A True Slytherin

by Thinking of a Dream

Summary

I have edited this story and will work on posting it again. Harry wakes up in his eleven year old body, due to an odd occurrence of time travel. While he is eleven in body, he is still seventeen in mind and magic. Deciding to take advantage of this opportunity, Harry embraces his Slytherin side. With the help of Draco Malfoy, Harry hopes to help Voldemort win the war. However, he had never planned to fall in love with the strange man. This is slightly AU but I try to keep some aspects of the cannon, such as the order of major events. SEQUEL COMPLETED

Notes

~Parseltongue
'italicized thoughts'

Disclaimer; I do not own Harry Potter

Please let me know if anything is incorrect or inconsistent and I will fix it
Despite this being the third time attempting to get a correct slytherin Harry, I do not wish to give up on this story
I am having too much fun writing it
Chapter 1

Harry POV

I blinked groggily, raising my hand to rub at my eyes. ‘What happened while I was asleep? Why do I feel so...tired? Why do I feel so sore when I shouldn't? Did I sleep wrong or something?’ I let out a small groan, before sitting up. However, as I sat up, my hand touched a string that shouldn't be in my bed. ‘Strange...’ I reached up, and tugged on it. What I saw when I did, made me freeze.

I’m in my cupboard under the stairs, and in my eleven year old body. Well, not quite eleven, if I am still in this cupboard. ‘Why the hell am I back here? Let alone eleven! Last I checked I was nearly seventeen! Bloody hell. No use worrying about how this happened, now. I just have to figure out what day it is.’ That’s when Aunt Petunia came and banged on the door, yelling for me to wake up, Dudley running down the steps a few moments later yelling about the zoo… ‘The zoo! That means my Hogwarts letter will be here tomorrow! If that’s the case, then... maybe I can use this odd occurrence to my advantage. I was getting tired of Dumbledore’s manipulations along with Ron and Hermione’s lies.’

The way Ron and Hermione acted towards me was fake from the very beginning, but it just got worse after they found out I’m gay. Ron basically blew up in my face, and Hermione decided to take his side because she loves him. Though she had attempted to talk some sense into him, it never worked. In the end Ron started to blatantly ignore me when no one else was around while I saw Hermione try to catch my eye on many occasions.

The main thing that got me was Ron’s whispers about how evil I was and that he wishes Dumbledore would pay them more money to be ‘friends’ with me, because what they get now isn’t enough, even if it was coming out of my vaults. I could tell Hermione was still unsure, but then Ron kissed her and she was officially swayed to his ideals and ignored me completely after that. I ended up going to Gringotts as soon as I could.

While there I found ten different compulsions, some of them were to fight Voldemort, to believe every bad thing about Voldemort was true, and to believe all Slytherins were bad. Along with that were many memory charms, most of them of Dumbledore catching me listening in on his conversations with Fawkes, usually about how to keep me with Weasley and Granger so I don’t turn dark. Along with that had been moments where Voldemort attempted to tell me the truth before being intercepted by either order members or Dumbledore himself.

There was also a very strong, unnoticeable, tracking spell placed upon me and my wand. Then the hundred gallions stolen from my vault and placed in the vault of Granger and Weasley. To say I was upset, would be a severe understatement. I immediately made arrangements to be emancipated, and to remove every spell casted on me, I also got a new wand; cherry with thestral hair core, which I apparently still have in my pocket. ‘Even so, I should go ahead and get another wand when the time comes, to avoid suspicion...’

I looked up, glancing at the boa Dudley was trying to get to move; the boa I set loose last time. I smirked, and planned to do it again. ‘Only this time, I won’t laugh like an idiotic Gryffindor.’

~Hello, would you like to be set free, great Boa?~
~Yes, it would be nice to see the outside.

~Very well, one moment and you will be free.

I waited and let Dudley, the stupid whale, push me to the side. Smirking on the inside, while keeping a blank face, I wandlessly and wordlessly made the glass disappear. I waited until Dudley fell in, before having it come back.

~Thanksss

~You’re welcome

That night, I went without punishment, as they never figured out in their tiny brains what happened to make their little dadders fall into the snake pit.

The next morning, I found my Hogwarts letter on the floor. Previously, I would have screwed up and let the others see it. Now that I know what it is…

I walked by my cupboard, secretly slipping it through the small crack I made between the door and the wall, before continuing to the kitchen and giving the rest to Vernon.

‘From now on, I’m going to do things the way I should have done them. No more Gryffindor Harry Potter, from now on, I will embrace my Slytherin side, and do so quite happily as well.’
Chapter 2

Harry POV

That night, I sat in my cupboard with a stolen pen and paper. I planned to reply back to the headmaster. I gave a heavy sigh, staring blankly at the paper in my hands. 'This is so stupid, why is it always me anyways? As awesome as it is to be getting this second chance, I still remember all the pain I received last time. Damn it, Harry, this is no time to be getting all depressed, you're a slytherin now for fucks sake! Get it together already.' I looked up again, and began to write the letter, knowing there was an owl somewhere outside waiting for a reply.

If this goes right, I’ll be out of here in a few days. Signing my name at the bottom, I paused, listening to see if they were awake. Quickly hearing their snores, I quietly slipped out of the small room and went outside. Simply holding up the rolled parchment, I wasn’t surprised when a barn owl came out of nowhere and took it from my grasp before flying off. I quickly slipped back in, and re-entered my room, none of them knowing that I had just made contact with their hated wizarding world.

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3rd PPOV

In Dumbledore's office…

Opening the letter an owl just dropped off on his desk, Dumbledore swiftly read over it, before pausing at the name underneath it. It was from one Harry Potter The-Boy-Who-Lived. Dumbledore was ecstatic that Harry agreed to attend Hogwarts, given the animosity his relatives have towards the wizarding world. He figured it would take more effort to get Harry to attend. His beloved weapon for the light was still his, after all. He even found the perfect friends for Harry, he just had to make sure things went accordingly and they were pushed together. Ronald Weasley would be no issue…the muggleborn Hermione Granger, however, would be a little more difficult. Glancing back at the letter he re-read it for the third time, a small smile forming.

Dear Headmaster Dumbledore,

How could I be a wizard? According to my aunt and uncle, magic isn’t real. However, I have heard aunt Petunia mutter about people like James, Lily, who are my parents, and someone named Severus. Are they so called wizards as well? If this is real, then could this “Severus” person come and explain it all to me please? If my parents knew him, then he must be a good person.

Thank you,

Harry Potter
Dumbledore sighed, and told Hogwarts to summon Snape to him.

You see, Hogwarts is sentient; however, because Dumbledore has her bound to him, she is unable to ban him from the grounds. She wishes that she could though, after watching all the pain and lies and ways he has made her children weaker due to his own fear of others being able to toss him out. She thought that Tom would be able to succeed in doing so, but Dumbledore made sure everyone thought that Tom was the bad guy.

Severus was a precious child to her, a child she has barely managed to save from Dumbledore’s manipulations. The only child she has had enough power to protect, and she loathes Dumbledore for it. She watched as he went into the Headmaster’s office, content to watch and see what happens.

“What is it?” Snape spoke harshly as he walked through the door. He didn’t have time for this, he was just about to start brewing another potion.

“Ah, Severus, my boy, I have a request to make of you. I hope you will accept, it will mean the world to me.” Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled, a spell he created and casted on his eyes whenever he had company.

Seeing Snape wouldn’t be answering, Dumbledore continued on, “I want you to go pick up dear Harry and take him to get his supplies. Also, please explain to him the workings of the wizarding world. Tell him how wonderful the Gryffindor house is and how much better the light side is while you’re at it, please.” Dumbledore spoke, subtly casting compulsion charms on Snape as he did, however he didn’t notice Hogwarts making an effort to block each spell he tried to cast on Snape. Therefore, he did not know they didn’t actually work. Snape, however, felt both the compulsion spells and Hogwarts deflecting them, though he didn’t let it show on his expression. Snape simply nodded, and left.

“Good, good, there’s no need to worry then, with Severus helping. Though I would have preferred to send dear Hagrid to get Harry.” Dumbledore sighed again before laughing, as he felt Snape leave the vicinity of his office.

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Harry POV

“Get up boy and fix us some breakfast!” Petunia banged on my cupboard door. I sighed, slowly getting up and heading to the kitchen. Mechanically getting the stuff out for eggs and bacon, it took a few moments before I even realized a plate had fallen out and shattered on the floor when I had grabbed a bowl. A few seconds later I sat in my cupboard, wondering what time it even was. Probably around 10 o'clock. Of course, I could just cast a tempus, but I didn’t particularly feel like it just yet.

I had received a letter, saying that Snape was indeed going to come and pick me up, and that he would be here about noon. Before long I had dozed off, and a little while later there was a knock on the front door, which could only be Snape. After waking up fully I unlocked and opened the door. Looking up, I saw Vernon looking over in my direction, already quite red and purple in his fat face. I inwardly smirked, carefully keeping my face blank, as I looked at Snape. To my surprise, he only looked mildly annoyed, and not severely pissed off at having to come pick up the boy wonder.

“Why you little freak, get back in your cupboard!” I ignored Vernon’s shriek, opting to quickly walk right passed him and out the front door instead. I saw Snape’s eyebrow twitch at the mention
of my cupboard.

“Fine! You want to go to that horrid place of freaks, then never come back here again! You worthless piece of shit!” Vernon yelled, obviously annoyed he was being ignored, but too fat to do anything about it aside from yell.

“We will talk somewhere else. Now come on, I don’t have all day.” He barked out, before apparating us to the Leaky Cauldron.

“What was that?” I asked, after regaining my balance and the world stopped spinning.

“I apparated us. So, I’m assuming you know at least a little of the wizarding world, Mr. Potter.” Snape drawled, putting emphasis on my name, which I smiled internally at.

“Actually, I don’t know anything of the wizarding world. Last I knew, magic wasn’t even real. ” I looked up at him, a sad smile on my face, “I only know that my parents were killed in a car crash and that you knew them.”

“A car crash, Mr Potter? Hardly. They were murdered.” Snape stared down at me, where we still stood in front of the building we apparated to, “who told you that I knew your parents?”

“I overheard aunt Petunia occasionally mumble about her “freak of a sister befriending a freak named Severus then marrying and equally freakish James Potter” so I asked Dumbledore if this Severus person could come and explain everything to me. Then you showed up.”

“This acting is a bit easier than I thought it would be. The main issue will be Malfoy and being sorted into Slytherin.’

“What did you mean by they were murdered?” I gave a small frown. Instead of answering, though, Snape just continued to stare at me. Well, glare is a better term for the expression, but I have a feeling he is studying me more than just glaring. Suddenly, he turned and entered the Leaky Cauldron before finding a table in the back and sitting.

“I will start from the beginning, Mr. Potter. However, I will not repeat myself so listen carefully.” I quickly nodded, giving him all of my attention. ‘And now we begin the story of how Voldemort killed my parents.’

“Your parents were killed by the Dark Lord, also known as Voldemort, and You-Know-Who,” I wanted to raise an eyebrow, hearing him say the name.

Though I also noticed he was forcing himself not to flinch or stutter, “because we are in the middle of a war and your parents were on the light side; supporting Albus Dumbledore. They had originally gone into hiding, to protect you but they were found. After killing them, the Dark Lord also tried to kill you with the killing curse; Avada Kedavra. It rebounded off of you, and hit him. This is what left that scar on your forehead. Due to being hit by the curse, the Dark Lord was killed. Now everyone calls you the boy-who-lived; their savior.” Snape sneered near the end, nearly spitting out the words. I furrowed my eyebrows.

“Why would they call me that?”

“Because you are the only person to ever survive the killing curse. Now we need to leave, daylight is dwindling.” I quickly followed behind the dark figure of the potions professor, internally scoffing. It was barely even noon still.
“Where are we?” I asked, looking up at the white building.

“Gringotts, the bank for wizards.” was the short reply as we came to the front desk.

“Harry Potter would like to get some money out of his vault. I have the key.” Holding the key out for the goblin to take, we waited for another goblin to take us to the vault.

“Follow me.” the new goblin spoke gruffly, and as we headed towards my vault, I began to make my first plan of action. ’I need to get a magical guardian that isn’t Dumbledore. Right now the only person I can think of is Remus. He would be my best bet. I also need to get my vaults out of Dumbledore’s use. I can’t do anything right now, otherwise I will blow my cover in front of Snape and that can’t happen yet. Alright, then the first thing I will do tomorrow is come back here and get this all situated.’ Suddenly feeling a sharp flick on my forehead, I jerked back into the present only to see Snape scowling at me.

“Sorry, I felt rather sick from the speed.” I whispered quickly.

“Just go and get some money, Potter.”

A few minutes and a cart ride later found us back outside the bank.

“The next stop shall be Madam Malkin’s, I presume?” Snape spoke, and I blinked up at him, “robes, Potter. You did bring your list of what you need for school I presume?” I simply nodded, and Snape started towards the designated store. ‘Draco will be here...I wonder...’

I opened the door, automatically spotting the head of blonde hair.

“I’ll be with you in a moment, dears.” I ignored her, walking up to Malfoy instead.

“Hello, are you also going to Hogwarts?” I let a curious expression form, along with a small smile. “Of course, where else would I attend school at?” Draco raised a delicate eyebrow and I shrugged slightly, “no matter. What house do you plan to be in? I will, obviously, be in Slytherin.” Knowing that Snape was listening to our conversation, I decided to play dumb.

“House? What’s that?” I cringed slightly at Malfoys immediate sneer.

“You’re a mudblood?”

“What’s a mudblood?”

“A wizard or witch born to non magical people.” was Snape’s reply.

“Oh. Then, no I am not a mudblood. My parents were both magical.” I replied with a grin, that made Malfoy force back a cringe. ‘This is rather amusing.’

“That’s good then. My name is Draco Malfoy, what’s yours?”

“I’m Harry, Harry Potter. It’s nice to meet you.” The resulting expression on Malfoys face was quite worth it; a nice imitation of a venus fly trap. Before he collected himself and stood slightly taller.

“Please, call me Draco.” Draco smirked down at me, before offering out his hand, “let’s be
friends.”

“Of course, then you may call me Harry.” I took his hand and shook it. ‘This is going to be a very fun and interesting time, indeed.’
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I am so very sorry for the long wait!! I had not planned on it taking this long to update any of my stories again. I am hoping that it won't take so long next time. But since my second semester in college has recently started, I can't make any promises. But I will definitely try.
Anyways, let me know what you think of the chapter!

Harry POV

It came as a slight surprise when Draco didn’t start spouting off things about purebloods and how great they are, along with his father and how horrible the Gryffindors are. Rather, he calmly spoke about who his parents are and what they are like. ‘It seems I am already affecting the timeline, which is a good thing for me. At least, I do hope it is. Then again, this could just blow up in my face. Literally or not, that could be a potentially bad thing in the end.’

“Draco, who is this you are speaking with?” the calm, soft voice broke me of my musings, and I looked up to see Narcissa Malfoy, Lucius standing just a little bit behind her. I caught his gaze, as he studied me. I wanted to laugh at the startled recognition in his silver eyes. I looked back over at Draco who was grinning at his mom, different pieces of cloth floating around him still.

“This, mum, is Harry Potter. Harry, that’s my mum and dad, who I had just been telling you about. Hey, mum, dad, can Harry come with us to get supplies?” Draco calmly walked up to them, having finished getting the robes made for him, and I took his place. There was a hint of uncertainty and suspicion in Lucius’ eyes as he once again gazed out at me, as though he was trying to figure out a really difficult puzzle. Then he came up to me and extended his hand, which I calmly took and gave a firm shake.

“It’s a pleasure, Mr. Potter, I am Lucius Malfoy, and next to me, is Narcissa. I would be pleased to have you come along with us, so long as it is okay with whoever is your guide today.” ‘Wait, why didn’t he introduce Narcissa as his wife? He stated his last name, even though I obviously already knew what it was, so why not continue stating the obvious and say Narcissa Malfoy? Strange... oh well, I’m sure I will find out eventually. Until then, where did Severus go?’

“I am quite okay with him going with you.” ‘Ah, there he is.’ I glanced over as he walked towards us, a bag in his hand, most likely delicate potion ingredients if he didn’t shrink it. ‘He probably just went into Knockturn Alley.’

“Severus? How did you get to be Mr. Potter’s guide? I expected that oaf Hagrid, considering who Mr. Potter is.” There was shock written on Lucius’ face for a split second, before going back to a blank mask. Something a person with no experience in observing probably wouldn’t easily catch.

“Yes, well, Mr. Potter here somehow learned of my connection to his parents and ended up asking the Headmaster if I would be his guide today. I had no real choice in the matter.” Severus frowned as the tape measures around me turned into different cloths.

“Indeed.” Was all Lucius said along with raising a perfect eyebrow, before walking over and
gracefully sat in a chair to wait. Severus scoffed, before turning towards me. We stood there staring at each other, Draco talking with his mom, before the cloths changed to robes and folded themselves into a bag and was shrunk. I handed Madam Malkin money for them, before returning to the group.

“Okay, where to next?” I asked, looking to Draco.

“Books, I do believe. Is that alright with you?” Draco looked from me over to Severus, then looked over to his dad.

“Let’s go then.” I gave a smirk, before walking out the door.

“Wait up, Harry!” I slowed my pace, Draco easily falling into step next to me, “where have you been living up to now? I heard people say you lived with your only living relatives, but I would prefer to hear it from you.”

I glanced at him, before looking back in front of me, “I lived with my Aunt and Uncle.” I felt his gaze on me, as I spoke. ‘There was no way I would tell him absolutely everything. I don’t want people to know about the abuse, nor the nightmares I still have.’

“I see. Are you going back there after we are finished shopping here then?” I smirked.

“That is something only Snape will know.”

“What? Why only Se- Snape?” I wasn’t shocked at the almost slip up on his name. ‘I can’t very well have everyone knowing where to find me, after all. I am the supposed Boy-Who-Lived, Severus will be the only one I will trust with this, and considering he is on Voldemort’s side, it could play in my favor.’

“I need at least one person to know where to contact me, if absolutely necessary, and Snape is the only person I will give that information to, because I know he won’t tell anyone.” Opening the door to Flourish and Blotts, I let Draco lead the way to the counter. I am rather surprised no one has recognized me yet. Then again, my name hasn’t really been shouted for all to hear, and my scar isn’t visible with my hair covering it up. I am rather glad I haven’t had to put up with the crowds, I hated that the most when it came to my so called fame.

“Two sets of Hogwarts first year books.” Draco spoke to the lady at the desk. She nodded and with a flick of her wand, two boxes of books appeared and she shrunk them. I put a pile of money on the counter, next to Draco’s. ‘I will return and get more books some other time, right now though I will not show that I am completely interested in the Dark Arts.’

“Why do you seem to trust Snape so much?” Draco asked, as we walked back outside to meet back up with his parents and Severus.

“I have my reasons. They aren’t that important to know though. So don’t worry too much about it.” Was all I said, before walking ahead to Ollivanders, knowing they would inadvertently follow me. I wonder if I will still receive the holly and phoenix wand? Probably, but I will most likely need a second core along with the feather. As we reached Ollivanders, Lucius turned in a different direction.

“I will be off getting a few things, I will meet you back here in a little while.” He left before any of us replied, I simply shrugged and walked into the building.

“Ah, Mr Potter, Mr Malfoy Jr, Severus and Narcissa, nice to see you. Who shall get their wand first hmm?” ‘again, Narcissa isn’t addressed as a Malfoy.’
“You can go ahead, I have a feeling mine will take a while to get.” Draco gave me an odd look, before nodding and going up to the desk.

“Draco Malfoy, then? Very well, let me see what I have,” we watched him go into the back, “yes, yes, these should do quite nicely.” he came back, carrying five different boxes. Sitting them down in a row on the desk, he looked to Draco, “now, run your hand past each one, and pick up the one that calls to you.” I watched as Draco did so, and nothing happened until he came upon the fifth wand on the desk. He picked it up, and gave it a small flick. I was slightly awed at the silver and green dragon that came forth from the tip. Draco grinned, clearly pleased with himself.

“Very good, very good indeed. 10 inches, Hawthorn wood with a unicorn hair for the core, a reasonably pliant wand. Do take care of it, Mr. Malfoy.” Ollivander then turned to me, a strange smile on his face, “Now, Harry Potter, let's see.” He quickly left again, coming back with different wands. We stood there for twenty minutes, trying dozens of wands, none of them agreeing with my magic. There had been hawthorn, willow, oak, holly, and a few different others.

“Hmm, I wonder.” He mumbled to himself, before grabbing the holly and phoenix wand from the shelf. Presenting it to me to pick up, I calmly did so, and to my slight surprise it let out very weak sparks.

“Oh, that will not do, not at all. It seems it would work for you, but not quite strong enough to completely agree with your magic. It appears you need a completely new wand, and one with two cores instead of just one. One of those cores will apparently be a phoenix feather. You are in luck, today, Mr. Potter, I just received a third Phoenix feather the other day. However, there is a difference between these two feathers. This one is from a rare blue Phoenix.” Ollivander spoke, pulling out the feather. It was similar to a red feather, only this one had at least 10 different shades of blue mixing and intertwining together to look like a blue fire instead of a red one. It almost looked like it would freeze instead of burn. He also brought out a small pure silver knife with tiny engravings on the blade that seemed to be in a different language, and a blank yellowed parchment, then waved his wand and a small pure silver cauldron appeared next to the items, “I just need you to place a drop of your blood on the parchment and it will tell us what we need.”

I picked up the proffered knife, not flinching as I cut the tip of my finger. A few seconds later, I heard Ollivander take in a sharp breath. I looked at the parchment to see what the issue was.

“Oh, dear, I have not seen quite the combination as this one before. Phoenix feather and Thestral hair core, 8 inches with both Beech and Yew woods. How very strange. Ah, no matter, let's begin then, shall we?” I watched as Ollivander waved his wand again and the items appeared on the table, probably from a separate room. He placed them in the cauldron, apparently filled with an odd liquid, before beginning a chant. A strong wind picked up, before settling a few moments later, and Ollivander levitated a wand out of the liquid.

“Hurry and take it, Mr. Potter!” I swiftly reached out and grabbed the wand, immediately being surrounded by light. I closed my eyes tightly, opening them when the light lessened a few moments later. I glanced around, seeing everyone gaping at me, which made me slightly uncomfortable.

“What?” I snapped, which snapped them out of it.

