Silent Suffering

by sapetiterouge

Summary

After years of suffering at the Dursleys, Harry finds sanctuary with the dark and receives help from an unlikely source when back at school. Harry has some unexpected talents. Changes are made and alliances are formed. Dumbledore will pay for all that he has done.

Sirius is alive. Starts summer before 6th year
Many had always assumed that Harry Potter, The Boy Who Lived, the Chosen One, had an easy and pampered life. They believed that this boy who was a legend in their world for defeating the Dark Lord lived a life where he wanted for nothing. After all, why wouldn't he? Hardly anybody even suspected as to what really went on at 4 Private Drive when 'Prince Potter' went home for the summers. The entire Wizarding World, From Severus Snape to Rita Skeeter to Molly Weasley believed that Harry Potter lived, at least, an acceptable life at his home. Only 7 people had any hint or knowledge as to the horrors of what went on in the Dursley household, excluding the Dursley family: the man who was to blame for his treatment, twins who never questioned him, an elf who worshiped him, the man who kept his true magic secret, the friend who always knew too much, and the seer who never spoke enough.

Of these 7 people, Harry only knew of 5 who had a suspicion of how he was treated. He knew nothing of the man who knew everything that happened and encouraged it to happen, nor did he have knowledge of the seer who always managed to hit him with concealed healing spells throughout the first month of every Hogwarts year.

Every year it would take Harry, at least, the first month to adjust into life at Hogwarts again. By the beginning of October, he was typically fully healed, stopped flinching at all loud sounds and touches, and could act like the foolish Gryffindor everybody expected him to be. Though all of this was helped along with his self-brewed pain potions, healing balms, and pepper up potions. Nightmares and panic attacks still occurred throughout the year but Harry didn't believe that those would ever really stop.

Harry Potter was practiced with hiding the signs of his treatment at the Dursley's and had most people fooled, believing he was a foolhardy, brave, though average magically, kid. On September 1st, ever since his first year, Harry would put on makeup to cover up any visible marks and then once on the train he would put up a strong glamour. He was an expert at reading people- he wouldn't have survived if he hadn't learned to recognize when Vernon was in a particularly nasty mood. Wandless and Wordless magic came easy to him but he was taught to never excel and that it would be punished so Harry learned all he could but never showed others and performed on average in all of his classes, except for Defense Against the Dark Arts, which he knew people expected him to excel at. Harry played his part perfectly, but always had difficulty adjusting from life at the Dursleys to life at Hogwarts or Grimmauld Place.

In the smallest bedroom, kneeling in the center of the room in only an old pair of Dudley's way too large jeans, bleeding from the open wounds on his back, was a 16-year-old Harry Potter.

Vernon Dursley circled the bloody child with his belt in his hand. "You know what you did boy. You knew this would happen. That was Petunia's favorite china, and you BROKE IT," Vernon roared, bringing down his back once again on the young teen.

Earlier that night, when Harry was setting the table for dinner for the Dursley's guests that would be arriving, Dudley hit the table and sent three plates crashing to the ground. No matter what he said, Harry knew that he would be blamed for it, not Dudley. When Dudley had screamed that
Harry broke the plates, Vernon came storming down the stairs. He grabbed Harry by his hair and
dragged him up the stairs, tossing him into his bedroom until he could punish him later, but not
without a few bruising kicks to his ribs.

Vernon spoke again as he circled Harry, "Huh, BOY!? Do you know you deserve this?" The belt
came down again.

Harry knew it was almost over. That Vernon would be getting tired after already doing this for an
hour. "Yes, master. I am sorry, sir. It was all my fault," the small voice came from the boy.

Vernon hit him four more times and punched him in the face once before finally leaving the room.
Slowly, Harry stood and swayed a little from the lack of food and blood loss. As he walked over to
his cot he winced at the sharp pains coming from his ribs. He lied down and tried to catalog all his
bones: A broken nose, at least 4 fractured ribs, a dislocated shoulder, and a sprained ankle.
Thankfully, there would be people coming tomorrow to pick him up and bring him to Grimmauld
Place to spend the last two weeks of his summer. He hoped that he could even brew some potions
and hopefully have Fred and George set his shoulder. Slowly, Harry drifted into an uneasy sleep.

The next day, Harry woke up to Petunia banging on the door. "Get up freak. We are going out and
won't be back until late tonight. There's a list of what you need to do. And don't even think about
stealing any of our food," she yelled through the door. When Harry heard the car leave the
driveway, he finally got up.

The letter Sirius had sent him said that they would show up at 7 o'clock at night, that way it was
dark. Moving around slowly, Harry got the bag he had hidden under the floorboards out and
changed into a pair of smaller jeans that actually fit and a baggy sweatshirt that easily went over
his head and didn't jostle him too much. The bag had a parseltongue password, a feather-light
charm, and an undetectable extension charm on it, so it was perfect to keep everything he didn't
want locked away in his trunk with him. He also pulled out a pair of dragon-hide boots and his
wand. After he put them on, Harry stuck his wand in his right boot and made his way down to the
cupboard under the stairs. He picked the lock and retrieved his trunk easily, putting it by the front
door.

Slowly making his way back up the stairs, Harry went into the bathroom and put on some makeup
to cover the bruises on his face. By the time he was done, you could only notice a bit of swelling
near his cheek and eye but his black-eye was completely covered. His nose was crooked from the
brake, but there was nothing he could do at the moment. "Merlin, everything hurts," Harry groaned
as he walked back to his room.

After making sure that everything was either in his bag or his trunk, Harry decided he would nap
for a couple hours and hopefully get some restful sleep. Unfortunately, Harry slept for hours,
plagued by nightmares up until the sound of apparition outside startled him awake.

He stood up, wand in hand, and waited for someone he knew to get to his door, hoping for it to be
Tonks or Moody, someone who would fix his nose with little question. Harry heard multiple voices
downstairs and as soon as he put his bag in his sweatshirt pocket, his door opened to reveal two
people he could not have been more excited to see.

"Hiya Harry,-"

"Bet you didn't-"

"Expect us!" Fred and George spoke as they came in.
Harry breathed a sigh of relief and tucked his wand back into his boot. "Merlin, am I glad to see you two," Harry said softly, now staring at the floor. He loved the Weasley twins and they always took good care of him, but he still couldn't help but feel a bit nervous seeing them. They both walked up to him and gave him a gentle hug.

"Don't worry Little Brother,-"

"We're here to bring-"

"You back," they finished together with small grins.

"Thanks, guys, but err-" Harry hesitated, "could one of you hit my nose with an episkey?"

The twins shared a look that Harry missed but agreed easily enough. After, they made their way down where Tonks, Shacklebolt, and Remus were all standing.

"Hey there Harry! Good to see you!" Tonks said as she rushed over and gave him a quick hug, not noticing his flinch. As she moved away Harry smiled at her, "It's good to see all of you too."

Quickly, the six of them all made their way outside, Fred carrying Harry's trunk and George with his arm wrapped around Harry's waist. "Just hold your breath real tight until we are there, little brother," George whispered to Harry before they all apparated away with George bringing Harry by side-along.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not positive on a lot of my pairings yet, though I do have some ideas. I'd love to know what other people would like.
As soon as they disapparated, Harry felt as though he was going to die from the explosion of pain that erupted throughout his body. He followed George’s advice but didn't think that he'd be able to breathe anyways. The feeling of his injured body being squeezed through a tight tube did nothing to help his condition. As soon as they appeared outside of 12 Grimmauld Place, Harry felt immediately woozy and would have collapsed from the pain in his ribs and ankle if it wasn't for George holding him up.

Fred was immediately right next to them as the others made their way inside, Remus waiting by the door. "It's okay. We have you," the twins reassured him. George took his trunk as Fred picked him up. Harry couldn't help the gasp of pain from the pressure on the wounds on his back. As soon as Remus was about to speak, Fred cut in, "Hey Remus, I think Harry might have twisted his ankle after our arrival. It was his first time with side apparition."

"Well I can help with that easily enough," Remus said happily. As Fred carried him over, Remus took out his wand. Harry believed that he could do it, but after Lockhart removed all of his bones he was nervous to let the man try.

"Ferula," Remus murmured. When Harry looked back down, his ankle was bandaged and in a splint. "Thanks, Moony! I really appreciate it," he thanked him, grateful that he didn't have to worry about that problem now. Fred put him down and they both smiled at him before they all walked in.

Desperately wishing he knew who was staying at the house, Harry followed Remus into the kitchen with Fred and George trailing behind. As soon as he walked in, he was assaulted by a blur of bushy brown hair. "Harry!" Hermione squealed, "I've missed you so much!" She hugged him tightly and he had to fight off the whimper of pain that wanted to escape.

"Merlin, Hermione! Let-"

"The kid go! You're going to-"

"Hurt him!" They finished speaking together and Hermione quickly let go, looking panicky. "Ohmygod I'm sorry Harry, I didn't even-" Harry cut her off quickly, concerned about their audience. "Don't worry about it, 'Mione. Really. It's not like I'm made of glass," he smiled softly at her. As he looked around, Harry noticed the people in the room: Snape was standing by the wall,
glaring at him; Sirius and Remus were both sitting by the table, Remus reading the Daily Prophet and Sirius looking concerned for Harry's well-being; Tonks was at the counter, trying to make a cup of tea; Shacklebolt was sitting down watching everyone. Harry met Snape's eyes once more and immediately kept them down, glued to the floor.

Sirius got up and walked over to his godson, carefully hugging him and ignoring the flinch. "Merlin, I missed you pup. I'm sorry you couldn't have come earlier, but Dumbledore said it was impossible. An Order meeting is going to start soon, so why don't you, Hermione and those two menaces go upstairs to your room okay?" Sirius said so that everyone could hear. Quietly he added, "We need to talk later pup. Just us. Now go on upstairs." Sirius let go of Harry and the four of them headed upstairs to hang out in Harry's room, the one next to Sirius'. He never noticed the lingering stares of the Potions Master and his godfather.

As soon as they were all settled on the bed they talked for over 2 hours, as Harry found out that Mrs. Weasley got into a huge fight with Sirius, so now their parents and two younger siblings were staying at the Burrow. The twins, Bill, and Charlie were all staying at Grimmauld, so Harry was pleased to hear that he would be able to see the 4 Weasley's who treated him like a little brother, but wary because they were all extremely observant.

Harry knew what the Dursley's did to him was wrong, but after being influenced and manipulated by such things for so long, he started to believe he deserved it. But that didn't mean he wanted anyone to know. How shameful and embarrassing it would be, for these people who treat him like family, to realize that he is weak and useless. That he allowed muggles to do such a thing to him.

"So, Harry," Hermione startled Harry out of his thoughts, "What did you do at the-" Hermione was cut off by a knock at the door.

Harry turned to look at who it was just as Sirius opened the door and walked in. "Alright everyone. Get out of my godson's room and get to bed. It's getting late," Sirius announced to the teens huddled together on the bed. The twin's extracted themselves from Harry, who they had been curled around and on, and Hermione slid off of the side of the bed. Fred and George turned to tag-team Harry with a hug. "Dobby will be paying attention if you need us, little bro. We will see you tomorrow," one of them whispered in his ear and then they all left to go to their own rooms. Harry felt good to know that the twins were always there for him, and would almost never ask any questions, they'd just comfort him and calm him down. He still didn't know how they had convinced Dobby to help, but then again Dobby would do anything for him.

Harry stared at the ground as Sirius leaned against the door frame, watching him. He knew that Sirius was aware that the Dursley's didn't really like him and that he didn't get as much food as a growing boy should, but now that Sirius wanted to have a "talk" with him he was much more nervous.

Sirius walked over to him and ruffled his hair, "Don't worry pup, we are just going to have a little chat. How about we go down to the kitchen and get some hot chocolate and we can talk there."

At the prospect of having some chocolate and something to be able to distract him, Harry quickly agreed and the two made their way down the stairs to the kitchen. As they were approaching the kitchen, Dumbledore and Snape were just walking out.

"Ahh Harry, my boy," Dumbledore said, easily ignoring Harry's subtle flinch at the 'term of endearment,' "Glad to see you're well. I hope you had a wonderful time with your family this summer and will enjoy your stay here until Hogwarts. I believe you will be going to Diagon Alley with Miss Granger and the Messrs Weasley tomorrow, so don't get into any trouble." The entire time the Headmaster spoke, Harry kept his head down, missing the intense stare from Snape and
the twinkling eyes of the headmaster.

"Yes, sir. My summer has been quite eventful and we won't get into any trouble tomorrow, Headmaster," Harry said softly.

Snape snorted, "Ah yes, because Potter never gets into trouble. We'll be lucky if he can manage tonight not causing some major issue." As Snape spoke in his typical degrading sneer, Harry's hands started to shake, unable to handle the Potions Professor who hates him as much as the Dursley's. Typically he would be able to have a snappy retort planned out, but it was too soon and he had nothing. Silently, he kept his head bowed.

"That's enough, Snivellus," Sirius sneered, "Harry and I were just going to get something to eat and drink. I will see you later, headmaster." Carefully, Sirius steered Harry into the kitchen and sat him down in one of the seats at the weathered table. As Harry tried to calm himself down once again, Sirius quickly made two cups of hot chocolate and put a light calming draught in Harry's. Not enough for him to notice, but it would relax his already frayed nerves.

Sirius walked over and placed the two cups down and watched as Harry snatched his and cautiously sipped at it. After three small sips, he felt calmer and Sirius decided it would be good to start.

"So pup, let's start with the easy stuff. I know you don't know too much about wizarding politics, so I'm just going to tell you the basics," Sirius spoke in a teacher-like voice, "In the Wizengamot there are 4 sections, Most Ancient and Most Noble Houses, Most Ancient and Noble Houses, Ancient and Noble Houses and elected officials. There are 13 Most Ancient and Most Noble houses: Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, Black, Malfoy, Potter, Prewett, Longbottom, Crouch, Gaunt, Abbott, and Peverell. In the Most Ancient and Noble House, there are 15 houses: Bones, Lestrange, Nott, Parkinson, Greengrass, Fawley, Avery, Carrow, Shacklebolt, Yaxley, Rosier, Rowle, Prince, Lovegood, and Selwyn. There are 21 Ancient and Noble Houses, but I won't name all of those off. Are you understanding all of this?" Harry nodded, trying to soak up everything that Sirius was telling him.

"Okay, so as far as I know, you are heir to two houses: the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Potter and the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Black. This is because you're are the last Potter alive and I named you my heir. Now, because I was in Azkaban, even though I was innocent, I had my titles stripped and can never be Lord Black. The Black family was not known just for our inherent madness, but for paranoia, therefore it is stated that if the Heir of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Black does not have parents, then they may be emancipated at the age of 16. Tomorrow, we will go to Gringotts and while there, we will talk to your Account manager. From there you will be able to become a legal adult and Lord Potter-Black. I know this is a lot to take in, but I need to know that if anything were to happen to me you knew all this and nobody else can control your finances. I love you, pup, and I need to know that you will be safe," Sirius spoke with a passion that showed how frightened he was of what could happen and how much he cared for Harry.

"I- I mean- I just-" Harry stuttered, unable to find the words and settled for throwing himself at his godfather, hugging him fiercely and ignoring the pain in his shoulder and ribs, "Thank you, Sirius. I love you too." Tears streamed down both their faces as they reveled in a rare moment together.

Once they both settled down and Harry returned to his seat, he realized he had to ask a question. "Uhh, Sirius? What do you mean we? You're a fugitive! I don't think you can just wander down Diagon and into Gringott's..." Harry trailed off.

Sirius laughed, "Pup, I'm going to go as Padfoot. Once inside your account manager's office, the
Goblin's won't care. All they care about is gold and getting business. Blacks are extremely wealthy, so they won't do anything but help. Oh and make sure you bow, they'll give you much more respect if you also respect them."

"Okay I think I can do that," Harry said embarrassed. He wished he had thought to buy wizarding etiquette books during his first trip, but then again he was a little overwhelmed and the thought had just never really occurred.

They both sat there for a while, taking sips of their drinks and enjoying the silence. Eventually, Sirius worked up his Gryffindor courage to move on to the next topic.

"Alright pup, there is something else I wanted to talk to you about. And I don't think that you will really want to discuss it, but I think we should," Sirius said, staring at the top of Harry's head. The teen had his head dipped down and his eyes glued to his mug of hot chocolate.

Hearing what Sirius said made Harry extremely nervous. He felt like he should turn around and run out of the room right now, but he didn't even know what it was that Sirius wanted to talk about. 'Sure it could be about the Dursley's, but maybe not. Maybe it's about sex! That would make us both extremely uncomfortable, but definitely more preferable than discussing life at 4 Private Drive.'

Sirius shifted in his chair and started, "I love you, kiddo. I won't ever judge you and I won't ever leave you. Remember that. Now, why do you hate being at the Dursley's so much?"

Harry flinched as if someone had struck him and stuttered out, "I- I don't- I mean I do but- It's just- I- I can't use magic there and- and I don't get to see you and everyone else." Harry felt like he was going to throw up. His chest was tight and he was struggling to breathe and he was pretty sure he was visibly shaking.

Watching Harry start to fall apart, Sirius started to panic. Surely this proved that there was something terribly wrong. "Harry, pup, I don't think you're telling me the whole truth. "Harry, pup, I don't think you're telling me the whole truth." At that, Harry began to cry and hyperventilate.

"N-no I- I mean- I- I- it's not- they're just- I-" Harry's incoherent babbling was cut off by the sound of an elf popping in with two red heads. "Dobby is very sorry. Dobby tried to wait until Harry Potter's Mister Black, sir, made him feel better but Harry Potter got worse. Dobby grabbed Harry Potter's twinsies as fast as possible," a hysterical Dobby said and then popped back to wherever he had come from.

Sirius watched, wide-eyed as Harry was picked up by George and cradled as he whispered reassurances into his ear and Fred wrapped a blanket he had apparently brought with him around Harry's small form.

It was then that Sirius first really saw just how small his godson was for a 16-year-old boy. Harry looked to be no taller than 5'4" and couldn't weigh more than 95 pounds. Sirius didn't know how he couldn't have noticed before. How did nobody notice?

