both,"

"Oh?"

"Yup, applying for my Mastery with honours in the summer, if this potion works that is."

"Impressive, I have no doubt you could accomplish it. You are one potion behind though," Snape pointed out.

"Yeah, but if everything goes to plan, this summer I should be able to experiment with new material and I will have access to all of my vaults and properties. I know Salazar has left research for me and a hoard of ingredients and cuttings, he promised he would. They will open up a whole world of opportunities, and in it will contain the partially developed research for my Mastery submittal paper." Harry explained to him, and Severus looked very interested.

"You have already completed your paper."

"Well, I don't want to sound too arrogant but it was approved by Salazar Slytherin so…" He trailed off with a shrug and Severus conceded he did have a point. Salazar Slytherin was the Master of all Masters when it came to Potions, so if he approved Snape would consider it absolutely fine. Harry stirred the cauldron and it went a soft pink colour, he left it on the boil until it was a clear pink colour, Harry added crushed unicorn horn and the potion changed to a clear blue. He let it simmer stirring it
3 times every 5 minutes and he continued to make notes, he sniffed it and frowned.

"It looks about right but it smells off." Snape looked it over and ladled some in to a phial, he spun it around and smelled it. He frowned and carefully let a drop drip on to his finger. Nothing happened for a second or two and then the finger slowly started to disappear like someone had cast a disillusion to it.

"That's pretty cool," Harry said.

"Yes, you may want to note down this as a back up for your third potion, liquid disillusion has never been done before especially as something that didn't have to be consumed."

Harry nodded and wrote down the exact instructions with the effects; he would have to create an antidote before it would be complete. Harry continued adding ingredients to the potion for his vanishing idea when Snape caught his attention.

"Is it me, or is the disillusion not stopping?"

Harry looked at his had and where just a finger had disappeared now was nearly his whole hand, Harry's eyes widened in shock.

"Oh that can't be good,"

Snape tried a *Finite* but it only fed to speed up the process.

"There isn't an antidote for this is there?" Harry wondered aloud as he set the cauldron to simmer for an hour and began setting up another one where he immediately followed his own instructions to make the pour on disillusion.

"No and I would appreciate being able to see my arm." Snape stated, pulling up his sleeve revealing his slowly disappearing arm, Harry cursed.

"I need to make it again before I can neutralise it then reverse it." Harry muttered, working as fast as possible all the while watching the other simmering cauldron. Snape looked over the recipe and started putting counter ingredients on the station and preparing. They worked silently chopping, crushing, slicing and stirring, Snape was slowly disappearing and it was really weird to watch as the man was still working but he wasn't visible, it looked like a set of robes had been animated.

"This is so strange," Harry commented, quickly taking his first cauldron off the heat and adding one Ashwider egg before stirring 7 times counter clockwise and setting it back on the heat. The disillusion potion finally settled on the needed clear blue and Harry sighed.

"Counter the unicorn horn and the Monkswood first then let it simmer." Snape said and Harry nodded.

"Then add powdered moonstone and 3 'corn hairs before bringing it to the boil." Harry got the impression that Snape nodded even though he couldn't see the man. Their silent vigil was broken when Sirius came in and froze at the sight.

"What in Merlin's name happened?"

"Potions accident, now be quiet, I do not relish the thought of being stuck like this." Came Snape's voice, Sirius span around looking for the man and Harry laughed.

"The robes, dad,"
Sirius balked.

"What did you do?"

"New potion by Harrison, quite ingenious really but there is no counter."

"You tested a potion without an antidote?" Sirius asked incredulously.

"We didn't realise it would have this effect without being drank." Harry explained, stirring the potion and it went a matte blue, he continued to stir as he added in the Monkswood and it changed to a vivid green.

"This is weird," Harry snickered before hastily covering, he could feel Snape's glare and he stepped back to let the cauldron simmer, checking on his first potion and grinned; it was slowly changing.

"Add the moonstone now bit by bit," Snape told him and Harry sprinkled it in slowly and the potion changed to a pale orange. "Now the hairs,"

Harry tossed them in and it lit up to a bright yellow, he stirred three times clockwise and it mellowed to a soft yellow, Harry took it off the heat and ladled some in to a phial for Snape. The Potions Master swirled it around and sniffed it, Harry couldn't help but notice it was incredibly weird to watch someone examine a potion when they couldn't see him and Sirius seemed to agree by the look on his face. One drop fell on to air and sunk in.

They all waited with baited breath to see if anything would happen when a pale finger started to appear, Harry breathed in relief as it spread and the rest of Snape became visible, he checked on the other potion and stirred it before looking up at the Potions Master, what he saw made him freeze. Harry's jaw dropped in shock and Sirius began choking, Snape was visible again but he was different.

"Why do I feel different and why are you looking at me like that?" Snape demanded and Harry just shook his head wordlessly, he conjured up a mirror and handed it to him; Snape's jaw dropped. He no longer had sallow unhealthy skin, his hair wasn't lank and greasy looking and his nose had lost its obvious hook. There was silence except the simmering cauldron in the lab as they took in the shock, everyone, including the man himself, was gazing at Snape in some sort of awe.

"What…" Harry couldn't manage anything else.

"I…" Severus Snape was for once in his life completely speechless.

"Miracle juice," Sirius burst out and it seemed to snap Snape from his shock because he glared at the animagus and with the new look the glare was worse, Harry laughed.

"I don't even know what we just created but it obviously has good effects." He quickly scribbled down the instructions underneath the disillusion ones.

"I don't think there have been any bad effects." Severus murmured and waved his wand over himself, the diagnostic came up clear and Harry grinned.

"Well we know who clearly the genius here is." He stated.

"I only came down here to ask you if you stuck Rosina to the wall." Sirius pointed out and Harry adopted an all too innocent look.

"I do not know who stuck her to the wall in Slytherin colours with the warning not to hex someone
who could beat her any day in a duel without his I mean their wand."

"Did you use your wand?" Snape sighed and Harry scoffed.

"I don't even know where it is."

"Harrison, please learn to use your wand." Sirius told him and Harry snapped his fingers making his wand pop up in front of him, he strapped it to his wrist and looked pointedly at his dad, who grinned.

"I shall be leaving you two dungeon dwellers and I look forward to dinner." Sirius left and Snape rolled his eyes.

"Come, you have two more steps before your vanishing potion is done and has to cool. Then you have to begin the counter," Harry nodded and added the next ingredient after taking it off the heat, he continued to stir the cauldron every 15 seconds and on the 5th stir he added a counter clockwise one. Harry continued this for 5 minutes when the potion stills on a shimmering silver/grey colour, he grinned setting it back to cool and began the counter potion.

It wasn't that hard because they had a base already made so he just went from there, the counter was a flat coal colour and not at all appealing. Snape and bottled up the disillusion potion and its counter so they had 8 phials of each. When everything was clear and put away Harry scooped out a phial and sniffed it, he nodded to himself and swirled it around.

"Bezoar at the ready?" he asked and Snape just looked at him with a look that said everything, Harry grinned.

"Right, Potions Master, stupid question. Well here goes,"

Before Snape could speak against his next actions, Harry downed the concoction wrinkling his nose at the taste. It felt as if someone was pouring cold gloop through his veins, he could feel it spreading.

"Feels strange," he commented and when he could feel the potion over his entire body he vanished from sight, he was completely gone from all trace, Snape could no longer feel the boy's magic or sense his presence at all.

"It works, you're completely gone."

"Yes!" Harry cheered, he picked up the counter and drank it, it was the opposite feeling of having warm gloop pushed through his veins and when it was everywhere he popped in to sight again.

"Two potions and two counters all in," he cast a tempus and blinked, "6 hours,"

"Impressive, these should grant you the Mastery."

"Hopefully but I still want to experiment in the summer, all depends on what happens." Harry said, charming his phials as unbreakable.

"Oh, and you're expecting things to happen this summer?" Snape drawled and Harry smirked.

"Most definitely, I believe we will be in for a very interesting summer." Harry replied evasively.

"I will not get a straight answer,"

"I have been told not speak of late happenings, someone has a lot to get in order after 10 years of absence." Harry looked at Snape and his eyes flicked to his left arm where he knew the Dark Mark to be situated. The Potions Masters eyes widened slightly before it was covered.
"Summer will be interesting,"

"Very."

Chapter End Notes

Always good to hear from you guys!!
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for continuing to read!

#Parsel#

Un'beta'd

I'm not J.K

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Chapter 11:**

Harry was buzzing for the hall to fill up for breakfast, he had dragged Draco up early, much to the blond's disgust, he hadn't told him why just that he had to see something. Harry decided not to tell him about his Godfather's transformation yet because he wanted to see his friend's reaction. When they went to the hall, Harry had deliberately mentioned Snape so Draco would look at him and he hadn't been disappointed; Draco's jaw had dropped and his eyes widened comically.

"What in Merlin's name happened to uncle Sev?" He squeaked, to Harry's utter amusement; the Black Heir had burst out laughing and dodged out of the way of the fist aimed for him.

"I told you I wanted to show you something." Harry said after calming down. Draco rushed to the Head table and stopped in front of Severus who was looking at his Godson in amusement.

"Good Morning, Draco."

"What happened?"

"Miracle juice," Sirius answered cheerfully, sitting down next to Snape and hissing at the stinging hex thrown at him.

"Shut it, Black."

"Which one?" Harry and Sirius asked together and Severus sighed.

"Merlin, help me."

"You still haven't told me what happened." Draco pointed out.

"Harrison and I had a potions accident and the antidote did this."

Draco's pale eyebrows rose and he turned to Harry.

"You did this?"

"On accident, yes,"

"By accident cub," Remus corrected, taking his own seat and picking up some toast. "Nice new look
Severus, it suits you."

"Thank you, see Black, that's how you compliment someone politely."

"I didn't say anything." Harry said with a grin, Snape shot him a light glare to which Harry looked back innocently.

"I still don't know how this happened, maybe it just reversed all the damage your potions made." Harry suggested.

"It could be," Snape agreed, "I have brewed many toxic potions during my time as a Master, some of them would have left their mark."

Sirius slung his arm over Snape's shoulder with a grin.

"Well keep the juice available, just in case." He received another stinging hex, this time to his face but thankfully his mate was there to block it for him. The rest of the population started coming in and as soon as they caught sight of Snape whispers spread like wild fire. Harry flashed a grin at his Professor and wandered back to the table, Snape scowled as Sirius snickered at him but then sighed as he realised he would have to get used to it. Severus Snape was the sole topic of conversation during the entire breakfast much to the man's displeasure and the Harry's endless amusement.

The reaction that caught Harry's attention was when Lily Potter entered, she was alone and Harry noticed the glamours again and the fact that she seemed to be limping slightly. She glanced at Severus and stopped, she was looking at him unconditional awe and adoration, it was a look that Harry had never seen on her face and it only raised more questions in his mind. When James came in she flinched again and hurried to the head table, Harry's eyes narrowed as he followed her up, there was definitely something going on with her and Harry made a note to watch her more closely. They went to lesson and it seemed that Snape was a new celebrity, everywhere Harry went the Potions Master was mentioned and some of it was alarming.

Many of the older students had been fantasising about the man, none of it very innocent at all and Harry and Draco had fun imagining Snape's reaction. The group of first years ended up blushing scarlet and hurrying away when they overheard a particularly detailed fantasy from two older Hufflepuffs; none of them would ever be repeating that.

"It wouldn't surprise me if he has killed by dinner." Draco commented lowly, coming out of the Potions classroom. Snape had been absolutely brutal during the lesson, even the Slytherins had to tread carefully.

"I'm surprised he didn't murder Brown with that glare alone." Harry added and hastily left when Snape glared at him.

,"I forgot he had unusually good hearing,"

"I heard that, Black."

"Sorry, Professor handsome," Harry replied and then froze in absolute horror. Draco gaped at him and Harry couldn't believe he just said that to the man, it was what Brown and Patil had been whispering in the class; why would he say that?

"Run very fast and very far away." Draco advised and Harry didn't need telling twice. He ran for it, making sure Draco was following him, leaping through many passageways, jumping up steps two at a time and finally falling in to the marauders pad.
"DAD!"
Sirius came out of the bedroom looking alarmed.

"What is it?"

"Sev, he's going to murder me." Harry gasped just as Draco stumbled in.

"Are you insane, you made fun of him in this mood?"

"I wasn't supposed to say it our loud." Harry moaned.

"He's heading this way."
Harry yelped as the portrait was hammered on, running over to hide behind he hid behind Sirius pulling Draco with him.

"Open the damn door, Black. I know Black Jr is in there and I'm going to wring his neck."

"What is Merlin's name did you do?" Sirius asked in shock and Harry wrinkled his nose.

"I made a funny comment, which he would have found funny if he wasn't in his murdering mood, and I said it loudly too him."

"I can here you, Blacks."
Sirius carefully opened the portrait hole and Harry dived behind the sofa with his eyes peaking up.

"Wait until I get my hands on you, Black."

"Come on, Sev, you know it's kind of funny. I mean you should here the 5th year Puffs; you're now more favoured that dad."

Both Sirius and Severus stopped.

"What!?"

"Yeah, with your dark, mysterious attitude and oh so smooth voice which is just so mesmerising," Harry put on a high girls voice and batted his eyelashes. Draco tried and failed to cover his laughter up and ended up clutching his sides as he collapsed laughing at the expression on Snape's face.

"I'm sorry?"

"Yup, it's kind of disturbing. I would ward your quarters and office tighter, you have some rabid fans."

That got Sirius, who joined Draco in laughing and while the pair of them were trying to control their breathing, Remus walked in.

"I definitely have to warn Severus. I just had some 7th year Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs and they were practically drooling over the fact they had a double Potions slot tomorrow, some serious fantasies going on in their minds- oh hello, Severus."

Harry was nearly choking as he laughed at Severus' expression of horror, he, Draco and Sirius were practically rolling on the floor and they all had tears streaming down their faces.
"Oh Merlin," Draco gasped, taking a huge breath in, "Wait until I tell father about this." Snape collapsed on to the nearest chair with his head in his hands.

"I hate you all," He groaned.

"That's ok, Mr dark and mysterious." Sirius chirped and that sent them laughing again. Snape threw them a mutinous look before stalking out.

"I have a feeling this is going to last a while." Remus chuckled.

"I hope so."

Remus was right in his statement, Severus Snape was the talk of the school until the build up of Quidditch, the man practically hid in the dungeons until things had died down and Harry had caught sight of a petal from a red rose on the mans office floor, when he had innocently asked if Snape liked roses he was on the receiving end of a well aims stinging hex. It brought copious amount of amusement to Sirius who had turned up at one of Harry's extra potions lessons with a bouquet of flowers and a box of chocolates declaring his love for the 'dark and mysterious' professor, Harry had laughed so hard he had nearly stopped breathing and he ruined his potion, Snape physically threw a cauldron at the grim animagus and it hit him in the head; he hadn't done it again.

When everything had calmed from Snape, other things began. Tensions were high in the castle as the Quidditch final approached. It was Slytherin v Gryffindor and the whole castle was waiting for it, since it had come out that Gryffindor had managed to match the Slytherin House on points it had been decided that they would have a tie breaker with the winner taking the cup. Harry had been practicing like crazy and he could be seen perfecting some of the deadliest moves seen on a broom. He was determined to beat the Lions no matter what the cost, after the meeting with the Headmaster and the Potters he was more eager. James Potter and Sirius were at heads, it was the thing that drove Snape from everyone's minds, and at times it had nearly came to wands, the Black Lord would not let the slur against his mate go unpunished and James was a fool.

Harry was also putting more in to his studies, he was at the top but he always did extra, especially in Potions for his mastery. He had been working with Draco too, the blond was second overall and they intended it to stay that way for the remainder of the year. Because of the match, there had been more people in the hospital wing than all year, each house was trying to injure the opposition; mainly the seekers and both Rosina and Harrison could be seen with guards to watch their backs just in case. Unfortunately for the Gryffindors, the Slytherins were cunning and sly and, because of this, many of the Gryffindor team had been hit with a variation of hexes; the only ones not hit were the twins because no one was stupid to have the twins after them.

On the day of the match, the Gryffindor team entered the Great Hall with massive applause from the Lions and Puffs and boos from the snakes, of course not to be outdone by the opposing team, the Slytherins entered with style. With a burst of black flames from Harry, the Snakes, clad in green and silver, stepped in as one and walked towards their table, the applause echoed and Harry smirked as their house got to their feet in support. There were bets flying around the room during breakfast and the anticipation was growing in alarming rates until Flint couldn't take it and ordered them to the changing rooms.

"Pull off something amazing." Draco said with a smirk which Harry returned.

"How else is it done in Slytherin?" He nodded to his dad, Remus and Snape before following his team out.
"Right, this is the last game and we will win." Flint told them in the changing room, he was pacing and giving them all the eye.

"We have beaten the kittens before and you can damn well believe I expect you to do it again."

"You know we will win, Marc. Have you seen Harrison training? He got some serious moves."
Pucey assured him and the team murmured in agreement.

"I have and if you don't get that snitch you can say goodbye to your place on this team, do the impossible." Flint ordered him in a growl.

"The snitch is mine." Harry agreed with a sharp nod. They could hear the crowd outside filling the stands and blanked their faces. Harry gripped his broom and took a deep breath as they walked out to the cheers when they were announced and faced Gryffindor as Madam Hooch stepped up.

"Captains shake hands." She ordered and Harry saw Wood's hand go white as Flint crushed it. Giving the other Captain credit, none of the pain or discomfort was shown on his face and he seemed to give as good as he got.

"Mount your brooms." She instructed and as they climbed on the bludgers were released with the snitch. She picked up the quaffle, eying them all carefully, and threw it in to the air.

"AND THE GAME BEGINS." Lee Jordan was commentating again and Johnson snatched the quaffle. Harry rose above the game and immediately began searching for the elusive golden ball, knowing that he had to catch it fast. The twins were marking him expertly and he had to swerve and dodge multiple bludgers, he flashed them a grin and dived out of their strike range, swooping through the other players and the bludger which would have hit him slammed in to Spinet knocking her off course. Fred gave him a clap and Harry mock bowed just in time as a Bludger sailed past his head coming from a grinning George. Harry shook his head and flew off. The game got dirty very quickly, each time a point was scored it was matched by the other team and both were resorting to numerous fouls to gain the one up.

It was gruelling as much as it was thrilling, and Harry had a great time performing all kinds of stunts to make sure all bludgers directed at him ended up hitting the other other team and making sure their plays were disrupted. Harry saw the snitch and dived. All three chasers flew directly at him making him lose sight of the snitch and giving him no options apart from a collision or jump, he picked up speed and pulled the same move as he did in the first flying lesson; he jumped. Leaping off his broom and over Katie Bell's head to land on his broom the other side, he smirked at their astonished faces and sped off. The score was 150 - 170 to Slytherin but there was no end in sight after two hours so Flint called for a time out and they all flew down.

"This is pathetic, get your act together. I don't care if you knock the bastards out of the air." Flint snarled. "Black, get that damn snitch soon and Warrington, if you let in another goal I will put you in the hospital wing myself."

They all nodded and kicked off again, determined to do better. The Snakes came back with a vengeance and in the next five minutes they had scored 8 goals. The Lions, furious at losing, started to pull more awful fouls: Wood threw the quaffle at Pucey's head, Johnson aimed a shot to the ribs at Flint, but the worse was Spinet grabbing a bat from one of the twins and whacking a bludger at Jugson, hitting him right in the groin. Every male who saw it winced and Jugson dropped like a rock, the poor teen had tears in his eyes as he knelt on the pitch and Flint, who was fuming over the foul, missed the penalty. Out of the corner of his eye Harry spotted a flash of gold and shot off, Rose had already seen it so he was playing catch up which was never a good thing but he wouldn't let her beat him so he flattened his body to the handle and picked up speed. Two bludgers flew at him and he
rolled in the air to miss them, his focus unwavering.

Harry finally caught up with Rosina when the snitch changed course and shot up, Harry was better accustom to the move and shot up straight away whereas Rose lagged a bit giving Harry an advantage. They followed the golden ball higher until it levelled out and they chased it, Rose swerved in front of him and had her arm out to catch the snitch but Harry jumped again and snatched it right out of her hand before it closed. He was about to land on his broom when Rose sped up and forcefully slammed in to his side, Harry felt a rib crack and hissed, he went to grab his broom but Rose kicked it out of his reach and he fell. People screamed as Harry plummeted through the air from well over 50ft, Harry's mind, in a moment of absolute horror, went completely blank and by the time the thought of using his control over the air actually registered it was much too late, he slammed in to the ground and felt white hot pain flare over his entire body before everything went black.

Even from the stands the sickening crack that was Harry's body hitting the floor was heard and he didn't move. The commotion that erupted in the stadium was like nothing ever seen before, the Slytherin side of the stands were screaming in outrage and the team itself were in two halves; some went to Harry while the others went for Rosina in a rage. She flew off, only just missing the bludgers sent after her and the quaffle Flint had launched at her head, she managed to get back to the ground and hide behind her father, who had rushed on to the pitch as soon as the Snakes went after her. Everyone saw the huge black Grim bolting on to the pitch as a ghostly white Remus followed, keeping pace due to his Lycanthropy and a somewhat green Malfoy Heir.

"He has a pulse," Sirius gasped, catching a very feint one. He turned to Draco, who looked like he was about to collapse, with huge eyes.

"Get your mother here right now. I don't know if he's going to make it."

Draco was already running off before Sirius had finished speaking, leaving the Black Lord to pick Harry up and run to the Hospital wing. The only thing Sirius could think of was how much blood there was and the fact that his little boy was minutes away from death. Draco had darted down to his Godfather's quarters to floo over to Malfoy Manor and run off to find his mother, barely able to see where he was going through his tears.

"Mother, where are you?" He yelled, "Mother?"

He almost physically ran in to the woman in question as she hurried out of the parlour at the sound of her son's distressed voice.

"Draco, my darling, whatever is the matter?" She wondered, "Why are you away from school."

"Mother you must come right away," He insisted, pulling her in the direction of the floo, "Harrison is dying!"

"Excuse me?" She gasped, "Dying, how?"

"Potter knocked him out of the air from over fifty feet." Draco managed to explain, still pulling her towards the floo, "Mother there was so much blood!"

Narcissa's eyes widened and she snapped for an elf, her steps picking up speed instantly.

"Fetch me my full healing kit and tell Lucius to get to Hogwarts Hospital wing right away, Harrison is hurt." By the time they reached the fireplace, her kit had been delivered and Lucius had caught up with them. They hurried through the system, making their way quickly to the Hospital wing without haste, running in to a very pale Severus.
"How bad is it, Severus?" Lucius asked and none of them took it as a good sign when he shook his head.

"The fact that he is still alive baffles me." He admitted, and then Narcissa was gone. She forwent all decorum and full out ran to the wing, bursting in interrupting the huge argument going on between an absolutely furious Sirius and an irate nurse.

"Everyone out," Narcissa commanded, already waving her wand over the unconscious child.

"Now see here-,"

"This is my nephew and if you all do not leave so I can save his life I will bring all the power of the Blacks, Malfoys and Rosiers down upon you. GET OUT!"

Lady Narcissa Malfoy was the epitome of calm and composed, known for her unwavering decorum and perfect public behaviour, so to see her lose her cool was not only surprising it was terrifying and the room was cleared instantly. Outside in the corridor, the tension could have been cut with a knife. Remus was pacing furiously, his eyes an inhuman amber and growls slipping out between his bared teeth as Moony overtook more of the rational man's mind. Sirius wasn't faring any better, his hands were shaking violently and his magic was flaring beyond his control, his mind seemingly only focused on the worst case scenario.

Time passed very slowly and it wasn't until well over an hour later did anything happen, Draco, who had taken solace in his father's arms, looked up and his narrowed when he caught sight of their unwelcome guests. His movement was noticed by his father, who indicated to the other three men the arrival for the Potters and Dumbledore. The four newcomers completely ignored Remus' dangerous snarl of warning, but the others knew better so Severus and Lucius, once had put his son down, took up positions behind the fuming werewolf to be safe.

"Ah, what is Poppy doing away from her wing? Someone is needed to heal young Harry from his little accident." Dumbledore's too cheerful words were met with looks of utter disbelief tinges with rage, and if ever his sanity wasn't already in question it would have been at that very moment.

"Surely you cannot believe that this was an accident?" Snape finally said, managing to get the words out before everyone else, "We all saw what happened."

Dumbledore shook his head sadly, James and Rose smirked but Lily just looked at the floor with her shoulders hunched.

"Quidditch is a dangerous game, terrible things happen."

"You're insane, she slammed in to him and kicked his broom away." Sirius spat.

"The snotty brat clearly hasn't got any talent on a broom if he can't take a small nudge, you didn't see Rosie falling from her broom and having such a fuss made out of it." James sneered and Remus lunged only to be yanked back by the two men behind, he was snarling and growling with glowing amber eyes and James stepped back in alarm.

"Keep that beast away from me, it isn't only the boy who has got problems."

As Remus was being restrained there was no one to stop Sirius pulling back his fist and smacking it straight in to James' face, Sirius didn't stop there, he tackled James to the floor and kept punching him until James fought back. It turned in to a full brawl until Dumbledore flicked his wand and pushed them forcefully away from each other, Sirius had a cut lip and a bruise appearing on his jaw but James was a mess: his nose was bleeding, his lip was split, both his eyes were starting to swell and
he spat out a tooth.

"Gentlemen, this is unnecessary." Dumbledore told them.

"Lils, fix this for me." James snapped and only Snape noticed the flinch the fiery red head gave, he narrowed his eyes and took in his ex-best friend's appearance; there was something off with her but he couldn’t put his finger on it. Just then the hospital doors opened and out stepped Narcissa, who managed to silence all arguments and growingly instantly with her mere appearance.

Gone was the elegant Lady Malfoy, and in her place stood a woman who looked like she had just come from battle healing. Her robes were torn, the arms gone where they had obviously been severed off in haste, and splattered in blood and potions, staining them permanently. Her long blonde hair was slung on of her head haphazardly, strands falling down her face crushed with blood and her usually unblemished face was flushed and smeared with blood. She looked exhausted and her face was completely blank, even if her eyes shone with emotion.

"He's in a coma, but I have managed to stabilise him." She told them, "I cannot say if he will ever wake." Her voice wavered only once as she broke the news to Sirius and Remus. Sirius made a sound between a whimper and a groan as his cousin told him his son might not make it, stumbling in to the hospital and coming to an abrupt halt when he caught sight of his son.

Harrison was lead deathly still and pale as a ghost, the only indication that he was even still alive was the glowing ball of green light indicating his stable life force. Remus released a pained whine and went over to the bed jolting Sirius in to moving slowly over, he shakily reached to picked up Harry's hand; it was cold.

"I need – I…" He couldn't seem to find the words to speak, his mind couldn't process what was happening.

"It was touch and go," Narcissa admitted quietly, "I did everything I could, but something so severe…"

"Honestly, it can't be that bad. He only fell." James 'whispered' and before anyone could react, there was a resounding slap as Narcissa's hand connected with James' already bruised face.

"You foul, loathsome creature." She hissed, making a recoil as the sheer hatred in her voice. "Don't you dare stand there when your pathetic child is the reason my nephew is lying on the brink of death. Don't you dare stand there and insinuate that this is anything less serious to get your pathetic spawn off the hook. He only fell. Next time you only fall, Potter, I expect you to also have your spine broken in three places, the back of your skull shattered, your ribs splinter and have two embed themselves in your lungs, filling them with your own blood so you're drowning and there is nothing you can do about it because nearly every other bone in your body is fractured, broken on chipped. Next time you only fall you better pray to Lady Magic herself that you gain the same injuries or so help me Merlin I will give you them myself."

During her speech, which had risen in volume and anger, she had backed the alarmed Potter Lord in to the wall and was nearly nose to nose with him. Her magic had flared in her anger, rippling in warning and reminding everyone though she may be the epitome of Pureblood Lady, she was born of the House of Black and she was taught with the best of them.

Behind her, both Sirius and Draco had gained a greenish tinge around their faces, while Lily and Remus had gone a greyish white colour both looking at Harry as if physically wounded. Lily looked as if she wanted to go to him, but something was holding her back and both her hands were shaking. Narcissa, once she felt she had glared James in to utter silence, turned and walked back to her
husband, gently rubbing her son's back from where he was set on Lucius' hip.

"You may leave now, gentlemen. Take the child with you." Narcissa informed them coldly, not sparing them a look, obviously expecting her words to be followed. Knowing a bad time when it slapped him in the face, James turned and led Rosina out of the Hospital wing following Dumbledore, but he noticed Lily wasn't behind them and stopped.

"Come on, Lils," He called sharply, making the woman jump and turn to look at him with wide eyes.

"I do not believe Lily falls in to the category of gentlemen and child, Potter, or have you lost all intelligence?" Lucius said cuttingly, and James flushed, glaring at him before turning the same expression on his wife.

"She doesn't want to stay with the brat." He snapped, "Do you, Lily?"

She seemed to slump, casting one more longing glance at Harrison before leaving without a word. Narcissa watched her leave with confusion, there was something strange there, and she couldn't put her finger on it. For now she brushed it aside, they had to focus on Harrison.

"When will we know?" Remus asked quietly, gently stroking his cub's dark hair.

"It depends, tonight is crucial but he will still be in danger for at least a week." Narcissa sighed and Remus nodded, Sirius swallowed hard; they were in for a long night.

"I must go to my Snakes," Severus murmured, "They will be restless."

"I'll come with you," Draco decided, his voice surprisingly calm.

"Are you sure?" Lucius wondered and Draco looked him straight in the eye.

"Slytherins take care of their own."

Lucius nodded, a proud look in his eye and he set his son down and allowed him to leave with his Godfather. The pair of them walked in silence down to the dungeons and straight to the Slytherin House rooms. Every member of Slytherin was in the common room and the noise was most unusual for the normally reserved House, and it was obvious all of them were furious. As soon as they caught sight of their Head of House silence blanketed the room, all of them righting themselves and giving him their full attention in a sign of respect.

"Today, one of our own was attacked and put in to the hospital wing," Severus said, his voice perfectly even. The Slytherins seemed to hiss at the reminder, sharing dark looks before focusing back on their Head.

"I will not lie to you and ease the truth of the situation: Harrison Black is in a coma and may not make it through the night."

Silence.

Not the respectful lack of noise presented to their Head of House, but complete and utter deathly silence, filled with horrified disbelief as almost the entire House looked at the man with wide eyes.

"He sustained numerous injuries. Lady Malfoy has worked on him the best she could but she can offer no guarantees."

If anything, his words made the silence grow stronger. It was a well-known fact, amongst those
informed that the Lady Malfoy was one of the best healers of her generation, and the Dark Lord's own battle healer for those who truly knew. If she had been unable to give a guarantee of his survival it was a whole lot worse than any of them could have even imagined.

"The Headmaster has deemed these happenings as an accident."

For the third time since he got there, a resounding silence hit the room, though Severus knew it was only a matter of seconds before this one was broken. He was proven correct when the entire House seemed to burst in to outraged protests, exclaimed over how it was very clearly not an accident. Severus allowed them their outrage, feeling his own bubbling under the skin; one of his Snakes could be dead. Severus had never lost a student, be it withdrawal, illness or transfer, and the thought he might lose one to a death was filling him with a feeling a nausea. Not only was it just one of his students, but it was his best student, dare he say his favourite student (being that Draco was his Godson of course). Snape brought his attentions outwards again when he heard Pucey, who was sat with a murderous looking Flint, shout out "What are we going to do about this? She cannot go unpunished!"

The loud conversations turned to low murmurs of discussed plans, each of them looking around eagerly to see if someone had the perfect idea to make Rosina Potter suffer. Severus knew, deep down, that he had somewhat of a moral obligation to stop his House from attacking the girl, but it was very very very very deep down and he knew should he even attempt to suggest that they lay off he would be ignored and probably shunned. As it was, he was neither stupid nor particularly bothered by the fact that Potter's next few days were going to turn in to something of a nightmare; she had attempted to kill Harrison and Slytherins took care of theirs.

"We are going to make her wish she had never survived the killing curse."

Severus almost didn't recognise his Godson's voice, it was the coldest he had ever heard the boy speak and it was as sharp a blades. The mask the boy had on his face would be one Lucius would find difficult to uphold in such a state, his eyes were like chips of ice and his face could have been made of marble. Severus wondered if it was possible that his Godson would become a murder at the age of eleven. Everyone had turned to listen to the Malfoy Heir, quite a feat given the fact that he was merely a first year. Of course, he was the Malfoy Heir, Heir to one of the most influential Houses in their world, let alone in Slytherin. Add that to the fact that he was best friends with Harrison, he was someone worth listening to.

"I will take my leave," Severus intoned, "If I do not know, I cannot answer. Be aware, we are Slytherin. Even if they know its you, do not get caught." He looked around at them all, managing to find a touch of amusement at some of the offended looks he caught at his words, before leaving the room. Draco moved to a more central position, casting his eyes around the room and finding himself pleased at the determination he could see.

"Rosina Potter dared attack one of our own, not only an attack but a lethal one; Harrison might die." Draco almost choked whilst saying the mere words; he hoped, prayed and begged Lady Magic to make sure that didn't happen; it couldn't be time for Harrison to die yet! "We are going to make her suffer for it. Anyone who is with her will pay, anyone who tries to help her will pay, and anyone speaking ill of Harrison will pay."

The room broke out in to smirks, groups quickly coming together to make plans for what things they could do to Rosina, make it obvious why it had happened but still get away as innocent.

"If we're going to make her truly suffer we need to work out a way to get in to the tower." Flint pointed out, "Something that will probably be difficult with Potter protecting his spawn."
"We should be able to get away with following and listening in to one of the younger years under a disillusion." Pucey pointed out, "They won't know what to look for."

"We can split that between but, as soon as we have access in to the tower…" Draco trailed off, his mind throwing an obvious but disgustingly brilliant idea to the front of his thoughts and a slow smirk came to his face. Anyone who knew Lucius Malfoy would recognise that look, it was an expression that said he had been uncommonly smart and someone was going to suffer because of it.

"I can get us in to the tower." Draco stated.

"How, Malfoy?" Flint questioned and the blond eyed him.

"Do you trust that I would never ever let her get away with what she has done to Harrison?" He asked the Captain, knowing what he was about to do was incredibly risky but going to be incredibly worth it.

"Of course,"

"Then give me ten minutes." Draco said, turning and striding up to his dorm and grabbing the map from Harry's warded drawer. The Black Heir had told Draco he was welcome to use the map whenever he wanted and he could not think of a better time to use it without Harrison present. He left, nodding to the Slytherins as he slipped out of the corridor and activated the map, his mercury eyes flashing across the worn parchment. He felt his eyebrow rise and he caught sight of the names he was looking for, they were a lot closer than he would have expected and he hurried off to meet them, keeping his eyes trained on the map so no one could sneak up on him. He had to be careful too, no one other than a Slytherin could see him meet with them, and even then he had to be careful with the Snakes after everything had happened.

"Malfoy,"

"We had hoped you would leave soon,"

Draco was very shocked at the sound of their voices, not that they made him jump, but the fact that they were colder than he had thought possible for the two menaces.

"Twins," He greeted. They stepped out of the shadows and if he wasn't feeling the same way then he probably would have flinched at the dark expressions on their faces; he had never seen the Weasley twins look so serious.

"How is he?" Fred asked quietly, his voice lined with concern.

"We do not know if he will make it through the night." Draco answered somewhat stiltedly. The Twins exchanged quite vicious looks, seemingly having a conversation with each other in a glance and nodding as one.

"We're your inside help," George told him, "Anything you need done in the tower, we'll get it done. If you need to get in to the tower, we can make it happen."

"We know this is going to be pushed aside. She's Rosina Potter, she couldn't have possibly done something so awful." The amount of derision in Fred's words was quite impressive and Draco felt himself relaxing. Everyone knew the twins were not people you wanted to go up against, while they help no political power and came from a family of blood traitors, they had gained their own respect. They were good with their wands and had been complimented by Snape himself for their work in Potions, granted it had been one time and it hadn't been to their faces, but it was known in Slytherin. To know that they were on their side, Harrison's side, was not only a relief, but a welcome pleasure.
"You'll need to be prepared, too." Draco warned them, "Slytherin is after her and anyone who is with her."

"Good, its nothing less than she deserves." They decided, then George blinked.

"When you say 'Slytherin'…" He trailed off, his tone asking the question his words didn't.

"The entire House is after her," Draco confirmed and they exchanged another one of their looks.

"Why all of them?"

"Slytherin House rules," Draco answered, "We take care of our own anyway, but Rosina Potter is a particularly dark spot. She and her father make it even more difficult for us Snakes, and then she went and attacked Harry. Not only is he our star player for our team, but he is one of the leading Slytherins. He's the top of our year, brings in more points than we could ever lose and he's the Black Heir; he is under the fullest of protections."

"We had heard about the apparent rules of Slytherin, Bill and Charlie had mentioned it, being friends with some Snakes." Fred mused, "We didn't expect it this strongly though."

"Who's going to look after us if we don't?" Draco pointed out wryly, and they twins had to admit that it was the disgusting truth.

"We had always wondered why none of the little Snakes were ever alone. I guess that falls under taking care of your own?"

"We present a united front." Draco allowed, "Are you ready to begin working with the House of the cunning?"

"It would be our honour," They answered. The three of them shared rather dark smirks before turning and vanishing back further in to the dungeons, Draco had no qualms about showing them to the common room, he had come to quite like the twins over the course of the year and he knew that once the rest of the House heard him out they would also agree with him. He would put money on the twins being part Slytherin anyway, they were way to sneaking to be pure Lion. The wall slid open for him, and he still didn't know how Harry had made that happen, and he walked in, immediately receiving silence as the rest of the House took in who was with him.

"Malfoy! What in Merlin's name are you thinking?" Flint exclaimed, torn between outrage and alarm.

"These are our way in to the Gryffindor tower." He said coolly.

"Why would they help us? They're Gryffindor, they are probably here to spy on us for the Girl-Wonder." Pucey spat, and Draco knew that would not be well received. The twins, who had previously been looking around the common room with undisguised awe, and admiring the unity the Slytherin House was showing as they saw the groups formed, suddenly turned their now cold eyes on to Pucey and Flint.

"You can accuse us of doing and being many things." George got out, his voice hard.

"But do not ever accuse us of working for that." Fred continued, spitting out the last word and making it blatantly apparent who they were taking about. Many of the Slytherins found themselves very surprised, it was well known that the House of Potter was very close with the House of Weasley, but apparently that wasn't the whole truth. It had been wondered, by many of the older years who had seen the twins regularly and heard of their work, which was decidedly difficult since
they were rarely caught actually doing anything, if they had been sorted in to the right House at all.
"Harry is our friend." George told them all quietly.

"We won't let this pass as an accident."

"I'm still not sure," Flint muttered and Draco raised an eyebrow.

"Would you want them after you? Would you find it at all beneficial to your continued health and sanity?" Draco asked him seriously. The twins flashed Flint identical teeth filled grins and the Quidditch Captain barely kept in his shudder.

"No," He relented and if anything the twins' grins stretched.

"Neither will Rosina Potter."

"Welcome, demon twins, to Slytherin." Flint said to them, and, for the slightest of moments, Draco wondered if he had just made the biggest mistake of his life because they expressions on the twins faces was positively unholy. But then he brushed that aside and took up a seat next to them to start planning; she would pay for what she had done to Harry.

They planned for hours, anything and everything was put on the table to see if it was possible and it became very apparent that the twins had quite the nasty streak, or they did in regards to Rosina Potter anyway. They had agreed to even the wildest of suggestions, adding their own to make them worse. When dinner arrived, the twins were all but bowed out of the Slytherin House, with an invitation to come back and they agreed the meeting point was the Potions Classroom; there was no suspicion there.

"Remember," Flint called, helping organise the Slytherins with the prefects, "We present a united front. We go as a House and we leave as a House; we are Slytherin."

As one, the Slytherin House approached the Great Hall, the doors were pushed open and they entered silently. It was a spectacle. The first years came first led by Draco Malfoy, then the second years followed by third, fourth, fifth, sixth then closing the group were the seventh years, each and everyone had a blank mask on their faces, nothing was given away and the walked to their table and sat down as one. There rest of the Great Hall watched in shock, they had never seen anything like it and Severus, who had to leave the hospital due to dinner, looked at his House in complete pride and approval. Dumbledore rose to his feet with a gentle smile on his face, projecting the perfect calm.

"I know some of you are wondering about the terrible accident that occurred in the Quidditch pitch this afternoon-," He was cut off by the low hissing that suddenly arose from the House of Snakes, it was clear why they had their name by the sounds they were making and even their flag was twisting furiously as the collective House Magic reflected their unified outrage.

"I would like you to know that Mr Potter-," He was cut off again but this time by Snape who had his death glare directed at the Headmaster.

"Mr Black, Headmaster,"

Dumbledore wore an apologetic look.

"My apologies, Mr Black, is recovering, and be this as a reminder that Quidditch is a dangerous game; accidents do happen."

Both Rose and James Potter smirked which, unfortunately for them, didn't go unnoticed by the
Slytherins, every Snake turned a murderous glare at the pair, who recoiled. Flint, who was sat in the
centre of the fifth years, stood looking directly at Rosina Potter, there was no emotion on his face as
he stared at her and only when she shifted uncomfortably did he speak.

"You have harmed one of our own." He stated to the silent hall, "The attack will not go
unpunished." Flint nodded to the table and they stood as one, this time the 7th years led out and the
whole House vanished without eating, the promise was clear; prepare for repercussions.

As soon as dinner was over, Snape was back in the hospital wing to tell them of the happenings, it
was silent as he entered, Sirius and Remus were just gazing at Harry through dead eyes and the
Malfoys were silently comforting each other. Severus walked over and stood at then end of his bed.

"Dumbledore is still labelling this as an accident." He told them quietly.

"The man is going to allow her to go unpunished for nearly killing my son." Sirius stated, not taking
his eyes from Harrison's still form.

"Dumbledore will but the Slytherin's won't."

"There is not much they can do." Sirius sighed but Lucius, Narcissa and Severus smirked.

"You were not in our House, Sirius, our mechanisms are a lot different to every other House and
Flint has already thrown down the promise."

The blonde heads snapped to Snape in shock.

"What?"

"They entered in form, and when Dumbledore called it a terrible accident Flint stood in the centre of
the table and stated the attack would not go unpunished, they left in form after it had been issued."

"The came in form?" Lucius repeated shocked.

"Not only did they come in form but they did everything in perfect form, every single one of them, it
was something to see Luc, they even hissed as one." Snape shook his head and the Malfoys blinked
a few times.

"Good Merlin, I almost feel sorry for Gryffindor."

"I think we are missing something." Remus said speaking for the first time, he had got the wolf under
control and was relatively calm.

"In Slytherin there are rules that must be followed. You will never see a Snake on their own even if
they are hated in the House, you will never see a Slytherin arguing or fighting with another Slytherin
outside the common room, you will never see a Slytherin disagreeing with another Slytherin outside
the common room it just isn't done. And the key one, the most crucial one we stand by is Slytherin
take care of their own. To attack a Slytherin is to attack all they Slytherins and that is not something
that we let go, I believe it was the Dark Lord who put these rules in place." Snape explained.

"But what about when we were in school?" Sirius pointed out and Severus exchanged smirks with
Lucius.

"We are Slytherins, we don't retaliate in the open." Lucius said.

"Remember after 5th year, you came down with a simply awful problem?" Snape asked and Sirius
eyes widened then he winced, he had had a serious problem with himself but he had placed the blame on the other marauders who were pissed at him.

"That was you?" Sirius gasped alarmed and Snape smirked.

"You didn't honestly believe I would let that go? I am the youngest Potions Master in the world and by then I was well on my way to becoming a Master, it was a handy creation made just for you."

Sirius looked at him in a new light, he hastily shuffled away and Remus snickered.

"That was only my friends who helped with that, this is the entire house and as an open promise has been issued, Rosina Potter is in for some hell."

Sirius smirked.

"And they will have inside help." He murmured looking at Remus who grinned.

"What do you mean?" Narcissa asked.

"Harry and your son are very close friends with persons who could make Rosina's life in the tower not worth living, and knowing them they will be all for helping."

Narcissa looked confused as did Lucius, Snape frowned before his eyes widened slightly.

"Oh Merlin, they're friends with them!"

There was nothing reassuring in the marauders grins and Snape shuddered.

"Who is it?"

"It seems your son and Harrison have made nice with the Weasley twins." Snape told them and Lucius swallowed, he had seen personally some of there work.

"The school is going to descend in to hell."

All of them smirked: it would make an interesting watch.

Things kicked off at breakfast the next morning. Again the Slytherins entered as one and sat down to eat, their backs almost painfully straight and every Pureblood mannerism that had been bred and read in to them was being presented for all to see. They didn't speak ones, communicating with small gestures and tilts of their heads. Snape honestly had never been prouder of his House, they looked absolutely impeccable, even the first years were perfect.

The mail soared in and even then the Slytherins didn't once break their reserve, merely setting aside their plates in time for their packages and letters to be presented to them. However, it wasn't them that captured the Hall's interest that time, here was a letter for Rosina and she opened it with a grin, which quickly turned in to a look of horror. She lost all colour in her face, with a terrified shriek she threw down the letter and ran from the room, people started whispering and James rushed after her, he picked up the letter and frowned; it was blank.

He went out after her but before he had even left she screamed loudly and ran back in, she was crying and went straight to her dad who picked her up and carried her away making soothing noises, she was muttering about the snakes getting her and the Slytherins held back smirks. Flint had found a spell that made the person see their worst fear everywhere they went, the longer it was on the stronger it got and by the end of the day Potter should be seeing everyone as walking snakes. Rosina
was twitchy all day, it was obvious the spell was getting worse much to the Slytherins' delight, and little spells were directed at her, her bag split numerous of times, things exploded and in potions her cauldron melted covering her in vile smelling potion that created nasty sores all over her; she ran out crying.

"This is all because of you and that idiot Black." Weasley snapped following his friend out.

"I think you're all awful, it was clearly an accident." Hermione huffed going with them. The first year Snakes exchanged looks and nodded, Weasley and Granger would be joining Rosina. Draco went to go see Harry before dinner bringing Aressa with him, the snake had been hissing furiously so Draco had decided to bring her and place her on Harry's chest where she curled up. He was still out cold but he had a slightly healthier colour, Sirius and Remus had yet to move and their lessons were being covered by Narcissa, who had stepped up when Dumbledore said they would have to leave to teach.

"Anything?" Draco asked but Sirius shook his head.

"No."

"He will get better."

"He has to." Sirius agreed. The glowing ball showing Harry's life was still bright, which was promising, and he had gotten through the night, there was nothing they could do but wait and in that time Draco intended to make Rosina wish she had never came to the school.

"What happened to Potter, I heard her scream from here."

Draco smirked.

"Just the beginning of a Slytherin retaliation."

For the rest of the week the school turned in to a war zone. The Slytherins were using everything to their advantage in making Rosina suffer, she had ended up in the hospital wing everyday at least twice along with Weasley and sometimes Granger. Whether it was embarrassment, pain or annoyance, there was nothing linking any of it back to the Slytherins even though it could not have been more obvious it was them. The longer Harry remained unconscious, the worse everything got, the House of Lions had starting hexing Slytherins in retaliation, which meant the Snakes turned their arsenal on the entire House; it was pandemonium.

The Professors didn't know what to do because the culprits couldn't be found and were never pointed out, the fights were becoming more and more violent and the neutral Houses were caught in the middle of it. The Gryffindors weren't careful to where they aimed or set their traps meaning innocent people got hit, that caused a rift between the innocent party and the Lions. The Ravenclaws who had been caught were brilliant allies for the Snakes, they knew so much and they Slytherins were able and willing to do it.

Fred and George had outdone themselves. Rosina didn't have a day where she wasn't pranked with high embarrassment, she had a different colour hair and skin daily and they had charmed her to confess humiliating facts about herself, the best one was when she stated in a loud voice in potions that she thought, with his new look, that Snape was simply gorgeous. The Slytherins had been paralyzed with laughter and Snape looked disgusted, she had fled with a red face and the story had spread like wildfire. James Potter could be seen crying in shame and it had Sirius and Remus in tears of laughter when the Potions Master informed them of the latest development whilst looking ill.
Lucius had also embraced his inner prankster and had been seen slipping the twins numerous potions and spells with brilliant effects on the Lions. One of them had singing Slytherin praises, literally. At breakfast the House had gotten to its feet and sang a stunning ballad on the greats of Slytherin, Snape and Malfoy had laughed themselves hoarse at the disgusted look on Potter's face and the horror from the House. What was puzzling Gryffindor was the attack from the inside, the twins had been clever and pranked themselves so suspicion was off of them; they had done this before, after all.

One morning the Gryffindors had woken to find their entire common room decorated Slytherin, the twins had let Draco, Flint, Pucey, Theo and Blaise in to the common room where they had changed it, Flint had also spelled it to last 2 days and if someone tried to change it back it would get worse. The latest of pranks had Rosina pinned to the wall with her things in ruins, painted green and silver with a message underneath never harm one or ours. James was the one who found his daughter at lunch and had flown in to a rage, he stormed in to the Great Hall and yelled at Snape.

"Your filthy House is responsible for this." He snarled and the Potions Master raised an eyebrow.

"Can you prove who it was?" He didn't deny that it was his House, he and Lucius had saw it as they walked passed, they were quite impressed by the work.

"I don't care but they need to be punished."

Snape raised the other eyebrow but turned to his House.

"Who was responsible for the terrible incident with Miss Potter?"

Looks were exchanged before Flint got to his feet and faced his Head of House.

"I did it." he said and before James could say anything thing Pucey stood.

"I did it." he was followed by Draco, then Theo and eventually the rest of the House, they were all stood looking at their Head of House looking slightly guilty.

Snape was finding it very difficult not to laugh at James who looked as if he wanted to explode and Lucius next to him really wasn't helping because the blond aristocrat was slowly going pink.

"Well Potter, they are your culprits." Snape drawled. James was so mad that he wasn't capable of words, he glared at Snape and stalked out. Severus and Lucius excused themselves from the hall and when they were safely away they allowed their laughter. They entered the hospital still chuckling, causing Sirius to look at them with raised eyebrows.

"Potter burst in because of the latest on his spawn demanding who was responsible and my entire House owned up for the crime." Severus explained.

"He looked as if he was going to explode and stormed out." Lucius snickered before composing himself, the only evidence of his previous amusement was the pink colour on his cheeks. Narcissa glided in with a smirk on her pretty face, she took a seat next to her husband and shook her head.

"You two are such children." She chided and they looked at her affronted. "I saw you leave to laugh, Lucius dear your face was practically glowing." She laughed lightly.

"Potter is still fuming but Lily doesn't seem to be anything, there's something wrong with her and I don't think it's anything good." Narcissa frowned.

"You have noticed also?" Snape asked and she nodded.
"She's- I don't know, I can't explain it." Narcissa said frustrated and Snape nodded.

"That is not the Lily Evans I knew."

"Keep an eye on her Severus, I have a bad feeling."

Snape nodded and Draco walked in, the blond sat down next to Harry with a sigh.

"What's the matter, Dragon?"

"This idiot needs to wake up! We're running out of ideas and we agreed we would keep it up until Harrison woke."

Sirius released a bark like laugh, the animagus didn't look too healthy himself, he had yet to leave Harry's bedside along with Remus.

"He is past the worst stages I hope but until he wakes I can do nothing."

"He's just being a prat." Draco prodded Harry's arm.

"Come on idiot, you've had people worried enough and your not allowed to die so hurry up and wake up."

"I don't think that will work, Draco." Lucius pointed out and his son glared at him.

"It might," he snapped. Draco, to the rest of the world was fine, but to those who knew him the fact Harry had yet to wake after a week was killing him.

"Come on, Harry, you can't die on me now, after all the work I've put in to your retribution and you're not going to see it, not likely."

The adults left him to it, if this is how he dealt with it then so be it. Draco continued to mutter things in Harry's ear and the adults sat back watching him, they could only hope Harry would wake soon.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to let me know what you think!
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for reading! You're great!!!

#Parse# if it comes up.

I'm not J.K

Un'beta'd

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 12:

Everything was black. Harry couldn't feel, see, smell or hear anything but blackness and it was disconcerting. At first his mind had been foggy, swimming in the darkness, unable to work out the reason for the strangeness, and then it began to clear. He remembered Rosina smashing into him and kicking his broom and then the blackness came. It had happened too fast for him to use his flame to reach the ground safely, he didn't even think, and it had been too late to catch himself with his air. He knew when he hit the floor because there had been a lot of pain before he had ended up where he was.

It was weird in the blackness, he didn't like it much because he was used to being active and not being able to do anything was horrible. There was a change, at one point. A light had appeared, it sang with soft magics and he had tried so hard to pull himself towards the light that he could see but something was holding him back. He fought hard, the calling of the magic so strong to him, and when he finally got right next to it someone pushed him back away roughly. Harry growled, spinning to face them and he nearly had a heart attack when Merlin appeared in front of him.

"Are you insane? Do you know Salazar is having a breakdown thinking your going to jump in to the after life early? It is not your time to go yet Harry, why are you trying so hard to come through?"

All Harry could do was gape.

"Harry?" Merlin snapped and the boy shook his head.

"Merlin?"

"Of course, have you forgotten me already?"

"No, no, of course not! But what are you doing here and what are you talking about?"

"I'm trying to stop you from dying. When you fell, nasty fall as it was, you sustained horrific injuries, too painful for any mind to bare, which is why your consciousness shut down to deal with the pain. You ended up here where you can't feel, hear, see or smell anything from your consciousness, and I am using some highly forbidden magics to stop you from making a terrible mistake. The light you fought so hard to get to is on," Merlin explained and Harry's eyes widened.

"As in dying on?"
"Yes, Harry." He confirmed. "I don't know about you but I don't think you are ready to die."

"Oh Lady Magic no." Harry said.

"You need to go back to your consciousness to heal." Merlin informed him. Harry wrinkled his nose.

"How?"

Merlin motioned to something and Harry looked around, there was another light, one he had not noticed before as it was not as bright at the first. When he reached out for it he found it was riddled with pain and he cringed back from it.

"There's a lot of pain over there." He pointed out but Merlin looked at him blankly.

"I will not tell you what to do, Harry but I am confident that you will work out why you need to get back to your consciousness to heal." Merlin told him and Harry nodded, it was the way the man worked.

"The Founders send their best and they are proud of you, Salazar is especially happy with his blood heir and yourself."

Harry felt a pang of something deep within himself, but he still found himself smiling brightly.

"Thank you for bringing their words." Harry said to him, "And should you get the opportunity, tell Sal that when I next meet him I will get my revenge on him for not telling me about his blood Heir."

Merlin released a full laugh at that, shaking his head fondly at the boy and patting his shoulder.

"I will leave you now." Merlin said softly and Harry nodded, "Just remember, do not go in to the light Harry, it is not your time."

The ancient warlock disappeared and Harry was left alone again. Suddenly the darkness was all the more imposing. He didn't know how long he was there but he was planning on making sure Rosina wished she never came to school. He honestly couldn't believe what she had done, and why she had done it. He had gone out of his way to ignore her, stay as far away from her as possible and then she had tried to kill him! Harry wondered how everyone was, how everyone had reacted to his fall. The Slytherins were probably going mad, they didn't take an attack on their own lightly so maybe he wouldn't have to curse Rosina after all. He hoped they had avenged him, the thought made him want to cackle, if they had then Rosina was probably going to be in hell.

He did worry about his father and uncle, how they reacted to the fall and if they were ok. He had no clue on what his actual injuries were only that they were bad from what Merlin said, but his phoenix abilities should be healing him. Thinking about it, he should already be healed, he had healed instantly before, and he remembered Helga exclaiming over it once as his broken arm had healed from the grounds to her wing. He wasn't sure if he had to be conscious for that to happen, it would make sense if he did. Then it hit him, Merlin had said he needed to be conscious to heal, if his phoenix abilities weren't working now he had to be conscious for them to do so. Bracing himself against the pain, Harry walked towards the dull light, though he wasn't prepared for when he started to break through. It was unimaginable.

Like open flames burning his very bones, yet still managing to freeze him like ice. It consumed him and he nearly stopped, but he kept going when he began to hear things around him. Then he felt it, his phoenix stir within him and like cool wave it washed over him and he began to heal. The pain began to dull and the healing picked up speed when he went more in to his conscious mind. He felt his magic stir within him, fuelling his inner healing and he could now clearly hear breathing around
him and someone speaking, it sounded like Draco. Draco, he missed his best friend. Draco would have been the best to have in the dark, he would have kept things fun and mischievous and Harry wanted to wreak havoc with him again.

A white hot flare shot up his back and he suddenly felt his legs again, making him startle to realise he must have broken his actual spine. He checked and realised he could feel everything in his body now and it was nearly healed, there were tingles over his freshly heals bones and restored body, telling him that he had been in really bad shape. He felt someone prod his arm and wondered how he was being treated if this was happening.

"Come on idiot, you've had people worried enough and your not allowed to die so hurry up and wake up." That was definitely Draco and the blond sounded sad to Harry, he wondered how long he had been unconscious for, the blond usually covered his emotions better than this.

"I don't think that will work, Draco." That sounded like Lucius and it was another shock to Harry, what the bloody hell had happened for Lucius to be wherever he was.

"It might," Draco snapped, which was alarming, Draco never spoke to his parents in such a way.

"Come on, Harry, you can't die on me now, after all the work I've put in to your retribution and your not going to see it, not likely."

Die! They thought he was going to die? Holy mother Magic herself, his father must have had a heart attack, let alone uncle Moony! It did make him happy that Draco had avenged him and very well by the indignation in the blond's voice. Of course he wanted to see it, Harry wanted to see all the memories.

"Damn it Harry, don't die, please don't die."

That was enough for Harry, whatever had happened to him must have been bad, Draco was crying; crying. Harry felt his body and was glad to see he was healed, it might take him a day or two to be perfect again but he was fine for now.

"I'm not going to die, Dray." His voice was hoarse with disuse and he once again wondered how long he had been out. In the hospital wing, everyone jumped about a foot in the air, they all turned to Harry who was rapidly blinking.

"Harry?" Sirius asked in disbelief.

"How's it going dad, long time no see." He tried to be casual but it had the opposite effect as Sirius seemed to lose what little colour he had.

"You're alive!"

Harry scoffed.

"Like a little fall is going to kill me." Harry rolled his eyes and pushed himself in to a sitting position with Aressa curling happily around his neck hissing a welcome back greeting. He stretched and yawned before looking around to find them all gaping at him.

"Ok, I think I'm missing something and can someone get me a drink, my mouth taste like a desert." Sirius shakily handed him a glass of water and Harry drank it down in one, sighing in pleasure.

"Thanks, so what's going on, you all look you've just seen Merlin dance naked."
Draco and Sirius laughed, albeit it shakily.

"You've been unconscious for a week, Harry. You were on the verge of death."

Harry blinked a few times.

"Huh, well shit."

Sirius hugged his son tightly, he was crying like a baby but he didn't care, Harrison was alive.

"I'm ok dad, honest."

"Don't ever do that to me again." Sirius told him thickly.

"I'll try not to." Harry assured. As soon as Sirius let go Harry had to practically catch Draco, who launched himself at his best friend.

"You are a complete and utter prat, did you know that. What took you so bloody long to heal? You should have been fixed on the same day."

"Anyone think you thought I was going to die, Dray." Harry laughed as the blond thumped him on the back, which made Harry wince slightly.

"I told them you weren't going to die." Draco said when he sat back down, Harry was also hugged by Narcissa and Remus who were both as emotional as Sirius.

"So what have I missed?"

The smirks he received were enough to tell him everything.

"Is she still alive?" He asked incredulously.

"Yes but she's regretting surviving the killing curse."

Harry smirked.

"Brilliant, I want to see the memories of everything."

"Of course, do you think I would do all this work for you not to see it. Honestly, I think the head injury has lasting damage."

Harry punched him.

"So what did Dumbledore say to this?" When they all gained dark looks Harry knew he wasn't going to like what they had to say so he braced himself for what idiotic thing Dumbledore had thought up this time. They each explained what had been going on, igniting Harry's anger and by they had finished he was fuming at the audacity of Potter and Dumbledore.

"An accident, she slammed in to me and kicked my broom out of reach." He snarled.

"It was all a terrible accident in the Headmaster's eyes." Snape sneered and Harry hissed clenching his fist, he stopped when he felt something in his hand, he opened to reveal the golden snitch.

"Ha, and I still won the game." He held up the ball in amazement and Sirius laughed at the irony as the Slytherins smirked. Harry cast a tempus and grinned.
"Dinner starts in about 10 minutes." He stated and Draco returned the grin.

"I'm sure people would be interesting in the outcome of the game." He said lightly.

"I think the winning seeker should be the one to deliver the news." Harry agreed in the same tone.

"I do believe the Great Hall is the place, Heir Black."

"I agree, Heir Malfoy. Shall we enter with style?"

"We shall, it is the only way."

"It is." Harry finished solemnly. He then shocked all the adults but hopping neatly out of bed and stretching, his back cracked multiple and he rolled his shoulders.

"Circe, how many times did I break my back?" He questioned rhetorically.

"Just the three times, actually," Narcissa replied faintly, she was looking at him in shock and Harry grimaced.

"Definitely getting her back myself." He muttered somewhat viciously. Harry waved his hand over himself to change his hospital wear in to uniform and use a quick cleansing charm, then he ran a hand through his hair before smirking.

"How do I look?"

"As if you had never been in here." Draco said with a smirk of his own.

"Perfect."

"Um Harrison," He looked at Narcissa.

"How are you up? You broke your spine three times as well has crushing your scull."

"Really? Damn, no wonder it hurt so much." Harry shook his head and the adults just looked at him.

"I have an animagus form of a phoenix, a black one actually, the reason I was out so long was because the healing abilities only work in my conscious mind and I had to get back in to it." He told them and then left with Draco leaving them more confused than ever, they looked at each other in shock.

"What in Merlin's name just happened?" Lucius demanded and Sirius laughed.

"Draco did warn you strange things happened around Harrison."

"But he shouldn't even be moving let along up and fine, he was perfectly healed and on his way to the Great Hall." Lucius explained and they froze; each of them would deny it later but they all ran to the door and straight to the Hall. It seemed that James was yelling at they Slytherins for something again and Harry and Draco were just outside the door, James had began another rant about how it was cruel and unnecessary to attack Rose when Harry stepped in.

"You are all just being foul, she has done nothing but yet you continue to attack her."

"Oh no Potter, these are all just terrible accidents." Harry said softly, gasps rang out as Harry walked in to the hall looking at James through narrowed green eyes.
"You!"

"Oh yes, did you expect me to die when I was accidentally knocked out of the air? Oh no daddy dearest, no I'm still alive and I even won the game." Harry held up the snitch with a smirk, the Slytherin table exploded in cheers, pleased hissing rose through the stamping and clapping and Harry nodded his head at his House before turning back to James. The Potter Lord was red in the face and glaring murderously at Harry who was smirking openly.

"It looks as if there is some good in this accident, us winning the game and then the cup. It's just such a shame that Rosina seems so accident prone lately, isn't it?" Harry tilted his head innocently to the side, "All these accidents so suddenly after mine, such bad luck. Maybe they will stop now, or they might get worse, who knows." Harry shrugged and the Snakes laughed.

"You can't threaten my daughter."

Harry clutched his heart in mock horror.

"Threaten!" He exclaimed dramatically, "I could never threaten the Girl-Who-Lived, it would be blasphemy. How could anyone do such a horrific thing it is beyond me, it must have been accidental."