“Umm, nothing, nothing. Shall we go? I’m sure dad will be done by now. We have spent an hour in here after all.” Draco spoke up, giving a small smile. ‘The hell? It’s not like I got the wand I had last time, but then again, I can feel that this wand is very powerful. I suppose they have every right to be rather uneasy about this.’ I paid Ollivander for the wand, before moving to leave, but stopped by the door when he spoke once more.
“Harry Potter, I warn you to be very careful with what you do with that wand. That wand has the ability to either destroy or save this very world.” I simply gave a “thank you” before walking from the building and meeting up with the others. Thankfully they were back to normal, and we decided to go grab something to eat. The strangeness of my second, or technically third, wand being shoved to the back of my mind, for now at least. Maybe I will figure it out someday. Until then, I walked by Draco and listened to him chatter about Quidditch and exclaiming his shock when I told him I have not heard about the game before. If I was still the same 11 year old boy I had been before, I probably would have smiled and laughed at his excitement over the game.

But after everything that has happened, I will never be the same again.
Chapter Notes

It has come to my attention that I need to add in a chapter explaining what was happening before Harry woke up in the past. It is now my plan to make the next chapter a flashback. If there is anything else that doesn't quite make sense, then please let me know and I will work on integrating it into the story so that it will not be confusing.

'Thoughts are italicized'

Harry POV

“You are sure you're okay with eating here? I mean, it’s not exactly an upper class establishment. I figured.”

“Of course we eat here, Harry, they have the best food around.” Draco interrupted me, rolling his eyes in the process. I nearly laughed, but simply shrugged instead. After entering, we automatically went towards a private booth and sat down.

“Harry, please, tell us a little more about yourself.” Lucius spoke, after glancing at the menu. ‘Okay, so far he knows who I am, what else should I divulge?’

“ My favorite color would have to be black, and my favorite food is treacle tarts. I also find Quittage is rather enjoyable.” as I talked, I looked at Lucius, not breaking eye contact. ‘The fact that he seems even more intrigued by me is amusing, to say the least.’

“I see.” Lucius’ expression didn’t change any in his reply, not very shocking.

The rest of the lunch went on with small banter, mainly between Lucius and Severus while Draco attempted to get more information out of me. I found his attempts rather endearing, really. Then soon enough we had to depart so that Lucius could make it to his meeting on time, though I’m pretty sure his meeting is with the Dark Lord, and not a client.

Watching them leave, I turned to Severus and made sure my expression was completely closed off. I suppose now would be a good time to have him take me to my new home.

"Snape-

"AHHHH!!"

Just as I was going to say something, a huge explosion went off a few buildings from us, causing both Severus and I to be thrown to the ground from the force of it. Using the fact Severus was still on the ground and coughing, I quickly stood and ran in the direction of the chaos.

Severus POV
I slowly stood back up, still slightly coughing. 'What in the name of Merlin is going on? Wait, where did Potter go?’ I glanced around, worried, though not wanting to admit being so. I then decided the best place to look would probably be where the commotion is. Running towards the place everyone else was running away from. I honestly felt slightly ridiculous, running towards danger. 'Where on earth were the Aurors? No matter, my main concern right now is Potter.’ I came to a halt, my mouth falling open into a rather unseemly gape. Ignoring all the still frantic people, and completely destroyed stores, there were about five death eaters. And all five of them were attacking a boy all at once while he tried to protect a small family behind him. Looking closer at the family, I'm pretty sure it was the Lovegood family.

"You stupid brat, get out of our way! Those pathetic things need to be put out of their misery!" The death eater in the front yelled out harshly, still firing off spells at the boy's shield. Looking closer at the boy, I nearly gasped, and gasped some more. 'Potter? Bloody hell, what does that boy think he is doing?! But... how is he even holding his ground like that?’ I stood, continuing to watch, though I should really have been interfering in the fight.

"Shut the hell up! You know nothing about these people!” Potter yelled out, throwing a rather dark curse at the man. 'Neither do you, Potter. Or do you?’ I continued to watch as he started to distract them with multiple spells, as he searched through his pockets frantically. 'What is he looking for?’ His expression was that of pure concentration, then I saw a sixth death eater sneak from his hiding place behind Potter. 'Damn.' Acting quickly, I ran towards Potter, shouting out a spell at the hidden death eater.

"Sectumsempra!” The hiding man automatically fell to the ground, screaming in agony.

"Snape." Potter greeted, slight panic in his expression, before pulling what looked to be a simple silver ring out of his pocket. After muttering a few words, the shield around us grew slightly and became a ton stronger than what it previously was. I raised an eyebrow at him, wondering what he was doing, when he blatantly turned his back on the death eaters to speak with the Lovegoods. 'Is he secretly an idiot?’ I saw one of the men angrily flick his wand towards us, only for the spell to bounce right off the shield. 'How strong is this shield of his?’ I ignored my curiosity for the moment, instead watching him speak with the other two in the shield. A few moments later, he is handing them the ring, muttering a few more words, before they disappear. 'A portkey? Why and how does he have one of those? And where did he just send them off to?’

"Please tell me you know where the Potter’s Cottage is, Shape.” Potter quickly spoke, glancing warily at the attackers. 'Why does he want to go there?’ I wanted to ask him, but judging by his expression, it wasn't a good idea to ask right now. I simply settled with giving a short nod in confirmation.

"Good. Take us there." I really wanted to snap at him, but now wasn't a good time. Instead, I offered my arm and disapparated.

"Thanks.” Potter muttered, before walking up to the door. I was kind of surprised to see how new everything still looked after eleven years of not being used. Then again, the house elves probably kept it clean. 'How does he even know of Potter’s Cottage? How does he even know how to shield? There’s no way he could have learned all that he knows from Petunia.’

"Snape, are you coming? Or are you going to stand there like a statue all day?” Potters voice broke through my thoughts. Looking suspiciously at the boy in front of me, I decided to follow.
Harry POV

I wanted to smack myself. Repeatedly. I hadn't wanted to be forced to show any magical skill in front of Severus, but then I heard death eaters and I saw Luna Lovegood and her father being the main ones targeted. I reacted quickly to protect them, and had no other choice but to continue when Severus appeared and attacked the death eater I had felt come up behind me. Which was a stupidly gryffindor thing to even do. It was a good thing I had learned how to make an emergency portkey for st. Mungos. And since I'm not supposed to know how to apparate, I needed Severus to do it.

I'm just glad I managed to keep my mask of panic up the entire time. It wouldn't do for any of them to find anything out about me. Though now isn't the time. After opening the door, and making sure Severus was the only one keyed into the wards, I turned around to see if he was going to follow me or not. I was met with a suspicious look, and he was watching me as though trying to figure me out. 'Shit, that's not a good sign. I've let him see too much.'

Easily pushing the door silently open, I ignored the house elves and the rest of the cottage and headed straight down the first hallway towards the living room. The living room, I noticed, was done in dark colors. The walls and ceiling were painted a deep purple, and all the furniture is a black leather. The floor, however, was a lighter shade of hardwood. The light came from a simple chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The room itself wasn't large, more of a medium size, with three couches and a chair situated around a medium dark colored table. On the far left wall stood a medium sized fireplace, which was already lit with a small fire. On the wall opposite the doorway there are three medium windows facing the backyard.

"Please have a seat, Snape." I said rather shyly, making a vague gesture towards the loveseat and chair taking a seat myself. I could see his hesitation, before finally sitting down.

"I find you very suspicious. Are you really Potter?" Severus stated, glaring slightly. I blinked before awkwardly looking at the floor, giving off the impression of being excessively nervous. 'Straight to the point, I see.'

"I was curious. When my aunt began to tell me things about this magical world, I wanted to know if it existed. So, I snuck out. Quite often, I would leave the house without them knowing, and after a few weeks, I came across a strange looking person who was muttering to himself about dragons. Seeing the opportunity, I followed him, and found myself in the Leaky Cauldron. After that, I kept returning, to learn more. I never bought anything, even after I had visited the goblins." I spoke confidently, as though all of it was true. 'Hopefully he doesn't realize that I just lied. If he knew the truth of my situation, it would become problematic.' I could almost hear the thoughts moving about in Severus' head, as he continued to look at me. Finally he sat back in the seat, and seemed to be put at ease but still slightly suspicious.

"Very well, I will accept that answer, for now." He drawled out.

"Thank you, Professor." My gaze remained fixed on the floor, feeling Snape’s glare still. A few minutes later he abruptly stood and swept out of the house. The moment his magical signature left the wards of the house, I stood and with a scowl went to the basement. The basement had been refurbished at some point to be a proper potions lab. There were two long tables with different cauldrons set up and ready to be used; one table in the very back and the second was in the middle of the room. The right wall was nothing but shelving with a few bottles of potions already made. To the far left was a door leading to a storage room for potion ingredients, most of which were under a stasis charm. Taking note of what potions were on the shelves, I wrote a list of potions I will need to start making. 'Granted, my potion skills are still rather lacking. However, practicing the art will probably help improve that.' Sighing, I turned around and went back upstairs. It was
about time to eat something for dinner. Calling for a house elf, I requested for dinner to be sent to the dining room.

Sitting at the table, I summoned a parchment and quill before working on a to do list for tomorrow.

1. Go to Gringotts and talk to head goblin
   1. Request that a new key is made and Dumbledore be unable to access any and all of my vaults
   2. Remove some money
2. Go to the ministry and request a change in magical guardian
   1. Obliviate afterwards
3. Go to Flourish and Blotts
4. Madam Malkins
5. Get a snake

‘Good enough for me. Now, to eat. Then the library shall be perused.’

It wasn’t a huge shock to find that the library comprised of a large collection of both light and dark arts, with a few other random subjects. My main focus, however, was the dark arts. As it happened, the first book I picked up was in parseltongue. With a small hum, I walked over to the wooden desk in the middle of the room, ignoring the other walls crammed with books. It wasn’t until well past midnight that I ended up falling asleep in the chair.
I heaved a small sigh, watching Malfoy sit at his house table. Sometimes I actually think he makes eyes at Luna, but then other times he is making eyes at me. I don’t understand him at all.

“Looking at your wannabe boyfriend there Harry?” Ron sneered over at me, which I only returned with a small glare, “oh wait, that’s right, Malfoy would never even consider dating an ugly halfblood like you.”

Ron swiftly turned away from whispering at me, engaging rather loudly in a conversation about quittage with Dean and Seamus.

“Harry, you really should eat more, it’s not healthy to only eat a piece of toast.” Hermione smiled as she placed eggs and bacon onto my plate. It was unfortunate that the smile didn’t reach the glare in her eyes. I returned her smile with a small one and a shrug.

“Sorry Hermione, guess I am not feeling very well. I think I will just go see Pomfrey.”

“Should we go with you, mate? Wouldn’t want anything bad to happen to you on the way there.” Ron had turned back to me, a concerned expression on his face that fooled everyone but me.

“No, I’ll be fine Ron. Thanks though. Meet you in the common room later?” Standing, I glanced at my friends.

“Sure, Harry. Just be careful, okay?” Hermione’s eye just twitched, I think.

“Of course. See you later then.” I didn’t get a reply as I walked from the great hall. I soon altered my course and headed to the Room of Requirement instead. Flopping on the sofa the room created, I let my eyes drift shut and escaped to inside my mind. It’s not that I have occlumency shields or anything like that, far from it actually. No, what is in my mind is him. I have been able to feel him since my first thing of accidental magic. It was like something in me simply snapped.

Maybe it was whatever had held his presence at bay, probably something Dumbledore did when I was still an infant. It also told me exactly what it is, or rather what I am; a horcrux. Unfortunately though, that was the first and last time he has said anything.

When he did tell me that, I decided to do some research on what a horcrux is, and found out Voldemort had split his soul.

In the end I came to conclusion on just who it is that's in my mind. Of course, no books actually said Voldie split his soul, I had figured that out by putting all the pieces together. How he was able to return, and the diary.

Anyways, due to the piece of him in me being too weak to talk, all I ever get is feelings. Though if
it is Voldemort’s feelings or the horcrux itself, I am not sure.

In an odd way, I feel more at ease, or calmer, when I escape to where it is hidden. It’s almost like I belong next to the presence, feeling the slight yet powerful magic that it emits.

I don’t know how long I laid there for, but eventually I succumbed to sleep.

I dream of leaving this place of lies and hatred, of finding a place that I actually belong. I knew it wouldn’t actually happen. In the end, my dream only made me more upset. Why does everyone use me like a stupid tool? Why do they hate and fear me like I will turn on them at any second? I want to laugh at that thought because really, I would turn on them. After all, the hat ended up being right. I would have belonged were I placed in Slytherin. If I could leave this place, go somewhere else, I would not let anything hold me back from being who I really am. I gave a frown, the dream changing to show a shadow in a lit room.

“Do you really want to leave this place, Harry Potter?” the shadow whispered, the voice seemingly coming from everywhere around me. Blinking, I nodded.

“Yes, I want to leave.”

“Very well then, I shall grant you that wish. However, you will never be able to return to where you are now.”

“That is fine, I don’t want to return here anyways.”

“Good.”

I blinked my eyes open slowly, feeling confused. I know I just had a really weird dream, but I couldn’t remember a single thing about it.

Just this odd sense of finality and an urge to grab my map and cloak then return here. What the hell is going on? Scowling, I swiftly left the room to the Gryffindor tower. Avoiding everyone in there, including Ron and Hermione, I quickly went to my trunk and pulled out the two items. I feel rather ridiculous listening to these weird feelings.

What the hell happened while I was sleeping, or rather what happened in my dream? This doesn’t make any sense. Not like it even matters, I am already back at the room. Granted, I don’t remember the walk here. Giving a long sigh, I opened the door and walked in.

The room was completely empty, oddly enough. Walking farther in, I paused in the middle of the room about to ask for something to eat.

Nothing made it out of my lips before I suddenly passed out.
Hello! So sorry for the wait, but here is the next chapter! Due to loosing my notes for this story, I have to re write what I had planned. This wont really affect the story, just when certain things will occur. I do still plan to finish writing this. Anyways, enjoy! Let me know of any errors and I will fix them as soon as I can.

Thank you very much to Clockwork for your encouraging review, it helped me get through writing this chapter :)

Harry POV

I stood calmly in front of Gringotts, knowing that what I do today will help change many things down the road. Those very changes could either save the wizarding world, or they could bring it to destruction. ‘Or something very similar in any case. So I need to request a new key and for Dumbles to be banned from using any and all of my vaults. I also need to get some more money to get books, clothes and maybe potion supplies if there’s time. I will also need to think over what I dreamed about last night. Now that I remember what happened, and how I got here, a few things make more sense.’

I walked in, pausing when I reached the front desk.

“Pardon me, may I see the head goblin? I have a few requests to make.” My words came out confidant, and I did not flinch when the goblin’s unblinking gaze settled on me.

“Name please.”

“Harry Potter.” I watched as the goblin handed me a small knife and a piece of parchment.

“Place a single drop of blood on the parchment for identification.” Doing as requested, the goblin took the items back before summoning another goblin.

“Trutip will take you to Head Goblin Ragnok, Mr. Potter.”

“Thank you.” I turned and followed Trutip down a few different hallways, neither of us saying anything. I watched as Trutip knocked on the door we stopped at and said something in gobbledygook before turning and leaving. A few moments later the door opened and I walked in.

“What can I do for you, Harry Potter?” The goblin sitting behind the desk questioned as I sat in a chair across from him.

“I want to request a new key for my vault and I also want to request that Albus Dumbledore is banned from using any and all of my vaults.”

“For what reason do you place these two requests?” Ragnok sounded slightly confused, if goblins can even sound confused, that is.
“Well, I believe I was to receive my vault key upon turning the age of eleven. I have yet to receive my key. Also, I have reason to believe Dumbledore has been stealing from my vault and might even steal from my other vaults if given the chance to do so. Have you, or the goblin running my vaults, checked what goes in and out of my vault? I am sure that if you do, you will find that some amount of money is taken out each month without my consent.”

“Very well. Wait here for a few minutes.” I nodded as Ragnok stood and exited a door behind him that wasn’t there a second ago. As promised, Ragnok walked back in a few minutes later with a slightly grim expression.

“It appears that the goblin in charge of your vaults knew that Dumbledore was stealing money and allowed him to do so. I have fired him and placed Griphook in charge instead. Dumbledore has been banned from using your vaults. Do you also wish the file charges and demand the stolen money back?” I gave a small frown. ‘Should I ask for my money to be returned? It’s not like I am suddenly poor because of him taking money. Also if I do something against the man this early, it won’t end well for me in the near future. I need him to still believe me the Gryffindor golden boy, at least until the sorting.’

“No, I find no reason to demand the money back.”

“Very well then. Here is a new key. The one Dumbledore has will no longer work on any of your vaults.”

“Thank you very much Ragnok.” I took the key that appeared above the goblins hand and placed it in my pocket.

“Was there anything else you needed Mr. Potter?”

“I would like to retrieve some money, then I will be on my way.”

“Follow me then.”

Roughly fifteen minutes later I stepped out of the bank, glad that no one overheard my name or recognized me. ‘I should go to the ministry last, as it will require a more complex glamour. For now, I will just do something simple before getting robes.’ Ducking into an abandoned and dark ally, I retrieved my cherry wand and began casting the glamour spell. Not seeing a point in doing the complex one, only my hair color, hair length and eye color were changed. I also placed a concealment charm over my scar. I walked back out into the open with blonde hair to my hips, and bright blue eyes. Looking around, I quickly began my way to Madam Malkins. Not too much later, I walked into the shop and after noticing she was busy, I accommodated a vacant chair nearby.

“Hello.” a soft, airy voice spoke beside me. Blinking in slight surprise, I turned my head to the left. ‘When did Luna get there? Wait, she was probably there already. Maybe I am loosing my touch. No, I doubt that. I should probably answer, I have been quiet for a few seconds too long now.’

“Hello.” Was my simple reply back.

“Beautiful day, isn’t it Harry?” She smiled at me, before turning back towards the pedestal where her dad was standing.

“Harry? Sorry, my name is Alex.” ‘How did she know it was me? Maybe there is more to her than I originally thought there was. Come to think of it, wasn’t there the possibility of her being a seer? Maybe...well in any case, she could prove to be a very valuable friend, and ally. I always did like
“Oh, my apologies Alex. I seem to have mistaken you for someone else.”

“It’s okay. Good to see you and your dad are okay after being attacked.”

“Yes, thank you for helping us.” Luna gave another smile, a distant look in her eyes that seemed to see right through me. I suppressed a small shiver.

“Yes, thank you very much Harry.” I looked up to see Xenophilius Lovegood smiling down at me.

“You’re welcome.” ‘I can’t really not say you’re welcome. It would be considered rude to not do so. Besides no one aside from them, Severus, and the Death Eaters really seen who was protecting them. And I can guarantee the Death Eaters didn’t recognize who I am.’

“We should be leaving now. Feel free to call upon either of us if you are in need of anything.” Xenophilius spoke gently and I gave a small nod in acceptance before he left, Luna following close behind.

“Hello dear, what is it you would like?” I stood and walked over to Madam Malkin, taking the vacated spot on the pedestal.

“I am in need of new robes, both fancy and everyday. I would like those in black, emerald and red, four of each color please.” I replied, letting the tape measure take the measurements that were required.

“Very well, please wait here. They should be ready in about ten minutes.” She smiled, before heading towards the back of the store with the measurements to get the requested items.

It was exactly ten minutes later that she returned, the robes floating behind her.

“Would you like me to put these in a bag with an undetectable expansion charm?”

“Yes, please. That would be great.”

“Very well dear, here you go.” She handed me the plain black bag and I placed the required amount of money in her now vacant hand.

“Thank you very much, Madam.” I smiled, leaving the shop.

‘Alright now that is all done. I believe I should go to Flourish and Blotts next. I can just put the books I get there into the bag with the robes. I know the books won't damage the new clothes any.’ Walking down towards the aforementioned destination, I let the excited chatter around Diagon Alley reach my ears. I found the noise rather annoying; how could they possibly be so happy with the second wizarding war hanging over their heads? Though I suppose they don't even realize that it is hanging over them. Voldemort it just biding his time, waiting. He will be going after the stone, while being stuck to the back of my professors head. Honestly, he should have tried to find a better way to get into the school because that is just wrong. Letting out a small puff of air, I blocked all the noise out once more and entered the bookstore.

It took a few minutes to locate everything, but I somehow managed it. The first place I looked was under the dark arts section. There were multiple different good choices, so I had to limit the ones I grabbed to only what would be useful. For example: Advanced Dark Arts Spells, Advanced Dark
Arts Shields, Advanced Dark Arts for Revenge Against Enemies, and Advanced Dark Arts Potions - From Poisons to Insect Killers. Honestly, some of those I found odd to even be near Flourish and Blotts instead of Knockturn Alley.

I next went over to find something on becoming an animagus. I have yet to do that, and I know it will come in handy later on. I found three good books on the topic and how to become one. Putting them on top of my pile, I walked over to the line.

“Do you need a bag dear?” the lady behind the desk asked, eyeing me uncertainly.

“No, thank you. These are for my father, so don’t worry. He is doing research on this subject. The animagus ones are mine though.” I grinned, looking as childish as possible. It seemed to work because she accepted the excuse and allowed me to pay her the money. Placing the books into my bag, I quickly left the store.

‘Getting a snake was next on my list. Even though that is probably cliche, but that doesn’t matter to me. I don’t really want an owl, though I should get one anyways for my mail. An owl can wait.’

Looking around, I try to remember if there was a pet store here aside from the owl emporium. Pretty sure there were a few different ones, actually. ‘Oh, right, there is the Magical Menagerie that isn’t too far from here. I can go there.’

Settling on where to go, I turned and headed the other direction. ‘What kind of snake should I get? I don’t want an emerald one, or pure black. Maybe a pure white one...albino? No, that would remind me too much of Voldemort. I will have to wait and see if they have any that would work well with me.’ I paused in front of the pet store, grabbing the silver doorknob and walking in. Immediately assaulted with the sound of dozens of different animals, the owner approached me with a grin.

“Hello, hello! What can I help you with today, young man? Maybe a cat or even a frog? We have a lovely selection of both.” The man grinned, his yellowed teeth showing. I wanted to frown in disgust but managed to keep a straight face.

“No thank you, I am looking for a snake.” The man's smile immediately fell, fear now clouding his eyes.

“A s-snake sir?”

“Yes. Can you take me to them? I can find them on my own if not.” I was starting to get slightly annoyed at this man. However, I am thankfully able to control my emotions, usually.

“O-of course sir. R-right this way.” He turned and lead me towards the back, and I silently followed. As soon as we reached the area, the man fled as quickly as possible. ‘I doubt he is the one who handles the reptiles then, going by his blatant fear of them.’ Turning back to the cages, I observed each one. There were a lot of adult ones that were calmly sleeping, others were silently watching me. A few were hissing quietly, too quietly for me to hear what they were saying.