Harry continued to sob into George's chest as one of the twin's ran their fingers through his hair and the other whispered nothings at him, trying to calm him down. Eventually, Harry tired himself out and George brought him up to his bed, tucked him in and made sure to cast a warming charm on him.

When George got back to the kitchen he and Fred sat across from Sirius and tried to not get angry.
"So what-"

"Did you do to-"

"Harry to make him-"

"Freak out like that," the twins finished together.

Sirius shook his head, "I just asked him why he hated going to the Dursley's so much. I figured that it would get him to at least tell me a little about what goes on there. Why did Dobby get you two?"

"Well, that makes sense now. He likes us because we don't ask questions. We just help him the best we can. We leave the questions up to everybody else," Fred said easily.

"Ron, Fred, and I broke Harry out from the Dursley's the summer before his second year. When Fred and I went to go get his trunk from the cupboard under their stairs, we saw something that made us realize that something might be seriously wrong at that house for Harry. We kept an eye on him and realized quickly that he had terrible nightmares and would have panic attacks. At the Burrow, we easily comforted him and made him feel better. It was more difficult at Hogwarts, but we still managed. At the end of his second year, Harry freed Dobby and we managed to corner the little elf and get him to agree that, while at Hogwarts or anywhere not the Dursley's, he would watch over Harry and bring us to him if he needed us," George further explained.

"How did he get through his first and second year if it was that bad?" Sirius asked, extremely concerned for his well-being.

Fred and George shared a look before answering, "Turns out our Harry is quite the potioneer. He's been brewing all of his own potions, which happened to include extreme calming draughts and dreamless sleep potions. We slowly got him off the dreamless sleep but he does still keep some calming draughts around. He takes the Draught of Peace on days when we have Quidditch games."

Sirius nodded his head, trying to keep everything straight and thankful that they realized the seriousness of the conversation enough for the twins to speak one at a time. "Wait. What did you see in a cupboard that made you concerned?" Sirius asked, confused on what could be in a cupboard under the stairs that would make them worry about Harry.

The twins shook their heads and replied together, "No way. Sorry Sirius."

"We don't think it would be smart to tell you. At least not right now," George said quickly when he saw that Sirius was getting angry.

Sirius sighed and raked a hand through his hair, "Fine, fine. But you will tell me eventually if Harry refuses. Let's all get to bed. We are heading to Diagon tomorrow and I have a feeling it will be a long day."

With that, Sirius headed to his own room while Fred and George decided they would sleep with Harry for his first day back from the Dursley's.
Ferula- a spell that bandages and splints fractured bones
Draught of Peace- Potion that relieves anxiety
Chapter 3

Severus Snape never considered himself to be an ignorant man. In fact, he had always been hyper aware of everything that was going on around him. There was never anything that slipped by him, as he would never have survived in his role as a double-agent. But after the events at Grimmauld Place, while waiting for the dreaded Order meeting to start, he noticed something strange for the first time: Harry Potter.

'Merlin, I hate these blasted Order meetings. No one ever gets here on time. At least, the Dark Lord doesn't accept latecomers,' Severus thought as he leaned against the wall of the shabby kitchen in Grimmauld place. The only other people there at the moment were Black and Granger, and those were not two people that Severus would personally consider good company.

After the thought crossed his mind, two people walked in: Kingsley Shacklebolt and Nymphadora Tonks. Granger was the first one to speak up, "What took you guys so long? I was getting worried."

Before Severus could even ask, Lupin walked in, followed by the one and only Precious Harry Potter and the two redheaded menaces, and settled himself next to Black. Before anyone had the chance to even breathe, Granger hurled herself at Potter and got him in a tight embrace.

Severus sneered at the open display of affection but did notice the fact that Potter seemed to be in pain from the embrace and flinched violently when she first threw herself at him. 'Now that's strange,' Severus thought as he watched the Weasley twins scold the girl for 'almost' hurting the boy.

As Granger apologized and seemed about to actually say something that would bring a little information to the conversation, Potter cut her off. In what appeared to be a quiet timid tone, Potter said, "Don't worry about it, 'Mione. Really. It's not like I'm made of glass."

As Potter looked around the room for the first time, Severus glared at him in thought, noticing that it was the first time the teen pulled his head high enough to actually make any sort of eye contact with the others in the room. Potter dropped his gaze back to the floor after meeting his glare for a second time.

Severus watched as Black got up and hugged Potter, which incidentally made him flinch again, and told the 4 teenagers to go upstairs and then whispered something else in Potter's ear that made him pale.

Severus watched as Potter walked out and thought about what could have happened. 'Potter had been at his muggle family's house this summer, so why would he be acting like this? Maybe he's just faking it to get more attention,' but he couldn't get the thought out of his head that Potter had
always seemed to be extremely underweight and abnormally short for his age.

Slowly the rest of the bloody Order showed up and as soon as Dumbledore appeared, the meeting started. As always, Severus silently listened as the fools bickered amongst themselves and argued over if there is anything else that they can do in the ministry to slow the Dark Lord's expansion and about the raids that have been going on. For once, Dumbledore did not call on him to give any information that they needed to know about the Dark Lord.

After nothing got done and they all dispersed the old coot asked him to stay behind so that they could have a 'nice chat.'

"So, Severus, my boy," Albus spoke as if he was talking to a child, "Is there anything you can tell me about Tom's plans as of right now?" Severus had to bite back the sneer that wanted to form at the use of the Dark Lord's first name.

"No, headmaster. I am afraid that the Dark Lord is beginning to doubt my loyalties to his cause. He has not told me of much," Severus lied smoothly. He knew almost all of the plans, but he definitely wasn't going to tell the Leader of the Light.

"Do what you can to gain favor, Severus. We must stop this soon," Albus spoke with none of the usual twinkle in his eye. They both walked out of the room only to see Black and Potter coming back into the kitchen. Dumbledore took the opportunity to ask Potter about his wonderful summer and to warn him not to cause trouble in Diagon, completely missing the teen's flinch at something he said.

Potter spoke softly, "Yes, sir. My summer has been quite eventful and we won't get into any trouble tomorrow, Headmaster."

Unable to miss the opportunity, Severus sneered, "Ah yes, because Potter never gets into trouble. We'll be lucky if he can manage tonight not causing some major issue." Surprisingly Potter had no typically snappy retort and just kept his eyes glued to the floor.

The mutt was the one who snapped back at him, "That's enough, Snivellus. Harry and I were just going to get something to eat and drink. I will see you later, headmaster." With that, the two walked into the kitchen while he and Dumbledore turned around and left 12 Grimmauld Place.

'What in the world has gotten into Potter?' Severus thought but had an uneasy feeling in his gut. This might be something he doesn't want to know.

Letting out a small groan, Harry tried to roll over in his bed only to find he was trapped. Quickly his eyes snapped open to find that his panic was for nothing as a blurry Fred and George had him sandwiched between them. Trying to remember how he got into his bed, he groaned realizing he completely freaked out last night when Sirius started asking questions about the Dursleys. Hopefully, he would be able to avoid further questions for a little longer.

Two little groans from either side of him alerted Harry to the fact that the twins were beginning to wake.

"Merlin's beard little brother,-"

"We forgot you wake up horrifically early."
"Sorry guys," Harry whispered, "You can sleep a little longer if you want." He felt bad that he woke them up so early. Living with the Dursleys he always had to be the first one up.

"It's no problem," George said as he sat up, stretching his body out like a cat and handing Harry his glasses.

"Yeah, we will go get ready and then wake Bill and Charlie up in a fun way," Fred added as he too got up and stretched. They both stumbled sleepily from Harry's room as he laughed at their antics. There was no doubt in his mind that Bill and Charlie were not going to be happy at their rude awakening.

Harry got up and closed his door, then headed for his bureau. Under a preservation charm, from the last time he was there, were pain potions and some disinfecting balm. He took a pain potion and took out the balm, placing on his bed. Wandlessly, Harry cast a silencing charm over the room, thankful that if his magic was wandless at Grimmauld then the ministry couldn't detect who was casting it.

"Dobby?" Harry called cautiously.

Dobby popped into Harry's room, looking happy to be able to help. "Harry Potter, sir! It's a pleasure to see you! What can Dobby be doing for you?" The animated elf spoke quickly.

"Hey, Dobby. I dislocated my shoulder and was wondering if you could use elf magic to heal it for me. I'd prefer that to the muggle way," Harry said quietly.

"Of course, Harry Potter!," Dobby snapped his fingers and Harry felt his shoulder pop back into place. He was extremely grateful for the pain potion he had taken.

"Thank you Dobby," Harry said and watched as Dobby popped out of the room. He canceled the silencing charm and headed into the bathroom with the balm and bandages to prevent an infection from the welts on his back.

When Harry got into the bathroom, he quickly stripped off his jeans and sweatshirt and cast an impervius charm on the bandages on his ankle to keep the bandages from getting ruined. After getting washed, he wrapped a towel around his waist and made his way over to the counter. With a practiced ease, Harry applied the balm to most of the areas affected and wrapped his whole torso with bandages in order to keep it clean.

Harry moved back into his bedroom and changed into an outfit that Sirius had bought for him: A pair of snug blue jeans, his dragon-hide boots, an emerald green dress shirt and a black summer cloak.

He tucked his wand into his boot with a light sticking charm and but his bag over his shoulder. Just as he was about to leave his room his door creaked open and Padfoot came bounding in and leaped on the bed.

"Hey Padfoot, I'm already up so you don't get the joy of waking me with your slobber today," Harry said easily. The big black shaggy dog gave a whine and tried to jump on him.

"Hey!" Harry laughed, "You better be careful or I'll tell Moony! Then you'll be in real trouble." Harry knew that Remus set the rules in their relationship.

Sirius transformed back, facing away from the door and pouted at him, "No fair, pup. Remy is stricter when it's closer to the full moon like this. Apparently he's getting old and won't have fun anymore." Harry was trying to stifle the giggles that wanted to erupt from him as he saw Remus
standing in the doorway. Sirius whine at him again, "It's not fuuunnnyyyyy."

Harry broke into loud bouts of laughter as Remus lifted one eyebrow at him and spoke, "Oh, I'm getting old now, am I? I'm not any fun, Siri?"

Sirius turned wide-eyed towards the door to see his mate standing there threateningly. Harry watched as Sirius yelped, transformed back into Padfoot, and bounded out the door with Remus stalking behind him.

After calming down, Harry made his way down into the kitchen to make breakfast for everybody. On his way, he passed Kreacher and, even though the elf hated all of them, said, "Good morning, Kreacher." The elf stared at him shocked and he just continued his way to the kitchen.

When he got there, Harry started making breakfast systematically and set it all on the table. By the time he was done, there was toast, pancakes, waffles, sausages, bacon, eggs, bagels, and cut fruit sitting on the table with coffee and juice on the counter. Just as he set the butter down, Bill Charlie and Remus all walked in and stared at the table.
Harry stared at the ground and fidgeted until Fred and George came down also and were the first ones to speak.

"What are you fools-
"Doing just staring-
"With your mouths-
"Open? MERLIN AND MORGANA!"

"You really out did yourself, little brother!"

That set them all into motion and they sat down to eat. Harry stood by the counter with a cup of tea and watched happily as they all enjoyed his cooking. It was the one thing that he actually enjoyed doing at the Dursleys. He grabbed a piece of toast and a small bowl of fruit to eat and sat down next Charlie.

Hermione and Sirius came down and had the same reaction to the amount of food sitting there.

"There is no way Kreacher made this food and the rest of you can't cook toast without burning it so I am assuming that this was Harry?" Sirius said as he walked over and stuffed a whole pancake into his mouth. "Soooooo Goooooo!" Sirius moaned through his pancake and everyone just laughed and agreed. Remus looked like he was going to scold Sirius, but changed his mind and went back to his sausages.

After his third cup of coffee and sixth waffle, Charlie turned to me, "This is fantastic, Little bro! Where did you learn to cook such delicious food?"

At the nods of agreement harry blushed and stared into his tea, "This is fantastic, Little bro! Where did you learn to cook such delicious food?"

At the nods of agreement harry blushed and stared into his tea, "Whenever I'm at the Dursleys I cook the meals, so I've had plenty of practice."

"Well, they better be grateful for it. I would love to have this kind of food all the time. The most I can do is order a pizza from the muggles, and I struggle with that!" Bill said easily.

Once everyone had eaten their fill, Sirius called Kreacher and he popped in. "What can Kreacher do for the filthy blood traitors?" he asked angrily.
"Clean up breakfast. Have it done within the hour," Sirius waved his hand at the table. Harry felt extremely uncomfortable making Kreacher clean up.

"Sirius," Harry said softly, "I can clean up. It's no problem. Kreacher doesn't have to do it. I mean, I made it so I can clean it." Kreacher looked up horrified at Harry and violently shook his head.

"Everyone out," Kreacher grumbled, "Kreacher will clean up breakfast."

As they were leaving, Harry spoke one more time, "Thank you Kreacher. You can help yourself to any of the food." With that, they all headed to the floo.

They all gathered around the floo and Sirius spoke up, "Harry and I need to make a stop at Gringott's first so you guys can head off in different directions or come with us. It doesn't matter which."

They all shared looks and Bill spoke for the rest of them, "Let's all go to Gringott's that way we can all stick together."

Sirius transformed into Padfoot and he and Remus went through the floo first. Harry went next, "Diagon Alley."

As always, Harry tumbled out of the floo and into Remus' arms instead of onto the floor of the Leaky Cauldron. Each member of their group stepped out into the pub and they all made their way through to Diagon.

Harry, with Padfoot beside him, was surrounded on all sides by his family towering over him. They quickly made their way to Gringott's and Harry made his way to the front. As he passed by the two Goblins out front he gave them short bows, and they bowed back with shocked expressions on their faces.

Harry walked over to an open Goblin and waited for his to look up. "Yes," the Goblin sneered.

Harry bowed with his right fist over his heart and spoke, "I would like to speak to my Account manager, Griphook, please."

All of the Goblins around them turned to stare at Harry in shock. The Goblin Harry was speaking to shook himself from his shock and spoke, "Yes, of course, Mr. Potter. You and your entourage may follow me to Griphook's office."

Harry and followed the Goblin down a long hallway until he stopped and knocked at a door at the very end.

"You may go in," The Goblin said gruffly.

"Thank you. May your gold flow and your treasures be plentiful," Harry said, surprising himself with how right it sounded coming from his mouth.

The Goblin stared in shock and then, surprising everyone said, "May your life be prosperous and your enemies tremble at your feet." One by one, they entered Griphook's office and sat down in one of the chairs or stood against the back wall. Sirius changed back into human form and he and Harry took the two seats in front of Griphook's desk.

Griphook stared as Harry bowed and spoke, "Good afternoon, Griphook. I hope that you are well?" Harry shifted nervously as he waited for his account manager to respond.
Finally, Griphook replied, "I'm indeed well Mr. Potter. We have been waiting for you to come in. What can I do today for yourself and Mr. Black?" Harry looked towards Sirius, hoping that he would do most of the talking.

Sirius sighed and turned to face Griphook. "Neither one of us got any notice saying that you requested his presence. Harry is sixteen now, so he would like to claim his lordships, which includes becoming emancipated thanks to being Heir Black. I would also like to do a blood test to see all of his inheritances, lordships, and any guardianships," Sirius addressed the Goblin easily.

Griphook looked surprised. "That will solve many of our problems I believe. I will need to do a blood test to confirm his identity and I can make it so it also lists all of his inheritances, his lordships, and any guardianship over him." He took out a silver dagger and a piece of parchment infused with some sort of spells.

Griphook handed Sirius the blade, "Just three drops of his blood on the parchment."
Sirius took the dagger as Harry held out his hand. Sirius pricked his finger and squeezed out only three drops onto the parchment and quickly healed Harry's finger before any blood escaped. When Harry looked at Sirius confused, Sirius said, "Blood is a dangerous thing, pup. It can be used in all sorts of terrible things." Harry nodded his head in acceptance and they both turned to watch as the parchment Griphook held continued to grow and grow and the Goblin himself looked highly uncomfortable.

Once it stopped, Griphook placed it on his desk in front of Sirius and Harry so that they both could read it.

Full birth name: Harrison James Potter

Blood Status: Pureblood

Birth Date: July 31, 1980

Father: James Charlus Potter

Blood Status: Pureblood

Mother: Lilian Evans nee Selwyn

Blood Status: Pureblood (raised by Muggles)

Godparents:

-Sirius Black

-Alice Longbottom

-Minerva McGonagall

-Severus Snape

"Sirius... This- this can't be right. I mean, how? And who are the Selwyn's?" Harry asked, terrified
to read any further. Sirius wasn't that much better. He was just staring at the paper, unable to comprehend the fact that Lily wasn't who we all believed her to be.

Everyone else in the room was confused about what they were talking about.

"Harry? What's it say, cub?" Remus asked cautiously.

Harry looked up startled. He had forgotten that everyone else was in the room also. "Uhh-it, er- it says that my mother is Lily Evans nee Selwyn. That she was a pureblood," Harry managed to stutter out to the others.

Apparently Harry, Sirius, and Griphook were not the only ones who were confused by this. Hermione was the first to be angry but wasn't sure how to tell harry. She looked to the twins and mouth 'Dursley's blood wards' at them. Fury immediately overtook them and they struggled to keep calm.

"Harry, little brother? This means that there aren't any blood wards at the Dursleys," Fred said.

"So Dumbledore made you live there for no reason," George finished Fred's statement. They were both concerned on how this would affect Harry.

Harry stared blankly at the twins. He couldn't comprehend this. He suffered there for no reason. 'The blood wards don't exist. They aren't my real family.' Sirius noticed Harry was about to have a breakdown, so he figured he would try and put it off.

"Come on, pup," Sirius said softly, "Let's finish reading through it."