Sirius was using Remus to keep himself up where he was laughing so hard with Remus doing the same, both Lucius and Narcissa were pink in the face and Severus was covering his mouth to stop himself laughing out loud.

"Why you little-,

"It's ok Potter, I know accidents happen, I'm sure you will remember it." With an all too sweet smile Harry walked to his table and was greeting with thunderous applause as he sat down. James threw him a filthy look and took his own place. Sirius skipped, he actually skipped, to his seat kissing Harry on the head as he went, Snape, Remus and the Malfoys followed his example without skipping and took a seat at the Head table just as Dumbledore got to his feet.

"I would like to welcome back, Mr Black, who has clearly made a wonderful recovery from his terrible accident." He announced. The hall clapped and Harry nodded, he would show them an accident, he wanted to push his stupid sister down the stairs but he wouldn't stoop to her level. The other Slytherins seemed to have done a good job in making her life hell for the past week, Harry glanced over at Rosina and smirked when he saw her sat with her head down; they had definitely done a good job.

"The twins were a massive help, they got us in to the Lions' Den to redecorate." Draco told him as the food appeared, Harry raised an eyebrow and the blond smirked.

"We also made a promise to retaliate anyone who helped Rosina or spoke ill of you." He explained with a shrug and Harry grinned.

"Nicely done, Dray, nicely done."

"Well you didn't expect me to let this go did you?"

"I would be hurt if you did." Harry said to him. When Harry rose the whole table followed him, they seemed to make an armed guard to escort him down to the common room and Harry couldn't help but smirk.

"Just what happened while I was out?" He asked Draco who, was quite enjoying the reaction.
"Everything,"

In the cover and safety of the common room, Harry was surrounded by messages of relief and welcomes, the whole House seemed to have missed him and it took nearly an hour for them to calm down; there was even a party planned. Flint came over with a smirk and a nod.

"You really did pull of the impossible ay, Black?"

Harry smirked.

"Of course,"

"I cannot believe you still won the game." Flint shook his head and Harry grinned.

"Now that was a surprise but hey, anything to trash Potter then I'll try it."

"I came to talk to you about Quidditch," Flint began, "Now I would understand if you didn't want to play anymore, after a fall like-," he was cut off by Harry's choking cough.

"Not play! Are you insane?" He exclaimed, "As soon as the summer begins I'm getting me a new broom and getting back in the air, I have yet to do my best moves at a game and there is no way I am letting the Lions win, especially after this."

Flint grinned.

"I like you Black," Flint slapped him on the back and Harry withheld a wince.

"People really have to lay off the back, I snapped it three times." Harry complained to Draco, who rolled his eyes.

"Man up, you should have healed faster."

"Not gunna let that one go are you?"

"No, you had phoenix abilities, you should have used you head instead of making everyone worry."

Harry frowned, apparently his being unconscious had really gotten to Draco.

"You know I didn't do it on purpose, Dray."

"I know. I also know that your father has yet to respond to your accident due to him not leaving your bedside."

"What! You mean he hasn't done anything?"

"Oh no, he beat the crap in to Potter with his bare hands, of actual damage, no."

"He had better have a plan, this isn't getting let go." Harry stated furiously.

"I agree,"

"Come on, I'm going to have words with my dear father."

They slipped out of the common room and up to the marauders pad, Snape and the Malfoys were talking over drinks.

"What in Magic's name were you doing while I was in hospital?" Harry demanded as a greeting,
making all the adults swivelled around in shock.

"What?"

"Why has Draco told me that you have done nothing in retaliation for me nearly being killed?" Harry clarified.

"There isn't exactly a lot I can do. Dumbledore has already blocked the ministry and the public worship the ground Potter and his spawn walk on." Sirius told him clearly angry about it.

"I am not letting this go, I nearly died." Harry stated.

"I do not see what possibly be done. Fudge will not budge because of Dumbledore and the Headmaster turns a blind eye to anything Potter." Lucius said. Harry growled to himself and began pacing, he tugged at his hair before freezing and facing Lucius.

"You said anything Potter," He murmured and the blond blinked.

"I did," He drawled.

"Anything Potter," He repeated to himself much to the confusion of the room.

"The public go mad for anything Potter yes?" He asked rhetorically but Sirius answered anyway.

"Yes, the press and the public salivate for anything with the name Potter on it."

The look that came to Harry's face was positively evil and shocked the adults, Draco on the other hand began to smirk.

"What do you have in mind, Har?"

Harry looked around at them with a strange glint in his eye.

"I think it's about time the public knew the story of Harry Potter."

As he never did anything in halves, he was expecting his retaliation to be massive. Harry had left James, Rosina and Dumbledore alone for the entire week and he had called his House and the twins off from attacking any of them, promising them that he personally had something planned and that he wanted to lure them in to a false sense of security. He wanted them to believe they were untouchable and it had worked. Rosina was back to her cocky self walking around the castle like she owned it and James was as arrogant ever, both still smug over the fact that there had been no hit backs, that they had gotten away with their actions. Harry couldn't help the smirk that came to his face every time he saw them.

He hadn't heard anything from the other teachers and Rosina wasn't punished, according to Snape, Dumbledore had stated in a staff meeting that it was a 'grievous accident' and cut off all other speech, so the man was blocking the staff too. Harry had also been keeping a hawk eye on Lily Potter. There was something severely wrong with her and his instincts told him whatever it was he wasn't going to like it, he told himself he didn't care about her or what was happening but it was getting to Severus and Harry cared for the Potions Master, it was working, for the most part. He hadn't managed to find out exactly why Snape cared but her but he had dug up that Lily and he used to be friends, from there is wasn't hard to connect the dots.

"When are you expecting it?" Draco asked lowly, and Harry cast a tempus.
Hundreds of birds swooped in carrying the morning post on his last spoken word, and the two boys shared a conspicuous grin. Harry was on the edge of his seat waiting for his own owl, the bird landed in front of him and Harry all but threw the coins in the pouch and snatched the paper from the beak. Just as he suspected his retaliation was there, glaring and obnoxious; right on the front page.

Black V Potter,

Secrets exposed!

Last week it was the final of the Hogwarts Quidditch cup and it was the much labelled rivalry; Slytherin V Gryffindor. The build up to the game was said to be tense and when the match arrived it was great. A furious battle between the teams, but the game wasn't the point of the day. During a race between Rosina Potter, the Girl-Who-Live, destroyer of You-Know-Who and Heiress to the Noble and Most Ancient House of Potter, and Harrison Black, only son and Heir to Lord Sirius Black, of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, for the elusive golden snitch.

Harrison Black pulled off what is said to be his signature move and jumped from his broom to snatch the snitch; then tragedy struck. Heir Black plummeted from the air and hit the ground from over 50ft and he didn’t get up, he was rushed to the hospital wing where Lady Narcissa Malfoy worked to save his life. After a week locked in a coma, Heir Black made a full recovery and discovered he had in fact won the game for Slytherin house.

The true nature of what happened in the air is unknown, some have labelled it as a tragic accident but there have been whispers saying that Heiress Potter was seen slamming Heir Black off course and then kicking his broom from reach. In result of these rumours, Lord James Potter was available for comment:

"What happened in the Quidditch game was a horrific accident and I am glad Heir Black has made a full recovery. Quidditch is a dangerous game and students shouldn't try stunts unless they are completely confident with their abilities, obviously Heir Black wasn't. The fact that my daughter is being slandered with false accusations is disgusting and I hope to assure the public that Rosina could never commit such an awful act."

This statement is backed up by the Headmaster of the great school, Albus Dumbledore who was also available for quote.

"What happened to young Harrison is an unfortunate accident and I hope nothing like this ever happens again. Rosina Potter is an exemplary student and rumours of her committing such an act are outlandish and highly offensive."

However, Lord Sirius Black and Lord Lucius Malfoy both have very different views of the game, and after some work I managed to track them down to speak with. Lord Malfoy said:

"Harrison is very lucky to be alive and I am currently backing Lord Black as he attempts to press charges on Heiress Potter. Her behaviour in the air was underhand and dangerous and she purposely tried, as well as succeeded, to knock Harrison out of the air. When he tried to grab his broom she kicked it viciously out of his reach causing him to fall to the ground. I am disgusted that Lord Potter and Headmaster Dumbledore are seeing fit to try and cover this
situation up and I will be doing everything in my power to aid Lord Black when he see's fit to act."

Lord Malfoy is a well know and very influential business man and high ministry personnel, who's net wealth is only a fraction under the Black fortune, if he is sticking with Lord Black on such a serious matter then surely there is something behind these rumours? I managed to get in contact in Lord Black to see what he had to say about the situation.

"Heiress Potter should be arrested and tried for attempted murder of my son. Harrison has never failed to land the stunt he entered and as said before, it is widely known as his signature move. Many witnessed Heiress Potter but they chose to overlook her actions due to her fame and her success as an infant; it is wrong. Student rivalry is common and to be expected in a boarding school such as Hogwarts but Heiress Potter allowed her rivalry and perhaps jealousy get in the way of rational thought and it cannot be forgiven." When asked why the Girl-Who-Lived would be jealous of his son Lord Black looked shocked.

"Because he's her brother," was the reply I received, I have to admit I was more than a little shocked by that answer, many thoughts jumped to my mind but Lord Black graciously cleared up most of my confusion.

"Harrison Regulus Black used to be Harry James Potter, because of Heiress Potter's rise to fame, the Potters decided that Harry would be best suited away from their family and he was given to muggles to grow up away from the wizarding world." I was horrified by this, to give up your own child is a disgusting act but Lord Black wasn't finished.

"They weren't the best kind of muggles either, Harrison doesn't like to speak of his time with them but from what I can get from him it was awful and traumatic." I couldn't believe what he was telling me and he continued after taking a moment to compose himself.

"I didn't know at the time that they were considering giving him up, I was his Godfather and would have willingly taken him in but they refused. I felt the bond pulling and I rushed over, I knew something was wrong." To refuse a Godfather and Godson bond is unheard off and I cannot imagine emotional trauma that caused. I asked him if this was the reason behind the famous Potter/Black split years ago and he confirmed.

"Yes. Once Lord Potter had made it abundantly clear that he was permanently removing my Godson from me I could not bear myself to be around him. To deny a magical child his heritage like that, to force him to muggles with no knowledge of who or what he is? That he would willingly do that made it clear to me that I could not associate with him, he was not the person I thought he was." Lord Black explained. His emotions seemed to flash across his face for just a moment before he composed himself to continue our brief interview. I asked, as we all want to know, how Harry Potter became Heir Black, and I have to admit, readers, the smile that came to Lord Black's face was full of pure joy.

"When he came to Hogwarts, he recognised me and we worked on rebuilding the relationship we once had. The Potters also wished to rebuild their relationship with their son but Harrison was not in agreement, you see he had a near perfect memory so he remembers them giving him up and why. I believe Rosina became jealous of Harry because her parents were concentrating on Harry to integrate him back in to their family and not focussing on her. I
ended up adopting Harrison as he no longer wanted to be associated with the Potter name and I saw him as my son anyway, we are very happy with the outcome."

The Potters perfect image seems to be crumbling now the truth has come out: giving up a child and denying an ancient bond all hidden from public knowledge. What other grizzly secrets have the got hidden away? If what Lord Black believes turns out to be true then the Girl-Who-Lives can be renamed to the Girl-Who-Was-Spoiled, it paints a very different image of our saviour than what she has portrayed; not only did she horribly attack her brother but she attempted to kill him all through selfishness. When asked what he is doing about his son's now questionable accident Lord Black replied:

"I intend to take it as far as possible."

That is a promise you can bet he will keep, the Black family is one of the oldest, purest lines in our world so he had the resources to do it and with the backing of Lord Malfoy, the Potters can expect a lot of trouble heading their way.

Rita Skeeter, Special correspondent to the Daily Prophet.

Harry wanted to throw back his head and cackle. It was perfect. Oh it was so perfect. He looked at James who was gaping in disbelief and Rosina who looked close to tears and grinned.

"This is perfect." Draco voiced Harry's inner thoughts.

"Sowing the seed's of doubt." Harry agreed, he chanced a glance up to his father who had the smuggest grin on his face it was actually hard to comprehend; even Snape looked happy. The Snakes up and down the table were pouring over the article and looking at Harry who was smirking more than his life's worth, giving him impressed looks. This was only the beginning. She tried to kill him; that wasn't going away.

"Come on, Draco, let's confront the inevitable." Harry commented and the blond nodded. They rose with the paper in hand and just as suspected, Rosina pounced on them.

"You sold your story to the paper!" She exclaimed angrily and Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Sold my story?" He repeated confused, "I didn't sell anything."

"Then how did Skeeter end up with it?"

"I don't know if you noticed, Potter but your beloved Father also commented in the article." Draco drawled looking at her with disdain.

"You've made me look bad for your accident." She spat and Harry actually laughed.

"You and I both know it was no accident. This is nothing to what I could have done so think yourself lucky."

"What could you possible do to me? I'm the Girl-Who-Lived." She announced smugly, and had her nose in the air.

"Actually, you're the Girl-Who-Was-Spoiled." Harry motioned to the paper, she went red and stormed off. They shared a grin and went to walk to the common room when Sirius came out with Remus laughing. Harry caught a movement behind his father, James cursed him from behind, Sirius or Remus wouldn't have blocked it in time so Harry flicked up a shield. Sirius stiffened up and span
to face James with a murderous expression on his face.

"Has to rely on an 11 year old to watch his back," James sneered.

"Has to wait 'til my back is turned before he can raise a wand to me," Sirius returned in the same tone.

"You're pathetic if you think this will work, Black. Your stupid kid just can't fly properly and now you think you can drag our name through the mud? The public won't fall for this!"

Sirius looked livid at the slur about Harry and Draco was holding said boy back for killing James himself.

"You really shouldn't speak like that, Potter, you're getting too big for those boots your in." Sirius growled.

"You won't get away with this, Black. That little runt has caused more problems than not, he should have had his magic bound and hidden from this world."

The surrounding crowd gasped in horror, and Harry went slack in Draco's grip, looking at Potter with stunned wide eyes. To suggest that to happen to anyone was unthinkable, to bind away their very essence. Harry felt a shudder ripple up his spine at the mere thought, to not be able to feel what Lady Magic had gifted him, to not have his powers... Harry belatedly realised the Entrance Hall had gone utterly silent and he looked around to see his father had bypassed anything remotely close to anger and has settled on calm rage. The Black animagus had gone deathly still and his face was void off all emotion.

"I challenge you to a duel of honour." His voice was low and controlled, but everyone heard it. It caused more gasps from the surrounding crowd and now Dumbledore stepped in.

"Sirius, do you really believe this needs to end in fighting?" Dumbledore chided in his usually grandfatherly tone, but Sirius didn't even grace the man by looking at him.

"This has nothing to do with you, Headmaster and I would appreciate you staying out of this. You are of a neutral party here and you would do well to remember that."

Dumbledore didn't know what to say so for once he stayed quiet. Sirius was looking at Potter and the only indication he was giving of his anger was the fact he was actually shaking in rage. James started laughing.

"You want to challenge me to a duel?"

"A public duel, take it or leave it, Potter."

"Fine, I accept. Rules, no dark magic." He stated, thinking he had Sirius, but the grim grinned.

"Done, no seconds, just me and you, two days from now, Friday, after dinner,"

They parted ways with a final glare. Harry and Draco shared a look before bolting towards the common room, they had a letter to write. Falling in to the common room and running for their dorms, Harry summoned some parchment and a quill to his desk.

Dear Ms Skeeter,

After your wonderfully written piece for the Daily Prophet, I could think of no other reporter to
come to for a truly brilliant story.

This morning, after the arrival of your article, an irate James Potter decided to curse my father, Sirius Black, when his back was turned and proceeded to insult him and myself in the most grievous of manner resulting in my father challenging him to a public honour duel. The date of the duel is Friday, around 5:30, and I was sure you would want to be the first to know, myself and of course my father will be available for interview both before and after the duel and I hope to see you there.

Sincerely,

Harrison Black, Heir to Noble and Most Ancient House of Black.

Harry stamped his Heir ring underneath and sealed it with the Black crest, he flashed a grin to Draco and ran from the room. When he got to the owlery, Hedwig swooped down and landed on his shoulder, the owl nipped him particularly sharply and Harry winced.

"Hey, I've been unconscious and then plotting revenge for the past two weeks." He told her and she ruffled her feathers.

"I'm sorry, next time Draco will come and see you." He assured her and she bobbed her head.

"Want to take this to Rita Skeeter for me girl?" She took the scroll and soared away. The boys shared a grin.

"Do you think you should tell your father what you've just done?" Draco questioned and Harry blinked.

"Yeah, that's to be advised really." He agreed candidly and they laughed. The pair turned and made their way to the marauder pad, they had History first as it was so they should be ok. When they entered Sirius was pacing in a blind rage, he was snarling and look as if he was going to spontaneously combust.

"I'll kill him, I'll murder him with a light spell. How dare he, how dare he say such a foul and disgusting thing?" Remus would be trying to calm him if he wasn't equally as mad. Draco looked at Harry, whose jaw was clenched.

"Father, you need to calm down,"

Sirius span to face them.

"Calm down, did you hear what he said about you?" He burst out and Harry nodded.

"I did and they will pay for all this, by the time we're finished with them, Rosina Potter will no longer be flying and will have her perfect reputation smeared with blemishes."

"You have done something?"

"Dear Rita has been notified already and of course being the gracious Head of House you are, you will be available for interview with your son before and after you soundly hand Potter his ass on a platter."

Sirius smirked.

"You, my son, are an evil genius."
Harry mock bowed.

"I do try; I believe that particular talent is the first one on my actual résumé."

"Cub, aren't you supposed to be class now?" Remus asked suddenly and Harry snorted.

"Yes, yours,"

Remus blinked before yelping and dashing down the hall only to come running back and out of the portrait hole, Harry and Draco followed at a more sedate pace howling with laughter as they went. It was a brilliant day for Harry and Draco. James and Rosina were getting jeered at for most of it, majority off the students seemed to realise that the Potters weren't untouchable and quite a lot of people didn't like Rosina Potter; Harry loved it. The Potter Heiress was storming around furiously and the glares sent his way were brilliant, he and Draco had a wonderful time laughing at her. They even made a point, during one of her glaring sessions, to actually stop everything they were doing ot point and laugh at her.

James was a different story. He was content on making sly comments whenever he passed Harry, they ranged from what a nuisance he was to how his father was going to be embarrassed in the honour duel, Harry stored it all away for later. Harry hadn't forgotten about the Headmaster. The man was the root to all of his problems and was way too manipulating and interfering for Harry's liking.

"What are you going to do about Dumbledore?" Draco asked him as they sat down for dinner. The Snakes were in a particularly happy mood and it was scaring the rest of the school, they had never seen the Snakes with so much emotion; there were actually smiles to be seen, even if they weren’t quite nice ones.

"As much as I want to destroy Dumbledore, I believe there is someone with a bigger vendetta against the man than I could ever have." Harry stated quietly, Draco frowned.

"Who?"

"Think, Draco," Harry told him, the blond looked confused until his eyes widened.

"Yes, you're probably right on that one."

"Of course I am,"

Draco rolled his eyes.

"Have you heard anything?"

"No but something's going to happen soon, I can feel it." Harry said and Draco shuddered.

"I still cannot believe you spoke to him."

"Why not? He's a perfectly reasonable man once you get past the homicidal tendencies." Harry raised a shoulder and it was times like that when Draco questioned his best friend's sanity.

"Sure," he dragged out the word and Harry grinned.

When Harry woke up the next day he felt off. His scar was burning like never before and he felt his magic fluxing. As he got dressed, he pushed it to the back of his mind and tried to get control of his magic before it caused some damage. Harry guessed it would go away as he never usually got sick.
Harry waited for Draco who came down and looked at him strangely before leaving the common room, Harry didn't eat much for breakfast and barely glanced at the paper where the duel was mentioned. By the end of Transfiguration he was feeling decidedly worse, he dragged himself to Charms where his usual flawless performance was severely lacking and Draco dragged him to a hidden archway afterwards.

"What's wrong?" He demanded and Harry shrugged him off.

"Nothing, I'm fine."

"Bullshit,"

Harry blinked, it was the first time he remembered hearing Draco swear.

"I'm fine, Dray, it's nothing,"

"Don't even think about lying to me, you looked ill this morning, you looked worse in Transfiguration and now you just royally screwed up in Charms. I have never seen you pull off such bad work."

Harry winced.

"I wasn't that bad," He tried.

"You were out shone by Potter and Weasley."

"Oh Magic, you have to be joking?" Harry replied alarmed and Draco shook his head, Harry groaned.

"Ok so I'm not feeling great today,"

"Not great, Harrison, you look like crap." Draco deadpanned.

"Fine, I feel like utter shit. I woke up like it and I don't know what's going on, I'm never sick, comes with the phoenix, and now my magic's feeling worse than it did earlier." Harry finally told him.

"Have you taken anything?"

"No, I wouldn't even know what to take, I've never been ill."

"Never?"

Harry shook his head, Draco sighed.

"Well, there's nothing to be done about your magic as it has to settle on its own. If you have a headache we can go to uncle Sev and get a headache reliever and he might have something for nausea too."

Harry nodded and they made their way down towards the dungeons, with every step, Harry felt worse and Draco was getting more and more alarmed. By the time they were safely in the cover of their territory, Harry was pale white and stumbling, Draco supported him to the Potions Master's office and hammered on the door. Snape threw open the door prepared to yell at the brat who hammered on the door when he saw them, he quickly grabbed hold of the unstable boy and carried him in.

"What in Merlin's name happened?"
"I don't know, he said he woke up feeling like crap and it's only gotten worse." Draco explained quickly. Harry suddenly groaned and clutched his head right over his scar, his magic flared around him and he collapsed.

"That can't be good," Draco muttered.

"Go and fetch Sirius, use the floo,"

The blond nodded and darted away, seconds later Sirius fell out of the floo and in to the office.

"What's wrong?"

"We don't know, his magic is reacting to whatever it is and he just collapsed."

"You don't think this is because of what happened, I mean he did get up pretty quickly." Sirius suggested and Snape shook his head,

"I wouldn't know, Narcissa is the healer, I make the potions."

"I'll go," Draco said and floo'd straight home, he ran in to the living room where his mother and father were sat.

"It's Harrison again, he's collapsed." He told them hurriedly. Narcissa was up with her kit before he finished and Lucius had their cloaks. They floo'd back to Snape's office and Narcissa began running scans. She frowned and began running different tests before shaking her head.

"There is nothing wrong with him, there is no medical reason for him to be unconscious."

"So why's he like this?"

"I don't know," She sighed, "With Harrison I am starting to believe it could be anything." They sat, waiting for him to wake up when he arched up and let out a piercing scream, blood poured from his scar and at the same time, Lucius and Severus collapsed in pain clutching their left forearms. Harry was in a world of pain. He was in his head but he wasn't, he could see things out of someone else's eyes and he only needed one guess as to who. Harry watched as magic visibly swirled around becoming faster and stronger until it slammed in to the core and he screamed. Harry was writhing on the floor when his eyes snapped open only they weren't his eyes, they were glaring crimson and his magic blasted out, only quick shields being raised stopped them from the onslaught.

"What the hell is going on," Sirius demanded, dropping his shield and looking at the fallen men and his son. Narcissa had gone pale and was trying to soak up the blood, her mind whipping through multiple possibilities but coming up empty.

"I don't know, I really don't, and none of this makes sense."

Draco had backed up in shock, he had a feeling he knew what this was about but he kept his mouth closed. Harry sucked in a sharp breath and when his eyes opened again they were his own shocking green, he sat up.

"Holy shit," he gasped and no one bothered about the language.

"What was that?" Sirius exclaimed and Harry looked around, he saw Severus and Lucius and smirked.

"If I told you I doubt you would believe me," Harry said.
"Try it,"

Severus was the first to wake up and he did so with a groan, Lucius quickly followed and they pulled themselves up ungracefully and fell in to chairs.

"It's not possible," The elder blonde muttered.

"It is," Severus said and Harry snorted. The Potions Master looked around sharply.

"Why do I get the feeling you had something to do with this?"

Lucius' head snapped around and Harry had the perfect angelic look on his face.

"Little old me?"

"But he couldn't have, I mean that truly is impossible." Harry smirked.

"Impossible is something I do,"

"But how?"

"Ah, now that is an interesting question, maybe you should ask him."

"Can someone tell me what the bloody hell is going on?" Sirius burst out; the three of them exchanged looks.

"The Dark Lord has returned."

Tom Marvolo Riddle was very happy as he looked at his new body in awe. After 10 years as something less than a spirit, he had finally returned to a corporal form and it was down to an eleven year old child. He looked in to the mirror and smirked, the elixir had returned him to his prime and his old looks, meddling with so much dark magic had twisted his appearance in to something even he was horrified look at. Now though, now he was back to himself, around his mid-thirties if he were to hasten a guess. He flexed his fingers and rolled his shoulders, it was good to be back. There was much to do and in little time but for now he wanted to think; Harry Potter, or Harrison Black as he was now, was an enigma. The boy had raised so many questions in his mind that it was alarming, Harrison had been the child he had targeted when he had heard the prophecy, the boys magic was there in quantities and yet he had handed him the Philosophers Stone.

There was much more to the boy than on the surface and his hate for the Potters was obvious, but what got to the Dark Lord was the boy himself, the way his mind worked, even at such a young age, was something to be admired. He had worked out who he was when Dumbledore remained oblivious, he had worked out what he was after and he had approached him all from a name he hadn't been associated with in years; it was mind blowing. The boy was also, somehow, the Slytherin Heir, which in itself raised questions. The Potters were in no way related to his line so how the boy could wear the ring was anyone's guess. When Harrison had asked to speak with him that day in the classroom, Tom could honestly say he was shocked, the boy was bold but he had obviously thought the whole thing through. And the boys magic; it was everywhere.

The magic wasn't just running wild, no, he had tight control over it all and used it to his needs, it was like an extended limb and in all of his life he had never seen anyone so young control their magic like Harrison. The Dark Lord walked through his father's manor at a sedate pace, he hated his father and had believed him to be a common muggle, again he was surprised by an eleven year old boy when he had laid his father's true lineage down. The manor had been restored but it wouldn't do, he
was moving to Slytherin castle at the quickest convenience and he had plans to lay out. The first thing on that list was catching up with the latest happenings in the world starting with the latest paper. He sat down to read and his eyebrows rose further and further up his head and he felt his notorious temper stir, Potter's spawn had tried to kill Harrison and Dumbledore was blocking everything, the old fool was always sticking his nose in where it wasn't wanted. He was looking forward to destroying the old fool once and for all.

Besides that, Harrison was an Heir, the only Heir to the Slytherin line, however unexplained, he wore the ring and that was enough. He doubted Black would let this go and Lucius was backing him meaning something was going to happen soon. The next paper made him smirk, a duel between the Black Lord and the Potter Lord was something he wanted to see for himself, it was a public duel and he had every intention of going, he would be unrecognisable if he glamoured the eyes. His eyes had stayed resolutely red, a bright crimson, but they gave him a certain edge and he actually liked them. It would also give him an opportunity to see the wizarding world and the old school, and be the perfect opportunity to begin everything.

Tom Marvolo Riddle was very happy and he had plans to change everything.

Chapter End Notes

Please let me know what you think!
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for you comments!

Welp! Its my birthday, and as a tradition I always update 1 or more of my stories on my birthday so here we have it :)

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Un'beta'd

#Parsel#

I'm not J.K

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 13:

Sirius, Remus, Harrison, the Malfoys and Severus were sat in the Potion Master's quarters in silence, with the events that had occurred, no one had anything to say. It was all unbelievable to them, accept for Harrison and Draco of course who were expecting it, after 10 years of nothing, not even a whisper, the Dark Lord was active once more.

"How?" Lucius finally asked, "How had he returned to us now?"

"We will have to wait and see," Snape said quietly.

"What will happen now?" Sirius wondered and they shook their heads.

"Until he calls for us, we do not know."

"You seem almost disappointed," Harrison pointed out dryly and they whipped around to glare at him.

"Never," Lucius stated venomously, "Having the Dark Lord return to us is the greatest blessing."

Harry smirked.

"Just as long as you're still loyal, I don't think he would be too please if you were not."

"You do not know him."

Harry merely raised an eyebrow.

"Besides, I am sure he will inform you of his great return when he calls, it's a rather shocking story. I hope he doesn't wait until the summer for a meeting." Harry mused and he was getting looks of shocked disbelief from everyone except Draco, who was shaking his head at his friend's antics.

"How would you know anything about his return and why would you want a meeting with him?"
Severus asked slowly and Harry returned to an innocent look.

"Huh, well it was a guess and anyone would want to talk to the Dark Lord." Harry cast a tempus, "Oh look at that, curfew, come on, Dray." He grabbed the blond and they vanished. The adults looked at the door.

"It's not possible he actually had something to do with it, is there?" Lucius questioned and no one knew how to answer.

In their dorms, Harry was grinning like an idiot.

"I can't believe it's happened already." He said to his best friend.

"Neither can I, I still remember when you told me what you were planning." Draco agreed and then shook his head. "It was the day I confirmed you were crazy." Harry laughed.

"I know I'm going to have another meeting with him, he wants questions answered and I get to play with the Philosophers' Stone."

"There we go, mental."

Harry rolled his eyes,

"I'm going to bed, after tonight I'm exhausted and tomorrow we're preparing for the duel."

"I cannot wait to see Potter be wiped the floor with." Draco said with a grin and Harry chuckled.

"Agreed,"

There was tension in the air the next morning, the glares shared between Potter and Sirius were deadly and if looks could kill then they both would be 6ft under twice. Rosina Potter seemed to think her father had already won, she was sat in the centre of the Gryffindor table surrounded by people and she was talking about how great her father was, it was sickening.

James Potter was a good duellist, Sirius has said so himself, but Sirius was a Black and Blacks were simply more powerful. They had turned out some of the most feared Death Eaters and the Black family was notorious, even those who were not Death Eaters were known for their skill and power. Sirius himself has a record for the most Death Eaters taken down in battle, he had even beat Dumbledore, something he was rather proud about. Harry heard Rosina bragging outside the Transfiguration classroom when he approached and rolled his eyes.

"Black hasn't got a chance, he's not allowed to use dark magic and it's impossible for him to duel without it, he'll be helpless." She said imperviously and Harry scoffed.

"Potter, that has to be the most stupid thing to come out of your mouth to date." Harry said coldly and she blushed, but glared back defiantly.

"Everyone knows the Blacks are dark." She stated and Harry nodded.

"You are correct, of course," she looked smug, "But you are forgetting one key thing." Rosina looked confused.

"What are you talking about?" She snapped.

"Sirius Black was on the light side, remember? He used to be your father's partner in everything."
Her mouth opened and closed a few times as she had nothing to say, McGonagall opened the door and ushered them in saving Rosina from more embarrassment. Harry walked passed her with a shake of his head and took his seat with Draco.

"Sometimes I think that there is something wrong with Rosina Potter," Draco commented lowly and Harry nodded.

"It's like she had no grip on reality." Harry agreed and they began their work. The lesson was a theory class and Harry internally groaned, it was the problem of finished the entire curriculum early. They headed down the greenhouses after Transfiguration, where they were feeding the plants and identifying key features, Harry didn't mind because he was actually doing something instead of making notes on something he knew like the back of his hand. Harry thanked his stars that he had a free afternoon because he wanted to see he dad practice for the duel, it would be good to see the man at work and it made him hurry to lunch dragging Draco with him.

"What's your rush?" The blond exclaimed.

"I want to see dad practice, it'll be fun." Harry told him and Draco raised an eyebrow.

"You don't need to pull my arm off." Draco said exasperated and Harry rolled his eyes.

"Walk faster then blondie," Harry ran at Draco's affronted look, the other Slytherin chased after him and Harry grinned. "See, that's more like it."

Draco hit him and sat down.

"You are impossible,"

"Of course I am."

They ate lunch and went straight to the marauders pad, Sirius and Remus were locked in a heated duel and the two boys kept behind the wards.

"You have to be careful of what spells you do use, Pads," Remus commented once they had called a halt to their practice.

"I know Moony, I will stick to grey borderline dark, as long as they are not classified then I will be fine." Sirius pointed out and Remus nodded,

"Good, hey boys,"

Harry smiled.

"Rosina Potter seems to think you will be helpless without the use of dark magic," Harry told his dad, who scoffed.

"Yes, because I wasn't Potter's partner before he became a dick."

"I said the same, she didn't seem to have anything to say back." Harry shrugged.

"It's obvious uncle Sirius is going to win." Draco put in, "If he doesn't, mother will kill him."

Sirius paled at that and the boys snickered.

"You laugh now," Sirius grumbled.
"How are you, cub?" Remus asked.

"I'm fine, I wanted to see dad practice." Harry replied.

"As long as you stay behind the wards," Remus warned and the pair nodded. They crossed the boundary and sat down as Sirius faced Remus again and they bowed before falling in to duelling stances.

"Go,"

They both struck at the same time, and were forced to dodge, they were nearly evenly matched, though Remus had a very slight edge due to his enhanced agility. They parried around each other and never once gaining a solid hit, Harry watched impressed at their power and was making mental notes on their styles as Draco watched fascinated. After 10 minutes, they called it quits as neither was gaining the upper hand and Sirius dropped in to his chair with sigh.

"I shouldn't be stressing about this, I know Potter's duelling patterns and I know how he works." He said wearily.

"But you want to win," Remus pointed out.

"It's not even that, I have to win. I will not let him get away with repeated insults."

"You will win this, dad, I have confidence."

Sirius managed a tired smile.

"Thanks pup,"

They sat in the marauders pad all afternoon discussing the upcoming duel and then on to the case.

"It isn't looking good," Sirius sighed, "Dumbledore and Potter are using all their influence to hold everything back, but with the public outcry due to the article we may gain some leeway."

"Fudge will have to make a choice, the Malfoy house along with the Black house is enough for anyone to cave." Draco said and Sirius nodded.

"Which is what we were hoping for, even if it's a fine it means the Potters are not untouchable." Remus said and Harry frowned.

"If you win the duel it will also be a major knock, Fudge will be more mouldable and hopefully she gets more than a slap on the wrist."

"We can only hope that she does,"
looks, he had pale skin, pink lips, high cheek bones and perfectly sculptured brows giving him the perfect aristocratic finish. Harry smirked, he would recognise that magic anywhere and when charmed icy blue eyes snapped to his own glowing green the stranger raised an eyebrow. Harry's smirk stretched. The Malfoys were stood waiting for them to approach, the glee in Lucius’ eyes was apparent and Harry grinned.

"Happy, dear uncle?" He asked lightly and Lucius smirked.

"James Potter has needed to be put in his place for a very long time." The blond stated.

"This is going to be a very good day." Harry mused as Dumbledore got to the platform. The Great Hall had been changed for the day. Gone were the four House tables and the Head at the top, replaced with raised seats surrounding a duelling platform. People lined the makeshift stands, all eager for the duel, and Dumbledore used his magic to quiet the crowd.

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen; welcome to Hogwarts." He greeted jovially, his arms open as if he wanted to embrace them all. Out of the corner of his eye Harry saw the 'stranger' cover a sneer with difficulty and bit back his own amusement.

"Tonight you have been invited to witness and honour duel between Lord Sirius Black III and Lord James Potter." He announced, "I will now pass you on to our duelling umpire, Master Duelling Champion Flitwick."

The diminutive Professor got to the platform and Harry felt his eyebrows shoot up, he had, of course, did research in to all of his Professors, but nothing too indepth, and he had forgotten that the tiny man was in fact legendary with a wand. Harry wondered if the man did any private tutoring. Professor Flitwick's squeaky voice carried over everyone, bringing all attentions to him with ease.

"The rules are as follows," He began, "No classified dark magic, no seconds, and the opponent must be unconscious or incapable to continue the duel for the victor to be decided. The standard duelling rules still apply. The breaking of any rules will result in disqualification and the forfeit of the duel, this is a one on one duel with one round." He motioned for the duellers to approach and the supporting families took their seats. Harry led the Black circle to the stranger and he took a seat next to the man as Sirius and James got to the platform.

"I have to admit, I did not expect to see you here." Harry commented quietly as Flitwick went over the official rules with the opponents so neither could claim ignorance. They were loud enough for the entire Hall to hear as a precaution too. Harry received strange looks from Remus, Lucius, Narcissa and Snape, but one of understanding from Draco at his sudden conversation with the apparent stranger, but he paid them no mind for now.

"Do I know you?" The stranger replied and Harry nearly snorted.

"Yeah, you wish that would work."

He heard the man sigh under his breath before speaking.

"I needed to catch up on modern times, this seemed like the perfect opportunity," His voice was cool, and smooth, and Harry smirked.

"Ah,"

"How?"

"Your magic. While it may be covered from everyone else, I can still feel it."
This time the stranger smirked.

"Indeed," Harry felt the masking spell tighten, "So many questions you raise, it is astounding."

"Yes and I could raise many more, with others I do so daily, but unfortunately now is not the time and if I continue to speak with you like this, it is going to raise even more questions to the others."

Blue eyes flicked around and he smirked.

"Oh yes, they should know, then again, it has been a while."

"Just a bit, I have questions about that too." The stranger nodded once in acknowledgement before their attentions were called back to the duel. Sirius and James bowed to each other and took 7 steps away, James fell in to a common stance whereas Sirius took up his own as Flitwick came between them and held up his hand.

"Begin," the professor jumped out of the way as spells soared, Sirius was first off the mark and the duel began. The exchange of spells was quick and Harry sat forward to analyse their movements, James relied on shields and transfiguration whereas Sirius was a high offence and dodger. As the duel picked up Sirius spells got darker in nature, but they didn't stray in the 'dark' category, he favoured fire spells and forced James to roll on the floor.

The Potter Lord was an apt dueller, he countered each spell with ease, but Harry could see Sirius was only building up, the pace sped up and James took his first solid hit with a Diffindo to the arm; Harry smirked. He retaliated by throwing water to the floor and freezing it around Sirius' feet, he threw spells at him in different directions thinking he couldn't move, Sirius fell to the floor and cast Bombarda to the ice, the after shock made James stumble giving the grim animagus chance to get up swiftly and curse him. Confringo was at the very border of grey and dark, it had the desired affect and James didn't block in time, Sirius disarmed him and followed it by blasting him back to the wall where James slammed in to the stone and crumpled to the floor; he was out cold.

"Winner, Lord Black."

Sirius bowed and the crowds cheered, Remus was up and down next to Sirius within a blink of an eye as James was enervated and given medical attention. Harry spotted Lily smiling as she looked over to Sirius, unfortunately so did James and Harry's eyes narrowed when her whole complexion went sickly white.

"Do you wish to greet the victor?" Harry asked the 'stranger' and received a smirk.

"Of course,"

The pair left much to the confusion of the others, when they were a distance away Harry glanced up to look at the man properly

"So what name are you going by now?" He asked.

"Lord Marvolo Slytherin-Le Fey to the outside world, to my Death Eaters it will be the same."

Harry grinned.

"Marvolo then," Harry said, "Why the glamour?"

"My eyes decided to stay crimson, I am famous for having 'evil red eyes', it would be a bit of a give away."
"Nah, can't see why,"

"My mistake," Was the dry reply he received and Harry laughed.

"Now you have greeted us with your revered presence," he dodged the hand that aimed for the back of his head, "We can organise a meeting, I have things to ask and clarify and I am sure you wish to ask questions."

"Indeed, the summer would be the best opportunity. It gives me chance to build things up after my lengthy absence," Here Harry received a filthy look which he grinned back at.

"I will forever remind you of that night." Harry told him and received a glare, "And I want to know why I ended up unconscious and watching your rebirth, that hurt by the way." Harry rubbed his chest and the Dark Lord raised an eyebrow.

"I cannot answer that yet, it might have something to do with your scar."

"Maybe, I would like a definitive answer anyway." Harry said.

"That is understandable. I would like to know also, there could be other benefits or complications."

"When are you going to relieve Lucius and Severus and call them?"

"I was going to make them endure, but today seems a perfect opportunity." Marvolo mused. "Am I correct in assuming this duel is the aftermath of your near death experience?"

"Ah, heard about that did you?" Harry scratched his head, "Yes, Dumbledore proclaimed me being shoved out of the air from 50 ft an accident because it was the next Merlin herself. He blocked all staff and is controlling the ministry at the current time, so, as you must have read, we went to the paper and started seeding the doubt in the Potters perfect image. Potter didn't react well and insulted me so dad challenged him to an honour duel." Harry explained as they moved towards Sirius who was being fussed over by a panicked mate.

"What was the insult to cause such a reaction?"

Harry's expression turned nasty.

"Potter stated that I should have had my magic bound and been hidden in the muggle world."

The magic around the Dark Lord spiked and the eyes flashed crimson for a second.

"I see,"

They had gotten in to hearing distance of the pair now and Sirius was trying to calm Moony down.

"Honestly, Moony, I'm fine, It was only a cut and a fracture."

"But, Padfoot-;"

"Uncle Moony, father is fine, you are the one who is going to need a calming draught soon." Harry said with a grin and the werewolf smiled sheepishly.

"Sorry,"

"Hey, pup,"
"Father, uncle, I would like to introduce Lord Marvolo Slytherin-Le Fey, Marvolo, this is my uncle, Remus Lupin-Black, and my father, Lord Sirius Black." Harry introduced and they shook hands. Sirius blinked and tilted his head with narrowed eyes and Harry knew he would work it out.

"Slytherin, that must mean you're…" He trailed off and his head snapped up, he stepped back slightly with wide eyes.

"Yes," Marvolo confirmed the unvoiced statement and Sirius looked at his son with a resigned look.

"I give up, I just do!"

Harry beamed.

"Your rooms or Sev's?"

Said Potions Master appeared as of summoned.

"What about me?"

"There is a simply delightful conversation coming up which will probably raise more questions due to my adoring son." Sirius deadpanned, "We can go to mine after we have given an interview to Rita as you promised."

Harry nodded.

"I had forgotten about that, where is she?"

"I believe she is on her way over," Marvolo told him and Harry nodded.

"Get my act on," He muttered to himself much to the Dark Lord's amusement, which turned to surprise as the boy changed before their eyes as the reporter came over.

"Lord Black, a stunning defeat of Lord Potter," She gushed and Sirius bit back his retch, plastering on an accepting smile.

"Thank you, Ms Skeeter, it was a shame it came to an honour duel but I will not have my son insulted because of something Potter's daughter was in the wrong for." Sirius told her humbly.

"Ah yes, the reason for the duel: what happened?"

"After the revelation about Harrison's original parentage, Lord and Heiress Potter did not react well. They confronted myself and my son and spewed grievous insults that could not be left."

"If you do not mind, what was said?"

"Lord Potter stated that Harrison should have had his magic bound and be hidden from the world." Rita gasped and so did those listening around, the whispers already started spreading and Harry nearly cackled at the looks of disgust suddenly getting thrown to the Potter side of the room.

"That is horrific! How could he?"

"Yes, I also couldn't believe he would stoop so low. You can understand why I challenged him."

"Yes definitely, and you won the duel which is commendable."

"Thank you,"
"Have you gained any momentum with legal proceedings from your son's attack?"

"Currently, Lord Potter and the Headmaster are using all of their power to keep things moving slowly, but I believe with some added pressure we will gain something." Sirius answered and Rita nodded, turning to Harry.

"How are you feeling after your father's victory?"

Harry gave a shy smile.

"I knew my father would win, after everything Lord Potter has been doing since I returned to the wizarding world, the man deserved to lose."

"Do you mind if I ask you a few questions about that shocking revelation?"

"Not at all," Harry answered welcomingly.

"Do you remember your parents before being sent away?" Rita asked and Harry nearly smirked but instead he looked down as if upset.

"I have an eidetic memory, I remember it was Dumbledore and James that convinced Lily to give me to her magic hating sister." Harry told her, making sure to keep his voice a touch reluctant with an undercurrent of lasting hurt. That resulted in a few gasps too, and Harry wanted to smile, he was glad he added in that handy detail.

"Oh my, so you remember being given up?"

"Yes, at the beginning I always wondered why, but I grew to accept that I was second best."

"How was your transition back to the wizarding world?" She questioned.

"My birth parents collected me and the first thing I heard was how great and famous my twin was and how they had to give me up to train her."

"Was that the only explanation you got given?"

"Yes, although I do not see how that excuse is true. My grades are substantially higher than Rosina Potter's and I had only been in the wizarding world since September."

"Your parents wanted to get closer to you when you returned, why did that not happen?"

"At the beginning of the year they tried, but it's hard to forget all those feelings of abandonment when you can remember everything. I did try, but every conversation seemed to end up going back to Rosina and her fame." Harry shrugged despondently and then 'perked up'. "Of course I was growing closer with my father and uncle Remus, they were actually interested in me rather than the Girl-Who-Lived's twin. At Christmas father blood adopted me and I'm now proudly Harrison Black, unfortunately, not everyone was as happy as us and made their distaste vocal."

"I presume you mean Lord Potter and the Girl-Who-Lived."

"Yes, they made times tiring by just being awful."

"Their behaviour is a lot different to what they show the public then?" Rita confirmed and Harry nodded sadly.

"They seemed so nice in front of the cameras, but then behind the scenes their true selves come out."
"What happened at the Quidditch match?" Rita wanted to know and Harry was all too happy to oblige.

"The game was intense as always and after over an hour, I had finally caught sight of the snitch. I began chasing it with Rosina and she took the lead, we were high up and on a straight, I wanted to win the game so I decided to use one of my favourite moves. I jumped of my broom and over Rose to catch the snitch. I would have landed on my broom, like I always do, but she rammed in to my shoulder. I went to grab my broom, but she kicked out of my reach and that's when I fell." Harry shuddered and he had the listeners hooked, "I was terrified and when I hit the ground, it was unimaginable pain before I blacked out. I was out for a week after Lady Malfoy healed me and I am lucky to be alive." Harry finished flashing Narcissa a smile for the crowd, Rita's quill was working overtime and Harry was cackling on the inside.

"In your opinion, there was no accident."

"No, there is no way kicking my broomstick out of reach was an accident, especially after she slamming in to me, I remember her smiling about it too." So that was a slight lie, he didn't remember much as it happened so fast, but it could have happened.

"The disgrace," She stated furiously, "I shall leave you and your father to your victory, thank you." She left and Harry led them out, when they were free and clear did he laugh.

"That was some astounding acting," Marvolo commented to Harry who smirked.

"I do not know what you mean," He replied innocently to which he received a raised eyebrow.

"Of course not,"

They reached the marauder pad and Harry muttered the password, when he entered he waved his hand and conjured up some more seats and threw himself gracefully in to a chair.

"It's a glorious day is it not?"

"Why do I have the intense feeling I am going to regret my decision." Marvolo muttered taking a chair facing Harry, the boy in question grinned.

"Where's your bright spirit?"

"It hasn't quite returned to me," Marvolo deadpanned.

"Will you please explain what is going on?" Lucius finally asked and Harry grinned.

"Are you explaining or am I?"

"It is a shame they have not realised, Black was quick of the mark."

"And I'm still recovering," He muttered.

"Are we supposed to know who you are?" Severus asked slowly and Marvolo smirked, slowly the icy blue eyes bled glaring crimson red and the two official Death Eaters reared back in shock.

"Surely you recognise me, Severus?" Marvolo drawled and the Potions Master blinked.

"My Lord?" He questioned in disbelief and Marvolo gave a short nod.
"We knew you had returned, the miracle it is, but we were waiting for summons."

"Yes, I was successfully returned and a public duel was the perfect opportunity to rework myself in to the current wizarding world."

"But how did you accomplish this miracle milord?" Lucius finally spoke and Harry's eyes widened as he forgot he hadn't told anyone about that yet, he had jokingly said they should ask him but not while he was actually there! He had stolen the Philosopher's Stone for Magic's sake, he didn't want to be with his parents when they found out. The Dark Lord, who had obviously spotted and understood Harry's sudden horror, smirked and turned directly to the first year, neatly folding one leg over the other and relaxing back; this should be very entertaining.

"Would you care to share my miraculous resurrection, Harrison?" He inquired lightly, and the boy shook his head rapidly.

"No, I am perfectly fine, thank you. In fact, I think that as this day is so good, we should talk about the future, not the past. Things are moving forward after all, and why speak of things already come to pass?" Harry responded, his voice cheerful; too cheerful.

"Oh, but everyone here is so interested in my return and you are more familiar with your father and uncle. Do you not believe it would be better coming from you?" Marvolo wondered with a smirk, and Harry's scowled at him.

"I honestly believe the rumours of your evilness." He grumbled and Marvolo chuckled.

"Dark Lord," Was his only response. Harry threw him an absolutely disgusted look, which only served to make the man more amused.

"What did you do?" Sirius sighed and Harry glared at Marvolo.

"I hate you, this was supposed to be the start of a beautiful comradeship."

"I have to have something to serve me some amusement."

Harry gave him a withering look which quickly changed in to an innocent smile when he faced the five other adults in the room; Draco was successfully hiding behind the sofa much to Harry's ire.

"See you know how I get board sometimes." He began and out the corner of his eye he saw the Dark Lord angle himself to face the others too, he was going to get him back for this.

"And you know how Dumbledore's keeping the Philosopher's Stone here? Well me and Draco got bored and decided to go and get it and I kinda gave it to him." Harry rushed out and was greeted with silence.

"You stole the Philosopher's Stone. Then gave it to the Dark Lord?" Sirius confirmed after the silence had stretched on for about a minute.

"Uhuh,"

The Black Lord looked around at the others and shook his head,

"I got nothing,"

"You stole the Philosopher's Stone, a legendary magical artefact, from under Albus Dumbledore's extremely long nose and gave it to the Dark Lord, and no one knew." Severus exclaimed.
"Well Draco knew, he helped me steal it."

"How in Merlin's name did you do it?"

"It was quite easy, I mean, we did it in February."

He had shocked them in to silence much to his relief, and he gave Marvolo the evil eye.

"I am so blaming you when this sinks in!" He hissed.

"I didn't ask you to steal the Philosopher's Stone,"

"No, I did that because I was bored. I mean, who keeps a Philosopher's Stone in a school and expects it to stay there?" Harry rolled his eyes.

"Your child is insane, Black," Lucius decided and Harry looked affronted.

"Well that's rude,"

"Truth hurts, cub," Remus told him and Harry sniffed.

"It is not insanity, merely greatness you are yet to understand." He informed them primly, crossing his arms and tilting his chin up arrogantly. He was given looks of utter disbelief, as well as a highly amused one from Marvolo, and he flashed them a smirk.

"Fine, enough about me, a Dark Lord is sat there, talk to him."

Said man raised an eyebrow.

"We will be having a long conversation later." Remus warned and Harry cringed.

"I thought as much,"

"What are your plans, my Lord?" Severus asked recovering from the shock of two eleven year olds stealing the Philosopher's Stone.

"At the current time I am reacquainting myself with the wizarding world, I have recently been told some important information which is crucial to the political network I will be creating." Marvolo told them, "I am creating a public face to coincide with the Death Eaters,"

"A new name within the circle," Lucius confirmed.

"Quite," Marvolo turned to Harrison, "The summer is approaching, our meeting can wait until then if you are agreed?" Harry tilted his head.

"Yes, they will die of heart failure or something otherwise," Harry agreed, "Although, there are a few points that I want to make about your Death Eaters."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I was doing my research and something kept cropping up, and it royally pissed me off." The rest of the group were too shocked by the exchange to criticise the language. Harrison was eleven and he was speaking to the Dark Lord without a care, not even fully grown adults did that.

"What would that be?" Marvolo asked with a raised eyebrow.
"There have been reports, many of them, of rapes." Harry spat the word out like it was dirt; if there was one thing that he could not stand it was rapists, they were the very scum of the earth.

"Ah, yes, some of them got a little drunk on the power. They were punished, but with having such large forces it was hard to keep track of every one of them." The man didn't look to happy about it and Harry nodded.

"Understandable I guess, but I won't stand for such a disgusting act."

"You will do what about it exactly?" There was a slight sneer in his voice and his magic spiked from where it had settled around him once his identity had been confirmed. Harry's eyes narrowed.

"You forget, I may be only 11, but I have a very big advantage over most." He stated with his own voice taking on an icy edge.

"And what would that be?"

From no-where the room was filled with an oppressive force, it was magic, thick, swirling, powerful magic filling the room and caressing everyone in it. Harry's eyes were glowing as his magic swarmed him and he let it settle, it could still be felt, but it wasn't as overwhelming and the Dark Lord smirked.

"I believe I will like working with you after all." Marvolo stated and Harry's lips quirked in to a smirk of his own.

"Of course you will, you will find I am an amazing person." Harry said,

"You still own me an explanation,"

"We are staying at Black Manor over the summer, confirm a date and a location and you will get your explanation. I do warn you though, sitting is advised because it is rather unbelievable." Harry said with a grin.

"I have no doubt," The man rose gracefully, "I will contact you by owl, you will hear of whispers within the ministry by the end of next week at the latest, you will realise if it is me or not." And with that, he swept from the room leaving silence in his wake. Harry looked to the other adults and barely held a snicker, they all looked catatonic with shock.

"Well, I believe myself and Draco should be back in the common room." Harry said lightly and went to leave, he grabbed the blond and got to the portrait hole when the adults snapped back in to the living.

"Oh no you don't, young man, we are having a talk." Sirius said to him and Harry winced.

"You too, Draco," Lucius called, Harry looked to Draco who was shifting uncomfortably.

"Shall we make a break for it?" Harry asked lowly and Draco nodded.

"Don't even think about it, cub, I heard that."

Both boys dropped their heads in dismay, and with deliberate slow movements they went back to the living room, they took a seat on the sofa where they were being indicated and faced 5 very confused adults.

"You both have a lot of explaining to do." Severus drawled.

"Well I can only say so much," Harry warned and they exchanged looks.
"And why is that?"

"He just left the room." Harry stated and they didn't look happy, but nodded.

"You can start with how you contacted the Dark Lord." Lucius said and Harry smirked.

"He has been in the school since September, you could have contacted him too." He told them and took pleasure in the dropping of jaws.

"What?"

"Yep," He popped the 'p' and leaned back.

"But how?" Narcissa wondered and Remus narrowed his eyes.

"Quirrell, he was possessing Quirrell." Remus said and Harry nodded in confirmation.

"Yes he was, I simply worked out it was him and asked to speak with him." Harry shrugged.

"You asked to speak with the Dark Lord; alone?" Sirius asked in disbelief.

"Yes, how else was I going to negotiate with him?" Harry said bewildered and Sirius looked ill, Lucius and Severus were looking at him as if he had lost his mind and Remus and Narcissa were just shocked.

"Negotiate?" Sirius repeated hoarsely.

"Yes, Philosophers Stone for a say in the running of the Dark Sect.,"

"Did you not think about the possibility of him killing you?" Sirius questioned weakly and Harry shook his head.

"Draco thought about that and Marvolo said the same, but I am confident enough in my abilities to know he could not have killed me."

"He is the Dark Lord, he had never been defeated in a duel." Snape snapped and Harry glared at him.

"I am aware of who he is and his reputation, but he did not have his own body, he was possession someone with considerably weaker magic and I have also never been defeated in a duel. I am fully able to conjure and control *Fiendfyre* so I know I have something behind me." Harry replied in the same tone and Severus looked a little sheepish before the expression was gone.

"Be that as it may, you put yourself in danger for no reason." Remus said and Harry shook his head.

"There are other factors that I can't yet tell you that go in to it, I didn't merely decided on day that I was going to approach the Dark Lord who had a notorious temper and has been known to wipe out towns with a blast of his wand." Harry said frustrated, "I'm going to make him pay for this." He vowed to himself.

"Ok so you made some sort of agreement with him?" Sirius changed the topic and Harry nodded.

"Yes,"

"I have never seen the Dark Lord act like he did with you with anyone." Harry smirked at that,
"I'm just that cool,"

"I thought he would curse you for speaking out about the Death Eaters." Narcissa put in and the others nodded.

"Your magic cub," Remus breathed in awe,

"I keep it tightly under wraps," Harry said with a grin.

"I understand why," Lucius said, "If you didn't, you would attract attention everywhere you went." The blond aristocrat then turned to his son.

"You, Draco, also have to explain why you thought it would be prudent to steal the Philosopher's Stone along with Harrison."

"We wanted to explore the 3rd floor and we found the Cerberus hidden there."

Narcissa squeaked.

"They are keeping such a beast in a school full of children?" She demanded looking at the actual staff.

"I did not know it was a Cerberus." Severus muttered.

"That old man has something wrong with him." She hissed and no one disagreed.

"Carry on, Draco,"

The blonde swallowed.

"Well, we wanted to know why they needed something like that guarding the floor and Harry overheard the golden cubs speaking about someone called Nicolas Flamel. We found out he was the only known maker of the Philosopher's Stone and so we decided to go and steal it because we knew someone else wanted it too."

"And we were bored," Harry threw in.

"You are going to be the death of me." Sirius and Lucius sighed at the same time.

"I cannot condone deliberately placing yourself in danger, other factors or not, as soon as we get to the manor you are banned from flying for a week and grounded." Sirius told Harry who looked horrified.


"Draco, you have the same for aiding him." Lucius stated and Draco looked outraged.

"But, father-"

"Do not argue, both of you should be thankful it isn't more."

They both closed their mouths glaring at the adults.

"Now you can return to the common room, go straight there and next time you can think before you do something completely dangerous." Remus said and they left without a word. They adults all collapsed in to the nearest seat and Severus summoned the firewhiskey, he poured generous helpings
in to eat glass and handed them out.

"What in Merlin's name has my son got himself in too?" Sirius asked the room after a moment of silence.

"I don't know, but it is set to be eventful at least." Lucius drawled.

"Seconding that," Severus raised his glass.

"Did you feel his magic?" Narcissa questioned after they had drank.

"There was just so much of it." Sirius shook his head.

"I would have not believed it if I had not felt it myself, he had power; beyond that." Lucius stated.

"It is just what he does with it is what matters, someone like that on the apposing side would be crippling." Narcissa pointed out.

"Overall, it is lucky he had an agreement with the Dark Lord early on. I can only imagine what he can do with it. I have never seen someone so young control their magic like Harrison." Severus said and then his brow rose, "I cannot believe he has an agreement with the Dark Lord."

"I didn't even know he could negotiate." Lucius scoffed.

"I wonder what it is." Narcissa put in with a pensive look on her beautiful face.

"It is anyone's guess, but I have no doubt we shall all find out." Remus stated and they all sighed; nothing was going to be simple.

**Chapter End Notes**

I'd love to hear from you XD
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for your comments!

I'm so sorry for the delay, things got a little busy I guess. So here's a new chapter for you :)

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Un'beta'd

# Parsel#

I'm not J.K

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 14:

Harry and Draco did listen to their parents and go straight back to the common room, they didn't have time to grumble about the unfair punishment because as soon as they entered there was a massive cheer and a party kicked in to gear; Slytherin style. The two first years exchanged looks before grinning and embracing the party, drinks were passed around, food was led out and music was playing to celebrate the victory of Sirius Black putting James Potter in his place. The Slytherins were beyond ecstatic and Harry nearly felt pity for what Potter would have to face tomorrow before he laughed and shared his thoughts with Draco, the blonde smirked.

"Tomorrow is going to be a beautiful day." Draco agreed. The party lasted in to the early hours and it was only when Snape entered the common room and glared at everyone did they flee to the safety of their dorms, Harry all but skipped to his bed, to him the day couldn't have gone better. His father had beat James Potter hands down, he had given a slandering interview without being directly slandering, he had met the Dark Lord in his own form, he had spoken to said Dark Lord who had revealed himself to his trusted and things were in motion; it had been a very good day.

Of course, he was planning on getting Marvolo back for the nasty stunt he pulled in front of the other adults, Harry hadn't thought about the repercussions of stealing the Philosopher's Stone when he was doing, and now he was grounded along with Draco. Harry had a rough idea on what he was going to do, it just had to go right and hope that he got the reaction he wanted.

"Do you think Potter will show his face tomorrow?" Theo asked, climbing into his bed.

"I think he has too, but he will either come really early or really late hoping to be undetected." Harry replied, climbing in his own, Aressa slid over and curled around his neck hissing happily. She hadn't wanted to come to the duel, favouring the dungeons and exploring.

# Hey beautiful#
Of course, I had to come and see you. She settled nicely and Harry absently stroked her with his left hand, the other boys were still not used to his Parsel ability and were blinking, the only one used to it was Draco who rolled his eyes.

"Did anyone see how happy Lady Potter was when her husband lost?" Blaise questioned and Harry's attention went straight to the other Snake.

"Yes, what else did you see?" It came out a bit sharper than intended, but no one pointed it out.

"I don't know," Blaise frowned, "He looked at her and she went really pale." Harry cursed.

"What?" Draco asked and Harry shook his head.

"Not now," Harry muttered, his brain was working overdrive thinking about all the other things he had seen with Lily over the past couple of months and it wasn't drawing a good conclusion. If it was true then he would be pissed, even if he didn't like Lily she didn't deserve that, and Magic help Potter if it was true. Harry led down after saying good night with plans running through his mind, for an unexplained reason he was worried for Lily and he internally cursed Helga and her caring nature that she passed on.

He would see if he could gather more evidence and if his theory turned out to be correct he would deal with it then. Harry checked his Occlumency shields and organised his mind, he needed to sleep as he wouldn't put it past Sev to wake them up at some ungodly hour. Harry sat bolt upright; Severus. If he was right, Severus was going to be angry, the Potions Master had a major soft spot for Lily Potter. Harry groaned and pushed everything back; he was going to sleep.

There was an excited buzz in the Slytherin common room the morning after the duel, despite the late hour they went to bed, every one of their House members was up and dressed by 8:30, even though it was a weekend, waiting to go to the hall. The Slytherins trooped up with a skip in their steps, there was one thing on their mind; James Potter. Harry's eyes scoured the room and smirked when he saw James already sat at the Head table with his head bowed playing with his food, whispers of mocking and desertion went through the green house much to Harry's amusement.

With the Hall filling up it was clear that there was only one topic of conversation; the duel. Harry did note that Lily wasn't in attendance and his eyes narrowed slightly, it only added to his theory. People were turning to the door waiting for someone and Harry grinned, he would bet his dad was waiting to make more of an entrance and he was proven right when Remus stepped into the doorway with a marauder grin on his face.

"Can I present the victor Sirius Black," he made a grand gesture and Sirius walked in to the hall amongst ear shattering cheers. It was like a Quidditch match, all but the Gryffindors were stamping their feet and the Slytherins were on their feet chanting "Black, Black, Black, Black". Sirius took an exaggerated bow and walked up the centre of the hall shaking peoples hands and cheering with the crowd, Harry rolled his eyes. He caught Severus' eye and the Potions Master massaged his temples in an open sign of exasperation. Sirius finally got the Head table and motioned for the room to quieten down.

"Thank you, thank you for your warm welcome." He gave the famous charming smile, Remus was sat next to Severus grinning, letting his mate have his moment. "It was almost too much to celebrate
my outstanding victory."

Harry snorted in to his hands as a laugh passed through the hall.

"And I know that yesterday will not be forgotten," he took a bow and cheers erupted again. If looks could kill then Sirius would be dead because James was less than pleased. Red faced and furious, the Potter Lord stormed from the hall amongst boos and jeers from the Snakes.

"I do believe your father has a flare for the dramatics." Draco commented, actually beginning his breakfast and Harry scoffed.

"You think?" He shook his head with a laugh, "But it was so worth it."

"Yes, did you see Potter?"

"Of course, it's probably sunk it that he's a dick." Harry agreed, they shared a look,

"Naa,"

"Check the paper, I want to see if anything is mentioned." Harry said to Draco who shook his head.