‘I should avoid getting an older one. It will be harder to form a bond with one that is no longer considered a youngling.’

~You look yummy human. Come here so I may chew on your soft tender skin. Then give you my poison so I can watch how it affects you human.

I looked over to my right, a few cages up, to spot a black and red snake bobbing its head while looking at me. Walking up to it, I observed it a little more.
Yesss, that’s a good human. Now just reach in my cage so that I may chew on your hand a little bit.

Blinking, I realized this snake looked more like a dragon without its wings and legs. Seeing the tag that has it’s information recorded, I became much more interested in the little guy.

It is a mangrove, hairy bush viper mix. It’s black and red with piercing grey eyes similar to Draco’s eyes. It is highly venomous and dangerous. The large keeled scales that run along its body curve outward to form points that give it a furry or spiky appearance. This specific one is a male, and just over a year old.

If you promise not to harm me, I can take you with me. Would you like to leave this place?

You are a speaker? I apologize for threatening to poison you...and chew on you. Yes, I would like to leave this stuffy place. The cage is awful. And the man smelly. I will not bite you.

It is okay, it’s in your nature. Very well, let us be off then.

I lifted the cage lid and stuck my arm in for him to slither up. Bringing him out of the cage, I went back to the front to buy some mice and pay for both those and my new companion. At seeing the snake wrapped around my arm, the man nearly fainted.

“I-is there a-anything e-else you need, s-s-sir?”

“A couple of mice please. Five should do it.”

“V-very well. P-please w-w-wait here.” The man quickly scurried away, returning a few minutes later with a cage of mice. I handed him some money and picked up the mice, leaving the store before the man really does faint.

So, what would you like your name to be?

Anything is fine with me, speaker.

You can call me Harry. Alright, how about sparkles then?

He hisses lowly, trying to be threatening without actually being threatening. A few people around us quickly ran out of our way, so he didn’t really succeed. I smirked over at him, and he put his small head back down on my shoulder. His tail is resting gently just below my elbow.

Okay, not sparkles then. How about Aeron?

Yes, that iss acceptable.

Very good. Nice to meet you then, Aeron.
I am sorry that this chapter is shorter than usual. I got to where I needed Harry to decide who his guardian should be and I just couldn't decide.
So I figured I would ask my readers for their opinion. I want it to be either Severus or Remus.
Which do you think would fit this story better?
I would love to hear your opinions.
The next chapter will be back at the typical length I have been doing.
Also, if you find any errors or inconsistencies in the plot please let me know.
Thank you very much (:)

H POV

I stood silently beside the Minister's office door. It wasn’t too hard to reach the place, with this disguise anyway. I changed my previous glamour so that I would look slightly older, with short black hair, plain brown eyes, and I changed into a set of my new black robes. Calmly looking around to make sure no one was nearby or looking in my direction, I quickly removed the glamour while slipping into the office. ‘In order for this to work, I need to be the scared, vulnerable Gryffindor.’

I stood in front of the now closed door of the office, making myself seem small and nervous. I held my head down slightly, glancing up through my eyelashes at the man behind the desk who currently had a hand on his wand. I shifted, making sure my bangs moved enough so he would see my scar. The minister paused, eyes widening comically before he quickly calmed himself as much as possible. He put his wand down and gave a gentle smile,

“Harry, my boy, what brings you here?” I shifted again, bringing my head back up enough to look at him properly but not enough to where I was looking straight up.

“M-Mr. Minister, sir. I-I asked someone where I would go to ask about who I live with and they pointed me h-here.” I gave a small sniffle, before glancing around nervously.

“Please, sit down Harry.” He pointed towards the chair across from himself, “and you can just call me Cornelius, my boy. Why would you want to talk about who you live with? I am sure they are quite wonderful people.”

I shook my head slightly, letting tears begin to crawl down my cheeks. Finally looking up completely I began stuttering out the truth.

“No, C-Cornelius sir, t-they aren’t w-wonderful people at all. T-they beat m-me and st-starve me, and my b-b-bedroom is their c-cupboard under th-the stairs.” by the time I finished talking, I had more tears falling, obscuring my vision slightly. ‘Being able to cry at will really does come in handy. Hopefully he takes the bait.’
“W-w-what? How could that possibly be? Dumbledore said they were wonderful, nice people.” Cornelius looked confused, and startled at the tears. I looked up at him with wide eyes, tilting my head very slightly to the left.

“Who’s Dumbledore, s-sir?” I sniffled, watching as he paused for a moment.

“I do not understand. Dumbledore was supposed to be a big part of your life, since he is your magical guardian.” I let the tears slowly stop, shifting in my chair slightly before letting myself sit a little straighter and an excited expression form on my face.

“Wait, I actually have heard of him! I just remembered the Goblins mentioned him when I went with Professor Snape to get some money! They mentioned Dumbledore had taken money from my vaults without me knowing. But I don’t see what is wrong with an adult taking money from a child's vault.” ‘This is very tiring. I hope this finishes soon, I didn’t expect pretending to be a Gryffindor would be tiring.’

“Since the money belongs to the child, anyone but that child needs permission from the child to use the money. But are you sure Dumbledore never visited you once?” The confused expression had returned, but mixed with barely concealed anger. I nodded my head quickly.

“I am positive he never visited. I would have remembered.” I sat patiently, noticing that Cornelius began thinking over what I told him so far.

“Very well, Harry. With Dumbledore neglecting his duties as magical guardian, and stealing your money, plus your relatives abusing and neglecting you, I will have to remove Dumbledore as your magical guardian and take you out of your relative's care. I can place you in the care of someone else of your choosing. Normally I would choose, but since you are the Chosen One, I will make an exception.” He gave a heavy sigh, before bringing out a piece of parchment and a quill.

“Thank you sir!” I gave a wide grin, before letting it fall a few moments later, “but I don’t know anyone here. Well, except for Professor Snape.”

“Hmm. I can give you a list of choices. Since you know Professor Snape I will put him as an option. I don't recommend him though due to his status as a death eater. A death eater is someone who supports the bad side. He isn't trustworthy at all. Minerva McGonagall will be my main recommendation. She is the Deputy Headmistress at Hogwarts and part of the Order Of the Phoenix. A group of people who support the good side. The third person is Remus Lupin. I only recommend him because he was friends with your family. I don't trust him either because he is a werewolf. He isn't fully human. But like I said it is up to you.”
Thank you everyone for your reviews, they were very helpful :) 
I was able to make a decision according to what you said, and what I wanted to happen with Severus and Remus. 
I will admit to not having thought about Sirius yet, as I did not plan to have him in the story for a while. 
This will be the first part to a series, and will have somewhere around 20 chapters. 
There won't be any romance between Harry and Tom/Voldemort in this first part so please bear with me on that. 
Anyways, please enjoy (: 

Harry POV

“Do you think Professor Snape would mind if I chose him?”

“W-well, I wouldn’t recommend choosing him of all people. However, he is unpredictable so I don’t know if he would mind or not.” Cornelius looked highly uncomfortable at my choice in guardian. However, I had a feeling Snape would actually accept. Whether by his own choice or by Voldemort’s insistence.

“Then I would like to ask him to be my guardian.” I smiled, watching as he scribbled something down on the parchment adding a drop of his blood onto it. The parchment rolled itself up before disappearing a moment later, another one popping into existence in front of me.

“Now, Harry, If you are completely sure, I need you to sign this and place a drop of blood next to your signature. Once you do this and the parchment disappears, a similar document will appear in front of Professor Snape.” I nodded, taking the quill to sign before picking up the silver knife to nick my finger with.

A few moments later, the parchment disappeared. I looked back up at the Minister, a bright grin gracing my features.

“Thank you so much sir!”

“It was my pleasure, my boy. Now, if he accepts your request, you will know by a small burn that will flow through your body. It won’t be a very painful feeling, I promise. He will have a total of two days to accept or reject becoming your guardian.”

“Alright, thanks again sir! I should be getting home now before my relatives get worried. Please do not tell anyone, I am sure that Dumbledore isn’t really a bad person, he is just a little forgetful. I don’t want people to think badly of him because he didn’t come visit me like he should have and took my money.”

“Very well Harry, you are a very kind person. I expect you just might make it to the house of Gryffindor.” Cornelius smiled before standing to open the door. I let out a small laugh, smiling at him before exiting the office. A few minutes later found me outside the Ministry building and
apparating home.

I sat my bags down on the couch, before sitting down myself.

~ That took a while

I looked down to see Aeron poking his head out from under my collar.

~ Yes it did, I apologize for that. Anyways, I should get this stuff put away. You may explore if you wish.

~ Of course. I will return later.

Aeron slipped from his hiding place, calmly leaving the front room probably in search of some mice. I let out a sigh before standing once more and heading to my room with the bags floating behind me.

Severus POV

I blankly gazed down at the parchment that just suddenly appeared on my desk. I was in the middle of making lesson plans and this infernal thing decided to interrupt me. Letting out a sigh, I stood and headed to the nearby floo.

"Malfoy Manor" was spoken and a second later I stood in the study where they greet their guests. I don't know why I was bothering with coming here. Voldemort will ask me to accept either way. It makes sense I suppose, considering Dumbledore has basically everyone over the age of eighteen, that follows the light side, under a sort of obedience spell. Including Potter's parents. That's a story for a different time, however.

I glanced to my left at the sound of a door opening and shutting. I bowed my head slightly towards him. The person in front of me was Quirinus Quirrell on the outside, but on the inside Tom Riddle was in control. Though Tom isn't always in control, he would draw too much attention if he was.

"Tom. Thank you for meeting me on such short notice."

"Of course, Severus. What did you want to see me about?" I watched as Tom walked over and sat on one of the chairs, motioning me to join him.

"This, it appeared on my desk. Harry Potter has requested I become his guardian. I thought Dumbledore was his guardian."

I handed over the parchment as I sat on the second chair, across from him. Tom took it, raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

"It seems, Severus, that something is going on that we are not aware of. You mentioned something about having to take him to diagonal alley for his school supplies?" Tom skimmed over the document, running a thin finger over his bottom lip. I had noticed he does that when he's deep in thought.

"Yes, nothing seemed too strange. However, he saved the love goods from a few stray death eaters. After that he had me take him to the Potter's cottage instead of his relatives. While there he told me a strange story of how he found out about being a wizard. He said he overheard his aunt talking about his parents and me. I didn't entirely believe him, but I accepted his explanation for the time being."

"I see. Very well, accept his request of guardianship. It would help keep him from Dumbledore's lies and controlling tendencies." Tom handed back the parchment, summoning a quill and small knife for me to use.

"Very well. I figured you would ask me to, but I wanted to talk to you about it first anyways."

"That was a good decision Severus. I would have wanted to know about this as soon as you received the request." I nodded, taking the quill and signing at the bottom before adding two drops of blood. As soon as the second drop hit the parchment, it rolled itself up and disappeared once
more. “I would like to make a plan to keep your guardianship of Potter a secret for now. This will make things easier in the future. Talk to Potter about the plan as well, but don’t mention my involvement in this.” Tom spoke, leaning back in his chair before taking a drink of the water a house elf brought a few minutes ago.

“Of course. What did you have in mind?” I replied, also leaning back in the chair. I know that whatever plan Tom comes up with, it will be a good one.

Harry POV

It’s around eleven pm when I feel the sign that he accepted my request. The feeling of a slight warmth through my body startles me at first, not expecting him to accept so quickly, but I soon smirk and summon a piece of parchment and quill. I feel Aeron stirr on my lap from my movements.

~ What is happening?

~ I apologize for waking you. Severus accepted my request of guardianship so I am writing to him to see if he will meet with me.

~ It’s fine, I shall go catch a mouse while you write.

Going back to the parchment, I began to write.

Severus,

I can call you that right? Thank you for accepting to be my guardian. I would like to meet with you tomorrow at two o’clock to discuss what happens now. Please let me know if you can make it or not. I will have a private room under the name Aeron, the name of my snake companion.

- Harry

I stood, intent of sending the letter out, before pausing. ‘I have yet to buy an owl. That will make this a little more difficult. Hopefully Aeron will be able to find Severus easily enough to get this to him. I need to remember to buy an owl.’ I look down, seeing Aeron coming towards me.

~ Aeron would you be able to take this to Severus for me?

~ He was the tall brooding one in black, yes?

~ Yes, that was him.

~ Then yes, I can bring it to him.

I held back a smile as I watched Aeron slither away with the letter curled in his tail. ‘I will need to remember to give him a nice rabbit when he returns.’ Walking towards my room, I decided it was a good time to get some sleep.

Aeron returned with a reply the following day around 12:30. I had been in the library when he slithered in, paper in his tail. Putting down the book on defense I had been reading, I retrieved the
letter from his tail.

~ Thank you Aeron, it is much appreciated.

~ You are quite welcome, Harry. May I have a juicy rabbit? I am quite famished.

~ Of course. With a small chuckle, I gave a small wave of my wand and a medium sized brown rabbit appeared. It looked around, startled, before spotting Aeron and hopping away. Aeron followed after it with a satisfied hiss. Sitting back down, I opened the parchment in my hand and looked it over.

Harry,

Yes, you can call me Severus. But only in private. I will be there.

Do not be late.

S.

I snorted, before quickly covering it up with a cough. ‘ Why the hell did I just cover that up when I am clearly by myself? Whatever. Anyways, I should get ready.’ Standing, I headed back to my room. ‘ Should I wear robes, or just put on Dudley’s old clothes again? Well, since I am not even supposed to have the nicer robes still, it would be safer to just stick with Dudley’s clothes. I will be burning those as soon as I can.’ Grabbing the nicest looking shirt and jeans, I quickly changed before going to find Aeron.

~ Aeron, have you finished your meal? Wherever you are currently located.

~ Yes, I have finished. The rabbit was very yummy, and very bloody. It was fun to chase.

~ As happy as I am that you enjoyed the meal, I am not sure I want to hear any more about you chasing it and how bloody it was.

~ I apologize. I did not realize you were a pansy. I raised an eyebrow, hearing the amusement in Aeron’s voice.

~ I am no such thing. Rolling my eyes at his hissed laughter, I let him wrap around my arm, once more hiding under my clothes.

Stepping out of the floo, I walked towards Tom. I dodged wandering people, and curious gazes. It would not do to be recognized right now.

“I would like to rent a private room for a few hours.” I spoke after reaching the counter Tom stood behind.

“Of course. Under what name?” Tom raised an eyebrow after looking up at me, but said nothing else.

“Aeron. There is one other person who will be joining me shortly.” I spoke softly, handing over money for the room.

“Very well. Here is the key. Check back out when you are finished.”
“Thank you.” I took the key, turning and heading up a flight of stairs. The room was easy to locate, being at the very end of the hall. Walking inside, I wanted to scrunch my nose in distaste. It was pretty dusty, most likely one of the least used rooms. The bed was practically falling apart, the sheets thin and turning an ugly grey. There was one small desk beside the bed, the drawer hanging halfway out. I didn’t see a handle anywhere that should have been attached to it. Sighing, I waved my hand, getting rid of all the dust. I sat on a nearby chair, which thankfully didn’t break under the new and sudden weight. It was five minutes later that the door opened, revealing Severus as he walked in and closed the door behind himself.

“Wonderful meeting place, Harry.” He spoke, eyeing the place in slight annoyance.

“Sorry, I wasn’t sure of anywhere else we could meet without being walked in on.” I watched as he walked over and gently lowered himself on the bed, which drew out a long groan from it.

“Let us get this over with.” I wanted to laugh, but refrained from doing so, only nodding instead.

“I am sure you have questions for me, Severus.” I gave a small smile, barely a twitch of my lips, but it was there.

“Yes. Why did you request to have a new guardian, and why did you pick me?”

“Well, that is kind of a long story. However, I picked you because I don’t trust or know anyone else well enough to ask them. As for why I got a new guardian in the first place, it’s because of Dumbledore. See, he was supposed to check on me regularly while I stayed with my relatives, but he didn’t. Basically, he neglected his duties as guardian. Another reason is because he stole money from my vaults.”

“I am somehow not even surprised he would do that. What about the Lovegoods? Mr. Lovegood could have been your guardian.”

“Yes, he could have. However, he already has Luna to look after and having a second child to raise would put more work on his shoulders.” I kept my gaze on Severus, watching as he rolled my answers through his head, calculating. It took a moment before he focused his gaze back onto me.

“Fine, those answers are acceptable. Now, I want to tell you of a plan that will need to be followed.” He paused, looking at me. Giving him a nod to continue, he did, “I have decided that my guardianship of you should remain a secret. There are two reasons for this. The first, I am too busy with being a spy and potions professor to also juggle taking care of an eleven year old child. No matter how unlikely it is to happen, I could still let something slip, or cause some sort of accident to occur because of my split attention between three different things. The second, and main reason, is because this would make Dumbledore suspicious of the both of us if you are going to be sorted into Slytherin, even if you are sorted into Gryffindor, that would give Dumbledore the idea that it is okay for him to do as he pleases more so than usual and would make the Dark Lord suspicious of me. Is that clear?”

“Yes. I don’t mind keeping this a secret.” I gave a small nod, before Severus continued.

“Good. Of course, I also can’t just let you live alone. If you lived with me, it would make having Death Eaters, or Dumbledore, over for meetings rather difficult. Therefore you can stay in the cottage. I have someone in mind that you can talk to about moving in with you. I am sure he wouldn’t mind too much after you convince him to.”

“Who would that be?” “I am surprised he already has someone in mind. I am rather curious on who. This whole plan sounds like it was made by both Severus and Volde. It most likely was, I
don’t see Severus doing all of this without consulting him.’

“His name is Remus Lupin. He was a close friend of your fathers. Of course there are a few things you should know about first. Mainly that he is a werewolf and will go through painful transformations every full moon. I will be giving him a potion called wolfsbane each month to help him remain in control during these transformations so you won't have to worry too much about it.”

“Okay, I would rather like to meet this Remus person. I will talk to him about living with me.”

“Good. I believe that is all that I needed to say. Do you want to add anything?” Severus stood, raising an eyebrow at me.

“No, that pretty much covered everything.”

“Then I will be leaving. I will check in on you every so often to make sure you are still breathing.” Severus said before walking out of the room, closing the door before I could reply.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Here is the next chapter! I didn't expect to have it written up so quickly, but since I do, I figured I would go ahead and post it :) Please enjoy!

Harry POV

I heaved a small sigh, letting Aeron out from under my shirt. ‘Severus Snape will never change. That is one thing I will always be glad about. In any case, I need to move things along before school starts.’

~ So where shall we go next Harry?

~ The Owl Emporium. I don’t want to keep having you deliver my letters.

~ Does this mean I will not be allowed to eat the birdy?

~ Correct, you are not to eat the bird. I hissed out with slight amusement, before leaving the room. Once again maneuvering around the people standing around, I reached the entrance to Diagon Alley. Tapping the stones, I was immediately greeted with the loud noise of laughter and chatter. It took only a few minutes to reach the store, glad to see that it was pretty empty for the moment.

Walking inside, my eyes automatically searched for Hedwig. However, she was surprisingly already gone. ‘Really, it would have been a bad idea to get her anyways. She stands out too much, and that wouldn’t be good for when conversing with Voldemort.’ Calmly walking farther inside, I glanced around some more. It was towards the back that I noticed a pure black owl standing on a perch away from all the other owls. I stopped a few steps away from it, watching as it tilted its head and stared at me as though daring me to walk closer. Feeling someone walk up behind me, I kept my eyes on the owl but focused on the presence.

“I would be weary of that bird, sir. He attacks anyone who gets too close to him. Sometimes he even lures people near him by acting nice, just so he can scare them away the second they move to pet him.” I ignored the store owner, though taking in this information.

I took a step closer, accepting the bird’s challenge. The grey eyes kept their piercing gaze trained on my movements.

“S-sir! Please be careful! I will not take responsibility if you get harmed!” The man stuttered out, taking a few steps back in what I assume was fear. I held back my amusement, taking another step forward. Three more and I would be close enough to touch him. The bird shifted, the black feathers rustling with the movement. Two more steps to go.

The grey eyes remained calculating but he made no move to attack, yet. That’s when Aeron decided to pop his head back out from under my shirt to see what was happening. Ignoring the shop owners startled gasp, I moved forward again. Moving in that last step, I slowly brought my hand
up, holding it palm up in front of the bird.

He looked at it wearily, so I kept still, not daring to move and accidentally startle him. It took a few moments before he shifted again, gazing moving from my hand back to my own eyes. Cautiously moving forward again, I laid my hand on his wing. Noticing him shifting again, I paused, waiting.

By now I heard the store’s door open and shut twice, though I didn’t pay any attention to it. Two males had been whispering back and forth to each other, most likely watching what was happening. Noticing the owl had calmed again, I removed my hand and held my arm out. Taking the offer, he left the perch and settled on my arm instead, letting out a small hoot of acceptance. Smirking, I turned to the owner who was now gaping at me.

“How much?” I asked, moving to take money from my robes.

“F-f-five galleons, s-sir.” Giving him the money, I turned to leave, only to be stopped by the two who had entered earlier.

“That was brilliant-”

“How did you know-”

“How to get him-”

“To trust you?” The two redheads grinned at me, waiting for an answer. I wasn’t expecting to see them so soon, let alone before school even started. ‘The sooner the better, I suppose. I have always rather liked the twins.’

“I am pretty good with animals, I guess. It wasn’t that hard to figure out, if you know how to analyze their habits and attitudes.” I let him move to my shoulder, feeling no need to put him in a cage.

“I’m Fred,”

“And I’m George,” They grinned, bowing as they finished saying, “It’s a pleasure to meet you!”

“Call me Adrian,” I let out a small grin, which was really just a small twitch of my lips. We were brought out of our rather short conversation by a woman calling for them not too far from the store.

“That’s our mum,”

“Gotta go, Adrian!”

“We will see you at Hogwarts!” They laughed, waving as they went to where their mom was waiting, shaking her head at them. Deciding I better be leaving before someone actually recognizes me, I dissapperated to the cottage.

Walking towards the entrance to the house, I allowed my new companion, who I’ve decided to name Loki, fly off to do as he pleases. I will have him return after I have written the letter to Remus. Settling down at my desk, I pulled out a piece of parchment and a self inking quill, as Aeron already went off on his own to explore.

Remus,
I am sure you are surprised to be getting a letter from me. However, I have a request. I would like for you to come to the location the inclosed portkey has been set to. If anyone aside from you attempts to use the portkey, they will be sent to a location in Antarctica instead. The portkey will activate at noon tomorrow, please do not be late.