**Lord Titles:**

Lord Potter (Father)

Lord Selwyn (Mother)

Lord Black (named by Sirius)

Lord Gryffindor (Father)

Lord Ravenclaw (Mother)

Lord Hufflepuff (Father)

Hier Slytherin (Mother)

Lord Peverell (Father)

Lord le Fay (Father)

**Inheritances:**

**Creature:**

Kitsune (animagus) (blocked)
Dark Fae (blocked)

**Abilities:**
- Parseltongue (block broken)
- Parselmagic (blocked)
- Animagus form (2) (blocked)
- Wandless Magic (block partially broken)
- Wordless Magic (block partially broken)
- Mind Magic (blocked)
- Magic Sensitive (3/4 blocked)

**Bonds:**
- Mate (blocked)
- Familiar (2) (partially blocked)

**Guardianship:**
- Magical Guardian: Albus Dumbledore
- Guardian(s): Vernon Dursley and Petunia Dursley nee Evans

Harry couldn't understand. What does it mean 'creature' and 'mate'? Harry's mind was going around in circles trying to make sense of all of it, but just getting confused each time.

"Griphook. Can you tell me who put all of these blocks on my godson?" Sirius said in a deceptively soft tone.

Griphook looked extremely uncomfortable, but spoke anyways, "We can get a magical signature off of each one. Every block was placed there by Albus Dumbledore."

Chapter End Notes

impervius- spell that makes the object it's cast on waterproof
Griphook looked extremely uncomfortable, but spoke anyways, "We can get a magical signature off of each one. Every block was placed there by Albus Dumbledore."

And with the naming of Albus Dumbledore, Sirius exploded into a fit of pure rage.

"What the bloody hell do you mean ALBUS DUMBLEDORE set those blocks on my godson!!!??" Sirius shouted at no one in particular, "Those could have killed him! These things are his birthright!! He had no right keeping this from him, from anyone. Harry didn't even know that he was to become Lord Potter or Lord Black, let alone the Lord to 8 titles and Heir to another. And with all of those Godparents, he should have bloody well been sent to either of the two that were capable. No matter how much I hate Snape, he would have treated Harry better than his relative did, who it turns out, aren't even fucking RELATED TO HIM. That old coot has been meddling with him since the day he was born and I will not take it any longer! I'm going to kill him. The old fucking goat is as good as dead."

Everybody stared in shock at Sirius who was sitting down still, breathing heavily and looked as if he would bolt out of the room at any moment to hunt down the Headmaster. Harry was trembling violently at the violent outburst and the twins had to cast complex calming charms at him to get him to stop shaking before anyone else had noticed.

While Sirius had ranted and raved, the rest of the room read the sheet of paper and were just as angry as Sirius. Remus was growling as Moony rose to the surface and both Bill and Charlie looked as if they'd try to apparate from to room to kill Dumbledore immediately. Hermione was confused, but could tell that is was terrible and the twins look as if they'd personally try and break every block at that very moment.

Griphook looked around cautiously at the room of furious wizards and werewolf and realized quite easily that the old coot would die very soon if he didn't step in.

Griphook spoke into the tense room, "I know that terrible crimes have been committed here, but I do believe you all may need to calm down. Righteous anger will land you nowhere except Azkaban or dead. The headmaster will pay for his crimes sooner or later."

Sirius visibly tried to relax before speaking again, "Is there anyways you can also check for any potions or spells cast on him unwillingly or unknowingly? And then can you rid him of all the blocks and any of the offending potions/spells?"
Griphook nodded and took out another parchment along with a silvery blue potion. "This will give you a complete list of any potions or spells on you that affects any part of your mental state or negatively affected your body," Griphook said as he handed Harry the potion.

Harry looked at it cautiously before taking it in one swallow, figuring it was better to get it all over with now. He wasn't sure how much more betrayal he could handle but knew there was surely more to come.

They all watched as the parchment seemed to grow and grow until it came to a stop after the writing filled up three feet. The whole room tensed while Griphook read through and handed it to Sirius.

As he read through the list, Sirius' knuckles were white with how tight he was holding the piece of parchment. His body was visibly shaking with rage and he had to take multiple breaths in order to calm himself and tell the others what had happened to his son and by whom.

"There have been multiple spells and potions used on Harry over the years," Sirius spoke with barely concealed rage, "Dumbledore has used multiple compulsion charms, many confundus charms, memory charms, loyalty spells, Befuddlement Draughts, Forgetfulness Potions, Weakening Potions, and Fear Potions. The worst spell he cast was a binding spell. He bound 75% of your magical core, pup."

Harry knew that this must have been bad going by the furious reactions by the people around him. Sure, he was angry about it but he didn't know why it was so terrible that his family looked sick at the thought of it.

"That man is dead! How dare he do such a thing to my cub. That binding could have killed you with an excess of magical buildup in your body. The only reason it didn't is most likely because each time it weakened one of the blocks on you," Remus growled, answering Harry's unspoken question.

"Is there any way you can remove all of the blocks and cleanse him of all of those potions and spells, including releasing the bind on his core," Sirius asked Griphook. Harry could tell that Sirius wanted Harry at his full potential. The man was furious that Harry had been in so much danger this entire time.

Griphook nodded slowly. "Yes, we can go to the ritual room and free him of all foreign magic, but it would cause major changes. Not only in his power but with creature inheritances and all of the spells and potions used on him, he would most likely suffer from major fluctuations in his personality. We won't know what will happen until we do it. First he should take up his lordships, though. The family magic may make it easier on him," the Goblin said.

Harry looked towards Sirius and spoke easily, "I want to do it. I can't hide from who I am forever. Especially if it is so dangerous. I won't take up the Slytherin heir ring right now though" Griphook nodded his head and snapped his long curled fingers. 8 small boxes appeared on the desk.

"Alright, Mr. Potter. Your Black and Potter Rings will go on the middle and ring finger of your left hand, respectively. The le Fay and Selwyn rings will both go on your pointer finger on your left hand. They will both fuse together once the family magics accept you as Lord. They Gryffindor and Peverell rings will go together on your pointer finger of your right hand. Finally, the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff rings will go on the middle finger of your right hand."

As Griphook gave Harry the information, he handed each box to him. With each ring he put on his finger, Harry could feel the warmth of the family magic accepting him as lord and the ring
automatically resized to fit each. The fingers that had two rings melded together and bore both families crests, with a white gold band.

Harry looked up from staring at the rings to see Sirius smiling warmly at him and it filled him with pride. He turned to the Goblin and spoke shyly, "May we remove the foreign magic from me now?"

The Goblin nodded and stood up. "Yes, of course, Lord Potter-Selwyn-Black-Peverell-Gryffindor-Ravenclaw-Hufflepuff-le Fay, you and your godfather may follow me to the ritual room. Everyone else should stay here and wait for us to return," Griphook said gruffly.

"Whoa whoa just Harry will be fine," Harry said quickly. He figured he couldn't go by all of those names all the time so he would have to think about which names he would go by on a daily basis.

Griphook gave a feral grin and spoke again, with real pleasure, "Of course, Harry. It is not every day that a wizard bestows such an honor upon goblins."

Sirius nodded towards Griphook and they both followed the Goblin out of the room and into a room that was a couple of doors down. The room was large and empty with walls and floors made of only stone. In the center of the room, there was a large ritual circle with little runes carved along the edges.

"If you could stand in the middle of the ritual circle, your godfather and I will stand on the edge of the room," Griphook spoke carefully to Harry, "I will perform a ritual to restore your mind, body, and original magics. It feels different for everybody, but I ask that you try and remain calm. Under no circumstance can you leave the circle and we can not enter until the ritual has been completed. You will have a huge influx of raw magic that would be dangerous to us."

Sirius looked as if he was about to argue, but Harry cut him off before he could even get started.

"Yes, that is all fine. I would hate to hurt either of you," Harry said quietly as he walked towards the ritual circle. He took the time to observe some of the runes and realized that Ancient runes might be a subject he would be interested in. When he was in the middle, he looked over to see Griphook and Sirius standing against the wall. Sirius looked as nervous as he felt and Griphook looked slightly worried.

"Okay, I will start now. Mr. Black, please stay right next to me the entire time, " Griphook spoke harshly.

The goblin started chanting:

"\textit{Magicam antiquos, veni foras.}\n
\textit{Aliena relati, dimittere ab hoc corpore.}\n
\textit{Quod obstructus dissolvuntur.}\n
\textit{Creaturis autem naturalibus, ostendas.}\n
\textit{Munera matris teipsum.}\n
\textit{Revertere ablatum fuerit ab hostibus missi legati munere DOR.}\n
As the Goblin spoke, Harry felt extremely strange. His body felt like it was covered in ice, but it was burning. He let out a strangled whimper, it felt like all of his bones were shifting and his insides were rearranging themselves. His skin was burning cold as he was on his hands and knees in the middle of the circle. He had never suffered this much pain before. Sure, the Dursley's had beat him mercilessly for years, but none of it had ever felt like this. He would have preferred to take the Cruciatus at this point.

Harry felt the air crackling around him like sparks were coming off of his skin, but he couldn't bring himself to open his eyes to look. As another sharp pain shot through his body, he bit back a scream. He curled up into a ball, trying to protect the important parts of his body like he used to at the Dursley's even though he knew it wouldn't help anything.

What Harry didn't know as he went through the ritual was that his magic was crackling visibly around his body. The atmosphere was thick with magic and Harry's whole body glowed with it.

As Griphook said the final phase of the ritual, the entire room was filled with a blinding light. The two outside of the circle shielded their eyes and waited for it to fade. When it finally did, Sirius ran into the circle and heard a groan come from Harry.

When Harry felt the magic from the ritual fade, he could feel that the glamours he had put up that morning on his face fade. Quickly he applies the surface glamours to cover any bruising and swelling, then paid attention to the feeling of his skin.

Harry felt as his body tingled, like he could feel constant sparks against his skin. It didn't hurt, but felt more friendly and warm. It was comfortable. As the tingly feeling of his skin moved to the back of his mind, Harry let out a groan at the pain he felt throughout his body.

"Aghhh. I feel like I went four rounds with a bludger," He groaned softly, trying to straighten out from the fetal position he had gotten into. When he sat up he saw Sirius kneeling next to him and Griphook standing a foot back, both looking extremely concerned. As soon as Sirius saw his face, he gasped.

"I didn't even realize. When it said creature, I just never actually thought..." Sirius trailed off softly. Harry had changed drastically. He had the overwhelming urge to wrap Harry up in his arms and coo at him and protect him from any harm that could possibly come to him. He had always had the urge to protect his pup but they had never been so powerful.

Harry looked extremely nervous and spoke up, "What are you talking about Sirius? I don't understand..."

Sirius conjured a large mirror and let his pup look at himself as he spoke, "Well, basically pup, you have two active creature types of blood in you. Kitsune and Dark Fae. From how you look and what the paper said, I would say that Dark Fae is your actual creature. The Kitsune blood will factor into your personality traits and abilities, but instead of like a normal Kitsune where you have fox ears and multiple tails in your human form, you can only turn into a full Kitsune, as one of your animagus forms. I would assume that the form will be used for if you're in an extreme emotional state of distress or in danger. Any big questions yet?"
Harry shook his head as he continued to observe himself in the mirror. His typically short, black, shaggy hair had grown down to the middle of his back like straight, sleek, soft, black silk. The raven black was interrupted by streaks of deep crimson scattered throughout. His eyes, which used to be an emerald green, was now a bright, glowing green- Killing curse green actually. His cheekbones were much higher now and his nose straight. The next thing he noticed was that he now had bowed pink pouty lips. The largest difference was his ears which were now pointed at the tops.

Sirius continued to talk, "We can explain more when we get back to Griphook's office, but there is something extremely important that I should tell you now. As a member of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Black, have been exposed and learned of many different creatures so I know how to control my urges when it comes to instinct. Many magical races- almost all of them in fact- have dominant and submissive counterparts, most of which are mates. Mostly they determine who carries the child. Normally it is a dominant's job to protect his submissive mate. The submissive will be smaller and have a more feminine body type. They also typically have androgynous looks," Sirius paused for Harry to take it all in. He was waiting to see if Harry would put it together.

Sirius paused for Harry to take it all in. He was waiting to see if Harry would put it together.

Sirius continued to talk, "We can explain more when we get back to Griphook's office, but there is something extremely important that I should tell you now. As a member of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Black, have been exposed and learned of many different creatures so I know how to control my urges when it comes to instinct. Many magical races- almost all of them in fact- have dominant and submissive counterparts, most of which are mates. Mostly they determine who carries the child. Normally it is a dominant's job to protect his submissive mate. The submissive will be smaller and have a more feminine body type. They also typically have androgynous looks," Sirius paused for Harry to take it all in. He was waiting to see if Harry would put it together.

Harry kept looking in the mirror. as Sirius spoke, he started realizing that he did seem slightly shorter than before, and when he looked at his body, his hips were wider and his face could definitely not be classified as manly.

"Sirius... Are you telling me I'm a submissive? Because I most definitely am looking androgynous and have some curves on my short body," Harry asked nervously. He wasn't sure how to feel. He just wanted to wrap himself up in a warm blanket by a fire and sleep to avoid all of this.

"Yes, pup. It would appear that you are a submissive. The reason I'm telling you this is because as a Dark Fae, you have an allure. Now to some, because of the creature, your allure will be seductive. They will want to have you no matter what. Because you are a submissive this is a little more intensified, but you will also cause others to become extremely protective of you. Right now, my instincts are telling me to wrap you up in my arms and coo at you until you fall asleep. Now because I can control it, I didn't. I wasn't sure if it would frighten you or freak you out, but when we get back to the room, everyone in there is more than likely going to have those same urges because you see them as family, except they may not be able to control those urges. When we go in I'm going to go first and you come in after," Sirius gave Harry all the information and he absorbed all that he could.

Harry and Sirius stood up, and Harry gave him a hug, gasping as soon as they made contact. He could feel the magic thrumming below the surface. Sirius was very powerful and had extremely dark magic, but it felt suppressed. He figured it wasn't any of his business and he might talk to him about it later in private.

"Thank you, Siri. I love you," Harry said softly after he got over the shock of feeling the magic running through Sirius.

Sirius had tears well up in his eyes and hugged his pup back. "Your welcome, pup. I love you too," he said softly as he stroked Harry's long hair.

They both stood there for a minute until releasing each other and following Griphook out of the room. Harry knew he has to see the others, but he was nervous. What if they didn't like the new him? What if they were repulsed? Were any of them creatures? He knew that Moony was a werewolf, so he was a dark creature too. Harry was extremely nervous as they entered the room and hid behind Sirius.

While Harry, Sirius, and Griphook were out for the ritual, the rest of the room sat in a tense silence.
Hermione wanted to ask a bunch of questions as to what was actually going on and what it meant that Harry had creature blood now. All of the Weasleys were tense as they waited for their little brother to get back. They couldn't believe that Dumbledore could have gotten Harry killed. Remus was terrified for his cub.

When the door opened, the three of them walked into the room with Harry barely being seen. As soon as Harry stepped into the room Remus let out a low growl. He could now smell two submissives: his own mate and his cub. When Harry and Sirius heard the low warning growl, they both stopped. Sirius looked towards Remus warily and Harry looked terrified. His instincts were screaming at him to submit so he bared his neck with a small whimper.

Remus, smelling the fear radiating off of Harry got up faster than anyone could have imagined and had Harry in his arms. Everyone looked on in confusion as Remus cradled his cub in his arms and reassured him.

"Shhhhh, cub. No one here is going to hurt you. I was just surprised and caught off guard. I didn't expect you to be a sub and so my protective instincts are heightened. You're going to be okay. We will all protect you. Nothing will hurt you here," Remus continued to whisper reassurances at Harry as he stroked his hair.

Sirius and Griphook moved back towards their seats as they watched the protective instincts in everyone else in the room rise, also.

"Remy, love," Sirius said, "I think we all need to have a talk and we need Harry to do that."

Remus shot a glare towards his mate and sat down in Harry's seat with Harry placed on his lap. He wasn't ready to let go of his cub yet. There was something off that he couldn't quite get. Once again, he buried his nose into his cub's hair to get his scent and ensure that he was safe.

Harry looked up and the others gasped at his new appearance. They all looked like they wanted to get up and be closer to him, but the prospect of an angry werewolf held them back.

Hermione was the first to speak, "Harry, what happened to you? I'm assuming this is because of your creature blood, but I'm still really confused. And why do I feel like I need to hold you and coo about how cute you are- because, believe me, you are adorable?"

Griphook was the one to answer that, "Well Ms. Granger, why don't we start from the top of the long list of things that Harry has gone through today."

Chapter End Notes

Compulsion charms- plants suggestions and makes the target want to do whatever the goal was
Confundus Charm- Confuses the target
Befuddlement Draught causes the person to become confused and reckless
Forgetfulness Potion- Causes the takes to become forgetful
Fear Potion- Causes the take to become fearful of things suggested by the one who gave it

Magicam antiquos, veni foras. - Magic of the Ancients, come forth.
Aliena relati, dimittere ab hoc corpore. - Foreign magics, disband from this body.
Quod obstructus dissolvuntur. - That which has been blocked, dissolve.
Creaturis autem naturalibus, ostendas. - Creatures of Nature, reveal yourself.
Munera matris teipsum. - Gifts of our mother, show yourself.
Revertere ablatum fuerit ab hostibus missi legati munere DOR. - Return what has been taken by the enemy and gift it to who it was stolen from.
Mater Magia redde mentis corporisque utilitate habendus. - Mother Magic, restore this mind and body.
Sic fiat semper - So mote it be
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I am soooo sorry for how long this chapter took to get out. I have a lot of personal crap going on in my life currently and have just been so busy. I appreciate all the comments and everything!! I'll try and update the next chapter quicker, but I am a 1 woman show here. Hope you like this chapter!

xoxox

Spells

'Thoughts'

::Parseltongue::

::Parseltongue Spell::

Griphook was the one to answer that, "Well Ms. Granger, why don't we start from the top of the long list of things that Harry has gone through today."

"Can we talk more about my creature inheritances first? I'm still a little confused and feel like that might be the most important," Harry spoke from Remus' arms.