"Nothing, they'll probably do a Sunday exclusive."

"I hope so, and I hope it's massive."

They made their way to the library to go over homework with the rest of the first years, who were avidly speaking about the duel.

"I wonder what Rosie has to say about her father today." Draco said as they walked up, Harry smirked.

"I hope she says something, just for the stupidity factor." They laughed and Harry saw that the Gryffindors were already in attendance, unfortunately Rose didn't say anything, she just glared at him and stormed out of the library with her friends.

"Such a shame," Harry sighed.

"Yes, but you know it's not going to last."

"Harrison, I'm surprised," Theo said as they claimed a table.

"Oh?"

"Yes, from what I've seen, you've left Dumbledore alone; not even a prank."

Harry tilted his head realising he was right, he thought for a few moments before his eyes lit up.

"I have a plan, but it will take us all."

They exchanged looks.

"We're in,"

Harry grinned and they leaned in to plot.

"It'll have to be after the article tomorrow," Harry said.
"Yes, if you can do it for Monday then everyone will bare witness." Draco agreed.

"Theo, you will have to be look out with Draco, Blaise, you will be my signal and I'll create the potion and sneak in to his office." Harry explained.

"Right,"

"What are you going to do to his office?" Blaise asked and Harry smirked.

"It won't be his office, I'm going to lace those sweets he's always eating." All of their grins were unpleasant. They stayed hunched together laying out the finer details of the plan before splitting their separate ways, they would have to do it tomorrow giving them a very small window because of the article and Dumbledore and co would be in his office discussing what effect it could have.

"If we get caught we will be royally screwed." Theo said.

"Yes, we just won't get caught." Harry pointed out, they grinned.

"I need to make the potion now, I need to alter it so it's untraceable."

"What potion are you using, Har?" Draco asked and Harry smirked.

"Now that would be telling,"

They groaned as he grabbed his bag and waited for them to clear up. He took them through a handy shortcut to the dungeons and knocked on the Potions Master's office door, waving as his friends continued to the common room.

"Harrison, what can I help you with?" Snape asked as the boy walked in.

"Can I use the lab?"

"Yes, but you will have to use the last one. The OWL and NEWT Snakes are practicing."

"Thanks,"

Harry walked deeper in to the dungeons down to the last lab, he pushed it open and raised an eyebrow, it was the one he used to use with Salazar when they worked together, he hadn't been down here in a while as he didn't need too; it was good to be back. Harry set up a cauldron and quickly made up a hair loss potion, when it was simmering he snapped his fingers for his notepad and began jotting down ideas and snippets to change the potion. He needed the potion to activate when the old fool was asleep and he wanted it to be untraceable, Harry had a few ideas before he came to the calculation of the correct formula. With a smirk, he began adding the necessary ingredients and stirring the draught, he was about to add the final ingredient, a pinch powdered root of asphodel when the door was thrown open making him jump and poor then entire contents of the container in.

"Shit," he cursed as the cauldron literally ruptured spraying it's contents everywhere, Harry only got a shield up because he didn't use his wand, the people who burst in, who he recognised as Warrington and a Ravenclaw 6th year named MacDougal, weren't so lucky and were covered.

"What in Merlin's name do you think you are doing?" Harry yelled at them furiously.

"Ew, what is this?" MacDougal squealed trying to get it out of her hair and off her face, she ran her hands through her hair when it broke off and Harry's eyes widened before he hastily covered his
"It's an experimental potion you dipshit," He told her instead.

"What does it do?"

"Hair loss," he shrugged casually, she checked her hair and screamed when it came off in her hands.

"What the fuck have you done?" She shrieked and Harry scoffed.

"Me?" he said in disbelief, "You're the stupid idiots that burst in to a potions lab!"

"You shouldn't be experimenting, you don't know what your doing!" she shouted at him in a rage, Harry's eyebrows shot up in disbelief. He not know what he was doing in potions? That was the most ridiculous thing he had ever heard.

"Of course I know what I'm doing."

"You're only a measly first year, what do you know." she sneered, Harry shot a look at Warrington who just shrugged resigned to his fate of premature baldness.

"Oh my mistake, it's a shame this measly first year won't bother to try and counter the accident." Harry spat, "Stupid bitch can go around bald, now get out of my lab." She ran off wailing and Warrington laughed.

"Sorry about that, Harrison,"

Harry waved him off.

"Not my problem, I was telling the truth, it is an experimental potion so I don't know when it will wear off. When it does, you will be able to magic your hair back." He said to the older Snake, who grinned.

"Thank Merlin," He left quietly and Harry began again, he had to snap his fingers for his own asphodel and powder it on the desk. This time, when he was on the final steps, no one burst in and he managed to add the correct amount and stirred it until it came to his estimated yellow colour.

"Brilliant," He muttered. He allowed it to cool before bottling up and clearing up the lab. He had more to clear up thanks to his interruption and Harry made sure he had vanished all the spilt potion, he was sure it wasn't harmful, just much more potent.

As it was now it had to be ingested to take affect and if everything went to plan, the old fool would ingest enough throughout the day before he went to bed. Harry grinned to himself and bagged the phials, he left the lab and went back to Snape's office to inform him he was finished. He cast a tempus and saw he had missed lunch, which wasn't so surprising, and he had about an hour and a half until dinner. Harry made his way back to the common room, the rest of the first year boys had taken up shop around a table and Harry flashed them a grin.

"Got it sorted," he said and they grinned.

"What took you so long?" Draco asked and Harry snickered.

"You seen Warrington yet?"

They shook their heads.
"When you see him and the 6th year MacDougal you will understand."

They didn't bother to ask anything else.

"We've been working out a plan for tomorrow," Theo said.

"Ok, spill,"

"You and Draco are going to leave together like you always do and make it look like you are going back to the common room, but only Draco will. Myself and Theo will leave then and make our way to the library where you will pop up somehow and we will make our way to his office, that way Draco and Theo can meet up and work at watching them."

"Brilliant guys," Harry said with a grin, "What are you going to do if they come to the office and I'm still up there?"

"If they walk up the corridor, I'll make something explode."

Harry nodded.

"Ok, I have a spell that will make sure we aren't caught," Harry told them, "We're going to practice it now, come on," they went up to the dorms where Harry, for once, took out his wand.

"Right, this is one of my own creations and there are two parts to it." Harry began,

"Wait, your creation?" Blaise repeated shocked,

"Yes, I made it when I was 10." Harry shrugged while Theo and Blaise gaped at him, Draco rolled his eyes already knowing this.

"The incantation is Praemormior," Harry told them and they repeated it.

"Good, now the wand movement it this," he twirled his wand in a circle and flicked it upwards sharply, they mimicked the motion and Harry nodded.

"Now, you have to picture yourself vanished, completely gone and do the spell." It took a few attempts before Draco managed it and vanished from the room, magical presence and everything, Blaise got it next, but no matter what Theo did it kept flickering and he popped back in to existence.

"Damn," he muttered as he tried again.

"Don't worry about it, I have a back up." Harry summoned a phial of potion and handed it to him. Theo eyed it wearily before drinking it and vanishing like the others, Harry grinned and vanished himself.

"This next part is important because if you don't get this right you won't be able to see each other." Harry said,

"Wonderful," Draco muttered and Harry laughed, Draco didn't like the eye spell.

"Put your wands to your temple and say Calor Conspectu," He knew they all got it right when they yelled out as their vision flashed red.

"What in Merlin's name?" Blaise yelped.

"It's lovely isn't it?" Draco drawled and Harry rolled his eyes.
"Shut up complaining, you are now completely hidden from everything, all you need is a silencer to your feet for extra precaution and we would be impossible to locate." Harry explained, "Just don't walk in to anyone."

"This is so cool," Theo muttered,

"I know," Harry agreed, "The counter is Debilito," Blaise and Draco popped back in to existence and Harry handed Theo the antidote potion after he had countered his own spell.

"The old goat won't know what had hit him"

"Let's get to dinner, I want to see if MacDougal dared go out in public." Harry said.

"Better yet, any of the Potters, they haven't been seen." Draco told him.

"He's hiding poor baby," Harry mocked as they left, Harry caught sight of Warrington, who was now completely bald, and burst out laughing.

"Oh Merlin," he gasped much to the other's confusion, he pointed to the other Quidditch player and they joined him in laughing.

"What happened?" Draco questioned calming down slightly.

"Potions accident," Harry said and they snickered. Harry led the way to the Great Hall and was disappointed when Potter and MacDougal weren't there. Sirius got another round of applause when he entered and Harry shook his head, he still couldn't believe he was grounded.

"Tomorrow Potter is going to be hounded," Draco said and Harry nodded in agreement.

"Yes, if Rita works her magic like she did last time."

"No doubt she will," Theo said grinning,

"Yes, her quill is famous for being poisonous." Blaise added.

"Good,"

The four first years were buzzing for two reasons when they got to the Slytherin table Sunday morning. They had double checked their plan and it was nearly faultless, and they were going to get to work after they had seen the duel article. Everyone was still talking about the duel and how it reflected upon James Potter, much to Harry's amusement. Potter came in for breakfast and sat down with Lily who looked as if she wanted to be anywhere but next to her husband; Harry quirked an eyebrow. He watched as Rosina walked in with Granger and Weasley and they huddled together at the end of the Gryffindor tables whispering to themselves, Rosina looked over and glared at him in an accusing manner before going back to her conversation.

"She's somehow blaming you for her fathers defeat." Draco muttered.

"Looks that way," Harry agreed with a scoff.

"Pathetic,"
"Yes, but they will learn eventually."

"Hopefully not in the near future," Draco said, "It brings endless amounts of amusement when they make fools of themselves."

"Point," Harry conceded.

"Owls should be here now," Blaise said looking up, Harry mimicked him and grinned when the post swooped in. His issue of the Daily Profit landed in front of him and he paid the owl before taking the paper.

"Well here goes nothing," He laid it out and smirked; Rita had done it again.

**Stunning Defeat!**

**Honour Duel results,**

**Black Victorious,**

Last week, as you all know, Lord Sirius Black challenged Lord James Potter to an honour duel for insults upon his person and his son. The duel took place on Friday, in Hogwarts, and was open to public viewing gathering a tense crowd. It was a simply duel, one on one with the basic rule of no dark magic and it was clear that both Lord's wanted to win. With a stunning display of magic the duel began and the pace was furious, it was quick and soon Lord Black took the upper hand. A quick swipe of his wand and Lord Potter was slammed back against the wall well he fell unconscious landing Lord Black the worthy winner.

Lord Black was generous enough to allow me to interview him afterwards, where he explained the reason behind the duel, and I have to say I was disgusted with what I have discovered. While in an argument over the truth behind the Quidditch incident, Lord Potter stated that Heir Black, Lord Black's son and by default his own son, should have had his magic bound and be hidden from the world! That's right ladies and gentlemen, he wanted to lock away his own child's magic; an utter disgrace. There, celebrating with his father, was Harrison Black himself and when I spoke to his he was so polite even if a little shy, he was gracious enough to answer a few of my burning questions. I asked him about the startling revelation about his past and if he remembered his birth parents, he looked so upset before he answered:

"I have an eidetic memory, I remember it was Dumbledore and James that convinced Lily to give me to her magic hating sister." He told me in a small voice, and I'll admit, my heart went out to him. An eidetic memory, for those unknowing of the word, is a photographic memory. Having to remember that must be awful and the poor boy even said he grew to understand he was "second best". How anyone could do that to their own child it beyond me. I then asked him how his adjustment back in to our world was, to which he replied:

"My birth parents collected me and the first thing I heard was how great and famous my twin was and how they had to give me up to train her."

I was a little shocked about this, because yes, Rosina Potter is famous for ridding us of You-Know-Who and accomplishing the impossible, but that is no excuse for abandoning your own child. Harrison also added his disbelief about that statement claiming his school grades are
higher than Rosina Potter’s, to clarify I checked the school records and he is correct, Harrison Black holds the top spot in every class available to him with Draco Malfoy, son and Heir of Lord Lucius Malfoy, in the second position. I then moved on to the adoption from Lord Black and it couldn’t be more obvious that both parties are very pleased with the results, Heir Black spoke about his father with such adoration that I couldn’t help but smile. He spoke about how "proud" he was to be Harrison Black, but then his enthusiasm stopped when he mentioned no one was as happy for them as they were for themselves. Lord and Heiress Potter were very aggressive about the adoptions making their opinions know and I find it appalling that they have been deceiving the public of their true nature. We moved on to the Quidditch match and Lord Black stated:

"Currently, Lord Potter and the headmaster are using all of their power to keep things moving slowly, but I believe with some added pressure we will gain something."

I then turned to the one involved, Heir Black, and spoke to him about his experience of the fall;

"The game was intense as always and after over an hour, I had finally caught sight of the snitch. I began chasing it with Rosina and she took the lead, we were high up and on a straight, I wanted to win the game so I decided to use one of my favourite moves. I jumped of my broom and over Rose to catch the snitch. I would have landed on my broom, like I always do, but she rammed in to my shoulder, I went to grab my broom, but she kicked out of my reach and that's when I fell."

He shivered at the memory, I cannot imagine the fear he must have felt falling from such a height, it was rumoured he fell over 50ft.

"I was terrified and when I hit the ground, it was unimaginable pain before I blacked out."

He went on to tell me, also thanking Lady Narcissa Malfoy for her quick response which saved his life. I then asked him the question we all want an answer too; did you think it was an accident?

"No, there is no way kicking my broomstick out of reach was an accident, especially after she slammed in to me,"

He was certain and then he said something that made my blood go cold.

"I remember her smiling about it too."

I don't think we need any more evidence than that readers, Rosina Potter not only willingly attacked Harrison Black, but was happy about it too; a disgrace. I left the celebrating family to their cheer and was on my way, but it brings the question to why the Headmaster is defending those who are so obviously guilty and why the ministry, and by default the minister himself, will do nothing to prosecute such an awful crime. One could even go as far as to call it attempted murder, all because our saviour was jealous. I didn't think I would see the day. I leave you with a final question dear readers, will justice be dealt or will something this serious be swept under the rug as people wish it to be?

Rita Skeeter, Special Correspondent to the Daily Prophet.
"That will make the ministry move," Draco said with a smirk.

"I should hope so." Harry stated grinning over at Rosina Potter, who looked outraged.

"Awh, look at poor ickle Rosie." Harry cooed in a sickly voice, the Snakes smirked over at her causing her to storm out.

"I'm starting to think she won't speak to me anymore." Harry sighed in mock disappointment.

"That truly would be a shame." Draco consoled.

"You two are prats,"

They hi 5'd.

"We know,"

"Oh, Dray, we need to speak to the twins before we go ahead with plan fool." Harry said.

"Come on then, Potter Sr looks like he wants to explode and I don't want to miss it." Harry caught Fred's eye and motioned them to leave, the red head's nodded and the two snakes slipped out. They met the twins in the alcove they seemed to have claimed as their own and the twins knew immediately that they were plotting.

"What have you got-,

"On those devious minds-,

"Of yours?" they asked in their broken speech.

"We thought we should warn you-," Harry began,

"That you should make yourselves visible today-," Draco continued,

"At all times because we are doing the impossible," Harry finished and then the pair blinked in shock.

"We just sounded like them," Harry said slowly.

"That was odd," Draco pointed out.

"Agreed,"

The twins laughed at them.

"So who are the ickle firsties pranking today?" The twins questioned and the Snakes smirked.

"Someone you have yet to get to." Harry said,

"Just stay in sight, today and tomorrow," Draco warned and the pair vanished leaving an intrigued set of twins.

"You know, George," Fred began, "I think we have competition on our hands."

"Ah, but Fred, that's the child of the marauders," George reminded him.
"I say we work with worthy candidates."

"Agreed."

Harry and Draco were back in the Entrance Hall when James stalked out, the Potter Lord was so mad he didn't see them and walked straight in to them, knocking them to the floor.

"Watch where you're going." He snapped barely looking down,

"You walked in to us," Draco returned haughtily. Potter stopped and sneered down at them.

"Only two pieces of scum anyway,"

"You don't learn do you, Potter?" Harry questioned rhetorically, getting up gracefully and pulling Draco up with him. "If anyone is scum around here it's you."

"Why you little-,"

"What are you doing to my son?" Sirius Black's irate voice cracked through what was set to be a tirade from Potter. James spun to face him.

"Back off, Black."

"Potter I beat you once, I can do it again." Sirius drawled and Harry smirked as Potter flushed.

"That time, Black."

"But that was the time that mattered and now the world knows what a low life you are away from the cameras." Sirius said with a very Slytherin smirk.

"Oops, a crack in the perfect image," Harry mocked, he saw James' had twitch for his wand and laughed.

"Leave now, Potter, you'll only embarrass yourself." Harry sneered, James went even redder before spinning on his heel and leaving.

"What was he doing to you, pup?" Sirius asked walking over.

"Ran in to us, literally," Harry told him,

"Called us scum," Draco added.

"You know how it is," Harry finished and then they blinked.

"Gotta stop doing that," They muttered together and then laughed.

"Wow," Sirius said, "I think Theo and Blaise are looking for you." The looks the two exchanged were not comforting to him at all, but he chose not to ask as they rushed off. The other two were waiting in the doorway and grinned.

"Ready?"

"Lets go," Harry handed Theo a phial which he pocketed and they split up, Draco and Harry headed to the common room talking about the article and when they were far enough down that no one was around they smirked.
"Grab the map for back up." Harry said to him as he cast his spell, Draco vanished and Harry cast the spell on his eyes so he could see his outline.

"Got it." Harry turned and went back the way he came, he slipped in to a passage that took him to the library and then a passage to the forth floor. He was walking down the corridor of the headmaster's office when he caught sight of Blaise' outline.

"Dumbledore is still at breakfast, you have about 10 minutes."

"Ok," Harry pressed his hand to the gargoyle and went up the staircase, there were wards across the door which Harry didn't know if he could break, it was one of his weaker spots which he now made a mental note to work on.

"I Harrison Regulus Black, Heir of the Founders Four do seek access to the Headmaster's office."

The castle pulsed and the door opened clearing the wards for him, Harry smirked to himself, patting the wall fondly, and slipped in to the office. The portraits were looking around confused because no one was there and Harry chuckled startling them, he noticed the sweets were not on his desk so he checked the drawers and found them in the top left one. Harry pulled out a phial and emptied it in to the open bag and another phial on the bowl of pre-poured ones. He heard a bang and froze cursing, he placed everything back how it was found and resealed the drawer, but he was too slow. The alarm signalling someone was on there way up sounded and Harry pressed himself in to the corner closest to the door just as Dumbledore entered followed by James Potter.

"I can't believe that damn reporter, she's clearly been bought." James was snarling and Harry bit back a laugh. Potter threw himself in the offered chair and declined the sweet he was offered, but, to Harry's immense joy, Dumbledore popped one in his mouth.

"Rita Skeeter will write anything as long as it gets printed." Dumbledore told him, "Not very many people pay attention to her."

"But some do,"

"I am afraid so,"

"Damn that brat, why did we have to bring him back to our world. You said he would be jealous." James fumed.

"Indeed I did, I just never assumed it would be in this level." Dumbledore sounded so disappointed.

"Lily insisted we bring him back, stupid woman wanted to go and collect him after the first month. Kept getting upset, but I finally got through to her."

Harry's eyebrows shot up at this, what? His mother had wanted to go back for him? Harry's mind burst in to questions and his thoughts whirled, he almost missed the next part of the conversation before he pushed everything behind his shields.

"Ah, Lily has always been too kind for her own good." Dumbledore said,

"Don't I know it, she stuck with Snivellus for 5 years."

"Severus, James," Dumbledore corrected with a slight frown.

"Sorry, Headmaster,"
"Currently we have everything under control."

"Yes, but for how long?"

"Everything will be fine, James, you need to calm down."

"I know, it's just Black makes me so angry."

"And he knows he gets to you."

James sighed at that.

"Ok,"

"Why don't you go to young Rose, she seems upset." Dumbledore suggested.

"Yes because her name is being slandered by the jealous brat." James hissed, "You are right Headmaster, I should go and cheer her up. Would it be ok if I took her away from the castle for the day?"

"Of course, dear boy, let her have some much need fun. Exams are coming up."

"Thank you, Professor," James shot him a grateful smile and left the office. Harry followed him out slipping through the open door, Potter walked towards his quarters and Harry looked up and down for the outline of Blaise.

"Thank Merlin you're ok," A voice to his left breathed, he span to see Blaise, well the outline of Blaise, looking towards him.

"Yeah, got a bit caught up," Harry said, "Let's get back to the common room."

They ran down the corridor and Harry led him through the passage to the library, they spotted another heat outline and walked towards it.

"Everything go to plan?" It was Theo and Harry nodded.

"Sort of, come on,"

They walked through the entrance hall where Draco was waiting, he must have spotted them because he fell in to step silently and they went deeper in to the dungeons, as soon as they were out of sight the spells and potions were countered and they exchanged smirks.

"Tomorrow is going to be brilliant."

"I know, but listen to this," Harry repeated the conversation he had over heard of Dumbledore and Potter.

"So he's worried?" Draco surmised.

"Sounds like it," Harry said.

"We should inform your father, maybe then they can make leeway with the ministry." Draco suggested.

"Hey, is my grandfather backing you?" Theo asked suddenly and Harry shook his head.
"No, Black and Malfoy at the moment," Harry replied, Theo scowled.

"I have a letter to write," He said, "Excuse me,"

"I'll come with, I have to post mine." Blaise put in.

"Come on then," Harry sighed. He and Draco walked up to the pad slowly.

"You know, I can't believe we got grounded." Draco said and Harry sniffed.

"I know, you would think, your father especially, would be happy."

"Instead we're grounded and banned from flying." Draco shook his head.

"Makes you wonder doesn't it."

"It's wrong that's what it is."

"Agreed, but I think I might just prank dad until he regrets grounding me."

Draco laughed.

"That may work on your father, but my mother would kill me."

"True,"

Narcissa Malfoy was scary.

"Victorious," Harry muttered; Sirius had changed the password after the duel, seemed to think it was fitting. They walked in and found Remus reading, not that they were surprised, and Sirius spread out on the couch daydreaming by the looks of it.

"Hey, cubs," Remus greeted and Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Cubs?"

"Don't ask me, ask Moony," Remus said.

"You know it's weird when you refer to your wolf as a separate entity?"

Remus grinned.

"What are you two doing here?" Sirius asked.

"Thanks, we'll just be on our way shall we?"

"Ignore him, come and sit down." Remus whacked Sirius who laughed.

"I would have thought they would have been up to mischief Moony, the exams are coming up."

Harry and Draco exchanged looks.

"It's why we're here." Draco said.

"What did you do?"

"Why do you always presume the worse?" Harry asked affronted, but got blank looks. "Ok fine, I
snuck in to Dumbledore's office only they came in why I was still there."

Sirius choked on air.

"What?" He yelped,

"He didn't get caught." Draco placated.

"Thank Merlin," Remus muttered.

"Anyway, I overheard a nice conversation." Harry brought them back to the actual focus and they looked interested.

"What was that then, pup?"

"Potter's getting worried, he isn't liking the fact that it's all over the papers."

"I'm going to see the minister soon, with the paper and a few nicely placed words he will be backed in to a corner." Sirius told them.

"Good," Draco said,

"Uncle Moony?" Harry said suddenly, "Changing the subject completely, but how come you are recognising me and Draco as cubs, but not Rosina?" Remus tilted his head.

"You know, I don't really know." He said slowly, "I think it's because when you were younger you always wanted to read and I would be the one who would read to you, but Rosina tended to avoid me preferring ride on James' back so we never really built a relationship." Remus mused,

"Makes sense I guess," Draco said,

"Yeah, and now you're always here so uncle Moony's adopted you in to the pack." Harry said in self suffering way, Draco punched him in the arm.

"Shut it, Black."

"Not on your life, Malfoy."

If one were to look closely at four first year Slytherins Monday morning they would instantly know that they had been up to something and it would cause trouble. Severus Snape was one of the people who could see through the children's masks, which is why he shot them a warning look and was not in the least bit reassured when they smiled innocently back at him. Sirius, who was sat next to the Potions Master, grinned when he saw the looks as did Remus who was sat next to his mate, Severus looked at the pair and groaned.

"What did they do?"

"All I know is that it's a prank first." Sirius said with an ever present marauder grin, Snape thought for a second before his eyes flicked to the empty headmasters chair.

"Oh Merlin this is going to be one for the pencieve."

"We hope so,"
They began their breakfast, and Sirius was talking about the ministry, hoping that Fudge finally had some sense pushed in to him. He had just taken a drink of coffee when the Headmaster walked in and it came spraying back out of his mouth, he froze gaping in utter disbelief at Dumbledore. Snape was about to hex the idiotic marauder when he caught sight at that the fuss was about and mimicked the grim's expression.

The entire Hall seemed to fall silent and as one they turned to stare at the Headmaster in shock. At the Slytherin table, Harry was barely keeping it together as he looked at the man. It was Remus who snickered first, it was small in the beginning and that set Sirius off, then the twins before the whole Hall burst in to laughter. Even the most severe of teachers, Snape and McGonagall, were in fits of laughter, Harry was clutching Draco in support trying to breathe; it was too much. Dumbledore was fuming, he was beet red in embarrassment, which didn't help him in his current predicament at all, if anything it made him look 10x worse.

Albus Dumbledore, recognised for his half moon spectacles long white hair and impressive white beard that he could tuck in to his belt, was bald. Completely and utterly bald. Not one hair was on his head or his face, it was like someone had shaved him clean leaving his old wrinkled face exposed. The four Slytherins thought they were dying. None of them could properly breathe, they had tears steaming down their faces and were flushed with laughter.

"Oh Merlin," Draco gasped, "That is something,"

"Harrison, you are beyond words." Theo got out, Blaise merely patted the dark haired snake on the back, laughing to hard to speak. Harry did a mock bow and tried to stem his laughter, he glanced up at the head table and it renewed his hilarity. Dumbledore looked like a prune with the colour he was.

"He looks like a-a prune," Harry told them and they roared with laughter.

"I have to leave," Draco said trying to suck in breaths, they nodded in agreement and left the hall laughing. They fell in the common room finally being able to breathe and collapsed on to the sofas.

"That was brilliant," Blaise said finally.

"I don't think that I have ever seen anything so funny." Theo agreed.

"Honestly, I didn't even think he would look that bad." Harry said with a shake of his head, they looked at each other and laughed again.

"Come on, we have lessons." They grabbed their stuff and trooped up to History. Sirius and Remus were there already and they were both still in fits.

"Did you see his head, Moony?" Sirius got out, "It was shiny." The Slytherin's sniggered at that, they took their seats as the Professors calmed down.

"20 points to Slytherin," Remus awarded, "For being punctual," he added hastily and they hi 5'd.

"Congratulations on achieving something never done before." Sirius told them.

"And possibly the best prank we have seen." Remus put in, the four grinned.

"We don't know what you're talking about." They said together. They spent the lesson on revision and somehow Sirius always seemed to point out the bald ones, much to the class' amusement. The Slytherins went to Potions while the Claws went towards Charms, Snape came in to the classroom in a mood some could dare to call happy; the Snakes could see his dark eyes glinting in amusement as he swept in.
"Today we will be making a hair loss solution." He told them, Harry couldn't help but laugh loudly at that. Snape got the class to settle and put the recipe on the board. Harry went from the on he made before and he pushed his note pad (the English version) forward so the Potions Master could read it, he smirked and nodded before going to look over everyone else's. At the end of the lesson most people had accomplished the potion, they were all a bubbling purple apart from Harry's which was a lemon yellow.

"Class dismissed, Mr Black stay behind." The class trooped out and when the door shut Snape turned to him with a smirk.

"In those blasted lemon drops he offers everyone?"

"If I were the one behind our Headmaster's most unfortunate position then I would say that would be the best place for an edited hair loss solution." Harry said.

"I see, and the hypothetical edited hair loss solution has no counter, it has to wear off on its own after consumption?"

"Hypothetically yes, but if one wanted to prolong the use of hair loss solution for, lets say, well passed a week, he would cover the entire bowl and packet in said hypothetical potion that he had made untraceable as well as scentless and tasteless."

Snape's smirk stretched.

"That would have the desired effect, hypothetically of course."

"Of course, Professor, one wouldn't want to be responsible for the Headmaster's hair loss." Harry said seriously.

"Get going, brat,"

The boy grinned and dashed off to lunch, he heard Snape award him 20 points as he went and smirked. Dumbledore, much to his disappointment, was not at lunch and they made their way in to Charms talking about the prank.

"How long is it going to last?" Draco asked as they sat down.

"At least a week," Harry replied, "Warrington had his hair back now so it wears of quickly, but unless he finds out the source of consumption, something I highly doubt, then he will keep ingesting it until it's gone."

"Brilliant,"

Flitwick seemed to enjoy the prank too, the tiny Charms Professor was teaching them simple hair growth charms, they would only extend your hair up to 5 inches, but it was funny and simple for the first years. They spent the double period lengthening their hair and Draco went mad when Harry made his hair grow all the way down his back, Flitwick had reversed it with a wave of his wand, but it wasn't before Harry had received a whack around the head with the blond's charms book.

"Awe come on, Dray, you could have let me braid it." Harry said with a grin; Draco was not amused.

"One rule, Harrison, you have one rule." He snapped and Harry laughed.

"I'm sorry,"
Draco sniffed and turned his nose up walking down to dinner ignoring his friend's pleas for forgiveness.

"At least I didn't turn it pink," Harry reasoned and Draco faced him in horror.

"You wouldn't,"

"Well if you keep ignoring me…” He trailed of and Draco glared at him.

"Fine,"

Harry grinned, they dumped their bags in the dorms and headed up for dinner. Dumbledore was back and he tried to cover his new appearance with a hat; mistake. Harry was paralysed with laughter as at the Head table he could see his dad with his head on the table shaking, Remus had his head buried in his hands and Severus was determinedly not looking anywhere the Headmaster. Dumbledore got to his feet.

"I enjoy a good prank, but I would like the culprit or culprits behind this to come forward, they won't be in trouble, but the counter needs to be given; thank you." He sat back down and the four exchanged looks as if to say 'are we stepping forward?'

"Naah,"

Chapter End Notes

Thanks guys, I'd love to hear from you!
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all the people who continue to read this fic despite my terrible update schedule, you are all amazing XD

I haven't really got an excuse for not updating as much as you or I want, I can only say that RL and university are both awful things sometimes and I apologise!

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Un'beta'd

#Parsele#

I'm not J.K

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 15:

Lord Sirius Orion Black was on a mission. He strode through the ministry creating quite a sight for those around, he was dressed impeccably in his Lord robes and had a set expression on his face. What added to the effect was Lord Lucius Malfoy was on his right dressed in the finest money could buy with an equally set expression. Some people stopped in to watch in shock and some awe as they passed, they were soon joined by Lord Izar Nott which finished the deadly image. After handing over their wands for check in, they walked towards the elevators and claimed the next one as their own where Lucius jabbed his snake head cane at the number one.

"Fudge can't contest this, if it keeps up say I'll take it to trial, there is too much evidence against them and Potter will have to cave." Sirius said.

"I doubt it will go that far, she has to be slapped a ban sooner or later and now we have added pressure thanks to Izar here." Lucius pointed out.

"Yes, my Theodore wrote to me in no less than fury and demanded why I wasn't already backing you in the matter." Izar told them amused, "He seemed to believe it was the utmost betrayal on my behalf."

"Ah," Lucius murmured as Sirius snickered.

"Fudge can only take so much,"

They each blanked their faces and stepped out of the elevator and walking towards the minister's office with clear purpose, ignoring the whispers they enticed. As they approached, a toad like woman stepped out, Sirius bit back a growl as she smiled what he guessed was supposed to be a sweet smile, but came out ugly.

"Ah gentlemen," Her voice was sickly and girlish, "I assume you are here to see the Minister?" Delores Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister, and prejudice bitch. How Sirius loathed
that woman. She was responsible for many of the werewolf laws and every time he laid eyes on her he wanted to kill her. Because of her, people like Moony were persecuted for something that wasn't their fault, she had a severe hate for anything that wasn't Pureblood pure human. Fortunately, she hated him just as much as he hated her, Sirius did everything in his power to slam everything she proposed and as he was gaining more alliance within the Wizengamot meaning she was having a harder time to push through her bigoted laws.

"Good morning, Madam Umbridge, I believe the minister is expecting us."

The toad looked at him with cold eyes and a sick smile.

"Of course, Lord Black," she motioned for a young girl to come and show them in, Fudge was seated behind his desk and he stood to greet them.

"Sirius, Lucius and Izar, this is unexpected." There was a definite edge to Fudge's voice as he addressed the three Lords.

"My grandson is friends with young Harrison, he told me his version of events and I saw fit to back my friends here." Izar said swiftly and Sirius was pleased when Fudge had a flash of panic in is eyes.

"Yes, of course," he said, "Please have a seat," they sat down and looked at him making Fudge sweat a little before Sirius spoke.

"Minister, I think I can safely say there is only so much evidence the people of the Wizengamot can ignore," He began, "With the latest article, people are going to be questioning why Rosina Potter has got off with something as serious."

"Come now, Sirius, you must understand that most have a soft spot for Rosina Potter, after what she did." Fudge tried and Sirius blinked in disbelief.

"Surely you are not saying that she can have a free pass after breaking the law." Lucius said softly.

"Not at all, but I think things have become blown out of proportion."

"No, I don't believe they have, not yet." Sirius disagreed.

"Be reasonable,"

"My son nearly died," Sirius stated, "He is lucky to be alive right now and Rosina Potter is responsible."

"If something isn't done people will question it, they will question why the ministry is allowing someone a free pass for attempted murder." Izar pointed out in a casual manner and Fudge swallowed. He was having an internal debate with himself. On one side there was Albus Dumbledore and the Girl-Who-Lived, the most public figures in their world and publicly adored and they were saying it was a terrible accident. But on the other side was Lord Sirius Black, Lord Lucius Malfoy and now Lord Izar Nott, the richest and very influential people in their world, also the people that keep him sitting as Minister and donate nicely to all the right places.

"I don't know what you want?"

"I want justice for my son,"

"They say it was an accident,"
"You've read the papers, Minister, any idiot can tell it wasn't an accident." Sirius snapped losing his temper slightly, he took a deep breath. "I will not let this go and I intend to bring her to rights Girl-Who-Lived or not. I've pressed charges, and you can both overrule Dumbledore and allow it to come to rights in front of Madam Bones or I will push it to trial myself." Sirius laid it out on the table.

"I will back him all the way," Malfoy said, "Rosina will not get away with this,"

"As will I," Nott added, Fudge was cornered and he knew it.

"I will see what I can do."

"That would be wonderful, Minister," Sirius said with a smile, "I hope to see some worthwhile progress soon,"

"Of course, Sirius,"

Sirius nodded and rose to his feet.

"It was a pleasure to see you, Minister,"

The three Lords left the Minister letting him breath in some relief, he had no choice but to hand the case over to Amelia or it would go to a trial and that would be a disaster. Black had too much backing, add Malfoy and Nott then the Girl-Who-Lived could face more than a fine for dangerous flying. With a sigh he pulled some parchment and began drafting a letter to Dumbledore, he would have to deal with it after he passed the case to Amelia.

Sirius went back to Malfoy Manor with Lucius and Izar, the day had been a success in the smallest of natures, Fudge would have to decide now and if the man had any sense, something that Sirius did doubt, he would push the case to Amelia. If he didn't however, Sirius would take pleasure in demanding a trial for crimes against an Heir to a Noble and Most Ancient House, and that would have over half the Wizengamot backing his there and then. Lucius took them up to his study where they sat and finally relaxed, Sirius groaned to himself, no matter how many years he had been Lord Black, he still hated it.

"I don't know how you enjoy this, Luc, I just wanted to hex the dimwit in to oblivion."

"I am much more used to it than yourself, Sirius, and it is not my son who was attacked."

Sirius sighed.

"If it wasn't Harrison then I would have probably let it go with the articles, but I will not let that jumped up brat get away with it."

"He will want to save face no matter what Dumbledore says now. Fudge won't let it go to trial, it would make the Ministry look like a laughing stock because they held out for so long, they would get eaten alive by the media and the public." Izar said and Sirius nodded.

"It is a slight disappointment, she won't get sentenced, but it will be a public scandal and they won't be able to clean this up."

"No, there is not much they can do, they sent away a magical child to muggles." Lucius said in the utmost disgust.

"This is why I switched sides," Sirius pointed out, "In the light, magical children are children yes, but they are not cherished. Look at the Weasleys, they have seven magical kids and I know two of them
hate their parents at least."

"So you did not just switch sides because of Potter?" Izar asked interested and Sirius shook his head.

"No, I was speaking to Cissa over Yule about the true policy of the dark, from someone who isn't marked and got to observe rather than partake. Potter is part of it, he gave up Harrison and that was something that would have never happened in the dark, no matter what. Then there's the prejudice to Remus, the light never changed after the war, if anything they got worse and I can't stand it."

"So you have truly thought about it?"

Sirius nodded.

"Yes, I have. And add my affiliation to dark magic, I'm the perfect candidate. Plus, I would follow Harrison anywhere."

"Your son is dark?" Izar said surprised and Sirius couldn't help but snort at the understatement.

"Oh yes, he is dark alright," Sirius muttered and looked at Lucius, the blond eyed the Nott Lord carefully.

"Izar, have you felt any changes this passed week?" He questioned in an almost casual manner, Izar's left arm twitched and Lucius smirked.

"I may have."

"I see,"

"Is it the truth, has he…" Nott trailed off and there was a definite note of longing in his voice.

"Oh he's returned alright." Sirius interrupted making Nott look at him in shock, Sirius grinned.

"How do you know?"

"Let's just say there is going to be a few things to look forward to by the end of this week." Sirius stated finished his drink, the Black Lord rose up gracefully and nodded to the others.

"I have to get back to the school, no doubt my son is wearing a hole in my carpet waiting for my return."

"Hand this to my Draco would you, Sirius, he is no doubt wearing a second hole next to your son." Lucius handed him a letter that Sirius pocketed.

"No doubt," He agreed with a small smile, "I thank you gentlemen," and he left the room, he floo'd straight back to his rooms and as predicted, Harrison and Draco were pacing back and forth in wait. They span to face him when he stepped out of the fire with expectant looks.

"It's looking good, Fudge is in a corner and he won't want something like this going to trial so he will pass it on to Amelia." Sirius told them.

"So no matter what, Rosina will get something?" Harry confirmed and Sirius nodded.

"Good, that way she knows she's not untouchable."

"Yes, and it will wipe the smug look off of her face." Draco added.
"Unfortunately you won't get to see that, it looks as if it will be happening in the summer."

Both boys frowned.

"Ah well, can't have it all I suppose." Harry sighed.

"Oh Draco," Sirius remembered handed him the letter, "From your father,"

"Thanks,"

"You have your last lesson in five minutes and McGonagall doesn't like tardiness." Remus pointed out, the pair yelped and ran from the room; with Harry's shortcuts they made it their just in time.

"Your exams begin at the end of this week, I hope you have been revising." McGonagall said at the beginning of the class. The Gryffindors groaned and Harry rolled his eyes, it was an overview class and she told them to practice the things they struggle with, that left Harry bored so he decided to help his fellow Snakes.

"I expect decent grades from all of you." She said as they packed up their things, Harry couldn't help notice that she directed that to her Lions mostly.

"You guys wanna revise after dinner?" Harry asked them, he knew he was going to pass everything, but he wanted to make sure his friends passed too. There was enthusiastic agreement from everybody and after dinner they claimed a corner in the common room for them all to practice, Harry helped them perfect the spells that they couldn't manage and he went over the theory with them. Draco also helped them with some spells, the blonde found studying so much easier since Harry had helped him sort his mind.

"I don't know how you do it." Blaise groaned finally throwing down his quill, Harry grinned.

"Secret that is,"

"I still can't believe you might be getting your Potions Mastery." Theo said with a shake of his head.

"I'm going to apply in the summer, I've got my 3 potions now, I can always create others after and just add it to my arsenal then." Harry told them.

"Mad,"

"Thank you,"

You could tell when the exams hit because the whole school seemed to descend in to total madness. The 5th and the 7th years turned in to library dwellers and all the other years could be seen bent over books or practicing wand movements, the only people that didn't seem to be to bothered about exams were Harry and Draco. Draco was a little nervous because his father would murder him if he didn't come in second over all, but he and Harry sat and went through their minds together every night to make sure they had everything in order. Harry would test the blond in surprise quizzes to guarantee he knew his stuff, they could be talking about Quidditch and Harry would ask what the key ingredient was in a boil cure.

The other first years found it bizarre, but it worked for them so they left them at it. Harry's favourite exam, not that anyone was surprised, was Potions. Everyone was set to make a forgetfulness potion while Snape set Draco to make a befuddlement draught and Harry a challenge and told him to turn the forgetfulness potion in to a memory whipping potion instead. Harry had fun in the hour jotting
down ideas and hypothesis of how to strengthen a simple potion in to a liquid obliviate, he didn't know the actual potion he was changing it in to, it must have been one he hadn't come across yet in the future. In the end he had 3 ideas that could work so he decided to try them all, he set up 3 cauldrons on the front desk he had claimed for himself and quickly set about making three forgetfulness potions.

Snape watched impressed as Harry easily worked with three potions and he felt the shields go up around the table as a precaution, one they were done and the rest of the class had finished their exam, Harry began adding different ingredients to each one. Snape didn't know how, but he grew even more impressed as Harry manipulated the same potion 3 ways at the same time. The first one was a fail, it thickened to a nasty sludge and started sparking, Harry cursed and vanished it, scribbling on his note pad that version one was a no go. The second one looked promising, he paid close attention to it and carefully added the wormwood before letting it boil, the third was looking good too until he added the next ingredient.

It was lucky the shields were up because it exploded violently and splattered potion everywhere, Harry quickly got rid of it and made another note. With one potion left he added the final ingredient and stirred repeatedly clockwise for 5 minutes and took it off the heat, it settled on a foggy grey like the fog that filled a persons mind when they were obliviated; he smirked.

"I do believe that would work." Harry said to his Professor, Snape inspected the potion thoroughly and Harry was beginning to doubt it when the man nodded.

"Perfect, as usual."

Harry grinned.

"Thanks,"

"I thought you should know, you have created another potion. A liquid version of the obliviate had not yet been made."

Harry blinked.

"Really?"

"Yes, I wanted to see how good you really were before I recommended you for your mastery." Snape told him and Harry blinked again.

"You're going to recommend me?" Harry repeated in amazement and Snape nodded.

"Yes, but it is my name on the line so I wanted to be thorough."

"Thank you, Professor, truly," Harry said, "I won't let you down," Snape smiled a bit.

"I know, now bottle that up and note it down." Harry did as he was told and all but skipped out of the classroom, he was deliriously happy and it showed because he even smiled at Lily as he passed her.

"Whoa, cub, what's got you so happy?" Remus asked him with a smile.

"Severus is going to recommend me for my Mastery." Harry answered excitedly, "The Severus Snape, youngest potions master in the world is going to recommend me."

"Ah that explains it." Remus said,
"Isn't it the best news ever?" Harry said rhetorically, "Come on, uncle Moony, let's go eat." Harry dragged him to the Hall and split to sit with his friends, Remus went up to the staff table and sat next to Sirius.

"What has Pup so happy?" He asked his mate.

"I think you should ask Severus that,"

Sirius turned to the potions master who rolled his eyes.

"I only said I would recommend him for his Mastery." Severus waved him off, but Sirius knew the extent to what that meant. Severus was putting his name on the line, if Harry didn't live up to the recommendation it would look really bad on Snape and could potentially ruin him; it was a big deal.

"That's a big deal, Sev," Sirius said in shock, "If anything were to go wrong..." he trailed off as Severus pinned him with a look.

"I just witnessed your son create a brand new potion before my eyes while working on 2 others which were all experimental with nothing to go by except prior knowledge, he has created a liquid shield that can block 2 of the three unforgivables, a liquid disillusion with a counter and a masking potion that removes all trace of a person including magical presence with a counter. I think it's safe to say that it is not a huge risk on my part."

"He really is that good?" Sirius said in awe.

"Yes,"

"Wow, I have one smart child."

Down at the table Draco was looking at his friend in amusement, Harry was nearly bouncing up and down and only decorum was keeping him still.

"Happy, Harrison?"

"Just a little,"

"It really doesn't show," Draco drawled and Harry stuck out his tongue.

"Shut up and let me be happy."

The blond rolled his eyes, they made their way to History where Remus gave them a blank sheet of parchment.

"History can be tedious I know, so I have decided to try and make it less so." He said to them with a grin, "You have to create a timeline from the years 1600 to 1800 with everything you can remember, you have 1 hour." Harry set to work, he put in all of the goblin wars and everything they had learned in class, he also added in the random fact he knew about spell and potions history such as Dedalus Denver creating the Draught of Living Death in 1741 and Polly Picket accidently creating the Stunning spell in 1609.

"Time," Remus called and a few people groaned, he chuckled as that and summoned the parchment.

"Of you go and study hard."

Harry quizzed his other first years relentlessly that night, they were all sick of him by the time they went to bed, but Harry cheerfully pointed out that they would pass their exams thanks to him; they
were not amused. The Transfiguration exam was fun, and Harry messed about by creating different patterns on his snuff boxes and his pin cushions, McGonagall even gave him a smile for his efforts. In Charms, Flitwick had them all levitating larger objects and showing the charms they had perfected from over the year; the tiny Professor got so excited when Harry put on a brilliant aerial display of books and feathers dancing.

"You're such a show off, Black," Draco said with a roll of his eyes and Harry grinned.

"Honestly, I really can't help it."

"Yeah yeah,"

"Shove it, Malfoy,"

The pair continued to bicker until they got to the Great Hall, Dumbledore was back and his beard had returned along with his hair much to the Slytherins disappointment.

"Awh what," Harry groaned sitting down, "Where'd the prune go?" the Snakes snickered.

"He must have finally eaten the sweets." Draco said,

"Damn, such a shame."

"There there,"

"Watch it, Malfoy,"

"Quiet, Black,"

"You two are impossible."

"Shut it, Zabini," they said together and then laughed.

"Coming to see dad?"

"Yeah sure,"

They left to go to the marauder pad and were yanked in to their alcove.

"Hello, little ones."

"Twins," They greeted.

"We,"

"That is to say my brother and I,"

"Would like you congratulate you,"

"On a simply,"

"Wonderful prank," They finished with grinned and the two Snakes smirked.

"We do try," Harry said.

"How did you do it?" Fred asked.
"Snuck in to his office," Harry said and grinned when their eyes went wide.

"Amazing," they breathed in awe. "Your secret is safe with us,"

"Good,"

"We have to go prank Rosina, it's been a while." George told his twin.

"Ah yes, and ickle Ronniekins too."

"May I suggest a staining spell?" Harry to them with a smirk which was mirrored by Draco, the twins looked at them.

"What does it do?"

"Like your basic colour chaining spell," Draco told them,

"Only it stains," Harry put in.

"For a week," Draco finished and the twins grinned.

"Why yes I believe you may suggest such a spell."

"The incantation is *Macula* and you have to think the colours you want." Harry said to them.

"Thank you young Snakes."

Draco rolled his eyes.

"Idiots," He muttered and pulled Harry away, the twins darted off to who knew where and the two Slytherins when to see Sirius.

"Hey, dad,"

"Oh hey, Pup, how's the exams?"

"Easy, can't wait for the summer to apply for my Mastery."

"Yeah, Sev's recommending you isn't he?" Sirius asked and Harry nodded happily.

"Yeah, can't believe it."

"So that's why you were so happy yesterday." Draco said in understanding and Harry nodded.

"Yup,"

"You can apply for the August testing if you want?" Sirius suggested and Harry beamed.

"Yeah, I'll apply as soon as we get home."

"Oh I didn't tell you," Draco said suddenly, "We're going to France second week of the holidays, we're only going for 5 days, but the Manor will be shut off."

"That's alright, I'll probably be busy anyway, but I expect letters." Harry warned and Draco nodded with a grin.

"As if I could forget you,"
Harry nodded.

"That's what I thought."

"Prat,"

"I know,"

Draco rolled his eyes.

"Dad, what are they doing about defence?" Harry asked.

"I think they are giving everyone a free pass this year," Sirius explained, "Dumbledore could have asked me to cover that lesson, but he wouldn't for some reason."

"I doubt he wanted your terrible influence on us innocent little children." Harry said seriously and Sirius cracked up.

"Innocent my ass,"

Remus hit him.

"Come on, Moony," He whined.

"Language, Sirius," Remus chided.

"Harry swears more than I do,"

"Lies," Harry denied, Sirius stuck out his tongue.

"Mature, dad, real mature,"

"I know,"

"Now I know where he get's it from." Draco sighed and Harry punched him.

"Zip it, Malfoy,"

"Come on, we have to overview on Herbology and Astronomy."

"Astronomy is easy, all you have to do I know my family." Harry pointed out and Sirius snorted.

"Too true, Pup,"

"Yes, you're the odd one out." Draco mused and Harry stuck out his tongue.

"It's because I'm special,"

"Yeah, in the head,"

The blond bolted after that comment and Harry chased after him ignoring his dad and Moony's laughter.

There was a surprise in the paper when Harry picked it up on the day of his final exams, he shouldn't have been surprised really as he had been warned, but it had honestly slipped his mind.
Whispers within the Wizengamot!

In what was thought to be an ordinary Wizengamot session yesterday, something astounding occurred; a new Lord was sworn in. This in itself was not what cause the commotion, no, what threw everyone up in arms were the seats the new Lord claimed, seats long thought to be dead. Lord Marvolo Slytherin-Le Fey was sworn in to the Wizengamot and the seats accepted him immediately flaring with life most thought was long gone. An Heir to the Founders back within our midst and there was a scramble to find out just who this new Lord was, and many are already seeking alliance with him. The power he alone holds within the Wizengamot is immense, voting with eight seats he has the potential to tip the voting any way he wishes.

Lord Slytherin-Le Fey was not available for comment on his surprise arrival, but this reporter did snatch a photo of him in deep conversation with Lord Lucius Malfoy and Lord Sirius Black discussing the new law petitioned within the session. Both houses of Black and Malfoy hold enormous power within the Wizengamot themselves, each being a Noble and Most Ancient house, but with an alliance with the Houses of Slytherin and Le Fey, they would become untouchable.

There is rumours flying that the Chief Warlock, Albus Dumbledore, was less than please with the arrival of the new, handsome, Lord and tried to discount Lord Slytherin-Le Fey's claim, however his attempts were futile as the seats speak for themselves and he was welcomed in to the Wizengamot. For now nothing is set in stone, and whispers are running, but this reporter is sure that she will be there as soon as something can be heard.

Rita Skeeter, Special correspondent of the Daily Prophet.

The whispers also swept through the hall, an Heir to one of the Founders had been found and Harry smirked, he had no doubt this was exactly what Marvolo wanted. The factor of the unknown and a legal screw you to Dumbledore, Harry chanced a look at the Headmaster and snickered when he saw the man glaring at the paper.

"I wonder who the new Lord is?" Theo murmured in awe and Harry smirked.

"I am sure you will find him to be very influential." Harry said, "Come on, Draco, I want to ask my father about this new Lord."

The blond smirked and they left, Sirius had obviously been expecting them because he had drinks for them already laid out and he was sat in wait.

"We were discussing a werewolf law, there is no way that it is going through seeing as he was pissed that someone even suggested it." Sirius told them before they even asked their question.

"Good,"

"The Wizengamot is set to become interesting with him there, especially with half of the proposals that get said." Sirius grinned.

"Oh and whys that?"

"Umbridge didn't even finish her disgusting proposal before he stood up and practically laughed at her with words. It was actually amazing to see what he could do with simple words, words that most wouldn't even turn a hair at ordinarily."
"Brilliant," Harry grinned, "He definitely had an opening then?"

"Oh yes, people will be talking."

"I still think it's mad that the Dark Lord is going to be in the Wizengamot." Draco shook his head.

"Yes, and no doubt weirder things are set to happen." Harry pointed out.

"Got that one right, Pup,"

Harry sat down to dinner sighing with relief, he had finished his final exam and now they just had to wait for the results which he had no doubt he would get perfect marks.

"I had better get second place, that way father has no choice but to get me a new broom so I can try out for the team." Draco said, as he began his food, and Harry nodded.

"Obviously you will, you can't not get second to me. We went through everything every night and you've been reading my books which are up to 7th year." Harry pointed out and Draco smirked.

"Damn right, I think I've easily covered 2nd and 3rd year now. I believe I will be choosing Arithmancy and Runes for electives, I don't know if I should do Care or not."

"I think I will do full electives, if not I will simply take an exam in care and be done with it." Harry said.

"That doesn't sound like a bad idea,"

"Of course it isn't, I suggested it." Harry agreed and grinned as Draco rolled his eyes. Theo and Blaise came over and sat down grabbing some food.

"Your father is on his way down and he does not look happy," Theo told Harry, who looked up in time to see his father storming over; he looked like he wanted to hurt someone badly.

"Whoa dad, what's happened?" Harry questioned as the man stopped at the Slytherin table.

"The esteemed Headmaster wishes to see you in his office after dinner," Sirius told him shortly and Harry raised an eyebrow.

"And what does he want with me now?"

"Headmaster Dumbledore seems to think he has a say in what you do for the summer," Sirius got out and Harry's eyes narrowed.

"He does, does he?"

"Apparently,"

"Well we will just have to politely inform him that his input is unneeded." Harry stated with steel, Sirius gave a sharp nod and continued up to the Head table, where he informed Remus and Severus.

"What does that old fool think he is doing?" Draco hissed furiously and Harry shook his head.

"I have no idea, but he can shove his wand where the sun doesn't shine for all I care."

The Snakes snickered at that, he dragged out eating his food for the longest possible time, but when
the Headmaster had been gone for nearly thirty minutes he knew he had to leave. Sirius walked silently beside him as they made their way up to the Head office, the gargoyle jumped aside with a wave to Harry, something which Sirius found highly amusing, and they ascended the spiral staircase.

They could hear voices behind the door and both Blacks went behind their Occlumency shields before knocking and entering the office. James and Lily Potter were in attendance and Harry immediately noticed how Lily was leaning away from James, her hands were shaking slightly and her eyes were darting around the room.

"Ah, Harry, good to see you,"

"Harrison," Sirius corrected in a toneless voice.

"My mistake," Dumbledore said with a nod, "Harrison," he was motioned to a seat in front of the desk which he took while Sirius stood behind him.

"It is coming to the end of the year and I brought you here to discuss your summer placement." Dumbledore began and Harry raised an eyebrow,

"Is that so?"

"Yes, your parents believe that it is in your best interest if you return to your aunt's house for the summer, you have not adjusted to the wizarding world as well as they had hoped and it would be better for you to return to what you are familiar with." Harry blinked once and then turned to Sirius.

"You think it's in my best interest to return to the muggles?" Harry asked him incredulously. Sirius bit back a smirk.

"No, we're going to be at Black Manor for the summer. Harrison has much to do and things to prepare for," Sirius stated and Dumbledore peered at him over his half moon spectacles in a disapproving way.

"Sirius, it is up to James and Lily where young Harry is placed."

"See, methinks you are misinformed, Headmaster," Harry said, "I have no intentions to ever returning to the muggles you saw fit to dump me with and I have no intentions of listening to anything that ever comes out of James Potter's mouth, unless it is him asking me to AK him which, of course, I would be more than happy to oblige." Harry stated with a sweet smile at James, who glared at him.

"Now Harr-,

"Stop, Dumbledore, I don't particularly want a headache by the time this is over." Sirius said shortly.

"Shut it Black, he's my kid and if me and Lily want him back with the muggles that's where he'll go." James snapped, "Right Lils," Lilly jumped and her eyes darted to Harry before going to James.

"I um-,

"Right Lily," he said more forcefully,

"But James, if Harrison wants to stay with Sirius, isn't that better?" She tried in a small shaky voice, Harry didn't miss how she flinched violently when James turned his furious eyes on her.

"There we go, at least Lily has sense and if you're so keen of 'parental' consent, I just got it." Harry
said brightly.

"That is not consent." James snapped, "You will be going the muggles and that is final."

"I don't have to listen to you."

"You are still a Potter, you have to listen to me." James snarled, "I am your father."

"MY FATHER IS SIRIUS BLACK." Harry yelled, surging to his feet.

"YOUR HEAD IS FILLED WITH DELUSIONS." James threw back in the same tone, "You will obey my words or I will make you and you will suffer the consequences."

Harry felt his magic pull and his eyes flashed.

"You must be out of your mind, Potter." Harry sneered, "You gave up any hope of me ever listening to you the day you decided to send me away to live with muggles. Your belief that I will heed your word is farcical, not only for the fact that you threw me away, but the fact that you are a disgusting human being. You're vile, and foul, and I would watch the entire world burn before I ever conform to anything you say or do."

"Then I will make you obey, you loathsome child. You will be confined to the ancestral home from the moment this current school year is over until you are given permission, your contact with any other than your Lord is forbidden and you will obey any and all commands given to you by your Lord and Head. As I say it, as I will it, so mote be it; Nolite confidere in Magia nos."

The magic snapped in to place, flaring around the room sealing itself. Harry grabbed his chest and bared his teeth, hissing viciously like a cornered viper as he felt the Potter family magic, ancient and powerful, bind him to James words. He had never even considered the possibility of James using it, not to do something like this. Sirius had surged to his feet and had his wand pressed up against Potter's throat, a truly vile expression of his face, the wand tip starting to glow an ominous black.

"Take. It. Off." He growled, sounding very much like his mate did when angered.

"Now, Sirius. You were both given ample warning-;"

"Silence old man." Sirius hissed, his eyes not leaving the frozen Potter. "Now. I will repeat myself one more time. Take. It. Off."

"Face it, Black. I've won, unless you want the family magics to battle it out, and we both know that'll kill the brat." James murmured gleefully, and an unholy glint entered the Black Lord's eye, but before he could actively cast his spell an icy voice cracked through the room.

"I, Harrison Regulus Black, formally Harry James Potter, do hereby disown myself from the Noble and Most Ancient House of Potter, and may my magic, blood and life be removed should I ever return. I vow to forever set myself and my bloodline against the House Potter, to actively work against them in every endeavour in which they attempt." Here one of his daggers appeared in his hand and he slashed his palm without even blinking. "I cast out the blood of Potter, cleansing my body, mind and magic of all roots to the Noble and Most Ancient House. What was mine from theirs let it be taken, and let the gift of my true father, Sirius Orion, Lord to the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, replace what is gone and flourish to its full extent, no longer challenged. This is my will, this is my order. As I say it, as I swear it, so mote be it; recedemus, Nolite confidere in Magia nos! Grata Toujours pur."

Harry's magic burned brighter that Potter's before that, flaring and snapping around the room before
he dropped to his knees rigidly. The wound on his hand was bubbling and spitting and the Potter blood was burning away, the cry of the Potter Family Griffin echoing around the room as the family magics took themselves away. The screech of the Black's Raven overtook the Griffin's cry, accepting its new unchallenged position and rejoicing, allowing the magic in the room to settle and seal itself in to place. Harry hunched on the floor for a few moments before slowly getting to his feet.

His face had changed, every little trace of Potter was gone from his features, replaced with more prominently with those of a Black, though they still held touches of Lily and those he gained from the Founders' and Merlin's gifts. The room was entirely still, the only sounds breaking the growing thickness was the ragged breathing coming from the enraged eleven year old.

"You are nothing to me." He whispered, his tone harsh and cutting. "And if I fail in everything else in my lifetime, I promise you I will not fail in making you regret ever thinking to attempt to bind me to your will."

Harry span on his heel and stalked from the room, his magic crackling after him. Sirius followed his son instantly, moving backwards and never removing his eyes or wand from Potter until the door swung shut. Harry's strength stayed with him until he got one corridor away and then he dropped, he never made it to the floor however, Sirius was there to catch and lift him in to his arms. The Black Lord carried his son swiftly to his rooms, where a frantic Moony was next to him in an instant as he placed Harry on the sofa.

"What happened? I felt his magic and…"

"He just performed a full blood disownment, a House Primary acceptance and a Blood Feud all in one huge vow." Sirius sighed.

"What?" Remus gasped horrified, "Why would he do that?"

"Potter used the family magics to bind Harrison to his manor and his will." Sirius growled. Remus eyes flashed a livid amber as a snarl slipped from his throat.

"He dared?"

"Oh he dared. He wanted to send him back to the muggles and when Harrison refused he got nasty." Sirius explained, his voice a hard, forced calm.

"Shall I call for Narcissa?" Remus asked, looking at Harry in worry, but Sirius shook his head.

"No, he's ok, I think he's just settling his core and regaining his strength. A full disownment is a shock to the system." Sirius said, "Look, he's coming around."

Harry started to blink and then he groaned to himself, slowly pushing himself in to a sitting position.

"Well that was pretty stupid." He admitted, "But I do feel much better now."

"Oh, Cub," Moony sighed, hugging him tightly. Harry relished in the comfort before he was released and he let out a yawn.

"Come on, straight back to the Snake Pitt with you," Moony decided, "You need an early night."

"Ok, uncle Moony," Harry agreed, pulling himself to his feet, wobbling only once. He hugged his concerned father before leaving to the Pitt, he did want to go to bed if he was honest. Harry continued his way to the dungeons, angry voices caught his attention and Harry followed the sound silently.
"What in Merlin's name were you thinking?" A man, James Potter Harry recognised, hissed furiously, he heard a whimper and his blood went cold. He quickly cast his masking spell and crept closer, what he saw made him want to beat the man himself. James was dragging Lily down the corridor by her hair and then he pushed her in to the wall.

"James please," She begged and cried out when he slapped her across the face.

"You stupid little bitch, I warned you not to pull any stunts like that." James growled, "How many times have I got to teach you to listen to what is say?"

"I'm sorry, please,"

"Not good enough," He grabbed her throat, "If you ever do something like that again I will show you what a real punishment is, remember the last time, when you wanted your precious little baby boy back?"

Harry saw Lily pale and mentally cursed, he wanted to stop him but he knew it would only make it worse.

"Now come on," James continued to drag her down the corridor ignoring her quiet crying. Harry was pissed, scratch that, he was absolutely fuming, and by the time he reached the common room his magic was nearly cracking around him. He paced furiously in front of the fire.

"What's wrong, Har?" Draco asked cautiously. The last time Harry was this angry he had created a storm.

"I need to speak with your mother," Harry got out through his teeth, his mind was spinning and he wanted to go back and curse James in to oblivion.

"Ask uncle Severus,"

Harry shook his head, he wasn't going to chance that.

"No, I'll go on my own," Without another word, Harry vanished to the dorms and used his flames to go to Malfoy Manor. It wasn't late so Harry guessed Narcissa would be in the lounge or sunroom, he tried the lounge first but it was empty so he headed to the sun room where she was sat enjoying a drink with Lucius.

"Harrison, what are you doing here?" She exclaimed and Harry ran a hand through his hair tugging at it slightly.

"Can I talk to you, alone, it's important." He asked sending an apologetic look to Lucius.

"Yes of course, come to the lounge with me."

Harry followed her back down where she motioned for him to sit, but he shook his head too worked up.

"I didn't know who else to talk to." Harry told her pacing again.

"What's happened?"

"It's about Lily," He said and her attention sharpened,

"You have noticed also?"
Harry stopped and spun to face her.

"You've seen it?" He clarified relieved.

"Yes, when I was healing you. There is something wrong with her, she flinches and is subdued around James. It's almost as if-,

"She's being abused?" Harry said harshly and Narcissa paled but nodded.