-Harry

P.S. If anyone else tries to read this letter, it has been charmed to insult them.

Casting the charm onto the paper, I folded it and placed it in an envelope along with a coin that I had turned into a portkey a few days ago. It was just in case I did choose Remus as my guardian, though it seems I will still be getting use out of it. Going over to a nearby window and opening it, I stuck out my head and whistled for Loki.

“Could you take this to Remus Lupin for me please? You do not need to wait for a reply.” Receiving a hoot in confirmation, Loki took the letter and flew off. Closing the window once more, I headed to the library. ‘There are a few things I still need to learn, such as becoming an animagus. I also need to learn Occlumency. I will be asking Severus about that later when I get a chance to. It is currently June 29th, which gives us about two months before school starts. That will be plenty of time to do any training before then.’ I settle down at a small table nearby, going back to the book I had been reading earlier.

At noon exactly the next day, my wards alerted me to someone’s arrival. Standing from the desk, and realizing I didn’t sleep that night, I headed to the front door. The rather shocked expression on Remus’ face was pretty amusing.

“Come in, Remus, we can talk inside.” I gestured for him to enter, and after snapping out of his shock, he followed me inside.

“Harry?” Remus had his head tilted slightly, still unsure on if what he was seeing was real. I merely nodded, and he moved forward as though to hug me. Not used to such contact, I instinctively flinched away. Noticing the sad and rather hurt look on his face, I couldn’t help but feel bad.

“Sorry, Remus, I am not used to physical contact. You can blame my relatives for that.” I showed him a tiny apologetic smile before waving him to follow me into the living/sitting room.

“It’s okay Harry, no harm done. What is it you wanted to speak to me about? Among many other questions I currently have going through my brain.” Remus sat in one of the chairs in front of the coffee table, and I took the one opposite him.

“First, I would like to know if you are on Dumbledore’s side or not. Please be honest.” Remus’ eyes widened slightly, probably not expecting that of all things. He shifted nervously, a house elf popping in beside us with glasses of iced tea. Nodding my thanks, the elf popped away once more and I turned back to Remus.

“Why would you ask that, Harry? Surely you know that I-”

“Remus, please answer the question.”

“Alright then. No, I am not on his side. I haven’t been even since he left Sirius to rot in Azkaban
without a trial.” Remus sighed, looking rather beat. Remembering that I am not supposed to know who Sirius is, or Azkaban, I put on a look of confusion.

“Who is Sirius? And what is Azkaban?” Remus looked up, a little startled.

“Oh, Sirius is one of my closest friends, and he was close friends with your parents as well. Azkaban is the wizard’s version of prison. People think that Sirius is the one who told You-Know-Who where your parents were hiding and that he killed Pettigrew, but I know that isn’t what happened. No one would listen to someone like me though.”

“Someone like you? You are a werewolf right? I don’t see anything wrong with that.” Remus gave a small chuckled, shaking his head slightly before looking up at me.

“So, Harry, how did you even get here? You were supposed to be back at your relatives until school started. How did you even find out about this place?”

“Oh, well that’s a funny story, kind of. Basically, I kept hearing my Aunt talk about my parents and wizards like you, and Severus Snape. So I snuck out and noticed this shady looking guy muttering about dragons. I followed him into this weird building where I came across the wizarding world. I continued sneaking out so I could go back and learn more about the wizarding world. That’s pretty much it.”

“Alright, then why did you need to know if I was on Dumbledore’s side?” Remus began to look at me rather suspiciously, so I shrugged slightly.

“I found out he was stealing my money and neglected his duties as my magical guardian so I don’t trust him.” The suspicion on his face turned to surprise, his eyes widening slightly.

“Oh. That old son of a-”

“It’s fine Remus, it will be taken care of eventually. I have already gotten a new guardian, though his identity will remain a secret. That is the other reason I asked you here. My guardian says he doesn’t want me to be living alone and requested I find an adult to move in with me. He suggested you.”

“What? Are you asking- I can’t live here Harry, what if I hurt you?”

“Don’t worry, you won't hurt me or anyone else. This place does have an expansive forest behind it, which also has a ward around it so no muggles or wizards can wander inside or out of it. It is safe for you to go out there on the full moons. The wards will keep you in, if you end up going that far out. I also asked Severus Snape to send wolfsbane each month. Which he has reluctantly agreed to do. So please, will you live here with me? I don’t know who else to ask.” I gave him a puppy dog look, patiently waiting for his answer.

“Oh, fine, you win. I will live here.” He let out an exasperated sigh, shaking his head with a small smile. I grinned, proud of myself for getting him to say yes.

“Oh yeah, could you help with my training as well? I would like to make sure I don’t fall behind the others since I was raised as a muggle. I also want to learn to be an animagus.” Remus raised an eyebrow, but nodded.

“Yes, I suppose I could help with that. But first I need to go and pack my things and bring them here. I will return in about an hour.”

“Alright, thank you. I will have a room ready for you when you return.” I stood, leading Remus
back to the front door.

“Alright Harry, and if you decide you don’t want me living here anymore, just say so and I will leave.”

“I will not do such a thing. Now go get your stuff and come back home.” Remus laughed, leaving the house. Closing the door behind me, I turned and called for a house elf.

“Could you prepare a room for Remus, please?”

“Of course master Harry! I’s be right on it!” The little elf bowed happily before popping away again. Going back to the library, I laid my head on my arms, not noticing my eyes drifting shut as I fell asleep.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

I pulled the song from the first book in the Harry Potter series.

Anyways, here is the next chapter ;) I apologize if it seems rushed, I wanted to get Harry into Hogwarts.

But please enjoy!

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Harry POV

~ *Harry, the hairless wolf is back*

I snorted, glancing up to see Remus walk into the room as Aeron settled on my lap again.

“Sorry you didn’t get a chance to meet earlier, this is Aeron.” I rubbed lightly on the top of said snake’s head, before looking back up at Remus. He looked a little surprised, though thankfully not frightened, “the owl that delivered the letter is Loki.” Remus frowned slightly, a crease forming between his brows.

“Yes, he seemed to find enjoyment in flying just out of my reach so I couldn’t get the letter from him. Though I guess he grew bored of it and decided to give it to me.”

“Sounds like something he would do. If you would like, you can sit. Or join me and visit the library. I will have a house elf take your bags to your room.”

“I would be glad to visit the library.” Remus placed his two small bags on the floor, before following me to the library. After walking into the room, with Aeron wrapped around my shoulders, Remus headed towards the potion books, and I wandered over to a section I hadn’t gone through yet. ‘*Oh, right. I need a house elf to deal with his stuff.*’

“Bire.” I turned to my right, seeing a small elf standing there, bouncing on the heels of his feet.

“What can I’s do for master Harry?”

“Please take Remus’ stuff to his room.”

“Oh, I’s do it right away!” The elf popped away soon after, and I turned back to the shelf I was looking over. It was when I almost picked out a book on magical creatures that I spotted a rather odd book. It was thick, with a leather cover, and no title written on the spine. Picking it up instead, I walked over to the table and sat across from Remus.

“What have you found there Harry?” I glanced up to see a curious expression on his face.

“Oh, I am not sure. There was no title on the spine.” There isn’t anything on the front or back of the cover either. I showed it to Remus, only to be confused as his eyes widened slightly.

“I recognize that book. It was during summer break, I had come to visit your dad here. He showed
me that book and two others, stating that they were parseltongue books. He didn’t know what was written inside of it though due to no one having the ability to read it in the Potter line.” I blinked at this new information, not realizing there could be books like this here. ‘I would expect them to be in the Malfoy library, or with Voldie. But with the Potters? Though this could be helpful, whatever has been written inside.’

“Could you show me the other two books?” I asked, ignoring the curious expression Remus is now showing me.

“Of course.” He stood, walking over to the potion section, grabbing a book, then doing the same in the defense section. Walking back over, he placed both of the books on the table beside the first one. They had the same leather cover, all three a worn black color.

“What are you going to do with them though?” I smirked at the question, taking my eyes off of the books to look at Remus again.

“I’m going to read them of course. I am able to speak parseltongue.” This succeeded in shocking the poor wolf, who simply gaped at me for a good minute.

~ Harry, why not learn parselmagic?

Remus jumped slightly at the sudden sound of hissing, probably forgetting Aeron was still there. I looked down at the snake, rather confused.

~ Parselmagic? I can do that?

~ Of course you can, silly wizard. It isn’t that hard to do, though it is easier without a wand. A wand cannot channel your intentions as easily when they are in the tongue of snakes.

~ Why not?

~ Because a wand is made for humans, not snakes. Being able to speak the snake language is very rare, therefore not taken into consideration when making a wand.

~ I suppose this makes sense. I will have to start practicing this then. It could come in handy.

“What happened?” Remus spoke up, probably trying to not freak out over the hissing.

“Oh, Aeron was explaining parselmagic to me. I decided it would be useful to learn how to do it.” Remus smiled in acceptance, going back to his book. ‘It makes sense though, now that I think about it. I didn’t need my wand whenever I opened the Chamber of Secrets.’

Roughly twenty minutes later, I was nose deep in the first book reading about the previously mentioned magic, when Remus spoke up again.

“We should begin your animagus training tomorrow since it will be the first of the month.”

“Oh, alright. Why the first of the month though?”

“You will need to meditate for one month and hold a leaf of a mandrake in your mouth.”

“Very well. There is a hidden training room in the basement that we can use.” Remus nodded, and we returned to our books.
For those last two months of summer break, I trained in: parselmagic, runes, defense, offense, potions, healing, ward's, wordless and wandless magic, and became an unregistered animagus. I also memorized all of my school books. Severus stopped by only twice, once each month. Both times were during the full moon to give Remus the wolfsbane potion. Though that was a cover up to see if I was doing fine. I didn’t mention my training to him, preferring to keep it a secret for now. I know that Remus won’t be telling anyone anything, especially Dumbledore. He mentioned making a promise to my parents to keep me safe, and if that means not following Dumbledore then he doesn’t mind.

~~Time skip~~

Sliding open one of the many doors on the train, I was expecting an empty compartment but instead came face to face with Draco who was poised to open the door himself.

“Harry, it’s about time, I was just about to go looking for you.” Draco smirked, before sitting back down.

“Sorry, Remus was a little slow this morning.” I sat on the bench across from him, after pulling on the Hogwarts robes, “I also ran into Ron Weasley who held me back for a few minutes.” I wanted to laugh at the expression Draco made at the name, but merely smirked.

“I do hope you put him in his place.”

“No worries, I doubt he will bother me again.” Draco’s lips formed a matching smirk as I settled down, remembering what had taken place on my way here.

I was walking towards the barrier for platform 9 ¾ when I heard Molly Weasley shout out about where to go. I calmly watched them for a few moments, before making my way to the platform before them. It was a few moments after, when I was walking towards the train that I was stopped by Ron Weasley.

“Aren’t you Harry Potter? Like the Harry Potter? I’m Ron Weasley!” The ginger was grinning, his hand stretched out in greeting. I felt my eyebrow twitch in irritation.

“Bugger off, Weasley, I’m not interested.”

“What? But you’re the Gryffindor Golden Boy! We could be great friends!” he had let his hand drop, and was now trying to force his grin to stay on his face.

“Sorry, but I am not interested. I’m sure we could be great friends, in a different time line. Now I am late meeting with Draco, so please excuse me.” I spoke calmly, before walking past the gaping Gryffindor. I should hurry to the compartment Draco is in before Weasley decides to snap out of his shock and comes after me in hopes of befriending me.

“Harry.” A jab from a finger brought me back to attention. I looked up to see an annoyed Draco, “finally! I’ve been poking you for five minutes now! But anyways, meet Blaise, my best friend and one of the very few people I actually trust.” Looking over to the boy he was pointing to, I gave a small nod in greeting.
“Nice to meet you, Blaise.”

“Likewise, Harry.” Blaise returned the nod, before pulling out a book on defense. We spent the rest of the ride like that; Blaise reading, while Draco and I talked about our summers. I left out the training I did, only talking about Remus coming to live with me and Severus bringing the wolfsbane.

We arrived at Hogwarts pretty quickly, and we all gathered in front of Hagrid to be brought to the school. As the castle came into view, I couldn’t help but feel happy to be back. After all, Hogwarts is my one true home. I glanced over at Draco, smiling at the silent awe in his eyes. By the time we were placed in front of Professor McGonagall, everyone was chattering nervously, and excitedly.

"Welcome to Hogwarts," Professor McGonagall began, which was my cue to tune her out. ‘It was here that I declined Draco’s offer of friendship, and I admit that even though he went about asking the wrong way, I was stupid to say no. I was stupid to be so drawn in by Weasley. Though I guess it couldn't be helped. I was a child who knew nothing of the world he was being thrown into.’ I blinked back to attention when the ghosts begin coming through the walls, causing a bunch of people to scream. They were muttering about Peeves, before noticing the new students staring at them in fright. Professor McGonagall returned, ushering us into a line before leading us into the Great Hall. I was content to stand there listening to Draco muttering under his breath about how awesome the place was, when the Sorting Hat began it’s song.

"Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,
But don't judge on what you see,
I'll eat myself if you can find
A smarter hat than me.

You can keep your bowlers black,
Your top hats sleek and tall,
For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat
And I can cap them all.

There's nothing hidden in your head
The Sorting Hat can't see,
So try me on and I will tell you
Where you ought to be.

You might belong in Gryffindor,
Where dwell the brave at heart,
Their daring, nerve, and chivalry
Set Gryffindors apart;
You might belong in Hufflepuff,
Where they are just and loyal,
Those patient Hufflepuffs are true
And unafraid of toil;
Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,
if you've a ready mind,
Where those of wit and learning,
Will always find their kind;
Or perhaps in Slytherin
You'll make your real friends,
Those cunning folk use any means
To achieve their ends.
So put me on! Don't be afraid!
And don't get in a flap!
You're in safe hands (though I have none)
For I'm a Thinking Cap!"

I watched as Professor McGonagall unrolled a piece of parchment.

"When I call your name, you will put on the hat and sit on the stool to be sorted," she said.
"Abbott, Hannah!" went to Hufflepuff, as did Susan Bones.

“This is bloody boring.” Draco complained five minutes later. I simply gave a small sigh in reply. It was almost his turn anyways, though it is understandable that he was bored since he already knew he would be in Slytherin. It was when my name was finally called that the hall went silent, everyone’s attention on me. Ignoring it, I sat down on the chair and the hat was placed on me. Harry Potter, good to see you again. Are you willing to go into the house you belong in this time?

Of course.

Good… then it shall be...

SLYTHERIN!

I wanted to smirk when suddenly everyone started talking all at the same time, completely shocked. Dumbledore’s glare was boring a hole into my back, but I ignored it. However, on my way to the Slytherin table, I consciously made eye contact with Professor Quirrell. Or should I say Lord Voldemort? I expected the burning in my scar, so didn’t flinch when it happened. There was a
mixture of shock, confusion, and interest in his eyes so I knew that Voldemort was in control at that moment, making it all the more interesting.
Dumbledore POV

I can’t believe Harry got put into Slytherin! He must be re sorted into Gryffindor at once. There is no way I am letting my weapon try and leave the leash I have him on. The nerve of the kid, tricking the hat into placing him with the Snakes. This will ruin all my carefully laid out plans, plans of having Harry find the stone and kill Voldemort who is possessing Quirrell right now. I will need to place some strong compulsion spells on the boy. Hmm so much to think on, so much to control…

No matter; the wizarding world will be in the palm of my hand in the end.

Harry POV

I gracefully sat down next to Draco, well aware of Professor Quirrell’s gaze still on me.

“Hey, Harry, I hope you don’t mind but we were placed in a room together.” Draco tapped my shoulder, his Slytherin mask already in place even though I could see the glimmer of happiness in his eyes. I rolled my eyes, careful to keep my own mask in place.

“Of course I don’t mind, Draco. Oh, but there is someone you should meet when we get up there though.” I smirked at the confusion Draco directed at me, “don’t worry, he's harmless.” I looked up as someone sat down across from us in a slight huff.

“Yes, and who might you be, Miss?” I questioned with a charming smile.

“Hello Draco, and Harry, right? I was shocked to hear you’re a Slytherin.” A girl spoke happily, but nicely enough. Strange, I thought Pansy Parkinson was supposed to be an annoying chick who clung to Draco like her life depended on it? Oh well, guess this is just another change to the timeline.

“Yes, and who might you be, Miss?” I questioned with a charming smile.

But then the gaze on me from the teachers table turned into a glare, the flare of pain causing me to flinch slightly. Not enough for others to notice, but it was still enough for Draco to catch.

“Of course I don’t mind, Draco. Oh, but there is someone you should meet when we get up there though.” I smirked at the confusion Draco directed at me, “don’t worry, he's harmless.” I looked up as someone sat down across from us in a slight huff.

“Hello Draco, and Harry, right? I was shocked to hear you’re a Slytherin.” A girl spoke happily, but nicely enough. Strange, I thought Pansy Parkinson was supposed to be an annoying chick who clung to Draco like her life depended on it? Oh well, guess this is just another change to the timeline.

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But then the gaze on me from the teachers table turned into a glare, the flare of pain causing me to flinch slightly. Not enough for others to notice, but it was still enough for Draco to catch.

“Oh, my apologies, I’m Pansy Parkinson, pleasure to meet you.” She smiled, holding her hand out, which I took and placed a quick kiss on.

“The pleasure is all mine, Miss Parkinson.” I nearly laughed at the shock written on Draco’s face, but was stopped when the pain in my scare worsened. ‘What is his problem? Jeez!’ Taking a deep breath, I went back to listening to Pansy.

“Yes, and who might you be, Miss?” I questioned with a charming smile.

But then the gaze on me from the teachers table turned into a glare, the flare of pain causing me to flinch slightly. Not enough for others to notice, but it was still enough for Draco to catch.

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“The pleasure is all mine, Miss Parkinson.” I nearly laughed at the shock written on Draco’s face, but was stopped when the pain in my scare worsened. ‘What is his problem? Jeez!’ Taking a deep breath, I went back to listening to Pansy.

“No matter; the wizarding world will be in the palm of my hand in the end.
“Harry!” Draco shouted, well, kind of. More like he said it really loudly in my ear.

“What?” I hissed back, not really happy about my thoughts being interrupted. Quirrell, or Voldemort really, was still staring at me too. Merlin, will he ever stop looking at me? People will get suspicious if he doesn’t give it a break.

“Sorry, but are you going to eat anything? We are going to the dorms in five minutes.” He pointed to my still untouched plate of chicken. I let out a small puff of air, shaking my head.

“I’m not hungry.” I ignored Draco’s elegantly raised eyebrow, choosing to change the subject.

“What classes do you guys have?” I glanced down at the paper that had been placed on my plate, probably when I was preoccupied.

“We have history of magic first on Monday.” My gaze shot up to the new voice, only relaxing when I realized it was Blaise.

“When did you get here, Blaise?” I questioned out loud.

“Oh, I got here while you were daydreaming. All four of us have history Monday. We checked already.” He smirked, which I replied with a frown.

“Harry, my boy, could I have a word with you, in my office?” I tuned, only to see Dumbles standing behind me, his calm smile and shiny eyeballs in place.

“Now, the reason I asked you up here. I would like for you to be resorted. I’m sure you would like to get away from the Slytherin’s inhospitality.” I snorted.

“Now, Headmaster, I actually rather like where I am. I do not need to be resorted.” I leaned back in the chair, resting my chin on my hand.

“I’m sure you don’t mean that, come now, you belong in Gryffindor, like your parents.” This time, I felt a compulsion charm come towards me. Thankfully, I made a rune to block such things before leaving for Hogwarts. It is on a necklace that is also spelled to be invisible. I looked at Dumbledore, my gaze unwavering as he watched for signs that the charm worked.

His eyebrow twitched, and another charm was blocked by the rune. Standing, I glared at him.

“Now, now, dear Headmaster, is this any way to treat a precious student? Casting Compulsion charms to get me to do things that I would rather not do.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, dear boy. Please sit back down, I am not finished talking with you yet.”

“Dumbledore, I do not need or want to be resorted. I am a Slytherin. I must be getting to my dorm, so do have a good day, sir.” Calmly walking towards the door, I paused before exiting. “also, I am
not your ‘dear boy.’ Refrain from calling me as such.”

I walked down the hall, towards the dungeons, calming myself down on the way. It was working, until I ran into Quirrell just as I turned down the hall to my destination.

“Ah, H-H-H-Harry P-P-Potter, p-p-please to see y-y-you.” He stuttered out, rather slowly.

“Hello Professor. What brings you down to the dungeons?” I replied, wishing he would not do the whole stuttering thing. ‘I don’t know what the purpose of a fake stutter is in the first place.’

“Nothing in p-p-p-part-ticular. Just m-m-making su-su-re there a-a-a-aren’t a-any l-l-lost stu-students. I mu-must be o-off now, P-Potter. I w-will be looking forward t-t-o o-our class t-t-tomorrow.” Professor Quirrell smiled, before walking away. Shrugging, I continued to the Slytherin common room. ‘I am sure you will be, Voldemort.’

“There you are Harry, I was starting to get worried.” Pansy spoke as I entered the common room, and walked over to where they were sitting by the fire.

“Sorry, Dumbledore wanted to have me resorted, then I ran into Professor Quirrell.” I answered, sitting next to Draco on the couch, “don’t worry, I told the Headmaster I am fine where I’m at.”

“Oh, good. But what about Quirrell? He seems to be a bit.. off if you ask me.” Blaise asked, a book sitting in his lap.

“Yes, he does seem awfully strange.” I turned, not intending to stay and chat, “I need to go check on my companion then I am going to bed. I will see you guys tomorrow.” I waved, walking up the steps and down the left hallway.

I had just summoned two rabbits and located Aeron when Draco walked in with a sway in his hips. Sometimes I think that he is secretly gay and just doesn’t know it.

“What in Merlin’s name are you doing Harry?” He stifled a laugh, covering his mouth with his hand. It was understandable, I was on my hands and knees looking under my bed. Giving a small sigh, I pulled my arm out, after being sure he was secured.

“Draco, I would like you too meet Aeron.” I grinned, holding the snake up for Draco to see, only for Draco to squeak out in shock before falling to the floor in a dead faint. After laughing quite a bit, I did what any friend would do; I left him there for the night after placing a blanket over him.