Griphook nodded, "Yes, I do believe that is the most important thing to discuss at the moment. You came into two inheritances: Dark Fae and Kitsune. The Dark Fae is the dominant creature in you. In your human form, the Kitsune will only show in your personality and abilities. Physical characteristics will only show in your animagus form. Dark Fae are known for having long dark hair, an ethereal beauty, some may emit a soft glow in certain situations, and typically green eyes. They are known to be able to predict fate on occasions, have elemental powers, are naturals at glamour, and are extremely territorial and protective of any they see as family. Dark Fae are known for being tricksters, extremely proud creatures, and very vengeful when a wrong-doing is done against them, or the ones they love. They also have a strong seductive allure."

Griphook stopped to look around and make sure that most people understood what he was saying. Harry was uncertain about how the personality traits of a Dark Fae would conflict with his own as they were much different, but figured he should wait until he heard about the other portion of his creature half.

Griphook started speaking again, "As your Kitsune inheritance is not as strong as your Dark Fae, it will show in your animagus abilities. In that form, you will most resemble a fox. Kitsune are known to have anywhere from 1 to 9 tails. The more tails one has, the more powerful they are. The 9th tail of a Kitsune always has gold or white fur to symbolize its power. This is extremely rare. Kitsune have many abilities; they have a superior intelligence, are able to appear in others dreams, become invisible, create illusions, feed on the life/spirit of humans, and some are even capable of generating lightning or fire from their tails and mouths. Kitsune are extreme tricksters and known
to be very mischievous beings. They are extremely possessive of what they perceive as belonging to them, they always remain loyal to their word, and are proud and vengeful beings."

Griphook looked directly at Harry while he spoke this time, "These personality traits will start to show up in you, but because they have been suppressed and may not be dominant in your personality right now, you will alter between these traits and your human traits. Certain things will make you act differently until you become more connected and familiar with your creatures and with yourself. Things you will prefer to eat will be fruits, vegetables and grains mostly, no meats. This is because your fae is the strongest at the moment. In a month or two you will be able to tolerate all foods, but for now, it would be best to stick with fruits and grains. You are a submissive in both forms so you have a strong seductive allure and a protective allure. This comes mostly from your want to find your mate."

Harry nodded to indicate that he understood all the Goblin had said. He knew things would be different, but this was too much. How was he supposed to know how he would react to things he used to be able to handle.

It was then that the twins decided to speak up, "Wow a trickster creature-"

"Born to the parents-"

"And godparents."

"Of master tricksters!

"What a win!!!" They ended together, making Sirius and Remus chuckle at their enthusiasm.

At that time, Hermione spoke up to get everyone back on track, "Okay so let me get all of this straight. Harry has gained 8 Lordships. His mother was actually a Selwyn, which by the way is an old Slytherin pureblood family whose last descendant was believed to have died serving You-Know-Who in the first war. This means Harry comes from long lines of old Pureblooded families. He is now a Kitsune and a Dark Fae. His magical abilities, including those of his creatures, consist of Parseltongue, Parselmagic, Animagi magic, Wandless Magic, Wordless Magic, Mind Magics, Magic Sensitivity, elemental magic, natural glamours, invisibility, possibly glowing at times and divination? Plus possibly extreme reactions to certain things that he could have reacted normally to before and the overwhelming urge to cuddle him or possibly seduce him?"

"That is correct, Ms. Granger," the goblin said smoothly. Nobody really knew what to do at that point. Everybody was mostly confused and overwhelmed while Remus continuously sniffed his cub to try and figure out what was off and Harry relaxed into the warm pair of arms.

Harry felt safe and protected at the moment and was quite okay with the situation, but knew that they had to move on with their day. He poked his head up from where he had burrowed into Remus' robes and spoke to Griphook, "I think we all need to deal with what has come up before continuing with anything else. I just need to withdraw some money so that I can finish my shopping."

"Of course," Griphook said, "As you are now a Lord you may have full use of your keys, meaning that instead of using actual money, you use your key and it automatically removes the money from your vault."

Harry smiled at the Goblin before responding, "That sounds perfect. May I have keys made, as I never received any and can you also remove? 200 galleons, 100 sickles, and 75 knuts from the vault I visited when I first arrived here?"
The goblin snapped his fingers and one key and a small money bag popped onto the desk. "This is the key to all of your family vaults, when you wish to change which House you are going to use, just touch the Lord ring to the emblem on the key and say which House you will be spending from. From now on, all other keys in existence are considered null and void. Anyone who attempts to enter with other keys will find themselves denied for unknown causes and marked in your files. This pouch has the specified amount of money from the Potter's Trust Vault set up for one Harrison James Potter. You may also want to think about how you wish for people to address you formally, if not by your full 8 lordship titles."

Harry sat there for a moment, thinking about his options as Remus threaded his fingers through Harry's hair soothingly. He knew he wanted to pay respects to his mother and father, they were dead and Sirius and Remus were the largest parental figures in his life.

He spoke timidly looking down at his hands, "Thank you Griphook. I appreciate all that you have done for me. And I believe, formally, I will go by Lord Harrison James Black-Selwyn. This way I am paying respects to my mother, father, and adoptive dads. Selwyn for my mum, and Black to represent James, but also Sirius and Remus."

Everyone was silent as Harry continued to study his fingers. Remus had frozen with his fingers halfway through Harry's hair and Sirius with unshed tears in his eyes. Faster than anyone had expected, Sirius and Remus both curled themselves around Harry in a show of unconditional comfort and love. Harry flinched at first from the sudden and quite violent show of affection but soon relaxed into their embrace.

"I love you so much pup. You have no idea how much that means to me and Remy," Sirius murmured into Harry's hair. "He's right, cub," Remus added, "We love you and will always do our best to take care of you and protect you."

Silent tears streamed down Harry's face as he let the love radiating from the two adults wash over him. He had never felt so loved and excepted in his entire life. They slowly extracted themselves and got up so that they could make their way out of the bank.

"Hey little bro, do you want to put up a glamour to look how you used to, at least for now, or are you going to let everyone know who you are straight off?" Bill asked from the door.

Harry thought about it and made a decision quickly, "For now people don't have to know I'm Harry Potter, so we don't get stared at or attacked. I'll go by Harrison and just glamour my ears to look normal. Dumbledore had those blocks on me for a reason and I'd rather keep it hidden for now, so when we get back to the house I'll glamour myself to look how I used to." Harry waved his hand and they watched as his pointed ears turned back into normal rounded tops.

Sirius turned back into Padfoot and they all exited and headed towards the Main Hall. They all got to the middle of the hall and were about to leave when Harry turned back to Griphook.

He felt like he needed to show more than respect to this Goblin who has helped him out so much and just let the words flow from him. Harry bowed from the waist with his right fist over his heart, "May Mother Magic bless your fortunes and your descendants prosper for centuries to come."

Griphook stood there, completely shocked that a wizard would give such a parting to him. Lord Selwyn-Black was one of the most surprising wizards that he had met in a very long time.

He shook himself out of it and bestowed Harry with the highest honor a wizard could receive from him. He bowed at the waist and spoke, "May our Ancestors guard your gold and the future of you and yours be blessed with luck and prosperity."
Harry stuck out his hand to shake Griphook's, before their group left, leaving behind a wake of awestruck Goblins along with wizards and witches who had no clue what the unknown wizard did to earn such a respect from the Goblins.

The group left Gringotts with Harry sandwiched in between Padfoot and Hermione while the others formed a protective barrier around him. It seemed that even with an altered appearance they would not take any chances.

They made their way through the crowd and first into Madam Malkins so that he could get new robes. Harry knew that now that he was emancipated, he was considered an adult legally. He assumed that he should probably buy clothes that actually fit him and suited him for his sudden position in Wizarding Society. Not to mention that he had always wanted his own clothes.

They all stepped in and Harry addressed them all, "You guys can all go get the stuff you need and we can meet back at home when we are done. Nobody knows who I am and I don't want to be such a bother."

"Don't worry about it little brother," Charlie said from his stance against the wall, "We all want to be here and protect you. You aren't a bother at all. Now let's get some clothes that won't fall off your body at the slightest move."

Harry smiled shyly and waited for Madam Malkin to come measure him. Harry decided on 1 green and 2 black pairs of dragon hide boots, 10 pairs of plain black trousers, 10 silk button down shirts in varying shades of green, 2 gray silk button downs, 2 black silk button downs, and 2 white cotton button down shirts. He also got a various arrangement of socks and underwear. He decided he could go to Muggle London some other day to buy jeans and t-shirts.

Slowly, they all made their way around Diagon without any problems. Harry bought a mound of books on pureblood etiquette, wizarding traditions, mind magics, magical creatures, and a couple of books on different types of magic along with all of his school books.

By the time they all made it back to Grimmauld Place, it was a little past 1 in the afternoon and everyone was hungry. Harry stepped into the kitchen and took control, surprising himself and the people around him. "All right everybody out! Go make yourselves busy for the next 30 minutes and then come back. Lunch will be ready by then," Harry shooed everyone out and got to work.

Harry finished quickly, using a bit of his new-found advanced wandless magic to make things a little quicker than the muggle way. By the time everybody had wandered back in, the table was filled with different kinds of sandwiches along with fresh bread and tomato and chicken soup.

Harry sat down, conveniently squeezed in between the twins. He watched nervously as everyone started to eat and enjoyed themselves. He never knew whether or not his food was good because the Dursleys had always ridiculed him no matter what.

Harry had a bowl of soup tomato soup in front of him and was nibbling on a piece of the bread he had baked. He never noticed the look Sirius was giving him or the twins until Fred leaned down and whispered, "Better eat your soup little brother. Papa Black over there looks like he might force feed you any moment if you don't do more than nibble on a piece of bread."

Harry quickly ate the soup in front of him, in order to avoid any confrontations. He knew he wouldn't be able to eat much more than that anyways and was feeling full even after only a single small bowl. Soon after, everyone had finished all of the food on the table and they were all just sitting around chatting. Harry got up and started cleaning up the table, putting all of the dishes on the counter next to the sink so that he could wash them. He was oblivious to the concerned looks
of the others and just continued on, as was habit to him.

Quickly and efficiently, all of the dishes were cleaned, dried, and put away. They all exited into different rooms and Harry went to put away his purchases. He opened the wardrobe in his room to find that it was filled with muggle clothes. Muggle clothes that appeared to fit him perfectly. He stood there gaping at them until Sirius spoke up from behind him, "I ordered them so that you would have some nice clothes to wear that would still be comfortable for you. Sometimes a nice pair of jeans can be a lot better than a pair of formal trousers."

Harry turned around to stare at Sirius with tears in his eyes. He knew that Sirius loved him, but sometimes it surprised him to find out that these people really did care for him. It took all of 5 seconds before Harry launched himself into Sirius' arms and sobbed out thank you over and over.

The next three days continued in a similar pattern for Harry. He would wake up snuggled between Fred and George from his nightmares, make breakfast for the house full of people, work on his homework and avoid Sirius' questions, make lunch, read the new books he got at Diagon, make dinner, practice clearing his mind, and go to bed.

It was the 5th day that Harry was at Grimmauld Place that things changed. Harry woke up as usual in between Fred and George. Quietly, he made his way into the bathroom and closed the door without waking the two up. He slipped off of his pajamas and let his glams dissolve. Slowly he unraveled the bandages from around his torso and chest. Harry stepped into the shower and quickly washed his body and his extremely long hair. He had decided that he liked it and wouldn't cut it, even though it was a pain to wash. He finished, got out and wrapped a towel around his waist before turning to look at himself in the mirror in all of his 5' 4".

All of the bruising on his body was either completely faded or a pale yellow. His ribs felt almost completely healed, just a slight tenderness. The welts on his back were another matter. During the breaking of the blocks on his body, all of the wounds reopened from their semi-healed state. They were still painful, but less so as they were beginning to scab over. Just to be careful, Harry still put antibacterial on them and wrapped them every morning after his shower. Underneath the wounds he had found that he had wings tattooed on his back. He had later found in one of his books that he could use his wings to fly and protect himself/others when he was able to call them forth, though he had decided not to try that yet.

His long black hair, now streaked with crimson, had grown long enough to touch the top of his butt. His high prominent cheekbones and (what he would forever deny as pouty) full pink lips, he looked more feminine than he used to. Lower on his body, he could count each individual rib and see his hipbones jutting out, though noticeably wider than before, his skin stretched tightly across his body from the ever-present malnutrition in his life. His arms and legs had no fat on them and looked like twigs that could snap at any moment.

Not wanting to dwell on life at the Dursleys any longer, Harry wrapped his wounds and put up his glamour that would make him appear as he looked when he was just plain old Harry Potter and concealed his bandages. He made his way back into his bedroom where the twins were still curled up sleeping. Moving towards the wardrobe, Harry picked out a pair of blue jeans, and a plain black t-shirt and got dressed quickly. By the time he was finished getting ready it was 7:30 and the twins were still fast asleep in his bed.

Harry walked his way down the stairs and into the kitchen. He put the water on and started getting breakfast ready. He had just finished laying the bacon in the pan when the water hit boiling, so he took it off and made himself a cup of herbal, raspberry tea. He had found that fruit teas did wonders for his stomach and were just plain satisfying for him as coffee made him sick and he was
As Harry made breakfast and drank his tea, the rest of the household woke up. The first one down was Remus who was unsurprised to see Harry already up and cooking. Harry made him his coffee and gave it to him as Remus sat down at the table.

Everyone else slowly trickled in and they all sat down to eat. Halfway through his breakfast, Harry heard the floo chime, indicating that someone was coming through. This surprised nobody as they were all used to visitors coming at different times, just stopping by to say hello or to grab a meal that always seemed to be prepared.

Just as Harry took a bite of his toast, the one man who he had not seen since his first day walked through the door with absurd lime green robes and obnoxious twinkling blue eyes: Albus Dumbledore. They had all decided to treat the headmaster as normal until they figured out anymore, but Harry's creatures were demanding that he take action against the man who forced him into that household of hell for so long.

"Albus! Come have some breakfast, Harry makes such wonderful food for us all," Remus said with a slight twitch, indicating the empty seat between him and Bill. The twins on either side of Harry noticed as the raven haired boy's entire body tensed when the headmaster sat down at the table.

"Thank you, Remus, but I already ate at Hogwarts. I thought I would stop by so that Harry and I could have a chat. How does that sound my boy?" Dumbledore turned towards Harry at the end.

Harry swallowed carefully and stared at the table before speaking, "Of course, Headmaster. Please allow me to just finish my breakfast, sir."

"Of course, my boy. No problem at all," Dumbledore chirped gleefully, ignoring the harsh flinch.

Harry slowly raised his piece of toast to his mouth and took a small bite, chewing cautiously before swallowing. He didn't know how, but he knew that the headmaster was ecstatic at Harry's submissive behavior. He would have to work to control his temper. His own personality and that of his creatures were waging war inside of him.

Small conversations were discussed as Harry tried to finish his piece of toast and an apple. After deciding he could only eat the half of piece of toast and three more bites of the apple, Harry spoke quietly, "I am done, sir. We may go talk now if you wish."

Sirius spoke up before Dumbledore even had a chance to open his mouth, "I think I'd like to come with you pup. I'm curious as to what is going on." Harry knew Sirius wanted to come along and protect him. Ever since that day in Gringotts, the animagus has had an extreme distrust towards the headmaster, especially with anything concerning Harry.

"No need, Sirius," Dumbledore piped in, "This is just a private talk between Harry and me to discuss some arrangements."

Harry shook his head at Sirius, indicating he should just sit down, and followed Dumbledore out of the room. He didn't know why, but there was a pit in his stomach that indicated whatever Dumbledore wanted to discuss would be absolutely terrible.

They both sat down in the sitting room, across from each other. Harry stared at his hands as the headmaster put up some silencing charms and threw a few unnoticeable compulsion spells at Harry. His mind magics were not yet strong enough to discern when there is an outside influence.

Dumbledore's eyes were twinkling maniacally before he finally spoke, "Harry, my boy, I'm afraid I
am going to have to insist that you return to the Dursleys for the last week before Hogwarts starts again."
Chapter 6

Dumbledore's eyes were twinkling maniacally before he finally spoke, "Harry, my boy, I'm afraid I am going to have to insist that you return to the Dursleys for the last week before Hogwarts starts again."

Harry's head shot up to look at Dumbledore. 'Oh Merlin,' he thought, 'Dumbledore has lost his fucking mind. Honestly and truly gone insane!' He could not believe what had just come out of the headmaster's mouth. He had spent the entire summer with those people in order to spend his designated two weeks at Grimmauld. It didn't matter that Dumbledore didn't know that Harry was technically an adult, there was no way that man was getting him back into the Dursley household. Harry didn't want to yell or have a conflict with the headmaster, but inside he was raging. Grimmauld was safer than the Dursley's anyways, with all of the ancient Black wards.

Harry gathered up all his patience and spoke calmly, refusing to look the headmaster in the eyes, "Why on Earth would I have to return to the Dursleys, sir? You told me that I could remain here with Sirius and Remus for the last two weeks before I had to return to Hogwarts. No offense, Headmaster, but there is no way I am going back there anytime soon."

Dumbledore spoke his next words condescendingly and slightly disappointed, "Harry, my boy, you must understand that it is not safe here. I fear that Voldemort may be close to finding this place, and if he is, then it won't be long until he finds a way to get in. Even though this place is under the Fidelius, there are people who still know where it is. Bellatrix Lestrange and Narcissa Malfoy are two of those people. They have Black blood and have been to this house before. What will happen if they come and bring others? Are you willing to risk the lives of yourself and your friends? They will kill any who gets in their way, my boy. By staying here, you will be putting Sirius, Remus, all the Weasleys, and Ms. Granger in extreme peril. Are you willing to risk their lives for a week of their company? Especially after last year, where you almost got Sirius and a group of your friends killed by Death Eaters in the Department of Mysteries?"

The more Dumbledore spoke, the angrier Harry got. But, the words also settled heavily in his heart.
Harry tried to think rapidly of a way keep the Dursleys at bay for a week, but then realized that he would have his magic! He could deal with them if they got out of hand.

Harry looked back to his hands and played with a string that was sticking out of the chair, wanting Dumbledore to think that he had won. Harry spoke quietly and timidly, "Of course, sir. You are right. I couldn't possibly endanger all of these people, and I can deal with spending a week at the Dursleys. When do I have to go back?"