"Yes, I didn't want to believe. It doesn't happen very much in the wizarding world, Severus noticed a difference as did Sirius, but we didn't have proof."

"I do," Harry hissed pacing again, "But I don't know what to do."

"There is nothing you can do, Lily has to step forward and even then she might not be believed because Potter is of Noble and Most Ancient decent."

"I can't sit back and do nothing, not with what I know now." Harry stated. "And school is over soon,"

"Try and slip her an emergency portkey so she can get away, if it is what we suspect then it could help. We don't know of the extent it is and we don't know if she wants to get out or not." Narcissa suggested and Harry nodded.

"I'll speak to Sirius, asked him to create of for Black Manor. It's the only thing I can do unless she comes forward, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid so,"

"Damn it," he cursed, "I want to murder that bastard,"

"Language," she chided. "Now go back to school and speak with Sirius, he should be able to make one in the school because it would be going to Black Manor. You will need to find something inconspicuous however."

"Right, thanks, Aunt Cissa,"

Narcissa pressed a light kiss to the dark head.

"It is no problem, Harrison," Harry smiled slightly and headed to the floo, he floo'd to the marauder pad successfully scaring the crap in to Sirius.

"Harry, what in Merlin's name?" Sirius demanded picking himself off the floor.

"Sorry, I'll explain in a bit," Harry waved him off, "Where's uncle Remus?"

"Moony's talking to McGonagall about exam results, why?"

"I need you to do me a favour, but you can't tell Remus."

Sirius was on his guard immediately.

"Why can't I tell Moony?"

"Because he was closer to Lily and if he finds out he'll flip."
"You've noticed too,"

"Yes and I want you to make me an emergency portkey to the manor so I can slip it to her just in case."

"Why, what's happened?"

"I saw James manhandling Lily and I can't let that go. And as I can't kill him, this is second best option, I went to aunt Cissa as she said it's the only thing we can do." Harry explained and Sirius growled.

"That bastard,"

"Putting it lightly,"

"I'll get you a portkey by tomorrow, pup, go to your dorms and rest, you should probably go through your shields before to explode."

"Ok, thanks, dad, night,"

"Night, pup,"

It was obvious that Harry was on edge when the other Slytherins saw him in the morning, he was slightly snappy with people and he completely ignored his food when he got to breakfast.

"What is with you?" Draco demanded pulling him to the side, Harry shot the blond an annoyed look and raised an eyebrow.

"Nothing," He answered sullenly and Draco scoffed.

"Bull, you've been snapping and snarling since we got up."

"I've got things on my mind," Harry said and Draco gave him an incredulous look.

"Yes, but that doesn't usually make you an unapproachable Gryffindor." He stated, Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair which was getting quite long reaching past his shoulders now.

"Sorry, it's just something happened and I won't be ok until I know I've done something about it."

"Are you going to tell me what's got you so worked up?" Draco asked and Harry bit his lip, he finally nodded and pulled the blond back to the dorms, throwing up a ward.

"I'm worried about Lily," Harry told him and whatever Draco was expecting; it wasn't that.

"Why?" He asked slowly, he knew his friend wouldn't worry about his former mother unless it was for a really good reason.

"I've been watching her and she's been acting weird, little things, but when you put them together they don't come to a good conclusion. And then yesterday she backed me up over Dumbledore and Potter and when I was walking back to the dorms I overheard them arguing. Only he wasn't just arguing with her," Harry gave Draco a significant look and it took the blond only seconds to see what Harry was implying, his eyes widened in shock.

"He's not."
"Yes,"

"Bastard,"

"I know, and I know I can't actively do anything because that's down to her. But I can't not do anything, so when I went to see aunt Cissa yesterday and she suggested an emergency portkey to the Manor just in case because we don't know details," Harry threw himself on to his bed with a sigh.

"It is the only thing you can really do." Draco agreed, "I never thought Potter would sink to a low like this."

"No, and that's not the only thing I'm worried about."

"What else?"

"Who do we know who has a slight soft spot for Lily?"

"Uncle Severus," Draco groaned flopping backwards.

"Oh yes,"

"Remind me not to be there when you fill him in."

Harry scoffed.

"I'm going to try not to be there. Hades, I hope we don't have to tell him anything and I hope that I'm blowing things up."

"But you don't think you are?"

"Unfortunately no," Harry sighed again absently stroking Aressa.

"When are you getting the portkey?"

"Dad's getting me one for today, I just have to get Lily alone."

"Shouldn't be too difficult, you have the map and an unhealthy amount of knowledge of the school." Draco pointed out.

"True," Harry summoned the map with a snap of his fingers, he activated it and saw Lily was in her classroom and his dad was on his way down to the Slytherin common room.

"Looks like dad has the portkey," Harry commented folding the map away, he hadn't made much progress with his map. He had finally managed to draw everything, but he had to put the spells on and add the ones he wanted for the map so he could see in the corridors. Harry pulled himself up and took down the wards,

"I'm going to see Lily." Harry told him and Draco nodded, Harry grabbed a few things from his trunk before he left the dorms and met his dad in the common room.

"I saw you coming," Harry said seeing the raised eyebrow.

"Ah, the map,"

"Yes, do you have it?"
Sirius withdrew a simple silver chain, it has the Black crest as a pendant.

"The activation is moonstone, something I thought that Lily would remember. It's charmed so only you and Lily can remove it meaning James won't be able to take it from her if he sees it." Sirius explained.

"Ok, thanks,"

"No problem, pup, she was my friend too."

Harry nodded and left the common room, he took the map out and saw James was with Dumbledore in the head office and Lily was still in her classroom. Using a few shortcuts, he came to the Arithmancy classroom, he knocked lightly on the door and poked his head in. It was obvious she was incredibly shocked because she stared at him with wide eyes for a few seconds.

"Oh um sorry, come in Harrison,"

Harry walked in and sealed the door with a wave of his hand, the ward would alert him if anyone came passed the door.

"Good morning, Lily," Harry greeted, standing before the desk which she was working on; she must have been finishing marking the exams by the pile of papers on her desk.

"Good morning," She returned, shock still evident in her tone, "What-what are you doing here?" Her tone was curious and Harry smiled slightly.

"Contrary to popular belief, I am not a heartless person nor am I blind." Harry began, "I know we do not get on, you gave me up and I do resent you for that." Lily looked down sadly, and when she looked back at him Harry could see her eyes were filled with genuine remorse.

"But I also know you regret that decision, and didn't want me to stay with the muggles." She looked stunned at his knowledge of that and Harry pulled out the chain and a phial of pain potion.

"What are those?" She questioned shakily.

"This is a phial of pain potion, which I am sure you recognise easily as according to Severus you are very adept at potions. Which means you are a very skilled brewer because coming from Severus that is high praise," Harry grinned at that and Lily smiled, something that lit up her whole face.

"Severus is very passionate about potions, I don't think I know anyone as skilled as him." Lily said fondly, and then she looked at the chain.

"What is this?"

"That is an emergency portkey to Black Manor for you. It cannot be removed by anyone other than you or me, I want you to wear it all times just in case."

Harry saw the fear entering her eyes as well as confusion.

"Why?"

"Like I said, I am neither heartless nor blind. I cannot help you at the current time, and that is the only thing I can offer until you make the first move." Harry said slightly frustrated. "The activation is moonstone, just-just keep it on and be careful." Harry turned abruptly and left the room, although he did catch the sobbed thank you from her before the door closed. He leant against the wall with a tired
sigh, he hadn't forgiven her for giving him up, but it had made him feel a lot better to know that she wanted him back within the first month.

The fact that she had been suffering because she had wanted him back made him feel strange, he didn't know what to make off it because she was still trying and suffering if what he had seen and heard was anything to go by. Harry didn't know how he was supposed to deal with something like this, he knew he would never see her as his mother, but he didn't hate her anymore. No, that was reserved for James, Dumbledore and Rosina. Harry pushed himself off the wall and walked slowly towards the common room, he needed a distraction and there were many books he had that would take his mind off of his raging thoughts. One thing he was clear on though, he hope she didn't need that portkey to save her.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!!
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Sorry guys, I kinda forgot about AO3 for a while there so I'm working on getting everything up to date.

Un'beta'd

#Parsel#

I'm not J.K

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 16:

The final two weeks of school passed in a flurry. Harry and Draco had received first and second place respectively within the year, not that Harry was surprised, but what had shocked him was the fact that Rosina Potter had come fourth after Granger. Either James had changed the results or the girl actually had some intelligence, Harry didn't know, but it didn't matter because he had the top spot.

Harry was sad to be leaving the castle even if it was only for the summer, he was also excited however, because he would be spending his summer with Sirius and Remus in Black Manor and he had a lot planned. He had kept his eye on Lily as planned and she looked better, he often spotter her clutching the necklace he had given her like it was a lifeline and he was sure he had done the right thing. Dumbledore had tried to convince Sirius that Harry was better off with the muggles and Sirius had politely told him to jump in the lake, and fortunately James seemed to be so involved with Rosina that he left them alone after the results were released.

The man had claimed that Sirius and Lucius had bought the two boys grades, Harry had been pissed at that and kindly informed James that he was a dick and then pranked him with the help of the twins. Sirius had collected the forms for him to apply for his Mastery examination and Severus had helped him fill it in, the Potions Master was almost as eager as Harry was for the actual exam and was giving him points about the actual exam.

"The examiners have to take an oath of silence, that way your potions stay secret if you do not wish to publish them." Severus told him and Harry nodded.

"Good," he said relieved, his potions would be best kept secret, if they were available to the public it would be a nightmare.

"Yes, here," Snape handed him an envelope, "This is your recommendation letter, do not lose it because it is the only one you will be getting." He warned and Harry grinned.

"As if I would lose it," He scoffed and Snape smirked. Harry left and placed the letter safely within his trunk, he even warded it for extra measure. He double checked everything was packed for his departure tomorrow and made his way down for dinner. Everyone was in bright spirits because of the end of school, it was the final feast and thanks to Harry's miracle win in the final game Slytherin
had one the house cub much to Gryffindors ire. Harry wondered if Dumbledore realised the stone he had placed in the mirror was a fake, but by the cheerfulness of the Headmaster Harry presumed he had yet to notice.

"Can't wait to get home," Draco said as they walked back to the common room tired and full.

"Same, although I'm going to be just as busy."

"Yes. Your Mastery exam." Draco remembered,

"There's that, but lets not forget a certain individual."

"No, that isn't something I'm likely to forget anytime soon Harry."

Harry grinned.

"I'm looking forward to his letter,"

"You would," Draco muttered shoving his friend, Harry smirked.

"Of course,"

"Come on prat, we have to sleep as I do not want to be caught with rush tomorrow."

"Yes sir," Harry mocked.

"It's about time," Draco sniffed and Harry laughed.

"Idiot,"

Draco was right, they entire Slytherin house seemed to have lost their minds in the morning. The concept of packing the night before seemed to be lost on them and Harry rolled his eyes, he had made sure their dorm was ready and they were the first up to breakfast.

"Hey pup, you have to get on the train and then I'll pick you up at the station." Sirius told him.

"Why don't we just floo?" Harry asked bewildered.

"Haven't got permission, apparently all students need to take the train home." Sirius rolled his eyes and Harry scoffed.

"Please, me and Draco have been using the floo all year without permission."

"I don't even know," Sirius sighed, "Just get on the train and be good,"

"Hey," Harry exclaimed, Sirius laughed and ruffled his hair. It wasn't just the Slytherins who lost their heads when it came to leaving the school, Harry helped the other Snakes by summoning lost objects so they didn't have to run around like crazy searching for them. The first years took the boats back across the lake and piled on to the train, Harry and Draco got a compartment near the back and were followed in by Theo and Blaise.

"Plans for the summer?" Harry asked them, sitting back with a happy sigh as the train pulled away.
"Going to Italy to visit the family," Blaise shrugged.

"Holiday in Germany and then I think we're home for the rest." Theo answered.

"We will have to meet up or something, I know I'm going to busy, but I don't want to spend all my time working or studying." Harry said and Draco gasped.

"You don't want to study?" He repeated horrified and Harry kicked him.

"Shut it you."

Draco laughed.

"After I'm back from France I don't have anything planned." Draco said.

"Yes, but we don't need to make plans. You know aunt Narcissa will have us over at least once a week for dinner and Sirius will be made to return the favour." Harry pointed out,

"Point," Draco conceded, "When is your Mastery exam?"

"I don't know, I have to wait for the confirmation owl, and then I'll know." Harry told him.

"You nervous?" Theo asked and Harry tilted his head.

"I don't know, I mean I'm excited, but I dunno about nerves. I expect they'll come on the day, I have a lot of pressure on me."

"Yes, it's Severus' name on the line." Draco remembered.

"There is no way I'm letting him down, I have my potions, I know my stuff." Harry stated, he pulled out his black journal and began to read through it.

"Where's that snake of yours?" Draco wondered.

"Aressa is sleeping in the ventilated compartment of my trunk." Harry said absently. They sat in peace reading and playing chess, Harry bought some sweets from the trolley and they had fun eating Bertie Botts.

"That's disgusting," Draco complained with a grimace, "What was that?" Harry was in a fit of laughter as he read the box, he couldn't speak so he handed it to Blaise who burst out laughing.

"Frogs liver," He told the blond, Draco tinged green as threw a chocolate frog at Harry, who was still in fits.

"You are awful,

"You just ate something that tasted of frogs liver." Harry stated before laughing again.

"Shut up, Harry,"

Harry calmed down and held out his hand.

"My turn,"

"I hope you get hippogriff shit," Draco told him, much to Harry's amusement; he was handed a jet black one.
"Well here goes," he ate the bean and gave a sigh of relief, "Liquorish,"

"You've got to be kidding me," Draco threw up his hands in injustice.

"Theo?"

The Nott heir took a weird looking cream one and immediately spat it back out.

"It tasted like skin!" He exclaimed and they all laughed at him,

"That's disgusting," Blaise said with a grin; the Italian picked out a green one.

"Huh, grass," He shrugged,

"Come on, Draco, the beans won't hurt you." Harry told him. With great reluctance, Draco picked out a pink one and ate it.

"Finally," he said, "Strawberry,"

"Oh come on, that's way too normal." Harry groaned, "Here," Harry blindly grabbed a bean and without looking at its colour, which was a hideous burn orange, popped it in to his mouth.

"That has to be a horrible one." Theo said looking disgusted.

"Toasted pumpkin," Harry told them and they all groaned.

"I swear the beans love him." Blaise shook his head.

"You have not had one bad bean," Theo agreed.

"I didn't even think that was possible." Draco added.

"I just have an unnatural ability with the bean." Harry said seriously and the others cracked up.

"You're an idiot, Harrison,"

Just then the door was thrown open and Rosina stood in the doorway.

"Oh hello sister dearest, it hasn't been long enough since I've seen you." Harry greeted cheerfully and the other Snakes smirked at her.

"I heard you're going back to the muggles," She said mockingly, "Has it finally sunk in your not wanted?" Harry raised an eyebrow at her.

"I don't know if I should be mocking or pitying you," Harry said slowly, and she flushed.

"You're the one who needs pity," She spat and Harry shook his head.

"Look Potter, I don't know where you've been, but I'm going to Black Manor for the holidays. You know, one of the largest Manors in the UK, it belongs to my father?"

"Daddy told me your going to the muggles, you're lying." She sneered and Harry laughed at that.

"Did daddy also tell you I disinherited myself from the Potter name meaning I am no longer anything to do with you?"

She looked shocked at that.
"What?"

"I suppose congratulations are in order, you are now the sole child to the Potter fortune; goodbye."
Harry sent a wave of magic pushing her back and shut the door.

"You disowned yourself from the Potter name?" Theo said and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, the Black name holds much more prestige and by the time I've finished with Potter, the name will only be a hindrance." Harry explained. They spent the rest of the journey talking about anything, the twins popped in when they were nearly back in London to say their goodbyes.

"I'll owl you," Harry said to them. "I'm sure Dad will agree that you can stay over and you can lie like the best of them so I doubt you'll have any problems."

"Ah young Harry,"

"Lying is bad,"

"We do not lie,"

"Merely change the truth-,"

"To something that-,"

"Suits our needs," they finished together and Draco rolled his eyes as Harry grinned.

"My mistake,"

They waved and disappeared down the corridor, Harry stretched and took Aressa out so he could shrink down his trunk, the snake wound around his left arm and settled back asleep.

"She's gotten so lazy," Harry muttered. The rest of them shrunk down their trunks and they were the first of the train when it pulled in to the station. Their parents were easily spotted as many people seemed to be giving the 3 powerful Lords a rather wide birth, Harry grinned at his dad and hurried over.

"Hey, dad,"

"How was the train?" Sirius asked his son who shrugged.

"S'alright I guess, Potter paid a visit."

"What did she want?"

Harry smirked.

"Seems James hasn't informed his daughter the correct information, she was under the impression I was going back to the muggles." Harry told him and Sirius smirked.

"I am sure you put her right," He said and Harry looked at him indignantly.

"What sort of person would I be if I didn't?" Harry gasped and Sirius rolled his eyes.

"Come on then, lets go home." Harry turned to Draco.

"Have fun in France and don't forget my letters." Harry said to him.
"I won't, and if anything happens while I'm away I want to know straight away."

"Of course," Harry agreed, "See you Theo, I'll write and have fun in Germany."

"See you, Harrison, good luck if I don't see you."

Harry grinned, he looked for Blaise, but the Italian had already disappeared.

"I'm ready now," Sirius held out his arm and Harry was apparated away. They landed at the gates and Harry couldn't help but gasp at the sight. The Manor was as black as the name it had; it was a massive four story black stone manor. The cast iron gates had the Black crest in the centre and Harry bit his finger to smear blood on it allowing the wards to accept him and bind him as Heir Black as his father accepted him. The gates swung open and Harry followed Sirius up the pathway to the ebony double doors, Harry stepped through the pillars and the doors swung open for him and led them in to a grand entrance hall.

The floor was a shining black marble and it led up to an impressive staircase to the right, to the left Harry was shown a huge, high ceiling ball room which had a solid ebony floor and black marble columns rising up around the entire room and a set of stairs leading down to the main area, the walls were decked in deep blue velvet and on the back wall and the middle of the floor was the Black crest. There were large Victorian windows along the right wall and bright lamps scattered around artistically allowing the room to be light even though the colours were dark. The next room he was shown on the ground floor was a large dining room, it again had ebony flooring and in the centre of the room it had a stunning rectangle mango wood dining table that Harry was sure would fit 20 people, the Black crest hung on a sash behind the head seat and tall windows lined the walls.

Sirius showed him to a beautiful lounge, the ebony flooring was covered by deep blue rug, the tall windows were surrounded by black drapes which were detailed in blue, the fire place was a black marble and it was crackling in welcome, there was two black leather chairs, two black leather sofas and a love seat, a low set mango wood table in the centre and the Black crest was printed above the fireplace.

"So what do you think so far?" Sirius asked as they made their way back to the entrance hall.

"This place is amazing," Harry said in slight awe, he wasn't expecting Black Manor to be this beautiful.

"My family are rather proud of their wealth and class."

"It shows,"

"Now, I won't take you downstairs, but there is a Masters Potions lab which you can explore when you've settled in." Sirius told him, "Let's go upstairs," on the first floor there was an open parlour which was decorated in lighter shades of blue mixed with grey and black, there was a smoky grey sofa and a leather chair surrounding a low set table, on the back wall there was a fireplace and in the double alcove there were two filled book cases. There was a duelling room opposite which had a number of training dummies and a weapons wall which was littered with swords, daggers and a number of other weapons.

And then they went to the library.

Harry was amazed to see the library stretched two entire floors and Sirius pulled him out before he lost his son for the day, they went to the next floor where there was a stunning sun room which was decorated similar to the parlour except it had a liquor cabinet and two sets or patio doors which
opened up on to a balcony and there was outdoor seating there. The rest of the floor was guest rooms and the library. The floors above Sirius deemed the 'family' floors, there was few studies and a lot of bedrooms which were grander then the guest rooms, on the top floor there was another sitting room, another study and the Lord and Heir rooms. Sirius took him to his room at the end of the corridor, it was a set of double doors and a silver plaque held his name in perfect script above the crest.

"Well, this is yours," Sirius said and Harry nodded, he pushed open the door and stopped in shock. The room was the size of the entire Slytherin common room, it was decorated in green, black, and silver, meaning Sirius had had it done for him because the Black family colours were blue, black and silver. He had a large king sized bed up against the back wall surrounded by two bay windows, the floor was ebony covered in a fluffy green rug, he had his own black marble fireplace with the Black crest above it.

There were empty bookcases waiting for him to fill them, and a black leather chair with a matching sofa in front of the cases, he also had a desk and chair made from ebony. There were two sets of double doors within the room, one led to a massive dressing room which was currently empty and the other was a stunning black and cream marble bathroom with green accents, there was a pool like bath and a separate shower. Harry loved it.

"I love it," Harry told him in amazement, "It's perfect."

"Good," Sirius breathed in relief, "I had the elves change the blue to green because I know it's your favourite colour."

"Thanks dad,"

"Now, as per Black family tradition, you have your own elf." Sirius told him, and an elf popped in. It was dressed in neat little black trousers, a dark blue shirt and little black shoes, the elf had the crest on it's breast pocket and was stood up straight.

"I is Kip, and I is happy to be serving the Heir to the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black."

"Hello Kip, my name is Harrison. You can go back to what you were doing before."

"Yes, Master Harrison," He bowed and popped away.

"Right, lets go to the lounge and we can discuss the rules." Sirius said, "I never thought I would be the one to say that." Harry laughed at that.

"Where's uncle Moony?" Harry asked,

"Remus is finished up everything at the school, he'll be back for dinner."

Harry took a seat in a chair and Sirius relaxed back.

"So there are only a few rules." He began, "Around the manor and the ground you can go anywhere except my room and study, unless you have permission. All meals are eaten at the table, but you can call for snacks in your room if you want. If you are going anywhere, let me know first and I doubt there will be a problem with you going."

"They're reasonable enough," Harry agreed.

"Now, as to your grounding,"

Harry huffed at that.
"You're sticking to that?" He complained.

"Yes, you put yourself in danger, stole a rare magical artefact, and then dumped the Dark Lord on me, you completely deserve it."

"Well when you put it like that it sounds a lot worse that it was." Harry muttered.

"Yes well, you are grounded for a week; meaning no flying, no leaving the manor and no having friends over or writing to them."

"Fine," He sighed,

"Now, let's go to the dining room and eat, I'm starving." Sirius said with a grin, Harry rolled his eyes and followed him out. Moony was already there and Harry smiled at the wolf.

"Hey uncle Moony,"

"Hello, cub,"

"Did Dumbledore have anything to say?" Sirius asked his mate.

"No, I was under the impression he was happy to see me go. I did however catch an interesting conversation between Potter Sr and the Headmaster." Remus told them.

"Oh?"

"Yes, it seems that Dumbledore does know exactly who Lord Marvolo Slytherin-Le Fey is and he is not happy about it. He and James were discussing how he could have been returned and what that means for them because Majority vote now easily falls to the dark with Black, Malfoy, Nott as the three top Lords already. The light have Potter, Longbottom, Bones as there lead runners and the other houses are at a near equal divide and we usually rely on the neutral houses to tip the vote. Now, the only way the light will win a vote we do not want passed is if most of the neutrals vote in their favour." Remus said and Harry smirked.

"I doubt Dumbledore will work out how Marvolo returned, and the votes will only continue to go in to our favour." Harry pointed out.

"Yes, you hold the rest of the Founders seats do you not?"

"And the Seat of Emrys, the only one to match the Seat of Le Fey, the one that usually is seen as light but will be firmly with the dark."

"So we can pretty much rule the Wizengamot as soon as you take your seats."

"Yes, because they are Founders seats I have to sit in them myself which is an unfortunate set back, but we only have to wait until the summer of fourth year. Then good bye Dumbledore from the Chief Warlock position and good bye Fudge from the Minister's spot."

"Umbridge can also leave," Sirius put in.

"The werewolf hater? Damn straight she can leave."

"Language," Remus chided and Harry rolled his eyes.

"What's for eating?" Harry asked.
"Chicken I think," Sirius answered and as if reading his mind, the food appeared and was a chicken pie with peas and potatoes.

"Thank Merlin for small miracles," Sirius sighed happily. They ate dinner and went to the top lounge to relax, they were discussing the ministry and other things until Harry claimed exhaustion and went to his bedroom. He was surprised to see all of his things perfectly unpacked and his pyjamas laid out for him.

"I love house elves." Harry said to himself, he changed and went to bed with a smile on his face.

Tom Riddle, or rather Marvolo Slytherin-Le Fey as he was known now, was known for having very high standards. Some may even call him a perfectionist because he only accepted the best. One would only need lay eyes on him to know that, his appearance was nothing other than flawless and it was a rarity that he was seen if it wasn't. He had perfect Occlumency in his early teens to make sure he conducted himself in the correct way, his grades were perfect and he has set many records with his 12 OWL's and NEWT's and before his untimely downfall, he had successfully ran the entire dark empire.

It was because of this he refused to stay in his muggle, well squib, father's house. After his first movement within in the Wizengamot, Marvolo had decided that he had to move and had discovered his Slytherin ancestral castle was still in perfect condition. What had shocked him was the sheer opulence of Slytherin castle and he had taken a minute to simply stand and admire the sight before him; the castle was made out of deep grey stone and it was, simply put, huge. Stretching six stories in some places with multiple turrets and towers, it was a sight to behold, Marvolo smeared blood on the crest and the snakes that twisted around the gates came to life.

#Welcome to Slytherin Castle new Lord,# The gates swung open and allowed him access. He could feel the ancient wards flaring up as he walked in and the gates closed behind him, he chose to walk to the great double doors as to admire the vast lands stretching out hundreds of Acers in all directions. The doors opened on their own accord and a house elf popped in to greet him, the creature was dressed in a neat, rich green toga with the Slytherin crest printed proudly upon it.

"Welcome to Slytherin castle new Lord, I is Fang and I is head elf."

Marvolo blinked at the name of the elf and rolled his eyes.

"How many elves reside here?" He asked it politely, if he was polite to his servants they would serve him well.

"15 elves lives here in the castle Master, I is in charge of the castle's keep and yous personal elf who, is charged with looking after the Lord Slytherin's person will be here as soon as she has finished preparing yous chambers sir." The elf explained and Marvolo nodded.

"Very well,"

The elf bowed and popped away, not even a second had passed before another elf popped in.

"Good afternoon Master Slytherin sir, I is Pelly and I is assigned to be yous personal elf."

"I wish for a tour of the castle, only the most important rooms." He said and she nodded flapping her
huge ears. He was shown two of the lounges on the ground floor, one was decorated in shades of green with black marble floor, dark wood furnishings and black leather seating. The second was silver with shades of black and grey, it had a silver rug and smoky grey seating. There was a huge dining room with the Slytherin crest displayed on a sash behind the head seat and a table made from solid ebony wood. The final room he was shown on the ground floor was the grand ball room, it had a black marble floor like the rest off ground floor, but it was mixed with Jade and silver.

The colours were silver and green and it seemed as if there were emerald and diamonds twisting through the drapes that hung around the huge bay window lining the room, the Slytherin crest was on the back wall and the snakes' eyes were glittering with onyx or black sapphire. The basement held a large Masters Potions lab and below that he had a very nice set of dungeons which were very secure. On the first floor there was another lounge, a drawing room, a duelling room which held many weapons and practice apparatus, and the start of the library. An entire half of the first floor was taken up by an enormous library, Marvolo was very tempted to call off the tour and live there, but he had time after to delve in to the secrets that the library undoubtedly held. He skipped the many guest rooms and other sitting areas and was shown the second half of the library on the second room.

The next thing he went to was the Lords wing, it held his study, which he quickly deemed perfectly acceptable for him, his private sitting room, a sun room and his bed chambers which were very nice. They had an attached bathroom, dressing room and had a connecting door to his sitting room. All of the floors were black marble and the wood was mostly ebony, but in some rooms it was a dark teak or black walnut.

"What is in the opposite wing?" He asked his elf.

"That is being the Heirs wing, the castle is recognising that Master has one Heir so it is accommodating one Heir." She explained and Marvolo nodded. He had not forgotten Harrison Black, the boy who seemed to be alive simply to make questions for him to try and find answers too.

"Are there any owls here?"

"Yes Master, we is tending to the many birds within the owlery."

"What else is outside?"

"Slytherin castle is set on near 500 Acres of land including owlery, stables, lake, boat house, forest, Quidditch pitch, snake house and greenhouses. Everything has been kept in perfect working order by the grounds elves."

"Good, see to it that my things are placed away and set up a snake habitat in my chambers."

"Yes Master," she bowed and popped away. Marvolo went straight to the library. He had noticed, during his tour, that there were many portraits of the past Slytherins on the walls. The one he was most eager to speak to was Salazar himself, the Founder was, in his eyes, the best one and obviously a very clever man. That wasn't to say he didn't admire all of the Founders, but he was a descendent to Slytherin so he was slightly bias, he wanted to speak to him about a great many things and thank him for being smart enough to allow only worthy Heirs to access the Slytherin fortune.

The Gaunts, his latest ancestors, had not been deemed worthy for full access to the Slytherin fortune and the part they had been given, a substantial amount of gold for them to live, but it didn't dent the real fortune, they had pilfered and lost it all leaving them broke and in the dregs of society. He had not had chance to fully access the Le Fey vaults, but he did know that there were many artefacts and books that he wanted to get his hand on, some written by Morgana herself. He spotted another empty frame of Salazar's in the library and made note of three which solely belonged to the Founder in the
castle so far, Marvolo wondered if Salazar could answer the riddle that was Harrison Black. How the boy was an Heir to Slytherin was, in all sense and logic, and impossibility, but yet he wore the ring proving that he was, in fact, an Heir.

He would give himself a few days to settle in to his new accommodations before writing to the boy and arranging their meeting, there was only so long he could go without answers and that time was nearly up. Marvolo wanted to know as much as possible, the power the boy held was something else, he remembered the first time he had released it within his presence and it wasn't something he was set to forget any time soon. The sheer weight of it, and the control he had over it was something he had *never* seen in someone so young and yet the boy supposedly grew up away from the wizarding world. So many questions! Marvolo shook his head and set Harrison to the side within his mind, he walked through the library and surmised that there was a section for every single type of magic possible within the shelves dating back to the founder himself and they were all in perfect condition. What he found equally impressive was that the books were updated and he found that over the years there had been about 100 different copies of Hogwarts: A History written since the Founders time and he had Salazar's original.

He would spend the rest of the day in the library before he had to begin moving with his plans, there was many things that needed fixing within the wizarding would, a lot had happened within the 10 years he had been dormant. The ministry needed a complete overhaul, whoever thought having someone like Fudge in charge was a complete fool and that woman who was so obviously prejudice against werewolves needed to be removed. Dumbledore was the highest on the list of people that needed to be removed, everything about the old man tainted and defiled the wizarding world, he was like a disease that spread quickly and leached off of everything. Marvolo shuddered just thinking about the man, his grandfatherly demeanour hid a manipulative, secretive and dangerous man who was very powerful. He would have to be a fool not to admit Dumbledore was powerful, but the ridiculous rumour that the old wizard was the only person he feared was absurd, the very thought that he feared anyone was quite amusing.

Fear wasn't something he had, sure he was wary and cautious, but he didn't fear for it could cloud your judgement and make you act rashly. Marvolo remembered the last time he had acted through fear, he somewhat regretted his rushed actions from the prophecy, however he was sure that had he not acted then Harrison Black would not be on his side with the Black Lord and his werewolf. That was an alliance that, he had no doubt, would be highly beneficial to him, add that to the fact that he wouldn't even know about his Le Fey heritage if it wasn't for the boy. The brat was back on his mind again. Marvolo shook his head, it seemed as if that meeting would have to be sooner than he thought. He rose and walked back through the castle and out in to the grounds, if he was to write to the boy then he would need a suitable bird so he went to the owlery and his eyebrow rose.

There was a wide range of different birds there and as he looked around he spotted the perfect one, with a smirk he whistled and held up his arm for the great animal to swoop down and perch there.

"I think you will be just fine," He muttered admiring him, Marvolo got the impression it was a he, and the bird ruffled its wings as if to say 'of course'.

"I shall call you Osiris," Marvolo said walking back to the castle, "I believe that is a suitable name." The bird seemed pleased with the name and Marvolo headed up to his study, he had a letter to write and meeting to plan.
It took a few days for Harry, but he quickly got into a routine living at Black Manor. Both Remus and his dad were laid back and the only difference was that he wasn't surrounded by people daily, well that's how it felt for Harry. As he was grounded and couldn't go anywhere, he decided first that, in preparation to his Mastery exam, he was going to explore and get used to the potions labs. Harry went down the stone stairs to the basement and there was three doors and another staircase which he presumed led to the dungeons. The first door he tried was a store room full of phials and different ingredients with a door leading out the other side, he sensed a preservation charm, but he would go through the entire inventory so he knew what he needed to purchase when he was finally allowed to Diagon alley.

The next door was another storage room with a door at the end, except it was full of equipment instead, he could see many different sized cauldrons and he made note to do a full inventory of what was actually in the room too. The final door was the actual potions lab and Harry was impressed, the room was as big as the classroom back at school, and it had space enough for several set ups meaning he could practice on his multi-brewing. He saw two doors to the side and saw that it led in to the storage rooms, the rooms had been kept in good condition which he was thankful for. Harry went in to the ingredients store first and snapped his fingers for parchment and a self-ink quill, he started from the top and worked down. He was lucky to find that majority of the things were labelled, and the things that weren't he could easily identify so began to make a list, some of the potions were ruined and he put them in a box to be disposed off, however most of the ingredients were perfectly preserved and he made a stock take of what was running low.

It was a long task and he hadn't even got half way through when Jip, his father's elf, popped in to inform him of lunch. Harry left his list and things down there and darted up the stairs, if he could eat fast he could continue.

"Hey, pup," Sirius greeted, "Where've you been all morning?"

"Sorting the lab out," Harry told, him tucking in to his food.

"I thought they were in good condition?"

"They are, amazing actually," Harry said, "But I need to do a stock take, inventory and dispose of anything that had gone bad."

"Ah, makes sense." Sirius nodded, "How's it coming."

"Long, there's a lot of stuff in there so I have to go through everything. But I should be able to get everything done today and then I will have my lists ready."

"Well that's your territory so I will leave you to it."

Harry grinned, his dad and potions were not the best mix.

"Where's uncle Moony?"

"Substituting people and food for books again," Sirius sighed and Harry snickered.

"Send an elf."

"The elf came back covered in dust." Sirius deadpanned.

"So we've lost uncle Moony then," Harry surmised.

"Seems like it,"
"He'll come out eventually." Harry reassured.

"Well he has 6 days until full moon so if not before then he'll be out by then." Sirius said surely and Harry burst out laughing.

"I'm leaving uncle Moony's health in your hands." He said when he calmed down, "Do try not to lose him to books dad."

"Fine, I'll go drag him out."

"I'll see you at dinner," Harry hopped up as Sirius went up the stairs grumbling about werewolves and their books, Harry snickered and went back to his cupboard to continue the inventory. It took his another few hours to get through everything in the potions store, he had a roll of parchment of things he needed to top up on, a roll on what potions were in stock and the ones he needed to make to be on the safe side and he had a full list of what the cupboard held.

"Kip,"

"What can Kip bes doing for Master Harry?"

"Can I have a drink and a small snack please?" Harry asked and the elf nodded and popped away with a bow. Harry moved to the equipment store where Kip popped in with juice and biscuits, something Harry was very happy about. Harry summoned some more parchment and began with the cauldrons beginning with pewter, he started with the smallest size and got rid of any that he didn't deem in suitable conditions to work with. Harry was completely out of size 2 cauldrons and guessed it was because it was the one used for majority of school potions, and there were quite a few that needed to be replaced due to wear.

He had four brass cauldrons, one of each size, and added them to the list, he needed to have two of each to be on the safe side and in case he was duel brewing. He moved on to the silver ones and they were all in mint condition as were the gold, although it wasn't that surprising because they were the least used and he had enough of them too. Harry sorted through the other equipment such as the knives and ladles and removed the ones which were blunt or damaged, he wrote down everything he needed to replace and he had just finished re-ordering everything when he was alerted for dinner. When he got to the table this time Moony was present and Harry flashed him a grin.

"Yes uncle Moony, this is what people look like." Harry said slowly and Sirius roared with laughter, the werewolf shot him a dirty look and stabbed at his streak.

"No need to get violent with the steak, just because you can't read it." Harry defended the poor piece of beef, Sirius was trying, and failing, to muffle his laughter.

"Ha ha dungeon dweller," Moony returned and Harry pretended to blush.

"Awh you're too kind," He said bashfully and they all laughed.

"How did you get on down there?" Sirius asked him.

"Just finished, and I have the lists of everything that needs to be replaced/bought/renewed ready." Harry answered,

"You still have to wait until the weekend at least." Sirius warned and Harry glowered at him but nodded.

"I am aware." He sniffed, he wasn't even allowed to write to Draco until Thursday when his
grounding was lifted, which he thought was totally unnecessary, but apparently that was the rules.

"Cheer up, cub, you only have a few days left." Moony reminded him.

"I suppose you are right." He sighed in a self suffering sort of way.

"I know,"

Harry had the urge to throw a carrot at him, but decided against it and stuck his tongue out instead.

"Mature,"

"I'm 11," Harry said,

"You have a point,"

"I know," Harry grinned as Moony rolled his eyes.

For the rest of the time he was grounded, Harry completed his summer homework and revised his potions. He couldn't practice them because he didn't have all the ingredients even with his own supplies, which he had moved to the store cupboard, he had politely informed Sirius that if anyone wanted to go in to the potions lab then they would have to consult him first because he had deemed it his own. His had memorised his shield potion to the point where he could recite it backwards and he was getting that way with his others, Harry made a note that he had yet to actually test the obliviate potion, but he wasn't too fussed on that at the current time as he would need someone who was willing and if anything went wrong it could be potentially lethal so, when he was free, he was going to write to Severus and ask his opinion on an idea he had to test it without damage to the participant. It would be so much easier if they still did prisoner testing.

Harry had also received confirmation that he had been accepted in to the August Mastery examination and he was instructed to bring his letter of recommendation with them so it could be read in person by the examiners as proof, Harry had gotten very excited that morning and bounced around the manor as he wasn't allowed out. The date of the exam was August 5th meaning it was 5 days after his birthday and it gave him plenty of time to prepare; he was going to use his shield, his vanishing one and his liquid disillusion. He had tested the disillusion on his clothes he wore and they had vanished, but when he dripped it on the rug by accident it had simply left a small mark, Harry was amazed. He had dripped it on a whole number of things and discovered it was magic activated, he made a note that the potion had to be in contact with a magical being to work and added what a benefit it actually was.

Harry had caught up on his Arithmancy and Runes practice, which he discovered he was still fine with, it wouldn't do to become sloppy in his workings and he meditated a lot to keep his mind in perfect condition. On the last day of his sentence, he went to breakfast where Moony looked as if he was sleep eating, it was coming closer to the full moon and the man was growing more lethargic. He looked up as the mail flew in and one bird caught all of their attention, it was a massive, pure black, deadly looking eagle with scary red eyes; Harry instantly loved it. It swooped down towards Harry who automatically held out his arms for the great bird, Harry took the letter and fed the bird.

"Who in Merlin's name does he belong to?" Sirius exclaimed looking at the bird in alarm, Harry rolled his eyes.
"Who do you think would own such a scary, deadly, menacing bird with crimson eyes?" Harry said, the bird shuffled his wings and took flight.

"He does have a point, Padfoot," Moony added,

"Him then,"

Harry nodded and looked at the letter, it was addressed to him in perfect, elegant script that Harry had no doubt was from the man's own hand.

_Harrison,_

_I have settled in to my new accommodations and our meeting can now take place. I am residing at my, or rather our, ancestral home, Slytherin Castle. The building was in perfect condition as was the contents, so I invite you to lunch before we converse this coming Saturday._

_The floo address is Slytherin Castle spoken in the correct language and lunch is served at 12:30._

_Marvolo,_

Harry blinked and then rolled his eyes, if that wasn't a subtle order for Harry to be at the castle by 12:30 on Saturday then he didn't know what was.

"So what did he say?" Sirius asked.

"I am meeting with him on Saturday." Harry said,

"Where are you meeting?"

"At Slytherin castle, I have to be there for 12:30."

"You're meeting with him again; alone?"

"Yes dad, but I will be fine." Harry said firmly.

"How do you know that?"

"After today I expect I will be able to tell you. Just know that he will not try to harm me and he will not be able to harm me in Slytherin castle." Harry assured him. His father looked as if he wanted to argue, but he swallowed it down. Harry finished his breakfast and went to his room to comprise a letter saying he would be at the castle on Saturday, he bypassed saying he would be there for lunch just because he felt like it. He sent it with Hedwig who looked happy about the job and swooped away with a nip of his finger, Harry also jotted a note to Draco informing him of what was going on and left it on his desk to be sent tomorrow when he was allowed to write to his friends. Harry grinned to himself and rubbed his hands together, in 2 days time he was meeting with the Dark Lord and he was excited; he couldn't wait until Saturday.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Un'beta'd

#ParseFilter#

I'm not J.K

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 17:

Sirius thought his son was completely insane. The boy was unhealthily excited to go to his meeting with the Dark Lord and for the life of him, the Lord Black could not understand why. Most would be absolutely terrified, but not Harrison. Sirius was the one who was scared. His son was going to meet with the most feared and most powerful wizard in the world alone and there was nothing to guarantee that he would be coming back alive. The only reason he wasn't in more of a mess is because Harrison swore he would be ok, and he was going to listen to his son's word. Harrison skipped in to the dining room dressed to perfection and a grin on his face.

"I thought I would come and say goodbye, it's time for me to leave." Harry said and Sirius nodded.

"Please be careful, pup." He said again and Harry's expression softened when he saw the worry in his dad's eyes.

"Dad, I promise you I will be fine. Marvolo will not hurt me, trust me." Harry reassured him for the millionth time and Sirius sighed.

"I know you keep saying, but he is terrifying and powerful."

"I know that, but so am I and I am the Slytherin Heir remember. He won't be able to harm me in the Slytherin castle, even if he were to somehow disown me, something I doubt he would be able to do because I was selected by Salazar." Harry pointed out.

"Ok, pup,"

"Tell uncle Moony that I'll see him later."

"I will when he wakes up, it's full moon tonight so he won't be up until 1." Harry nodded, he hugged his dad and made his way to the floo room. He checked himself over in mirror again, Harry was dressed impeccably as he waited for the clock to strike 12:30, he was in dark green robes with all his crests, the six of them, on display and he took a deep breath. Aressa was wound around his arm and as soon as his tempus switched to 12:30 he stepped in to the fire, #Slytherin Castle# he hissed and was pulled away, of all the magical transports, floo was the worst. Harry stepped gracefully out of the grate and swept the ash from his robes, he looked around and smiled, this was so Salazar. He had to control the rush of feelings that filled him at being in Salazar's own castle, he was shaken out of his musings as an elf popped in dressed in a green and silver toga with the Slytherin crest printed on it.
"Greetings Heir, I is Fang and I shall be taking you to Master."

Harry’s eyebrows shot up at the name of the elf, he followed him, Harry thought it was a him, through the many twisting halls which were all decorated grandly until they reached a vast dining room. The elf bowed at the door and popped away, Harry walked in and saw the Dark Lord sat at the head of the table, he looked up with a smirk.

"Ah Harrison, you decided to attend lunch."

Harry returned the smirk.

"What can I say, your offer was simply too nice to pass up."

"What do you think?" Marvolo indicated the castle and Harry nodded.

"It's so very Salazar." Harry mused and gained a raised eyebrow, the shit eating grin that came to the younger Slytherin's face was not promising for Marvolo.

"This is set to be a very enjoyable day for me." Harry told him,

"Indeed."

"Now, please tell me you didn't name the elf." Harry changed the subject.

"Ah, no I did not."

"Good because I would question it if you did." Harry stated and Marvolo rolled his eyes, Aressa made herself known and Harry smiled slightly.

"Do you mind?" Harry held up the snake.

"Not at all," Marvolo said greeting the snake much to her joy. "Nagini should be along soon." Harry allowed Aressa to slide along the back of his chair.

#Don't go too far, I want you for later# He warned her.

#Yes Master#

"Let us eat as there is much to discuss." Marvolo instructed and Harry nodded, he forcefully pushed back his smirk and began the meal. It was wonderful, not that he expected anything other, and the conversation of the castle came up.

"I was surprised at the condition of the castle, it is impeccable." Marvolo said and Harry nodded.

"No doubt an extensive amount of Runes and I can feel the layers of wards. I doubt Salazar would want his castle to become degraded and broken, it would be beneath him." Harry said,

"Yes, the wards are near if not the same strength as Hogwarts," Marvolo said,

"How are the lands?"

"They stretch for miles, including a lake. What surprised me was the appearance of a Quidditch pitch."

Harry’s eyebrows shot up at that.
"There's a Quidditch pitch here?" He repeated in disbelief.

"Yes, a full size one at that."

"Well I'll be damned." Harry said shocked, if there was one thing he was sure of it was Salazar Slytherin's distaste with Quidditch; he guessed that an Heir had put it in because there was no way the man put it there himself. When they were finished Marvolo rose and Harry followed his example,

"We shall take this discussion in the formal lounge, there is a portrait of Salazar Slytherin in there that I have yet to converse with." Harry's face lit up at the thought of finally seeing Salazar again, even if it was a portrait, and he gave Marvolo a sly grin that sent warning bells off in the elders mind.

"Perfect," He murmured itching to rub his hands together like an evil mastermind, Marvolo led the way and Harry was mentally cackling, what better was to tell someone you grew up with the Founders than have the Founder tell them himself. The room was decorated in the traditional green and silver with accents of black and charcoal, Marvolo took the black leather chair, but Harry shot him a smirk and went straight to the portrait.

"Hey Sal," He greeted the Founder brightly, Salazar blinked slowly and looked at him before jumping back in shock.

"Snakelet is that you?" He exclaimed and Harry nodded with a smile.

"Yeah, finally got to the castle," Harry indicated, "Nice by the way,"

"It's been too long little snake, must be over 1000 years since I last saw you." Salazar shook his head.

"How was everyone after I left?" Harry asked curiously.

"Ah Helga was sad for weeks as was Ro," Salazar told him sadly, "Ric, well you know him, threw himself in to his work."

"Sounds about right," Harry rolled his eyes.

"Merlin kept us informed of course, you have done us so proud, Little Snake."

"Thanks, that means a lot from you." Harry said with a soft smile.

"Proud though I may be of your general actions, I wish to hear things from you." Salazar waved him off, "Tell me properly. Did you keep up with your potions? You had better, I didn't not pour all of my efforts in for you to throw it all away."

Harry laughed.

"Of course I continued my potions, I'm set to be the youngest person ever to get my mastery with Honours, and I created two more potions with counters." Harry told him proudly.

"Congratulations, Snakelet, not that I expected anything else." Harry chanced a glance at the Dark Lord who was looking between them incredulously and finally found his voice.

"Would you care to explain?"

"Of course Marvolo," Harry said cheerfully, "After Samhain Dumbledore suggested I be sent to my magic hating aunt." Both Salazar and Marvolo hissed much to Harry's amusement.
"Yes, I do remember you informing of this." Marvolo said Harry smirked at the same time as Salazar.

"Yeah, unfortunately for Dumbledore, I didn't quite make it to my dear aunts care." Harry told him, "I grew up in the Founders time, with Sal, Helga, Row and Ric."

"Do not forget Merlin from time to time." Salazar added and Harry nodded.

"Oh yes, and Merlin, he was the one who picked me up."

Marvolo digested that information and blinked a few times, it was lucky he was still sitting Harry noted because the man looked rather faint.

"How long do you think?" Harry asked Sal.

"I give it five minutes before he demands a full explanation." The Slytherin Founder bet and Harry nodded.

"I think three,"

It took Marvolo just over three minutes before he looked at Harry again.

"Explain, now,"

Harry smirked at the Founder, who grumbled, and sat down opposite the man leaning back with an air of a relaxation.

"Well as you know, Dumbledore, being the bright spark he is, thought it would be a brilliant idea for me to grow up with my muggle aunt because Rosina was the Girl-Who-Lived." Marvolo, Harry and Salazar all rolled their eyes at the same time.

"How that man got labelled great I will never know." The Founder muttered.

"I believe I am still searching for the answer," Marvolo responded in the same tone.

"From what I can remember, which is pretty much everything. Merlin collected me and took me to the Founders time and asked them to raise me to the best of their ability."

"Which we did and you excelled, Snakelet." Salazar stated proudly and Harry grinned.

"Thanks, Sal,"

"Merlin collected you and took you 1000 years back in time to allow you to grow with the Founders." Marvolo confirmed and Harry nodded, he could see what he said falling in to the man's mind, it was amusing to see the, no doubt, brilliant mind try to wrap around the impossibility.

"So, you actually lived 1000 years ago." He confirmed again much to Harry's amusement.

"Yes,"

Marvolo was amazed, Harrison Black had lived with the Founders, he had spoken and seen them personally; the knowledge he must hold. Harry watched as Marvolo went silent processing it and became wary when a familiar glint entered the crimson eyes.

"I don't like that look," Harry stated and Marvolo's expression switched to an innocent one, something Harry didn't buy for a second.
"What look?"

"Nu uh, you cannot give me that. I would recognise that look anywhere, it's the same one Salazar got when ever he would discover his new challenge." Harry said and Marvolo smirked.

"Be reasonable, Harrison, you've personally met all of the Founders, it would raise a few questions about the past."

"A few questions yes, that look however does not bode well for me."

"I do not know what you mean." Marvolo said and Harry groaned.

"Wonderful," Harry sighed, and then he blinked, turning to look back at Salazar with a highly put out look, "Which reminds me, Salazar. I did notice how you failed to inform me that your last living blood descendent just happened to be the current Dark Lord and one who the entire stupid prophecy revolved around."

Salazar didn't even bother to try and keep himself reserved, he burst out laughing and slapped his knee at Harry's expression.

"Ah Snakelet, you can only imagine the hilarity that information brought me." He sighed, wiping his eyes.

"Oh I imagined alright." He grumbled, turning back to Marvolo with a huff.

"So what did you do in the past?"

"I spent 10 years with the Founders learning everything they could possibly teach me. I studied and learned everything to become the best I could possibly be and on my last birthday they made me their Heirs, all of them, including Merlin which is why I am the Slytherin Heir." Harry told him and let his ring change to each different crest, "It's why I am still the heir, despite the other lines dying out; the very line creators chose me themselves."

Marvolo's brows rose.

"When you join the Wizengamot, we will have absolute control."

Harry smirked.

"I know, but as they are Founders seats and the Seat of Emrys, I have to sit in them, underhand clauses to stop people like Dumbledore claiming proxy as Headmaster."

"Something I wouldn't put past the old fool. I am thanking that clause because, I suspect, without it he would have claimed my own seat."

"Yes, it is brilliant really, but as I am unable to sit in my seats until I am 15 the Wizengamot is still at a point of sway, and Dumbledore and Potter will do everything to have things their way. Obviously it is astoundingly more difficult now as you have made a startling reappearance, I still hate you for that by the way, but all it takes are a few whispered words from the great Headmaster and some of the neutrals will be swayed to him."

"True, but we shall still be able to stop decrees we do not like."

"Ah, the new werewolf legislation Umbridge tried to pass." Harry grumbled and Marvolo sneered at the mere thought.
"That woman needs to be removed. How she got to her position I will never know and that legislation was possibly one of the stupidest things I have ever heard."

"It was another restriction, wasn't it?"

"Yes, she wanted all werewolves to be practically branded so they were known and could be detected as they were a danger to society." Marvolo rolled his eyes and Harry scowled.

"Stupid woman, but her feelings are not individual. Many in society are just plain thick." Harry sighed, "Simply because one turns in to a ball of fur once a month, it does not make them a danger to society. It is beyond their control. No one would raise a question if it was controllable like an animagus…” Harry trailed off with a thoughtful look, he snapped his fingers and his black journal appeared in front of him making Marvolo blink.

"What spell is that?"

"An edited summoning charm," Harry answered as he quickly flicked through his journal, "I created it because I got sick of waiting for my things to come to my through the air." He added sensing the questioning look he was being sent.

"How far is the distance?" Marvolo asked curiously, Harry looked up at that.

"You know, I'm not actually sure." He said slowly, "This came from Black Manor so it has a pretty good distance."

"Impressive, and very ingenious,"

"Thanks," Harry said with a grin, "It is one of my best I have to admit."

"You have created more?"

"I've only got two other spells at the moment, I've got two potions with counters and two potions with no counters." Harry told him.

"Ah yes your potions, you have applied for your Mastery, no?"

"Yes, the confirmation came through the other day, it's the 5th of August." Harry confirmed and Marvolo shook his head.

"Even though I know why, you still raise an amazing amount of questions." He sighed and Harry smirked.

"It is what I am best at." Harry said solemnly before snickering.

"Why did you summon your journal?"

"Ah, well I had another one of my brainwaves, but I will have to do a hellava lot of experiments before I can even begin to form the actual formula and it could work, but I don't know yet. I'll be studying certain things and hopefully I can get the right one, it would help so much." Harry was back to studying his book and in his portrait Salazar rolled his eyes.

"Snakelet, you just made absolutely no sense to someone who has yet to experience your odd tangents." The Founder told him amused, Harry blinked and looked at the incredulous look Marvolo was giving him, he blushed slightly and offered a sheepish smile.

"My bad, I tend to go off on a thought."
"Apparently," Marvolo drawled, "I presume you are speaking about a potion and as you summoned the book while we were speaking of werewolves I'm going to take an educated guess to say it is something that will aid them."

Harry beamed.

"You'll understand me in no time." Harry said brightly, "Yes, I know of the wolfsbane potion obviously, but I was wondering if it would be possible for the curse to be controlled even more. I'll have to break down a number of elements, and of course I will have to consult Sev too, but its worth a try." Harry explained.

"It is a very ambitions thought," Marvolo pointed out.

"You have 3 months until I want to see a decent formula Snakelet," Salazar told him and Marvolo's eyebrows shot up as Harry turned to look at the Founder as if he had suddenly stepped out of the portrait.

"Excuse me," He got out eventually.

"You heard me," Salazar drawled, "If you can created a shield that can block the darkest arts I know then you can produce an decent formula to your werewolf problem. You have full access to old and new ingredients, you have this library and if you go to the dungeons you will find your own personal lab that has all of our workings that I saved especially for you. Even my experiments for your Mastery theory. It is password locked to your snake's name."

Harry's face lit up and he furrowed his brow.

"I will have to work out what I actually want to do first, then I will have to contact Severus because he is responsible for the Wolfsbane potion meaning I will have to ask about those components, of course I could break it down myself, but I do have manners." He mused out loud, he summoned a quill and quickly scribbled everything down.

"The political blow it would cause to those rallying around the prejudice ones if you manage this will be unprecedented. Many, even when I first tried to seize control in the beginning, hate and are disgusted at the though of creatures, werewolves, vampires and many others came to my side because I offered them something other than the hate of the main society. I am surprised that the public hasn't realised that isolating and picking out the supposed 'Dark Creatures' is a bad move, but, if anything, the prejudice and conforms are even steeper than the first war." Marvolo said.

"I do not understand why they are viewed different, apart from one night a month, where wolves can retain control due to the Wolfsbane potion now, werewolves are the same as any other person, they even have better senses and health." Harry said running a hand through his hair, it bewildered him the massive amount of prejudice in the wizarding world now and what made him laugh was everyone seemed to be ok with it.

"I plan on changing the legislations that have been passed, half of them are completely ridiculous and it is a wonder that this society is still standing." Marvolo sneered at the little sheep of the world.

"If I can do this for the werewolves, than it will prove my unprecedented amount of skill."

"The modestly is painful," was the dry response he gained, and Harry snickered.

"I know,"

"I still do not understand how Dumbledore incorrectly identified Potter as the child I cursed."
"I was unconscious, and Rosina was screaming and bleeding. Apparently that was enough." Harry rolled his eyes, "It is going to be wonderful when he realises how wrong he was."

"That is going to be rather memorable." Marvolo agreed, "The Potters are falling from grace as it is, when that eventually comes out it will be the final blow."

"For Dumbledore too, I don't see why the old man has the right to decide my fate. Who is he really? They have given one man too much power and it went to his head; badly." Harry scowled at the thought, and expression that was mirrored on Marvolo's face.

"Most people believe the sun rises simply because Albus Dumbledore wills it." Harry scowled at the thought, and expression that was mirrored on Marvolo's face.

"That will have to change, sooner rather than later preferably." Harry muttered.

"We can agree on that," Marvolo sighed.

"Snakelet you must see the library, it will help you with your task." Salazar said, "I shall meet you there." And he walked out of his frame, Marvolo smirked at that.

"Would you care to move to the library?" He asked rhetorically.

"I believe that would be wonderful," Harry laughed, they walked up the stairs and Marvolo pointed out the doors they passed, the past Heirs greeted them cheerfully as they went.

"I was rather surprised at the library when I saw it." Marvolo told him and Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Extensive?"

"Something like that," The double doors were pushed open and Harry blinked in shock.

"Well damn," he said eventually.

"What do you think, Snakelet?" Salazar questioned proudly.

"You do like to overdo things Sal," Harry said fondly,

"If you know you are superior, then it is your right to show it." Salazar huffed imperviously.

"That is where I get my modesty from," Harry said to Marvolo who smirked.

"It is understandable,"

Harry ventured in to the library and slowly looked around, Marvolo went over to the seating area and picked up the book he had placed down earlier. Harry started where Marvolo sat and began browsing the shelves, he looked to the shelves he could actually see and then looked for a ladder, when he realised there was none he rolled his eyes.

"It's like you want me to show off, Sal," Harry muttered and Salazar chuckled.

"It is in your right as I said previously," He returned, Harry shook his head and stepped as if he was walking up stairs so he could see the next shelf of books; except there was nothing there. Harry continued browsing normally stepping up when he had finished the shelf, he spotted a few books that interested him so he pulled them down and had them hover next to him.

"Hey, Marvolo, where's the potions section?" Harry asked as he looked at the final shelf, Marvolo over to him to answer and froze lips parting a little in shock. Harry couldn't help but laugh at the
blatant astonishment on the man's face as he looked from Harry to the floor and back up to Harry again.

"How in Circe's name are you doing that?" He demanded snapping back to his clear mask at Harry's continuation to laugh, Harry got himself under control even if the grin didn't leave his face.

"Magic," He answered and it was worth the withering look he got sent.

"Surprising that," Marvolo bit out sarcastically.

"I heard that you could fly without a broom," Harry pointed out.

"Yes, but what has that got to do with anything?"

"The same rules apply, instead of flying, I am simply walking." Harry told him, forgoing the fact that he was an air elemental and he was merely displacing the air to hold his weight. He casually walked back down the invisible steps he had walked up and hopped back to the solid ground.

"You take pleasure in this don't you?" Marvolo grumbled and Harry nodded smugly.

"Yup," He popped the 'p', "Retaliation. Now where is the Potions section?"

"I'm going to regret this," Marvolo muttered under his breath, "And it's the first section on the left,"

"Thanks," Harry vanished off and Marvolo swore he didn't see the boy for almost half an hour. Harry on the other hand was amazed, there was something of everything and he meticulously went through every book title three times before he selected the books he wanted and made his way back to sit down. Marvolo shot him a highly amused glance when Harry curled himself up with 12 books spread around him, the boy couldn't seem to choose which one to begin with.

"Do you plan on eating at dinner?" Marvolo asked him and Harry frowned for a second.

"I'll just have to eat here and then go home." He decided and the Dark Lord's eyebrows rose.

"Indeed, and how will your father take that news?"

"I don't know, but I'll let him know." Harry flicked his wrist and a small black flaming phoenix erupted and vanished in a swarm of flames.

"You know what, I'm not going to even bother asking." Marvolo stated after he had recovered for what seemed like the millionth time today from shock.

"Don't worry, you still have more things to go." Harry said brightly, Marvolo shook his head.

"I have no doubt,"

They lapsed in to a comfortable silence as both of them began reading, Harry was noting down little things in his notebook as he went and he would transfer the finished product in to his journal after.

"Did you find out why I felt your resurrection?" Harry asked as he switched books.

"No, but I will look in to it more in depth now the summer is upon us." Marvolo answered and Harry nodded.

"Ok,"
"You wish to experiment with the stone do you not?"

"Yes, I want to see the elements it holds, the things that could be done with it would be phenomenal."

"I have no doubt," Marvolo agreed, "As long as it does not leave the castle then you are free to experiment all you wish."

"Thanks,"

"Have there been any more happenings with the case against Potter?"

"Not yet, but dad thinks that something should be happening in the summer because he backed the minister in to a corner with Lucius and Lord Nott."

"Leaving Fudge with no choice unless he wants a full trial which could have been called."

Marvolo finished and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, so Potter will likely get a fine, but it will prove her guilt."

"They will get eaten alive by the public," Marvolo smirked.

"Damn straight,"

"You should have cursed her for dare attacking you, Snakelet," Salazar told him furiously.

"Then I would have been made out the bad person, I want to tear them to pieces,"

"You could have done it inconspicuously,"

"It would have still been blamed on me or my friends," Harry pointed out, and Salazar sighed.

"How that man became Headmaster of that precious school Magic only knows."

"Hopefully not for very much longer," Marvolo stated with a bite in his voice.

#Master, you moved!# A massive, deep green snake with diamonds down her back slithered in and Harry looked at her in awe.

#Hello Nagini, yes, I brought Harrison to the library# The great snake raised herself to look at Harry.

#The boy who brings all the questions?#

Harry snickered at that and Marvolo sighed.

#The very same, it's nice to meet you Nagini# Harry said and she moved back in shock.

#Speaker?#

#Yes,#

#Greeting speaker,#

Harry smiled,

#You haven't seen another snake on your travels have you?#
"No, but I did catch another's scent," she told him, she slithered over to drape herself over Marvolo.

"Pet me," she ordered and he raised an eyebrow at her, she looked at him and they seemed to have a stare off until Marvolo relented with a tired sigh.

"Demanding snake," he grumbled and she hissed in contentment.

"Wow," Harry said biting back his laugh.

"Not a word." He warned the boy who adopted an all too innocent look.

"Don't know what you mean."

Aressa slithered in and twisted her way around Harry, resting her head in the crook of Harry's neck.

"Where have you been?" he asked her.

"Exploring, it's a big next master" she told him seriously.

"Aressa meet Nagini, Nagini meet Aressa," Harry introduced them before going back to his book. His introduction was a mistake because the pair would not stop talking and for the life of him he could not concentrate with all the hissing, apparently neither could Marvolo because he was throwing dark looks at the two reptiles.

"I believe concentration is a lost cause." Harry sighed.

"Apparently," he drawled, "Let us go to dinner and finish our previous discussion." Harry stood and made a note off all of his titles so he could come back to them.

"Oh, before you leave, Snakelet," Salazar called, "You have access to the Heir rooms and an elf, and you have to see your potions labs."

"Thanks Sal, I'll visit often."

"You had better, Little Snake,"

Harry gave him a short bow before he left the library, they returned to the dining room and food was immediately served.

"Do you have any plans for the Wizengamot immediately?" Harry asked.

"Only sorting out the creature laws, they are the ones in most dyer need of change."

"I suppose not much can be done while Dumbledore and Fudge are still in the head positions." Harry mused.

"No, but with the support for the dark currently, we should make some movements." Harry nodded.

"When are you calling your Death Eaters?"