It was around 7 in the morning when I was woken up by and owl tapping on the table next to my bed. How exactly it got in here, I am not sure, and why I am getting mail this early is beyond me. Sitting up, and pushing the curtain to the side, I found it holding a leg out quite impatiently. She reminded me of Hedwig, almost, with her feathers being white mixed with a slightly darker orange and her light blue intelligent eyes. I automatically recognized her; Remus’ owl, Ali. We had decided to get him one over break so it would be easier for him to send letters. This way we both have an owl, incase something happens and we can’t wait for the other to send another letter to tell them.
“Thank you girl.” I gave her a small owl treat from the drawer, and she settled down where she was. Seems he want’s a reply.

Pulling out a self inking quill and parchment, I sat against the headboard of the bed and began to read.

Harry;

How is Hogwarts so far? I hope everything is going well for you. What house did you get placed into? Tell Draco I said hello and to stay out of trouble. I would ask you do the same, but I know you wouldn’t listen. Anyways, yesterday 5 death eaters were captured and placed in Azkaban after they terrorized a pub. I am afraid they are getting out of control without Voldemort being here to keep them in line. Anyways, I was just wanting to see if you are settling in okay, I hope Dumbledore hasn’t been too much of a bother.

I have asked Ali to await for a reply.

~Remus J. Lupin

I sighed, before nearly jumping a foot in the air and off my bed at the sound of a loud groan coming from the floor nearby. The bloody hell was that undignified noise? Glancing over the edge, I released a rather loud snort, startling the form into wakefulness.

“Bloody bastard. How dare you leave me on the floor like that! Oh Merlin, my bones.” I watched as Draco very slowly rose from the floor as though he’s 200 years old. I wanted to wince at all the popping sounds his body made as he moved.

“Sorry Draco. Maybe you shouldn’t squeal like a girl and faint like one at the sight of a harmless snake.” I smirked, Draco’s glare doing absolutely nothing with his hair sticking up all over the place. I was rather amazed, it was defying gravity a lot more than mine could.

“Ha bloody ha, Harry. I’m getting a shower. A very long shower.” He grumbled, stalking out the door. I merely grinned, before going back to the letter in my hands. ‘I should probably write a reply now.’

Remus,

Hogwarts is a very wonderful place. I was actually placed in Slytherin with Draco, and I became friends with Blaise Zabini, and Pansy Parkinson rather quickly. Draco actually fainted when he saw Aeron. That was hilarious. Professor Quirrell is an interesting person. Dumbledore tried to get me to be resorted, and even tried to put compulsions on me. I am rather glad for the runes that block such things. Things will be settled down soon, I’m sure. I hope you are doing well. You should go find a man, though, I’m sure you are lonely. I should go now, Draco is back from his hour and thirty minute long shower.

Until next time,

~Harry
I tied the reply to Ali’s leg, and watched her fly out the door as Draco grabbed his needed textbooks for History, and Potions class. I soon did the same, and we headed out to the common room, in silence. Seems he is still upset with me, though he will forget about it in the next hour, maybe next thirty minutes.

“Good morning Harry, Draco.” Blaise greeted, before joining us in the middle of the common room.

“Good morning, Blaise.” I gave a small smile, while Draco just grunted. Blaise raised one of his thin eyebrows,

“Someone wake up on the wrong side of the bed this morning?” I chuckled, finding the ordeal rather funny still.

“More like, wrong side of the floor. He’s upset because I left him lying where he fainted last night.” I replied when I finally calmed down. Blaise simply chuckled, with a wide smirk gracing his face as Pansy joined us.

“Good morning boys, what’s so funny this early in the morning?”

“Pansy, it’s like 9, it isn’t early anymore. and Draco is upset with me because I left him on the floor last night after he fainted.”

“Oh my, that is rather funny.” Pansy grinned, before skipping off and out the door.

“Great now the whole school will know by lunch time.” Draco groaned, “let’s go, before breakfast ends.”

I sat down at the table, already feeling Professor Quirrell’s gaze on me. I sighed, placing some toast on my plate before nibbling on it. After being starved, I’ve never had much of an appetite.

“You seriously need to eat more, Harry.” Draco said, staring at my plate.

“I don’t need to eat much.”

“Harry, Draco is right. Here.” I watched in horror as Pansy started to pile pancakes onto my plate before promptly drowning them in syrup. Gently pushing the plate away from me, so they didn’t topple over, I grabbed my bag.

“Sorry. I am simply not hungry.” I walked calmly away, not wanting to say anything else on the matter. It was none of their concern. Of course, following my every move, was Quirrell’s gaze. Only this time it was accompanied by Blaise, Pansy, and Draco’s.
Chapter 12

Harry POV

I quickly walked out of the Great Hall, not really paying attention to all the stares. Only one was really getting to me, and that’s because it was causing my scar to itch. *What on earth is his problem now? He has been sitting there, not talking to anyone the entire time. Unless he heard what I said. That is entirely possible, with Voldemort’s better hearing abilities.* Ignoring the itch, I continued to walk away. A few minutes later, I realized someone had followed me out.

“Harry! Harry, wait up!” I groaned, speeding up my pace. Where I am going in order to get away from him, I am not really sure. All that matters is to avoid his questions.

“Damn it Harry, stop running from me!” Draco called out again, sounding slightly worn out. Deciding that I might as well get this over with, I abruptly stopped. I didn’t realize Draco was so close to me that the sudden impact of him colliding with my back nearly had us falling to the ground.

“About bloody time.” Draco sighed, catching his breath. I figured he would step out of my personal space, unfortunately he didn’t, “we won’t ask any questions. You can explain why you won’t eat when you are ready to talk. But...we...I’m here if you need someone. Okay, Harry?” I felt Draco wrap his arms around me, his hands settling on my stomach, and automatically tensed.

“Draco, what? Please let go of me.” Draco’s forehead rested on my back, between my shoulderblades, the contact not something I’m used to having.

“No. It’s not like anyone comes down this way, it’s a deserted hallway. Why do you always tense up like this when someone touches you?” I simply stood there, not wanting to reply. Draco sighs, but says nothing else. We ended up standing like that for nearly five minutes before I relaxed in the embrace. It wasn’t until another five minutes after that, that we realized we have three minutes to get to class. Removing him from my person, I grinned at Draco’s small blush, before we made a mad dash to History of Magic.

“This class is borrringg.” I rolled my eyes at Draco’s whispered wine. I am rather glad I memorized the first year books, as there is no need to pay attention to what Binns is droning on about.

“Maybe, but we wouldn’t want to ruin your Slytherin image now would we? Pay attention, Draco.” I nearly smiled at the small groan he gave at my response, and continued what I was doing. What am I doing? Drawing a nice picture of the Stone, of course. I am lucky enough to have come across some red colored ink earlier.

“What are you doing, Harry?” Blaise asked, looking over at my paper. I had finished drawing the stone and now in the process of coloring it in.

“Drawing.”

“Shouldn’t you be paying attention, like you told Draco to?” I could easily hear the grin in his voice, though his expression gave nothing away.
“No, I already read this chapter.”

“Wait, when? You have been with us nearly the entire time.” I wanted to smile at his confusion and curiosity.

“Last night when you went to bed.” A lie, of course, but it won’t be the first or the last that I tell them.

“Hmm.” was his only response, before going back to his notes. The rest of the class went on rather silently, and I managed to finish the drawing and let it dry before the bell rang.

On our way to potions, we went by a rather familiar group, only there was a slight change in who is in it. We were nearly to the dungeons, before we were stopped.

“Oh, look, it’s the slimy snakes!” Ron Weasley spoke harshly, in a tone he hoped would hurt one of us. Unfortunately for him, the only one riled up was Draco, whom we forcibly dragged to the room despite all his struggling.

“Let me go! That stupid, worthless weasel has it coming!” Draco growled out, hoping to dislodge himself from our grip.

“No, we can’t have you fighting and losing us points on the first day of class.” Blaise growled, helping me sit Draco into a seat, which we promptly used a sticking charm to stick him to. I also took his wand as a precaution. Weasley, and surprisingly Neville Longbottom waltzed in a few moments later. Weasley acting as though he owned the place. Thankfully, just as he was about to make another stupid remark towards us, Severus stomped into the room in all his billowing robe glory. ‘That really does look cool, though.’

I watched as Severus slowly looked over everyone in the class, his gaze pausing on me, before continuing on. I rather half expected the same thing that happened the last first potions class I had with him, but nothing happened. Nothing at all, actually. ‘Probably doesn’t need to keep up the act since I am in Slytherin this time.’ In the end, potions class went on with no problem, and no points being taken away because of me. Though, Gryffindor lost nearly 50 points because of Weasley. Before long, class was over, and Severus was ordering everyone out of his classroom.

“Potter, you stay.” was different, and not entirely expected. I simply shrugged, and waved the others ahead of me. Walking down to stand in front of his desk, we waited until the room was completely empty. With a wave of his wand, Snape shut and locked the doors, adding a silencing charm.

“Welcome, Harry, to the house of Slytherin. I warn you to be very careful. Dumbledore will try and sway you back to his side by any means necessary.”

“Oh, thank you, Severus, and I know. He’s already tried using compulsion charms on me.” I gave him a small, tight, smile, as Severus narrowed his eyes.

“He did what?”

“He tried to use compulsion charms on me, to talk me into resorting.” I shrugged.

“How on earth did you manage to deflect them?” This time, his eyes shown with slight curiosity.

“I made runes over summer break, just in case an angry student attacked, or poisoned me.”
“Let me see them.” Severus held his hand out, the long fingers stained from years of potion making. If looking close enough, I could see little scars from knives. I reached under my shirt, and pulled my hidden necklace over my head, silently canceling the concealing charm before it was completely out in the open. The rune was a rather simple one, for basic protection from hexes, and charms. It’s engraved in a polished, light brown, stone I found in a store over the summer, and hangs on a string of dark leather. The stone is about the size of a quarter, and half an inch thick. After placing it gently in Severus’ palm, I paused. ‘ Should I really show him the other one as well? After all, it is slightly more advanced in preventing potions from harming me.’

The small raise of his eyebrow rather decided for me, so I again canceled the concealing charm before unclipping the bracelet from my wrist. As this one is more advanced, it consists of two runes, next to each other. I used an orange gem that was shaped to be two inches long and one inch wide, and in a slight arch so it would form around my wrist better. The gem is connected to a thin gold chain, and the clip is also gold. ‘ The third one I have, on my other wrist, is something I won’t be showing to anyone anytime soon. If I do, it will make them more suspicious of me than they should be.’ The third one is a piece of pure black dragonhide leather. It is about 2½ inches thick and goes all the way around my wrist. The runes take up one half of the bracelet, and they block any advanced spell, both dark and light. Of course, I don’t really need these runes as I am capable at deflecting spells and dodging them, but I can never be too careful.

“These are very well made, Harry” Severus spoke softly, running his fingers over the markings.

“Thank you. Those are the first two successful ones I made, after having many others blow up in my face.” ‘ not really a lie, I suppose.’

“Hmm.” he handed them back, and I swiftly put them back on, “I would like to make a request, Harry.”

“Oh? What would that be?”

“I would like you to make some runes for both Draco and myself.” His tone rather sincere, as he looked up at me.

“Alright, I can do that. But I will need to know what you will need. I was planning on making some for Draco, anyways.” I retrieved the runes, placing them back in their respective places, along with the concealment charms.

“I would like protection from poison, and one for healing, for both Draco and I. Then I would like one to protect Draco from Legilimency as he is still not the greatest at Occlumency.”

“That should be easy enough to make.” ‘ I can get all the materials from the Room of Requirement.’

“Bring them to me after class when you have finished them.”

“Of course.”

“Oh and Harry?” Severus spoke, before I could turn to leave the room.

“Yeah?”

“If you have any problems with school work or other students, let me know.”

“I will, don’t worry.” I gave a small smile, before exiting the room, already making a mental list of what I will need for the runes.
A week later found me once again standing in front of Severus after potions class. It was easier than I expected to make the runes, even though it cost me a few nights of no sleep. I think that Draco had noticed that I would leave the room in the middle of the night and not return until an hour before breakfast. I had managed to calm him by saying I was helping Severus with something though I don’t think he entirely believed me.

"Thank you, Harry. If there is anything you wish of me in turn, you may ask. I will give these to Draco after dinner" Severus took the offered rune necklaces/bracelets and placed them in his desk drawer. ‘Anything I wish in turn of the runes? There are many things I could ask of him.’

"Well, since you offered, I must request that you tell no one who made those runes. I also have a second request," I nearly grinned, seeing him raise an eyebrow, "I did make five of them after all. I need to get this parchment to Quirrell." pulling out the paper with the drawing of a stone, I handed it over to him.

"Fine, I will have it to him by sundown tonight. I also wasn’t planning to tell anyone who made the runes, let alone about their existence. You may go, you are very late to charms now." Snape huffed out, handing me a tardy slip, and I calmly walked from his classroom.

Handing the tardy note to Flitwick, I took my seat beside Draco.

"Where were you? The class is almost half over now, Harry." Draco whispered as soon as I sat down.

"I fell asleep in the library. Quirrell woke me up and gave me a pass" was my response before turning my attention back to the lesson.

"Now we will be learning a heating charm this week. In front of each of you I have placed a cup of tea. We went over the theory, wand movement and incantation yesterday. Please begin." by the time he was done talking I had already gotten lost in my thoughts. I knew what we were doing so I had no need to really listen. Taking out my wand, I glanced down at the cup of tea and with a simple wave of my wand and a murmur of the incantation, I warmed the liquid. A few moments later I realized I was being gaped at so I glanced up.

"What has you all flustered, Draco?" I questioned.

"You just did that charm like it was a piece of cake. Bloody hell how did you do that?" Draco continued to gape.

"If you keep gaping like that, someone is going to notice." his mouth immediately shut but he didn't stop looking at me for an answer so I continued talking, "I just practice a lot is all. Just imagine the tea is already warm when you cast the spell." Draco nodded, before going back to his own cup of tea. After three more tries he finally managed to get it right.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

I was going to wait until Saturday or Sunday to post this, but that's okay. I am in need of my lovely readers input: Who should I pair up with Lucius? Severus, Remus, or Sirius (whenever he gets out of Azkaban)

Harry POV

I gave a small sigh, turning for what seems like the twentieth time that night. It is currently sometime around five in the morning. ‘I am obviously not going to get any sleep tonight, after waking up from a stupid nightmare. Might as well do something worthwhile for the rest of the time before breakfast starts.’ Shifting until I reached a proper sitting position, I gently nudged Aeron awake.

~ Aeron? I need to ask you a favor

~Yes, what is it? It better be important for you to be interrupting my beauty sleep.

~I need you to spy on Granger, Weasley, and Longbottom for me, and notify me if they find anything out about Fluffy. I replied, giving a small roll of my eyes and a twitch of my lips.

~ Fine, but only if you give me juicy rabbits in return.

~Thanks Aeron, don’t worry you will get plenty of rabbits in return for this.

Aeron gave a small, satisfied hiss, before going back to sleep. Casting a quick tempus, I found it to, indeed, be five a.m. which leaves three hours before breakfast. Silently getting out of the bed, I head out of the dorm and through the empty common room. ‘I haven’t gone into my mind to visit Volde’s soul shard in a while. Now seems like a good time to do so. No one will be looking for me for a few hours anyways.’ Now having a destination in mind, I calmly walk through the hallways.

It’s a few minutes later that I stop in front of the Room of Requirement, opening the door to reveal a slytherin themed lounge room. Partially laying on the couch, my back propped up by the arm rest, I close my eyes. To my, albeit pleasant, surprise, the shard is still there and giving off pulses of emotion. The pulses are a lot weaker now though. ‘Maybe it is because of Voldemort’s presence being near by? Or maybe the soul shard is simply getting weaker. I doubt that, though.’ A silent sigh rushes past my lips, and I settle more into the couch before letting the calm sense of protection and trust from the shard rush over me. I don’t understand why or how the shard affects me how it does. Despite the pain whenever Voldemort is nearby and whenever we lock gazes. I should ask Volde when I get a chance to, if he doesn’t over react about the whole horcrux thing and lock me up for “my own protection.”

Two hours later, I open my eyes once more and slowly pull away from the shard. Standing, I allow a small smile to grace my features before letting it drop as I walk out the door. Barely two minutes
after I am headed back to the common room, I hear McGonagle speaking to someone and headed my direction. ‘Great, I can’t have her of all people catch me out and about the early. She will get very suspicious and notify Dumbledore.’

I most definitely do not let out a squeak when something tugs on my left arm and unceremoniously shoves me in an empty classroom. I don’t dare move until the sound McGonagles footsteps have faded away.

“What on earth were you doing Harry? She could have caught you.” Severus Snape’s voice hissed at me, and I turned to catch his gaze.

“So, Severus, I was just practicing DADA in the Room of Requirement. I couldn’t sleep, so figured it would be a good idea. I will do better not to get caught next time.” Severus narrowed his eyes at me, probably not really believing me. ‘I don’t really blame him, though, with all the lies I have said so far.’

“Fine, just remember that I won’t be there to save you next time. Now get back to your common room.” Severus huffed out, before turning and stalking back out of the classroom. Not wanting to stay, so I can be ready before Draco wakes up and hogs the bathroom, I leave a moment later.

Ah hour later, I walk back down to the common room after letting Draco have the bathroom.

“Hey Harry, over here.” Looking over towards the fireplace, I see Pansy already sitting along with Blaise.

“Good morning.” I take the last empty seat, next to Blaise.

“Good morning, has Draco been in the bathroom long?” Blaise was tapping on a piece of parchment, probably a letter for his mother.

“No, he got in about five minutes ago.”

“Hmm, okay.” He blinked, going back to whatever he was writing.

“So, Harry, find any possible crushes yet?” Pansy grinned, winking. I merely raised an eyebrow. ‘We haven’t been here that long yet. Besides, I don’t have time for crushes, or relationships. And the chance of either of those happening any way are very slim. But I can’t exactly tell her that.’

“No, I haven’t seen anyone who is very interesting yet.”

“What? Not a single girl out of this entire school? Not even me?” She blinked, a little surprised.

“Well, no, I don’t exactly play for your team anyways.” ‘Might as well get it out there now rather than later.’

“What?” was the reply from both Pansy and Blaise.

“I’m gay. So, no, there’s no females that interest me here. And before you ask, no guys either.” Blaise raised an eyebrow, giving me a once over as though studying me, making sure I wasn’t lying.

“Oh my! Does Draco know yet? Ooh, why not go out with Draco!? I am pretty sure he isn’t as straight as he claims he is.” Pansy was on the edge of her seat, her foot bouncing as though to
contain the sudden abundance of energy she now has.

“Sorry, but I prefer to date guys who are a little older than me, so he isn’t really my type.” ‘Considering I am not even 11, on the inside. So it would be weird to date someone “my age.”’

“What about Draco’s dad then? Or is he too old?” I sputtered, not expecting Blaise to suggest that.

“What? But what about his wife?”

“You don’t know? I thought everyone knew.” Pansy looked at me, confused.

“I wasn’t born here, remember? There is a lot I don’t know.” ‘Sort of.’

“Oh, right. Well, Lucius is actually gay, and married Narcissa so they could produce an heir. Lucius told Narcissa about his sexuality three years ago, and Narcissa admitted to already knowing and they agreed to stay together as friends, but they got a divorce so they could see other people and not have to worry about their marriage. It was huge news at the time, but now everyone has gotten used to it. And-

“Now my father is still looking for “the one” or whatever. Though there is someone he has had a crush on since he was in third year of Hogwarts.” Draco cut in, waltzing over to where we were with a smirk on his face.

“What? Who?” ‘This makes sense, and explains why he didn’t introduce Narcissa as a Malfoy. But who would he have a crush on?’

“That is a secret I am not allowed to tell.” Draco smirked some more, “now let's go eat, I am famished.” Blaise snorted, rolling up the letter he had finished a little while ago, before we all stood and headed to the Great Hall.

Sitting down, Draco looked over at me, confusion dancing in his eyes.

“Why were you talking about my dad anyways?”

“Oh, Pansy had asked if I had found any girls interesting here yet, and I explained how I am gay and prefer older men.” I smothered a laugh when Draco choked on his orange juice, curiosity poking through from the link with Voldie. I glance up at the head table, not surprised to see him looking over in my direction. Blinking, I turned back to Draco, who managed to calm down his coughing.

“Sorry, your what?”

“Gay, I am gay. Will that be a problem?” Draco slowly nodded his head.

“No, just not what I was expecting. But that’s fine. Oh, look, here comes the mail.” Draco looked up and a moment later the sound of owls flying in could be heard.

One of them dropped a newspaper in front of Draco, who was busy reading over a letter he just opened.

“Mind if I read that?” I pointed at the paper, grabbing it when Draco glanced up and shrugged, “Thanks.”

Opening it, I quickly saw the front page story. ‘Someone has broken into Gringotts. So it begins. Hagrid will have the stone already in protection under Fluffy and behind a bunch of other things. I
will need to keep an eye on things more now.'

"-arry, Harry." I glanced up, blinking at Pansy.

"Yes?"

"Are you done? We are going to be late to class. I have been trying to get your attention for three minutes now."

"Oh, sorry, yeah we can leave now." Draco glanced over at me, concerned, though I was too distracted by thoughts of what to do next to notice. I didn’t even notice the worry coming off of Voldemort in waves.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Next chapter already? I know, I am as shocked as you.

But please enjoy :) 

Harry POV

It’s during flying lessons that I am the most distracted, making sure nothing happens like last time. Not that I could do much to prevent it, aside from not being an idiot and chasing after Draco. However, nothing happens when Madam Hooch leaves us alone for the span of 10 minutes. Neville still managed to not control his broom, breaking his wrist in the process.

“Alright, you’re dismissed, put your brooms away and go back to the castle.” Madam Hooch declared, before turning and leaving for the castle herself.

“Hey Harry, we are going to go study in the Library for our free period if you want to join us?” Draco walked up behind me, putting his broom in the closet. I did the same, and walked back outside towards the castle with him.

“Sure, I have nothing else to do anyways. You didn’t have to ask, Draco. I would have just followed you there either way.” I glanced over at him, noticing his posture was a little stiff, “are you okay?” He glanced up at me, before looking away again and giving a small shrug.

“I’m fine. You on the other hand do not seem to be. You have been rather distracted lately and it’s worrying all three of us.” I blinked, frowning. ‘Well, it was bound to worry them eventually. I just didn’t expect Draco to confront me about it this quickly.’

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to worry you guys. I have just been worried about the upcoming exams and all. I don’t want to fail them my first year.” Draco gave me a rather sceptical look, before continuing ahead.

“The exams, of course. What else could you possibly have to worry about?” Draco huffed out.