Harry looked up in time to see the maniacal twinkle in the headmaster's eyes and got a little concerned as it did not bode well. Harry had a feeling he may have gotten himself into more trouble than he quite realized.

Dumbledore smiled at him and gleefully responded, "So glad you could see sense, my boy. You leave in two days, at night so that there will be less of a chance to be seen. Remus and the eldest Weasley will bring you there."

"Of course, sir," Harry said and stood up to walk back to the kitchen. He heard Dumbledore stand up and leave through the floo, but couldn't bring himself to care that much. Harry was extremely nervous about having Remus bring him to the Dursley household when it was so close to the full moon. There would only be another 4 days, and his senses would be hypersensitive as Moony rises to the surface. How was he supposed to tell everyone?

Harry wandered back into the kitchen and sat down in his chair, dreading spending the next week with the Dursleys. He didn't notice everybody's nervous glances at his blank expression. He picked up his previously discarded apple and continued to eat it.

Little conversations were made as Harry finished his apple. Sirius waited until Harry finished eating to ask him, "So pup, what did Dumbledore want to discuss with you?" Sirius tried to ask nonchalantly, but everyone in the room could hear how tense he sounded.

Harry's eyes widened and he stared at his plate before stuttering out his response, "He- uh- the Headmaster just.. he wanted to- um ahh- di-dis-discuss some..uhh... living arrangements."

Sirius' froze with his cup halfway to his mouth and just stared at Harry. Everyone else seemed to have a similar reaction. The twins were the first ones to speak, sounding uncharacteristically serious.

"What do you mean-"

"Living arrangements-"

"Harrykins?"

"You're living here," they finished together.

He knew this was going to be difficult, but Harry didn't realize just how hard it would be.

He took a calming breath and let out a steady stream, just hoping to get it all out, "Dumbledore wants me to go back to the Dursley's for the last week of vacation. There are security flaws here
that could get all of you hurt if anyone was to consider me being here. Dumbledore says that it will be safer at their house because of the blood wards. It's only a week. He said that Remus and Bill can drop me off at the Dursley's in two days time sometime after dark."

Everyone was silent for almost a second before Hermione shattered the glass in her hand. She spoke in a quiet and threatening tone, "How. Dare. He. How dare that man waltz in here and tell you what to do? How DARE HE make you go back to that house! They aren't even BLOOD RELATIVES," as she spoke her voice rose in volume and pitch until she was screaming, "There is NO protection there, Harry! That man is trying to get you killed and you know it! We may as well hand you over to You-Know-Who! At least HE would probably be more hospitable than those ANIMALS. There is no way in all of hell that I am allowing you to return there. Only over my dead body!"

Harry shrunk down into his seat, wishing he could disappear from all of the questioning and concerned glances. Hermione just said a bunch of things that he certainly did not want to address with anyone at this time, but knew something had to be done.

He stood up and vanished the shattered cup with a wave of his hand. His next words were quiet, but forceful, "Hermione, stop. This is my decision. I will speak with all of you, but I can't do it in a large group like this. Especially as some of you are more explosive than the others," Harry stared pointedly at Sirius and Hermione, "Sirius, Hermione, and the twins can all go wait in the sitting room. I'll talk about this first with Remus, Bill, and Charlie as they seem to be much more calm about this."

Sirius looked like he was about to fight him on this so he looked desperately at the twins to help him before Siri made it any worse. They each stood up and almost dragged the other two out of the Kitchen.

As soon as they exited Harry dropped his head onto the table. Why he could never just have a normal life was beyond him. He felt as Remus and Bill moved to the seats across from him as Charlie took the one on his left. He gave a slight wave of his hand and put up silencing charms to keep the others from hearing him.

Charlie moved his hand to rub circles on Harry's back as he spoke, "Come on little brother. We may be more patient, but we are all quite hot-headed too. You know you'll have to explain it all to us eventually, so why not now? And what is so wrong with the Dursley's that Hermione seemed ready to tear them apart?"

Harry knew he would have to tell them about everything that happened sooner or later, but there was no way he could deal with it at the moment so he went for a light version.

Harry picked his head up and began to speak, "Hermione was just overreacting. The Dursley's were never that fun to live at, I had an extreme amount of chores and there wasn't a lot of love in the household for magic so they didn't really like me, but it doesn't matter now. I only have to spend a week there. There may not be blood wards there, but I know there are other protective wards. Plus, none of the Death Eaters or Voldemort even know that there aren't blood wards now, nor have there ever been any. You guys can't change my mind because I am unwilling to let anything happen to any of you. You're all my family and I love you guys."

Remus was the one to respond, "Listen, cub, we respect your decision and know that there is nothing that we can do to change your mind. But remember this, we would do anything to protect you. Just have fun trying to convince Siri to let you go. He loves you, and just misses you a lot so go easy on him."
Harry nodded and stood up to walk into the sitting room to find the others. He spoke before leaving, "Thank you guys, I really appreciate it. I love you all." With that, Harry left and walked towards the others, mindlessly disabling the silencing charms he put around the kitchen.

Uneasily, Harry made his way to the sitting room that he knew they would all be at, and stood just outside the door.

He could feel the tension and anxiety of the people in the room prickling against his skin and wondered how that was possible before dismissing the feeling to the back of his mind to deal with later. Harry took a deep breath and entered the room. Fred and George, Sirius, and Hermione were all sitting around in chairs or on the sofa. No one spoke as Harry walked in and paced in front of the fireplace.

Sirius was the first one to speak up after he had enough of the silence, his voice laced with a protective edge, "There is no way you are going back to the Dursleys, pup. I just got you, there is no reason for you not to spend the last week with us before you go to Hogwarts. Unless you can tell me under Veritaserum that you will be absolutely safe there and I have no reason to worry, I am not allowing you to go back there." Sirius' expression told Harry that he knew that there was no way that those words would ever come out of his mouth under the influence of the truth serum.

Harry ran his hand through his galmoured hair and sighed, "Listen, Sirius, it is only going to be a week. And in case any of you forgot, I am technically an adult. I will be able to use magic at their house if anything gets out of hand. There is no reason for you guys to be so nervous. And Voldemort doesn't know I'm lacking blood wards, so he still will leave the place alone. There is no way that I can risk any harm coming to you guys so you can't change my mind. I leave in two days with Remus and Bill. I love you guys, but I don't know what I would do if any of you died."

Hermione was the one to speak up next, "Harry, we just care about you. That household is toxic for you to be in and you spent almost all of the summer there anyways. The Dursleys are-"

Harry cut her off quickly, "None of your business. I know you guys care, but it doesn't matter at the moment. I will not risk your lives again." With that, Harry got up and stormed out of the room. He didn't realize where he was going gone until he was standing in the middle of the Black Library. He walked towards the table that held his books and saw Kreacher skulking up one of the rows. Harry knew the elf hated all of them, but he figured that he should still be nice because Grimmauld was his home for much longer than they had been there.

"Hello Kreacher," he said as he settled himself into a plush chair to read up on Dark Fae.

The elf looked up at him in surprise, obviously surprised that Harry was polite. "Hello, young Master Black. Is there anything Kreacher can be doing for young master?" the elf said cautiously.

Harry's head shot up in surprise. He had not expected that at all. Not only was Kreacher being nice, but he was offering him help. "Umm, no thank you Kreacher, I have everything I need as of right now. If I may ask, why are you calling me young Master Black? And why be polite to me, but not to Sirius who you have known for his whole life?" Harry knew he was taking a chance, but the elf had been nicer to him in the past couple days than to anyone else he had ever seen.

The elf spoke as if it was the simplest thing in the world, "Young Master be being kind to Kreacher and has noble Black blood running strong and pure through his veins. There is no taint in Young Master. Kreacher be being rude to filthy blood-traitor mutt because he be suppressing himself and his family magic. He has turned his back on his blood and magic, that nots be being the noble Black way. Master Blood-Traitor be hating Kreacher because Kreacher knows hes be better than that. Yous be calling Kreacher if yous be needing anything young Master Black. Yous will restore
Most Noble and Ancient House of Black. Good day, young Master."

The elf popped out of the room, and Harry could not have been more surprised. How was Sirius suppressing himself and how was he supposed to restore the Black name? He decided that it would be a worry for another time and focused on the books in front of him. He picked up Dark Creatures: The Truth Instead of the Myths. He leafed through to the chapter labeled Dark Fae, and found the section referring to their abilities and read:

Dark Fae are similar to Light fae in which both have similar abilities and powers, but the differ in the case that Dark Fae are inherently more powerful than their light counterparts. This is one of the reasons that they have been labeled as Dark Creatures by the Ministry of Magic and are closely regulated.

Dark Fae have been known to have the ability to predict the future or give warnings, whether it be through tea leaves, reading the stars, or premonitions. They have the natural ability to use glamours to protect themselves from those that hunt them, or wish to harm them anyways. The glamours are difficult to detect and are nearly impossible for anyone who is not a creature to detect. Dark Fae have the capability of controlling, at least, one element, but many can control more than that. It is also believed by many that they have the ability to glow and become luminescent, whether it is controlled or conditionally is unknown.

Harry tried to continue reading, but he couldn't get his mind to focus on the book. He kept drifting off into thoughts about the Dursleys. Hypothetically, he knew that he would be able to legally defend himself there, but after 16 years of abuse in that house, he was conditioned to submit and take it from them. Not fight back.

Harry's inner creature snarled at the thought of submitting to the Dursleys. The only person he would ever submit to would be his mate. At the thought of his mate, Harry realized he should probably read that portion of the book, but since he was unlikely to keep focused on it, decided that he would do it later.

He cast a tempus to see that it was 11:30 and made his way downstairs to the kitchen to make lunch for everyone. He figured that even if he wasn't hungry, everyone else would be.

Once Harry had finished it was only 12:15 and the table was filled with Cheeseburgers, Pasta Salad, Grilled Cheeses, and a couple of types of chips. Knowing that everyone would come down in a few minutes, Harry made his way to his room after casting a heating charm on the sandwiches and a cooling charm on the pasta salad.

He knew that avoiding the situation and the people would not fix his problem, but he couldn't find the energy within himself to actually face them. They were making it harder on him than necessary. Did they think that he wanted to go back to the place where he has so many painful and hurtful memories instead of staying with them?

Harry sighed. He knew he wouldn't be able to get to sleep without having nightmares and decided
he would just take some Dreamless sleep and nap until someone decided he was needed. He opened the drawer in the table next to his bed and pulled out the potion. Harry downed the draught and placed the empty vial before falling into a deep sleep, oblivious to the concerns of the people below.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Thank you so much for reading and reviewing and such!! I really appreciate it! I'm sorry that this chapter is a little shorter than the others! Apologies for any spelling or grammar mistakes, I try my best, but sometime I miss things. If you tell me then I can fix it. Thank you! xxx

WARNING--- This chapter contains verbal and physical abuse, these parts are labeled, so you will be able to skip them if you wish to

On a better note, I think Harry will meet his mate in about two chapters!

Spells

'Thoughts'

::Parseltongue::

::Parseltongue Spell::

Unknown to Harry, all of the inhabitants had wandered down to the kitchen to have lunch. They all sat in an uncomfortable silence while Sirius scowled and stabbed at his food and the twins forlornly played with the food on their plates instead of eating it. Nobody wanted Harry to leave them, but four of them had a much stronger resolve about it. They knew that Harry was not treated well there.

Remus looked around uncomfortably before speaking up, "Do any of you know where Harry is?"

"Probably hiding away from the undisguised tension in the room," Charlie said with a small smirk, knowing he would have done the same.

They were all startled when Sirius snapped his head up suddenly. It was obvious that Sirius was going to struggle the most with the raven haired boy gone from Grimmauld place. "He is too thin. He should be down here eating with us if he has to spend a week with the Dursleys before Hogwarts. Someone should go get him," Sirius snapped, even as he stood up to retrieve the boy.

"Sit down Sirius, I'll get him. He doesn't need for you to yell at him because that certainly won't encourage him to come down," Charlie said as he stood up. Charlie watched as Sirius sat back down and then walked out of the kitchen and up to Harry's room.

He knocked quietly on the door twice, but received no answer so he peeked in to see if Harry was even in there. When he opened the door, Charlie was surprised to find that Harry had curled up on top of the covers and fell asleep. When he saw the empty vial on the bedside table he snatched it and sniffed it, trying to decipher what it was that Harry had taken. After recognizing it as Dreamless Sleep, Charlie put it back down and covered Harry up with the blankets. He knew that
the kid deserved some sleep, especially if he had resorted to taking a potion.

He made his way back down to the kitchen and sat down at the table while everyone stared at him confused as to why Harry was not with him.

"Well...?" Sirius said impatiently, wondering why the hell the dragon tamer had come back without his pup.

Charlier looked at the animagus with something resembling pity, "I couldn't get him down here. The poor kid must have been exhausted. He was fast asleep and had even taken a vial of dreamless sleep. I figured it would be best if we just let him sleep for now. He deserves it." Charlie looked back at his food and began to eat again. Remus, on the other hand, did not miss the nervous and worried looks shared between the twins and his mate. He figured he would ask later as it was probably something best left to discuss in private.

The group finished eating and all went their own separate ways while Harry continued to sleep on peacefully in his bed.

The next two days continued on in a similar manner, with Harry either avoiding everybody or eating with them in a tense silence, until night came and it was time for Remus and Bill to bring him back to the Dursleys. Everybody was standing in the living room, while Harry got the last of his stuff ready.

He had cast and undetectable extension charm on his trunk and packed all of his new clothes plus the muggle clothes that Sirius had bought him into it. He also tossed in his wand, just to be safe, before putting a password in parseltongue on it so that it would only open to him. Harry shrunk it so it was easily able to fit into his pocket and walked downstairs to meet everyone. He had decided he would show up to the Dursleys in a pair of jeans and one of his not so nice sweaters.

Harry made it into the living room to see everyone was standing around looking tense. Hermione was already silently crying, and Sirius also looked a little bit teary eyed. Harry hugged each one of them, whispering promises of seeing them at school or over the holidays. After had asked Hermione to bring Hedwig to school with her, and got a bone crushing hug from his godfather, Harry walked over to Bill and Remus. He knew that with Remus' senses so heightened he would have to be careful with what he felt.

Remus looked down at his cub with sadness in his eyes, "Alright kid, let's get going." The three walked out of Grimmauld, Remus side-apparated them all to the corner of Private Drive. It was only 7, but it was already extremely dark. The three of them slowly made their way down the street and towards the Dursley's house. As they got closer, Harry could feel himself becoming more and more apprehensive about actually going back. What if something goes wrong? What if they actually kill him this time?

By the time they were a house down from the Dursley's, all Remus could smell was the fear and terror coming from his cub. He couldn't comprehend why Harry was so scared, but he didn't have a good feeling about it. When they finally stopped in front of number 4 Private Drive, Harry turned around and gripped Remus in a tight hug and then did the same to Bill.

"Thank you, guys. I love you both, and I'll see you soon okay? At the holidays or maybe on a Hogsmeade weekend," Harry said softly.

Bill looked down in surprise at the boy before replying, "Of course little brother. We will all see you soon enough, and Hogwarts starts in only a week."
"I love you too cub. I'll take care of Sirius and we will see you as soon as possible, okay?" Harry nodded his head and watched as they apparated away before walking up to the front door. He could only imagine the warm welcome he was going to receive. He knocked quietly and silently hoped nobody would open the door. Unfortunately for him, Petunia threw open the door only to sneer in his face.

"Vernon," she yelled, "the boy is here again, just like they said." The horse-faced woman grabbed him by his sweater and dragged him into the hallway while Vernon lumbered into view.

>>>>>>>>>verbal and physical abuse<<<<<<<<<<<

"Well, if it isn't the Freak. Here to stay again for another week. You'll be sure to make yourself useful, boy," Vernon sneered at the boy.

"Of course, Uncle," Harry sniped back at him. He knew he shouldn't have done it, but he couldn't help it. As soon as he saw his uncle coming towards him, he cast a stunner at him with a flick of his hand. His eyes widened when he realized his uncle wasn't stopping and tried again, but once again nothing happened. It was then he realized that his magic wasn't working. How in the world wasn't it working!

By the time Harry's brain had caught up, it was too late to avoid the fist coming towards his face. He never even noticed the immense pain of the bones shattering in his cheek or the unconsciousness settling into his mind as he fell to the ground.

>>>>>>>>>end abuse<<<<<<<<<<<

Harry was freaking out. He had willingly gone to this house, and he wasn't even able to protect himself. Someone must have done something to him or put up wards- WARDS! Somebody had to of put up wards that blocked out his magic! He had just gone and put himself into a dangerous situation where he was nothing more than a muggle. No one but himself could be blamed for what was to come.

As Harry began to wake up, he realized that he was once again in 'his' bedroom. He winced at the tenderness and actual intense blinding pain in the left side if his face. Gingerly, he touched his face and bit back a whimper of pain. Definitely broken, possibly shattered. He went to mutter a healing spell when he remembered why he had been hit. His magic was non-existent under the new layer of wards under the house. He was unable to use any of his magic and would be absolutely defenseless.

Harry looked outside and estimated that it was most likely around 5 or 6 in the morning. His aunt would be coming to let him out soon to start breakfast for their family. It was only Monday and he couldn't leave until Sunday for the Hogwarts express.

It was ten minutes later when he heard his Aunt's bony hands rapping on the door. "Get up, boy! Start breakfast already you lazy freak," she spat through the door as she unlocked the eight different locks.

Once he heard her walk away, Harry left the room and went down to start cooking. Quickly and efficiently, Harry cooked a breakfast for 8, for the family of 3. Everything was cooked to perfection and Vernon's coffee made exactly how he liked it. Harry stood in the corner of the room and hunched in on himself, hoping he could get out of their as soon as possible. He just wanted his list of chores so that he could get them done as soon as he could to avoid any further punishment. He knew he would receive one anyways for the backtalk he gave his uncle last night.
Slowly, the Dursley family made their way down to the table and sat down to eat. Harry thought it would be fine and continued to stare down at the tile until he heard a plate smash and looked up. The plate of eggs he had cooked (to absolute perfection) were lying face down on the ground surrounded by shattered pieces of glass from the broken plate. Harry looked up to see his uncle's beefy face turning a bright red and a malicious smirk on his face.