"Soon," Marvolo said, "I have made myself known within the Wizengamot and now I need to reconvene with my followers, but the entire force will be going through a whole overhaul. The mistakes that were made could have been prevented, and if they think they are going to get away with half of the things as they did previously then they are mistake."

"Have fun with that," Harry said seriously and received a glare.
"You wanted a say in this that was the agreement, you have to attend some of the meetings."

Harry looked at him incredulously.

"What?"

"Oh yes, you can't pick and choose in this. You wanted a say, you have a say in every part, including the sorting out of my death eaters." Marvolo stated with a smirk and Harry groaned.

"Why cruel world," He complained before he brightened, "Can I duel them?"

"Could you duel them?" Marvolo questioned and it was his turn to receive a glare.

"I can duel your death eaters." He said with a touch of ice.

"I look forward to seeing your skills."

Harry smirked at that.

"I look forward to seeing yours." He returned. "What is the main thing that needs sorting with your minions?"

"They need to come out of Azkaban and be assessed."

"This is going to be a decidedly busier summer than I anticipated." Harry sighed.

"Where's your team spirit?" Marvolo asked mockingly and Harry, being the mature child he was, stuck his tongue out.

"Meany,"

"Meany, really?" Marvolo asked amused.

"Oh shush," Harry pointedly ignored the man's chuckles as he finished his food.

"As you have most things back in order, can I tell my closest the truth about the Potters and me being the one you hit with the curse?" Harry questioned.

"Yes as long as you are sure it will not get out." Marvolo agreed after a minute of thought.

"No, no one will breathe a word, of that I am sure."

"Then I have no problems."

"Have you looked in to the Le Fey property?"

"No, but I intend to see if Morgana preserved her residence in the same manner as Slytherin." Marvolo told him.

"It would be amazing if she did," Harry said.

"As with Merlin,"

They finished the meal with light conversation about Harry's time with the Founders and Harry rose with a stretch.

"No doubt I will see you in and out of the castle, but if I require your presence I shall send an owl."
"Ok," Harry agreed, "Well it has been a delightful day, I have successfully shocked you multiple times and have taken copious amounts of pleasure in it. I now bid you farewell,"

"Get going, brat,"

Harry grinned and left with a wave, he floo'd back to the manor and skipped up to the top lounge where Sirius would be before he went out with Moony for full moon.

"I have returned," He announced grandly and Sirius looked relieved.

"You're back in one piece." He breathed and Harry rolled his eyes.

"I told you I would be fine,"

"Yes, but it is the Dark Lord."

"Marvolo isn't going to attack me, we have a binding agreement to work together."

"Its ok to say cub but- wait what?" Moony was looking at him as if he was insane.

"We have a binding agreement to work together." Harry repeated with a smirk.

"A binding agreement?"

"Yep,"

"And just how did this occur?" Sirius asked,

"When I gave him the stone of course, you didn't think I would just hand over the Philosopher's Stone without something in return did you?" Harry said rhetorically.

"But why would he agree, even for the stone?" Sirius was completely bewildered.

"Have you heard from Aunt Narcissa?" Harry questioned instead of answering.

"I- um yeah. She wants us over for dinner tomorrow before they go to France."

"Brilliant, I'm of to do some more research." Harry said and he got up to leave.

"Wait, you haven't explained why."

Harry sighed.

"It's quite simple, when the Dark Lord came to the cottage on Samhain he hit me with the killing curse and not rose, I'm the real Boy-Who-Lived, the one from the prophecy not Rosina; Dumbledore got it wrong." Harry told them, both their jaws dropped and they gaped.

"What?"

"Yeah, we both remember it. When I went to him at school, he was more than happy to make an agreement with me as I was the child of the prophecy and with me on his side, he didn't have anyone who could supposedly match him."

"So the light have the wrong child, their saviour is merely a child." Remus said faintly and Harry smirked.

"Yes and the Prophecy is void because we have agreed to work together."
There was silence as they adults digested this information, eventually Sirius began to smirk.

"I so have to be there when Potter is informed." He said and Harry laughed.

"Agreed,"

"I can't believe this," Remus said shaking his head, "Not only did Dumbledore choose the wrong child, he alienated the right one who now is beyond powerful and working with the one he was prophesised to vanquish."

"Plus, the prophecy is void because I now don't have parents who have 'thrice defied him' because dad blood adopted me and I was by the Founders too."

"This is unbelievable."

"Yeah, I tend to do that."

"Are you going to tell, Draco?"

"Yes, I have to tell him everything and I know he is going to hate me." Harry frowned at that, he had no idea how he was going to tell the blond, but he knew it was going to be explosive.

"It'll be alright pup,"

"Well I'm off to my research, have fun running tonight." Harry said and left for his bedroom, he had notes to go over and books to read.

When Harry got up in the morning, the manor was silent and Harry guessed it was because his dad was uncle Moony were asleep from the full moon. It didn't bother Harry as he had things to do, he ate his breakfast and went up to the library to finish a section of his notes before he went to speak with Severus. Harry made sure to leave a note with his elf to give to Sirius when he woke up so the many didn't have a panic attack because he couldn't find him and quickly threw on a black robe. He went down to the floo room and threw in some floo powder,

"Severus Snape," He stuck his head in and waited for the nauseating feeling to leave him, Harry blinked a few times before looking in to the man's quarters at Hogwarts.

"Sev?" He called, and a few seconds after the man appeared in his lab robes with a raised eyebrow.

"Good morning, Harrison," He greeted, "How can I help you?"

"Morning," Harry returned brightly, "I know it's early, but I wanted to spend the day working on my new idea and I had to ask you something first."

"Step through," Severus said and Harry nodded, he removed his head and shook himself. He stepped through the fire and neatly brushed his robes off and vanished the ash,

"So, you have a new idea?" Severus asked him indicating a seat, Harry nodded as he took a seat.

"Yes, I had a meeting with Marvolo yesterday and it came to me. And now Salazar has given me 3 months to create decent, workable formula so I'm on a very tight schedule." Harry told him, "I'm not
sure as to what the final idea is of yet, but I wanted to know if I could break down the components of your wolfsbane potion."

"A werewolf potion then,"

"Yes,"

"You are welcome to dismantle the potion, but I advise you take great care. The potion is extremely temperamental and the last thing you need is it exploding." Snape warned him.

"Noted,"

"Have you got a baseline idea?"

"I was thinking about if the person could control the wolf a bit more then just the wolfsbane, obviously they keep their minds under the potion, but what if they weren't forced to change, they still held the wolf, but it was optional when they changed." Harry explained and Snape nodded slowly.

"That is a high challenge."

"I know, and I have 3 months to get it together." Harry shook his head, "It is lucky I have access to the amount of things I do."

"Did your Mastery confirmation come through?"

"Yes, the 5th of August."

"Do you still have your letter?"

"Yes, locked and warded in a safe place."

"Good,"

"Have you seen the Malfoys? They are leaving for France tomorrow." Harry wondered.

"No, but I am dining with then tonight." Snape said and Harry grinned at that.

"Well I'll be seeing you then." Harry said, Snape vanished back in to his lab as Harry floo'd home and he was amused to find that Sirius and Remus were still asleep. Harry went up to the library to study the wolfsbane potion, he knew it, but he wasn't about to make a potentially lethal potion without making sure he knew it thoroughly. He also added it to his notebook in to his plans and he started to pick apart each of the instructions to start his breakdown, and he was so in to his work he didn't notice the arrival of his elf until he touched him on the arm. Harry leapt up looking around wildly only to find a cringing house elf who looked like he was about to cry,

"Oh sorry Kip, what is it?" Harry said calming down, the elf looked at him in shock before pulling it together.

"Master Harry will be missing lunch if he carries on with his workings." The elf told him and Harry nodded.

"Ok, I'll be down now." Harry sorted everything, "Can you put this on my desk in my room please Kip?" He asked and the elf popped it away instantly. Harry walked down stairs and grinned when he saw a Sirius and Remus in the land of the living.

"Afternoon Uncle Moony, Dad," He greeted then and laughed when they mumbled their replies.
When the food popped in they perked up a bit and Harry watched in amusement as they visibly woke up during the intake of food and when they were coherent Harry greeted them again.

"Oh hello Cub," Remus returned and Harry laughed.

"Feeling better?"

"Now that I've eaten yes,"

"Good, I was wondering when the pair of you were going to immerse. I've been out and everything." Harry told them.

"Where have you been this time in the morning?" Sirius exclaimed in disgust and Harry rolled his eyes.

"Just to let you know, it's 12:45. And I had to see Severus for permission to break down his wolfsbane potion, I know I didn't necessarily need it, but it is polite." Harry said and the pair of them blinked.

"Wow, didn't realise it was that late." Sirius said in shock.

"Why didn't you wake us?" Remus asked him.

"Because you needed your rest and I had things to do anyway." Harry shrugged.

"Has any mail arrived?" Sirius wondered.

"I don't know, but then again I haven't been paying attention to owls."

"Jip," Sirius' elf popped in with 2 envelopes and the paper, and handed them to her master.

"Thank you," Sirius said, "One from Gringotts telling me I'm rich and another from..." He trailed off as he read down the letter, when he had finished he looked up with a smirk.

"The date has been set, Amelia is having the hearing on 10th of July." Sirius said in triumph and Harry grinned.

"Brilliant, that's next week."

"Oh this is going to be brilliant, there is no way that Amelia will let this slide. She is a solid believer in the law and the evidence against Potter is undisputable."

"I can't wait to wipe the smirks of their face." Harry sighed happily,

"Potter is going to try and hit back," Remus pointed out.

"We will just have to get there first." Sirius said with a sure nod,

"If we can get to Rita first thing after the hearing then we can graciously invite her back to the manor for an exclusive interview." Harry told them easily and Sirius smirked.

"Of course, the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black would be only too happy to welcome Miss Skeeter in to the exclusive Black manor for a personal interview." Sirius said seriously, the evil grins were mirrored around the table.

"Roll on the tenth,"
Harry was nearly knocked for six when he stepped out of the floo at Malfoy Manor, Draco had, apparently, bodily threw himself at Harry in a tight hug which Harry returned when he gained back his barings.

"It's been ages," Draco said releasing him, Harry grinned and nodded.

"I know, it's lucky I have things to do or I would have been going out of my mind."

"I was going out of my mind anyway and father hasn't been allowing me to do anything. I've done all of my assignments, read all of my school books and now I'm really bored." Draco complained and Harry laughed, he had missed the energetic blond more than he thought and it made his stomach clench when he thought about telling him everything. Draco stepped back and allowed Narcissa to pull him in to a hug and greet him fondly before she turned to Sirius and Remus.

"Lucius is in the lounge with Severus, Sirius, Remus, come," they were led off as Draco dragged him through the manor, Lucius was in conversation with the Potions Master when they entered.

"Severus, it's been too long." Harry greeted pompously, Snape rolled his eyes.

"I saw you this morning brat,"

Harry grinned.

"I know, hello uncle;"

"Good evening, Harrison, are you well?"

"Very, thank you. Yourself?"

"I am quite well thank you."

"LUCY!" Sirius yelled and the elder blond sighed.

"Must you call me by that atrocious version of my name, Sirius?"

"Of course," Sirius said sitting down on the sofa with Moony.

"Sev, glad to see the miracle juice is still in activation. I thought it might have been my presence for a second." Snape gave him a look of death and then moved on to Harry, Draco and Remus who were snickering.

"It's the dark and mysterious attitude keeping it up." Harry seriously before falling in to laughter.

"I hate you all." He grumbled good naturedly.

"So how have you been?" Narcissa asked them.

"Busy, I got hold of the labs in the manor and sorted them to my order." Harry told her as Draco rolled his eyes.

"We got the confirmation date of the hearing, it's on the 10th, just as you return from France." Sirius said happily, all of the others smirked.

"Potter is set to be knocked down a peg or two very soon." Lucius stated gleefully.

"Oh yes,"
"Do you plan on continuing your media threat?" Severus asked.

"Miss Skeeter will be getting an exclusive interview from the Lord and Heir Black at the quickest convenience." Sirius said crisply, casually flicking invisible flint from his robes before smirk.

"Wonderful," Narcissa said brightly, "Anything else that has happened, you seem to have more going on than us currently." As one, the two adults from the Black household turned to Harry who blinked.

"Why are you looking at me?" He said incredulously and Sirius face palmed.

"Where did you go yesterday cub?" Remus asked slowly, Harry scrunched his nose before grinning.

"I went to see Marvolo, the library is amazing." Harry remembered and then he blinked. "Oh yeah, I had my meeting with the Dark Lord yesterday to discuss parts of our agreement."

"You have spoken with the Dark Lord?" Lucius repeated and Harry nodded.

"Yesterday," Harry said, "He relocated and the politely requested my presence at lunch,"

"You went to the Dark Lord's home and spoke to him." Lucius confirmed.

"Yes, it was quite fun actually." Harry mused.

"Black, I think there is something wrong with your son." Severus said slowly looking at Harry in disbelief, Harry gave him an offended look and then sniffed.

"Excuse me, there is nothing wrong with me I thank you very much."

"I thought we had established that Harrison didn't conform to the norms months ago?" Draco asked with a smirk, Harry threw him a betrayed look.

"Gee thanks,"

"Any time,"

"So what happened with the Dark Lord?" Narcissa asked and Harry tilted his head.

"We just ironed out our agreement and I told him a few things,"

"Was there anything you are able to tell us?" Lucius asked and Harry nodded.

"Yes, but I think this is more an after dinner talk." He told them, Narcissa nodded,

"Well, let us dine,"

Harry fell in to step with Draco as they walked to the dining room.

"What was it like, speaking with the Dark Lord now he's fully back to power?" Draco questioned and Harry grinned.

"Brilliant of course, but then the man is a genius. We were speaking about the people and policies than need to be removed from the ministry, and how there is going to be a few hold ups for a while." Harry said,

"Has he got something planned for the Wizengamot?"
"Sort of," Harry said carefully, "I'll explain more after dinner,"

Draco gave him a strange look before shaking it off and taking his seat at the table, Harry sat next to Draco while Severus sat next to Narcissa, Sirius sat next to Harry and Remus next to Severus. The elves had made a wonderful meal and they sat around discussing plans for the holidays, Narcissa suggested to Sirius that he take a trip somewhere, just to break up the time.

"I suppose it is an option, I have property in nearly every country in the world ranging from apartments to manors." Sirius mused and Harry grinned.

"That would be cool, but it couldn't interfere with my Mastery." Harry said.

"No, we would go for a weekend in August, or even for you're birthday." Sirius said, "I'll think on it."

"Brilliant,"

"That means I'll be bored for a weekend when you're gone." Draco wined and Harry stuck his tongue out.

"Makes up for you leaving me for an entire week!"

"It's not my choice,"

"But you would go if asked." Harry pointed out and Draco huffed. "That's what I thought."

"Shut up, Harry."

Harry laughed at that. They finished the meal in pleasant conversation, Remus and Lucius were speaking about politics, Sirius and Severus were bantering back and forth with Narcissa watching with amusement and Harry and Draco were talking about their plans for next year.

"You have to practice with me so I can make the team." Draco said and Harry nodded eagerly.

"Obviously, you should get on easily." Harry said surely.

"We have to get new brooms." Draco added.

"Rumour has it, there's a new Nimbus coming out in the summer." Sirius put in to their conversation, both boys looked at him quickly.

"Really?"

"When is it out?"

"The exact date I don't know, but I know it's in these holidays."

Harry and Draco exchanged looks.

"New Nimbus'," They cheered,

"If you behave." Lucius stated and Draco smiled sweetly up at him.

"Of course, father,"

"Sirius, Remus, Severus, drinks?" Narcissa asked and they said their consent, Harry threw himself in
to a chair and tucked his legs underneath him, he looked around at them all before swallowing hard; well here goes nothing.

Chapter End Notes

Here you go!
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Un'beta'd

#Parsel#

I'm not J.K

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 18:

"So Harrison, you were going to tell us about your speaking with our Lord?" Narcissa began the conversation and Harry nodded with a deep breath, he shot a quick look at Draco before looking away.

"Well you know I gave him the Philosopher's Stone," The adults nodded, they weren't about to forget that conversation in a hurry, "What you don't know is I gave him the stone in exchange for a binding magical agreement, an agreement that said I get a say in the workings of the Dark side." Sirius and Remus sat back and enjoyed the stunned silence Harry had put them in, even if it was a shock, they had had time to adjust slightly.

"You have a binding magical agreement with the Dark Lord?" Severus finally spoke and Harry nodded,

"How in Merlin's name did that happen?" Lucius questioned astounded, the boy was 11 years old and he practically had half the Dark Sec. He knew Harrison was a brilliant child, but this was something else.

"The Philosopher's stone," Harry said,

"Yes, but even then the Dark Lord wouldn't just hand out a binding agreement, in fact, I'm pretty sure I've never heard of him giving such an agreement." Lucius said and Harry smirked.

"He had a change of heart,"

"Not sure he even has one."

Harry snorted at that.

"Yeah he does, it's just buried under a lot of things." Harry said.

"Why, why did he agree? What could you possibly have to offer him for him to exchange him word?" Severus asked shaking his head.

"How about the fact that I was the one he hit with the killing curse on Samhain 10 years ago? Or the fact that I hold the other three Founders seats as directs Heir as well as the Seat of Emrys? Or the fact that I'm probably the only person who could actually give him a challenge as well as hold my own against him? Honestly, take your pick."
"Wait what?"

"He hit you with the killing curse?"

"Rosina Potter isn't the Girl-Who-Lived?"

"Dumbledore got it wrong?"

"Dumbledore got it so wrong. " Sirius said with a broad smirk on his face,

"Oh Merlin, so she's just an ordinary child?"

"Yes, well a great annoyance and an ego bigger than Hogwarts, but yes." Harrison confirmed.

"This could change everything."

"It does change everything." Harry rectified, "There was a prophecy made and I'm the child, the prophecy was nullified when Dad blood adopted me and I made a binding agreement with Marvolo. Add to the fact that I would rather throw myself from the Astronomy tower than work under Dumbledore then it truly changes everything."

"This is… phenomenal," Lucius said in shock before he blinked, "Wait a second, how do you hold the Founders seats and the Seat of Emrys, they're not in your bloodlines?"

Harry smirked at that.

"I believe if you were to give me a blood test then it would show I am the blood and magical heir of Merlin, Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw and Salazar Slytherin which also makes me Marvolo's Heir." Harry told him casually.

"That's not possible," Narcissa said.

"Neither is growing up 1000 years in the past with the Founders, but that's what I did." Harry said which gained another stunned silence.

"What?"

"Yeah, Dumbledore's great plan to send me to muggles didn't work. I was collected by Merlin and taken to live with the Founders, it's where I learned everything, they were the best of the best and they taught me to their fullest of abilities before I was sent back to this time to wreak havoc on the world." Harry explained leaving them completely stunned, Snape already knew this so he took great pleasure in watching the usually collected Malfoys gape.

"The Founders, you grew up with the Founders and didn't think to tell me?" Draco demanded furiously and Harry winced at the glare he was receiving.

"I'm sorry, but a lot was going on." Harry said.

"And you also saw fit not to tell me that the Dark Lord hit you with the killing curse? What else did you decided not to tell me?"

"I couldn't tell you that because he asked me not too," Harry told him.

"You could have told me how you grew up, you could have trusted me enough with that." He yelled and Harry cringed.
"I do trust you,"

"Obviously not very much," The blond snapped, "I thought I was your friend,"

"You are my friend, my best friend," Harry returned quickly.

"You have a funny way of showing it," Draco went to storm away, but Harry grabbed him.

"Please, Dray, I didn't want to upset you,"

"I never want to speak to you again," He wrenched his arm away and ran off, Harry spewed out some cursed in multiple languages and ran after him.

"Draco wait, please," Harry called, running up the stairs two at a time.

"Go away, Harrison,"

"Please Draco, listen to me, I do trust you, more than anyone. But there were lots of things going on, you can't just tell someone you grew up with the Founders in conversation."

"I don't want to hear any more of your crap." Draco slammed his doors hard and Harry felt the Heir wards flare up, he fell back against the wall and slid down to the floor with his head in his hands.

"Please Draco, I'm sorry ok, please don't shut me out." Harry felt nothing and groaned, he dragged himself back down stairs and in to the lounge.

"He's not talking to me and the wards are up." Harry muttered despondently.

"Just give him some time," Narcissa said softly.

"What if he doesn't speak to me again?" Harry cried, "I can't do this, I'm going home." He left the room and floo'd home going straight for his bedroom. The adults exchanged wary looks.

"They'll work this out in the end," Siriu said after a minute.

"Hopefully Draco will calm down in France, then when we return they will be right as reign." Lucius said and Narcissa nodded.

"We had better be on our way, Harrison is probably going to be down for a couple of days." Remus said getting up.

"Of course, it was good to see you both." Narcissa said rising to give her goodbyes, Siriu and Remus floo'd home and immediately went to find Harry.

"Hey, pup," Siriu greeted quietly as he slowly entered the bedroom, Harry was lying face down on his bed and his shoulders were shaking slightly.

"Draco will calm down, you know he's a bit of a drama queen." Siriu said to him gently running a hand through the dark hair.

"He hates me," Harry stated sadly, his voice muffled by the pillow.

"He doesn't hate you, he's just a bit upset at the current time." Remus reassured.

"Just you wait and see kiddo, you'll be flying and everything with him again soon." Siriu pressed a kiss to the dark head and left the room with Moony, it was going to be a rough few days by the looks
As per their prediction, the next few days after the disastrous dinner at the Malfoys were very tough within the Black household. Harrison was withdrawn and as the days went by the boy withdrew even more, neither Sirius or Remus knew what to do and whatever they tried were rebuffed with a blank look so they had to watch as Harrison seemed to immerse himself in his work. Harrison himself wasn't feeling too great. He had tried to send a letter to Draco and it had come back unanswered and it felt like someone had kicked him in the stomach; hard. He had no idea what to do in situations like the one he was in so he threw himself in to his studies, he poured over texts and theories for his own formula and closed off everything else by firmly locking it behind his Occlumency shields.

Harrison focussed everything he had on theoretically dismantling the wolfsbane potion before he did it practically because he knew he only had the ingredients to do it once before he would have to go to Diagon Alley, he was adding little things that had a possibility of editing or changing the potion to suit his needs, but it was turning out to be ridiculously difficult. He would think he had made a breakthrough, but then a certain ingredient would appear to counter an effect or the potion would become poisonous with no way to neutralise it. He was working tirelessly and as he wasn't sleeping too well he spent his time working through the night by pouring over books in the library and scrawling out notes.

He also stopped eating properly, something that didn't go unnoticed by Sirius or Remus, but he just wasn't listening to them. Come midweek they were getting thoroughly worried so Sirius sat Harry down in the living room for a talk; the boy looked like hell. He was very pale making the dark circles under his eyes stand out livid and he was starting to look gaunt, Sirius shook his head.

"Harrison, I know you're upset, but you cannot go on like this; it's unhealthy." He told his son, Harrison looked at him with the same blank look he had been wearing since the Malfoys left, Sirius sighed.

"I'm serious, pup, you have to start eating and sleeping. You gotta let us in." He tried but it didn't seem to be working, the usually bright green eyes were dull and flat.

"I'm fine." Harry stated in an emotionless voice, it made Sirius both relieved and worried. Relieved because Harrison had finally spoken for the first time since the dinner, but worried because it didn't sound like his happy-go-lucky son.

"You're worrying Remus and I," Sirius sighed and Harry blinked, he didn't know why his father was so worried, there was nothing wrong with him he was perfectly fine.

"Dad, I'm fine," He said again in the same tone, Sirius sighed again, but nodded.

"Just eat something and get some sleep will you."

"Ok," Harry got up and left the room and Sirius collapsed with a groan, Moony walked over to comfort his mate.

"He'll pull through." Remus murmured and Sirius nodded.

"I hope so, but did you hear his voice?"
"I think he's using Occlumency to blank everything out." Remus said thoughtfully.

"Well I hope he shakes himself out of whatever this is." Just then Harry came back in to the room.

"I'm going to the castle to look in the library." He told them in the same emotionless voice, Sirius blinked but nodded slowly, maybe He could get something out of the teen.

"Be back for dinner please, Harrison."

"Yes dad,"

Harry almost slapped himself when he realise he had a load of apparently extinct ingredients at his demand, he couldn't believe he hadn't thought of it earlier so he floo'd to the castle and headed straight for the library. Harry pulled down all the books he had been reading the last time he had been there as well as a few on werewolves themselves on the hope that he could gain an insight from them. He used the large table in the centre to spread his workings out so he could see everything and he opened each of the books to their relevant pages, Harry made some of the books float in his line of sight as well as placing them around the desk and he charmed the quills he had brought with him to dictate for him.

He had many of them writing different things, it was another spell he had edited for his will, the quills wrote in parsel and they were each connected to a different part of his mind so he didn't even have to speak. He was so engrossed in his work, he didn't notice the Dark Lord enter the library and pause in disbelief at the boy, he didn't even notice the man came over and sat to watch him. Harry was about to take his own quill and begin scratching out another idea when someone cleared their throat to his left and startled him in to a reflex of flinging a curse at the sound, it was countered with ease and Harry blinked before recognising a somewhat amused Dark Lord, he scowled.

"Are you trying to scare me?" He demanded and gave the man a withering look when he smirked at him.

"Harrison, I've been here for nearly 20 minutes." Marvolo said in amusement, Harrison blinked again and then tilted his head.

"Really?"

"Yes,"

"Huh, did not notice,"

"That is quite bad." Marvolo pointed out and Harry nodded.

"Especially as your magic is practically crashing about in waves," Harry agreed in a monotone.

"What has you so engrossed, you do not look as if you have been sleeping?" Marvolo looked the boy over with a raised eyebrow, Harrison shrugged.

"Trying to get a theoretical formula down, I came here to check out my lab and see what I have so I can add them to my inventory list." Harry explained going back to his work, Marvolo raised an eyebrow and the flat tone before he shrugged it off. He looked over the boys numerous notes and couldn't help when his eyebrows rose impressed, the boy was a true generous when it came to potions apparently.

"These are good," Marvolo murmured looking over the rest, Harrison shook his head.
"No, they are wrong and won't get me the result I am looking for."

"Why are you still working on them?"

"Because I have to experiment with all options, and I may find something to neutralise the problem."

"Very well, but if you wish to go to the labs then you may want to go now. It is approaching dinner,"

"Ok, got it," Harry muttered finishing his notes, he waved his hand and had everything stack itself neatly. "I'll be back tomorrow." He told the Slytherin Lord before leaving the library snapping his fingers for an elf as he went, Marvolo shook his head; the boy was strange. Harry followed the elf down to the labs and he saw the door which was obviously for him, he bit his finger and spread blood on the spot where the handle should have been; Salazar locked everything with blood.

#Aressa# he hissed and the door clicked before swinging open, Harry stepped in and the first bit of emotion showed on his face; astonishment.

"Damn." He muttered in awe, there were no words to describe the lab; Salazar had truly outdone himself. The room was huge and Harry could see the doors leading off in to, no doubt, extensive stores, and in sight there was everything he could possible want and more; there were books written by Salazar himself on the shelf in the corner. Everything was perfectly persevered under parselmagic and Harry quickly and eagerly began making an inventory of every ingredient he had here, he was extremely pleased to note that Salazar had even stored seeds and cuts of ingredients so he could replant them and have them flourish in this time.

He would have to check the greenhouses here and back at the manor and choose a place to plant them, it would open up so many opportunities for him to experiment with new and old ingredients. Harry cast a tempus and sighed, he tucked his new inventory in to his pocket and flamed home heading straight for the dining room. He ate most of his food even though he had to force it because he didn't want his dad to needlessly worry about him before heading straight back to the library where he opened all of his texts and notes and continued his workings. He also added all the ingredients that were now back being accessible to him again with their effects and counters, which gave him much more to work with meaning he had to go over all his previously scrapped ideas to see if he had anything that might work with them. His father entered and shook his head at his son.

"Come on Harrison, it's late," Sirius said and Harrison looked around with a puzzled expression.

"I only just got here," He said and Sirius shook his head.

"Its 10:30, you should have been in your room half an hour ago,"

"Oh, I didn't realise," He said waving his hand to collect all of his things, "Night dad," Sirius ruffled his hair as he passed and Harry vanished in to his room only to set up his work there and carry on where he left off like he did every night.

Days seemed to become useless to Harrison because he worked solidly throughout, he ate when he was told to and he was back when Marvolo reminded him that he was expected back and Sirius was now at a point of severe alarm. Harrison was looking like utter hell, but the boy did not notice and he was completely consumed by his work, nothing got through to him whatsoever and when Sirius had
tentatively mentions the Malfoys Harrison had left for his room and wasn't seen until the next day looking twice as bad as he did before.

Harrison had tried another letter to Draco which came back unopened, he made him feel sick knowing that Draco hated so much that he wouldn't even open a letter and he shut everything out; he didn't want to know. On the day the Malfoys were due back Harry became so tense that it was painful to look at, he was sat completely stiff at the table during lunch when Draco said he would come over and when the time came and past for the blond's arrival and he didn't show that seemed to be the final straw for Harrison.

"I'm going to my lab," He snapped and vanished before anyone could say anything to him. He ran down to the safety of his potions lab and lightly warded the door, Harrison decided that he was sick of trying to things with a mere theory so he was going to make the wolfsbane and go from there. He set up all his ingredients and began possibly the most complex potion he had ever made. He was working meticulously, but Harrison didn't realise he was exhausted and his hands were shaking violently where his body had over taxed itself to the maximum capacity.

He went to pick up the silver flakes only he grabbed the ground unicorn horn and poured it in, it reacted instantly giving him no time to protect himself from the explosion that ripped through the entire manor. Harry was thrown off his feet and slammed in to the wall where he fell unconscious on impact crumpling to the floor. Upstairs, both Remus and Sirius heard the explosion and bolted down to the potions labs in worry, they reached the door and were alarmed to see acrid green fumes coming from the room.

"Harry," Sirius called in panic, when he received no answer he banged hard on the door, "Harry pup, are you ok," they were greeted by silence and both of them exchanged looks. The Black Lord removed the wards and carefully opened the door, the sight that greeted them made their hearts stop. Harrison was covered in a green slime on the floor and he wasn't moving, Sirius went to rush in but Remus stopped him,

"What are you doing?" He demanded,

"Vanish everything first, Sirius," Remus said gently, he was also fighting his instincts to run over and grab the boy. Sirius waved his wand and vanished everything that wasn't supposed to be there and then darted in, he knelt down by his son and released a few choice curses when he saw the blood slowly pooling around him.

"Shit, he's breathing blood," Sirius choked and Remus sucked in a sharp breath.

"Get Narcissa quickly, I know she's just got back but this is an emergency. I'll take him to his room," Remus took charge as it seemed as if Sirius was about to have a panic attack. The animagus nodded and darted out of the room, Remus carefully lifted Harry up and hurried him upstarts being careful not to jostle any injuries he had.

Over at Malfoy Manor, the Malfoys we settling back in to their home when their wards alerted to someone coming through the floo. Narcissa was about to rise to see them when a pale Sirius fell around the corner,

"Sirius!"

"Quickly, its Harrison, he's had an accident," Sirius begged as soon as he could, Narcissa gasped and Draco shot to his feet.

"What do you mean he's had an accident?" The Malfoy scion demanded.
"I don't know, there was an explosion and blood and then he was breathing blood," they all seemed to lose colour and Draco ran out of the room, Narcissa snapped for her healing kit and followed her Sirius back to the floo room, Draco had already arrived at the manor and called for an elf to show him to the Heir rooms. Being of Black blood, the elf had no problem in leading him up and Draco froze in to doorway. Harrison was extremely pale and the Quidditch accident all over again, there was blood seeping in to the white sheets and blood trailing from his parted lips, the boy also had very dark circles around his eyes and had seemed to have lost weight. Remus was pulling at his hair and growling to himself when Narcissa rushed in and immediately got to work.

"What in Merlin's name happened to this boy, he's lost weight and is severely exhausted on top of everything." She snapped at the two men.

"He shut himself off ever since the dinner, he stopped sleeping, stopped eating and stopped talking, we tried everything," Sirius told her pacing the floor, Draco felt like he had been punched. He had deliberately ignored Harrison's owls because he was angry and his friend, but it seemed like Harrison had taken it worse than he thought.

"He had two ribs piercing his left lung, I need to reset them before I can heal anything or he is likely to drown." Narcissa told them, "Sirius, I need you to cast the spell to vanish the blood from his lung while I do this." Sirius took out his wand out and made a complex wand movement muttering under his breath as Narcissa ran her wand over the left side of Harrison's rib cage. His chest expanded as the ribs were set back in to place and Draco retched at the sound and sight, but he refused to leave the room as his mother continued her work. She healed a massive gash on the back of his head and fixed a broken arm, she put a salve on the burns he had acquired before stepping back with a breath of relief.

"He's out of the cauldron for now, but he won't wake at least until tomorrow because of his exhaustion. I'm hoping that when he returns to the land of the living then his miracle abilities will fix his malnourishment and weight loss, if not he will have to go on nutrient potions." Narcissa said to them and Sirius nodded relieved.

"Thank you,"

"It is no problem, Sirius,"

"Would you care for tea?" Remus asked her as Sirius was to busy gazing at his son warily, Narcissa smiled at him and nodded.

"Tea would be lovely," She answered and Remus politely offered his arm to lead her to the family lounge where he called for an elf to set up tea for 3.

"How was your holiday?" Remus asked her serving the tea easily.

"France is always wonderful this time of the year," Narcissa said, "But Draco was not in the best of moods, which made it difficult,"

"The boys' argument hit a rather bad time, didn't it?" Remus agreed, "Harrison has been unrecognisable,"

"I think they will be ok, especially after today."

Sirius stumbled in to the room at that moment and collapsed on to the nearest chair.

"Why has my son got this tendency to need medical attention more often than not?" He groaned in to his hands.
"He'll be fine Sirius," Narcissa reassured.

"I know, but I shouldn't have let him go today. I knew he was exhausted, but he ran off before any of us could speak."

"I'm sure he won't hold it against you." Narcissa said, "Where's Draco?"

"I don't think you will have a chance at moving him in the near future," Sirius told her with a shrug.

"He's been depressed all week, I was hoping to get them together to work everything out because they're like brothers already." Narcissa said and Sirius nodded.

"I was waiting for you to return to do something too, it's been horrible,"

"I think we shall have to take another holiday later in the month," Narcissa mused, "I shall make sure the boys are happy this time,"

"I'm hoping Harrison perks up before Monday, we have to see Amelia Bones about Potter."

"Of course, the hearing," Narcissa remembered, "Do you know what to expect?"

"I believe she will get a fine because of her age, but it will be the fact that she was found guilty and it will be splashed across the papers which will be the real hit to them." Sirius explained.

"Yes, I see what you mean. However, I do not believe that it is an apt enough punishment for her."

"No, I know, but we're counting on the public outrage at the entire incident and the reactions to other Noble and Most Ancient Houses." Sirius said.

"I suppose it is the best that can be expected." She sighed, "I have to return to the manor and inform Lucius of what has happened and tell him that our son will not be returning."

"Thank you again, Cissa. I'll see you tomorrow,"

"Goodbye, Sirius, Remus,"

"So we're back to the waiting game," Remus sighed leaning back.

"Seems like it, Moony,"

The first thing Harry became aware of was that his head hurt. He couldn't remember what happened, but he was obviously in his bed and for the life of him he couldn't work out how he got here with a killer headache to boot. He didn't get ill because of his phoenix, and with that thought he felt it awaken and his head eased in to nothing and he sighed in relief. Now he just had to work out how he got in to this position in the first place and then he would be set, he remembered waiting to see if there was a chance the Draco would turn up, but when he didn't it had felt like someone had kicked him so he ran off to his lab to brew away his problems and the rest was blank for him. He released a groan and heard someone move next to him, so someone was in his room which was odd because his dad usually left him to it in his own 'domain' as he called it. Harry blinked a few times squinting a bit at the light before his vision was taken over by a familiar blond head.
"Harry!"

Harry blinked a few times,

"Huh,"

"You complete idiot, why did you go and get yourself blasted in to a wall for?" Draco snapped and Harry blinked again, so he had had a potions accident. That in itself was weird because he had never been unable to raise a shield before, Harrison frowned but another question was more important.

"What are you doing here?" He asked his friend who he was pretty sure hated him, his throat was pretty dry so he snapped his fingers and Kip popped in with a drink. Draco shifted slightly before sighing.

"Well you had an accident," He said, "I can go if-,

"NO!" Harry cut him of hastily, "Don't go, I just thought you hated me."

"I don't hate you idiot, I was just mad at you for not telling me." Draco looked down,

"I know, I know I should have told you, and I'm sorry." Harry said imploringly, Draco nodded.

"Just- just don't keep something like that from me again," Draco warned him, Harry beamed and bodily threw himself at him in a crushing hug.

"Draco needs to breathe Harrison," Sirius commented from the doorway looking at the pair amused, Harry stepped back sheepishly as Draco grinned at him.

"Breakfast's ready, if your interested," Sirius told them and Harry lit up.

"Food, yes please, it feels as if I haven't eaten in a week."

"That's because you haven't eaten in a week," Sirius chided and Harry shifted under the two glares.

"So food is a good option?" He said lightly.

"Come on, prat. I leave you for one week and you can't even function, honestly," Draco dragged him off and Harry clicked his fingers so his robes wrapped around him as they ran down to the dining room.

"You know, you are going to teach me how you do that." Draco said to him and Harry grinned.

"Of course,"

"So what have you been doing?"

"Working, went to the castle and Sal thought it would be nice to demand a formula for an idea I came up with while I was speaking to Marvolo in three months." Harry rolled his eyes and Draco looked at him in open incredulity.

"Sal as in Salazar Slytherin?"

"Yes, he was the one who taught me everything I know about potions, parsel, dark arts and mind magics." Harry answered, "He also taught me Archery."

"I can't get my head around it, you grew up with the Founders." Draco shook his head and Harry
"I can introduce you to Sal if you want, he's at the castle and is always popping up for conversation."

"Really?"

"Yes, we can go over later. I've been working on the wolfsbane potion and I was making it yesterday,"

"Something which was stupid because you were over exhausted, and if you ever do something so irresponsible again I swear to Merlin you will be confined to your room for the rest of the holidays." Sirius told him.

"I thought I was fine," Harry said holding his hands up in defence.

"Yes, but cub you scared us yesterday. Finding you in a pool of blood after an explosion is not what we needed or wanted." Remus said gently and Harry looked down.

"Sorry, I'll be careful next time. Usually I'm fine with potions, I don't know what was wrong with me."

"You were tired to the point that your body was using your magic to keep itself going." Remus said, "But because you weren't eating your magic wasn't being fuelled and you ran yourself out."

"Oh," He said shocked, "I didn't realise."

"Well next time you decided to go off on one, you're being locked in your rooms." Sirius stated and Harry nodded with a smile.

"Ok dad,"

"Narcissa is coming over to check on you to make sure you're ok," Sirius told him, "So you have to stay until then, although you look back to normal. That whole phoenix thing you have is really helpful."

"I know, I caught a lucky break with that." Harry agreed,

"Back to meeting Salazar Slytherin," Draco cut in stealing back Harrison's attention, "What's he like?"

"Sal's brilliant, he was the best teacher ever and I got on with him best. Helga was kind and she taught me Care, Herbology, Ward and Protective magics, I learned Arithmancy, Charms, Astronomy and Runes with Row, and I learned Transfiguration, Blade handling, Riding and Defence with Ric. Eventually, I beat Ric in a duel." Harry told him with enthusiasm, he dug in to his breakfast when it appeared like a wolf on raw meat.

"You beat Godric Gryffindor in a duel!" Draco exclaimed and Harry nodded.

"Yep,"

"Wow,"

"It was one of my better moments." Harry agreed, "I'll have to get to their castles eventually so I can see their portraits."

"You will have to tell me everything." Draco decided, "I can't wait to meet Slytherin," just then the
wards went of signalling the arrival of Narcissa, she swept in to the dining room in her usual elegant style and smiled when she saw the boys sat together talking like nothing had happened.

"Good morning," She greeted, "How are you feeling Harrison?"

"Fine aunt Cissa, all healed."

"I have no doubt, but allow me to check please." She said and Harry got up so she could cast a quick diagnostic.

"Wonderful, back to perfect health," Harry grinned,

"Good," He said, "Now, can we go?" Harry asked his dad,

"Where are you too going?"

"Harry's taking me to meet Salazar Slytherin!" Draco told his mother in excitement.

"Oh, well have fun boys." She said, they exchanged grins and ran off.

"Looks like they're back to normal," Sirius commented with a grin,

"Yes, it is lovely to see."

"You know you have both sent the boys to the castle where the Dark Lord lives." Remus piped in and they blinked.

"Oh, will Draco be ok?" Narcissa asked worried and Sirius nodded.

"Harry won't let anything happen to him, he's been too the castle every day this week." Sirius reassured and Narcissa nodded,

"I think we should have a dinner," Narcissa said, "We shall arrive at 5:30 and do invite Severus."

"Yes Cissa," Sirius agreed amused, she left and the two marauders exchanged looks.

"I'll speak to the kitchen elves," Remus said.

"I'll speak with the rest." Sirius said.

"See you later," they chimed and went their separate ways.

Harry took Draco through the floo and smirked at the blond's amazed look as he took him through.

"This place is indescribable," He murmured in awe and Harry nodded.

"It is pretty spectacular, me and Marvolo agree that Sal outdid himself." Harry said and Draco was suddenly overcome with a hacking cough.

"Ok there, Dray?"

"This is the Dark Lord's castle," He squeaked, something he would later deny.

"Well technically its both of our castle," Harry corrected and Draco shot him a withering look.

"He still resides here."
"Of course he does," Harry said pulling him in, "So?"

"It's the Dark Lord," Draco exclaimed like it explained everything, but Harry failed to see his point.

"Don't worry, Marvolo's harmless, he's probably holed up in his study reading some book or plan, he does that a lot." Harry waved him off.

"Or he's wondering what you are doing over here at this time in the morning," Drawled a voice from behind, "With company." Draco jumped out of his skin and hid behind Harry, Harry turned around and flashed the man a grin.

"Oh hey Marvolo, just taking Draco to meet Sal," Harry told him, the man's eyebrow rose.

"Indeed,"

"Yep, I'm guessing he's in the library because it's just after breakfast." Harry said and Marvolo rolled his eyes and walked away, Harrison dragged Draco up to the library because the blond seemed to be in a shocked sort of stupor.

"Earth to Draco," Harry called snapping his fingers in front of his face, the blond shook his head.

"So weird,"

"What?"

"That was the Dark Lord," He said and Harry nodded,

"Yeah, I know,"

"You're weird Harrison, you know that?" Draco stated shaking his head, his friend was a complete puzzle. He just casually spoke to the Dark Lord like he wasn't the most powerful and feared wizard in the entire world.

"I know," Harry said brightly and they entered the library.

"Holy mother of Merlin," Draco breathed looking around in shock,

"Yes, I know. It's the best library in the world."

"Its..." Draco trailed off not finding the correct words to describe exactly what it was.

"Yeah,"

"Snakelet, you are early this morning!" Salazar called to him with a smile, Harry grinned and went over pulling Draco with him.

"Morning Sal, how are you this morning?" Harry asked.

"I'm fine Snakelet, you look better today."

"Yeah, I had a bit of an accident yesterday. Unconscious until this morning, and then I work up healed."

"What did you do?"

"Ah, I may have had a potion explode," Harry said scratching his head, "But it was only because my
body was practically shutting down with exhaustion and I didn't realise."

"I am disappointed Snakelet, this is most unlike you." Salazar chided, "I want an essay on the correct state to brew a potion by tomorrow."

"Yes Sal,"

"Good." The Snake Founder nodded, "Now, who is your young friend? Am I to assume that this is the young Heir Malfoy that you speak off so often?"

"Yes, Sal this is Draco Malfoy, my cousin and best friend. Draco, this is my mentor Salazar Slytherin." He introduced the pair, Draco looked more than a little star struck as he gazed at the founder.

"Its an honour to meet you sir." He said when he finally found his voice, Sal smiled slightly.

"The same to you, Harry has told me a lot about you."

"Really?"

"Oh yes, you are always cropping up in conversation. It is good to be able to put a face to the name," Salazar told him and Harry grinned as Draco smiled brightly.

"So do you want a tour?" Harry asked the blond who nodded.

"Sure,"

"Let's go then, I don't even know where I'm going in this place."

"Call for your elf, Snakelet, you do have one as well as an Heir suit." Salazar reminded him and Harry nodded, he snapped his fingers and an elf dressed in the Slytherin uniform popped in.

"What can Coco be doing for Master Heir?" She asked in a squeaky voice and Harry grinned at the name.

"Can I have a tour please and my name is Harrison,"

"Yes Master Harrison sir, follows me." She bounded off in excitement and Harry shook his head.

"I think all house elves are born with a permanent hyper gene." Harry said to Draco who snorted.

"Definitely, all of our elves are completely mad. Especially Dobby," Harry laughed at that, Dobby was practically vibrating with energy whenever Harry caught sight of the elf.

"Yeah, well I think he is an exception to even the hyper house elf theory."

"Got that right," Draco muttered, they were led around the massive castle where they were amazed by what it held.

"I mean who needs 3 duelling rooms?" Draco said in exasperation and Harry shrugged.

"What can I say, Slytherins like to things properly."

"Yes, but so do the Blacks and Malfoys. This is just excessive,"

"No its not, its merely triple checking that we have everything."
"Whatever, Harrison," Draco sighed and Harry grinned.

"So, I think we have things to do, like Quidditch practice." He said and Drac grinnend,

"I think you are correct Harrison, except you haven't got a broom yet."

"Oh yes, damn," Harry remembered, "I haven't even been to Diagon yet."

"Come on, we'll go back to mine and you can use a spare for now." Draco suggested,

"Yes and then tomorrow I can get a new broom."

"Don't you have to the hearing tomorrow?" Draco asked as they made their way back to the floo room.

"I think it's tomorrow, I'll ask dad later." They floo'd directly to Malfoy Manor and rushed through the manor heading out to the pitch. Draco threw him a nimbus 2000.

"Ah its good to have a broom back in my hands." Harry sighed happily, he kicked off and shot straight up in to the air; it felt good to fly again. Harry turned to see Draco level out in front of him and Harry grinned.

"So, do you want to practice manouevres or speed first?" Harry asked,

"We'll do manouevres then speed because we can put our moves to speed." Draco decided and Harry nodded.

"Good, there's a few I want to try out."

For the next hour, the boys flew around the pitch practicing their rolls, dives, jumps and Harry even taught Draco how to ride his broom standing up, it would take a bit more practice before he had it down, but he could stand and travel at a reasonable speed.

"Ok then, let's see your moves." Draco said and Harry grinned. He practiced his usual jump and catch move as well as handstands, flips and even riding his broom upside down holding on with only his legs.

"You're completely mad," Draco told him seriously as Harry pulled out of a particularly steep dive with a shout.

"I know,"

"Speed?"

"You're on," Harry said, "And we have to work on corners, then tomorrow, if we can go to the alley, I can buy a Quidditch set and we can practice so you can have the chaser spot. I might even go for reserve chaser, I think we have a reserve seeker, I'll ask Flint when we get back."

"I'm not sure if we have any reserves," Draco said.

"Well, if we don't then its stupid, we need them just in case."

"I know, but I'm not in charge of the team and neither are you." Draco pointed out,

"For now," Harry muttered,
"Planning something Harrison?"

"I want the captaincy as soon as possible and I'm going to make sure I get it," He told his friend, "That way I can make sure we have the best possible team. Even if we did win, it doesn't make us the best it just means the other teams were crap."

"Good luck with that,"

"Come on, I mean Flint leaves the end of next year. I'll make sure I get it when he leaves, then you can be my co-captain and we can lead the noble House of Slytherin in to the very best victory." Harry finished grandly and Draco laughed at his friend.

"If you pull it off, I'll never question you again." He said.

"Yeah, ok, because I believe that." Harry scoffed; Draco smirked.

"It's not my fault you have strange ideas and plans."

"There is nothing wrong with my ideas or plans I'll have you know." Harry sniffed, 

"Harrison, you asked the Dark Lord for a magically binding agreement at 11." Draco deadpanned.

"Actually I tricked the Dark Lord in to a magically binding agreement at eleven." Harry corrected and the blond almost fell out of the air.

"YOU WHAT?" He exclaimed, his eyes really wide.

"Well, I'm sure he's worked it out by now, but I had him distracted and switched our spoken agreement in to Parsel. You cannot lie or break your word in Parsel, its because it is a language closer to Lady Magic herself. Anyway, I made sure to make our agreement in Parsel just in case." Harry explained, and Draco shook his head.

"You are out of your mind."

"It worked didn't it?" Harry returned,

"Impossible,"

"I know,"

Draco rolled his eyes and flew off, they practiced their lap speeds until bright red sparks shot up in to the air and they looked down to see an angry looking Narcissa glaring up at them.

"Mother looks angry," Draco pointed out unnecessarily, Harry hummed his agreement.

"Do you think I would get away with leaving from up here?"

"No because she knows where you live."

"I could go to the castle." Harry pointed out,

"Don't be under the impression she won't get access, the Malfoys were in the Dark Lords favour in the first war." Draco reminded him and Harry cursed.

"So its cute and innocent children look for us then," He said.
"Agreed,"

The pair flew down and landed lighted in front of her, Harry didn't take it as a good sign at the fact she was tapping her foot.

"Harrison, Draconis,"

They both cringed at her sharp tone.

"Hello mother,"

"Do you have any idea what time it is?" She demanded and they shook their heads. "You both have missed lunch and it is quickly approaching dinner. Now, we are expected at Black Manor within the next hour so you should be getting ready Draco. As for you Harrison, you should be at home preparing for guests. This is not the correct behaviour expected from Heirs to Noble and Most Ancient Houses and I expect better." She chided them and they bowed their heads.

"Yes aunt Cissa,"

"Yes Mother,"

"Of you go." They rushed back in doors where the elves put their brooms away.

"See you later, apparently," Harry said and Draco nodded.

"I didn't even know we were coming for dinner," The blond said and Harry shrugged.

"Me neither,"

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
Chapter 19

Harry went straight to his room to shower and throw on more presentable robes for an evening dinner, when he was done he went to the family lounge where Remus and Sirius were sat in decent robes talking with Severus who was dressed out of his usual black and in dark blue.

"Hey, cub, how are you?"

"Hi Moony, Dad, Sev," Harry greeted taking a seat, "I'm good, it's been brilliant today. Me and Draco- ,"" Draco and I," Remus automatically corrected, Harry rolled his eyes.

"Draco and I went to the castle to speak to Sal and then we've been practicing Quidditch."

"Of course, I have to get you a new broom to replace your other one." Sirius remembered, "We might have time to go through the alley after the hearing tomorrow."

"It's tomorrow is it? I couldn't remember if it was definitely tomorrow or not." Harry said,

"Yes, its tomorrow." Sirius confirmed, "Depending on how long it last and the outcome we should be able to go through the Alley."

"That'll be good,"

"I'm glad your changed cub, the Malfoys are coming for dinner,"

"Yeah, Narcissa mentioned it as she was telling us off for missing lunch." Harry rolled his eyes and then winced when he was pinned with a look from both Sirius and Remus.

"Why did you miss lunch? Are you hungry? Do you want a small snack before dinner?" Remus asked his quickly and Harry held up his hands in a calming gesture.

"I'm fine, we missed it because we honestly forget the time when we were in the air. I'm actually not that hungry, and dinner is being served within the next hour anyway." Harry placated and Remus nodded.

"You will have to stop missing meals pup, its not healthy."

"I know, it was an honest mistake though,"
“You seem to be full of those lately,” Severus drawled and Harry winced again at the look he was sent from the Potions Master.

“Yeah about that,” He began sheepishly, “I honestly didn't know, and if I would have known I wouldn't have done something so stupid. I know exactly what I did wrong and I will make sure I don't do something as stupid as that again, I can assure you.” Harry told him sincerely, Severus looked at him for a few seconds before nodding.

“See that you don't, mistakes such at that will see your Mastery completely out of reach.”

“I won't, I can't believe I did it in the first place.” Harry shook his head, “I have to go to the alley to hand in my list of ingredients that I need, I've made an inventory of my labs here and the ones Sal reserved for me. I also have to check the greenhouses here and at the castle because I have cuttings and seeds of plants and herbs which are now extinct that I can replant.”

“Oh, what do you have?” Severus asked interested, Harry snapped his fingers and brought his lists to him, he handed them over to the Potions Master.

“If you manage to replant and re-grow these then it would open up so many opportunities.” Severus mused and Harry nodded.

“I know, which is why I want to check the greenhouses because I don't want to ruin them.”

“Yes, I see what you mean,” the wards pulsed and Harry flew down the stairs and in to the floo room just as Draco was stepping through the grate.

“You're here, finally.”

“I know, mother wanted me to change twice.” Draco shook his head.

“Honestly, you saw each other less than an hour ago.” Narcissa said and they shrugged,

“Hello Uncle,” Harry greeted as Lucius stepped out of the grate following his wife.

“Good evening, Harrison,”

“LUCY!”

“Every time, Black,” Lucius sighed.

“Lucius, you should just accept that Sirius does not have any self-restraint.” Severus said with a smirk, the Black Lord sent him a withering look and punched Remus when he began snickering.

“Come on,” Harry said to Draco, “Are we using the family room or the bottom lounge?”

“Bottom one until after dinner, then we shall retire to family room.” Sirius said pompously and Harry grinned, he led Draco through the grand halls to the lounge as threw himself down on a sofa.

“What do you mean by family room?”

“Well because the Blacks really like to show off, they have a formal lounge, lounge and family lounge, the family one is on the top floor with the family suits.”

“Wow that's excessive,”

“Yes, I know,”
"I thought it was just Slytherins?" Draco said and Harry shrugged.

"Apparently we Blacks have a touch of it too."

"So what are your plans for the hearing tomorrow, Sirius?" Lucius asked when entering the room, drinks were passed out and the adults took their seats.

"I am merely hoping for a guilty verdict, that way it will be the public response which will be the true punishment." Sirius answered,

"You will have to get to the public first," Lucius warned and Sirius and Harry both smirked.

"Rita Skeeter," they answered together.

"Black v Potter, she is going to go for Black every time and her articles are the most cut throat." Harry said.

"And with a gracious invite to the elusive Black Manor for an exclusive interview with the Lord and Heir of the Noble and Most Ancient house of Black, I think she will be all too willing to come to us first." Sirius finished with a flourish and the others mirrored their smirks.

"I might even offer a photograph," Harry mused.

"You'll have the public eating out of your hand." Severus said and they nodded.

"That's the hope." Harry agreed.

"It doesn't matter what trouble Potter and his daughter get into if the public still love them, if we can get the public behind us then her status goes down. And each thing she does is going to seem worse and worse until they are left with nothing." Remus said.

"We merely have to hope that justice is done tomorrow," Narcissa sighed. An elf popped in alerting them to dinner.

"I do so love this manor Sirius, grandfather did do a good job on the décor." Narcissa said as they walked through to the dining room.

"Yes, grandfather used all of the original features and yet made it so much better." Sirius agreed, "Grandfather Arcturus was like that,"

"When did he pass?" Harry asked curiously, Arcturus Black was someone always spoke highly of and he interested Harry, he hadn't gone to the wall of portraits since he got here, but they were up on the family floor and had a whole corridor dedicated to them, and he had every intention of going to speak to them.

"Only back last year actually, he passed with his wife so I think he was happy to go at that point." Sirius said softly. "He taught me everything I know about the Lordship, he never deemed my father worthy so he passed it straight to me."

"A good choice," Lucius said, "Orion would have crashed your name in to the mud, especially with Walburga at his side." Sirius grimaced.

"Don't I know it," he shuddered.

"Your parents?"
"Yes, and you are lucky you never have to meet them cub." Remus stated and Harry blinked, they must have been bad if Remus thought so, the man had the patience of a saint. They sat down at the table where Harry took his fathers right opposite Remus with Draco next to him and then Severus, Lucius and Narcissa took seats next to Remus and the food appeared in front of them immediately.

"This looks wonderful Sirius," Narcissa complimented and Harry had too agree, it seemed as if the elves were showing off because they had guests.

"Dad, what time is the hearing tomorrow?" Harrison asked, "You never said,"

"You know, I don't actually know," Sirius said with a frown, Harry face palmed as Remus groaned.

"Padfoot," he sighed, "Jip," the elf popped in,

"Yes, Master Moony,"

"Bring me the letter from Madam Bones please," the elf popped away and was back in a second with the envelope, Remus flicked through the parchment and smirked.

"We've got the first morning appointment it seems, 9:00am." Remus told Harry.

"Looks like we're going to the alley, hopefully we'll run in to Rita,"

"Oh we will definitely be running in to Rita," Sirius said with a smirk.

"What did you do?"

"I may have sent her an owl saying she would benefit from browsing the alley on the 10th," Sirius said lightly and the rest of the table smirked.

"When the hat put you in Gryffindor it made a very grave mistake," Lucius commented and Sirius pretended to look horrified.

"Well I never,"

"And there's the Gryffindor," Severus drawled amused, Harry and Draco snickered at Sirius' wounded look.

"You should show the Head of this House respect, sirs." Sirius sniffed pompously, everyone looked at him in disbelief before the children cracked up with Remus and Narcissa, Severus and Lucius shook their heads with grins.

"Oh dear Merlin," Lucius sighed and Sirius snickered.

"See, I've got this whole Pureblood thing down."

"Surprisingly, you have," Lucius agreed,

"Yes, it is rather astounding how you handle yourself now. Especially given how you were when we were in school." Narcissa added and Sirius grimaced.

"I always knew what I was supposed to be like, and Grandfather Arcturus taught me everything, I just hated my parents." Sirius sighed shaking his head.

"Its not hard to see why, aunt Walburga left a lot to be desired." Narcissa said with distaste.
"Were they that bad?" Harry and Draco asked alarmed, the adults shared a look.

"Yes,"

"Wow,"

They finished dinner and it was quickly replaced with a range of deserts, Harrison blinked around and turned to his dad.

"What did you do to the elves?" He asked shocked and Sirius shrugged.

"I told them we were having guests and they went berserk, there was tears, screams, shouts and lots of jumping. I was practically thrown out of the kitchen in their haste to prepare." Remus said amused,

"I thought it was just me," Sirius said, "When I spoke to the other elves about having guests it was like someone had just offered them clothes, I swear one of them had a panic attack."

"What in Magic's name?" Harry exclaimed.

"I haven't had guests to this place in a while, actually, I haven't had guest since I moved in which was about six years ago when I fully accepted the Lordship and Grandfather wished to move to his 'cottage', I took up the actual status about two years ago now." Sirius told them scratching his head, Harry rolled his eyes.

"That explains it, they're getting it out their system." He said, "And what's with the 'cottage'?" he imitated his father's air quotes.

"You've seen this place, what do you think the cottage looked like?" Sirius deadpanned.

"Got it,"

When the deserts were clear, Harry excused him and Draco and led his friend up the multiple flights of stares to the family lounge where they flung themselves on to the nearest sofa.

"Wow, this place is huge." Draco huffed and Harry scoffed.

"Yes because your Manor is oh so small."

"Of course," He replied primly, Harry rolled his eyes.

"We both know that the Ancient and Noble Houses of Black and Malfoy have to have the best." Harry said arrogantly, adopting the correct posture which Draco mimicked.

"Obviously," He drawled, "Us heirs have to show one how to behave accordingly." They looked at each other before collapsing in laughter.

"You know, every time we see Rosina we should act like that." Harry said and Draco smirked.

"Every time we're in public we should act like that." Draco countered.

"I wonder how long we could keep it up." Harry mused.

"What, act like the rich Pureblood Heirs that we are? I think we have that down, Harrison."

"Agreed," They heard the adults approaching and Harry snapped for an elf to bring drinks.
"I doubt Amelia will allow this to go without a fine, she is one of the fairest people I've ever met." Sirius was saying to Lucius.

"Yes, she is rather straight when it comes to the law."

"You just have to keep your cool when confronted with Potter, you know that he will bait you when he loses." Narcissa reminded.

"I don't think it's my temper we have to worry about." Sirius pointed out taking his seat.

"The same goes for you Harrison, you must keep your temper." Narcissa told him.

"Of course aunt Cissa, I will try my best. But there are other things to factor in, and if it comes to it I shall pull my shields up to their full ability." Harrison replied and she nodded.

"I know,"

"Tomorrow, you can meet us in the alley after the hearing so the kids can go shopping and I can organise a meeting with Rita Skeeter." Sirius suggested and Lucius nodded.

"Yes, that will be acceptable. We shall wait at the café Magick on Celestial Alley."

"I haven't been there yet." Harry said and Draco grinned.

"You will love it, it's where all the high end restaurants and bars are within the central wizarding world. They have loads of places there, and they have a shopping plaza which is pretty exclusive." Draco explained excitedly.

"Brilliant, you will have to show me around."

"Obviously,"

"And we have to go to Diagon because I have to get a broom, I want to go to Gringotts and I have a list at least a foot long of potions things I need to get." Harry said.

"The broom is the most important because we have practices to do." Draco pointed out.

"You'll get on to the team anyway," Harry waved him off.

"True,"

They both tuned back to the adults conversation where they were discussing what they were going to be saying to Rita.

"As long as we seem irrevocably thankful that the right thing has been done it should be ok," Sirius said.

"Yes, but you should also be a little disheartened that nothing more serious happened because of the severity of the crime." Remus added.

"Yes, but if you keep it so you are merely dropping hints opposed to making comments then it will keep you in public favour." Severus suggested.

"Rita is going to eat this up." Harry said gleefully.

"Oh yes,"
"I have to take my leave," Severus said rising to his feet, "I need to finish your potion, Remus,"

"Of course, Severus," Remus said, "Thank you for coming," Snape nodded.

"Do inform me of the outcome." Severus said.

"We will, let me see you out." Sirius went with Snape down to the floo and Harry felt as the wards allowed someone out of the manor.

"Yes, we shall have to leave after our drinks." Lucius said, "I intend to be at the ministry tomorrow to see what is being said before meeting you."

"No doubt Potter will have his supporters," Remus scoffed.

"Unfortunately, and I want to see what Dumbledore is up to. He's been oddly silent so far;"

"That is true, but I think he will have something to say this coming Wizengamot meeting." Sirius said coming back in to the room.

"It is going to be interesting."

"Father, when is it acceptable for you to take Heirs in to the wizengamot." Draco asked and Harry perked up at that.

"Most induct their Heirs formally in to the wizengamot when they're 13/14 because they are of the age where they can begin their Heir duties."

"Damn,"

"Language,"

"Yes, mother,"

"We have to wait until next summer that's all, its not too bad and it gives us a chance to perfect everything so we can show people and Rose up." Harry said and Draco nodded.

"I suppose, but it's a shame we can't be there for Potter's and Dumbledore's reactions."

"We can't have it all," Harry sighed.

"Yeah,"

The adults shook their heads at them and the Malfoys got to their feet.

"We shall see you tomorrow,"

Harry said goodbye to Narcissa and Lucius before running of with Draco to the floo room.

"See you tomorrow," Harry said.

"Yes, and good luck,"

"Potter is going down." Harry stated and Draco nodded, Harry watched as he flood away just as Narcissa and Lucius got there.

"Dad, I'm going to the castle." Harry told him, "I forgot to tell Marvolo,"
"Be back before 9 please cub, you need to select your robes for tomorrow so the elves can have them laundered and pressed for the hearing."

"Got it," He stepped through the floo hissing the address and he brushed himself off. He snapped for his elf who popped in joyfully.