“Well, there is also what to get everyone for christmas. I am rather clueless on that, since I haven’t had anyone to get presents for before now.” ‘Oops, that just slipped. At least it isn't something substantial.’

“What are you talking about, what about your relatives?” Draco’s brow raised as he looked back over at me.

“Yeah, but they never wanted any presents from me since I couldn’t afford to get them any. It’s not like I am able to get a job yet.” I rolled my eyes for effect, and he simply blinked before continuing forwards again, apparently deciding that was the end of the conversation.
We entered the library a few minutes later, having grabbed our study supplies on the way. Blaise and Pansy had already beat us there and had chosen a secluded table in the back.

“Hey.” I got their attention, sliding into a seat beside Blaise. Draco taking the seat beside Pansy. So it went; Pansy, Draco, me, Blaise, then back to Pansy.

“Hey guys. We were just studying DADA, since there will be a written exam along with the practical.” Pansy tapped a quill on her book, leaving a small ink stain behind.

“Alright, DADA it is then. Blaise, do you know of...what was it called again... Ver...Ver...Vermillion! Yeah, what is Vermillion?” Draco had turned to question Blaise.

Thirty minutes into the study session, we get interrupted by two chairs being pulled up on either side of me.

“Hiya Adrian-”

“Fancy seeing-”

“You here.”

I blinked, looking between Fred and George as they spoke in turn. Then I looked up and noticed the unsure, and rather irritated looks on the faces of the other Slytherins. I sighed, looking back towards the Weasleys.

“Hey guys. Why do you still call me that, even though you know it isn’t actually my name?”

“Simple-”

“Really.”

“Adrian just-”

“Fits you better.”

“We saw old Quirrell watching your little snake friend while your snake-”

“Was watching our little brother and his annoying friends. Ronnikins-”

“Has not noticed though, not a surprise with how-”

“Dense he is.”

“Oh, and your little snake wanted us to bring him to you-”

“I think he was wanting to tell you something ASAP.”

I raised an eyebrow, watching as Aeron’s head poked out from under Fred’s robe.

“How did you know that Aeron wanted you to bring him to me and that he needed to tell me something?”

“Oh, just a hunch.”

“Anyways, here you go. We best be off now, classes to go to and pranks to pull.” George winked, pulling Aeron from Fred’s robe and handing him to me.
“Thanks guys.” I took Aeron, letting him wrap around my arm.

“Not a problem-”

“Adrian.” The twins stood, placing the chairs back where they got them from, before walking back out of the library.

“What just happened? And why were they calling you Adrian?” Blaise asked, eyes slightly narrowed in suspicion. I blinked, running a finger down the back of Aeron’s head.

“Well, I believe the Weasley twins just came over to talk to me. They are friends, sort of. I met them when I got my owl and told them my name was Adrian. I didn’t want anyone to know Harry Potter was there. I guess they just decided Adrian fit better than Harry.” Giving a small shrug, I looked down at Aeron, who was patiently waiting for a chance to tell me whatever news he had come across.

“Okay, and what did they mean by Aeron wanted to tell you something?” Draco asked this time.

“Like I know, I can’t understand snakes.” ‘This is getting a bit annoying. They don’t need to know all of this.’

“Let’s just go back to studying okay?” I suggested, pulling my book closer to me in emphasis. They eventually nodded and also went back to work. Aeron took the opportunity of their distraction to hiss out what he needed to tell me.

~ The three you asked me to follow, have found Fluffy. ~

I smirked, running my finger along his his back a few more times in thanks, before letting him slither off again to find the Gryffindors. ‘Things are progressing very nicely. Before I know it, it will be time to get the stone. I need to think of a plan soon.’

Still smirking, I went back to studying. Not that I really needed to study, but it was best to do it so I could avoid more questions. However, because my nose was in a book, I didn’t realize Draco had been staring at me and had noticed the smirk as he heard Aeron hissing at me.

Another 30 minutes later and we are headed off to Charms. On our way there I notice Granger walking alone. ‘I wonder if Longbottom and Weasley will make fun of her? I doubt Longbottom will. Weasley on the other hand…’ Looking around, I spot both of them walking a little ahead of us. Watching, Weasley’s hands begin to wave around as though he is talking about something he find ridiculous, or fascinating. I watch Granger walk past us, and overhears Weasley before she lets out a choked sob and dashes off. ‘She is headed to the girls bathroom. At least Weasley managed to keep that part of the time line going. It’s how they will become inseparable friends. The Golden Trio.’ I stifle a small snort.

“HARRY POTTER WOULD YOU LISTEN TO ME ALREADY.” I flinch, holding back the sudden urge to throw up my arms to defend myself from harsh blows that I know won't be coming. It took me a moment before putting the voice to the name; Pansy. It was Pansy, not Petunia. I let my eyes flicker to Draco, after managing to pry them back open. I want to laugh at his stricken face, but all I can manage is a choked “What.”

“Are you okay?” Was his reply.
“Yes, I am fine. What did you want that you needed to yell at me for?” I looked over at Pansy.

“It was nothing all that important. And don’t think for a second that we believe you when you say you’re fine. You have been spacing out like crazy lately and it isn’t normal.” Pansy frowned. I simply let out a sigh and continue walking. They eventually followed, not bothering to bring it up again. ‘Well, on the bright side, there isn’t anyone else around now to hear her yell at me and the conversation that followed. But she is right, as important as it is to make sure this goes well, I need to stop spacing out so much.’

I sat down next to Draco in the Great Hall for dinner, putting a few pieces of chicken on my plate. ‘Quirrell will be storming in here yelling about the troll, in about ten minutes.’ Chewing on a piece of my food, I looked up at the head table and, sure enough, Quirrell wasn’t there.

“Harry?” I looked forward again at Blaise.

“Yes?”

“Just making sure you weren’t spacing out again.”

“I won’t space out again, don’t worry.”

“Sure. I am still going to make sure that you don’t.” I shrug.

“That’s fine. Hey have you seem Quirrell anywhere? He hasn’t shown up for dinner.” I nod my head towards the seat he usually occupies.

“No, that’s odd. He never misses a meal.” Draco replied, taking a drink of his tea.

“He will show up eventually.” Pansy spoke up, after swallowing her own food.

It was a few minutes later when Quirrell barged in, all frantic and breath puffing out as though he had just been sprinting for his life.

“Troll...there’s a troll...in the dungeon…” Everything was completely silent as we watched him fall into a dead faint. A split second later, chaos erupted. If it were different circumstances, I would have laughed my ass off at Draco’s fear stricken face and girly scream and he dropped his chicken wing back onto his plate. As it was, it would be very odd if I had begun to laugh. It was better to play along, so letting an expression of fear across my face, I also let my chicken drop onto my plate. Eventually Dumbledore managed to get everyone to be quiet, and directed the prefects to lead their houses to the dorms. On our way out, I felt a wave of amusement come through from Voldie. ‘He is a very good actor indeed. It is too bad that he won’t succeed. Not tonight at least.’

Letting the Slytherin prefect guide us, I followed Draco, Pansy and Blaise out of the Great Hall.

The following morning, the trio walked into the Great Hall all bruised and cut up from their fight with the troll. The Gryffindor table began chatting excitedly, wanting to know what happened. I roll my eyes, going back to the toast on my plate.

“So any of you staying here for the holidays?” Draco piped up, drizzling syrup on his pancakes. Well, more like drowning them.

“I think I am going home.” I looked away from the rather gross looking pile on his plate.
“Same here.” Was the reply from both Pansy and Blaise. Draco shrugged, adding whipped cream to the pancakes.

“Seriously Draco? That is hardly food at this point, and definitely not healthy.” Draco raised an eyebrow at me.

“Really, Harry? This is delicious. Besides, the amount of food you eat is hardly healthy either.” I shook my head, looking up at the sound of owls coming to deliver mail. I watched as Remus’ owl dropped a letter onto my toast. I picked it up, opening it to find a letter.

_Harry,_

_Will you be coming back for the holidays? It is very quiet here without someone else under the roof. I did try to find someone to keep me company, but none of them worked out. A few even tried to kill me after realizing my furry little problem. None succeeded, as you can see. Anyways, I would love it if you would stay here and not Hogwarts. Anyways, how are you doing? Send a reply when you are able to._

_-Love, Remus_

Folding the letter back up and putting it in a pocket, I looked back over at Draco.

“Looks like I am going home for Christmas.”

“Well, if any of you want to come over to my place sometime, just let me know.” We gave him an affirmative to the offer, before standing and leaving Great Hall. There is a Quidditch match in the afternoon, so there won’t be any classes. We head over to the Pitch to get some good seats, before everyone else comes to take them. Even if it is still two hours before the game is supposed to start. Being early is better than being late.

The Slytherins won the match, much to the Slytherin’s pleasure. I didn’t really care either way, knowing they would win since I wasn’t playing seeker. I was also too distracted by the annoyance Voldemort was letting slip through the link. I knew he wouldn’t get the stone, but he didn’t have to give me a migraine because of it. Letting out a huff, I say goodnight to the others, and head up to the dorm room I share with Draco. Remembering that Remus wanted a reply, I take out a piece of parchment and quill and write something down.

_Remus,_

_Yes, I will be coming home for the holidays. Sorry to hear about your failed attempts at finding someone. What about Sirius? I know he is in Azkaban, but what if he wasn’t? I am doing rather_
well. I will see you in a few days.

-Harry
Chapter 15

Pushing my back into the compartment above the seats, I idly listened to Draco as he talked about the party he would be having for Christmas.

“You’re all invited, so make sure you come.” Draco grinned, sliding into a window seat, Pansy sitting next to him, Blaise next to me. I had taken the other window seat. ‘There is no harm in going, unless Voldemort will be there, then it would not be a great idea. As much as I want to talk to him, meeting him this soon could make things difficult. He’s smart, he would figure me out if given more than a few moments alone with me.’

“Sorry, Draco, I will be helping my guardian all break with his new project.” I gave a small downwards tilt of my mouth.

“Really Harry, you can’t get away even for an hour?” He raised a sceptical eyebrow.

“If you knew who my guardian is, you would understand.” Chuckling slightly, I turned my head to watch the trees fly by, ending the conversation. I heard Draco huff out and Pansy laugh at him, Blaise ruffling through his bag for a book. ‘He probably would have gone to Ravenclaw, if he hadn’t of been placed with the Slytherins. Anyways, if I had been staying with Severus, then that would have been more true than false, not being able to get away for even an hour. Plus, it will be more like Remus will be helping me with my project.’

“Hey, we are all getting each other presents right? Since Harry won’t be at the party, we would need to mail them, but we don’t know where he lives.” Pansy spoke up, glancing between the three of us.

“Pansy, you don’t have to talk as though I am not here. As for sending me things, just send them to Snape, he will forward them to me.” I smirked at Pansy’s embarrassed smile.


“As the “boy-who-lived” if I told people where I live, it wouldn’t be safe there anymore. I would have people storming about trying to get in, and I would never be left in peace. This includes Dumbledore. Since Snape is our Head of House, and the one who took me to get my school supplies, I trust him the most with where I live.”

“What about your guardian?” Draco asked, blinking in confusion.

“Unless Snape is your guardian, but he has asked you to keep it a secret for the safety of both of you” Blaise smirked at me, thinking he was correct. ‘Even if he is correct, I won’t let him win that easily, that’s the point of having Remus be the one acting as guardian. Sorry Blaise, you’re smart, but you can’t know just yet.’

“Actually, my guardian is Remus Lupin. Who else do you think I have been writing to all year?” I raised an eyebrow, Blaise frowning slightly with a small glare as though saying “I will get the truth out of you one of these days.”

“Remus Lupin, isn’t he a werewolf?” Pansy frowned, I gave an answering shrug.

“Yeah, but Snape is giving him the wolfsbane potion each month. Another reason why he is the only one who knows where I live.”
“So—” Draco was suddenly cut off by the compartment doors bursting open and two redheads striding in, closing the door behind themselves.

“Hope you—”

“Don’t mind if—”

“We join you guys.” The Weasley twins stood, grinning, before settling themselves on the empty seats next to us.

“Hello Fred, George.”

“Hiya Adrian.” Fred flashed me a smile.

“We were tired—”

“Of listening to the Gryffindors—”

“Complain about the Slytherins—”

“Win in the Quidditch match.” Draco let out a snort, trying to cover it up with a cough. We all just stared at him, until he cleared his throat, uncomfortable.

“Stop looking at me like that.”

“Draco, we aren’t at school or in the Slytherin dorms, it wasn’t necessary to try and cover that up, which you did quite horribly.” I continued to stare at him, grinning when a blush crepted up to his cheeks.

“Are you sure you are straight, Draco?” He began to sputter, the twins laughing, Pansy and I joining in.

“Yes, I bloody well am straight!” He finally replied after calming down.

“Sure, Draco.” Pansy grinned at him.

“We could—”

“Send you some—”

“Magazines.” The twins grinned at him wiggling their eyebrows.

“W—what? No! I-I do not want some bloody m-magazines!” Draco coughed out, I held in my laughter this time, Pansy struggling to breath from laughing too hard.

The train ride to kings cross continued in a similar fashion, talk of my guardian and where I live was temporarily forgotten.

We arrived a few hours later, all of us quickly leaving the train to grab the rest of our items. Looking around, I quickly spotted Remus standing back so he was slightly in the shadows.

“Remus is here, I will see you guys later.” I waved to the three Slytherins, the twins having split from us when we arrived to avoid questions.

“See you later Harry.” Pansy called out, waving back. I walked up to Remus, carefully avoiding all the other people standing around.
“Ready to go then?” Remus asked, holding his arm out.

“Yeah, let's go.” I took the offered arm, and we apparated to the Cottage.

“Welcome home, Harry,” Remus grinned, “hope you had fun at school so far.”

“If you can call planning and keeping secrets, fun, then I had a blast.” I smirked, heading towards a seat, Remus following suit and sitting across from me.

“Have you decided what to do about Voldemort then?” A house elf popped in then, placing tea and chocolate chip cookies on the table between us.

“Yes. I plan to help him get the stone. But so you know, even if you decide to tell anyone on the light side what my plans are, they won't be able to stop me.” I sipped the tea, finding it to be honey nut tea.

“Really Harry, you realize I won't be telling the light anything, right?” Remus sighed.

“Well, it’s always best to be prepared for anything.” I smiled, picking up a few cookies and dipping one in the tea.

“Right. Well, what if I offered you my assistance wherever you may need it?” He crossed his legs, leaning back into the chair.

“I accept the offer. Just know that if I do find out you have been telling the light things, that won’t end well for you.” Remus chuckled.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way, Harry.”

“Good.” I grinned, finishing off the third cookie I had picked up.

“Another thing, Sirius Black.” I watched Remus stiffen slightly, before relaxing again a moment later.

“What about him?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Well, I have decided he should really be broken out of Azkaban, he has been in there long enough as it is. The question is how to do it and when. I will need Voldemort's help to do it.”

“Hmm, yes, it would be easier if he helped. Maybe talk to him about it after you get him the stone.”

“That would probably be the best time to do it. For the holidays, I am going to keep working on my animagus form, so if you need me, I will be down in the basement training area.” Remus nodded, and I stood up. I need a shower first, and a change of clothes.

About two weeks later, I made my way out of the training room. It was currently 6 in the morning, and I was in need of some hot chocolate. It was freezing in the house, more so when in a basement.

“Hotle” I chirped out, tossing on a change of clothes.

“What can Is do for Mister Potter?” the house elf bounced on the balls of his feet, waiting for my
request.

“Could you make two cup of hot chocolate, and take one to Remus?”

“Of course.” The elf popped away, returning a few moments later with a steaming cup. I took it, nodding my thanks, before going back downstairs where the presents would be waiting. I had gotten Remus ten different muggle books, knowing there weren’t any here that would interest him or he hadn’t already ready. I gave Draco a miniature glass dragon that was spelled to be animated and shatter proof, Pansy received a siamese kitten with ice blue eyes, Blaise also got books, but on advanced spells. The twins, though, got a dozen cupcakes with different spells cast on them; color changing spells, laughing spells, dream spells, and more.

Settling down on a chair, I looked at the small pile of gifts on the table, before setting down my cup and began opening them.

From Draco I got an advanced potions book, a set of daggers from Blaise, a box of pranks made by the twins, a set of colored inks and quills from Pansy, and a set of connected journals from Remus. ‘The journals could be very useful in the near future.’ I grinned, reminding myself to thank him when he gets downstairs. ‘The cloak isn’t here. I wonder if that’s because I already have it, from the future, or if Dumbledore decided to keep it because he doesn’t trust me, not that I blame him there. Speaking of the cloak, I think now is a good time to get that and the map out.’ Smiling, I head back up to my room to get the mentioned items out of their hiding spots.
Chapter 16

Another chapter! Amazing what being comfortable in your surroundings does to a person. Anyways, this chapter was rather fun to write. I am pretty excited to start on the next chapter. We are almost to the end!

Enjoy (:

Harry POV

I buried my nose into the books I was supposed to be studying for the upcoming exams. ‘This is bothersome. I don’t even need to study, but I can’t just tell them I have this stuff memorized. That would bring up more questions.’ I suppressed another sigh, turning a few pages to make it look like I was reading. I was halfway turning a fifth page when I heard a harsh whisper coming from two tables down. Looking over, I see Granger stabbing a finger at a large book and looking rather proud of herself. Longbottom and Weasley looking a little put off by her excitement. ‘They finally figured out who Nicolas Flamel is, then. Which reminds me, there had been a meeting of sorts between Severus and Quirrell tonight. I wonder if that will still happen? I could always check-’

“Harry Potter!” I jerked back to the present, seeing Draco staring me down with a frown.

“Yes, Draco?” I let the words slowly tumble from my mouth, not wanting to make him even more upset, we would be thrown out of the library then.

“What in Merlin’s name is wrong with you lately? You’ve done turned twenty five pages in that bloody book without even so much as glancing at them!” Pansy nodded at Draco’s words, Blaise just sitting and calmly watching Draco hiss at me.

“Oh. Sorry, I have a bit of a headache and your yelling isn’t going to help it any. I can only read this stuff so many times before it gets overly redundant.” I bit back, before standing up and stalking from the library.

Draco POV

I groaned, burying my face in my hands. ‘Way to go Draco, tick off the one person who care about more than anything else. Aside from Blaise and Pansy. I care about them too, but I care about Harry more. Wait. No. That’s not right. Bloody hell.’ Letting out another loud groan, I held back the urge to bang my head against the table. Need to keep as much dignity as I can. ‘Why has he been so...distracted lately anyways? Hopefully there isn’t something terribly wrong going on that he isn’t telling me about. Or anyone else about. He needs to talk to someone about things once in awhile. Maybe he will talk to me,’ I let out a small snort, ‘Right, maybe when Voldemort actually wins this stupid war. This is pointless, I need to go after him. Maybe not the best idea, it would be bad if he actually started to throw hexes at me.’

“Is Draco going to be okay?” I heard Pansy whisper to Blaise, who I assume shrugged due to the
lack of an answer.

“He probably went crazy the moment he met Harry. I hope he at least know that Harry isn’t interested in him like that. Harry would probably be more interested in Voldemort, if he had a body.”

“Of course I bloody well know that! You don’t have to remind me!” I quickly stood, slamming my hands onto the table.

“Be quiet or I am kicking you out, is that understood?!” We all blinked, looking over at Madam Pince, who was glaring at us.

“Yes, Madam Pince.” Blaise answered for us, forcing me to sit back down, “Listen Draco, Harry will be just fine. Give him some time to figure out whatever it is that has his mind in another world. I am sure that you realize there is a lot he isn’t telling us, or anyone really. Maybe you should try talking to him about it. You’re the one he’s more open to out of the three of us.” Blaise packed his books back into his bag, the study session long over.

“Maybe you’re right. I should at least try. We share a dorm for heaven's sake. He has a silencing spell on his bed every night, I only know that because I could sense it one night I needed a drink. He’s always in bed after me and up before me.” I also packed my books, Pansy doing the same. We walked out of the library, not saying anything else until we drew closer to the common room.

“I think that you should at least try, Draco. The worst he could do is hex you, and not say anything.” Pansy smiled, going to her dorm. Blaise gave a quick pat to my shoulder before also disappearing to his dorm. Taking in a deep breath, I stepped into the room I shared with Harry.

Harry POV

I flopped down onto a bed, having just got here from leaving the library. I ran into Quirrell on my way here. It ended up being an interesting interaction.

“Potter. Where are you off to in such a hurry? Surely there isn’t a fire that’s making you dash about.” I paused, looking at the top of the steps where Quirrell calmly stood. I could immediately tell Voldemort was the one speaking. If I was absolutely crazy, I would say I just seen concern in those eyes of his. However, I am not, so that couldn’t have possibly been concern. I blinked, realizing I was already standing next to him on the top of the steps.

“I was just going to my dorm. Got into a small argument with Draco. My fault, really. I haven’t been paying attention to anything around me lately. Why am I even telling you this.” I furrowed my eyebrows slightly. ‘Why am I telling him this stuff. It’s almost like I don’t want to lie to him. And okay, that is definitely concern in his eyes. What in Merlin’s name is going on here.’

“I don’t know, maybe because you haven’t talked to anyone else about these things?” Quirrell raised an eyebrow, as though daring me to comment on the concern he knew I could see in his eyes.

“This is weird. What’s even weirder is that you haven’t made a single stutter since we started talking.”

“There is no need to stutter when you know it’s not real.” Quirrell smirked, before walking down
"I’ll be seeing you in class later, Harry."

I sighed, not knowing what to do at this point. ‘What kind of game is he trying to play here? Whatever, I have other things to think about. Maybe that’s my problem, I have been thinking too much lately. I need to apologize to Draco when I see him again. My reaction was very uncalled for. I need to stop thinking so much, and focus better on my surroundings.’ Sighing, letting myself relax into the bed I was laying on. It smelled different, like spice and honey. Odd. The door opened then, and I simply cracked open an eye I don’t remember closing, to look at who it was.

“Harry, can we - that’s my bed.” Draco shut the door, pausing with a raised eyebrow when he registered where I was.

“Yeah, I just figured that out. Spice and honey, the two things you typically smell of. Listen Draco, I apologize for my outburst earlier. It was really quite uncalled for.” I sat up, dangling my legs over the edge, Draco doing the same on my bed.

“It’s okay. Would you… I dunno. Like to talk about what’s been on your mind lately?” Draco shifted, looking at the floor.

“I don’t know. I probably should, so I don’t do something stupid like that again.”

“Like what?” He finally looked over at me, curious.

“I started telling Professor Quirrell what was on my mind, and I really shouldn’t have.”