"BOY," the obese man wailed, "Get over here now." Harry knew that this wouldn't be good, but ignoring or disobeying him would only make it worse. Harry shuffled over to the man and stood there, with his head bowed, ignoring the looks of malice coming from the other two Dursleys. Vernon grabbed him by the neck and pushed his face down to the broken glass on the floor.

"You see that, boy? You burnt the eggs and then made me break Petunia's plates. How hard is it to make a correctly cooked plated of goddamn eggs? Huh, Freak??" As his uncle spoke more, he shoved Harry's face further in the shards of glass, getting them lodged in his already broken cheek, "You're absolutely good for nothing, you little piece of shit. You can't even make one shitty meal right, can you boy?"

Harry felt himself being lifted off of the ground by his neck and dragged over to the stove. He couldn't imagine his uncle doing this. It had been so long since he had been punished like with this and he didn't know if he could actually handle it.

Vernon turned the burner on and tore down Harry's sweater so that his whole shoulder was exposed. The older man ignored Harry's pleas to stop and pushed the young man down onto the burner.

Harry screamed as he felt himself being pushed onto the burner, unable to stop the pleas and shrieks coming from him. He could feel his skin bubbling and burning and melting. The excruciating pain and overwhelming wish to die. The feelings that he might just pass out from the pain.

"Please, Master, please! Stop, please, oh my god, Aghhhhh! Please. I can't take it please, Master, please! Please! AHHH! I'm sorry sir, I am so sorry! It won't happen again, I swear, Master, please! Please stop!" Harry screamed and begged for the pain to end in a way he hadn't for 6 years, barely hearing as his uncle spoke to him.

"You're just a bastard child that nobody could love. Nobody wanted you and so they left you with us. Why would anyone want you when you get everyone killed anyways. Just a useless piece of trash. That is all you are, boy. You are nothing," Vernon sneered at the sobbing child. He tossed him to the floor away from him and watched as the boy curled up in pain.

Harry curled up, hoping that death would come to him as he knew that would be the only escape, but instead he felt himself being dragged over to the cupboard under the stairs and thrown unceremoniously underneath them.

Unfortunately, Harry knew that this was just the beginning of what would turn out to be one of the worst weeks of his life.

After Remus and Bill had dropped Harry off at Private Drive, they both apparated back to
Grimmauld Place. When they arrived there, they were greeted by a disturbing silence. Bill went up to his room, deciding he would go to bed early, and Remus went in search of his mate, thinking more about what he and Moony had smelt on Harry.

Remus looked everywhere and only found his mate when he went to their room. He was surprised to find that Sirius was curled up in bed hugging a pillow to his chest.

"Hey there Siri, what are you doing in bed already? I figured you would be getting wasted and pouting about our cub having to leave," Remus tried to tease. When he noticed that Sirius didn't glare or laugh he became concerned and sat on the edge of the bed beside his mate.

"Padfoot? What's the matter?" he asked nervously, not knowing what could be so wrong other than Harry leaving. He was shocked to see that Sirius had tears streaming down his face and his eyes were all red-rimmed. That was also when he noticed that the pillow he was hugging was their cub's. Sirius launched himself at his mate and sobbed into his chest.

Remus' heart broke at the desperate and shattered sobs of his mate. He wished he knew what was wrong or what he could do to make it better, but there was no way he was getting anything out of Sirius until he had calmed down.

Sirius was happy when Remus had found him, needing to share his sorrows about his pup leaving. How was he supposed to be sure that his pup was okay? He never even found out how bad it was at that household for him. And now his pup might be suffering and there was nothing he could do about it because his pup had made it clear that he would be fine.

"I need our pup, Remus. He can't be at the Dursley's, he just can't. He doesn't deserve it there," Sirius cried softly into Remus' chest.

Remus stiffened at Sirius' words. He knew there had to be something seriously wrong for Sirius to react so strongly about their cub going there. "What do you mean Sirius? Why do you think Harry doesn't belong at the Dursleys? What is going on that I haven't noticed?" Remus demanded.

Sirius shook his head into Remus' chest and mumbled against him, "Can't tell you. Pup will be so mad, but mate deserves to know. Pup refuses to talk about it. Dursleys are bad to our pup. I brought it up once and pup had an anxiety attack! He had an anxiety attack, mate!"

Remus noticed that Sirius was starting to revert into how Padfoot thought in order to keep from coping with the situation.

Carefully, he nuzzled the mating mark and waited for Sirius to calm down and come back to himself. His head rested in Remus' lap as a few tears slid down his face.

As his mate calmed down, Remus could feel himself getting angry. He could only assume that his cub was being abused at the Dursley's house. Logically he tried to tell himself that everything would be fine and that Harry could defend himself with his magic he still felt the urge to grab his cub and tear apart the Dursley family.

Remus decided that he would leave tomorrow and check on his cub, but he had no idea that when he got to Private Drive, he would be unable to even put a finger over the property line.

Meanwhile, Harry would have to put up with a whole week of the Dursleys until September 1st
"BOY!" Harry flinched at the harsh word that came so angrily from his Uncle. The last week of vacation before he left for school was always the worst, but it was the last day. Tomorrow they would have to bring him to King's Cross and he would be able to finally get away. Harry never wanted to think about them again.

As quickly as possible, Harry found his uncle sitting his obscenely large ass on the couch, watching the telly with Dudley. Harry stood at the side of the couch, his hands folded in front of him with his eyes facing directly to the floor. He knew that he was less likely to get yelled at in this position for any sort of attitude and they were less likely to just have the urge to beat him.

"Yes, Master?" Harry said softly, not wanting to invoke his temperament when it was still early in the evening. He couldn't wait for Hogwarts because he could feel that he was on the verge of passing out from blood loss and starvation. He knew that the only thing keeping him alive at the moment was his magic, forcing his organs to continue doing their jobs.

Harry flinched harshly as he was taken out of his thoughts by his uncle's angry voice "Get me a drink, boy. Dinner better be almost ready," the whale of a man sneered at the fragile boy.

"Yes, Master?" Harry said softly, not wanting to invoke his temperament when it was still early in the evening. He couldn't wait for Hogwarts because he could feel that he was on the verge of passing out from blood loss and starvation. He knew that the only thing keeping him alive at the moment was his magic, forcing his organs to continue doing their jobs.

Harry flinched harshly as he was taken out of his thoughts by his uncle's angry voice "Get me a drink, boy. Dinner better be almost ready," the whale of a man sneered at the fragile boy.

"Of course, Master," Harry replied before skittering off to the kitchen. He had already taken the chicken out of the oven. All he had to do now was carve it and it would be ready.

He quickly grabbed a bottle of scotch and poured a glass. He went back into the living room and held it out to his uncle. Harry watched in horror as his uncle reached for the glass, but missed it, causing the glass to tumble to the floor, spilling the contents everywhere and shattering the glass.

Harry's body went stiff with fear when his Vernon stood up. The large man's face was beat red and he looked so angry that Harry thought that the man might actually kill him tonight.
"Look what you've done now, boy," he spat the term at the young wizard, resulting in a violent flinch. He knew tonight would not be easy.

When Harry woke up, he looked down to find himself in the same clothes that he had worn all week and found that he was actually locked inside of the cupboard under the stairs, once again. Vernon must have threw him in there after he had passed out during his punishment. Harry lay there and tried to figure out what hurt the most. His right ankle was definitely broken, major wounds all over his body- though primarily on his chest and back- an old burn wound on his left shoulder which was now dislocated, a broken nose, broken ribs on his left and right side, and overall pain throughout his body.

After accounting for all of his injuries, Harry fell into a light sleep as he was already extremely faint. He was woken up by his Aunt unlocking the door and sneering down at him, "I will make breakfast today. Go use the bathroom and try to clean yourself up before Vernon brings you to the train. And for goodness sake, do not do anything to infuriate him."

Harry stumbled his way into the bathroom and found that he actually looked quite a bit better than he had originally thought, though that was only his face. Even though his creature inheritance had fixed his eyesight, he still had to wear his old glasses, with regular glass, in order to pretend everything was the same. Of course, that meant that his glasses were now broken anyways and in his pocket. Without the glasses on, the bruising around his right eye and the broken nose were much more prominent.

Carefully, Harry lifted up his sweater to his armpits with his right hand and tried not to gag at the injuries from the week. On his chest and back, he had various types of burn marks, along with a plentiful amount of bruises, knife, whip, and belt marks littering his body. Not wanting to look at his body any longer, Harry gently pulled the sweater back down.

When he walked out, he found that Vernon had just grabbed his keys and then proceeded to drag him out to the car. Dursley threw Harry into the backseat and drove off into London. As they passed the property lines, Harry sighed a breath of relief as he felt his magic return to him.

Not wanting to throw up another glamour while still in the car with his uncle, Harry decided he would wait until he left.

The car ride there was silent and uncomfortable. When the car stopped outside of King's Cross Station, Harry got out and watched as it sped away. He hobbled across the street and into a short alleyway. Making sure that nobody had seen him, he took out his trunk and unshrunk it.

Harry removed his muggle wallet and a long black cloak from the trunk and re-shrunk it before putting it back into his pocket. He hung the cloak over his arm before leaving the alley and entering a little pharmacy. He knew that no one had seen him, he took out his trunk and unshrunk it.

When Harry walked in and grabbed a small basket, he noticed all of the looks he was getting for his rough appearance and odd blood splatter on his sweater and trousers, but decided to ignore them and focus on finding someone who worked there instead of wandering the store looking aimlessly. Slowly, he made his way up to the counter and saw a tall young dark skinned man with a name tag on. Thankfully, he not only worked there, but looked like an extremely friendly guy- not someone Harry felt the needed to cower away from, though he did just that.
"Um, excuse me, sir, but could you possibly help me find what I'm looking for? I'm sorry to be a bother," Harry said as he stared down at the counter waiting for the man to respond.

"Sure, no problem, man. What are you looking for? Though from the way you look it seems a little obviously you may need a doctor," the guy, Randall, said as he walked around the counter towards Harry. The shorter boy flinched when he realized the proximity of the other male.

"Uhmm- I need some antibacterial cream, ACE (elastic) bandages, gauze, tape, burn cream, and Ibuprofen- or really any anti-inflammatory that you sell," Harry spoke timidly, realizing that perhaps he should have tried to find it on his own instead of basically telling this stranger exactly how injured he is.

As Harry stared at the ground in front of him, he missed the worried looks that Randall was giving him. "Sure, I can help you find that stuff. It's all in the back aisle," the man said easily enough.

They both started walking to the back, with Harry trying to avoid jostling his broken bones as much as possible. The more he walked on his ankle, the harder it was for him to bite back the screams of pain that wanted to tear through him. He knew he would have to wait until on the train to at least cast a spell to properly bandage and splint it up. It would take him at least 3 days to be able to brew the skele-grow.

They reached the isle and the Randall watched as Harry picked out the stuff he needed. Harry had already placed 3 ACE bandages, the 5 largest rolls of gauze they had, and 2 tubes of anti-bacterial cream. "Hey, man are you okay? You look a little beaten up, and this stuff sort of indicates that you're injured pretty bad. I can... also tell that though your right ankle seems fucked up, you're still favoring your right side which means that your left side has got to be even more injured. Plus you're nose is broken and you've got a black eye. I can drive you to the hospital if you want?" the man said quietly and touched the smaller boys back gently.

Harry flinched violently at the man's touch and let a small whimper escape. He knew he shouldn't have come in, but he desperately needed these supplies before the train left. Thank merlin that his uncle actually dropped him off obscenely early.

Randall's eyes widened at the harsh flinch the emaciated boy gave at such a soft touch while Harry spoke quickly and threw the rest of his items hastily into the basket, "N-no, I'm sorry, sir. I'm fine. I just really need to be catching my train."

"Alright, alright. Let me just ring you out," Randal said as they walked back to the front of the store.

Harry made his purchases and left the store, sliding back into the alley. He slipped on his cloak and put the hood up, making sure that no one could see his face. This black cloak was special because there was a spell woven into the hood that made one's face appear as just a black mass- like a shadow. Just to be sure, Harry also put up a glamour to cover his facial wounds. Slowly, he limped his way over to the station and through platform 9 3/4.

Once Harry was through, he looked up to see how many people were around and noticed just who was standing against one of the far pillars: Remus, Padfoot, Bill, Charlie, George, Fred, and Hermione. Harry knew that he had done nothing to cover his scent so Remus and Padfoot would most definitely be able to smell that he had shown up in at most 45 seconds. Padfoot had just turned around to bark at Remus, obviously having pestered him all morning, when he froze along with Moony. They both scanned the area and Harry took the immediate chance to get onto the train and hide in a compartment where he could still see the platform.
He loved them all, but he was in no state to see any of them. At least not until he patched himself up. They would all notice he was injured and his two honorary parents would absolutely smell the blood and most likely infection coming from him.

Harry set up wards on the door so that he would be alerted should anyone even try to touch the door of the compartment he was in. They also couldn't see inside and should they try to enter they will receive a nasty shock and remember they had to be somewhere else.

Harry took off his sweater and trousers and got to work. The first thing he did was take 4 ibuprofen and then cast a spell to bandage and splint his ankle. He then wrapped his left wrist with the ACE bandage. Next, Harry spelled the anti-bacterial and burn cream onto all of his wounds, and spelled the gauze to wrap around his entire upper torso. He then wrapped a bandage around the gauze to keep it sealed. He knew he should have had somebody done it all for him, but not only could he not stomach the thought of someone touching him at the moment, but he couldn't let anyone see it.

Harry looked back to the platform and felt bad for ditching his true family. Remus looked like he hadn't slept in days and was extremely worried, Padfoot looked like he might transform back into Sirius and try to board the train, and the others looked concerned that they hadn't seen him yet. Harry took out his trunk and unshrunk it. Opening it, he placed all of his dirty clothes in there, took out some nice clothes and his school robes, and got changed.

Once done, and feeling the immense pain from his dislocated shoulder, Harry thought about what to do. He could call Dobby, but that would mean that the elf would most likely tell the twins exactly what he had to do or even bring the twins to him. No way, he couldn't have everyone coming in.

It was then that Harry remembered what Kreacher had said about calling him when Harry needed something.

"Kreacher?" Harry called out timidly. The loud sound of the house-elf popping into where he was made him flinch.

The elf bowed and spoke clearly, "Hello, young Master Black? What can Kreacher be doing for young Master?"

"Hey Kreacher, I- uhh- dislocated my shoulder. I was wondering if you could pop it back into place for me," Harry said not looking at the small elf.

The elf's eyes narrowed before responding, "Yes, of course, young Master. Young Master Black should be taking better care of himself." With that, the elf snapped his fingers, and Harry's shoulder fixed itself. Kreacher left then with a single, "For now, young Master Black."

Harry sat down and absent-mindedly took down the wards he had put up. Even though he didn't want to be disturbed, he knew that people would have to come in and see him sooner or later. Though, in order to delay the inevitable, he put up the hood of his cloak so it made it more difficult to tell it was him.

Harry sat in his compartment, refusing to look out onto the platform because he couldn't risk the possibility of going straight to his real family, and thought about Hogwarts. He really wished that there wouldn't be any issues to deal with this year. He never wanted to make any enemies, he just wanted to live a normal and quiet life.

Thinking about his enemies brought thoughts of Draco Malfoy to the forefront of his mind. Harry knew that most people would consider them school rivals or archenemies, but in all honesty, he
never wanted to fight with Malfoy. They were both dumb kids that had a bad second meeting and it all just escalated from there. As he thought more about it, Harry realised that most of their fights were because of Ron anyways. He may have been his first friend, but the boy had some serious prejudices against the House of Snakes.

Harry never noticed as the door of the compartment he was in slid open and the person of his thoughts showed up.

"Excuse us, I hope you don't mind if we sit here," Malfoy said blandly, causing Harry's entire body to jerk with shock. Harry looked over to see Malfoy, Blaise Zabini and Theodore Nott come into the compartment. He was wondering why they would even think about entering the compartment when he was in it, but realised that they had no idea who he actually was. He knew it may have been fun and amusing to mess with them, but decided he didn't want to get into any fights and would just let them know it was him right away.

"I don't really care if you guys sit here, Malfoy, but you may," Harry said softly and removed his hood. He almost snorted in amusement at the comical looks on their faces, ranging from horror, to shock, to outright confusion.

Malfoy's face went from horror to confusion until he placed his well-practiced sneer back on his face, "What are you doing in here, instead of with your fans, Potty? And what, you're lowering yourself enough to grace us snakes with your lovely presence?"

Harry sighed and stared at the wall across from him. "No, Malfoy, I just want to get to school without any fights. And we both know that the Harry Potter Fan Club is bloody obnoxious. Would you like for me to move elsewhere?" Harry spoke defeated. He just wanted a peaceful ride to Hogwarts.

Malfoy looked at Harry as if he had lost his damned mind, but shrugged and spoke cautiously, "I guess we can all sit here. If you get too bloody obnoxious I can always just hex you." They all sat across from Harry, with Malfoy directly in across. Harry had thought that he would be fine sitting in this compartment with them, but his body felt like it was on fire. His wounds were killing him and he was on edge from the possibility of an attack from any of these people. He knew all of them would have no problems stunning him and carting him off to Voldemort.

Malfoy and Nott were staring at Harry as Zabini took out his shrunken trunk and enlarged it to its normal size. At the use of magic, Harry's head snapped up and he gasped at the feel of it. Harry tried to extend his senses and feel the magic of Zabini and the other two, remembering that on his list of inheritances he was magic sensitive. He was oblivious to the fact that as he used his magic to touch out to the others, his glamours were flickering because of the constant strain his magic had been under in trying to keep him alive.

Harry snapped back to his senses and looked at all of them with shock. His mind was uncomfortable with these people, but his magic was content.