"What can Coco be doing for Master Harrison?" She asked,

"Take me to Marvolo, please," Harry said to the creature, he was led through the many halls and corridors and up many stairs to a study which was as tucked away as possible, but at the same time it was close to the library, Harry rolled his eyes.

"This is the Master's study,"

"Thanks, that will be all,"

She popped away with a bow, Harry knocked on the door and waited to be called in. He stepped in to the study and blinked; it was huge. The large, spacious room was in the original Slytherin colours with dark wood furniture, there was a black leather sofa across from the marble fireplace and a chair opposite, book shelves lines each of the walls and there was a grand desk opposite the door with a liquor cabinet behind it.

"Nice," Harry said looked around.

"Yes, I am rather partial to it," Came a drawling voice and only by the fact that Harry had already felt the magic did he not jump.

"Have you seen the Heir study yet?"

"No, I decided to let you deal with your section of the castle however you wish it." Marvolo said and Harry finally turned to look at the man; he was sat in the other leather chair supporting a tumbler filled with an amber liquid, he seemed to have an effortless elegance about him that Harry couldn't help but be impressed with.

"Thanks, I should check it out before Sal has a go at me for not being grateful for his work." Harry shook his head amused and took the seat offered to him.

"What can I do for you?" Marvolo asked.

"I thought I would tell you that there is a high chance the next Wizengamot meeting will be extremely interesting for you." Harry said and Marvolo raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, and why is that?"

"I have a hearing tomorrow about the Quidditch incident, and its being held by Amelina Bones." Harry told him and Marvolo smirked.

"Potter is going to have a rather large blemish come tomorrow afternoon, I see."

"Oh yes, and obviously Dumbledore is going to be less than pleased."

"The old fool will be fuming because he failed to contain the situation of his prized pawn." Marvolo drawled and Harry grinned.

"Definitely," Harry agreed and then the smirk he flashed was nothing short of malicious, "And the exclusive interview that is going to be given written by Rita Skeeter is only a bonus." Marvolo
released a low chuckle.

"Oh you do impress me, Harrison,"

"What can I say," Harry brushed invisible flint from his robes.

"Potter will take a serious blow tomorrow within the eyes of the public, especially seeing as there is no way that she isn't going to be found guilty, Amelia Bones is the most law abiding Head of Department in the ministry."

"I know which is why we have everything already set up, we are solely in the right here which is why it is going to go in our favour." Harry said,

"This is going to be the first time I'm going to enjoy seeing Dumbledore." Marvolo said with a smirk.

"I thought as much," Harry laughed, "We have the first appointment tomorrow so when I get back from the Alley I will come and inform you of the happenings so you can properly prepare for Dumbledore's disgruntlement."

"Indeed do, and once this is out in the open it will give us ample opportunity to begin movement."

"Yes, you've been planning recently."

"I have, I need my most faithful removed from Azkaban." Marvolo said, "But, I want them out silently."

"There's no chance I'm getting out of this one is there?" Harry asked warily and Marvolo smiled a shark-like grin.

"No,"

"Ugh, so unfair,"

"Think of this as an opportunity to show of all your supposed skill." Marvolo suggested and Harrison's eyes narrowed.

"I know exactly what you are doing, and I hope you're happy that it's working."

"I am,"

"Damn Dark Lords." Harry grumbled much to Marvolo's amusement.

"We shall go over the plans soon,"

"Fine, if you insist. I will clear some of my valuable time in my atrociously busy schedule to assist you." Harry sighed in a really put upon manner.

"You are unbelievable." Marvolo said in disbelief.

"And you agreed to work with me, bindingly,"

"Yes, I remember that, I, at the time, forgot that parsle was completely binding apposed to just truthful."

"I know," Harry said smugly, "That was the point,"
"Very sly,"

"Of course, I'm a Slytherin. Did you expect me not to play on another's weakness to get what I wanted?"

"I would have done the same so I cannot complain, however much I wish to."

"Awh, don't worry. You haven't seen anything yet, it will sink in that this is a perfect comradeship."

"So you keep saying,"

"I speak the truth, just ask Sal. Now, I have to go home to prepare for tomorrow and I shall see you at the earliest convenience." Harry said and left Marvolo to, yet again, contemplate the mystery that was Harrison Black.

"Dad, will you please stop fiddling, you're making me nervous." Harrison snapped, throwing up his hands. They were sat in the parlour waiting until it was acceptable for them to leave for the ministry and they were all on edge. Even though they were practically guaranteed a win, something could happen when dealing with Dumbledore and Potter and it was setting them off.

Sirius kept pacing the room and fiddling with his robes. He was dressed to perfection like the others in black robes with the Black family crest proudly on display, he looked like the perfect Pureblood Lord and was intimidating as hell. Remus was dressed in another of the Black colours and was in pressed, deep blue robes with the family crest printed on his right arm, he was also pacing on the other side of the room of the Black Lord and was equally as stressed. Harrison seemed to be the only one who wasn't stressing visibly, he was dressed in Heir robes of black with touches of blue and silver with the crest on show too, he was sat in the chair and appeared to be calm even if on the inside he was pacing just as frantic.

"Sorry, pup, but this is the day the world will see that Potter isn't as perfect as they make out to be." Sirius sighed and Harry smirked.

"I know, but wearing a hole in the carpet won't change that, it will only set the elves on you."

"You are right," Sirius sat down and so did Remus,

"How are you so calm, cub?" Remus asked in exasperation and Harry smiled slightly,

"Very tight Occlumency shields," He answered and then watched as they both pulled up their own shields to their maximum degree. They sat in a somewhat tense silence until 8:45 when Sirius rose and nodded.

"Let us leave," He said in an emotionless voice, his expression was blank and he had drawn himself up.

"Lead us," Remus said in the same tone rising to his feet and Harry mirrored them. They floo'd to the ministry and walked through the morning crowds, the people seemed to part for them when they realised just who was there and many whispers broke out about the reason for their visit. The people had never seen the entire Black family out together, especially in the ministry, and it was causing a slight stir. Harry fought his smirk. They moved gracefully through the atrium as one and Harry
carefully admired the grandness of the building, he bit back a scoff at the fountain because he highly doubted a goblin would ever look at a wizard in such a way.

Sirius stopped at the desk and handed over his wand to be scanned before it was handed back, Harry and Remus followed suit and then they made their way towards the elevator queue. Harry spotted Lucius in a different queue, the blond was deep in conversation with some unknown wizard and Harry covered his smirk with his hand; the Malfoy Lord didn't waist much time. When the next elevator came, Sirius took it despite the queue and no one raised question when they saw who it was. When the doors shut all three of them breathed a small relief and Sirius grinned.

"You know, this whole Lord Black business isn't all that bad." He said and Harry and Remus laughed,

"That's because you have no patients, Pads," Moony said and Sirius shrugged unashamed,

"Right, now remember, no trying to kill James."

"I know, dad, the same applies to you." Harry said and Sirius nodded.

"I know we've been over this, but please keep it in mind. Amelia Bones knows the law like the back of her hand, she is fair and she cannot be bought so anything that happens today is off her own back." Sirius said to Harry.

"Ok, I know,

"Let's go," Remus said and all three of their masks went up. They stepped out of the elevator of the DMLE and walked swiftly to the secretary's desk, there was no sign of Potter yet.

"How can I help you this morning, Lord Black," She asked formally.

"We have an appointment with Madam Bones at 9am." Sirius told her and she nodded, she vanished through a door and returned just as quickly.

"If you could go straight through please, sir,"

"Thank you,"

Sirius, who knew the ministry more than the others, led them through to Madam Bones' office, he knocked sharply on the door three times and a stern voice called for them to enter. The office was large, perfect size for a Head of a Department, and it was simple, there was a window, some filing cabinets and a desk, but it screamed professional. The woman sat behind the desk, that Harry presumed was Madam Bones, was a severe looking woman, she had dark auburn hair which was greying slightly in some parts, she was sat with a stiff posture and a stern expression, she had a monocle hanging around her neck and she was dressed in black robes.

"Lord Black, Mr Lupin-Black, Heir Black have a seat," She motioned to the right side of the room where there were three seats.

"Thank you, Madam Bones," Sirius murmured and just as they sat down the secretary was at the door announcing the arrival of the Potters. Harry made sure his shields were up tightly and he corrected his posture, he didn't glance around when they entered, but he could tell it was three of them by their magic.

"Lord, Lady and Heiress Potter, have a seat." Madam Bones said to them and they went to the opposite side of the room. There was a tense silence before a knock sounded at the door and three
more people entered, Harry looked around slightly to see a talk, dark skinned man step in followed by an average looking man with a main like hairdo and a scowl and a young woman with bright pink hair, they were all dressed in auror robes indicating their purpose.

"I have called Head Auror Scrimgeor, Senior Auror Shacklebolt and trainee Auror Tonks to witness this hearing." Bones told them, "Are there any apposed?"

"Where's Dumbledore?" James questioned and Harry spotted Madam Bones' eyebrow twitched in annoyance.

"This is not Dumbledore's jurisdiction, Lord Potter. If you require the presence of the Chief Warlock, then maybe you wish this to be held in front of the Wizengamot." She said to him with a slight bite, James didn't look happy, but he didn't say anything more.

"Head Auror Scrimgeor, seal the door if you will." Bones commanded and Harry felt the wards surround the room, they were very powerful and they wouldn't be interrupted. Madam Bones tapped a sheet of parchment on her right and a quill stood poised waiting to transcribe, she pulled out a file and placed it in front of her before looking at the assembled group.

"Disciplinary hearing for the assault of an Heir to an Noble and Most Ancient House, 10th of July 1992; Black v Potter, leading the hearing Madam Amelia Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, witnessed by Head Auror Scrimgeor, Senior Auror Shaklebolt and Trainee Auror Tonks." Madam Bones started the hearing, "Lord Black, present your case."

"Thank you, Madam Bones," Sirius said graciously, "I am pressing charges against the Heiress of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Potter for the attack of my son and Heir Harrison Regulus Black. Heiress Potter did knowingly attack my son, she did it with intention to harm, showed no remorse for her actions and with the help of Lord Potter and Headmaster Dumbledore denied her actions and claimed false pretences." Sirius explained the situation clearly and sat back down, Harrison kept his face blank as he saw Potter's expression get angry and Rosina looked furious, his eyes glanced over Lily and his eyes narrowed slightly, she was looking down at her hands and was sat completely still.

"Your case has been heard, Lord Potter, present your counter case."

"Lord Black is presenting a bias case, he did not have accurate line of sight of the accident. As flying instructor of the school, I did not believe Heir Black was fit for the air, but he was given the position of seeker against my professional judgement. During the accident, he tried to perform a stunt that he was not qualified to perform and failed and is now blaming my daughter and Heiress, Rosina Potter." James sat down and threw a smug look at Sirius, who didn't react at all.

"I have reviewed this case carefully and have my collected my own evidence away from each of your knowledge. Now, hearing your cases, there is only one verdict I can give," Amelia stated looking at them before looking through her papers, "While you may not have believed Heir Black was fit for the air, multiple eye witnesses state otherwise. Furthermore, there is indisputable evidence to suggest foul play here."

"What!" James exclaimed furious, "Amelia;"

"Therefore, I am finding Heiress Rosina Violet Potter guilty of assault against the Heir of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, she is hereby sentenced to a two year flying ban which includes all sporting games and social flying and 1.5 million galleons in fines in compensation for damages and medical costs; case closed."
"This is wrong, they've obviously bought this." James fumed standing up, Madam Bones pinned him with an icy look.

"Are you accusing me of taking a bribe?" She demanded and James faltered, recognising what he just said.

"No, but-"

"Unless you want a harassment charge following the ones your daughter has just obtained I would leave quietly, the fine is set to be paid within a week and the ban starts henceforth. Aurors, escort them out." Scrimgeour and Shacklebolt led the Potters out and Rosina threw Harrison a filthy look, Harry smiled politely and watched her leave, satisfaction surging through his veins. When the door shut, Sirius turned to Amelia with a grin.

"Thank you, Amelia, truly." He said sincerely.

"No thanks necessary, Sirius, this case is one of the clearest I've seen in a while. I'm surprised this wasn't taken as a criminal case." She replied and Sirius grimaced.

"Dumbledore,"

"That man should learn when his nose is needed." She sighed and Sirius scoffed.

"Never truer words spoken,"

"Well, you are free to go. The full fine will be paid within the week, if not then it will gain interest." She assured the Black Lord who nodded.

"Have a good day, Amelia,"

"It was nice to meet you, Madam Bones," Harry said politely and Amelia smiled slightly.

"The same to you, Heir Black,"

"It was good to see you, Amelia,"

"You too, Remus. Trainee Auror Tonks, will you escort Lord Black and his family out."

"Yes, Madam Bones," Auror Tonks led them out and when they were out of hearing and sight distance from everyone, Tonks turned around and threw herself at Sirius in a hug, Sirius stumbled at the force, but grinned and wrapped his arms around her.

"Hey, little Nymphie is all grown up." Sirius cooed and she hit him.

"Don't call me that!" She groaned her face, and her hair much to Harry's alarm, went a bright red in her embarrassment.

"What's going on Kiddo, you're an auror now?"

"Yes, just passed and on the first level in office now," she said proudly, Sirius patted her on the back.

"Congratulations, I know how difficult to get in."

"I passed under Moody, I was his last apparently, and I got 96%."

"That's impressive," Remus said impressed, she grinned.
"Thanks, Remus,"

"So what did you get for passing?" Sirius wondered, "This is a very proud moment." Tonks' whole demeanour went down and Sirius raised an eyebrow.

"My mother hates the fact I'm an auror. She doesn't care how hard I worked or what scores I got, and to top it off, she's pissed at me because I'm dating the Rosier Heir. She hates the fact that it's a pureblood and is under the impression that I should follow in her footsteps and marry a muggleborn." Tonks ranted before getting it together. "Sorry about that," Sirius waved her off.

"That's disgusting, I never knew Andy turned in to someone like that. I was surprised when she didn't write and asked to be put back on Black family tree."

"Oh good Merlin no, she hates the fact that she's even associated with the Black name, she keeps reminding me that I'm a Tonks and not a Black and I should be thankful for that."

"What? That's ridiculous. The Black name is something to be proud of, I am." Harrison stated and Sirius grinned, Tonks shrugged,

"Try telling my mother that, she's in her own little world. Hell, she told me to leave if I was going to keep up my auror training, I've got my own flat now." Tonks said and Sirius blinked before a scowl marred his hansom features.

"It seems I'm lacking on my Head of House duties, I will have to pay Andy a visit." Sirius growled before grinning at Tonks, "Leave this to me, I've been meaning to pay you a visit for ages, but with Harrison here and Potter being a complete dick (ouch Moony) I got distracted."

"Yeah, your new kid," Tonks grinned at Harrison who smirked, "Yeah, he's a Black alright."

"Thanks, Harrison Regulus Black,"

"Nymphadora Tonks, but don't call me Nymphadora," She warned and Harry grinned.

"How about Dora, or Nym?"

"My Father calls me Dora, so Nym will be fine," She agreed, "And its fine, Sirius, you've been writing so its ok."

"It's still no excuse, and as a Black, you have to be gifted for such an achievement. Hell, even my parents gave me something for getting in to the auror department and my mother disowned me, granted I quit after 81, but they were dead by then."

"Thanks Sirius, you don't have to,"

"No, its my duty, besides, I want too. We will have to continue this another time, I want to know exactly what's going on and then I'll go and see Andy."

"Ok, well owl me or something, I can usually be found here, I'm working double at the moment because I'm new to this whole living alone thing." Tonks grinned and led them out, all masks went up when they came to the main section of the auror office and Tonks led them to the lift.

"See you again, Harrison,"

"Bye, Nym,"

"I'll owl you," Sirius said as Remus waved his goodbye. As soon as the lift shut Harrison and Sirius
were overcome by mad jumping in celebration and Remus laughed at them.

"Have that Potter!" Sirius cheered.

"Did you see his face," Harrison laughed, "And when he accused Madam Bones of being bought."

"I didn't even think Potter was that stupid," Sirius said chuckling.

"I wonder how long he's going to fight the fine until he realises he's going to burn through his fortune?" Remus asked with a sly grin, Sirius and Harrison smirked.

"Ages," They all shared a laugh before adopting their masks again to leave the ministry.

Chapter End Notes

Next one up! Thanks guys
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Un'beta'd

#Parse\#

I'm not J.K

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Trigger warning: Domestic violence

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 20:

The sun was rising slowly, casting its warm rays upon a beautiful white manor that stood on stretches of land. The manor was large, standing three stories high and eight windows wide, it had a set of double doors that were coloured in a proud red and they were surrounded by pillars that lined the front of the building. The lands that the grand manor stood on stretched miles in each direction and a Quidditch pitch could be seen behind the building, there was a set of gates that welcomed people in to the estate and on them was a crest that held a griffin with open wings with two crossed swords behind it.

It was the Potter crest.

The manor was the Potter Manor which had been in the Potter family for centuries and it was still standing tall housing the latest generation of Potter; the Potters in question were Lord James Potter with his wife Lady Lily Potter nee Evans and their daughter Heiress Rosina Potter. The Potters were currently sat around their dining room table eating a breakfast and Rosina less than pleased at being awoken at such an hour.

"But why couldn't I stay in bed, it's the holidays!" She complained.

"We've been through this Rosina, you are booked in to have your Heir robes fitted." Lily sighed.

"I don't care! I'm tired, we could have gone later. Why did you book me in this early?"

"You wanted the store to close while you were in there, Madam Malkin only does private fittings in the mornings."

"Its not fair! I'm the Girl-Who-Lived, she should work around me." Rose stated and Lily sighed again.

"She had a business to run, Rosina. You cannot expect people to work around you all the time." Lily told her sternly. She wondered how her child had become so conceited enough to believe that she could have anything at the click of her fingers.

"Don't worry Rosie, afterwards we can go around the alley and you can have whatever you want."
James soothed and Lily rolled her eyes – that answered her question.

"James, she can't behave like that and be rewarded." Lily tried and James pinned her with a look that almost made her wince.

"She is fine, you were the one who booked her in to early instead of asking her." James stated with no room for argument, Lily just nodded knowing it was pointless to argue; it would only bring bad things to her. Lily quickly finished her breakfast and went up to put her robes on, she selected her favourite green and gold ones, she had always loved dressing in green and gold ever since Severus had told her that it looked the best on her. Oh how she missed her best friend. She regretted parting ways with him more than anything in her life, the only thing that could have topped it was marrying James Potter and allowing Harry to be taken away from her care. She knew that was a mistake within the first month.

And she had tried to get him back, she had tried her best to convince James that they should collect their son because it was their child and they should be the only ones to raise him no matter what the circumstances; but it had been like talking to a wall and when she had gone to get him herself James had stopped her; it was the first time he ever hit her. Lily had been stunned. The man she loved, the man she had sacrificed so much for had struck her, but she had forgiven him because he had been so remorseful, he had apologised repeatedly and showered her in gifts swearing it would never happen again and so it was forgotten. But it did. They were fighting about Harry again, Lily wanted her son back, she told James that it had been a mistake – that they weren't a family without both of their children and he had lashed out splitting her lip and giving her a black eye. It had only escalated from there.

They would argue and James would hit her, he'd apologise and it would happen again, and by the time Rosina was six Lily knew that he would never change. It wasn't a marriage, she was just a trophy that was paraded around to finish the perfect family image, and she had tried to leave him, but James had pointed out that if she left now no one would believe her, she would be going against a Noble and Ancient House as a Muggleborn, it didn't matter what evidence she had she would lose and because of James she didn't have any friends to help her. And so Lily learned to keep quiet, she remembered everything Severus had taught her about hiding her emotions and thoughts and applied it to her life and they became the perfect happy family for everyone to see. It worked for years, she learned to act and behave in a way that caused her the least amount of pain, and then the day came where she would finally see her baby again. She couldn't have been more excited and she had paid for it, but she didn't care, her son was coming back.

It didn't go to plan though. She had known it was a bad idea to send him away, she had said that he would resent them for it and she didn't blame him. James and Rosina didn't help, they were so wrapped up in Rose being the Girl-Who-Lived that it was sickening, but she couldn't do anything about it and so she continued to play her part. She had tried to get to know her son, but it always seemed to go back to Rose one way or another and she was forbidden from spending time alone with him by James. Then Christmas came and Harry Potter had become Harrison Black and James had taken the loss of his male spare out on her, from then on it got worse and it was like it was at the beginning and there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

Lily knew she had to get out and she tried, she had decided, after James' brutal reaction to Harrison, that enough was enough and she was going to the on person that she trusted with her life despite not talking in years. She had made it half way in to the dungeons before James had caught her and dragged her back to their rooms, he accused her of being a whore and sleeping around despite the fact that he had had multiple affairs – Lily hadn't slept with him in years, and that night it was the first time the attacks had escalated beyond the norm. It was like a part of her died, and she gave up, it was
over for her and he made sure that she knew that. It was the same again when James had caught her looking at Severus in the Great Hall. She had always believed that Severus was handsome in his own right, he had a dark way about him, but when she had seen him that day she was stunned speechless; he was gorgeous. He had caused enough damage that he had left her alone and Lily was thankful, she had managed to heal herself to a degree and glamours worked wonders for the rest, and she was lucky enough that James wasn't around her until the Quidditch game happened.

Lily couldn't believe her eyes as she watched her daughter try and kill her own brother, and then to find out that it was going to be covered over as an accident was beyond her, it was then the reality hit Lily; she wondered what had happened for it to come to this; a loveless marriage and a daughter she was disgusted in. She had wanted to stay with her son, but it just wasn't going to happen with James there even if Narcissa said she could stay – and James had been angry that she had hesitated, but he had been so wrapped up in keeping Rosina happy that she was left alone. Everything was fine until the duel, she had been disgusted and horrified at what James had said and it ended in another argument, one of the more violent they had got into for a while and then when he had saw that she was pleased that Sirius had one it had been hell for her.

She was terrified that James was going to kill her, he didn't care if he used his fists or his wand – whatever was convenient worked for him. She had given up, she had nothing to lose and that was why she had taken Harrison's side when I came down to his summer placement, she knew she had lost her son, but she would spend the rest of her life making up for that, it had been practically suicide on her part and despite his words in the corridor he had still lashed out when they got back to their rooms. Lily had been stunned when Harrison had appeared her classroom, and she had felt a slither of hope enter her body when he had given her an emergency portkey – she had a way out now! But even as school ended and James didn't let up, she didn't leave because she had a daughter to look after and she didn't want to have abandoned both of her children; it was getting harder however, Rosina wasn't recognisable as her daughter anymore and there was nothing between them; Lily interacted with her mechanically and whatever she told the girl was overruled or changed by James.

Lily shook her head to clear her thoughts, she clutched at the pendant and sighed. After one last glance in the mirror to make sure her glamour was secure and she looked presentable, Lily left the room and made her way through the beautiful manor to the entrance hall, it was beyond her how someone with such an ugly personality could own such a stunning manor. James was stood waiting and when he caught sight of her his lip curled in distaste.

"What are you doing dressed like that?" He demanded and Lily blinked.

"What do you mean?" She asked bewildered.

"Green and gold, I thought I told you about wearing things that he likes." James snapped.

"I like these robes, James." Lily tried and he hissed.

"Well I don't, go and change." He ordered.

"I don't want to change, and we haven't got time." Lily said, and received a sharp slap across the face, James grabber her and got in her face.

"I told you to go and change." He growled and Lily whimpered, a lone tear trailing down her face. Rosina came down and didn't even turn a hair when she saw her parents, James released Lily and turned to his daughter with a bright smile.

"Hey Rosie, you ready to go?"
"Yes daddy," She replied. Her eyes drifted to her mother and Lily caught the brief flash of disgust, it made her flinch.

"Your mother isn't coming with us today, so it's just me and you." James said eagerly and Rose beamed.

"Ok, lets go."

Lily's head dropped and it felt as if someone had physically kicked her in the stomach, she didn't bother to fight or argue – it was pointless – she just went back upstairs and curled up on the bed.

James happily took his daughter in to Diagon alley and it came as no surprise that the public went made as soon as they stepped out, Rose was beaming at them all and had her face tilted so they all could clearly see the lightning bolt scar she had on her cheek. They made their way slowly through the Alley and entered Madam Malkins where the shop was shut up for Rose,

"Why do we have to do this again?" Rose sighed as she jumped up on to the stool.

"Because that fool Black forced us, we have to go to the hearing tomorrow and we have to make a good impression." James told her.

"I hate them all, they're ruining my summer."

"I know Rosie, but I'll make it up to you. I'll buy you the new Nimbus when it comes out." James said and Rose grinned.

"You're the best daddy ever," She said and James laughed. The first layer of her robes were a deep red and then they were layered up in with different shades of gold as per the Potter colours, it was finished with the Potter crest and Rose grinned,

"These are nice, I like them."

"That's good, these are your Heiress robes."

"Have you got to get your robes?" She asked her dad as the robes were removed to be stitched in to place.

"Yes, but luckily my size and style are already noted. I only need the colours done." James told her and took the stool Rose had just stood down from. James had the opposite of Rose, he had gold under layer followed by reds on top,

"Can I have those delivered by tomorrow morning?" James asked Madam Malkin who nodded.

"Of course, Lord Potter," She answered.

"Right, lets go Rosie. We can shop now, but I have to be back to see Professor Dumbledore." He reminded her and she nodded. James let her lead him through the alley buying anything that caught her eye and a few extra things in secret because her birthday was at the end of the month.

"Daddy, would it be ok if I went over to the Burrow when we got home?" Rose asked him as they walked passed the apothecary with identical looks of disgust on their faces.

"I'll have to come over to make sure it's ok with Molly first."

"That's fine, Ron says that Mrs Weasley said it was ok I could go over whenever." Rose waved him of with a grin.
"Still, just to be sure."

"You just want to see if she's cooked anything." Rose said and James laughed.

"You've caught me."

They made their way to the Quidditch store where Rose bought the new Harpies poster.

"I think Ron is going to invite Hermione to stay at his for the summer, that way we can all get together." Rose said in excitement.

"That will be fun for you,"

"And Ginny is coming to Hogwarts this year, so we can tell her all about it."

"Ready to go then?"

"Ok."

They went back to the cauldron and floo'd back to the manor after getting through the crowds of people. Rose threw her things down to be put away by the elves and ran all the way up to her room to change in to her summer clothes, her room was decorated in pink, red and gold – her favourite colours. She darted back down the stairs and to the nearest fireplace, James smiled at her eagerness and followed behind.

"The Burrow," She shouted and disappeared in the green flames. She stumbled out of the grate in the kitchen of the Burrow where Mrs Weasley was busy pottering around making lunch.

"Oh hello, Rosie dear." She greeted when she turned and saw who it was.

"Hello Mrs Weasley,"

"Ron's outside, go on out."

"Thanks," She said with a grin and ran out the door just as her father stepped through the grate.

"Afternoon, Molly."

"Hello James,"

"I see my daughter has vanished," He noted and Molly laughed.

"Yes, she's out playing with Ron."

"You don't mind her staying for the afternoon do you? She's been right wound up about tomorrow."

"Of course not, she's always welcome here." Molly said easily, "Do you want to stay for lunch, its nearly done."

"Go on then, I can't say no to your cooking." James agreed and Molly flushed.

"Oh you." She waved him off and set a bottle of butterbeer in front of him.

"Thanks,"

Molly flicked her wand and moved all the food to the table.
"KIDS LUNCH,"

There was a massive amount of thudding that made the whole house shake as all the children in the house ran for the kitchen and James laughed; it was always loud at the Burrow. Ron and Rose entered first and they were both complaining loudly about the Blacks.

"I mean can you believe the nerve of them!" Rose exclaimed.

"They are obviously after your fame." Ron agreed seriously and the twins, who had entered behind them, snorted.

"That is definitely what they are after." They said together.

"Shut up you." Ron said furiously glaring at them.

"You don't know what you're talking about." Rose snapped looking down her nose at them. She had never liked the twins, they always took her spotlight with their stupid pranks, and they thought they were so funny.

"Our apologies your majesty,"

"How rude of us,"

"Fred, George, stop being mean you your brother and Rose." Molly chided them and the twins rolled their eyes.

"Yes mum." They sighed.

"When are you two going to Lee's anyway?" Rose demanded.

"When we feel like it." Fred began,

"We'll let you know." George finished. Percy and Ginny finally got to the table and Ginny immediately attached to Rose's side and started prattling on, Rose was all to happy to indulge her and grinned. Despite the amount of food made, the meal was clear pretty quickly and the kids dispersed.

"So how are you feeling about this hearing tomorrow?" Molly asked James, "I was saying to Arthur last night that this has been blown up out of proportion, I always said Sirius Black had a flare for the dramatics."

"I don't think its anything to worry about." James said breezily, "Dumbledore says he has it covered and I'm meeting with him when today."

"Good, the Headmaster is a good man." "Yeah he is." James checked the time and yelped, "I have to go, Molly, I'm supposed to meeting Dumbledore in about 10 minutes. Just send Rose home later, I know it won't be too late."

"Don't worry about Rose, she can have dinner here and then I'll send her through."

"Thanks," James vanished in a swirl of flames and walked in to the entrance hall just as the floo flared and Dumbledore stepped out.
"Good afternoon, James." Dumbledore greeted.

"Hello Headmaster," James led him through to the lounge and offered him a drink.

"I think I shall have a nice cup of tea," Dumbledore decided and James ordered the elves to serve them.

"Rose is at the Burrow, this whole thing is stressing her out." James told him and Dumbledore nodded sadly.

"I have no doubt," He agreed, "Its so much needless worry for someone so young."

"I don't know what Black was thinking,"

"Sirius, I believe, has lost his way." Dumbledore sighed, "I had thought that, back when he was 11, he was different than the rest of his family, but it seems as if I was mistaken."

"You think that Black has gone dark like the rest of them?" James said.

"I am not certain of course, but with his continued relations with the Malfoys it doesn't show him in the best of lights. The renewal of the Black/Malfoy allegiance almost speaks for itself."

"Plus he was all buddy buddy with Voldemort in the Wizengamot." James said darkly.

"Yes, but there is a high chance that Sirius does not know his true identity, Tom was always good at hiding in the open," Dumbledore pointed out.

"It wouldn't take a genius to work it out," James muttered.

"That is neither here nor there, but I fear you may have lost the boy."

"Its better of that way, I don't want him tainting my Rosie." James stated and Dumbledore nodded gently.

"You are right, if the boy is dark it is best that he stays away of course. Young Rosina's training is crucial now, with Voldemort alive again it is only a matter of time before he makes his first move and he is going to come after the person who stopped him last time." Dumbledore said to him and James scowled.

"That damn monster is going to have a fight on his hands if he thinks he's getting near my daughter." He growled clenching his fists.

"It is understandable that you wish to protect Rosina, but remember she is the only one who can defeat him."

"I know Headmaster, but there was nothing in that prophecy that said I can't help her." James pointed out and Dumbledore nodded.

"Of course, and I would expect nothing less of you." Dumbledore agreed, "But this is not the reason I am here today. The hearing is tomorrow and it is in front of Amelia Bones which causes a slight problem."

"Why, Amelia is as light as they come." James said confused.

"Yes, but Amelia and I have never quite seen eye to eye on certain parts of the ministry way."
"But surely she would know that Rosie, as the Girl-Who-Lived, would never do what they are accusing her of. I mean, attempted murder – what are they thinking?"

"You need not worry, James. I will be there to smooth things over to make sure that everyone understands that accidents happen." Dumbledore reassured, "But you will need to present your case in the best light."

"What do you mean? I'm going to tell Amelia that Black is lying."

"This is a formal hearing, James, and you know Amelia has always been strongly for the correct ways. You will need to present your side of the story better than the opposition or you will not be listened too. Now, I know you have never put much in to traditions and formal behaviours, but now, more than ever, is a good time to remember the lessons Charlus taught you."

"I've gotten us new formal robes for tomorrow, I remember my father saying they were used in hearings as well as the Wizengamot." James said running his hand through his unruly hair.

"That is good." Dumbledore said, "You need to remember your customs, this is a formality so you cannot forget your Lords and Heirs."

"Black doesn't deserve the damn title in the first place." James muttered, "But I will remember, if only to make my point."

"Good, now you will have to make sure Lily doesn't speak out like she did before the summer." Dumbledore told him and James' expression darkened.

"Don't worry Headmaster, Lily won't be doing anything like that again, she knows what's at stake."

"That is good," Dumbledore nodded.

"Has there been any movement from the dark?" James asked and Dumbledore sighed.

"No, it seems that Voldemort is working at his best – from the shadows."

"But he's crazy, I saw that myself so its only a matter of time until he's out killing people, right?"

"You are correct, Voldemort has never had much self-control when using dark magic. After so many years without it he will begin to crave it and then it will become common knowledge that he had returned."

"I'll start Rosie's lessons again, she won't like it, but she understands." James sighed, "Why couldn't that monster stay dead?"

"He was never dead, James."

"I know, but he should have died on Halloween." James grumbled, "Do you know how he came back yet?"

"No, I have only theories, each of which more complex than the last."

"What about, you know, the stone?"

I had hoped to bait him out while he was still weak, but he didn't take the bate it seems. The stone, when I checked, was still inside the mirror."

"How long are you going to keep it there?" James asked.
"I shall remove it from the mirror when I return it to Nicolas at the end of the summer." Dumbledore answered before he stood, "I shall see you tomorrow, at Amelia's office." James rose to his feet.

"Thank you, Professor Dumbledore." He saw the Headmaster out and then went to fine his wife.

"Lily, Lily," He called walking in to their room.

"In here," Lily replied from the dressing room, James walked in to see his wife in a simple red day robe.

"Do your formal robes still fit?" He asked.

"Yes, I have the gold ones."

"Good, you'll need them tomorrow so have the elves clean them." James told her.

"I will,"

"And I'm warning you, if you do anything to compromise this hearing tomorrow you don't want to know what will happen." He threatened, Lily nodded hurriedly and swallowed hard; she prayed that everything went ok tomorrow.

"Stop worrying Rosie, everything will be fine. I've spoken to Professor Dumbledore and he said he is going to smooth everything out." James soothed his frantic daughter, who was pacing the lounge in a fit. She was dressed in her Heiress robes and her previously neat hair was all over the place from running her hand through it. Lily stood of to the side dressed in soft gold robes, they were like Rosina's only the red was a pale blue, she didn't comment on James' words because it would have been futile, but she was pretty sure Albus Dumbledore would be nowhere near this hearing today – not with Amelia Bones in charge.

"Ok, I know." Rose nodded and stopped.

"Lily, fix her hair." James ordered and Lily stepped forward and manually fixed Rose' hair; James hated it when she used magic because it reminded him of the Pureblood women.

"Let's go, it's down on Level 2." The Potter family floo'd to the ministry and, as usual, caused a stir with the arrival of the Girl-Who-Lived. Lily couldn't help her lip curling in distaste; oh how she hated the fame. Sure, at first, she could understand, the feared Dark Lord had been vanquished and people wanted to celebrate – and that was fine – but then James started encouraging it and exploiting it; it was disgusting! And soon enough, when she was old enough to understand, Rosina revelled in it, she would go with her father and play for the crowd and it only gotten worse.

Lily pushed through the crowd, a fake smile adorning her face as if she wouldn't rather be elsewhere. James and Rose were only too happy to smile and talk to the people that swarmed them, Lily sighed; if they wanted to make a good impression then they were going about it the wrong way; they were going to be late. It was a pointless hearing, Lily knew that, there wasn't a law abiding citizen that wouldn't find Rosina guilty. Finally, James pushed his way through with Rose and they headed toward the elevators, and Lily bit back the sigh that wanted to escape when the doors shut and pushed everything she was feeling behind the mask she wore so often.
"I don't want you saying anything, let me do the talking." James muttered to Lily low enough for Rose not to hear; Lily nodded.

"Now, Rosie, when we get in there I want you to ignore them, don't take any notice of them, they are below you." James told her and Rose nodded.

"I know, Blacks are dark and evil."

Lily very nearly scoffed at that. She didn't believe in evil anymore, and if there was such a thing then she was sure she was married to it. The hypocrisy of it all was beyond her, the 'light' claimed that the 'dark' were the evil ones and yes they did monstrous things, but she was sure women and children were not treated as she and Harry had been. James, and Dumbledore, preached about how the old traditions were horrible, how arranged marriages and contracts were taking away someone's will, but she had never seen a Pureblood wife be treated with anything less that the utmost care; even in public James didn't treat her as well as she had seen Lucius Malfoy treat Narcissa. The elevator opened and James led them out, he nodded and spoke to the aurors he was friendly with and he flashed a crooked grin to the girl behind the desk.

"Hello Jenny," He greeted his voice oozing in 'charm'.

"Hi, James," She returned, blushing, "What are you doing here?"

"Ah, unfortunately not a social call." He sighed, "I have a meeting with Amelia."

"Oh, is this to do with Black, because he's here with that kid of his." She said with a scowl and James grimaced.

"Yeah, just a formality." He waved it off.

"I'll let Madam Bones know." She simpered and Lily looked on in distaste; no doubt this was on of James' many women.

"Madam Bones will see you now," The receptionist told them, James walked past with a wink leading Rose in and Lily followed with a mute sigh. When they entered they could see the Blacks already in attendance, they were dressed out to the max and each of them held a cold elegance about them. They were asked to sit down and, as per formality, they waited for the witnessing aurors to arrive and it was one of the tensest silences Lily had to sit through. Once they arrived, Amelia sealed the doors and James kicked up a small fuss about the fact that Dumbledore was absent, Lily nearly rolled her eyes. James didn't like the fact that Bones said Dumbledore wasn't to be there, the Headmaster was supposed to be there to smooth everything out – to make sure Black didn't try and press Amelia to his view.

The Potter Lord shifted and took a deep breath, it didn't matter, Black's charges wouldn't stand, no one in their right mind would convict the Girl-Who-Lived. When Black presented his case James scowled, he was twisting the situation to his needs and trying to implicate Dumbledore too, he heard Rose mutter under her breath and gently soothed her with a gesture. Lily knew instantly, as soon as Sirius had stopped speaking, that whatever James had to say was null and void, it was obvious in Amelia's body language and James' argument wasn't even decent. Hundreds of people had seen Harrison fly, his word against all those was not going to stick and it was stupid for him to even try. It didn't take long for Amelia to tell them that Rose was found guilty and Lily was honestly surprised that the punishment wasn't worse, she cringed slightly when James accused Amelia Bones, of all people, of being bought; it could only get worse. With a great amount of reluctance, Lily left when they were escorted out and followed James in to the elevator.
Rose was crying desperately and James was trying to soothe her the best he could while in a towering fury, he cast a notice-me-not spell on them so no one bothered them while leaving the ministry and he apparated them out when he reached the atrium. They landed in the entrance hall of Potter Manor and Lily stumbled when James shoved her away from him, he snapped for an elf who popped in immediately.

"Fetch Rosie an overnight back and a change of clothes for today, quickly." He barked and the elf disappeared. James kneeled down and wiped away Rose' tears soothing her,

"Hey, calm down. I will sort this out," He told her, "I'm going to send you over to the Weasleys for the night or two and I'll work something out, Ok?"

"Y-yes daddy," She hiccupped. The elf popped back in with a back and James turned to Lily with a deadly glare that made her flinch.

"Do not move." He growled before turning on the spot and disappearing. Lily stayed paralysed in fear before bolting up the stairs, she threw of the robes and dumped them on the bed and hurriedly pulled on a black day robe. She quickly grabbed a bag and packed all of her favourite things such as the green and gold robes and the jewellery that was sentimental to her, like the Lily pendent Severus had given her or the locket her mother had left her before she died cursing the fact that he had taken her wand.

She did thank her stars she had the forethought to case undetectable extension charms on all her small bags, enabling her to use what little wandless magic she could to shrink it and stuff down her bra, running back down as she did so. She had just made it back to the entrance hall and was about to apperate when James appeared, he looked livid and advanced on her.

"I told you not to move." He roared backhanding her with enough force to send her to the ground with a yell.

"James, please." She tried but it fell of deaf ears. She looked up at him and saw a look in his eyes that she had never seen before; it was a crazed spark which sent her blood cold.

"This is your entire fault." He yelled with a kick, "Bringing that damn kid back when he was better off dead."

"No James please, don't do this, please." Lily begged crying out at the curse that hit her. She knew it was too late, it was over; he was going to kill her.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading guys:

I, in no way, agree with domestic violence, this is like a rather personal experience that didn't happen to me, but a person very close to me and I would like to say that the relationship seen between Lily and James is wrong and no one should be in that situation.
Chapter 21

Previously:

As soon as the lift shut Harrison and Sirius were overcome by mad jumping in celebration and Remus laughed at them.

"Have that Potter," Sirius cheered,

"Did you see his face," Harrison laughed, "And when he accused Madam Bones of being bought."

"I didn't even think Potter was that stupid," Sirius said chuckling.

"I wonder how long he's going to fight the fine until he realises he's going to burn through his fortune?" Remus asked with a sly grin, Sirius and Harrison smirked.

"Ages," They all shared a laugh before adopting their masks again to leave the ministry.

Sirius apperated Harrison to Celestial Alley with Remus following behind them. Harry blinked around in amazement, the alley could only be described as elegant. Where Diagon alley was amazing in its own right, with its cob stones and store variety, Celestial Alley was clearly for the high end. Smooth paths swept down the entire alley and the whole thing seemed to glisten.

"Wow."

"Yes, it is rather impressive. This was the one thing my parents and I agreed on,"

"Let's go meet the Malfoys," Harry said and Sirius led the way. Harry looked in a few shops as they walked through the ally, where he made a mental note to return to make purchases of all kinds; thank you Merlin and the Founders.
"Harry, Harrison,"

Harry's head snapped around at the sound of his best friends voice and he 'walked' over to Draco and sat down.

"Well, what happened?" Draco demanded just as Sirius and Remus sat down.

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked bewildered and Draco threw him an unimpressed look.

"Come on, Harrison, I need to know." It wasn't a whine, because Malfoys didn't whine, but it was close.

"Ok fine," Harry sighed, "2 year ban and a 1.5mil fine,"

"She was guilty!" He exclaimed and Harry nodded with the biggest smirk ever.

"Yes and they are so pissed about it."

"Language,"

"Yes aunt Cissa, uncle Moony,"

"This is brilliant, I wish I was there to see her face and Potters." Draco said enviously.

"It was a thing of beauty, I'll show you when we go through our shields and things."

"It's a deal," Draco agreed.

"This is good news, Sirius, you can set everything in motion now." Lucius said with a smirk and Sirius grinned,

"I know, and after we've eaten we shall conveniently happen upon Rita Skeeter in Diagon."

"Its going to be a beautiful exclusive." Narcissa said happily.

"We can't be too long, I have to get home." Harry remembered and Draco pouted.

"But I wanted to take you all around this alley because you've never been!"

"I know, but I do have to get home. But, I was thinking, we can make a day of it and come on a Saturday, maybe write to Theo and Blaise, and we'll go through both allies, unless there's more?"

"There's Diagon, Knockturn, Shadow Back, Celestial and Horizon, in the centre of London."

"Well we can explore them all." Harry decided.

"Fine, but you have to get your broom today."

"Of course, we have to check for the new Nimbus," Harry reminded him, "Dad, when does that come out?"

"I believe it is premiering today, according to my source there is only a few in stock to see if people will buy them." Sirius told them and both boys' eyes widened in horror.

"Come on, we have to eat." Draco exclaimed.

"Waitress, serve us." Harry called at the same time.
"Manners, cub," Moony chided and Harry had the decency to look a little ashamed.

"Can we be served please?" He tried again and a pretty young girl came over to take their order. They only had to wait a few minutes before their orders appeared on the table and they dug in.

"Ah Cissa, I think I may be in need of your knowledge." Sirius said and Narcissa looked at him.

"Oh, and what may that be?"

"I ran in to Nymphadora today, I've been meaning to see her for a while actually, and she said a few things that have raised so many questions."

"That's Andromeda's only child?"

"Yes, brilliant kid, she just got in to the auror office with 96% point average." Both Lucius and Narcissa's eyebrows rose at that.

"That is incredibly impressive," Lucius said and Sirius nodded.

"Yes, what was she gifted for such an achievement?" Narcissa asked.

"See, that's the thing. Andy hates the fact that she's an auror, kicked her out and everything," "What!" She gasped horrified, "That is appalling."

"I know, I can't even think about what's gotten in to Andy. And she tries to disassociate with the Black name, tells Nymphadora that she should be lucky she's a Tonks apposed to a Black."

"Oh my,"

"Yes,"

"But, I would have thought she would have asked to be placed back on the tapestry."

"No, I've never had a letter or a request for a former meeting. She should know I haven't a problem with who she marries, as long as they have true power and are worth something, but she doesn't want anything to do with the Blacks."

"Well I never, it's a good thing we no longer have her marring our good name." Narcissa stated coldly, "What of the girl Sirius, is she willing?"

"Nym's great, always has been, and she obviously has power to score so high on the aurors entrance." Sirius said, "I'm going to meet with her and get down to what's going on properly, I won't have a Black be treated with disregard like Andy's doing, and if comes to it, I'll take Nym in to the family tree without Andy."

"That seems perfectly acceptable,"

"Also, I didn't know this, but Nym is dating the Rosier Heir." Sirius told her and Narcissa's eyebrows rose for the second time.

"Kyle Rosier?"

"I'm guessing so, he is the only Heir,"

"That's a well kept secret, I didn't know about the courtship." Narcissa mused,
"Neither did I, but Andy has a problem that it is a Pureblood."

"She had really changed." Narcissa sighed sadly, "Her daughters needs should come first, she ran off with someone she loves, why disallow her daughter the same privilege?"

"I don't know, but I plan on getting to the bottom of this."

"Yes, you have a whole house to be dealing with, you need not her causing unnecessary problems."

"Don't I know it, and I haven't even thought of what I'm going to do about Bella. Its taken me this long to get through everything, I know what she's in Azkaban for, but she was born a Black and I want to know why. If it was a random attack and needless fun then I should rightly cast her out, but if there was a reason, a true reason, then there is something for her. We're not exactly on opposite sides now." Sirius sighed running a hand through his hair.

"Bella is very smart, she is cunning and very calculative, I doubt she would have been needlessly playing, especially so much so that she got caught." Narcissa said slowly.

"That was what I thought," Sirius said,

"I know she was on an important mission that night, the four of them were given secret instructions from our Lord directly and they were sent out. The next thing I heard was that our Lord had been destroyed and they had been captured after a 3 day chase." Lucius explained and Sirius sighed, Harry tilted his head.

"What exactly happened?" He asked.

"My sister Bellatrix Lestrange, nee Black, and her husband, his brother and Barty Crouch Jr were captured and tried for the torture of the Aurors Frank and Alice Longbottom to the point of insanity."

"Whoa, that takes a lot of power." Harry muttered somewhat amazed, "When was this mission?"

"It was around the same time that our Lord went after Ro-you." Lucius said after a minute of thought.

"Odd question, but do you know the date of the Longbottom Heir's birth?"

"The day before yours," Sirius answered immediately and Harry's eyes narrowed.

"I think I know, but let me get back to you on that, and if you wait on the whole Bella situation I can get back to you on that too." Harry said to his father who sighed.

"You're not going to tell us anything else, are you?"

Harry grinned innocently.

"Nope,"

"Eat up, cubs, if you want to get your brooms." Remus said to them and the boys hurried to finish, they ate as fast as they could while still using the correct table manners. They forwent desert in favour of walking back up the alley and Draco was pointing out all the places he wanted to take Harry.

"If we get the necessities in Diagon today that would free up some time." Harry pointed out and Draco nodded.
"Ok, let's go."

Letting their parents' apperate them back to Diagon for a quick route, they glanced around before grinning.

"See you in the Quidditch shop," they yelled before they vanished in to the crowd, all the adults rolled their eyes and made towards the shop at a more sedate pace.

"Do you think they've made much improvement on the old Nimbus?" Harry asked and Draco shrugged.

"It all depends, but it doesn't matter, we both need new brooms so why would we get the old ones?" The blond pointed out.

"You make a very valid observation, Heir Malfoy,"

"Of course, Heir Black," They shared smirks and fought their way in to the shop. The broom was on display and Harry had to admit that it looked good, the sleek black handle was polished to perfection and the silver stood out brilliantly, a crisp *Nimbus 2001* was scripted on the handle and the boys shared a look.

"Hades yes,"

As if answering their calls, their parents stepped in to the shop and over to them.

"Have you seen it?" They said together and the adults smiled indulgently.

"I take it you want the broom?" Sirius said amused and Harry grinned.

"I was just going to buy it, Merlin knows I've got enough money."

"Yes, but think of it on Potter."

"Well, if you put it like that…" Harry trailed off with a smirk.

"Does this apply to you Draco?" Lucius drawled and Draco smirked.

"Of course, father, you have always told me that Malfoys only have the best."

"Very well, fetch what you like boys," They grinned and rampages the story, they bought everything they could possibly need and extra and heaped it on to the counters.

"Have you everything?"

"Except the brooms,"

"Yes, you purchase them at the counter." They're purchases were tallied up and the boys eagerly asked for brooms, which added to the total, and everything was packed up. They were lucky, it was the last two the store had for and they were limited until feedback came through, Harry and Draco shared sighs of relief at that.

"Now we have to 'browse'," Sirius said and they headed back out into the alley. It wasn't as busy
luckily and they could walk comfortably down the alley without problem. Harry and Draco were making lists of all the things they wanted or needed to buy the next time they were there and Draco said he was going to write to Theo and Blaise as soon as he got home.

"Have you heard from the twins?" Draco asked and Harry shook his head.

"Not yet, but I was going to send Hedwig soon, no one knows that she's mine so it should be safe."

"I would send an owl from elsewhere just in case, that way if you're seen with her next year then you'll definitely be in the clear." Draco suggested and Harry blinked.

"Brilliant idea, I never thought of it like that."

"That's why you need me." Draco sniffed and Harry rolled his eyes.

"Yeah yeah," He lightly shoved the blond, "I'll borrow one of Marvolo's birds."

"Have fun with that,"

"Will do,"

"Ah Rita," Sirius called brightly snapping the boys' attention back to the adults, they saw the blonde reporter walk over to Sirius with her leering smile in place.

"Lord Black, it's a pleasure," She greeted, "Mr Lupin-Black, Lord and Lady Malfoy, Heir Black, Heir Malfoy."

"Hello Rita, its good to run in to you this afternoon." Sirius said after everyone had returned her greeting.

"Yes, I fancied browsing the alley." She said in return.

"I have an offer for you," Sirius told her and she perked up.

"Oh?"

"An exclusive interview with my family at Black Manor about the results of the secret disciplinary hearing that happened today,"

She was practically salivating at this point and went to talk when Sirius held up his hand for silence, "If you don't do any interviews for Potter, until after our one has been published."

"Deal," She said immediately and Sirius smirked.

"Is tomorrow good for you?"

"Tomorrow is perfect, Lord Black," She said hurriedly and Sirius handed a silver chain.

"This will bring you to the manor gates at 1pm tomorrow, and you are welcome to bring a photographer." Sirius handed her the chain and she clutched it like it was a precious jewel.

"Thank you Lord Black, I will be there."

Sirius nodded and they parted ways, all of them exchanged smirks before they covered them.

"I think that was a success," Remus commented lightly and Sirius hummed his agreement,
"I do believe that we have the advantage here." He agreed.

"Tomorrow is going to be so much fun." Harry said in glee.

"Yes, it is."

"Now, to the potions store," Harry dragged them all to the apothecary and then proceeded to raid the entire store, the man behind the counter looked stunned with the amount of things purchased.

"That comes to 3,500 galleons." Harry easily paid and placed everything away.

"Come on, let's go home. I don't feel like more shopping today," Sirius said and Harry nodded.

"Ok," He turned to Draco, "I'll see you tomorrow, we can talk about the interview and go flying?"

"Of course, I'll see you tomorrow."

The Malfoys and the Blacks parted ways and Harry appeared back with Sirius to the manor, he cringed at the feeling of side apparition and he shook himself lightly.

"Remind me to learn how to apperate." He grumbled heading for the stairs.

"Yeah, side apparition isn't the best," Remus agreed.

"If you leave your things in your room they'll be put away, that way you can go straight out because I have a feeling you're going to be out a while."

"Yes, Marvolo is playing this vow to its limits." Harry shook his head, his nose wrinkling.

"I still can't believe the Dark Lord made a binding vow with you anyway," Sirius said, shaking his head.

"I do agree," Remus mused, "Even with everything, he would know the Prophecy to be void with your public adoption. A binding vow seems almost too much for what he gains."

"Weeeeeelll..." Harry dragged out the word and offered a somewhat sheepish look as his dad and uncle turned to look at him with a mixture of resignation and dread.

"Go on, what have you done now?" Sirius sighed, his tone filled with fond amusement for whatever he was about to hear from his son.

"He might have gave his binding vow while not exactly knowing his words were going to be binding?" Harry ended up sounding as if he was asking them a question, and it didn't help when they merely blinked at him.

"What do you mean he didn't exactly know his words were binding?" Remus asked slowly, his mind was telling him what it meant but he really didn't want to even glance at it, the mere thought made him shudder.

"So I may have caused a small distraction and while he was distracted I slipped in to Parseltongue to finalise our verbal agreement. It's subconscious for those in conversation, who have the serpent tongue gift, to answer back in Parseltongue, the language has a closer connection to magic so your own magic answers its call. For example, when you move to a foreign country you end up adopting the language or the accent because everyone else is speaking it around you. As Parseltongue is born not learned, the effect is immediate. So when I spoke Parseltongue, the Dark Lord responded in Parseltongue without thought, it just happened." Harry explained and they both nodded to show they
were following,

"Small little detail about Parseltongue is that, because it is closer to the Lady, you cannot lie, for you cannot ever lie to Magic. Because you cannot lie it means whatever you speak it the whole, pure truth, and the truth binds..." he trailing off when he noticed that both Sirius and Remus had frozen a few steps back from where they were moving through the manor. Harry turned and wanted to snicker at their looks of absolute horror as they realised that he had tricked what many considered the most powerful and most dangerous Dark Lord in history in to a binding agreement for the equivalent of half the dark empire.

"Harry," Sirius began slowly, his voice forcefully calm, "Please tell me the Dark Lord recognised and remembered that so very small detail about Parseltongue."

"Oh he recognised and remembered alright." Harry confirmed brightly.

"When exactly did he recognise and remember these details?" Remus asked, not at all fooled by the bright demeanour. Harry's cheery expression melted in to a smugly pleased smirk.

"Last week,"

Sirius released something that sounded like a whimper and a groan, holding his head in his hands, as Remus tilted his head back and looked as if he was praying to Magic.

"You tricked the Dark Lord in to a magically binding agreement." Remus confirmed, just to make sure there was absolutely no miscommunication.

"Yes,"

"And he now knows."

"Yes,"

"And you are still alive," Sirius muttered in disbelief.

"Well we are in a magically binding agreement, and you have to remember the silent words that come with all vows. He vowed to listen and use my ideas for the wizarding world, if he kills or harms me so I am no longer there to voice my ideas he cannot listen or use them, ergo he breaks the vow." Harry pointed out logically, and the two adults had to concede he did have a point. "Then there is the very helpful fact that I am his Heir, bound to the line by Salazar himself. He cannot, within magic's sight, do anything to maliciously harm me. And he will know that, being that he knows about how I come by the Heirship in the first place."

"Harrison Regulus Black, you are absolutely disgustingly brilliant." Sirius decided, a tad amazed at how so thoroughly Harry had secured him, and by extension them, a firm, safe place within the dark empire.

"I learned from Slytherin himself." He told them, "For years I watched him and then for years I was his very best student, he taught me more than any of the others, including Merlin."

"I think I am only just starting to truly understand that," Remus admitted.

"First point to survival: secure your base." Harry said, and then he grinned, "I thought the Dark Lord made an excellent one."

"Come on, Pup. You'll run out of time otherwise."
"Oh yeah, bye dad, uncle Moony." He ran off with a wave, leaving the two marauders to share a look.

"You know, Pads." Moony began, casting a look down at where Harry had run, "I think it's a complete waste of good pity to use it on the light," "Moony, good Sir, you make an excellent point. It does seem almost pointless to use it when their hope equates to less than zero."

They shared a somewhat dark grin and Remus chucked.

"At least we get front row." He pointed out lightly.

Sirius laughed.

"Good afternoon, one of darkness. How does one find one's self?" Harry greeted cheerfully when he strolled on into Marvolo's study without so much as knocking. The Dark Lord blinked once and went to speak before he decided against it and shook his head, it wasn't worth the headache, and Harry grinned.

"I thought it was a wonderful day too," Harry agreed as he took his seat, "Simply splendid," "I take it that the hearing was to your favour?"

"Yes, pleasantly so, and dear Rita is going to be at Black Manor tomorrow for that exclusive." Harry told him with a smirk, which Marvolo returned.

"So the mighty will fall," "Oh yes, and I get front row."

"I will enjoy it, but not as much as Dumbledore's fall."

"Dumbledore will crumble almost instantly as soon as I reach my 5th year, but of course that is on you and how you wish to break him." Harry said and Marvolo nodded.

"Indeed, with the power we hold together, Dumbledore would not be able to oppose us, but I will be taking pleasure in ruining him throughout the build up."

"I thought as much," Harry grinned before sitting forward, "Now, on to more serious matters."

"Go on?"

"On the night you came after me, you sent some of your most loyal after the Longbottoms, yes?"

"That is correct, Bella, Rodolphus, Rabastan and Barty."

"Was that because Neville was the other child of the prophecy?" Harry asked and Marvolo nodded slowly.

"Yes, the child also fit the bill, but I chose you for a number of reasons. However, I was not willing
to take the risk and in the end I sent my most loyal after the other potential."

"I thought as much, I wasn't too sure so I thought I'd clarify before mentioning it."

"What brought this up?"

"Today we were talking about the Black family and Sirius brought up Bellatrix and not knowing what to do with her, because if she had a purpose she would stay on the tree, however, if she didn't then it would be goodbye Bella." Harry told him and Marvolo hummed.

"Bellatrix was one of, if not, the best I had, loyal to the core and extremely powerful. I do not know the exact details around her capture, but I believe the only reason she wouldn't have left when given the chance was because she had failed her mission, something that she would have deeply taken to heart. Bella is the only person to never fail a direct order from me, even Lucius and Severus have had a few failures."

"She was your favourite?"

"Yes, no doubt about that, I could rely on Bella and I did often. Despite rumours and popular belief, I was not a crazy megalomaniac during my power and my Death Eaters were not mere slaves under my power. I had an army and it was regimented as an army. Bella, Lucius, Severus and Izar Nott were my most trusted followed by Barty Crouch Jr, the Lestrange brothers and Antonin Dolohov. They were my Elite. Then I had my inner circle, they were filled with powerful duellists and those in positions of power and information, I had someone from the DoM, some from the auror department, hit wizard and ones working close to the head office. Following that, it was my outer circle, those who were selected in teams and units, they could infiltrate and go on raids. Finally there my sympathisers, those like Narcissa who were healers and unmarked and the magical creatures that were under my command."

"I really did screw a lot of things up, didn't I?" Harry said blinking owlishly, Marvolo threw him a filthy look that had Harry holding up his hands in defence despite the fact he was smirking.

"Yes,"

"Next time you are not going to listen to a prophet." Harry said cheerfully, Marvolo gave him a look of contempt.

"I doubt that Azkaban will have left Bella unaffected, however, if she is removed then she can be healed."

"I have never been exposed to dementors,"

"They are not pleasant." Marvolo said, "They are creatures that remove all positive emotions leaving you with nothing but despair and anguish, they force you to relive your worst memories over and over until eventually you are insane. There is only one known protection against them; the Patronus Charm."

"The Patronus Charm, I've never heard of that spell before." Harry said in interest.

"You will need to learn it, but it may take some time. It is a notoriously difficult spell and many fully grown adults cannot cast it."

"How difficult are we talking about?" Harry asked slowly.

"I know only my Elite could cast a successful patronus, very few of my others could."
"Hm, what's the incantation?"

"Expecto Patronum, you are supposed to concentrate on a happy memory, a strong one, but when you are apt at casting and have a deep connection with your magic you can merely use the intent." Marvolo told him and Harry nodded, he closed his eyes and went through his mind, he pulled up the positive energy many of his memories brought him, and his mind flashed with many times with Salazar.

"Expecto Patronum,"

Something bright white shot from his hands and when Harry opened his eyes he saw a huge, glowing snake twisting around the room before it came back to Harry and reared up. Harry studied it and grinned, it looked exactly like Salazar in his animagus form, he let it dissipate and nodded to himself.

"That was very impressive," Marvolo said, he was looking at Harry with an unreadable expression on his face,

"Thanks, I felt how draining it is, but I think I should be able to have it through intent only within a week."

"I would say that was impossible, but you just produced a Patronus on a first attempt so I will refrain from saying so."

"Yeah, the impossible doesn't really work for me." Harry shrugged and Marvolo scoffed.

"You don't say," the sarcasm was obvious and Harry grinned.

"If the dementors are as bad as you say, of which I don't doubt, then there is a chance that your people are going to be in less than healthy state. It is pointless working on bringing them from Azkaban if they cannot be healed, their bodies are going to be emancipated and their minds unstable at best."

"Yes, which is the main concern for their return, but there are no potions to correct the damages from dementors and the potions that will heal individual parts cannot be mixed making the healing process slow even by magical means." Marvolo sighed and Harry tilted his head.

"No potions yet," Harry corrected, "If you get me a list of all the potions used to heal, I will see what I can do to create an amalgamation of them or even just doubling them up."

"I will leave that to you as I plan on infiltrating the prison itself."

"How hard do you estimate?"

"It isn't called Azkaban fortress because you can walk through the door, Harrison."

"Difficult then,"

"Potentially problematic yes, however I am not worried about getting on to the island, more over the difficulty of retrieving and returning."

"Do you know where yours are?"

"All of them are bound to be high security, but I shall have Lucius retrieve their positions for me."

"I can pass that message on today if you wish, to save the wait."
"Yes, that will be much appreciated, I can finalise my plans with that information, but even with Severus and Lucius with able bodies, it is going to be difficult getting off the island and I do not wish to call any other of my followers until my Elite are in perfect condition once more."

"I can get the inmates of the island and back here," Harry said his head tilted in thought, Marvolo raised a sceptical eyebrow and Harrison sighed.

"How long is it going to take before you finally believe I'm not a weak 11 year old?"

"A while,"

"Fine, but seeing as I've thrown most expectations out of the window, will you give me the benefit of the doubt?"

"Go on,"

"If you can get on to the island, with me, and we can free all of yours, I can get them off the island undetected."

"And how do you propose you do that?" Marvolo drawled and Harry rolled his eyes, he got up and walked to the other side of the room.

"You know how I said I still had a few surprises for you?" Harry asked pleasantly and Marvolo nodded.

"Yes,"

"I think this one is definitely one of the best."

And with that Harry burst in to flames and appeared in the opposite side of the room in the same fashion, Marvolo gaped at the spot Harry was just in and turned slowly to where he was stood now.

"Questions?" Harry said lightly, he couldn't help the massive smirk on his face, there was something unusually pleasing about surprising the all powerful Dark Lord.

"You just burst in to flames." Marvolo stated when he had gotten himself together.

"Yes, yes I did."

"And moved,"

"Yup,"

"You can transport yourself via flames."

"Yup, with others too," Harry told him brightly and Marvolo just blinked, "You've got nothing to say have you?"

"You know what?" Marvolo said, "I have nothing because that isn't normal."

"I'm not normal, Marvolo, I thought we established that?"

"Sometimes I get sceptical."