“Why not? He seems like a reasonable person. Despite the annoying stuttering.” I chuckled, shaking my head slightly.

“Sure, but you know that there’s more than one person in that body?”

“Wait, what? How do you know?” I shrug, tugging on a string on my shirt.

“Same way you do, I suppose. I’ve talked to him.” Draco sat gaping at me, probably not expecting me to know.

“So, you know that Voldemort is here. What else do you know?”

“This is just between us, right?” I glanced over at him, daring him to say no.

“Of course, he would probably have my head if he knew I was telling other people your secrets.” A sour expression flicked over his face, before turning back to being blank.

“Why on earth would he have your head for that?”

“What? Oh, no reason.” He avoided my sharp glare, before changing the subject, “So, the other stuff that you know.”

“Fine. Long story short, I am going to help him get the stone he is here for. It’s why I have been so distracted, I am trying to come up with a plan.”

“How do you know about that?” Draco’s eyes narrowed slightly, I just rolled my eyes in response.

“That’s enough Q and A for tonight I think.” Standing, I went and sat on my own bed and pulled out the map. Draco turned in his spot on the edge of my bed.
“What is that?”

“This is a piece of paper. But when I do this,” I placed my wand above the map and whispered, “I solemnly swear I am up to no good.” I smirked as Draco watched the parchment turn into a map of the school.

“Wait, are those footprints—”

“People who are walking about? Yes.”

“That’s awesome. Where the bloody hell did you get this?”

“That’s a secret, but I can at least tell you that the Marauders made it while they were going to school here.” I looked over the map, seeing if I could spot Severus or Quirrell. Seeing neither of them after a few minutes of me searching and Draco studying it, I put my wand back over it.

“Mischief managed.” I wanted to laugh as Draco stared at the map as it became empty again, but held it back.

“So about the plan you have been trying to come up with. Maybe I could help?” I blinked up at him, contemplating. ‘True, he is pretty cunning, considering how he fixed those box things and helped Death Eaters storm into Hogwarts without anyone noticing.’

“Hmm, alright, let’s see what we can come up with, then.”

The following day, the four of us are back in the library, studying. Draco and I had talked well into the night, coming up with a plan. It was nearing 3 in the morning when we finally decided on one. Of course, I had to tell him that the Gryffindor trio had already planned to go and stop Voldemort from getting it and that they would succeed if I didn’t intervene. Draco asked a lot more questions after that, most of which I avoided.

“We have to do something. Hagrid can’t keep a dragon at Hogwarts.”

“I know Hermione, I am sure we will think of something.” I blinked, recognizing Weasley and Longbottoms’ voices. I nudged Draco in the side.

“Yes, Harry?” He drawled out, turning the page in his book.

“I want to talk about a few more things tonight if you don’t mind.” I flashed a smirk. Draco sighed, turning the page again.

“Yes, alright.”

“So, what do you want to talk about?” Draco plopped onto his bed, with me following suit.

“Nothing, actually, I just don’t want you to wander off tonight.”

“Why?” He gave me a suspicious glance. He does that a lot, actually.

“A little snake told me that the Gryffindors are up to something and could get into a lot of trouble but if you try and interfere, we will also get into a lot of trouble.” I quickly changed, glancing over at Draco who averted his gaze.
“Fine.”

Sure enough, the next morning, the Gryffindors were down by 150 points and the trio was absent from breakfast. I turned to smirk at Draco, who was gaping at the loss of points.

“Told you so.”

“Bloody hell, that’s a lot of points.” He shook his head, sitting down at the table. I looked up at the Head Table, not seeing Quirrell there.

“Hey, Draco.” I whispered, bowing my head slightly, “It’s time to start with our plan.”

Draco’s response was a flash of an excited grin, before we went back to eating.
Harry POV

I re-entered the room I shared with Draco, noticing he was finally awake. He looked over at me with a slightly raised eyebrow.

“Where have you been at this ungodly hour in the morning?” He rolled off his bed, sliding on his slippers, managing to do it rather gracefully.

“Delivering the letter to him.” I bent down to grab the books for class.

“I do hope you used one of the barn owls, to arouse less suspicion.”

“Of course I did, Draco. Now, get ready so we can go get breakfast.” I smirked over at the silk clad Malfoy, before leaving the room again. I heard him huff before the door closed and I went towards the common room.

I walked in just in time to hear Pansy groan and stuff her face in her hands.

“What’s wrong?” Sitting down, she looked back up at me with a small frown.

“Harry, the finals are in five days, five days.”

“Yeah, and why are you groaning over that?” She just groaned again before covering her face, Blaise giving out a soft sigh.

“She’s worried about failing them, despite the ridiculous amount of studying she has done up to this point. And we all know she will keep studying up to the very last second. She has no need to worry, but refuses to listen.” Blaise, shutting his book on healing, looked up at us in exasperation. I held back a small laugh, simply rolling my eyes instead.

“The exams shouldn’t be that difficult, we are only first years after all.” ‘If my memory is right, the NEWTS were only slightly difficult. I won’t have any trouble this time. At least, Pansy shouldn’t have trouble either with her extensive studying. Anyways, this also means I will be getting the stone very soon. I need to make sure there are no kinks in the plan, and that I know what the backup plans are just in case something does go wrong. I doubt that will be the case.’

Draco strutted down to the common room a few minutes later, and we all quickly left for the Great Hall.

Sitting down, I placed a few eggs on my plate, and some orange juice.
“I am pretty confident in my potions, but it’s DADA it’s what I am worried about the most.” Pansy sighed, grabbing a banana.

“Why not have Harry help you? He’s at the top of our class. Actually, I am pretty sure he’s at the top of our year.” Blaise suggested, Draco nodding in agreement.

“That’s true, but how much help could that be with only five days left?” She replied after swallowing, hand reaching out for the pancakes.

“Actually, it could help a lot, I could be a very good teacher.” I smirked, starting on the one egg I had grabbed.

“That’s true. Alright, it’s worth a shot.” She flashed a smile at me, just as the morning post arrived. I straightened my back, paying more attention. The wave of owls hid the one owl I asked to deliver the letter, to keep curious kids from noticing. I continued eating, absentmindedly, while Quirrell opened the small letter. There was a wave of curiosity coming from him, as he read the note.

Voldie POV

I had been idly watching Potter while sipping on the cup of coffee I asked for. I couldn’t figure out why, exactly, I have been so concerned about the boy lately. It was when I almost gave up watching him for the time being, that I noticed his back straightened and he kept on eating. ‘Why is he so interested in the owl’s? And why hasn’t he noticed yet that Pansy just filled his plate with eggs for the second time? She looks a little too proud of herself to finally have him eating more. And as good as it would be for him to eat, it’s entirely unhealthy for one to eat more than they are used to, in one sitting like that.’ I blinked, my train of thought interrupted by a small piece of parchment being dropped on the table in front of me. Curious, I cast a few detection spells to see if it was harmful in any way. After finding it clean, I opened it, not really expecting to find the words written down.

Don’t go to Fluffy, I will retrieve the stone and bring it to you. Trust in your snake. If you do not, I cannot guarantee your success in getting the stone. There are three others trying to get to it before you do, and they should not be taken lightly.

P.s. if anyone else tries to read this, I have put a charm on the paper to appear blank and a spell to turn them into a toad.

-Adrian

I read over the letter a second time, before carefully putting it into my pocket and returning to my coffee. ‘I have always figured the stone would be a trap for the old fool to try and capture me. It would be safer to let someone else get it for me. But if he fails, I will have to punish him somehow. So he better succeed.’ I let out a slow breath of air, refilling the cup I just emptied.
Relaxing slightly at Voldie’s calm response to the letter, and only mild curiosity coming through the link, I finished off the egg I had been eating. A few moments later, though, after finishing the bacon, I realized I had made a mistake.

“Harry, why are you turning green?” was Draco’s question, soon followed by Blaise.

“Pansy, how many times did you refill his plate, exactly? It’s rather unhealthy for a person to eat that much after only ever eating one egg and one slice of bacon.” Pansy just shrugged, trying to look as small and innocent as possible.

“He kept eating, so I thought he was super hungry today and kept adding more food. I didn’t realize he hadn’t been paying attention to what he was doing.” My stomach gave a threatening lurch, and I quickly stood up, startling Draco who had been glaring at Pansy.

“Bathroom.” was all I could manage to croak out, before dashing away. Pushing past the few students wandering the hallways, I ran into the nearest restroom and promptly emptied my stomach into the nearest toilet. I didn’t realize Draco had followed behind me, until I was able to pause to take a few breaths.

“Harry? It’s okay, I locked the bathroom to avoid having anyone come inside.” He whispered, running a hand up and down my back. I wanted to freeze at the contact, but I was too tired from getting sick to be able to. ‘There is really no point in freezing anyways, he’s the only person I’ve gotten this close to without feeling queasy. Plus, he’s been somewhat of a close confidant. And right now, his touch is relatively nice, surprisingly.’ Letting out a sigh, I let myself slump against the body next to mine, feeling it tense for a moment before relaxing again and resuming the motions on my back.

“Harry?” The concern could be heard in his voice. Probably confused at me willingly getting this close to him. I just close my eyes, and give a small hum.

“Mention to this to anyone and I will castrate you, Draco.”

“Of course you will.” He snorted lightly.

It wasn’t until five minutes later, when I had all my strength back, that I took notice of the worry pouring through the connection. ‘Is he worried about me? Why would he be worried about me? That is very strange. Maybe something happened while I was gone, that made him worry. But this is Voldemort. He isn’t supposed to be worried about anything or anyone. There’s still a lot I don’t know about him, apparently. The real him, that is. Not the monster he had been made to be in my past.’ Standing back up, I cast a tempus and was glad to see we weren’t late for our first class yet.

It’s during potions that I realize the day will just keep going in the same fashion as the morning did; awful. The class started normally enough, with Draco and I sitting towards the front with Blaise and Pansy, and Severus snapping his wand at the board to give us directions for today’s potion. Before Severus had come in, Pansy was chatting away about the exams that were to be held in about five days, with Draco ignoring her and Blaise nodding along. When Severus ordered us to begin on the potion, one that was to be brewed on our own, I went to grab the ingredients as usual.

What made things turn sour was my lack of concentration. However, that could be blamed on
Voldemort and his insistent poking at the link like a child looking at a strange new pet. I always assumed he knew about the link this time, but I was apparently wrong about that. So I was standing there, trying to shop roots and all I could really focus on was the poke...poke...poke...stab...poke...rub of Voldemort's mind. I nearly cut off a chunk of skin from my finger twice. It wasn't until Draco spoke up next to me that I realized I made yet another mistake.

"Harry... you just put in *five large* root slices, instead of *two small* ones. You do know that could cause your potion to-" A large *snap* interrupted what he was saying. I heard Severus let out a long sigh, before speaking.

"Mr. Longbottom, how many times is-" but he paused before finishing, having looked up from the book he was reading. His eyes had quickly scanned over the room and settled on my ooze covered form. ‘At least it isn’t harmful... yet.’

“Mr. Potter? Why did you cause your cauldron to explode?” He narrowed his eyes at me, more out of worry than anger or annoyance, like some of the others in the room might think. Which, I assume, is what Weasley thinks, judging by his ugly snickering. I simply blink at Severus.

“I wasn’t paying attention, Professor.” His eyes narrowed a little more, before turning to Draco, who had his potion done by this point.

“Malfoy, take Potter to Madam Pomfrey.”

“Yes, Professor.” Draco piped up, grabbing both of our bags before walking out of the room. I followed closely behind. There was another wave of worry going down the link and I let out a heavy sigh. ‘*What the bloody hell is going on lately?*’ I force myself to become calm again, having reached the infirmary. Draco was silent as Madam Pomfrey tutted and removed the ooze, before sending us off to our next class.

“Harry, are you feeling okay? You have been out of it all day. Did he say or do something regarding that letter?” Draco looked over at me, worried. I managed a small smile.

“No, he didn’t. And I am feeling perfectly fine. Just a tired, probably.” He gave me a sceptical look, and we continued down the hall.

The next incident was, of course, in DADA.

Voldemort was having us practice doing *expelliarmus* and had paired us up with someone from a different house. I had already gotten the hang of holding myself back when doing spells, which I was glad for after being paired with a scrawny ravenclaw boy. We had been exchanging spells for nearly five minutes with the poking resumed. Peaking over where Voldemort was sitting in a chair to watch us, I noticed he wasn’t entirely watching and looked like he was too far in his thoughts to know what was happening around him. Of course, that isn’t true, he wouldn’t be the Dark Lord, if he couldn’t keep part of his attention on a room full of kids while also occupied with something else.

Anyways, he had resumed the poking, and I tried to ignore it so I wouldn’t do something I really would possibly regret doing. Two minutes later, my partner started to get frustrated because he couldn’t get the spell down, and just kept trying anyways, practically growling the spell out while doing the wand movements. The poking kept on going with the *poke... stab... poke poke... stroke... stab stab... poke*. Then the kid across from me spoke.
“Bloody hell, why can’t I do this spell.” and started growling it out again. I didn’t notice my growing irritation, until I had already cast my own *expelliarmus* and ended up sending the poor bloke across the room and everyone was scurrying away, Voldemort had swiftly stood up and was already making his way towards us.

“I-i-i-it s-seems M-mr. P-p-potter n-n-needs t-to l-learn a l-l-little m-more c-c-c-c-ontrol. D-d-d-detention t-t-t-tomorrow a-a-t 8 p-p-pm. M-m-mr. J-j-jiles, t-t-t-ake M-m-mr. A-a-a-alex t-t-t-to th-th the i-i-i-nfirmary.” I nearly froze at the sudden wave of even more concern that enveloped me, as the two left the room, Alex floating in the air having been knocked out.

Nothing else happened for the rest of the day, so I had assumed, incorrectly that, that had been the end of it. I was of course, wrong.

The four of us returned to the dorm after eating dinner, having sat down to chat when Severus walked into the dorm. It wasn’t too uncommon to see him in there, so we just continued talking about what subjects we need to study more on.

“Mr Potter.” We paused our conversation again, to see him standing behind me.

“‘Yes, sir?”

“I spoke to Professor Quirrell and he has agreed to let you take your detention with me. The time is still the same, come to my office first and we will go from there.” ‘This is probably not going to be a very fun ‘gardian, son’ conversation.’ I held back a small wince, and nodded.

“Yes, sir.” He gave a short nod before leaving again, his robes snapping behind him.

“Detention? Why do you have detention?” Draco questioned, his eyes slightly narrowed.

“I accidently threw a ravenclaw across the room with an *expelliarmus* in DADA today. I need to work on my control.” I shrugged, not paying attention to the look Blaise tossed at me that was full of curiosity.

“You threw a ravenclaw across the room?” Pansy blinked owlishly, apparently amazed.

“Er...yes?” She snorted.

“Wow, Harry. Why is Snape overseeing your detention then? He doesn’t teach DADA.” She paused, suddenly confused. ‘How have I managed to keep a blank face today?’

“I am not sure of that, either. Maybe Snape thinks he would be able to help me better since he doesn’t stutter every word he says?” Draco clapped a hand over his mouth to stifle a loud snort that threatened to come out. I rolled my eyes, before standing up.

“I’m going to bed, it’s been a...long day.”

“Alright. I think I will go ahead and join you. I do need my beauty sleep.”

We quickly changed into our respective pajamas - emerald green silk pants and shirt for Draco, and regular cotton for me. I fell asleep quickly enough, the day having worn me out. The night started
out with a dreamless sleep, before turning into a rather horrible nightmare.

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I laid there, watching as my parents were killed, my mom screaming out for him to spare me. Her words resonating through my ears. I cried out, trying to block the sound, unsuccessfully. Bright green gave way to Privet Drive and Vernon. I helplessly squirmed in his grasp as he yanked me from the cupboard by my hair, screaming about how it’s my fault there are mud tracks on the floor from his shoes. My fault, my fault, my fault. I curled into myself as his meaty fists began to rain down on my small frame, before his foot replaced them. He laughed sickly as he finished punishing me something I couldn’t prevent. He just got home, after all, and didn’t take off his shoes before walking farther into the house.

The scene changes again, Vernon once again beating me, calling me an unwanted freak. Freak shouldn’t do freaky little things. But I didn’t know how I got on the roof.

Stop...stop...please stop.

Another scene change. Hermione and Weasley looking at me in disgust. Not paid enough. Freak. Your fault. Suddenly the scene changes to something new.

I stand in darkness, before people begin appearing. Mom, dad, Hermione, Ron, other people I know. All looking at me, laughing with grins twisting their faces into something grotesque. They lift their wands as one, before calling out crucio, the spell hitting me full force. I try not to scream, before Voldemort appears, adding in his own spell, while digging a dagger into my arm. “Well, worthless, pathetic freak, why don’t you just die already? It’s all your fault we are dead. We always secretly hated you.” Their crazed laughs begin a song of torture, and I finally release a gut wrenching scream.

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I am jolted away by a frantic shadow shaking me. I freeze, still slightly caught in the nightmare. I reach for my wand, shaking, pausing when I hear them talk, their voice faint in my ringing ears.

“Harry? Harry?”

“Draco?” I croak out, my throat raw from screaming. I heard Draco released a breath as though he had been holding it for the past few moments. When his hands leave my shoulders, I realize just how badly I am shaking. Not caring about appearances, I reach out, and drag him back towards me, clutching him in my arms. I feel a hesitant hand at my back as it begins tracing circles and the other one presses my face towards his heart, his hand wrapped in my hair. ‘Is this what it feels like to have a caring friend? Brother, evan.’ Was my last conscious thought.

I am distant from everyone for the rest of the week, not wanting to talk to anyone. I don’t forget to put a silencing spell on my bed again when I go to bed. During the detention with Severus, I hardly said five words which seemed to worry him even more. But I didn’t really care. I need to focus on helping Voldemort, and having friends will just hold me back. Having someone that’s like a brother to me, will hold me back. I can't risk that. I can’t risk them. They will realize eventually that I am not worth being friends with, and will give up trying to talk to me. I haven’t seen Aeron in quite a while, though I assume he is staying with Voldemort, and keeping an eye on the Gryffindor
trio. I could feel both Dumbledore and Voldemort’s gaze following me the entire week. I also eventually figured out how to close the link so I wouldn’t feel the pokes or anything else coming through it from him. The runes I wore blocked multiple spells Dumbledore tossed at me. Also, I am pretty sure I could feel Hogwarts trying to help me.

Anyways, with the exams now over and done with, I need to make sure I have everything ready for when I get the stone.

Tomorrow night.


Chapter Notes

If you see anything familiar, it's from Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone.
I do not own Harry Potter nor am I profiting from writing this story.

This is the second to last chapter! Right now, my plan is to start posting the sequel to
this story by the end of January. I'm hoping for sooner than that, but life is
unpredictable. Keep an eye on this story for an update saying I am about to start
posing chapters for it.

Anyways, enjoy!

H POV

I give a sideways glance to Draco, who nods nearly imperceptible. We had this all planned, with
me doing most of it. Draco’s only job is to get me out of the dorm without suspicion from others.
Seeing his nod, I blink back at Pansy, who was talking about what she wants to do over the
summer break. Letting out a yawn, I move myself out of the chair I was sitting on.

“Sorry guys, I’m pretty tired, I should go to bed if I want to wake up in the morning.” Blaise gave a
small nod, while Pansy chuckled. Draco simply blinked, before I waved goodnight and left to go to
our room.

Exactly 20 minutes later, I am headed back down to the common room, draped in the invisibility
cloak. I can hear Draco standing from his seat as I reach the last step of the stairs. I continue
walking, letting the cloak brush his arm slightly so he knows I am there.

The plan so far has gone pretty smoothly; I claim to be tired and return to our room, then 20
minutes later I leave with the invisibility cloak. This is where Draco comes into play.

“I’m going to go see if the kitchen has any snacks, you two want anything?” Draco spoke up,
glancing between Pansy and Blaise.

“Nope, I’m still full from dinner.” Pansy patted her stomach with a slight smile.

“No, but Draco we just ate two hours ago.” Blaise frowned, probably wondering why Draco is
getting more food. Draco simply shrugged.

“It’s mostly for Harry, since he didn’t eat at dinner time. He skipped lunch as well, or did you not
notice?” He sighed, “I’ll be back in a few, don’t wait up.” he headed towards the door of the
common room, slipping out while holding the door open for an extra half second, just long enough
for me to quickly exit behind him.

This part of the plan was so no one would question why the door was opening and closing on it’s
own. Draco is also going to actually head to the kitchens and get some food, since I won't be back
until late and will probably be a little hungry. Skipping both lunch and dinner helped to make this
more legitimate.

I followed silently behind Draco through the halls, before we go our separate ways when we reach the top of the steps. We are both pretty confidant that this will work, and if it doesn’t we have a plan b ready, as well as a plan c.

I walk swiftly, needing to reach the room before the golden trio does. I need to have my timing just right, or else it wont work. I remember how quickly the harp stopped playing when we had reached the room, and I need to recreate that without knowing exactly what time the harp had been made the first time around. Pausing before the door, I take a quick breath of air and slip my wand from its spot in my pocket. ‘Okay, I have an estimated 10 seconds before Fluffy realizes someone entered the room. That should be plenty of time. I practiced the spell last night to make sure I could cast it. It was easier than I expected it to be. I need to go inside now.’

Pushing the door open, I keep to the wall as the door closes again. Pointing my wand at the spot the harp should be, I whisper the spell. I can hear Fluffy starting to growl as the heads turn to try and see what opened the door.

‘O cithara.’ I watched as the harp appeared, and it started playing a second later. I stayed where I was, listening to it’s breathing slow down as it fell asleep. It only took another 30 seconds before Fluffy was fast asleep and I deemed it safe to exit the room again. ‘In about 30 minutes the harp will stop playing. The trio should arrive in roughly 28 minutes. I will have to wait out here until they get the stone.’ Sitting on the floor across from the door, I make sure the cloak is covering all of me before slipping back into my mind, searching for the piece of Voldemort inside me.

3rd PPOV

The hurried steps of three people could be heard coming near, before they stopped in front of the closed door where they knew Fluffy would be waiting for them. Ron was nervously looking around, while Hermione quickly opened the door. Neville held a flute at the ready, about to start playing, when the sound of a harp reached their ears. Confused at the harp, and already sleeping dog, they shrugged and began to move the large paw off the trap door it was protecting.

Pulling open the door, Ron let a frown mar his features, before looking over at Hermione.

“It’s too dark to see anything down there. Would you like to go first?”

Hermione huffed, “No, not particularly.”

“I’ll go first, then.” Neville stepped towards the other two, looking down at the darkened space. Ron shrugged, before moving away.