"You're all really powerful. Malfoy, Nott, your magic is really dark, but suitable for light magic still. Zabini yours is a perfect gray, you're able to perform a wide arrangement of Dark and Light magics," Harry blurted out without actually thinking. He saw the looks of confusion on their faces and realized he basically just called three Slytherins Dark wizards, which many would take as offensive. All he could think was he was going to get hexed and he needed to avoid that at all costs and fell back on his Dursley reactions.

"Oh Merlin, I am so sorry. I didn't mean to offend you, I'm sorry. Just totally ignore me okay? You know what, I'll just leave. I'm really sorry," Harry mumbled out quickly and stood up.
Malfoy didn't know what was going on with Potter or how he knew any of that, but felt like he shouldn't just let the raven-haired boy leave. He stood up and his hand shot out to grab Harry by the shoulder, "Wait, Potter."

As soon as Malfoy's hand made contact with Harry's shoulder, the smaller boy flinched, whimpered, and almost completely curled in on himself, but stood up straight though not before the other three occupants noticed his behavior. As soon as Malfoy heard Harry whimper, he withdrew his hand as if he had been burned. He hadn't meant to hurt the boy, just stop him from fleeing.

"Okay, what the fuck Potter? We aren't mad at you, okay? We are just curious. Sit down and answer some of our questions. We won't hurt you," Nott said from his position on the seat.

Everyone sat back down and an awkward silence fell over the compartment. Harry felt completely drained and just wanted to sleep for a month. His whole body hurt and his head was in massive amounts of pain. He rubbed his temples and stared at the ground awkwardly. He had left most of his potions at Grimmauld, but he thought he might have a couple of pain potions in his trunk.

Without glancing at the Slytherins, Harry grabbed his trunk and put on his seat.

"Unlock yourself:" he hissed in parseltongue at it, not seeing the shocked looks from behind him. He grabbed his wand and his wand holster, figuring he should get used to using it again. He strapped the holster onto his arm careful not to put it on any of the more severe wounds.

"Accio bag," Harry cast the summoning charm, knowing it would be easier than rifling through the entire trunk. It came up and he opened it and once again said, "Accio pain potion."

Luckily, the light blue potion came shooting up and Harry grabbed it easily with his seeker reflexes. Wordlessly he also summoned a calming draught and took four drops of that, too. He knew that this way he would be less likely to have a panic attack from anything they asked or said. He downed it and put the unbreakable vial back into his trunk, closed it and placed it back on the overhead rack. He slid his wand into its holster and sat back down, ignoring the stares.

Zabini looked at the other two and spoke up, "Well, Potter, it looks like I will be the one to start. What's with the pain potion? And what was the other one you took?"

Harry stared out the window, noticing for the first time that the train had already left the platform. "I had a headache. And the other is not important."

Malfoy snorted before responding, "Yeah, okay Potter. Why are you wearing glamours?"

Harry's eyes widened comically. How the hell did they notice he had on glamours? His creature inheritance was supposed to make them practically unnoticeable. How was he supposed to explain why he was wearing them?

"I- uhhh. I- I mean- my business, not yours. How did you even know I had glamours up?" Harry stuttered out at the boy.

Malfoy raised a single eyebrow before responding, "They were flickering in and out when you were doing whatever it was you did to recognize our magic."

Harry sighed, "Okay I'm not telling you why I am wearing glamours and I would appreciate if you didn't tell anyone that I have them either," he said despondently. Unfortunately for him, he was in a car of Slytherins.

Nott just smirked. "Well, Potter," he said softly, "if we are to stay silent, then I believe you, at
least, owe it to us to remove the glamours and show us what you're hiding."

Sirius was a complete disaster. The day after his pup left, Moony had gone back to check on him only to find that he couldn't make it over the property line. The most he could do was stare from the street. When Remus had come back and told him, Sirius had gone into a fit. He had raged for hours, throwing anything he could get his hands on, breaking precious heirlooms, screaming and sobbing about his poor pup. Sirius could not believe he had allowed his pup to go back into that toxic house when he knew that the child had been abused somehow there.

For the next week, Sirius had locked himself in his and Remy's room, only eating whenever Remus forced him to. Remus had also taken to locking himself up in the library, reading to pass the time away after the full moon had passed.

When the day came for Hermione to go to Hogwarts, they had all decided to go and wait to see Harry for one last time. The entire time Sirius had annoyed Remus with his constant barking and sniffing and pawing at his pants. Sirius had been turning around to bark at Remus again when he smelled it, and froze. It was his pup! His pup was here somewhere! He looked up to see that Remus had also smelt their pup.

Sirius started sniffing everywhere, but realized his pup must have gotten on the train already! He couldn't understand why he would go without saying goodbye. Sirius continued to sniff for a stronger trace of his pup when he detected it. Injured pup!

Sirius growled and stalked back over to the group and started pacing in front of them. He had no idea what to do or how to help his pup. All he wanted to do was grab him and hide him away from all the pain he has had to go through.

Harry groaned internally. He should have moved right when the three entered his compartment. He figured the only way to survive this was to pull out his inner Slytherin also.

"The only way I'll take down my glamours is if you give me a vow on your magic that you will not tell anyone of what is seen or discussed here about me without my permission," Harry said softly, surprising the group with his cunning.

Nott nodded, "I, Theodore Ulric Nott, do hereby swear on my magic that I will not reveal any of the information disclosed in any way about one-

Harry quietly interrupted to give his name, "Harrison James Black-Selwyn."

Harry watched the ground to avoid the blatant looks of shock he was receiving.

Nott continued with his vow, "-one Harrison James Black-Selwyn unless given his explicit permission to do so."

Malfoy went next, "I, Draconis Lucius Malfoy, do hereby swear on my magic that I will not reveal any of the information disclosed in any way about one Harrison James Black-Selwyn unless given his explicit permission to do so."

Zabini was the last to speak the vow, "I, Blaise Arturo Zabini, do hereby swear on my magic that I will not reveal any of the information disclosed in any way about one Harrison James Black-
Selwyn unless given his explicit permission to do so."

After the vows had been made, Harry stood up and let go of his cover glamour, revealing all the bruising he had been hiding, then he let go of the glamour that forced him to look like the old Harry Potter. The three Slytherins watched as Harry showed his true self.

Chapter End Notes

Skele-grow: potion to grow back bones
Accio: summoning charm
Harry felt as the surface glamour faded away to show the bruising on his face and his broken nose, and then as the deeply ingrained 'Harry Potter' glamour faded from him. For the first time in a week, he felt comfortable in his own skin, excluding the dulled pain from his injuries.

He pulled his waist long hair over his right shoulder to play with it and sat down, staring down at the ground. He was afraid of the reactions the others would have towards his obviously more feminine looks, even though they could not see his identifiable pointed-ears. He couldn't deal with anyone else calling him a freak at the moment.

When the silence became too much, Harry looked up to see all three Slytherins staring at him with gobsmacked expressions. It appeared as if they had all lost control of their carefully constructed masks in preference to gawk at Harry's new appearances. He then peered out the window and decided to wait until they regained their composure.

Finally, Zabini was the first one to speak, "Bloody fucking hell, Potter! When did you get so hot?"

"Not only that, but what in Salazar's name happened to you? You look like you fought a bloody troll!" Nott exclaimed loudly, causing Harry to flinch slightly from his spot against the window.

Malfoy was the only one not to speak. He kept a blank face but you could see the cautious curiosity in his eyes. He knew that, if done right, he could figure out some important information for the Dark Lord. Plus, Potter did not actually seem that bad when not near the other Gryffindors.

Harry really didn't know how to respond to the questions asked. "I uh- over the summer I went to Gringott's and received my... inheritance," he mumbled out at them bitterly. He didn't really know if this was information he should tell them, but figured that as long as they knew, he may be able to receive help if needed as they didn't seem that bad.

Malfoy leaned forward when he realized that Harry had avoided answering how he had gotten
injured. "Potter," he sneered, "it would be in your best interest to tell us just how you got injured. Perhaps we may be able to help you. And you may also want to tell us just how injured you are as I am assuming your face isn't the only part of you that has been messed up."

Harry twirled his hair around in his fingers and stared blankly at the blond before speaking, knowing he needed to keep his calm, "Listen here Malfoy, I've been helping myself since I was a year old. And I've been in a worse condition than I am currently in. I may answer some of your questions, but don't expect me to answer all of them. And you'll have to answer some of my own."

Zabini looked surprised at Harry's words while Nott and Malfoy looked at him skeptically, as if wondering how those words had come out of his mouth. If anything, they expected him to answer outright or tell them to screw off. All of the Slytherins were curious as to what happened to the Gryffindor, but it was obvious that the boy was not going to speak about it.

Harry slowly reconstructed his base glamour to look like 'Harry Potter' once again, and then threw on the surface glamour to cover his injuries. He knew he would sleep like the dead tonight with all of the magic that had been constantly draining from his core.

Zabini decided to start off with the questions he was most curious about, "Why are you wearing a glamour to hide your new natural looks? Shouldn't you be flaunting your beauty and all that- like Draco here does? And how did your looks change so drastically?" The Italian boy chuckled as the blond's hand shot out to hit him in the back of the head.

Harry watched the countryside go by and just as he opened his mouth to explain, the compartment door slid open. Harry looked over to see Neville being dragged in by the one and only Luna Lovegood. He shot a look over to see how the Slytherins would react, but they just looked shocked that Neville and 'Loony' had willingly come in and sat in a compartment with them.

Luna started scolding Harry as soon as she closed the compartment door and added a silencing charm, "Harrison James Black-Selwyn the year has come where I have been finally allowed to let on that I know, and Oh Merlin am I mad! I have known this entire time, big brother! I know you didn't want to tell anyone but you know that you could trust me! I have had to help you from the shadows since my second year! Well, no more! I'm just always so scared and sad for you big brother!"

Luna started crying and threw herself at Harry, careful to just grab the front of his robes and huddle into his chest. Harry wrapped his arms around the blond girl that he always considered as a little sister.

"I'm so sorry, little sis," he said softly into her hair, "I never knew that you were aware. I just couldn't tell you, I was trying to avoid making you worry and scared. I'm supposed to be the one who is taking care of you. I wish you had told me that you knew earlier, but I know that there is stuff you can't tell me. I'll never leave you, love. It's okay." Slowly, Luna stopped crying and walked back over to Neville who was standing next to the door awkwardly and looking concerned for Harry. Luna spoke as if nothing just happened.

"Well Harry, you're looking a little worse for wear. The nargles have decided that you'll be gifted with much knowledge this year. We'll meet a little later in the week though so don't let them cloud your mind. I do believe Neville and I shall join you, do go on to explain the hidden things you recovered. Oh! I almost forgot, here," she said to Harry with a blinding smile and gave him a small vial that contained a lilac colored potion. He didn't recognize it and looked at her confused.

Luna let out a girlish giggle and easily answered his question, "the other potions you took will be wearing off soon. This one is made specially for you and will last longer." Harry didn't bother
asking how she knew any of it and drank the potion that, surprisingly, did not taste bad.

"Whatever you say, Luna. You know that I'll always trust you. Thank you for the potion, dear," Harry said and gave her a soft kiss on the cheek.

"Oh dear, I almost forgot that too!" Luna exclaimed and took out her wand. The Slytherins watched extremely confused and wary as a girl they all considered to be completely insane took out her wand and pointed it straight at the Golden Boy's glamoured face.

Harry was wary but let Luna do what she wanted.

"Episkey!" she said enthusiastically. Harry winced as he felt his nose re-break and fix itself. He ruffled her hair in thanks and sat down.

Luna sat Neville down on the other end of the seat, and then proceeded to lay her head on Harry's lap and feet in Neville's. Harry played with Luna's hair and greeted Neville, "Hey Nev, don't mind the Slytherins. They haven't been too bad. Feel free to be yourself in here. No one to judge you and if they do, then feel free to hex them." Harry shot a smirk over to the three shocked wizards. None of them could comprehend what was going on.

Neville automatically relaxed and appeared more confident as Harry said he could be himself.

"Thanks, Har, it's been a while. You do realize you chose a compartment in the Slytherin section, right? I don't think anyone except Luna could have found you."

Harry shook his head and let out a small laugh, "Just my luck. No, I was a little out of it and in a bit of a hurry."

Before Neville could respond, Draco Malfoy completely forwent the 'Malfoy Mask' and freaked out. "OKAY, what the bloody fucking hell is going on here? I am so confused I don't even know where to START! What in Merlin's name is going on with you, Potter?! First, you're not even a Potter? And you're a Selwyn? They were all killed in the first war fighting for the Dark Lord! And why the hell do you look like... you know and like you went 5 rounds with a fucking hippogriff? And what do you mean inheritance? Shouldn't you have gotten that when you were 17? And how the hell could you sense our magic? Also, what in Merlin's name is bloody Neville Longbottom- the Witless wonder- and Loony Lovegood doing here? And how the fuck does Loony know all of this stuff that you obviously haven't told her? And bloody hell, why is Longbottom acting like he is actually competent?"

Every single person in the compartment just stared in shock at Malfoy. The boy had just completely lost it. Zabini and Nott soon started laughing until they were crying and couldn't breathe while Neville looked at the three like they should take a visit to St Mungo's. Luna was enjoying Harry's hands playing with her hair and humming a random tune. Harry was trying not to shake from the quite sudden violent outburst from the blond.

Once everyone started to calm down, Harry spoke harshly, "Okay there is no way I'm going to remember every single thing you just said Malfoy so let's just go one by one and ask questions on the way. Remember that I do not have to answer all of your questions, in fact, I don't have to answer any. But I will, only because I can tell Luna knows something I don't and I always trust her."

Harry looked down and watched Luna who had her eyes closed humming and just continued to brush his fingers through her hair and play with it. "Okay, so Neville hides who he is. People tend to underestimate him if they think he sucks at everything. He is actually extremely powerful and quite adequate at potions. I don't think you can call anyone who is able to produce a fully corporeal
Patronus weak. Luna isn't crazy and I would appreciate if you refrained from referring to her as if she was. Her story is hers to tell and you do not know her well enough to know it yet. I went to Gringott's two weeks before summer ended and they found that I had an extreme number of blocks on me as well as hidden inheritances, along with the fact that my birth parents were actually James Potter and Lily Evans nee Selwyn. I am the Black heir so in honor of my mother, my father and my honorary adoptive fathers, I took Black and Selwyn as my main last names."

"Okay, what blocks or any other kinds of magic did you have on you?" Zabini asked curiously.

Harry's face turned dark as he listed them out, "My creature inheritances, Parseltongue, Parselmagic, Powerful magic abilities, Magic Sensitivity, Mate, and Familiars all had blocks. Those aren't all, but it is all you need to know at the current time. I had Confundus charms, memory charms, Compulsion Charms, Loyalty spells, and Potions affecting my physical and mental state negatively. Lastly, I had 75% of my magical core bound."

The three Slytherins looked as if they might be sick thinking about all the foreign magic that was negatively affecting and invading his body. Neville looked ready to kill whoever did it, though. He continued to play with the golden locks of hair overflowing his lap while he waited for them to get their next question ready.

"Do you know who the people are that used all that magic against you? And did you get cleansed?" Malfoy said once he looked like he wasn't at risk of being sick.

Harry's facial features twisted with anger, but quickly smoothed out to a neutral look, "Neville, Luna, you can't repeat any of this okay? They are under oath so they can't say anything of what they learn about me unless I give them permission. I did get cleansed, I became emancipated, I accepted all of my lordships, and I found out who was behind all of this. I didn't find out everything because we left early. I was supposed to go back but... something came up. Anyways, it was a single person who put all of those blocks and spells and potions in me. I won't tell you who, though. Not quite so soon."

Malfoy looked irritated that he couldn't find out who had committed such an atrocity, but they all figured the information would come out sooner or later.

Nott was the next one to ask a question, "So what creature inheritance did you receive? And what does being Magic Sensitive entail? I haven't read much about it."

"I wasn't going to tell you guys what creatures I am, but why not. This appears as if we could all get along rather well. I am a Dark Fae and Kitsune, though the Kitsune portion only comes out when I am in an animagus form. And I haven't really been able to read too much about Magic Sensitivity either. I'm going to have to do some research while at school, but it must be how I can identify your magic levels and affinities," Harry said quietly. He was getting tired from all of these questions being thrown at him.

"Okay my turn for some questions," Harry said before they could throw another at him, "Ever since I was brought into the wizarding world, I've never been allowed to hear your opinions on the war and why you or your families did or still do support Voldemort. Don't get me wrong, from what I have been told, I think the guy is insane for wanting to kill all muggles and muggleborns and being so proud of Pureblood Supremacy. Especially when he is being quite hypocritical when sneering about halfbloods."

All of the boys in the compartment looked surprised at Harry. They never realized that Harry would have only been fed information from mostly Dumbledore and his sidekicks.
"Well for starters, most of what you have been told is a lie or half-truths," Nott started in a way that resembled a teacher preparing to give a speech. "When the war first began, the Dark Lord and his followers, along with most Purebloods, wanted to be separated from muggles and their society. They didn't want to kill all of the muggles or muggleborns, they just wanted to put an end to the corruption of our world. They come in with their traditions and their religion and destroy those of our own. That is why we celebrate Halloween instead of Samhain, Christmas instead of Yule, Easter instead of Ostara, Valentine's Day instead of Imbolc. Plus we don't even do celebrations in school for Mabon. Many have stopped celebrating Litha and Lughnasadh in the summer because of the influence of muggleborns. Near the end of the war, the Dark Lord did become a bit unstable and would kill anyone he wished. But originally, we all just wanted to keep our traditions and ourselves safe from Muggles. We also wanted to fix the immense corruption and the many atrocious laws in our government. We want rights for creatures like werewolves and vampires and any other creature that the ministry condemns. And since the Dark Lord came back, I believe you will find that there has been a drastic change and there are significantly less unreasonable killings. You must remember, though, this is a war, and people die in wars. What do you mean he is being hypocritical?"

Harry was shocked, to say the least. He thought that all they wanted to do was kill anyone who was not a Pureblood, but all they wanted to do was protect their way of life. And Voldemort had even gone about it alright at the beginning! Why had the wizarding world allowed itself to be overtaken by muggle customs?