"Don't I know it?" Harry muttered.
"What are you, part phoenix?" He demanded and Harry grinned.

"Yes," He answered simply and Marvolo looked at him blankly.

"What do you mean 'yes'?"

"I mean, yes." Harry knew he deserved the stinging hex aimed at his head eve if he blocked it grinning. "That was mean,"

"I am mean, now explain."

Harry rolled his eyes, but transformed in to his black phoenix and soared around the room before changing back and sitting back down.

"Ta dah!"

"You take an inordinate amount of pleasure in this, don't you?"

"More than you know," Harry agreed in complete honestly.

"So your animagus is a black phoenix which enables you to move via flames."

"Yes, it took myself and Sal a while to incorporate it in to human form, but we got there. I'm surprised you didn't work it out though."

"How was I supposed to know that? While I am known for having superior intelligence, this is something out of my range along with most things about you."

"I fell over 50ft on to solid ground and did not die, I think that would have been a big clue." Harry shrugged and Marvolo rolled his eyes.

"Moving back to the topic at hand; this simplifies things. If we can get on to the island undetected, you can get us back undetected, there would be know way to alert anyone of any suspiscious happenings and Dumbledore is going to be too busy trying to save face for Potter that he isn't going to be looking for my activities."

"I shall speak with uncle Lucius and he will have the information to you ASAP. I need the list of potions and then I can get working on that as well as correctly dismantling the wolfsbane, without harming myself this time and then I can prepare for this interview." Harry took a breath and they groaned, "Damn, that's a lot of stuff."

"Binding vow," Was the only thing Marvolo said and Harry threw him a withering look.

"Yeah yeah," Harry waved him off, "Potions list if you will?" With two flicks of his wand, Marvolo had a list of potions needed and handed it to Harry, who tucked it away.

"Anything else?" Harry questioned

"No, not until I know where they all are." Marvolo replied and Harry nodded.

"I'll probably be over here tomorrow after the interview to work in the library." Harry said, "Au Revoir," He saluted and burst in to flames.

"That child is going to forever surprise me." Marvolo sighed.

Harry landed in the floo room of Malfoy Manor and skipped up to the lounge, Narcissa was sat there
drinking tea and looked up at Harry with a smile.

"Hello, Harrison,"

"Hi, aunt Cissa,"

"Can I help you with anything dear?"

"I have to speak with uncle Lucius, I'm the messenger."

"Oh, well he's currently in his study, an elf will take you."

"Thanks,"

Harry followed the elf up and knocked on the door he was shown too, he waited to be called and then stepped in. It was decorated in tones of blue and soft gold making it quite warm, Lucius looked up with a smile.

"Harrison, I was not expecting to see you again today."

"Hello, Uncle," Harry greeted, "Yes, I'm here with a message."

"Oh, sit down."

Harry sat in an extremely soft blue chair and made a note to get himself one.

"I've just come from the castle and Marvolo wants you to find out the placement of all his Elite in Azkaban."

Lucius blinked at that.

"Their placements?"

"Yes, he wants to know where in the fortress they are and having their security detail wouldn't go amiss, and he wants them at the quickest possible time."

"Is he planning on removing them?"

"He's planning a few things, yes,"

"I will have them by tomorrow, the day after at the latest."

"Good, my work here is done. I now have to throw in a lot of hours of study."

"What are you studying for?"

"Well, I was speaking to Marvolo and we've come to the agreement that even if we can retrieve his people from Azkaban, the main problem is going to be healing them because of the potions counteracting each other so I'm going to be spending a lot of time, and utilising Severus as much as I can, to create a single potion that practically counteract the effects of the dementors, hopefully."

"That is a lot to work for, are you sure I can do it?" Lucius asked and Harry waved him off.

"I've already got ideas, but this is easy compared to what Salazar expects me to do. If I can get this done soon then the Elite can be taken from Azkaban,"

"Very well, is this the only thing your doing?" Lucius asked and Harry shook his head.
"No, I'm going to be with Marvolo transporting the Elite back to wherever he's taking them, that way we can remain undetected." Harry told him and Lucius blinked.

"Harrison, I know you are a remarkable wizard despite your age, but I do not believe your father will be too accepting of the idea of you infiltrating Azkaban Island." Lucius said to him and Harry frowned.

"Why?"

"Because you are only 11 and Azkaban is a place that most adults fear to approach."

"Yes, but I'll be fine, besides, I learned the patronus today." Harry waved him off.

"Be that as it may- wait, you learned the patronus charm today?"

"Yes, Marvolo said it was the only defence against dementors so I thought I should learn it. It's been a while since I've learned a brand new spell."

"You can't learn the patronus in a day, its just not possible."

"Expecto Patronum," Harry chanted and the same snake shot from his wand and slithered around the room before he let it fade.

"Ok, you apparently can," Lucius corrected with a shake his head, "That is irrelevant when it comes to the fact that Sirius will not indulge your thought to go to Azkaban."

"I don't see why," Harry shook his head bewildered.

"Maybe you should speak to Sirius about that."

"Fine, but I don't think he should be worried, I mean, Marvolo is going to be there as well as you and Severus probably." Harry got up, "I shall inform him that you will have the information ASAP."

"Goodbye, Harrison,"

Harry vanished with a wave, he floo'd home after saying goodbye to Narcissa and skipped off to the dining room where Remus and Sirius were sat.

"Hey Pup, your back,"

"Yeah, hey dad, Moony,"

"Hello cub, what's up, there's something on your mind." Remus noted and Harry sighed and sat down.

"Its just something uncle Lucius said." Harry said absently.

"Oh what was that?"

"Well, I was passing on a message from Marvolo, and he was under the impression that you would be worried about me if I went to Azkaban with Marvolo."

Both adults spat out their drinks and were overcome with hacking coughs, Harry wiped his face and cleaned up the mess with a wave of his hands.

"Ew,"
"What do you mean go to Azkaban with him, you're not going within 200ft of Azkaban." Sirius exclaimed, once he had recovered the ability to breathe normally again, and Harry blinked at him slowly.

"Huh?"

"You are not going to Azkaban!"

"Why not?" Harry questioned puzzled, both of the adults looked at him as if he had grown a second head.

"Harrison, you are eleven years old, you are not going to the most feared place in wizarding Britain." Sirius told him firmly.

"But I have to go, Marvolo was sceptical about me being involved in the first place, I've only just convinced him to build his plans around me being there." Harry said indignantly, "I learned the patronus for this and everything."

"Cub, we are not going to allow you to go to Azkaban what so ever, Dark Lord or not." Remus stated and Harry scowled.

"What if you come with me?"

"Not- wait what?"

"If your not going to let me go alone and as I'm needed there, why don't you come with me-us?" Harry suggested mentally making a note to speak with Marvolo again.

"I'll think about it of your so determined, but this idea should be pushed way way way back in your mind." Sirius warned and Harry grinned.

"Thanks dad,"

Harry was positively bouncing with excitement when he went down for breakfast, the mere thought of the interview bringing a large grin to his face and he wasn't surprised to see Sirius and Remus were just the same.

"I'm literally counting down the hours." Harry said, "What's the plan?"

"I was thinking we could allow Rita to see the grounds of Black manor and take her on the brief tour of the manor itself before settling in the formal lounge and having drinks while we commence with the interview." Sirius said pompously and Harrison smirked.

"And of course we shall allow photos in front of the elusive Black Manor,"

"Obviously," Remus drawled and then they all laughed.

"Your new Heir robes have finally been delivered, Harrison, wear them for this afternoon." Sirius said and Harry nodded.

"Got it,"
"And if you could try and stay in the library because the elves are on a mission to have this place gleaming by 12."

"I did wonder why Kip came back dusty." Harry mused.

"Have you finished your school work, Cub?"

"Yes Moony, its all done."

"So what are you working on, you always seem to be studying?"

"Well, I'm working on some new potions and I'm trying to get a working formula before I even think of trying to construct it, and now I have another one to be working on for Marvolo." Harry told him and Remus eyebrows went up.

"You're creating two new potions?"

"Well the first one is more of a formula, Salazar set me a challenge and I only have three months to finish, but if the formula is workable then I can construct it and work out the variables, so I have high hopes. Then the second is more of a collaboration of other potions to make a super potion, I'll be going to see Severus soon to see if we can work together and get it made faster."

"Do you plan on having a break any time during the holidays?" Remus asked amused and Harry laughed.

"Of course,"

"Do I get to see all this work?"

"Yes, come on Moony," Harry led him up to the library and snapped his fingers summoning his work, he laid it out and Remus' eyes widened as he looked over everything.

"This is amazing, Cub."

"Thanks, they're only ideas at the moment. Because I discovered all the ingredients that Sal left me I have to go over all of my previous workings to see if I can still use them, luckily I always keep a copy of my workings until I've found the correct formula." Harry explained and Remus whistled impressed.

"Is there any other subjects that you excel at?"

"Nothing as much as potions I guess, but my duelling is up to standard and my spell creation is much more ahead than most." Harry mused after a moment of thought.

"We haven't seen you duel yet," Remus pointed out.

"I know, I'm kinda slacking at my training, Salazar would be horrified. I'll take up my training again, and I may just happen to have one at the castle, that way I can really shock Marvolo." Harry told him, "And I haven't truly been able to work on my blades nor my bow."

"You know how to work with both?" Remus said in surprise, and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, I was taught well with both. I have customised daggers for my blades and a customised bow with arrows." Harry told him, "I was terrible at the bow and arrow first of all, but I'm pretty good now."
"I'd love to see you duel, use your blades and see you shoot." Remus decided.

"You'll probably see me duel by the end of the summer, which means you'll see my blades. As for my bow, well, I am sure we can set up targets; I said I would teach Draco anyway."

"Wonderful,"

"No doubt Marvolo wants to see anyway."

"How did your conversation with him go, properly?" Remus questioned and Harry smirked.

"You should have seen it, Moony, the all-powerful Dark Lord left speechless on multiple times!" Harry said in excitement, and Remus couldn't help but laugh at his enthusiasm.

"How much pleasure did you take in that?"

"So much, and he knows it, but its funny because he doesn't know how much I have or haven't told him. Like today when I showed him my flaming, he was stunned."

"You know, even though we are technically dark now and we've met the Dark Lord, it's still strange to not think of him as the big bad monster from last time. Especially because before we've only see the bad things, I mean we've heard rumours of how he was as a leader, how he was crazy and on the battle field he didn't present the image of sanity. But to actually meet him, to speak to him and to hear you speak about him like he's an actual human, its surreal." Remus had a distant look in his eye and shook his head coming back to reality. Harry smiled.

"I don't know what it was like before so I can't comment, but I know what I do about him now and he is pretty intense. He's always been human though," Harry added the last point as an afterthought.

"It was hard to see him like an ordinary person because there was nothing ordinary about him, and on the battlefield, watching and feeling him wield his power, it was inhuman." Remus said.

"I've felt his magic, and he has it in buckets. I haven't seen him use it properly yet, but I know it will be something incredible."

"I can't wait to see you duel, we've felt your magic, I want to see you use it."

Harry grinned at that.

"I know I can duel, I beat Ric;"

"You beat Godric Gryffindor in a duel!" Remus exclaimed and Harry nodded proudly.

"Yes, took me years, but I eventually did it."

"Now I'm really looking forward to it."

An elf popped in and called them for lunch, Sirius was sat at the table already and he greeted them with a grin.

"Everything is sorted and in place, Rita will be here in an hour so that means showers and changing after lunch." He told them and they nodded.

"Yes, dad,"

"Of course, Pads,"
"Good,"

Harry was the first one to finish and he vanished up to his rooms, he had a quick shower and was surprised when his elf was there to help him dress; Harry soon understood why. The full Heir robes, ones he had not worn before, were very intricate and very layered. The first one was his trousers and a shirt, then a thin, light black inner robe, followed by a thin but weighty inner robe which was royal blue, that was covered by the outer robe which was silver and allowed the blue to show through in certain places giving a stylish look and it was finished with a black open robe with the Black family crest printed proudly giving it a rich finish.

Harry looked at himself in the mirror and smirked, it was a nice look, but highly unnecessary in everyday life. Harry walked quickly down to the formal lounge, casting a spell to settle his hair in to position as he moved. It was five minutes to one and he shut up his Occlumency shields, he had to be perfectly composed today. Sirius and Remus were already present, they looked like the perfect Pureblood couple and Harry stood on in the doorway with a smirk.

"Well don't we all look fine?" He drawled and Sirius smirked.

"We are of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, of course we look good."

"I still can't believe I've gotten used to this lifestyle." Remus shook his head and Sirius smiled.

"I told you you would."

"Yeah yeah,"

The alarm sounded and they made their way to the entrance hall, Harry took Sirius' right while Remus was on the left and they stood just back as one of the elves opened the door. All their expressions were blank and they were stood tall and proud as their guests slowly entered the building, Rita and her photographer were gazing around with uncompromised awe, much to the Blacks pride. Sirius cleared his throat.

"Good Afternoon, Rita, I am glad you could make this meeting." He greeted coolly, Rita's attention snapped to them and Harry could see the glint enter her eyes.

"Lord Black, I thank you for this amazing opportunity, to be in the elusive Black Manor is a once in a lifetime chance." She gushed walked forward, "Your manor is stunning,"

Sirius's expression morphed in to a detached smirk.

"Yes, it does hold a certain charm." Sirius agreed candidly.

"Will you permit a photo as you are now? The image you present is amazing."

Harry bit back his smirk as Sirius graciously nodded, they held their position as the camera snapped a few shots.

"Miss Skeeter, would you care for a small tour of the manor and its grounds? You may find something else you wish to photograph." Harrison offered and her eyes lit up.

"I would be honoured, Heir Black,"

Harrison led them out and through the beautiful flower gardens to the side, Sirius began a small running commentary of the facts about the grounds and what Black did what. They moved around to see the view it presented and the photographer snapped up some shots of the stretch of lake and the
mountain views, they brushed passed the greenhouses and the other gardens before heading in.

"Now the manor itself is still its original structure when it was first constructed by Cepheus Black II in 1072, however, my grandfather, the late Arcturus Black III redesigned the inner design and room layouts to create the piece you see today." Sirius told them and Rita was happily writing everything down as the man was photographing anything Sirius gave the ok to. The famous Black library drew an astonished gasp from both the guests and Rita was hurriedly scribbling down how impressive it was. Finally they led them back to the formal lounge where they posed for another picture in front of the crest.

"I am astounded at the beauty of your Manor, Lord Black," Rita said and Harry knew she was being honest.

"Thank you, Rita," Sirius said, "Would you care for afternoon refreshments?"

"Yes please,"

They all took seats and an elf popped in without so much as a summons from Sirius with afternoon tea, fresh lemonade and a selection of, no doubt, hand made biscuits. After a few more pleasantries and questions about the manor, Sirius brought the topic on to the one they wanted.

"As you know myself and my associates have been pushing for action against the Potter Heiress, Rosina, after her brutal attack against my son and Heir." Sirius said and her attention refocused.

"Yes, Headmaster Dumbledore and Lord Potter were adamant that it was an accident and the ministry was not moving despite the startling evidence."

"Yes, it was most unfortunate, however, I was not about to allow something of such severity go unpunished, so I spoke to the minister directly. We decided it would be best to pursue a civil case opposed to a high profile criminal case, and a hearing took place in front of the Head of Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Madam Amelia Bones."

"It was accepted as a reasonable case then?"

"Yes, it seems that there were others that spoke up also," Remus confirmed.

"When was the hearing?"

"Yesterday and I am pleased to say that Heiress Rosina Potter was found guilty of assault against an Heir of a Noble and Most Ancient House. She was sentenced to a two year flying ban and fined 1.5 million galleons. This was based of the evidence that was collected by an independent source and the given testimonies and was witnessed by aurors." Sirius told them lightly and Rita gasped.

"She was found guilty?" Rita repeated in a hushed whisper.

"Yes,"

"This is definite, this is proof that they were lying. When this reaches the public's knowledge, it will cause outrage, the nation's hero is no better than a common thug." She whispered astounded, and Harry nearly rubbed his hands together like an evil genius, but he refrained from doing so because that would have been strange in front of guests.

"I find it disgusting that this was almost covered up just because she was labelled as a hero." Sirius shook his head and Rita nodded emphatically.
"It is unacceptable behaviour," She agreed before turning to Harrison, "How do you feel with result?"

Harry looked down shyly,

"I am glad that she's being punished, I don't understand why she would resort to something so horrible. I know we haven't exactly gotten along, but I nearly died and it made me lose faith when the apparent leaders of our world were covering for her." He fiddled with his robes and shifted for effect, "I am glad that some people within our ministry still believe in thorough justice."

"Yes, it brings back a sense of hope to know not everyone is corrupt." Rita said and Harry had to bite his lip, luckily it made him look more nervous.

"Now, we merely have to hope that the House of Potter honours the sentence." Remus stated with a touch of indifference.

"Surely they would? It would be foolish not to." Rita said in slight confusion, but Sirius raised a shoulder slightly.

"They claimed that the hearing was 'bought' merely because the evidence spoke for itself, Lord Potter was nearly charged with harassment of a government official."

"The disgrace,"

"I have never been more proud to be a Black then at that moment." Harry said honestly and Rita nodded.

"It is understandable, given the circumstances of the situation; no one would blame you for that."

Sirius, Remus and Rita went over the final details of the hearing while Harry sat back and made it so he looked to be listening as his own thoughts ran wild, he couldn't wait until the article was published, it was going to be huge just like the ones before – only more. Harry tilted his head as he felt a rippled in the wards and he saw Sirius' shoulders stiffen indicating he wasn't the only one.

There was a sound of a portkey and someone landing in the entrance hall, Harry was on his feet running to the hall as there was only one person who had a portkey to Black manor and when he slid around to corner he froze in horror.

Harry paid no attention to the hurrying footsteps following him as his eyes landed on a bloody and beaten Lily Potter. Her robes were ripped and torn, barely covering her battered form. She was thin, more than that, her skin looked stretched across her bones and her hair was dull and lifeless. Layers of bruises littered the sickly pale skin, some looking weeks old and others looking fresh. Some of her bones were in obviously broken and there were nasty slashes over her which were bleeding heavily. Hand shape bruises could just be picked out amongst the mess including one on her throat and wrists, she was sporting two black eyes and a split lip and her breathing was clearly laboured.

"Sev'rus," she gasped, "Get Sev'rus, please,"

And then she collapsed.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is up. Thanks guys!
Harry finally snapped out of his shock as Sirius rushed over and checked her pulse and cursed.

"I need Narcissa," He barked out and Harry nodded, he ran to the floo room and vanished to Malfoy Manor. He didn't even wait for the elf to greet him, he ran up the stairs and along to the sunroom, Harry all but fell in to the room startling Narcissa.

"Harrison, what's happened?"

"It's Lily, it was worse than we thought." He told her and her eyes widened in shock before her mask returned and she snapped for her healing kit.

"She's at the manor, I have to get Severus." Harry said and ran back to the floo room knowing Narcissa would get her kit and go over.

"Hogwarts, Severus Snape's quarters." He called and stepped through, Severus wasn't in the living space meaning he was in his lab so Harry darted down the hall. He knocked quickly and entered, multiple cauldrons were bubbling and the Potions Master was focussing on a blood red one.

"Harrison, how can I help you?"

Harry looked at all the potions and identified them easily, he waved his hand and placed then all under stasis.

"You have to come with me," He said waving his hand to preserve the ingredients.

"What are you doing?"

"Like I said, you have to come with me." Harry repeated and when the man merely raised an eyebrow Harry grimaced, "It's Lily."

Severus' dark gaze suddenly became a lot more intense.

"What about Lily? Is she ok?"
Harry blinked and mentally changed small soft spot to massive dent at the underlining of steel Severus' voice suddenly had.

"Just come with me and make sure your shields are up in full, ok." Harry sighed, he wasn't dealing with an irate Professor, who was very apt at duelling and dark arts.

"Do I need anything?"

"Your spare advanced healing kit," Harry reluctantly answered, knowing he didn't have any back up potions available at the manor, and then he winced as Snape's eyes flashed dangerously. He hadn't seen such an expression on the usually stoic man's face, it promised a lot of severe pain for whoever it was directed at. Harry almost felt sorry for Potter, almost, especially given the fact that Severus hadn't even seen Lily yet.

This should be delightful, Harry thought sarcastically. The man waved his wand and a black case filled with the necessary potions, he waved it again to rectify his appearance and headed for the fire place. Harry floo'd back to the manor closely followed by Severus and headed up, snapping his fingers for an elf as he moved.

"Where is my father and aunt Narcissa?"

"They is in the 4th guest room on the Masters’ floor, young Master. They is trying to fix Miss Lily." Harry nodded and picked up speed, he dashed up to Sirius' room and ran four doors down where the doors was open and voices could be heard.

"I am running a diagnostic now, try and stem the blood flow." Harry heard and stepped out of the way for Snape to rush in and begin helping. Lily was paler than when she arrived, something Harry didn't think was possible, and laid out on the large bed made it seem all the more worse. Sirius was stood back, watching as Narcissa moved frantically trying to stop the blood flow with little success, Severus was administering potions on command to lessen her burden but his body was wound tighter than a spring. Narcissa gasped and all eyes turned to her, there were tears in the crystal blue eyes and that was never a good sign.

"What is it?" Snape demanded and Narcissa shook her head, she began waving her wand and ordering Severus to spell in the needed potions while Harry and Sirius stood back. They were working at a furious pace and slowly, but surely, the cuts and broken bones were healed as much as could be at that very point. Narcissa rolled her over on to her newly healed front, hissing as more wounds appeared.

"Bastard,"

Harry's eyes locked on to Lily's back and his magic spiked. Carved on to the pale flesh was the word 'Bitch' and underneath was a scar that read 'whore', curses went around and Harry clenched his fist.

"I need you all to leave now," Narcissa said and there was a definite catch in her voice.

"I'm not leaving her." Snape stated.

"You will listen or so help me Severus Snape,"

They glared at each other until Snape relented and vanished from the room where the door was closed behind them. Severus immediately began pacing furiously and Harry knew it would only take one more thing before the man blew. Remus came running down the corridor with his eyes flashing amber.
"How is she?"

"Narcissa is still working on her, she told us to leave for some reason."

Remus eyes narrowed before they widened and he shook his head in denial.

"No, he wouldn't," He breathed in horror.

"What do you know wolf?" Severus snarled pinning Remus with a death glare.

"I can only think of one reason why Narcissa would ask 3 males to leave the room." He said slowly, Harry tilted his head with a frown before his head snapped up and the air got very think with magic. Harry's eyes shone with power as his magic leaked beyond his control.

"Sso help him if he hasss," He hissed just as Narcissa stepped out of the room, Remus and Harry pinned her with a look.

"Tell me he hasn't," Harry said in a controlled voice. Slow tears ran from Narcissa's eyes and she nodded her head morosely, the ornate, and probably very expensive, vase exploded and Harry viciously cursed.

"What happened to my Lily?"

No one chose to mention the alteration in that sentence.

"She shows signs of abuse dating years back and," Narcissa choked and by the growing rage in the dark eyes, Snape knew where this was going.

"And she's be raped multiple times,"

Sirius gathered Narcissa in his arms as she burst in to tears, Remus released a snarl his eyes bright amber and his long canines on show, but it was Severus who Harry was watching. The Potions Master was still, not ever his eyes were moving and he took a deep breath, he turned and strode purposely away from the room, much to the surprise of everyone. Harry blinked a few times and then hurried to follow him.

"Where are you going?" Harry questioned slightly confused, he didn't think Severus would want to leave Lily.

"I am going to kill James Potter." Was the calm and pleasant reply before he apperated away, Harry blinked before it clicked what he had said.

"Oh shit," He bolted back up the stairs.

"Where's uncle Lucius?"

"He was at the ministry, he should be at home now in his study." Narcissa said in a thick voice.

"Where's Sev gone and why do you need Lucius?" Sirius questioned.

"I need Lucius because Sev has gone to kill James Potter." Harry explained and their eyes widened.

"What?"

"Yeah, just told me and apperated out."
"He can't actually be thinking of killing Potter right now?" Sirius exclaimed in alarm.

"I have no idea which is why I need uncle Lucius, he knows him better than the rest of us."

"I'll come with you, cub," Remus decided and the pair of them rushed off. Remus and Harry floo'd to Malfoy manor and literally ran up to Lucius' study, Harry knocked hurriedly and the blond aristocrat pulled open the door.

"What in Merlin's name are you doing?"

"Sorry," Harry apologized, "But we have a problem."

"What is it?"

"Severus has gone to murder James Potter and we need you to help us stop him." Remus explained quickly and Lucius blinked.

"Excuse me?"

"Long story short, Potter's been abusing Lily, she arrived at Black manor a mess and it turns out she's been raped multiple times." Harry explained briefly, "Severus just left to kill James."

Lucius' expression darkened quickly and he snatched his cane up.

"Let's go," They moved swiftly through the manor and Lucius cast an eye back, "Where are the Potters living?"

"At the manor," Remus answered.

"And Severus, what did he do before he left?" Lucius asked gathering information.

"Um he was still before he left for the entrance hall and when I asked him what he was doing he said he was going to kill James Potter." Harry answered, Lucius frowned before cringing.

"How did he say that to you?"

"He was calm, way too calm and it sounded almost pleasant." Harry said slowly and Lucius cursed.

"He's forgoing cunning, he's gone straight to Potter Manor,"

"What? He wouldn't do that, surely? He could never get in." Remus exclaimed and Lucius shook his head.

"There are only 3 times I have seen Severus in the state of what you described, the people he went after were never seen again. He will get through the wards if he wants too."

"How would he even know how to get there?" Harry questioned, "Getting through the wards I can understand, there are ways to do so even if they are incredibly dangerous. But Potter Manor, like most Pureblood manors, is unplottable, he would never find it and I can hardly see James ever letting Severus near his home."

"Normally, I would agree that he would not be able to find it." Lucius told him, turning to face them now they were in his own entrance hall. "But you have to understand that Severus and Lily Potter used to be inseparable, they grew up together, in the same small town. Severus knows her magic, he could follow any remnants of it even if it was weeks old."
Harry blinked at that, following a magical trail was difficult enough, but to do so at such an extent was almost unheard of. They all shared a look before Remus apperated them to the manor, being that he had been there quite frequently in the past. The first thing which was clear was that the wards were close to being pierced, the second thing was the Severus Snape was a very angry individual.

"Severus, you cannot kill James Potter," Remus said alarmed.

"Oh but I can," it was the same calm and pleasant tone he used with Harry earlier.

"No, you can't kill him yet and you cannot especially kill him in his own manor." Harry said to him.

"I really can." He replied and stepped back, he waved his wand and the wards flashed allowing him to walk through them, Remus and Lucius went to follow him but they were thrown backwards rather violently. Harry cursed, torn between making sure the pair were alright and stopping Severus. When Remus groaned he decided on Severus, approaching the ward line carefully. He could barely see Severus now but it was easy enough to burst in to flames and appear right on his heels, just as James Potter burst through the front doors.

"What the hell are you doing on my property, Snivellus?" Potter snarled, but Severus didn't even deem him worthy of a verbal answer, instead his wand slashed his wand through the air sending a sickly red beam at the Potter Lord. They began to duel instantly, and Harry stayed back so he didn't get caught in the crossfire. He knew that Severus Snape was very able with a wand, but Harrison had to admit he was highly impressed with the man's capabilities as a duellist. Harry took up a stance to deflect the spells that came towards him, he saw Snape was, in fact, going to kill him and Potter really wasn't helping himself.

"I bet that slut of a wife came running back to your greasy hands," James spat, "Dirty little whore, I made sure no one would want to look let alone touch that again."

"You, Potter, are going to die a very painful death." Severus hissed, "Centroncidit."

Harry's widened at that, that was a very old spell, and a very nasty one he knew, Salazar had showed him it once, but it was in the category of spells he wasn't allow to use yet. It manipulated the persons own magic to shred their insides, and because it was their own magic it couldn't be countered by an outside source. James barely avoided the spell, throwing himself to the ground and rolling away with the force, it gave Harry just enough time to leap at Severus and burst in to flames. They landed where Remus and Lucius were waiting, they seemed recovered enough, if a little winded. Severus, unused to traveling through flames, stumbled away from Harry and shakily sank to his knees to regain his equilibrium. Harry took the opportunity to stun him while his guard was down so the man didn't try to kill him.

"What happened?" Remus asked warily, flicking his wand to levitate Severus and then taking a physical hold of him.

"Well Potter would be dead if it wasn't for his very quick reflexes." Harry told them, "The stupid fool was taunting him."

"Oh Merlin, is he that dense?" Lucius wondered, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Apparently,"

"Let's get back to the manor before Lily wakes."

They all apperated away, Lucius taking Harry with him and Remus carried Severus, when they arrived in the entrance hall Harry shut down all apperation in and out temporarily. He cautiously
woke Severus up with a wave of his hand and they all stepped back as the man blinked before rising
gracefully to his feet, he turned towards Harry with a glare and Harry swallowed.

"Before you yell at me, you need to calm down and get it together." Harry said quickly.

"Why did you feel the need to forcefully remove me from Potter's presence?" Snape's voice was
deadly soft and quiet showing his anger, Snape didn't shout when he was angry, the soft almost
whisper like tone was much scarier. Harry didn't say anything knowing it would fall on deaf ears,
Lucius, however, was having none of it and physically whacked Severus around the head much to
the shock of all of them.

"Did you just hit me?" Snape asked the blond, slowly turning to face the Sr Malfoy.

"I did," He drawled, "And if you do not correct this atrocious behaviour I will do so again. You are a
master Occlumens Severus Tobias Snape and if you do not begin to act like one I will stun you
myself. Strengthen your shields, control your anger and get it together man." Lucius tone was
clipped and sharp and it seemed to register in the other's mind. After around a minute Severus
released a calm breath and his shoulders relaxed minimally.

"I apologise, Lucius, I do not know what I was thinking."

"Clearly," the blond snapped, Snape sneered at him and Harry exchanged a look with Remus who
was equally confused.

"Are you going to sit with Lily until she wakes?" Harry asked, "She did ask for you."

"She did?"

"Yes, I would not have come to you until she was at least healed otherwise." Harry told him with a
quirk of his lips, Severus merely nodded and walked back up to where Lily was resting. Sirius and
Narcissa were there watching her and the blond rushed to her husband as soon as he entered, where
Lucius hushed her gently. Severus sat on Lily's right and took her hand, the dark eyes were assessing
her entire form, Narcissa had redressed her carefully and cleaned her up putting her in soft pyjamas.

"Let's go to the lounge." Sirius murmured motioning for the party to leave Severus alone, Harry led
the way down to the top sitting room where Jip popped in with much needed drinks.

"What happened?" Sirius asked after a few minutes of silence.

"He nearly killed Potter." Harry said, "The only reason he didn't was because I grabbed him just
before he could cast again."

"Please tell me this wasn't in public."

"No, at the manor," Remus reassured and Sirius sighed in relief.

"Thank Merlin for small miracles. But how did he get in?"

"Broke through the wards somehow," Harry shrugged.

"How is that even possible?" Sirius said confused.

"I have no idea, but when everything settles down you can bet I will be asking him." Harry said, "I
only got through because of my flames, I disowned myself, didn't I? I am no longer recognised."

"How is she?" Remus asked Narcissa.
"Physically she will be fine; a few days bed rest and then advanced nutrients potions until she has gained back the weight." Narcissa said softly, "Mentally I don't know, I can only imagine what happened for her to get in that state."

Harry winced at that, Potter's words coming back to him, his magic spiked again before he forcibly got it under control.

"Potter wanted to make sure no one would even look at Lily again." He told them.

"This is going to throw everything in the air." Sirius sighed, Harry tilted his head before he cursed.

"What happened to Skeeter?"

"I saw to her, but she saw Lily and snapped a photo before I could lock her in a room." Remus stated shaking his head.

"Damn it,"

"Yes, she is still in the manor,"

"We will just have to work around it." Lucius said coolly, "As long as the details are kept under wraps until we are ready for them to be released it lies with speculation and Rita Skeeter is not stupid enough to go against the political and magical power we have behind us."

"I hope you are correct."

"She has an interesting enough story at the current time, she is cunning and she knows what will keep her in favour." Lucius said to them and Sirius nodded.

"We'll go and speak with her ASAP,"

"We shall take our leave now," Lucius said, "Narcissa will more than likely be over tomorrow to check on her patient."

Harry released the wards and they apperated away, the three Blacks collapsed back in to their seats with a groan.

"Nothing is ever simple is it?" Harry asked rhetorically, they all shared a look that clearly said no.

"Shall we deal with Rita now?"

"Yes, might as well get it over with."

The three of them got up and Remus led them down to the first parlour where Rita was sat with her photographer talking in hushed whispers, both of their attentions snapped around when the door opened and Rita jumped to her feet.

"Lord Black, was that the Lady Potter we witnessed arriving in such a state?" She asked eagerly and Sirius did some quick thinking before nodding slowly.

"You saw correctly," He admitted, and she gasped.

"But why was she here, and in such a state?"

"We believed that Lily was in a *domestic* situation and we decided to offer her a way out and, as you can see, she took it."
"You mean to say that it was James Potter that did that to her?" Rita spluttered horrified, Sirius nodded once and she shook her head, "But they always seemed to be the perfect couple."

"Potter has a lot of nasty secrets it seems." Remus added.

"When this hits the headlines it will be huge." She said gleefully.

"Ah, and that is why we are here, Rita." Sirius interrupted and she looked at him quickly, "We would appreciate it if you did not have this story printed just yet."

"But the public need to know, they will feast on this, it will make my career!" She exclaimed.

"And if you keep it quiet until we are ready for it to be released you can have the full story," Sirius told her.

"It will be huge anyway." Rita stated and Harry smirked.

"Of course it will, Ms Skeeter, however, can you imagine how far you will rocket to fame when you have the first ever released interview with the soon to be ex Lady Potter. All the intricate details of the real House Potter and the truth behind the façade he shows to the public, you'll have the necessary injuries, the reasons why and what the Girl-Who-Lived is really like." Harry said, his voice soft and enticing.

"Everything?"

"It will be your entire exclusive with a healthy bonus for keeping it quiet until we are ready." Sirius agreed.

"Photos?"

"Done,"

"Interviews?"

"All yours,"

"And I can still release the guilty Girl-Who-Lived story as soon as its written."

"The sooner the better,"

"You have a deal,"

Sirius and Rita shook hands.

"Of course, if you do slip up on your word, Ms Skeeter, you will find that it will bug me." Harry said innocently and she paled.

"I would be mad to go against it." She reassured and Harry grinned.

"Wonderful,"

"You are free to go, and I apologise for the inconvenience you felt." Sirius said to them,

"Not at all, Lord Black, it was worth it,"

They were shown out and Harry found himself under two questioning looks.
"Bug you?" Remus repeated and Harry grinned a shark like grin.

"It seems Ms Skeeter is an unregistered animagus in the form of a bug." He told them and they smirked.

"You scare me sometimes." Sirius commented amused as they walked back up the stairs."

"Blame Sal and Marvolo," Harry said.

"I'll let them know in the afterlife." Sirius muttered and Harry laughed.

"They're both puppies really."

"I'll remember that the next time I see the Dark Lord." Remus laughed, "Oh hello my Lord, Harry compared you to a puppy, I can really see it."

"I might tell him myself," Harry said and laughed when they turned their incredulous eyes on him.

"You have no sense of preservation, do you?"

"Of course I do, but the only time I see the Dark Lord is in Sal's castle and Sal likes me more than Marvolo so I'll never be maliciously injured while I'm there because Sal is practically the ward stone." Harry explained.

"Well that is a bit reassuring," Sirius said looking slightly appeased.

"Glad to be of service."

"I think I am going to retire to the library before I head to bed early." Remus decided, "Its been a long day and tomorrow is going to be just as long."

"I am going to my study. I have papers that need to go through so I shall see you later." Sirius pressed a light kiss to Remus' cheek before vanishing down the corridor.

"I'll join you in the library if you don't mind uncle Moony, it seems I have potions to make." Harry said and the pair made their way to the library both wondering what the upcoming days were going to hold.
nothing would change that."

Lily nearly stopped breathing at the sound of her old nickname. Severus had given it to her when they were younger, it was the first time he had seen her loose her temper and it had stuck with her, but Severus was the only person who ever called her by it.

"S-Sev," She croaked and then winced, her throat was like sandpaper from the screaming. The person beside her stilled and for a second she feared that it was James, but the fear was laid to rest when she heard an almost frantic Severus Snape.

"Lily, Lily, come on, open your eyes." Severus coaxed and, with a lot of difficulty, she cracked open her eyes and looked up in to the obsidian eyes she was only to familiar with.

"Do you have any idea how worried I've been?" Severus demanded and despite her confusion and pain, Lily couldn't help but smile at the fact that Severus had not changed.

"What happened? Where am I?" She asked in a hoarse voice. Severus gently lifted her up in to a sitting position and helped her drink a cool glass of water, it was laced with a potion that would sooth her raw throat courtesy of Harrison.

"You are currently at Black Manor." Severus told her softly, "As to what happened, I do not know exactly as I was summoned after your arrival of which was two days ago, you were in a state and collapsed."

Lily winced.

"Oh," Lily was silent for a few seconds, "Did you – did you see what-,"

"What Potter did and has done to you? Yes." Severus finished for her. Lily turned her head away ashamed, if she had been looking at Severus at that point she would have seen raw fury enter his dark eyes at the gesture.

"Don't do that." He said as gently as he could. Lily looked back at him in confusion. "You turned your head because you are ashamed. Don't do that."

"I…” She trailed off not knowing what to say. They fell in to a silence, but it wasn't awkward, there was something about Severus that soothed her and Lily felt more relaxed than she had in years.

"Why didn't you come to me?" Severus asked her, "Did you truly believe that I would turn you, of all people, away?"

Lily sighed and looked down at her hands.

"At first, yes," He went to interrupt but she stopped him, "I was so horrible to you, Severus, and you didn't deserve it. Back then, I was so sure that my beliefs of right and wrong, good and evil, were correct that I just didn't understand why you were becoming what I believed were the bad and evil. And I turned my back on you, cutting you out of my life because I arrogantly thought I knew what was right and it turned out to be the biggest mistake of my life. If only I had listened to what you were trying to tell me, that there was no good and evil, light and dark, but I didn't and I failed. I failed at being a friend and I believed you hated me for it, you have every right to hate me…”

"You know I could never hate you." Severus murmured and she looked up offering a wry smile.

"That's because you are a good person with a good heart, despite what you like to show the world." She said and smiled properly when Severus shifted uncomfortably at the compliment; the man never
could take one.

"You said at first," He prompted and she sighed again.

"It got worse when Harrison returned, and I honestly don't blame him for becoming a Black, it was probably the best thing for him. It got too much and I was scared, scared of what would happen if it escalated more than it already had. And so I tried to get away, I was out of options and so I went to the only person I trust with my life; you." She explained and her emerald green eyes burned with sincerity.

"But what happened?"

"He-he caught me," Her voice shook as she remembered what it had cost her. Severus took her hand and rubbed soothing circles with his thumb, it was an action he used to do when they were younger and Lily would be upset at something Petunia had said to her. When she had calmed enough she continued, "He was angry, oh he was angry, he knew exactly where I was going. He broke me that night, Severus, and after that I just gave up."

Severus took a deep breath and released it slowly through his nose counting to ten in all the languages he knew until he was calm enough not to go and try to murder Potter again.

"Why didn't you take the portkey sooner? You could have activated it as soon as the summer began."

"I didn't want to have abandoned both of my children, I didn't fear for Rosina because James wouldn't do anything to effect her happiness, but I had already failed as a mother once and I didn't want to make that twice." Lily shook her head, "But I should have known that it was too late, Rose is a daddy's girl and James is the worse person to raise a child."

"What changed?" He asked.

"She's not my daughter, not really. I may have given birth to her, but what she is now, how she behaves and how she acts does nothing but disgusts me." Lily released a somewhat hysterical laugh which was mixed with a sob, "I can't stand the sight of one of my children and the other isn't even mine anymore."

"Calm down or Narcissa will hurt me." Severus chided gently and Lily choked out a laugh. "You laugh now, but that woman is vicious."

"I do not like the fact that you are spreading wild rumours about me, Severus," An amused voice said from the doorway. Lily jumped slightly as she didn't hear anyone enter, but Severus merely blinked, turning his head slightly to see a smiling Narcissa in the door way.

"Good afternoon, Narcissa, you are earlier than I expected."

"I came to see if Lily was awake, and then I hear you blackening my name. I heal people, Severus, not harm." She told him lightly. Severus merely snorted as she walked in.

"Tell that to Lucius the next time he breaks or loses some of your jewellery." He muttered and Narcissa laughed.

"How else am I supposed to make sure he buys me more things?" Narcissa grinned at Lily who laughed.

"I'm sure."
"Now, why don't you go and eat, Merlin knows you could do with it and have a shower too, while you are there." Narcissa instructed. Severus went to argue with her but she pinned him with a look that said argue and die, Severus sighed and turned to Lily.

"I'll be fine, Sev," Lily told him with a small smile.

"I will not be long." He said and vanished from the room. Lily turned to focus her attention on Narcissa warily and the Lady Malfoy shot her a reassuring smile.

"Now, I am going to run a diagnostic on you to see how you are healing up." Narcissa told her gently and Lily nodded. Narcissa waved her wand muttering under her breath and nodded to herself as she read over the parchment.

"Harrison's potions are really coming along nicely, he seems to have sped up the normal working time." She muttered and Lily blinked.

"Harrison's potions?" She repeated shocked, and Narcissa nodded with a bright smile.

"Oh yes, he's truly a marvel at potions. He took all the necessary potions needed and vanished for a couple of hours before returning with advanced versions." Narcissa said proudly, "And he created a throat soother because of the damage done to your inner throat,"

"Created! But he's only eleven, surely he couldn't create a potion." Lily said stunned.

"Of course he can, he's already created four. Two of which have counters, and edited loads, he's even created spells."

"So – so when he told me he was working on creating a new potion, he was telling the truth!?"

"Most definitely, Harrison doesn't lie about potions."

"No wonder he reacted so badly when I didn't believe him." Lily sighed, "He's only eleven and it seemed so far-fetched… even Severus didn't start creating potions until third year."

"I can understand that, if I hadn't seen half the things he does myself then I would never believe."

"I owe him my life," Lily murmured, "And I don't deserve it, I should have never listened to Dumbledore or him."

"It is not my place to comment, but I know that you do regret your actions and so does Harrison. He will come to you eventually, but don't expect much from him." Narcissa warned and Lily shook her head.

"I don't expect anything from him, I just want to thank him."

Narcissa nodded.

"Well, getting back to point: you are healing very well, a few more days of bed rest and a few potions and you'll be right as rain." Narcissa told her, "You'll be on nutrients for a while to build your weight back up, but the elves here are more than capable of overseeing that."

"Ok,"

"Now, I've corrected and healed all the damages caused by the sexual assault so you do not have to worry about complications or permanent effects." Lily's face burned in shame and she looked away, Narcissa's eyes softened and she lightly perched on the bed picking up her hand.
"What he did to you was the vilest thing any man could do to a woman and it is only made worse by the fact he was supposed to love and care for you. I cannot empathise with you, but I am here in you need me, for anything, especially as we seem to be surrounded by men." She added in the last part and was pleased to see Lily crack a smile despite the fact she was crying.

"Thank you,"

"You are welcome." Narcissa said, "The final thing I wanted to talk to you about before Severus returns are the scars."

Lily didn't need her to clarify to know what scars she was talking about.

"What – what about them?"

"I was unable to remove them during the healing process." Lily slumped at that and Narcissa squeezed her hand, "But, and I am sure you do not want them there," Which Lily nodded her head emphatically, "Then as soon as your system is clear of any potions, minus the nutrients, we can see if there are any available balms or salves to remove them."

"I've tried all of the ones I could get my hands on, but they didn't work." Lily sighed despondently.

"I can imagine, but you are currently in the home of a future Potions Master and a current Potions Master who hasn't left the manor since you arrived. I have no doubt they will find something."

"I hope so, I can't stand them, they remind me of – of…" She didn't need to say anymore, Narcissa understood.

"How about we get you something to eat and then you can rest some more, it's imperative to your recovery."

"Food sounds wonderful,"

Narcissa called for an elf and asked for a light soup with some bread. The food popped in quickly and Lily suddenly realised she was starving, after taking the potion Narcissa instructed she take, she devoured the food relishing in the taste; she couldn't remember the last time she properly ate without it tasting like ash.

"I would like you to eat whenever you feel hungry and you will be given a nutrients three times daily, if you call for Nip he will answer your call." Narcissa said rising to her feet, "The bathroom is the door to the right and there is a change of pyjamas laid out if you want a bath."

"Again, thank you."

"It's no problem, most of this was Harrison." Narcissa waved her off. "I will be back tomorrow. Oh, before I forget, we retrieved shrunken bag from your clothing."

"Oh thank Merlin," Lily sighed.

"It is in the top drawer of the bedside table." Narcissa informed her, and with that she swept from the room in all her elegant glory; Lily shook her head. She finished her meal and carefully set it aside where the same elf popped in and took it away, Lily noted that she was tired again, but she needed to use the bathroom so she slowly got up and rose to her feet.

She noticed, with surprise, that she could stand rather well and slowly made her way to the bathroom, it was beautiful just like the bedroom and, despite her wishes, she knew she couldn't have
a bath just yet for fear of falling asleep in the soothing water. Instead she washed her face and was surprised to see the remaining bruises fading, she was expecting to look in to the mirror and see her face unrecognisable as she had done before so many times before. Lily walked back to the bedroom wincing as her ribs started to protest her movements, she gasped when her leg throbbed and stumbled, she expected to fall but a light, but secure arm caught her. Lily tensed for a second before she registered the concerned eyes of Severus, she smiled slightly and Severus raised an eyebrow.

"I needed the bathroom," She explained and Snape frowned slightly but nodded.

"You need to be careful, you are healing." Severus reminded her and aided her back to the bed which had been remade since she had left it.

"I didn't feel too bad." Lily said.

"That is beside the point, you are on bed rest for the next few days for a reason." Severus stated, "Have you eaten?"

"Yes, Sev, Narcissa told me to eat whenever I am hungry." Lily told him climbing back in to bed with a wince.

"I have your next potions," Severus said pulling out 3 phials, one was a pain reliever, one was skelegro and the final one was one that he had created himself and it sped up muscle growth. He handed her the potions and Lily bit back a grimace as she took the vile tasting liquid, she sighed in relief as the pain vanished from her body and a wave of lethargy hit her.

"Sleep, Lily," Severus instructed noticing her drooping eyes, "You are safe," she didn't need telling twice.

Harrison Black was in an extremely tight predicament. He had been at war with himself about Lily ever since he had heard from James Potter that she had wanted to collect him after the first month of his abandonment, and that conflict has only grown since he had been watching her over the year. Then she had taken his side in an argument over James and he had witnessed just how low James Potter truly was, it had spurred him in to action for a reason he still couldn't work out. But there was something inside him that refused to allow her to be put through pain when it was him she was fighting for, even though she was no longer his mother. He had given her the portkey in the hopes that his mind had been blowing things out of proportion, that James had merely overreacted after he disowned himself, but in his gut he had a sinking feeling; the relief and gratitude in her eyes had told him as much and it had been in the back of his mind since they had begun the holidays.

He should have known that after the hearing had gone so well that there would be repercussions, but he would freely admit when he saw the broken and beaten form of Lily Potter in his entrance hall he was more than stunned and beyond horrified. Narcissa's diagnostic had been like a punch in the stomach for him, not only had she been beaten for many years, dating back to the year he had been given up, but she had been raped. James Potter had raped her on multiple occasions and Harrison had felt sick, Potter was the lowest, dirtiest form of scum on the earth and if there was any chance Harry didn't hate the man before he sure as hell did now. She had been through Hades, but Harry couldn't help but feel conflicted because despite the fact she had been fighting for him for a long time, she had originally agreed to give him up.
After the Malfoys had left, Harry had vanished to sort through his thoughts, but he'd had little success so he had decided to throw himself in to his studies. He had gotten the list of potions Lily would need and had added a few tweaks to speed up the process, he wanted her to get better and he wanted to help her, but he didn't know why. He had never had anything but contempt for her and he didn't like the fact that all of his built up beliefs were changing. He threw himself in to his studies because he knew what he could do with them, he diverted his whirling mind to what was important and holed himself up in the library reading through book after book. It didn't take him long before he had created a potion that worked well for sore throats, he had taken the idea from a skin salve that healed inflammation and worked from that. Harry didn't sleep well at all and he was up and in the library at 3am on the second day of her arrival working on the healing potions for Marvolo's people, it was something that required his full attention and he had managed to break down three of the recipes on the potions list.

The easiest ones to mix together without repercussions was the Draught of Peace and the Dreamless Sleep which would settle a person and allow them a long uninterrupted sleep that would be highly needed. The third potion he had was the nutrients which he had enhanced after getting Severus' notes on it, the man already had the formula, Harry had only added in an extra ingredient so it would taste better and keep the stomach settled so the person could eat. They would need Severus' new muscle enhancer which tied in easily with the Skele-grow to strengthen their bones and the nutrients to build them back up, on parchment they worked together but he would have to test it. His mind drifted back to Lily, she would be needed most of the potions he was working with and Harrison growled to himself; he didn't want to think about her!

Harrison sighed knowing that his mind had decided that he was done with his work and packed his things away, he cast a tempus and shrugged, it would breakfast in about half an hour do he decided to shower and change. The shower was welcome because it relaxed him, he didn't know how tense he had become but he was thankful for the hot water. He threw on a pair of jeans and a top before grabbing a green robe and leaving for breakfast, it was only Sirius and Remus at the table again and Harry wasn't surprised as Severus hadn't left Lily's side unless it was completely necessary.

"Morning cub," Remus greeted,

"Morning," Harry returned absently completely missing the worried looks they shared.

"Pup," Sirius called shaking Harry out of his reprieve, "Are you ok?"

"Huh?"

"Don't bother trying to deny it, we've both seen it, you're conflicted about Lily and I want to know if your ok."

"I'm fine." He answered with nothing better to say, he didn't know how he was, he didn't even know what he was thinking let alone the emotions behind the thoughts.

"I know this is difficult for you," Remus said gently, "But give it time, and it will come around."

Harry knew he was trying to reassure him but it wasn't helping, he didn't even know if he wanted anything to 'come around' let alone wait for it.

"I'm going upstairs." Harry said not touching his food; he wasn't very hungry. Neither adult stopped him knowing he needed to sort through his thoughts on his own. Harry called for his elf to take him to the duelling room, he needed to blow off steam and his magic was practically burning under his skin, he sealed the door with a wave of his hand and set up the dummy on easy as he wasn't too sure what the standard was in these times. He was pleased to see that the dummy acted like an actual
person, what he wasn't too happy about what the fact that he had blew it apart within 30 seconds of
the duel starting; it seemed as if the difficulty ratings hadn't changed much. He cranked it up to the
expert for an actual challenge, he wanted to properly feel his magic at work and for that the duel
needed to last at least 3 minutes.

Harry centred himself and took his position before activating the dummy, he instantly began moving,
twisting and weaving around the barrage of spells that were directed at him, he started casting and
smirked when the forgotten thrill entered his blood. The dummy gave him a bit of a challenge but he
knew it wasn't quite up to par with the duels he had had with Ric, so he decided to add another so he
was duelling two of them and that's when Harry really started to enjoy himself. His familiar graceful
movements came back to him automatically; duck, twist, cast, roll, cast, jump, dodge, cast, cast,
shield, blades, cast, drop, roll, cast. His breathing was quite laboured when he finally downed both of
the dummies and his magic was crackling around him in excitement, he reset them and added another
before going again.

With three it was much more difficult and Harry was actually using his full ability to hold them back
and he took his first hit in the form of a cutter to the shoulder, he hissed at the feeling and blood
flowed from the wound. He rolled to the floo and shot a bone breaker at one of the dummies knees
overpowering it slightly so it made contact much quicker than it was supposed to, he had already
jumped back to his feet and shot a stunner at another dummy as the first went down. The stunner
missed like he was expecting, but he wasn't expecting the paralysis spell that slammed in to his left
arm, Harry cursed and sent a maximised Bombarda to the ground blowing the second dummy back
in to the wall, he uttered the counter curse to free up his arm but it was still stiff so he strapped it up
and only just missed the cutting hex that would have hit his face by falling to the ground and rolling
up instantly to finish the duel with a heart stopper directly to the chest.

Harry collapsed panting and wincing, his arm was starting to throb and he was a bit dizzy because of
the blood loss so he vanished his blades before cleaning up. He snapped for Kip to bring him a blood
replenisher which he happily drank after he had activated his phoenix ability to heal his body, his
light head disappeared as did the aches, the only evidence of his duel was his messy look. Harry was
shocked to see he had been in the room for a few hours and decided he was now hungry enough to
get lunch so he made his way down to the dining room. He blinked when he saw Severus sat there
and raised an eyebrow at his dad in a silent question.

"Lily has finally woken and Narcissa banished Sev from the room." Sirius told him and Harry
nodded.

"What in Merlin's name have you been doing, cub?" Remus asked slightly alarmed at the state of
him, "And I smell blood!"

"Blood, where?" Sirius demanded.

"I was only duelling, it was a stress reliever." Harry said soothingly hoping to calm their worry, but it
had the opposite affect.

"And you got in to that mess!" Remus exclaimed, "What did you do, cub? Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine, uncle Moony, honestly."

"Well come and eat," Remus said eyeing him warily, Harry fought not to roll his eyes as he took his
seat and began wolfing down food as quickly as possible without forgetting his manners.

"What's the ability converter on the dummies?" Harry asked.
"I'm not sure exactly," Sirius said after a minute, "I think the average wizard with some duelling skill should match up to a dummy on hard."

Harry blinked a few times.

"I'm sorry?"

"Why, were you expecting something different?"

"I was hoping people would actually have some duelling talent." Harry stated in disbelief.

"Not very many people have had the chance to build up their duelling since Dumbledore took over, he scraped the class."

"Oh dear Merlin," Harry groaned, "Sal's gunna have a fit."

"Many Purebloods teach their children duelling now. I know my parents, unfortunately, taught me. Actually, all Black children learned duelling from the age of 8."

"I learned myself and perfected my style over the years with the help of Sirius and Potter." Remus said.

"Slytherin has a rule that stated all those in second year and above must learn duelling from the older years," Severus added, "We protect our own despite any inner differences."

"Thank Magic for small miracles." Harry sighed.

"What Level were duelling against?" Sirius asked.

"Expert, and that was pretty easy." Harry told him shaking his head.

"Expert!"

"Yes, it was hardly up to what I was used to."

"Didn't you beat Godric Gryffindor in a duel?" Remus remembered and Harry nodded with a grin.

"Yeah, when I was 10."


"I don't like to brag," Three snorts followed that statement and Harry pouted before grinning, "But yeah, it's pretty impressive."

"And let me guess… you have yet to inform Him of your ability." Remus said amused and Harry gasped in mock horror.

"Oh, how silly of me, it must have slipped my mind!" Harry said and Remus snickered. Just then Narcissa walked in and took a seat, she looked a little down but no one was expecting anything else given where she had just come from.

"She's healing very well, Harrison, those potions are working wonders." Narcissa sent him a small smile to which he returned briefly before looking back to his plate.

"I'm surprised she's awake." Sirius commented and Narcissa sighed.
"I think its because her body is used to the strain that it's under, she's been going through this for years and her body has just adapted."

Severus snarled under his breath and Harry was pretty sure he was planning James Potter's inevitable demise. Unfortunately for the Potions Master, Harry had already commandeered the position of killing the bastard if it was possible and, as much as he respected and liked the man, Harry wasn't willing to give up his spot.

"She told me that's she's tried all of the salves and balms that she could, but has had little success of removing those awful scars." Narcissa said sadly.

"That won't be a problem, if I have to I will create something." Severus stated and no one was even remotely surprised.

"I said as much," Narcissa agreed, "While she is physically healing, I can tell that her head is a mess. She's been through so much and she's become used to holding it all in that I'm afraid its going to consume her."

Harry was growing increasingly uncomfortable with this conversation, he was still undecided on the whole thing despite the fact that he had asked for and given her the portkey.

"She wants to thank you, Harrison," Narcissa said gently and Harry stiffened.

"Why?" His voice sounded cold and detached even to his won ears.

"You saved her life and she knows it, and I think it would be good for you both to talk." She said and everyone saw how his face just closed off, it became the perfect emotionless mask and even his eyes voided of emotion.

"Your opinion has been noted." He answered in a flat voice.

"Harrison, you have to deal with the sooner or later." Sirius pointed out softly, "You did give her the portkey."

"I am aware."

"It'll do the both of you good to clear the air-,

Harry stood abruptly making his chair scrape the floor cutting off Remus' words.

"I am going to the castle." He stated, "I have things to be doing, I do not have idle time for needless conversation."

He finish with a sneer spinning on his heel he stalked from the room, he was aware that he would pay for his rudeness when he returned but at that point he didn't care. He didn't want to hear another thing about anything that had happened, he wanted it all to go away, he wanted to rage and scream at everyone because he didn't know what else to do; he needed to see Salazar.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you like it!
Chapter 23

Harrison stormed through Slytherin castle with his magic flaring around him, he was so mad but at the same time he didn't even know if he should be mad and that was only adding to his anger. He stalked up the grand staircase hissing to himself as he went, his feet talking automatic route to the library where he found Salazar Slytherin sat proudly in his frame.

"What is wrong, Snakelet, your magic is positively wild." Salazar asked alarmed and Harry hissed.

"That's the problem, I don't know!" Harry growled, "It's ridiculous, my mind seems to have decided that its not going to make any sense what so ever and now I'm left like this." Harry began to pace furiously muttering to himself and pulling at his hair.

"I mean why couldn't things just stay the same, I was perfectly content on hating Lily, James and Rosina and then Lily just had to go and show that she tried to be a good person and threw everything up in the air. According to James, she wanted me back but he stopped her and then she stood up for me when Dumbledore and Potter decided to try and run my life which then made me see a whole new side to the situation. I just had to find that James was abusing her and then I start getting all of these feelings that only leave me confused and I decided that, as she is being abused because of me, that I should do something about it because apparently it's not my moral compass to allow a woman to be abused by her husband.

"So I decided to give her a portkey in case of emergencies because there is nothing else I could do, she's wields no power against him and he'd say she's lying and that would be that. I thought that maybe I could have been blowing things up, that it was a lapse of control but nooooo, over pops Lily on the verge of death after Potter decided that she would make a great human flipping target. And now she's at my manor getting healed and I have no idea how I'm feeling because everything I've known has been thrown up in the air. It doesn't help that people are under the belief that I should 'clear the air' I mean for the love of Lady Magic herself, how in Hades am I supposed to 'clear the air' with the woman who used to be my mother who gave me up only to fight for me to come back. That is not normal circumstances. What am I supposed to do? Should I ignore her? Should I forgive her? I mean I know I said I didn't hate her anymore because how can you hate someone who has actually fought for you, but that was a far as everything else went. This just all needs to go away!"
"Snakelet, sit down." Salazar barked and Harry dropped to the floor immediately, looking up at the portrait. "Good, now list the ingredients followed by the process of the blood boiling potion."

Harry ran the potion through his mind before listing the ingredients in alphabetical order followed by the step by step process of making the potion.

"Then you take it off the heat to cool and it is complete when it settled on a deep purple with an inky sheen." Harry finished finding himself calmer now.

"Correct, now imagine yourself going through that process, think about all the tiny details of potions making as you brew the blood boiling potion and say it again." Harry went through the process again but this time he pictured himself doing it clearly in his mind, every cut, every stir, the heat of the flame and the thickness of the smoke.

"Now watch as the potions simmers," Salazar said quietly, watching as Harry closed his eyes and breathed deeply. "Think of only the sound, the bubbles and the crackling of the flame." He instructed his voice not above a whisper. Harry was listening to the sounds he was so familiar with, it was soothing, calming and it flowed through his mind easily.

"Let the sound drift in to nothingness." Salazar instructed softly, "And enter your mindscape."

Harry let everything drift away from him, allowing his mind to go blissfully blank and embracing nothingness. He enjoyed the peace of it before sinking further in and entering his mindscape, it had been too long since he had gone through everything and it was showing. His mindscape was of Salazar's secret chamber, it wasn't really a secret as all the other Founders knew it was there seeing as that was basically where the man lived, but only Salazar, and then Harry, could enter it unless the man brought them down there. It held Salazar's familiar Aphelia, she was a basilisk and when Harry had left she was only a baby – in basilisk terms anyway. After checking his first defences, the ones around his mind, he made sure his doors were secure and holding firm before continuing down his first corridor, strengthening his trip wires and reapplying the Parsel password needed to get in to Salazar's chamber.

He petted Aphelia, Salazar's basilisk, who was the only protection within the main hall – he thought she was pretty effective being a basilisk and all. At the bottom of the chamber there was a pool where he had fill it with lures, the memories that were pushed to cover the front layer of Occlumency, acting as their own shield as people who dared enter his mind would see those and be lured in to believing he didn't have any protection. Off to the side was a hidden door, it was at the base of a statue of Salazar and he hissed the password to open the door, deciding to change the brick you had to tap before taking a step and going down the dark corridor which opened in to Salazar's study.

Harry made a note to visit the chamber to see if Aphelia still lived, basilisks did have a very long live span. Once in the study, Harry saw that it was a mess, all of his books were scattered on the floor, the chairs were overturned and his cabinet was broken. as well as having new memories filtering about. Harry sighed to himself and got to work fixing and reordering his mind, all of his knowledge went back in the correct books, his memory cabinet was resorted and warded again and the room was cleaned up.

"Better," Harry muttered. He left the study and went further in to the dark corridor until he came to a final door, it was warded as tight as he knew how and it held multiple passwords in different languages. The room was a simple one, it held a bright, swirling ball of pulsing green magic and Harry couldn't help but smile at the sight of his core, the gift that Lady Magic had bestowed upon him. He walked towards his core calmly until he could touch it, he reached out and caressed his magic, feeling it jolt through him and he carefully walked in to the core until he was fully submerged
in his magic allowing it to run through him at its own rate.

While Harrison was in his mind, he didn't realise he was being watched by someone other than Salazar. Marvolo had known when Harrison had arrived and he had been drawn to the library by the yelling, he had only caught the end of the rant before Salazar has stepped in. Marvolo couldn't help be curious at the technique the Slytherin namesake was going through with Harrison, he marvelled at how well that worked and he saw the tension melt away from the pre-teen. It was obvious when Harrison has entered his mindscape and the boy's magic sparked at sudden intervals until he was suddenly surrounded by an Avada green glow and he gently levitated from the ground.

Marvolo's eyebrows shot up and he barely stopped his jaw from dropping, it was seriously unhealthy how many times he had been surprised by the boy and this was just another to that growing list. He was very intrigued at the Occlumency steps after seeing them work, they were quite ingenious really and seemed to work very well in calming the irate boy down; Marvolo wondered if he could incorporate it in to his own Occlumency. Marvolo walked further in to the library and took a seat in front of the Founder, who had his eyes on the levitating boy.

"He's a good child really, even if he let's things get away with him." Salazar murmured and Marvolo made a sound of agreement.

"He is an astounding child." Marvolo said, "And a walking question."

"My Little Snake was always one for mysteries." Salazar said fondly, "If there was something to be found out then he would be the one to do it, and if he could surprise people then even better."

"He definitely seemed to take pleasure in surprising me."

"Ah, but you continue to doubt him and so he will continue to surprise him," Salazar pointed out.

"How am I not supposed to doubt him, he is but eleven years old." Marvolo countered.