“Be careful, Neville.” Hermione spoke up, offering a smile. Neville returned it before letting himself jump through the hole. He landed on something soft, which isn’t what he was expecting. Looking up to what he assumed to be the direction his friends were waiting, he called up at them.

“It’s safe, come on down!”

Both Ron and Hermione quickly join Neville, a resounding bark following them down. It wasn’t until Hermione tried to reach the other two, that she realized the thing they landed on was wrapping them with what looked to be vines.
“Guy’s stop moving around! This is Devil’s Snare!” Hermione stopped her own movements, trying to remember how to kill the plant.

“Light! Someone needs to spell us a light. I can’t reach my wand.” Neville quickly said, remembering what Professor Sprout had said about this particular plant.

“Of course! Devil’s Snare likes the cold and damp! Thanks Neville.” Hermione grinned, quickly casting a strong *Lumos*. The plant released them, and they hurriedly went further forward.

After getting halfway down the passageway, Ron paused and tilted his head slightly.

“Ron, what is it?” Neville asked, hoping it wasn’t something terrible.

“Do you guys hear something? It almost sounds like wings.” Hermione and Neville paused, trying to hear what Ron was hearing. It didn’t take long for them to also hear the soft tinkling coming from the end of the passageway - which was also emitting light. They shared a nervous look with each other, before advancing.

It wasn’t until they seen the fluttering things that they stopped again. On the other side of them was a door.

“Will they attack if we walk past them?” was Neville's question.

“I don’t think so, if that were the case then they would be attacking us now. We aren’t that far away from them. See the broom? We probably have to catch one or more of them to get through the door.” Hermione answered, before walking forward. As she had guessed, she remained unharmed. Trying the handle of the door, she let out a sigh after finding it locked. Ron and Neville quickly joined her.

“Maybe those things are keys? They aren’t shaped like normal birds, or pixies.” Ron suggested, looking between the things in the air and the lock on the door. Neville nodded in agreement.

“We would be looking for an older key, then. A silver one, that’s also big.” Hermione was looking at the keyhole.

“Okay, I’ll get it. Or, try to, since I am really bad at flying.” Neville offered, shooting the broom an unsure look.

“If you don’t want to, I could get it.” Ron offered, but Neville simply shook his head before heading towards the broom. Grabbing hold of the broom set the keys into a swift nose dive towards him. Quickly mounting the broom to avoid being stabbed by a hundred keys, he pulled himself upwards towards the ceiling, the keys following his path. Turning around a few large columns, he spotted the key they were describing a few moments later. Pulling on the broom once more, and nearly falling off, he shot above them, reaching one arm out to snatch the key from the air. Rushing towards where Ron and Hermione were standing, he tossed the key in their direction. The door was opened, Hermione and Ron dashed into the room and moved to the side for Neville to fly into the room.

Slamming the door shut, they could hear a dozen dull thuds from the keys embedding into the wood of the door.

The sudden illumination of the room got their attention once more. Ron gaped at the sight of the huge chessboard and chess pieces. Hermione paled slightly, and Neville let out a small groan.
“Let me guess, we have to play chess now? I suck at chess.” Neville sighed, walking towards the chess board. Hermione kept walking, seeing if she could just keep going. Neville’s assumption was confirmed when her path was blocked by two knights.

“Alright, this shouldn’t be too difficult. I assume we will be playing with the black pieces.” Ron looked around the board thoughtfully for a moment, before coming up with a plan, “Neville you can be the bishop right there, and Hermione you can be the Queen’s right castle. I’ll be a knight.” The three moved to their respective places, waiting for the game to begin.

In the end, Ron sacrificed himself so that they could win the game. Hermione stayed behind with him while Neville moved forwards.

He was confused when the only thing he saw in the next room was a mirror. He slowly moved forwards to stand in front of it, not sure what to expect. Glancing around nervously, he nearly passed out from shock when his reflection began to move. It winked at him, and made the motion of putting something in it’s pocket. Neville was even more startled when he felt his pocket grow heavier. Slowly reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a blood red stone that was just a little smaller than his own fist. Not wanting to stick around much longer, he quickly left the room and rejoined Hermione and Ron.

“How do you have it? What happened?” Hermione questioned as soon as she saw Neville re enter the chess room with a bewildered expression.

“Nothing happened. Well, not really. There was only a mirror, and after looking into it, my reflection moved and next thing I know, the stone appeared in my pocket. There was no one else there. Maybe we just got here before Professor Snape could?” Hermione hummed softly.

“No matter, if that’s the case we need to get out of here before he does decide to come and try to steal the stone.” She turned and cast a quick reinnervate on Ron, who quickly woke up.

“What happened?” Ron questioned, standing up on shaky legs.

“We have the stone, we don’t think Professor Snape has come to try and steal it yet. We need to leave now if we want to keep it that way.” Hermione spoke, getting back up. Ron nodded in agreement, and they quickly left the room.

When the finally reached the room Fluffy was in, flute in hand once more, they were startled to see the harp was playing again and Fluffy was already deeply asleep. However, what scared them was the boy dressed in Slytherin robes that was standing right in front of them with a small smirk.

H POV

About two hours after the trio went into the room, I stood back up and dusted my pants off. Now begins the final part to the plan. I entered the room again, invisibility cloak still on, and swiftly recast the spell for the harp to play. It didn’t take long for Fluffy to fall back asleep. Taking off the cloak, I calmly stood in front of the door to the room. The first one to exit the trap door was Granger, quickly followed by Weasley and Longbottom, who had a flute in his hands. I let a smirk form across my lips when they noticed me standing there.

“Hello.” I spoke first, watching as the three of them reached for their wands.
“What do you want, Potter?” Weasley growled, and I noticed Longbottom swiftly hiding his pocket with his robe.

“I want the stone. You are going to give it to me.” Granger narrowed her eyes at me.

“No way are we handing it over. Did Professor Snape put you up to this?” I snorted, making Granger narrow her eyes some more.

“Of course he didn’t. Why in the world would Snape want the stone? Please don’t answer that, I have no more time to waste here.” I swiftly cast a wandless *stupify* and watched as they slumped to the floor. Walking over to Longbottom, I swiftly removed the stone and deposited it into my own pocket.

“Thanks.” I drew out the s a little bit, before pulling out my wand. This would be a little more tricky to accomplish. I cast an *obliviate*, making sure to erase any memories regarding the stone, and Fluffy, and any other memories that even slightly mentioned anything that had to do with Voldemort throughout the year. Aside from the ones where someone else mentioned him first. Casting the spell on each one of them, I lifted the *stupify* after putting my cloak back on, then quickly left the room before they would notice the door opening on it’s own.

I met back up with Draco outside the common room, brushing the cloak against his arm to signal that I was there. He straightened back up, before silently heading back inside, once again holding the door long enough for me to enter behind him. The common room was empty, with it nearing midnight. We remained quiet until reaching our shared room. Pulling off the cloak when the door was shut, I quickly eyed the plate of food sitting on the desk next to my bed.

“How did it go?” Draco asked, sitting on my bed as I sat to eat.

“Brilliantly.” I grinned, slipping the stone from my pocket and handing it to him. Draco eyed the stone critically, turning it in his fingers.

“This is it?”

“Yup. Looks like a regular stone, even though it’s not.” I pulled apart the bread, stuffing a piece into my mouth. Anyone would be hungry after skipping two meals. Draco hummed softly, handing the stone back over to me.

“So, tomorrow you will meet with him face to face?”

“If he will agree to the meeting, then yes. And if he listens first and fires spells second.”

“How do you know he won't fire spells first?” Draco looked over at me, having laid down on his stomach.

“I don’t, but I trust that he is curious enough to let me speak first.” ‘ *Judging by the annoying poking and prodding of our link, I would say he is a very curious person by nature.* ’ Draco just hummed again, trying to hide a small smile. ‘ *Why in the world is he smiling? Is he hiding something? Maybe. If he is, it has to do with Voldemort. I’ll find out eventually, either way.* ’ Finishing the food on my plate, I stand back up.

“I’m going to sleep now, thanks for the help today. Don’t wait up for me in the morning, I’ll meet you guys at breakfast.”
“Alright.” He nodded, also getting up to get ready for bed.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

This story is officially complete! I will start working on the sequel now!

I hope you have enjoyed this story! I had a blast writing it!

* Underlined parts are from the book Harry Potter and the Philosopher's stone
I do not own Harry Potter

H POV

I blearily opened my eyes, before sitting up in the bed. ‘So, today I meet him face to face and he will hopefully not try to kill me. This is only slightly nerve wrecking. First, though I need to get Aeron to tell him to meet me somewhere. Then I need to get ready and pack my things to leave for the summer. Summer… my second year was the chamber. That can be avoided all together. However, there will be other things to deal with as well. I can think about this later, I am running out of time.’

Casting a quick tempus I was greeted with the green lettering of 5:00 a.m. Taking down the silencing spell I had placed before going to sleep, I crawled out of bed and padded over to the bathroom.

It’s easy to forget I am in the body of my younger self, until I look at the people around me or in a mirror. I am still scrawny, my hair defying gravity, and small scars littering my body from my so called relatives. They are easy enough to hide under my clothes, since they were careful not to put any injuries where they could be seen. Heaving a sigh, I quickly undressed and turned the shower on, stepping in once it began to steam.

‘Sometimes I wonder if Draco or anyone else can see what’s happening. Honestly, I don’t even know what’s really happening. To me, that is. The only thing helping me go forward is the thought that I can help Voldemort win this war and save the wizarding world. Betrayed by my so called friends, watching the only true parental figure I had, die. Being forced through the Triwizard crap, and watching as Voldemort rose from the cauldron. The list doesn’t stop there, unfortunately.’

Finishing up my shower, I spelled myself dry and dressed in new robes before leaving the shower. Noticing Aeron curled up on my bed, I walked over and sat next to him.

~ Where in the world have you been? The school year is over and I haven’t seen you in ages.

~Were you worried? I apologize, I had been hanging around Quirrell to get to know Voldemort more.

I could hear amusement in his voice, and nearly rolled my eyes.

~ Did you find out anything interesting?
~That is a secret, you will find out on your own in due time. Do you have any rabbits?

I sighed, there probably wasn’t a point in trying to get the information out of him.

~ Yes, but first I must ask a favor from you. I’ll give you two rabbits if you agree.

I winked at the dragon looking snake who let out a hiss, that sounded more like a laugh.

~ Of course, Harry. Do I get to chew on a human?

~No, not yet anyways. I need you to tell Voldemort to meet me in the Room of Requirement an hour before breakfast. He should know what room I am talking about.

~Very well, may I have those rabbits now? I will look forward to when I can chew on a human.

I summoned two rabbits for him, watching as he hissed in pleasure before quickly hunting them down. ‘ I suppose I should finish getting ready now, there’s about two hours left before I have to be at the meeting.’

Voldie’s POV

I was just sitting at my desk in the classroom when my newest companion slithered into the room. I had been wondering where he wandered off to, and assumed he had left to go find his real owner. ‘ I do believe I seen him with Potter a few times, before he started sticking around with me. Probably because I can talk back to him.’ Noting the slightly expanded stomach, I nearly snickered. ‘ So he did go find his owner, and got some food while he was at it. Maybe my rabbits weren’t enough for him. He is a growing snake.’ I was brought back to attention when Aeron made his way up the back of the chair and settled his head on my shoulder.

~ Welcome back, did you enjoy yourself?

~Yes, I went to check on Harry, to make sure he was still living. Seems I worried him by staying away for so long, not that he would admit to that. I assume you already knew who my owner is.

I nodded slightly, curious on why the snake would be the one to make sure the other was still living. ‘ Shouldn’t it be the other way around?’ Aeron let out a small hiss, getting my attention again.

~ Before I forget, Harry has requested for me to pass on a message to you.

~Really? How did he know it was me you were coming to talk to? Also, how does he know you are actually going to pass on the message?

My eyebrow was raised slightly in question.

~ He doesn’t he just trusts me enough to carry out his request. And he doesn’t know I have been coming to you to talk to, he thinks I have been wandering around the forbidden forest.

~Very well. I know that you aren’t telling me the truth, but I won’t pressure you to tell me. If he does not wish me to know, then he will tell me himself when he wishes. What was his message?

~Meet him in the Room of Requirement an hour before breakfast. I should return now, so I don’t
worry him much further.

~Thank you for telling me his message.

Aeron’s reply was a small hiss, as he left the room once more. ‘ Why is the world would Harry Potter want to meet with Quirrell in the Room of Requirement anyways? What would he do if Quirrell hadn’t of known where that room was, let alone what it is. ’ I stood to get ready for the meeting, knowing I can’t show up without looking like Quirrell, who has decided to just stay asleep during the time I am possessing him. However, I hear a small voice in the back of my head, which sounds oddly like him.

‘ What if he knows it isn’t Quirrell he will be speaking to during the meeting? Those notes certainly weren’t meant for Quirrell of all people.’

Ignoring the voice, I stood and headed back to my room.

H POV

I stood silently outside the door to the Room of Requirement, rather nervous to actually walk inside. What if he was already in there? Was he going to kill me first and ask questions later? Heaving a sigh, and blanking my face, I walked into the room.

The first thing I noticed was that the room resembled the Slytherin common room, only it was warmer.

The second thing I noticed was Professor Quirrell standing in front of the fire place with his back to me. ‘ Well, Voldemort, but he’s still in Quirrell’s body.’ Taking a few steps forward, I paused behind one of the chairs, roughly 10 steps from where he was standing.

“Hello, Harry Potter. You wished to meet me here?" His voice was oddly soft, and lacking the stuttering that usually accompanied it.

“You aren’t going to kill me first and ask questions later?” Quirrell - Voldemort, turned his head, his steady gaze meeting my own. What startled me was the genuine curiosity in his gaze.

“Why on earth would I do that? If I killed blindly like that, then I would get nowhere.” I couldn’t help but snort at that, quickly slapping a hand to my mouth and wincing. This only caused Voldemort’s mouth to turn into a frown, his brows furrowing.

“I will not harm you, Potter. By the way you are acting, I would almost say you are expecting me to harm you. You have yet to give me a reason to do so. Shall we sit down then? Maybe you will be a little more comfortable.” I stared at him, before nodding slightly and sat in the chair I had been standing behind. I watched as he took the chair across from me, folding his hands in his lap.

’ This is so weird. The voldemort from my future would have killed me as soon as he seen me. And he most definitely would not have been nice to me of all things. Did I really change things this much already? Or maybe this is how he was in my time as well, and became the monster he is a little farther down the road? Maybe it was the ceremony thing he used to get a body?’

“Potter?"
I was brought back out of my thoughts, remembering what I came here for in the first place.

“Right, I wanted to meet you here to give you something.” I reached slowly into my robe pocket, his eyes following my movements closely. Wrapping my fingers around the stone, I slowly pulled it out and stretching my arm out towards him. I held my palm out, flat, so he could easily take it from me. Voldemort's eyes widened as he caught sight of the stone, almost in amazement.

“Is this a trap, Potter? Should I expect to find Dumbledore to burst through those doors any moment now?” His eyes narrowed slightly, still staring at the stone in my hand.

“Of course not. Do you not understand yet, Voldemort?” I smirked as his head snapped back up to meet my gaze.

“How in the world did you know? Aside from the stutter, which can be easily faked by anyone, including Quirrell.” He almost looked as though he was going to get up and flee, so I shrugged in response, before speaking up.

“I, Harry James Potter, swear on my life and magic that I am not, in any way shape or form, working with or for Albus Percival Dumbledore, and I am giving the philosopher's stone to Lord Voldemort out of my own free will. So mote it be.” There was a small gust of wind, and a gentle white light covered me momentarily before leaving, deeming my statement to be acceptable. Voldemort blinked at me a few times, before slowly reaching out to take the stone from me. When I felt his fingers brush against my palm, it was like a jolt of electricity ran through me. It wasn’t painful, though, just unexpected and very strange. I saw Voldemort pause for a second, leading me to believe he felt it as well. Not saying anything about it, he had the Room summon him a goblet.

A few moments later a deep red liquid was flowing into the glass from the stone, a humm of interest sounding from the man in front of me. He put the stone in his own pocket after the glass was filled halfway, before lifting it to his lips and began to drink.

It took only 10 seconds after he banished the glass, for the liquid to begin to work. A bright red light enveloped him, causing me to look away or risk being blinded. I didn’t look back up until a low groan reached my ears.

I absolutely did not expect to see what was in front of me. Professor Quirrell was still sitting in the chair, holding his head tightly. To his right, however, stood Tom Riddle. He was inspecting his hands, almost with an expression of awe, before running one hand through his shaggy black hair. His hair reached just below his ears, and was slightly curly, his cheekbones were nicely shaped and he had full, pink lips. What took my breath away, though, were his ruby red eyes that has specs of grey through them. Thankfully he was wearing clothes, courtesy of the Room. They were simple robes, mostly black aside from the green trim.

‘Fuck. He looks like a 25 year old version of Tom. I was expecting to see the version from my time. Though I am very glad he didn’t turn out like that. The lack of a nose alone was creepy.’

“Potter, why are you staring at me like that?” Voldemort’s voice brought me from my thoughts. Hell, his voice alone was so much better. It was soft, almost melodious. I could feel the heat trying to gather in my cheeks. At least it wasn’t rushing there.

“Sorry, I was expecting you to look… different.”

“Different how?” He raised a fine eyebrow.

“Just different.” I shrugged, “glad I was wrong though. What happens now?” Voldemort gave me a curious look before looking over at Quirrell.
“Think you can handle one last meal, Quirrell? You will be rewarded afterwards for your assistance.” Quirrell gave a shaky nod, before standing uneasily. I sighed, before pulling a headache potion from my robes. I hadn’t been sure if a headache or pain potion would be needed, but I had brought both of them just in case.

“Here, it’s a headache potion, it will help. Do you need the pain potion as well?” I asked, opening the vial and handing it over.

“T-thanks. This should be sufficient.” He took the vial, giving it a small sniff to make sure I wasn’t trying to poison him, and downed it.

“No problem.” I watched as he sighed, before leaving the room to head to breakfast.

“Now then, you also need to be present at the feast. But first, are you willing to stay on my side, or is all you are wanting to do? This alone was very helpful, but be warned. If you decide to go to Dumbledore when you leave this room, I will kill you.” Voldemort stared at me, waiting for a response.

“I would never go to Dumbledore or the light, you have my loyalty, Lord Voldemort.” I felt a hand land on my shoulder, the electricity going through me once more, only much stronger this time. My knees nearly gave out at the feeling, just barely managing to keep my reaction from showing.

’Why in the world is this happening when he touches me? It is so very different from when he touched me before. It’s actually pleasant.’

“Good to hear, Harry. Now go to the feast, it starts soon.” I gave a nod, the hand leaving it’s spot. Ignoring the lingering warmth where it was, I pulled the map from my robes and held it out towards him.

“I’ll need this back, but it will help you leave the castle without being spotted. Just say I solemnly swear I am up to no good when you want to use it, and Mischief Managed when you are done using it. It’s a map of the school, and shows where everyone’s at.” He took it from me, putting it in one of his own pockets.

“Very well, thank you. Now, go, or you will be late.”

I left the room, quickly heading towards the Great Hall.

’Things have now been set in motion. I need to start training in earnest. I’ve gotten rusty over the school year.’

I opened the doors to the room, already planning what to do next.

’Maybe I could start with finding people that would follow me to Voldemort's side and help train them... I will search out the twins first.’ I caught Draco’s eye, nodding to him as I sat down beside him, to tell him everything went smoothly. He smirked in reply, going back to his conversation with Blaise.

“Hey Harry. Where have you been off to?” Pansy asked.

“T was searching for Aeron, to make sure he wasn’t left behind. I found him in the green houses munching on his dinner.” Pansy made a face, which I chuckled at. Dumbledore chose that moment to stand up at the front.
"Another year gone!" Dumbledore said cheerfully. "And I need to say a few things before we begin our delicious feast. Hopefully your heads are all a little fuller than they were... you have the whole summer ahead to get them nice and empty before next year starts.... Now, then, the house cup here needs awarding, and the points stand thus: In fourth place, Gryffindor, with three hundred and twelve points; in third, Hufflepuff, with three hundred and fifty-two; Ravenclaw has four hundred and twenty-six and Slytherin, four hundred and seventy-two."

I watched in amusement as the Slytherin's all began to cheer, simply clapping along with the banging on Draco’s goblet. I waited patiently for Dumbledore to speak up and say the Gryffindor’s actually won, but the words never came. All Dumbledore did next was send a cool stare over at me that sent shivers down my back, before he returned to his seat.

It wasn’t too long before we were exiting the train to greet our families. I stood with Draco, Pansy and Blaise after locating Remus standing a little in the shadows away from the crowd of people.

“I’ll write you guys, okay? Not sure if I will have time to visit with you during break but I will try my best. Remus wants me to help with a bunch of new projects.” I shook my head slightly with a fond smile. Both Draco and Blaise raised an eyebrow at me in response.

“You better try to visit with us Harry!” Pansy grinned, “I better go though, I see my parents. Bye, I better get lots of letters from all three of you boys.” She waved, before dashing off to greet her parents.

“I should be off as well, my mom should be waiting nearby. Be careful and don’t do anything stupid Draco, Harry.” Blaise nodded his farewell, disappearing into the crowd. Standing alone with Draco, I let out a soft sigh.

“I should go, your parent’s are also probably waiting nearby.” I smiled slightly before turning to leave.

“Harry, wait.” Draco spoke up, stopping me from leaving.

“Yeah, Draco?” I asked, curious about what he needed.

“You will take care of yourself, right? I know someone who wouldn’t be pleased to hear you weren’t. Even if he doesn’t know it yet himself. I would also be very upset to hear you didn’t take care of yourself over the summer holidays. I can watch over you easily enough during the school year, but I can’t now. So, promise me? Please?” Draco had a rather sad expression in his eyes, and I nearly deflated as his request. ‘How could I promise something that I would probably not be able to keep? Remus has enough on his own plate trying to take care of himself, he can’t keep an eye on me as well, and I know I will end up forgetting to eat more than once. Then there’s the nightmares. But it’s not like he knows I actually have those on a regular basis anyways. It’s better to promise him so he won’t be so worried.’ I let out a small sigh before giving him a small nod and smile.

“I promise, Draco.” I turned around, heading towards were Remus was waiting. I didn’t hear Draco whisper behind me as I walked away;

“Liar.”
Hello! I just wanted to let you know I have posted the first chapter to the sequel to this story. I have also created a new series so it is easier to find. Hope you enjoy the sequel *A True Belonging!*

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!