"And yet, you find yourself in a binding agreement with said eleven year old because he managed to outwit you." Salazar threw back and Marvolo scowled at the wall.

"I was temporarily weakened." He grumbled.

"And Snakelet exploited that weakness better than any adult could ever hope to achieve and in doing so, he secured himself a place at the top of the food chain and gave you a means to return to your form all within 6 months of returning to his time." Salazar stated, "I taught the boy myself and I know exactly what he is capable of."

"It is not as though I completely doubt him, I know, now at least, he is not an ordinary eleven year old, but there are some things that should just not be possible. He should not be able to conjure a patronus on the first attempt!" Marvolo exclaimed and Salazar tilted his head.

"Patronus?"

"It is a spell that repels dementors, it is fuelled on positive emotions and pure magic, it is one of the most difficult spells to master and he just conjured one."

"That has a simple explanation." Salazar said, "If it needs to be fuelled by positive emotions, then that would be simple for Harrison because of how his Occlumency is built, he can literally go in to his mind and draw positive energy. He is incredibly advanced at mind magics, but I have never told him how much. I do like to see him push himself further, he can do so many things."
"And the magic?"

"Where most wizards of your day are taught with wands and devices, Harrison, if you have noticed, barely uses his wand. His entire being has been trained to access magic within a blink of an eye, his core is completely open to him and his magic can be summoned to him in whatever quantities he wishes, so drawing on 'pure magic' is something he does daily."

"He is a true enigma," Marvolo muttered.

"You haven't even scratched the surface of his ability yet," Salazar said proudly, "Wait until you see him truly use magic, wait until you see him duel. You will no longer doubt him then."

"He is skilled at duelling?" Marvolo asked interested, Salazar laughed heartily.

"Oh Young Snake, Harrison is not merely skilled at duelling; he is well on his way to becoming a Master."

Marvolo blinked in combination of the new nickname and the fact that the eleven year old in front of him was set to become a master dueller,

"You cannot be serious…" He said slowly, and Salazar chuckled.

"You would think I was merely exaggerating, but I witnessed him wipe the floor with Godric in a duel."

"What!" Marvolo said in disbelief, looking at the portrait with wide eyes.

"Oh yes,"

"He beat Godric Gryffindor in a duel." Marvolo repeated astounded.

"Yes, at 10."

"Merlin…"

"Helped train the boy actually," Salazar said absently and Marvolo coughed slightly.

"Now I am more than interested to see him duelling."

"I would create a few rules if you want your best to live,"

"Duly noted," Marvolo agreed, "What did Merlin teach him?"

"Elemental magics mainly, which is why his Occlumency is crucial."

"Don't give all my secrets away, Sal." Harry's voice interrupted the pair, "I do so enjoy shocking the 'all powerful' Dark Lord."

"Have you ordered your thoughts so you are now coherent, Harry?" Salazar questioned and Harry nodded sheepishly.

"Yes sir, I seemed to have neglected my mindscape, but everything is its correct order again and I will monitor it regularly."
"As you should, you know what happens when you leave it for too long."

Harry's face flamed.

"That was one time." He complained and Salazar smirked.

"One time I will never let you forget."

"Do I want to know?" Marvolo asked amused and Harry rapidly shook his head.

"Let's just say my Little Snake saw a bit too much when he blew up the private dormitories." Salazar said slyly and Harry groaned burying his face in his hands as Marvolo laughed.

"I want it obliviated."

"Wait until you have to have the talk again, Snakelet, I cannot wait."

"Oh Magic, no!"

"Ah, I suppose you would have had that particular conversation already given the young age of marriage in that time." Marvolo commented amused.

"Let's stop talking about this now thank you very much." Harry grumbled standing up and throwing himself in to a chair and sinking in to it.

"Fix your robes, Snakelet, you look a mess." Salazar told him and Harry waved his hand over himself clearing himself up. "Good."

"What caused your upset when you arrived?" Marvolo asked him and Harry huffed.

"Lily Potter." Harry stated.

"Oh, and what has the Lady Potter done now."

"Its not her, it's what has been done to her." Harry sighed.

"Would you care to explain?" Marvolo said and Harry looked at him. The man would give a complete unbiased view on the situation and that was exactly what Harry needed.

"Ok, so a few months ago I started to notice there was something going on with Lily and I was making connections that I didn't like." Harry began.

"What did you notice?"

"She was wearing heavy glamours and she seemed to have a limp, and whenever she was around Potter she would either flinch or cringe away." Harry said and Marvolo blinked suddenly paying much more attention.

"Go on,"

"Right, well I kept an eye on her and the glamours were getting stronger when I snuck in to Dumbledore's office to finish the prank I was pulling when they came back sooner than I thought and I hid. I overheard a conversation in which James said that Lily wanted me back within the first month which threw everything in my head up in the air." Harry shook his head, "I didn't know what to do so I kept watching her until I was ordered to the Headmaster's office again to discuss my summer placement – Dumbledore was under the impression that we actually gave a shit about his
opinion."

"Language," Salazar interrupted.

"Sorry." Harry said quickly, "Anyway, we were in the office and Lily took my side in an argument, I was walking back to the dorms when I overheard voices and, being overly curiously, I followed the sound. It was Potter who has Lily pinned up against the wall, he was… hurting her and threatened her because she stuck up for me..." Harry trailed off and looked at the wall.

"He'd been abusing her." Marvolo confirmed and Harrison nodded.

"Yes, and it was over me. I didn't know what to do, if Potter was speaking the truth and Lily had actually wanted me back then she had been taking a lot of crap over it. I went to Narcissa, who had noticed the same things as myself, and she told me that there was nothing to be done unless she came forward herself – something that wasn't likely. So I took Cissa's advice and gave her a portkey in case of emergencies, there was a chance that I was blowing it up in my mind and Potter merely lost control." Harry scoffed.

"But you were not." Marvolo said and Harry smiled sardonically.

"No, I wasn't, if anything I underplayed it." He laughed but it was completely void of humour, "She appeared a few days ago and it was by sheer force of will that she is still alive. Oh she was a mess, she just dropped to the ground after begging for Severus, I don't know what happened while I fetched Sev, but she bled out by the looks of things. And he raped her, multiple times, carving her up for being a whore." Harry ran a hand through his hair, "I don't think I've ever seen Severus so mad, he almost killed Potter,"

"He went oddly calm and pierced the wards?"

"Yes, it was strange."

"I have only seen that happen twice before and the bodies were never found." Marvolo noted.

"Lucius mentioned it, he snapped him out of it and it was the waiting game; Severus refused to leave her side."

"No, he has always had a soft spot for Lily Evans, when the Prophecy was overheard he pleaded with me not to kill her; it's the reason I stunned instead of killed because it would have looked strange if one lived and the other didn't." Marvolo told him and Harry blinked shocked.

"Oh, I wouldn't have expected that."

"No, most believe dementors have more of a heart than I." Marvolo said dryly which gained a snicker from Harrison before he sobered up.

"Well, I haven't been able to work out what I'm supposed to do now or how I'm supposed too feel and then she went and woke up today and I've heard all I've heard is that I should 'clear the air' or that I should talk to her because it would be 'good for both of us'." Harry glared at the wall as he finished and the room fell in to silence.

"I will not tell you what to do because it is your decision," Marvolo told him and Harry sighed in relief.

"What do you think?" Harry asked him and Marvolo thought for a few seconds.
"I have not seen anything myself, but from what you have explained to me she seems truly sorry for her actions and, if you suspect, she has been abused by Potter for the entire time then that is a high punishment." He said and Harry sighed.

"Part of my mind is saying the same and I gave her the portkey, but the other part is pointing out that she gave me away anyway and I've hated her all my life."

"But did you not say you no longer harboured feelings of hate against her?"

"Yes, it's impossible to hate someone who fought for you." Harry said.

"What do you want from her?"

"I want an explanation, I want to know why this happened in the first place and I want to know exactly what went on." Harry stated firmly.

"How are you going to get an explanation?"

"I'll just have to go and speak to her, won't I? I deserve answers and I have nothing to lose." Harry said and then he blinked, "Oh…"

"Does that clear a few things up?" Marvolo questioned slightly amused and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, you're really good at that."

"I am good at many things."

"Ego is still huge though,"

"Yours is not getting any smaller."

"It's the Slytherin way." Harry decided.

"When are you going to speak to her?"

"I don't know, it'll wait until she's at least on her feet again." Harry said and Marvolo nodded.

"It is approaching dinner, you may want to return to your manor."

"Yeah… that's not going to happen." Harry said cringing slightly at the memory of him leaving.

"Oh, and why is that?"

"I may have overreacted and lashed out a little bit." Harry told him sheepishly, "And I really don't fancy going home just to have my ear bitten off."

"You have your rooms here, Snakelet," Salazar reminded him, "You are an Heir."

"Brilliant, I'm going to get acquainted."

"If Black demands an explanation I will unremorsefully blame you both." Marvolo said as he summoned his book, Harry grinned.

"And I'll just tell him you said it was fine,"

"I did no such thing,"
"But you also didn't say I couldn't stay." With that he got up and ran from the room before Marvolo could even speak.

"Sly," He muttered without malice much to Salazar's amusement.

"Taught by the best,"

As soon as he was a safe distance from the library, Harrison called for his elf and asked her to show him to the Heir suit. He followed her up many flights of stairs and corridors before he came to a corridor with different wards surrounding it.

"Master Harrison has the entire corridor as he is being the only Heir." Coco told him, "Master Harrison is being able to do whatever he wants."

"Brilliant," He said pleased, "Which is the bedroom and the study?" he was shown to the study first and he was highly impressed with the room, it was a large circular room with the entire back wall and half way around made up of book shelves partially filled with books. There was an ebony desk to the side and a black leather sofa in front of the fire, the floor was ebony wood with a silver rug adorning it. The walls were different shades of green and the room was bare, lacking a personal touch that Harry would be only to happy to add. There was a skylight in the ceiling which lit up the room nicely, allowing him to see the sky and there were two lamps on the walls.

"I like it," Harry commented, "To the bedroom please,"

"Right this way, Master Harrison." She squeaked and bounced away, he was led further down the corridor to a set of cherry wood double doors with sliver handles. Harry pushed them open and froze in the doorway.

"Holy mother of Circe!" He breathed stunned, it seemed Salazar had truly outdone himself on the Heir rooms. It was a wide rectangular room the stretched four windows and there was a large, grand cherry sleigh bed, the elegant headboard reaching high and curling backwards. Even though the bed was flat on the ground, it was tall and it was dressed in black silk with a rich, deep green throw folded and draped over the bottom of the bed and it had green decoration pillows to match. There were a set of bedside cabinets with glass laps sat upon them made from cherry wood like all of the furniture in the room.

A low set table sat near the marble fireplace and it was surrounded by two comfortable looking rich green chairs and a matching sofa, there was a futon on the opposite side of the room as well as a quilted loveseat. The floor was a dark wood that offset the cherry furniture nicely and there was a thick black rug which spread through the most of the room, the walls were silver and a smoky grey with green tints flowing through it. The windows were set deeply in to the wall allowing for window seats which held grey and green cushions, and the drapes were black silk lined with silver. There was an ornate dresser which has silver handles and a decoratively carved mirror above it to finish off the room.

Harry walked in amazed and turned in a full circle, the room was lit up by crystal lamps which were bracketed on the wall and the windows flooded the room with natural light. Harry walked in and found that there was walk in wardrobe attached with more clothe space then he could ever hope for as well as a full length mirror on the back wall. The other set of doors in the room led to an en suit
bathroom that Harry instantly feel in love with. It was mainly black with low green lighting, reminding him of the dungeons back at school, it held a pool-like circular bath with multiple silver taps and a walk in shower with a giant square shower head embedded in the ceiling. On the other side of the bathroom there was a huge mirror above marble set sinks with shining silver taps, there was only one thing that Harry didn't understand.

"Where does the water go?"

In the entire room there were no drains and it would quickly flood.

"The floors is being charmed to deposit the water in the lake Master." Coco told him and Harry raised his eyebrows impressed.

"Nice,"

"Is Master hungry?"

"Yes, I think dinner would be good." Harry agreed. He made his way down to the dining room where Marvolo was now sat and took his seat where an elf popped in to serve him.

"Are your rooms to your liking?" Marvolo asked and Harrison nodded.

"Definitely, they are beyond anything I was expecting." Harry said to him, "And that bathroom!"

"Yes, I found myself in the same frame of mind when I saw my own."

"It's immense," Harry shook his head, "Do you think you will use this place as your headquarters for the DE's?"

"I am hoping to look in to my other property and see if there is anything that is more suitable. I do not wish to allow all of my Death Eaters access to this castle, only my Elite."

"I have yet to go over my property portfolio,"

"If the other founders have as extensive wards and Runes as Slytherin then you should have pretty impressive castles." Marvolo mused.

"Ravenclaw is a definite, she created most of the ordinary Runes used here no doubt"

"Ravenclaw castle would be the most interesting for the knowledge alone."

"I am quite interested to see if Morgana has anything left, I came back to this time before Merlin and Morgana fought. I met her once actually, and Arthur and Gwen, nice people."

"You met them?"

"Yes, I was on a field trip with Merlin. It was to teach me how to use magic without allowing others to know, he hadn't told Arthur yet and he was living in a city which was anti magic. It was rather thrilling."

"What was she like?" Marvolo asked interested.

"Morgana? You would like her, even before she discovered her magic she had a dark sense of humour and she was inherently beautiful." Harry said thinking back, "I know I only spoke to her a few times, but she had a brilliant mind. Gwen was still a serving girl when I was there, and Merlin was young and working as a man servant."
"But you said Merlin took you when he was old." Marvolo pointed out.

"Yes, but Merlin was odd. He changed his appearance as much as Dumbledore changes his robes and he could bounce around the times." Harry said and then he shrugged, "I learned just to go with it."

"It all sounds fascinating," Marvolo said wistfully, "It would be amazing to witness, to actually see how Merlin truly acted, and how the Founders lived."

Harry tilted his head thinking before he grinned.

"What are you doing after dinner?" He asked and Marvolo raised an eyebrow.

"Building up plans to infiltrate Azkaban, I have the layout and the security so I merely have to plan it."

"Well before you vanish, come to the library and I may have something you'll enjoy."

"What are you thinking?"

"That would be telling wouldn't it?" Harry said mysteriously and Marvolo rolled his eyes.

"Impossible."

They ate their meal quietly, discussing the possibilities of a DE headquarters and the potion Harry was working on.

"I think I have an overall idea, but I do not want to test it on any of your Death Eaters just in case." He said with a frown and Marvolo nodded.

"We can collect a few prisoners for test subjects, they are in prison for a reason." Marvolo suggested and Harry's eyes lit up.

"Salazar always used to do that, that's a brilliant idea and I can test my obliviate potion."

"You have an obliviate potion?"

"Yes, it was for my exam this year. Severus told me to develop a forgetfulness potion in to something that work like an obliviate, I mapped out a few ideas on how to make it more permanent and one of them brewed correctly, but I have yet to test on a human." Harry explained.

"There are dungeons here, I'm sure they will not miss a few prisoners for educational purposes."

"Wonderful, and I can test my healing potion on one too. I was thinking of having the potion put the consumer in a healing coma and correct the damages while they are out cold, and I think I may have something with it, but its just a plan."

"I am surprised you have gotten that far with everything else you are working on."

"I pushed this one forward," Harry shrugged. They finished their food and walked up to the library and Harry took a seat in front of the Dark Lord.

"Now, what were you thinking?" Marvolo questioned and Harry smirked.

"I assume you are well versed in Legilimency?" Harry asked and Marvolo nodded.
"Very much so,"

"Good, we're going to take a trip." Harry said and locked eyes with burning crimson, Marvolo raised an eyebrow but entered his mind. He was quite shocked to land in a dimly lit corridor and looked around in interest, Harry came skipping down with a grin.

"Welcome to my mind," He said with a flourish, "You'll have to bare with me, I don't remember the last time I brought someone in here and my defences are rather ah dangerous."

"That is not even slightly reassuring." Marvolo told him and Harry laughed.

"I don't suppose it is."

He led the way down the corridor mentally keeping an eye on all of his defences to make sure that they didn't activate to the foreign presence despite him being there too. Harry hissed the password to the door and led the way in to the main chamber.

"This is the Chamber of Secrets." Marvolo said amazed and Harry looked at him shocked.

"You found the Chamber?"

"Yes, in my 6th year." Marvolo confirmed.

"How was Aphelia? I didn't see her last year." Harry asked interested.

"She was quite happy to see me, it seems that as the Heirs slowly drifted away they forgot about the Slytherin legacy at the school." Marvolo answered, "She was rather frustrated with Dumbledore and in her haste to kill him she accidently killed a girl I'm my year, Myrtle I think her name was."

"I will definitely go and visit her, I remember when she was only a baby; she grew so fast." Harry remembered fondly. He continued in to the chamber passing the first pool which Marvolo raised an eyebrow to.

"They're dormant memories that can be pulled up when people try to enter my mind, a fake past with the muggles which I created. They also work as lures."

"Good idea," Marvolo said, and then he tilted his head slightly, "Lures?"

"Unimportant and fake memories that have been woven with compulsions to make the attacker believe there are no defences." Harry explained, and Marvolo quirked an eyebrow.

"That is a further branch of Occlumency than I have ever heard of," Marvolo said and Harry shook his head.

"It's not Occlumency, that's why." Harry told him, "Occlumency is the art of protecting and controlling ones mind."

"Hmm,"

Harry hissed to open the next door and went down to the study where Harry went straight over to the cabinet.

"Have a seat," He invited, "I just have to find the right one."

"Your mindscape is one of the most detailed I have ever seen." Marvolo complimented,
"It took me years to build it up, but Sal started me when I was eight. I had started occluding my mind when I was 5 because it was taught to all children when they were that young as it was their first crucial development in magic so I already had the background when I started straining in actual mind magics." Harry explained,

"Continuing from your earlier explanation of Occlumency and Mind Magics, was Occlumency not considered a Mind Magic?" Marvolo asked and Harry shook his head.

"No, it was a necessity. Salazar told me that in order to fully control your magic you have to have some type of Occlumency shield because magic us fuelled by emotion and if you cannot control them they you cannot control your magic."

"So what was mind magic?"

"This is a big part of it." Harry said motioning around the room. "Building up a mindscape which you can come to and not just order your memories, I can come in here and read, practice duelling and rest and it has an effect on my actual body; that's how you know your mindscape is actually working. It means you are fully connected."

"I have been fixing my own mindscape, it is nearly as I wish, but I have yet to practice magic within it yet." Marvolo mused, "I believe I shall try soon."

"Legilimency, unlike it's usual counter, is a Mind Magic. The practice is aided when you have a mindscape, but there are other things that also branch off from merely invading someone's mind." Harry said to him, "Ah ha," he pulled out a crystal phial.

"Why the cabinet?"

"My memories are locked securely away, every book you see on the shelves is a book I have actually read and the black ones in Parsel are my own working." Marvolo looked around impressed, "This cabinet is like a connection, it allows me to draw out a specific memory without submerging in it, but it is also another defence."

Harry brought forward the phial and grinned at Marvolo, "Ready to see the real life Merlin and Morgana?"

Marvolo's eyes snapped to the memory and a fiery hunger entered his ruby gaze, Harry motioned him to follow again and he hissed at one of the bookshelves making it swing forward in to a room with a pool in the centre; Harry poured the memory in.

"It's a viewing pool, or a pencieve as they are known now."

"It's a lot bigger than an ordinary pencieve," Marvolo noted and Harry nodded.

"Yes, because back when they were first recognised, they were this size and you literally stepped in to it. The device was created as an off branch of Legilimency."

"Really? Why is that?"

"Because, originally, viewing pools were created for legal purposes. They allowed a victim to show a traumatic scene without having to personally relive it, and so all details could be seen, and on the opposite side the defendant would show either his alibi of his guilt." Harry explained.

"But how would that be definitive? Surely they could just modify the memory or plant false ones."
"You cannot trick a viewing pool." Harry said, looking at him as if he was insane.

"Of course you can. Pensieve memories testimonies have been discounted from many court proceedings and when they are accepted they are used as reference points mainly."

"Then viewing pools and pencieves work differently." Harry stated, "The reason it is an off branch of Legilimency is because it draws the memory out of the persons mind, whether they want it to or not. The date and times would be set and the pool would project whatever memories the person had of that time."

"That is incredible."

"Yeah, the person who created it was a genius no doubt." Harry agreed, "The pools were edited back when I first arrived at the Founders time, changing them to be passive, allowing people to select a memory to put in to it and then they would submerge themselves in to the pool and review their memory as a whole."

"That's what a pensieve does," Marvolo told him, "That's why it can be deceived."

"Ah right," Harry said, "That makes sense, true viewing pools work through accessing your memories through your magic, and seeing as you cannot lie to magic…" He trailed off but Marvolo nodded in understanding.

"Back to why we are actually here." Harry remembered, pouring the phial out in to the pool, "Are you coming?"

Marvolo shot him a look that clearly said he thought Harry was stupid for asking so Harry dropped in to the pool followed almost instantly by the Dark Lord. They landed on a dirt path which was lined with stalls that sold all kinds of things, there were people pulling carts and the atmosphere was pleasant.

"Welcome to Camelot." Harry said, "I should be around here somewhere."

Marvolo was looking around like it was his first time to Diagon Alley and it was understandable why, everything was completely different to what they knew now from the buildings to their clothes; but Camelot was behind even the Founders time as it was without magic.

"Ah, here I am with Merlin," Harry pointed to a younger version of himself and a young man who was dressed in black trousers tucked in to his brown boots with a blue linen V neck shirt which was bound by a utility belt with a red scarf around his neck, he had a brown jacket to finish the look and little Harry was dressed similarly.

"That is Merlin!" Marvolo exclaimed with wide eyes.

"Strange right?"

"He is but a teenager!"

"He looks like it, but I think his age, in this time, is around 24. I don't know his actual age though because of his time travel." Harry said, "We're heading to the castle," Harrison and Marvolo followed Merlin and little Harry up the winding path and Harry couldn't help but smile at Marvolo's excitable behaviour as they went; it was just another point that indicated the man was actually human despite popular belief. Merlin stopped to introduce little Harry to a pretty girl carrying a basket and Harrison's eyes lit up.
"Here we go," He said walking closer with Marvolo, the Dark Lord stopped short with his eyebrows rising.

"Is that… Guinevere?"

"Yes, amazing right?"

"It truly is."

"It's nice to meet you, Harry," Gwen said pleasantly.

"What are you doing here, Gwen?" Merlin asked.

"Collecting fresh fruits for the Lady Morgana, she prefers them over oats for her breakfast."

"She was a serving girl for Morgana?" Marvolo said and Harry nodded.

"Yes, that's how she met Arthur."

They listened to the rest of the conversation before Gwen had to hurry away to return before Morgana wished to dine. They didn't meet anyone else until they got in to the castle walls where Merlin introduced little Harry to Gawain who was riding out on his horse.

"This is surreal," Marvolo muttered watching as Gawain rode out.

"It gets worse." Harry warned at they actually entered in to the castle. Marvolo looked completely amazed as they went through the castle, they passed Gaius, the physician, and walked up to Arthur's chambers. Little Harry was told to wait as Merlin went in to the room and Harry being Harry wandered down the corridor, he was looking as the tapestry that was hanging on the walls when he literally walked in to someone and was knocked to the ground. It was a young woman who was dressed in a rich green dress made from velvet and mesh threaded with gold with wide flowing sleeves, she had long dark hair that had a natural blue tint to it and it had styles with two braids that came from her temples to meld in with the rest. She was tall, with pale skin and high, aristocratic features offsetting piercing violet eyes that were full of knowledge; her full bloody lips parted in shock as she looked down at the boy.

"I-I am so s-sorry, My Lady, I was not watching my steps." Little Harry stuttered out looking up at the woman in fear.

"You ran in to the Lady Morgana!" Marvolo yelped in astonishment, and Harry pulled his hair sheepishly.

"Yeah, I was terrified."

"Are you not a quaint little thing?" Morgana cooed looking down at him with a warm smile, "Are you lost, little one?"

"N-no, I came here with Merlin, I am working with him to gain knowledge for when it is my time to find work." Harry told her, then his eyes widened and he scrambled to his feet and he gave her a neat bow which made her smile slightly.

"You are sweet." She said, "What is your name?"

"I am called Harry, My Lady,"
"An unusual name," Morgana commented, "Where is your place of birth?"

"Scotland, but we have always travelled, My Lady." Harry told her, and she nodded.

"Come, I am supposed to be dining with Arthur on this morning and I cannot allow you to stand in the halls alone. The guards may get the wrong idea." She held out her hand and little Harry's eyes went as wide as saucers before he got it together and took it softly, she smiled brightly and led him back to Arthur's rooms just as the door was opening.

"He's right out here, Arthur." Came Merlin's voice as he stepped out and came face to face with Morgana, "Morgana!"

"Good morning, Merlin." She greeted, "I believe you brought someone with you on this day." Merlin noticed Harry by Morgana's side and he blinked.

"I apologise, I was longer than anticipated."

"Worry not, he is a delightful creature. But let us not leave him in the halls for fear of the guard's reaction." Morgana said breezily before leading him in to the large open chambers. There was a large mahogany table with two main chairs and benches lining the sides, it was set with golden plates and goblets and cutlery. Arthur was stood by the table, he was a broad man with thick blond hair and an aristocratic face, he was dressed in white lined and tan trousers, he turned to face them with a somewhat haughty look, but it didn't reach his blue eyes which were warm and open.

"King Arthur," Marvolo murmured taking in the details.

"He's only Prince at this point." Harry told him, "Unless you want to watch them eat, then it's the end."

Marvolo nodded and they left the memory and were stood on the outside of the pool, Harry pulled back the memory in to the phial and walked back out to the study.

"I can't believe you walking in to Morgana, literally." Marvolo shook his head and Harry grinned.

"Yeah, I know, I think that is one of my more embarrassing moments." He agreed,

"What was Arthur like?"

"Surprisingly, despite the look, he was nice. He was arrogant, then again, who isn't when they are in a place of power? But he was very fair and just and he actually cared about the people and their views opposed to only his own image like his father." Harry said sitting down.

"Morgana had such a presence around her, it is astounding to think she was unknowing of her magic at that point." Marvolo shook his head and sat down.

"I know, it was a shame Morgause only taught her dark magic before she was grounded."

"She was still powerful without it," Marvolo said and Harry nodded.

"Oh no doubt," Harry agreed, "Ready to leave? We can come back, I want to show you the day when Ric thought it would be a good idea to put me on a hippogriff and let me fly around the Astronomy tower; Rowena was not pleased."
"I cannot imagine why," Marvolo drawled amused. They left together, Harry led him to the nearest exit and they both awoke in their bodies. Harry groaned slightly and stretched his limbs as Marvolo did the same.

"So, what do you think?"

"That was truly spectacular to see." Marvolo murmured after a few moments of silence, he had a small, nearly invisible smile on his face, "Thank you." Harry smiled in return.

"You are welcome."

The Dark Lord rose to his feet and swept from the room with a nod. Harry snapped his fingers summoning his working and decided to see what he could get done before calling it a night.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, there was a brief nod to the amazing Merlin from BBC

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Un'beta'd

#Parsel#

I'm not J.K

Trigger warning: Domestic violence

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 24:

"You know, you will have to go home eventually." Marvolo pointed out to Harry. The boy had eaten breakfast and vanished to the library, he was practically twitching, much to the endless amusement of the Dark Lord.

"I know, I just have… work to do." Harry said and Marvolo bit back a scoff.

"You are merely putting of the inevitable."

"I do not know what you are speaking of." Harry stated.

"Of course not,"

"Fine, I am, but with good reason. I refuse to be grounded again, especially when it wasn't even my fault." Harry sighed.

"Then tell them that, explain why you were angry with them." Marvolo said calmly, "It was wrong of them to try and pressurise you in to something they could not hope to understand."

"I suppose I should go, I have work to be doing anyway and I want to go and see Draco."

"No doubt little Lucius will be interested in the goings on of Black Manor currently." Marvolo pointed out and Harry brightened at that.

"I can try out my new broom,"

"Go, fiend, no doubt I will see you soon."

"Secretly you pine for my company." Harry said nimbly dodging the stinging hex sent at him, "Aressa has been pestering me about seeing Nagini again, so I'll send her through the floo later."

"I won't be surprised to see another Snake then,"

"Good," Harry pulled himself up and packed his things with a wave of his hand. "Walking to my doom," He muttered and left. Marvolo shook his head.
Harry floo'd back home and headed for his rooms, he almost made it there without being detected, but he ran in to his dad as he opened the door to his bedroom.

"Harrison Regulus Black! Stop right there." Sirius called and Harry muttered a few choice curses in Parsel. He put his things in room and slowly turned to face his father who was, for the first time in Harry's memory, glaring at him.

"Father,"

"Come with me, immediately." He ordered sharply, he span on his heel and walked away leaving Harry no choice but to follow him. He was led in to a room that he had not entered yet, it was a study, like Marvolo's but it was done up in full Black attire.

"Sit," Sirius pointed to a chair and Harry hastily took a seat while his dad took the seat behind the desk. The room was silent as Sirius watched his son, his pride and joy, and Harry fought not to fidget under his gaze.

"Do you know how worried I have been?" Sirius asked eventually, his voice was calm and even. Harry looked at him in shock, not having expected that.

"What?"

"Moony and I have been going out of our minds with worry." He repeated, and Harry blinked a few times.

"But why? I told you where I was going." Harry said incredulously, Sirius sighed and sat back.

"Harrison, you told us you were going to the castle, but you never came back. You vanished to the place where the most powerful, and the most dangerous, man in the wizarding world resides and you never come back. There was no word, no message, nothing to tell us what was going on. For all we knew you had been killed."

"What? That's absurd!" Harry exclaimed, "I thought I'd told you Marvolo couldn't hurt me. Besides, he wouldn't;"

"Harrison, you don't understand. That man, he is the Dark Lord, he didn't get his reputation by sitting back and being peaceful. This is the same person who instilled so much fear to people that they refuse to speak his name!" Sirius told him seriously, "You just left and there was nothing. I had no way to contact you, no way to get to you, no way to see if you were ok."

Harry blinked at the helplessness in his dad's voice, he had not even thought that his family would be worried for him. He has told them multiple times that he could not be harmed by Marvolo, not only was there the vow, but it was the Slytherin clause. He hadn't been lying when he said that Marvolo physically couldn't harm him, maliciously, within the castle. Salazar had created a spell, he had tied it to his blood line and it stopped Slytherin family members from killing each other so they could protect their blood. The portrait told him about it, however small, going. He could see where his dad was coming from though, he often forgot that Marvolo was the Dark Lord Voldemort because he only saw the man as Marvolo.

"I am… sorry." Harry said quietly, "I didn't realise you would worry. I needed to let off some steam. I was so angry because of this whole Lily thing, and then when everyone was telling me that I should speak to her and everything that it was too much. I was confused as it was, I really didn't need that."

"And that's fine, Pup, really it is. I get why you are stressed, and I admit that everyone telling you to
speak to the person that used to be your mother was not the wisest thing and your reaction was completely warranted. But you cannot just go off like that, if you need space and you want to stay out for the night you have to tell me, especially if you're going to the castle." Sirius told him.

"Ok, I won't do it again, I promise. And if I want to stay at the castle then I'll tell you. It really wasn't my intention to make you worry." Harry said earnestly.

"Good," Sirius nodded and then smiled slightly, "Who knew having a kid could make you go grey early?"

"I resent that."

"As for your punishment… I won't ground you this time because of the extenuating circumstances, but you will be going to face Moony alone."

Harry has slumped in relief at the first part of Sirius' sentence, but then his eyes widened in horror come the end.

"Oh come on!" He exclaimed, "You know how he worries!"

"Exactly,"

"You are evil,"

"I have been practicing," Sirius agreed, "Come on, it's lunch time." Harry followed his dad down to the dining room, bemoaning the fact that he was going to be smothered to death by an extremely overprotective werewolf uncle. And he was right. As soon as he stepped in to the room, Moony had jumped up and was all over him, checking for injuries and making sure he was ok. Harry couldn't get a word in edge ways. He was steered to a seat and his plate was filled with food, Harry was honestly surprised that Moony didn't try feeding him the way it was going.

"Are you sure you are ok, Cub,"

"Yes, Moony. I am fine, honestly." He reassured.

"You are never doing anything like that again," The werewolf stated.

"I know," Harry said, "I'll let you know if I am staying out next time." Moony gave him a shrewd look before starting on his own lunch. Harry didn't miss how the man kept watching him out of the corner of his eye, he had to bite back a laugh, but he didn't mention it.

"What are your plans for the day, Pup?" Sirius asked.

"I need to see Draco, I was supposed to see him the day of the article but that went down hill quickly." Harry said and Sirius snorted.

"Yeah, and that's an understatement."

"You'll be home by dinner," Moony said.

"Definitely, and if I'm not I am sure it will be aunt Cissa's doing which means you will also be invited." Harry joked.

"You know, she actually terrifies me sometimes." Sirius said shuddering lightly. "I used to think Bella was the one to be truly feared."
"About Bella," Harry remembered, "I spoke to Marvolo about that, and he confirmed my theory. Bella was on a mission. See, the Longbottoms held the other child of the prophecy, their son Neville was also born as the seventh month dies, and, while Marvolo came after me, he sent his best after the Longbottoms." He explained.

"So it wasn't a random attack?" Sirius asked with a trace of relief in his voice.

"No, it was definitely not a random attack." Harry confirmed, "According to Marvolo, Bella was the one DE that had never failed him, she was his favourite, still is, and that is why she was sent."

"Thank Merlin," Sirius breathed, "We may not have gotten on while we were at Hogwarts, but we were family and we had fun growing up."

"She is going to be the first Marvolo goes to when the Azkaban break out happens, there is absolutely no doubt."

"I will be coming with you." Sirius stated after a moment, Harry looked up shocked.

"You will?"

"Yes, as will Moony. We are part of the Dark now, and I know you would, despite the trouble you would get in afterwards, find away to get there and help anyway so I might as well go. Besides, I want to make sure Bella is ok, Azkaban would have been tough on her." Sirius explained and Harry smiled in gratitude.

"Thank you. I will inform Marvolo so he can adjust his plans."

"How are you coming along with your potion?" Moony asked him and Harry frowned.

"I think I have worked out all the elements of the potions that need to be combined, I know what I want it to do, but I need a binding agent."

"I am sure you will work it out." Moony said firmly.

"I will, eventually." Harry sighed, "Can I go?"

"Yes, but remember…"

"I'll be back at dinner." Harry repeated, "Thanks dad,"

Sirius waved him from the room, and Harry left for Malfoy Manor. It was like Draco was waiting for him because Harry was jumped as soon as he stepped out of the grate.

"Thank Merlin you are here, I am going out of my mind!" Draco exclaimed, he grabbed Harry's arm and dragged him out and up to his rooms. Draco's rooms were much like Harry's except they were in the Malfoy colours and the wood was different, the energetic blond threw himself down on the bed pulling Harry with him.

"Tell me everything!" Draco demanded.

"What do you know?" Harry asked.

"Nothing, only that mother came home in tears, which, by the way, is something I have never seen. She is visiting yours more than normal and my father is in a rage muttering about murdering James Potter." Draco said with a huff.
"Well sit back, you're in for a story." Harry told him. He got himself comfortable next to Draco and sighed.

"Remember that I gave Lily that Portkey?"

"Yes, because Potter is an abusive bastard."

"Well, it turns out that what I saw was only the icing on the cake." Harry ran a hand through his hair. "She used the portkey… it was horrible. The list of injuries was immense, and she nearly died. Potter – Potter raped her, Dray, multiple times, and he beat her so bad that she just collapsed when she arrived."

"He's a monster." Draco breathed horrified, "We've said he's a bastard, and that he's scum. But he's an actual monster."

"Severus nearly killed him,"

"You stopped him."

It was a statement, not a question.

"I did,"

"You want to do it yourself."

Another statement.

"I do,"

"What's happening now?" Draco asked.

"She's awake, and she wants to talk to me. I was a bit stressed, everything sort of collapsed around me, I mean, everything I believed in changed so suddenly so I went to-;"

"The castle," Draco finished for him, amused.

"I talked it out with Marvolo, the man is extremely intelligent."

"He is the Dark Lord, Harry."

"I know, but even for a Dark Lord, he is really smart."

"So do you know what you are going to do?"

"Yeah, but it'll have to wait. I'll speak to her, I want an explanation, but it won't be until she's up on her feet." Harry said, "I still don't know what to think."

"I'm sure you will work it out in your own way." Draco said surely.

"I will, eventually,"

"So, as this is completely depressing, let's talk about better things." Draco suggested, "The upcoming article and flying."

"The article was something I was meant to ask my dad about, I would have thought it would be out by now. I mean, Rita was there when Lily arrived-,"
"Wait, what!?"

"Oh yeah, I forgot about that." Harry mused, "But we got her silent, she gets the exclusive when the story breaks, but she releases it when we want."

"And she agreed to that?" Draco said shocked.

"She didn't really have a choice." Harry pointed out.

"True,"

"But anyway, I did think the article would be out by now."

"No, it'll be tomorrow, the ratings are better for certain days." Draco said as if it was obvious, "Besides that, it settles Potter in to a state of calm, because, no doubt, the man approached her to keep things quiet."

"I never thought of it like that." Harry said.

"That's why you need me." Draco stated imperviously. Harry looked at him an incredulous expression before they both laughed.

"Now, for the really important things; flying." Harry said and Draco grinned.

"Let's go!"

Both boys ran down through the manor and out to the pitch, Draco grabbed his broom from the shed and Harry snapped his fingers for his to come to him.

"Want to practice so chaser moves?" Harry asked, "I know we already have but this is a new broom."

"Yes, come on."

Draco kicked off and Harry's eyes lit up at the speed. Harry jumped on his broom and followed his cousin up in to the air; it was… amazing.

"Holy mother Magic," He breathed. If he thought that the 2000 was amazing then it was seriously outclassed by the 2001, it was smoother, quicker and allowed him to turn sharper.

"These are seriously nice." Harry said, swerving up to stop in front of Draco.

"The speed…" Draco trailed off.

"I know, think of all the moves we'll be able to do. That captaintcy is within reach." 

"Come on, idiot, I have a quaffle." Draco zoomed off and grabbed his rather beaten quaffle and came back up in to the air, "I really need a new one of these."

"Yeah yeah,"

Harry shot past him and twisted so he hit the quaffle out of his hands and over his head, Harry laughed at his shocked face and snatched the ball out of the air streaking down the pitch with it under his arms.

"Damn you, Black," Draco cursed and shot after him. After a bit of friendly (dangerous) fighting,
they fell in to duo formations and practiced quickly passing the ball between them while flying at speed. It sounded easy, but it was extremely difficult getting the momentum going, but once they did they managed a few passes before one of them dropped it.

"Let's slow it down, see if we can get a full pitch streak and then gradually speed it up." Draco suggested, as the quaffle, once again, slipped from Harry's grasp and he had to swing down to grab it.

"Ok, sounds like a plan." Harry agreed, tossing him the quaffle and flying back to the end. Eventually they managed to do a full streak at speed, but Harry pointed out that they could still practice all summer, and they were riding new brooms.

"If the article is out tomorrow you know I will definitely see you." Harry said as he and Draco walked to the floo room.

"I know, no doubt my father will want to meet with your father to discuss the political advantage this would be."

"Yeah, that and they have been edging to discuss how they are going to politically wring Potter for everything he is ever since Lily arrived."

"That too," Draco laughed.

"See you,"

"Bye, Harry!"

True to Draco's guess, when Harry sat down in the morning and the paper flew in, Sirius released an almighty cheer and laid it out flat for them to see.

*Girl-Who-Lived – Guilty!*

*Black victorious,*

*An insight to the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black!*

*Each one of us has been eagerly following the ever growing feud between the Houses of Black and Potter, ever since the controversial accusation that Heiress Rosina Potter, the Girl-Who-Lived, maliciously knocked her ex-brother, Heir Harrison Black, formally Harry Potter, out of the air and nearly to his death. The debate escalated at a furious pace. Lord Black, with the backing of Lord Malfoy and Lord Nott, was vying for the conviction of Rosina Potter for crimes against his son, while Lord Potter, with the backing of the great Albus Dumbledore, was firmly stating that the terrible accident was just that; an accident.*

*We all remember the epic duel resulting in a victory for the House of Black and the revelation that Lord Potter may not be quite as he seems with the grave insults he instilled to Harrison Black, but what was left unspoken was the fight over the Quidditch incident. Just who was speaking the truth?*
Well, ladies and gentlemen, this reporter has been following this story as eagerly as you and I am happy to be able to deliver news to you. I was graciously invited to a private interview with the Black family, including Lord Sirius Black, his bond mate Remus Lupin-Black and Heir Harrison Black, in their stunning ancestral home (See picture below).

I was given the grand tour and bore witness to the immense, and highly sought after, Black Library. Lord Black was ever the charming host and allowed me to photograph the scenic grounds and supplied this iconic image of he and his family in front of the recognisable Black crest (see picture 2).

Of course, it wasn’t just to view their beautiful home and to see them as a loving family unit that I was invited to, and I began to wonder what could warrant a private interview with one of the most prestigious families within our world.

It was then that Lord Black relented that there had been a low key hearing against Rosina Potter for the charge of assault against an Heir to a Noble and Most Ancient House. I was shocked as this meant that, despite what Lord Potter and Albus Dumbledore had said, this case had enough evidence to become a hearing in the first place. I didn’t want to believe it, despite growing evidence that Rosina Potter did, in fact, try to kill her ex-brother, because we don’t want a hero who is evil and that is just what it was; evil. But, I am afraid, that is exactly what we have. I was stunned to find out that Rosina Potter was found guilty of the charges, and, in light of that, was sentenced to a 2 year flying ban and the House Potter was finned 1.5 million galleons in compensation to be paid towards the Black house. I didn’t want to believe it, I wanted to think that it was malicious rumours, but I discovered the transcripts within the ministry and had the truth.

Rosina Potter, our hero, attempted to kill Harrison Black in a fit of jealousy.

I have never been so outraged. Someone who we, as a nation, have looked to as a beacon of light did something so horrible is unquestionably horrific. But that is not all we have to think about! What about Lord Potter and his insistence that this an accident? Or Albus Dumbledore’s assurance that it was a bit ‘misunderstanding’? Were they trying to take the law in to their own hands, or were they genuine in their beliefs that it was a mere Quidditch accident? I don’t know and, as of yet, I am unable to answer that question, but you can bet I will be doing everything I can to find out.

Rita Skeeter, Special Correspondent to the Daily Prophet,

"This is beautiful." Sirius stated, "This is slamming Albus and the Potters in a way that most will not even recognise."

"She has done it artfully," Remus agreed pleased, "It will sway the public in a way where they won't even know that their opinions have been changed."

"Yeah, and when the stuff about Lily breaks the headlines its going to be ugly." Harry said with a smirk,

"I almost pity him," Sirius sighed happily.

"Key word being 'almost', Pads." Moony said snickering.

"Who wants to bet that the Malfoys will be he-," He was cut off as the wards flared and Draco came
running in to the room with a smirk on his face.

"You've seen it?" He said and Harry nodded.

"I might pin it on my wall." Harry confirmed.

"It does deserve a special place," Lucius agreed following his son in to the room with his wife, "I do apologise for the unannounced call, Sirius, but after this I felt as if it couldn't wait."

"No at all, Lucius, have a seat and help yourself to breakfast,"

"Thank you,"

The Malfoys took seats and the adults shared smirks.

"The next Wizengamot meeting is going to be especially pleasing." Sirius pointed out slyly and Lucius chuckled lowly.

"This is going to have many people questioning Potter and, by extension, Dumbledore. It is a massive blow to the light side and could not have come at a better time, especially with Lord Slytherin on the move." Lucius stated.

"Ah yes, as if Dumbledore was not already in a foul mood over that. But he dug his own grave, we will just have the pleasure of helping him in to it." Sirius said with a rather vicious grin.

"This will mainly affect the neutrals because, after all, the die hard Dumbledore believers will not be swayed, but we are not interested in them. Yet, anyway,"

"Those such as Greengrass and Davis will fall over to us, Davis being the slower of the two because of their children."

"Halfbloods, yes, I had forgotten about that. Both of their children are powerful," Lucius mused, "But that is where the Dark Lord comes in to play, he will, no doubt already have plans to push this in his favour."

Harry scoffed at that.

"If that man has not already planned three different ways in which this article alone could work in his favour at the next session then I am not the Black Heir."

"It is almost guaranteed that something will happen next." Lucius said, "But, we still have to be careful. Potter will not have taken this lightly, and he will lash out."

"Yes, but Uncle, you forget we have the trump card." Harry said with a malicious smirk.

"Oh?"

"Lily Potter," He said and his smirk was mirrored around the table.

"Potter has fallen, he just doesn't know how far yet." Narcissa said.

"More like plummeted," Draco muttered and Harry snickered.

"What do you think he will do?" Sirius asked Lucius, "Surely he would not be foolish enough to act within the Wizengamot."
"His actions have become more and more unpredictable as this year has gone by, I could not make a secure guess." The blond Lord said slowly.

"So we have to prepare for everything, you know yourself, Siri, that Potter will do something that he things will make him seem better and greater than everyone else." Remus put forward, bringing himself in to the conversation.

"That is his style, he always used to have to go above and beyond; even in school." Sirius noted.

"So we look for signs of something… grand?" Lucius questioned.

"Yes,"

"Wonderful,"

"Just think, Lucius dear, if he does something so remotely stupid that it angers you then you are one of the people that is able to tear him to pieces slowly." Narcissa informed him lightly.

"Ah, of course you are right, my dear. But it is Potter, after all, he leaves a lot to be desired." Lucius reminded her, "No matter, I have no doubt that the next session will be highly memorable."

"Do you think, if we continue these articles, that Potter might just have a heart attack or hole up in his manor so we can just forget about him?" Draco wondered and Harry snorted.

"Let's not wish for the unreachable, Dray." Harry laughed.

"We must be off, I have things that need my attention." Lucius announced rising to his feet, "I thank you for the hospitality,"

"Not at all, you are always welcome." Sirius said graciously.

"See you, Harry!"

"Bye, Draco, bye, aunt Cissa, uncle Lucius."

Sirius saw them out and Harry sat back in his chair contemplating.

"What are you thinking about, Cub?" Remus asked gently, Harry looked up and smiled slightly,

"Thinking about what is going to happen when everything truly comes out, and when that is going to happen." He replied.

"I think that this is only the beginning, the whole Lily situation is on hold until she is well again and the rest will come. Dumbledore has this ability to be born again from the ashes like that phoenix of his." The last bit was a dark mutter, but Harry wasn't paying attention to that.

"Phoenix, why didn't I think of that earlier?" Harry burst out, "Thanks uncle Moony, you are brilliant." Harry leaped up and dashed to the library, running past a surprised Sirius and snapping his fingers for his things as he went. Harry slammed himself down on to a table and laid all of his notes out and immediately began scribbling furiously on multiple different sheets, he was muttering to himself as he wrote and he didn't even notice his dad and uncle enter the library to watch him work.

"What do you think it is?" Sirius asked lowly.

"Potions, I think," Remus answered straight away, "I mentioned a phoenix and it was like a light bulb went off."
"No surprises really," Sirius muttered before they turned back to Harry who had just summoned a book by holding up his hand. He flipped it open with his eyes running down the pages before his eyes lit up and he laughed.

"How could I have missed it?" He asked the air rhetorically, "I am so stupid!" he made a note of whatever he had discovered, and continued speaking to himself. "It would need to be kept pure which means all metal is out of the question. I wonder where I can get a diamond cauldron, I know they are rare…" He trailed off and made another note. "It that was crushed in to a paste it would bind that to those, and it would make it like an induced sleep to make that activate. Of course, with it so pure then it should quicken the results, and it should correct all instead of individual. I wonder…." Harry went quiet again and snapped his finger making a book appear in front of him. "Yes, it would be essences instead and it would be an elixir not a draught, and would that work? No, definitely not, that would counteract that and make it poisonous, but if I put in my own version of that it would round the whole thing. I'll have to underline crush and grind or the whole thing will fall apart." Harry shook his head amused and continued writing, the two adults were amazed to watch him work so thoroughly engrossed in what he was doing. To see how his mind processes so much was quite astounding.

"YES!" Harry's loud exclamation startled them out of their thoughts and they looked up to see him cheering with his journal in his hands. "Finally,"

"Alright there, Pup?" Sirius called making Harry spin around to see him, he had the biggest smile on his face as he looked at his family.

"I finally found my missing element, I've been so blind!"

"Is that your healing potion?" Remus tried and Harry nodded.

"Yes, and now I am need of Severus because if I ask you anything potions related you are just going to send me to him anyway."

"You do know he's with Lily?" Sirius warned and Harry waved him off.

"Not important right now." Harry said brushing him off. He ran out of the library and up to the room Lily was occupying, he quietly knocked on the door and poked his head in. Both Lily and Severus looked around at him, but Harry was feeling too elated to be bothered by the former's presence.

"Where would you buy a solid diamond cauldron?" Harry asked and they both blinked.

"Why in Merlin's name are you looking for a solid diamond cauldron?"

"Uh potions." Harry said in a 'duh' voice,

"Funny, brat," Snape sneered, "What potion have you found that needs a diamond cauldron? They are only used for the purest of elixirs and are so rare you are looking at prices very few could afford to pay."

"1, be serious, do you think that I care about money? Because let me assure you that I am never going to run out of that. 2, I haven't found one, it's mine. And 3, it is a pure elixir, which is why I need a diamond cauldron." Harry rolled his eyes like this was obvious.

"You have created another potion?" Snape asked interested.

"Yes, a healing elixir. Want to see?"
"Of course,"

Harry handed him over a copy of his finished product and Severus' eyes scanned it quickly, his eyebrows slowly rising as he went down.

"Extremely impressed, Harrison, but it won't bind like this." Snape pointed out,

"Already thought of that, flip the sheet," Harry said and Snape did just that. He released a chuckle and shook his head.

"Very clever, Harrison, very clever indeed."

"Of course," Harry sniffed, "My intelligence is something unprecedented at my age, you should expect nothing less." He kept his expression for as long as he could with the deadpanned look Severus was giving him before he laughed.

"You can get a diamond cauldron in Celestial Alley, but if they are not to your standard then there is a dealer in Knockturn that handles everything in potions."

"Brilliant. Do you need anything restocked from there? I am going now, I have to try this."

"No, you gave me access to your labs."

"Ok, bye."

And he vanished from the room.

"Wow," Lily said shocked, "He's different."

"You have no idea," Severus shook his head, "Look at this," He handed over the copy that Harrison had left him and watched as she grew more stunned.

"This is…"

"Astounding?"

"He – he created this?"

"Yes, I believe that this may be his best work to date." Severus said and Lily blinked.

"I was still sceptical when Lady Malfoy said, but this is in my hands its undeniable." She whispered amazed.

"You will soon learn that Harrison is in a class of his own, not that he shall ever hear me say such a thing." He added hastily, Lily gave a small laugh.

"How long did this take him?"

"Mere weeks," Severus answered with a touch of pride.

"Are you serious?" She gasped, "But that's..."

"Impossible?" Severus finished for her. "Yes, you should adjust yourself to impossibilities."

"I doubt I will be around long enough to adjust, Severus," Lily sighed, "I have no idea what is going to happen after I am healed, but I stand no chance against a Noble and Most Ancient House. And I
have nothing, I-"

"Lily, stop." Severus' voice was soft but firm, "You are panicking needlessly."

"It is not needless, Severus. I do not know if I will even be able to get a divorce! In the eyes of this
world, as it is currently, I am bottom of the food chain and hold no power against him. It's his word
against mine, even if I had evidence, I would have had to have a professional medical scan and
getting someone to go against Potter is impossible because going against him is going against
Dumbledore." She took a deep breath and suppressed a wince as she felt her ribs protest.

"Narcissa is a fully qualified healer of the highest degree, you have the memories of Harrison, Sirius
and Remus for your arrival, and, as it will be needed, you will have the backing of at least one Noble
and Most Ancient House. The House of Prince does go back that far, after all." Severus told her and
her bright green eyes misted over.

"Thank you,"

Harry had rushed to his room and changed his clothes to something suitable to wear out, he then ran
to each of the sitting rooms looking for Sirius or Remus but he came up empty handed. He checked
the library and found nothing and then he remembered the study so he skipped down and knocked
on the door,

"Come in, Pup," Sirius called. Harry pushed open the door and found both Sirius and Remus sat in
the study obviously discussing something.

"What do you need?"

"I need to go to Gringotts, then Celestial or Knockturn alley." Harry said to them,

"You will not step foot in Knockturn Alley alone." Sirius said immediately and Harry sighed.

"I thought as much. Well, can you come with me?"

"We have too many things to do today, sorry Cub." Remus said remorsefully, Harry huffed.

"Fine, I'll go ask Marvolo,"

Sirius choked.

"Excuse me?"

"I said 'fine, I'll go ask Marvolo'." Harry repeated.

"I was well aware of what you said, but you cannot be seriously thinking of asking the Dark Lord to
take you shopping." Sirius exclaimed and Harry blinked.

"You can believe I am. Besides, he has needed to go to Knockturn and Gringotts, I'll whine until he
concedes to go today." Harry said with a shrug.

"You are insane," Sirius muttered shaking his head, "I passed on the Black madness,"
"I'm not mad," Harry stated, "You just fail to see things in my perspective."

"I'll take your word for it, Cub," Remus said wearily, "Please be careful,"

"I will,"

"Do you want my some banking slips?" Sirius asked and Harry shook his head,

"No, I'll use one of mine for this. I have heard diamond cauldrons are expensive."

"Sweet Merlin, yes they are." Sirius agreed, "Have fun," Harry waved his hand and disappeared.

"I swear he just keeps getting weirder," Sirius said to Moony.

"You are really are one to talk, aren't you, Padfoot?"

"Hey!"

Harry floo'd over to the castle and expanded his magic to feel out Marvolo, the man was in his study and Harry flamed up there because he couldn't be bothered with the trek up. He didn't bother to knock on the door, he just invited himself in, Marvolo didn't even look up because there was only one other person with access to the castle so he didn't even have to guess who it was.

"Your influence with Rita Skeeter is extremely pleasing, that article was particularly delightful to read and I am eagerly awaiting the next wizengamot session." Marvolo said as a greeting, Harry grinned and threw himself down in a chair.

"I know, we were pleased with it also. Lucius came over to discuss Potter's next move, and what is to be expected. The understanding is that if Potter is going to act it is going to be something grand." Harry explained.

"It makes sense, I have no doubt that Lucius will enjoy ruining the Potter Lord. My target is much bigger,"

"Dumbledore." Harry acknowledged, "I said that you would have already planned for at least three outcomes in which this article will work in your favour."

"I have four actually," Marvolo threw in amused and Harry laughed.

"My mistake,"

"What are you doing here?" Marvolo asked and Harry adopted a sweet look.

"When are you going to Knockturn and Gringotts?" He inquired and Marvolo raised an eyebrow.

"I have yet to decide, I am in need of visiting the bank for my property as I said, and I must visit Borgin and Burkes." Marvolo said.

"You wouldn't happen to want to go today, would you?" Harry questioned slowly.

"Why?"
"I uh, just wondered?" Harry tied but it sounded more like a question.

"You are not allowed to go to Knockturn Alley on your own, are you?" Marvolo chucked and Harry pouted.

"No, and I really need to go!"

"So you ask me, of all people."

"Why not, I mean, seriously, who is going to approach me with you there? And, the only reason I need to go is because I, being the amazing person that I am, have finished the potion for your people and I am in need of a particular cauldron." Harry said this as if it was the most logical conclusion possible.

"You want me to take you shopping." Marvolo confirmed.

"Pretty much, yeah."

"Me?" the incredulity could be heard in his tone.

"Do you see anyone else in the room?"

"This is the most absurd request I think I have ever had." Marvolo sighed.

"Is that a yes?" Harry said happily.

"Fine, but we must go to the bank first because I wish to get my statements." Marvolo said and Harry nodded easily.

"I can do the same, I need to get some more actual gold. I didn't bother last time as it seemed unnecessary."

"Yes, our vaults happen to be at the very bottom." Marvolo mused, "What is it you need in Knockturn?"

"Severus mentioned a potions dealer that can obtain anything potions related, and I need a diamond cauldron."

"A diamond cauldron." Marvolo repeated as if he had misheard, "Why in the name of Salazar would you need one of the rarest cauldrons known to man?"

"The potion for your people, it's a pure elixir." Harry told him and Marvolo blinked twice.

"You've created a pure – you know what? Never mind. Let me get my cloak."

Harry grinned as he followed Marvolo out of the study, he went straight to the entrance hall in wait and it wasn't long before the Dark Lord swept down with his impressive grace.

"I would keep your hood up unless you wish to be hounded." Marvolo said to him, and Harry drew up his hood. He took the man's offered arm and they apperated to the Alley entrance.

"I really have to learn how to do that alone." Harry grumbled.

"Don't you have your own way of travelling?" Marvolo said as they made their way through the crowds, Harry found as long as he stayed close to Marvolo he didn't even brush people.
"Yes, but I would like that to remain somewhat secret. Anyway, can you imaging what the reaction would be if people kept seeing me burst in to flames every time I went somewhere?" Harry laughed at the thought.

"I can see how that has the potential to be problematic."

"Problematic, it would be a nightmare. Besides, if no one knows, then it is a serious bonus to get through otherwise impossible wards." Harry pointed out.

"Valid point,"

"I know,"

The pair walked up the marble steps and in to the halls of Gringotts bank, Harry willed his rings visible along with Marvolo and it was as if someone has cast a blanket muffling charm throughout the whole entrance hall. They approached a teller, who had quite an amusing reaction to catching sight of Harry's rings, he hurriedly moved them to a private office where they were regarded by another goblin.

"Good afternoon, Master Goblin," Harry greeted, "I wish to make a large withdrawal from my vaults."

The goblin pushed a book towards him and Harry wrote down the amount and stamped Godric's ring, which made the page flash once it had been verified.

"All is in order, young Heir," The goblin said and Harry nodded.

"Do you have business with Gringotts, Lord Slytherin?"

"I wish to have a full inventory of my accounts." Marvolo answered, and the goblin withdrew two folders to hand them over to the Dark Lord once they had confirmed his identity.

"If you lose those copies there is a fee to replace them," The goblin informed him.

"Very well,"

"It should be noted that, young Heir, any of your activities involving the Slytherin accounts will now be recorded for the Lord Slytherin as he is now your House of House."

"That's fine." Harry said, and they turned to Marvolo, "I suppose you can keep it."

"Thank you, I feel so much better with your approval." Marvolo replied scathingly, although it had no actual bite.

"I know, I've been told it keeps you warn." Harry threw back without missing a beat, Marvolo gave him a deadpan look before he turned back to the goblin.

"I wish for bank slips connected to the Le Fey accounts." He said, "They are surprisingly full and I wish to preserve the Slytherin vaults."

Once everything was in order, they left the office and Harry walked directly to the collection counter, flashed his ring, and picked up his gold in two pouches before they exited the bank with their hoods drawn up.

"Did you even notice that you did not speak a word of English since you arrived at the bank?" Marvolo queried, half amused, half exasperated.
"I'm sorry?" Harry looked at him shocked, not that he could see because of the obscuring hood.

"You spoke in fluent Gobbledegook from the moment you stepped in the building until you left, even to me."

"I didn't even realise." Harry said, quite astounded by the fact.

"I did not think you did."

"It's probably because Rowena made sure that I could fluently speak all of the languages I learned, and would often switch languages each time she saw me. At one point she was switching language while in the same conversation." Harry explained, "I think its just ingrained."

"I am thankful of my previous desire to conquer as many languages as possible."

"How many can you speak?" Harry inquired interested.

"I can speak thirteen human languages fluently, and seven magical."

"Circe, that's impressive." Harry whistled in appreciation.

"How many do you speak?"

"Seven human languages and four magical," Harry replied, "I cut my fairy language because it irritated me, and we stopped nymph completely because I nearly offended the visiting colony accidentally when I was eight."

"But you have the basics?" Marvolo said.

"Yes, fluent in Gobbledegook, Parsel, Mermish and Elvin." Harry confirmed.

"Parsel, Gobbledegook, Mermish, Elvin, Nymph, Fairy and Vampiric,"

"French, Latin, English, Spanish, Italian, Greek and German," Harry told him,

"English, Latin, French, Italian, German, Portuguese, Bulgarian, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Romanian, Polish and Spanish," Marvolo threw back, "Can you write in each too?"

"Yes, although I can speak better than I write." Harry said.

"Most do."

They entered Knockturn alley swiftly and their conversation fell silent, Harry fell back and followed Marvolo carefully through the shady alley. They entered Borgin and Burks and Harry decided to browse while Marvolo scared the man behind the counter in to submission. He found a book that interested him and took it over so he could buy it, he needn't have bothered because the man, Borgin, was practically crying and said he could have the book. Harry had no idea what was going on between the pair, but Marvolo threw the man a vicious sneer as the exited the shop.

"Not fond of him?" Harry murmured as they went deeper in to the Alley.

"Not particularly," Marvolo grumbled, "I used to work for him."

Harry nearly fell over his feet, and he would have if it wasn't for Marvolo grabbing him by the scruff of his neck.
"Do watch where you are walking,"

"You used to work there?" Harry hissed stunned, "Why in Magic’s name did you work there? You got perfect OWL and NEWT’s."

"I wished to collect rare artefacts." He admitted and Harry blinked.

"Whatever pastime you wish, I guess." Harry muttered shaking his head. He followed Marvolo deeper in to the alley still, and they entered what Harry thought to be a shack, but it was much different on the inside. It was neat, clear, but had the aroma of potions in the air.

"Why are you here?" A voice from the shadows sounded, it was rough and old, but strong.

"I am I need of equipment." Harry stated, his voice completely emotionless.

"What kind?"

"A cauldron, a rare one. You were recommended by a Master." Harry said evenly.

"Very few would recommend me." The man all but whispered.

"Very few are looking for a diamond cauldron." Harry countered, "If you do not have it, then I shall take my business elsewhere." He turned to leave, but smirked when he was called back.

"I have what you seek," the man said, "But at a price,"

"I expected no less," Harry muttered, "Name your price, but be warned, I do not take kindly to being exploited."

The cauldron was placed on the counter where it glistened in to low light, it looked perfect.

"25,000,"

Harry threw one of his pouches of gold on the counter and grabbed the cauldron.

"Be warned, if there is a fault with this, you will not live passed its discovery." Marvolo warned coldly.

"My deals are healthy." The man stated, sounding slightly offended through his fear. Harry followed Marvolo from the store and the Dark Lord immediately apperated them back to the Slytherin castle.

"I am going to guess that Salazar taught you that." Marvolo said.

"What, how to negotiate and be a cold bastard? Yes, that was all him." Harry agreed brightly, he was back to his cheerful attitude again. "He was teaching me how to negotiate recently, and even sent me to do some of his business deals in the end."

"Is there anything that Salazar didn’t think of when it came to your education?" Marvolo wondered and Harry grinned.

"Probably not, and if it appears like he has he will just point out some minor details that he has done to prep me." Harry pointed out and Marvolo chuckled.

"No doubt,"

"Do you mind if I go and place this in my lab?"
"No, I have to sort through what I collected from Borgin, it seemed that today was not a bad idea after all." Marvolo told him as he began climbing the stairs.

"What can I say, it's my natural charm." Harry called after him. He caught the snort directed at him and grinned, Harry looked at his new cauldron and his eyes lit up; he had things to do.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!