"I am finding your side makes many good points," Harry said quietly, "though no offense it is still controlled by a madman who looks like some creepy ass demon snake. I really wish he had gotten his nose back when he was reborn. And I'll give you guys that information later on, maybe."

To everyone's surprise, Malfoy snorted before responding, "You know Potter, you're not that bad. And you are not wrong at all. He looks downright terrifying and pretty gross without the nose and the snake face going on. I think he likes it like that, though. It scares the lower Death Eaters into not misbehaving."

Harry laughed and extended his right hand to the blond and spoke, "Might as well call me Harry, Malfoy, Zabini, Nott. You all know more about me then most so you get that right. Plus I do believe we could have a rare friendship here, that is if you guys are interested in being friends with Gryffindors and a Ravenclaw."

Malfoy stared at his hand and nodded before shaking it, "Call me Draco, Harry. I do believe this could work in favor for all of us."

"Blaise," Zabini said as he shook Harry's hand, "and I do believe this will be quite a lovely friendship." He let go of Harry's hand with a wink, causing Harry to blush.

Nott spoke smoothly as he shook Harry's hand gently, "Call me Theo."

Neville soon went through the same thing with all of them and they moved on to lighter topics, talking about who the best quidditch teams were, what classes were the best and Hogwarts gossip like who could possibly be the next defense professor and if they would actually be any good. The trip went by quickly and Harry felt himself relax a little as he settled into the safe environment.

They soon had all changed into their Hogwarts robes and arrived at the school. The 6 teens got out off the train when Draco turned towards them.

"As much as I would probably prefer to ride with you guys up to the castle, we need to find Vince, Greg, and Pansy and head up with them. Gotta have Slytherin look united, right!" Draco said with a
wink, "We'll meet you guys outside of the Great Hall after the Feast okay?"

With that, the three Slytherins left to find their friends. Harry, Neville, and Luna were heading towards the carriages when Hermione and Ron finally showed up.

Hermione launched herself towards him and hugged him around the waist. "Harry! We couldn't find you anywhere on the train! Where were you? And are you okay? Nothing happened right?"

Hermione spoke at him quickly while his face was buried in her neck. She was squeezing him too hard and it hurt quite bad, but he knew that there was no way in hell that he was telling her that right now. He was just glad that she had missed him.

Harry backed up from Hermione's grasp and spoke softly to her, "Don't worry, everything is okay. I accidentally sat in the Slytherin section. Neville and Luna found me, but we sat and chatted with Draco, Blaise Zabini, and Theo Nott. They are actually pretty cool people."

Hermione looked like she was about to burst with pride for him sitting and making friends with Slytherins and strangle him for putting himself in a compartment with people who wouldn't have minded carting him off to Voldemort.

Ron, on the other hand, looked like he swallowed a dung bomb. "What the bloody hell do you mean, mate?" he exclaimed loudly, "How could they be alright? They are filthy evil slimy snakes! A bunch of Death Eaters! How in Merlin's name could you stand being in the same compartment as them? And why wouldn't you have tried to find us? What your summer was so good that you forgot about us?"

Harry flinched at the harsh words coming from Ron's mouth. They all got into a carriage and the entire way up to the castle, they all had to listen to Ron complain about Slytherins being mini death eaters and pure evil.

---

Albus Dumbledore could not have been more pleased with the outcome of the summer of Harry Potter. As he sat at the head table with the other teachers waiting for the students to arrive, he thought about the events that had transpired. When the Potter brat had gone to Grimmauld, he was afraid that the influence of the mutt would turn the boy away from him, so he knew that he had to get him back to the Dursley's. It wasn't good for Harry to have that much freedom where he couldn't watch the boy right before school started.

He had decided that he would forget about having to work harder to retain the boys loyalties after spending time with Black and would just send him back for a week with the Dursley's. The people hated the boy and magic so much that they had absolutely no problem with abusing him.

He had been careful to add a compulsion ward over the property line that made any adult witch or wizard feel like they could not and should not go over the property line so that when the wolf and curse breaker dropped the boy off, he wouldn't have to worry about them realizing that it was impossible for them to even make it over the property line. He wasn't sure if they would try later in the week, but he was going to be cautious just in case. He needed his weapon after all.

Albus watched with obvious joy as the doors opened and the students came in and stared in shock at the unwelcome addition at the Head Table. His eyes twinkled as he saw the limp that Potter had and how he favored his right arm. Oh yes, the Dursley's had done well. The boy was broken and beaten and weak. Submissive just like he needed him.
Harry walked into the great Hall and sat down, trying to avoid the fact that he could feel Dumbledore's eyes burning holes into him. He didn't know what the old man wanted but without practice occlumency, there was no way he was looking up into the headmaster's face.

On the way up, in between Ron's constant complaining, he learned that Hermione and Ron were both prefects. He also learned that Draco had been made prefect too, that's why he had come to the compartment a little later with his friends, he had to check in and get the password for the dorm.

When he sat down, he somehow managed to get Hermione on his right, Neville on his left, Ginny across from him and Ron next to Ginny. He wasn't sure how it happened, but he was grateful as he did not want to hear the redhead complain about Slytherins any longer. By staring at the table trying to avoid Dumbledore's stare, he didn't notice that everyone else was staring up shocked at the Head Table.

"What in Merlin's name is Malfoy Senior doing here?" Neville hissed to Harry, "Draco didn't say anything about him being here right?"

Harry's head shot up to see that Lucius Malfoy was indeed sitting right in between Professor Snape and Madam Pomfrey with a smirk on his face. Harry shot a look over to Draco, only to see that the blond was looking extremely confused and kept looking between his father and the Potions Master.

"I don't think Draco knew. Look how confused he is. I actually think he might stand up and demand answers right now if they don't hurry up," Harry said quietly.

Neville looked over and tried to hide his laughter. It was clear that the blond boy was furious that he was not told what was going on. At that time, the doors opened to reveal McGonagall leading in the first years. They all walked in and stopped in front of the stool that held the sorting hat.

The brim of the sorting hat opened, and it began to sing:

About a thousand years ago,
Here, I was placed to guard.
Wizard, witches, seers, creatures,
All are welcomed from long and far.

Four founders filled with magic,
Infused me with their own.
Their friendships and their secrets,
Have long been lost but will soon be shown.

Some beliefs are warped and twisted,
Others built up at a high cost.
None of them are happy,
For house unity has been lost.

Now I am here to do,
What you all fear the most.
I’ll place you where you’ll prosper,
For no longer will anyone coast.

Will you go to Ravenclaw,
Where smarts are always best?
Rowena would be angry,
If you ignored the rest.

Or will you go to Gryffindor?
Where lie the big brave lions.
Godric will not be happy,
Unless you show Him defiance.

Slytherin’s a worthy house,
Where cunning snakes are hiding.
Salazar would not be pleased,
Unless your prejudices start dying.

Is Hufflepuff the place for you,
Where loyalty is preached?
Helga will be discouraged,
If potential is never reached.

Now take this how you will,
Will you continue as you were?

Listen close Hogwarts heirs,

Just listen close to Her.

Everyone clapped, but Harry looked shocked. What in the world could that mean? He looked up to see that Dumbledore looked quite angry with the sorting hat's song this year. What a fun year this could turn out to be.
Professor McGonagall sorted all of the first years and they all made their way to their tables. Once everyone was seated, Dumbledore stood up to make his welcome speech, as usual.

"Welcome, new and old students," he said with an obnoxious smile on his face, "What a wonderful year this will be. I am glad we have all arrived safe, and we will eat soon as I am sure your young bellies could use some filling. Now, some announcements for all years. A list of the banned items is in Mr. Filch's office and includes all products from Weasley's Wizard Wheezes. The Dark forest is forbidden, and as such nobody is allowed in unless accompanied by a teacher."

Harry resisted the urge to fall asleep at the table, he was exhausted and just wanted to go to bed. His magic was taking a toll on him and the wonderful potion Luna had given him earlier was starting to wear off.

When Dumbledore continued, he appeared, to Harry, to look very tense at the words he spoke, "And may we all welcome your new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Lucius Malfoy. Let us hear what he has to say." There was a proper amount of applause and Harry glanced over to see the dumbstruck look on Draco's face. He didn't think the blond looked like he wanted his father here very much.

Lucius stood up and looked over the hall, before addressing the students, "Good evening all. The Board of Governors has chosen to place me here as your teacher because it has appeared that all of your past teachers have been severely lacking. We are also reviewing the performance of the school and have decided on a resort for years 5 through 7."

The mention of a resort brought out explosive reactions from most of the older years. Nobody wanted to leave the house they were in. Dumbledore also looked like he was holding back a murderous expression. Yells of outrage were heard through the hall until they caught sight of the
irritated and unimpressed look on Malfoy Sr. face and they all fell quiet.

"As I was saying," the blond professor said with a glare, "Years 5 through 7 will be resorted because the board believes that your personality changes from when you first enter. Just because you are being resorted does not mean you are not able to stay in your current house if it still does not suit you. The Board will deliberate at the end of the year if we will always resort children when they reach their 5th year. I look forward to seeing you in my classroom."

Malfoy Sr. sat down and Dumbledore stood up, his face tense, but a fake smile on. "We will do the resorting at the end of the Feast. Prefects will go first and will remain prefects, no matter what house they stay in. If a house is without prefects, the Head of House will choose and let you know tomorrow. Enjoy your meal," he ended his speech with a clap of his hands in which all of the food popped into existence.

Harry looked around to see that there was actually quite a few vegetable near him. He still couldn't eat normal foods for another 3 weeks at least because of his creature inheritances. He put a small piece of bread, broccoli and an apple on his plate and ate slowly. As he got more exhausted, he could feel his mind fading from him and falling into the stupor he usually lived in while at the Dursley's.

Occasionally he would catch the concerned looks that Hermione would give him as he sat there avoiding conversation, but he kept his head down and tried to avoid her attempts at trying to catch his eye.

Eventually, the feast died down, and the food disappeared. Once this happened, Professor McGonagall stood up and walked in front of the head table, standing beside the stool that held the sorting hat still.

"If all 5th through 7th years could come here. I will call you all one by one starting with the Head Boy and Girl and Prefects and then move on from the 7th years and lower. Once sorted, you will go sit at your table without complaint," McGonagall said sternly at the uncomfortable looking students.

Harry got up with everyone else and moved to the front of the hall; he stood with Hermione, Neville, and Luna on his right and Draco, Theo, and Blaise on his left.

"Looks like your father surprised everyone with this, huh," Harry whispered towards Draco as a Gryffindor seventh year girl got resorted into Ravenclaw.

Draco huffed. "He is never going to hear the end of it. 'You'll have an interesting year' he told me before I left," the blond boy mumbled angrily.

Harry watched as the Head Boy and Girl were sorted into their original houses, along with the Draco and Parkinson and the Hufflepuff Prefects which surprised no one. He watched intently as Anthony Goldstein was kept in Ravenclaw, but Padma Patil was sorted into Gryffindor. Harry didn't think this was too bad as she could now be with her sister, though Hermione would have to share prefect duties.

Up next, Ron was quickly sorted back into Gryffindor, and Hermione was sorted, unsurprisingly, into Ravenclaw. He thought that she would fit in much better there.

Harry zoned out as the rest of the seventh years got sorted. He just wanted to get this sorting over with. He didn't even care if he went into Gryffindor anymore.
He noticed when the sixth years started getting called and tried to pay attention for his year. All of the Slytherin's stayed in their house; one Ravenclaw was sorted into Hufflepuff; one Hufflepuff went into Gryffindor, and then the time came for Gryffindor 6th years to be sorted.

Neville was sorted into Hufflepuff, Seamus and Dean were sorted back into Gryffindor, and then it was his turn.

Harry walked slowly up to the hat, having barely heard it say his name. He sat down on the stool and heard it start speaking in his head, "Oooooh, little one you are so close to accepting your fate. Make sure you pay attention to my little song from earlier, for it will help you in many ways. This night is going to be an important one for you. Now we both know where you originally belonged so are you going to fight any longer? No? Well good, we have it then....

SLYTHERIN!" the hat shouted from his head and shocked every single person except for Luna. Slowly he made his way over to the Slytherin's table and sat next to Draco who stared at him with shock.

"Might wanna close you mouth Draco, you'll catch flies," Harry said as he sat down.

Draco's mouth snapped shut and Blaise snorted and choked on his laughter from beside him.

"What the bloody fuck, Potter? Why are you in Slytherin?" Draco snapped at him. Harry watched the anger blossom in Dumbledore's eyes as he responded absentmindedly, "It's Harry, Draco. And I've always belonged in Slytherin, but you were a prat 1st year so I didn't want to be near you." He chose to ignore the look of indignation on Malfor Jr.'s face and watched as his other dorm mates got sorted into their original house and Luna got sorted back into Ravenclaw.

As it continued, Harry lost track of time and stared at the same spot on the table with a neutral expression, unaware of the daggers being thrown at his back by his new Head of House.

The resorting finished and everyone started to get up. Draco told Blaise the password and then left to do his Prefect Duties. Theo noticed that Harry was still sitting down, oblivious to the fact that anyone was getting up, but before he could get his attention, their Head of House came down in a fury and put his hand harshly on Harry's shoulder.

Harry, feeling the hard hand pressing harshly into the burn on his left shoulder, flinched violently away from the contact. "Fuck," he gasped out and quickly stood up and spun around to see who had touched him.

When he saw the black teaching robes that could only belong to Severus Snape, he cowered back a little and refused to meet the professor’s eyes.

Snape sneered down at him and spoke, "Well, Potter. It looks as if I receive the misfortune of being your Head of House this year. And I do believe you just earned yourself detention for the use of foul language. What a pity. It shall be completed now. Meet me in my classroom in 15 minutes."

With that, the Professor left the Great Hall without another word.

Harry groaned and raked his fingers through his hair. He was exhausted and did not think he could make it through a detention in one piece. Blaise looked at him as they walked down towards the dungeons. "That really sucks, mate. He hates you more than I thought. Now you have to worry about him and Professor Malfoy teaming up on you," he snickered.

"Don't make him panic over nothing. Draco's father should be fine, probably. One of us will be up waiting for you after your detention, though, so don't worry. We won't let the mean nasty snakes
bite you," Theo replied with a wink.

They walked down and left Harry outside of Snape's classroom door before heading towards the Slytherin dormitory.

Harry knocked on the door and only entered once he heard Snape tell him to. Once he stepped into the room he noticed that Snape was sitting at his desk, writing something quickly without looking up to even acknowledge him.

Harry walked up to the desk and stopped when he was about a foot back from the desk. He folded his hands together and stared at the ground as he waited for Professor Snape to finish what he was doing and inform him what he was to do.

Harry let his attention wander until he heard the sharp voice from right in front of him. "Well, Potter," Snape sneered, angry the boy would not look him in the face, "It seems as if you've learned the concept of showing up early instead of late. Maybe next time, you'll watch your tongue, boy."

Harry flinched harshly at the use of the term 'boy,' and knew his mental strength would not hold up if he did not get this over with as fast as possible. "Yes, sir. I am sorry, sir," Harry said quietly, his eyes never leaving the floor.

Severus Snape was baffled and angered by the actions of the boy in front of him. He had no idea why he was acting this way or why he would actually be respectful to him of all teachers.

"You'll be cleaning the class, Potter. You are going to scrub down the floors and tables, all without using cleaning spells," the Professor snapped at him, assuming Harry would not be at all used to doing it the muggle way. He didn’t expect for Harry to finish an eighth of the class.

Harry nodded before replying, "Yes, sir. Could you summon me a bucket, a scrub brush, and a few towels, please sir?" Harry wasn't too averse to cleaning the muggle way, seeing as he had been doing it for 16 years of his life, but wasn't sure if he would actually have the energy to finish it all.

Severus sneered at Harry before summoning the items for the boy. He went back to his desk and watched as Potter grabbed the towels with his right hand and put one around his neck while placing the other three on the table. Harry put the scrub brush in the bucket and picked the bucket up before heading over to the sink.

Severus was astounded that the boy had gone as far as to fill up the bucket from the sink instead of just using a spell. He had never said he couldn't, just that cleaning spells were not allowed. As he watched he realized that the boy seemed to favor his right side more than his left and that bending down to the ground caused a few winces and a sharp hiss.

He got angrier as he watched the boy, realizing he wasn't complaining or slacking, just doing the job. He didn't want to see Harry doing something good, he wanted to imagine him as a replica of James Potter. He wanted him to argue back with him that the punishment was unfair or point out the fact that he was obviously in some sort of pain. Severus sat there until his angered reached maximum capacity.

As Harry was stared at by Snape, he lost himself in the monotony of the job. He could do this in his sleep. His mind drifted and the blood loss plus starvation added on to what may be a concussion and extremely painful injuries plus the obvious loathing directed towards him from the person in the room, contributed to him reverting back to a Dursley-state, thinking that this was just another day cleaning for the Dursley's.
He could feel the anger coming from the person that he registered was close by. From the amount of pure hatred emanating from the person, Harry's mind drew a line to Vernon and assumed that that had to be the person who was in the room. He continued to clean as much as he could with only one arm fully functioning and his broken ribs.

Harry felt as 'Vernon' moved from where he was and came closer to where he was cleaning, already a third of the way done with the floor. He felt the panic well up inside of him and had to choke down the fear and just keep working.

'The burns. If I make him mad he might do it again. Can't let it happen. Can't let it happen. Just do what he says. Respond how he wants. No backtalk. Respect him. Grovel. Don't get the oven.'

When the person spoke, he didn't even realize that the voice was not the voice of Vernon Dursley.

"Look at you, Potter. Think you're so great. Just like your father. He was worthless too. An arrogant, spoiled brat. And you're just like him aren't you. You think you are better than everyone else, do you, boy? Well, you're not. You're just an idiot child who lets others do all the work for him. You're nothing, boy. You hear me?" the voice spat harshly at him. He curled in on himself a little more for if the kicks began, but quickly remembered to respond.

"Yes, master. I'm sorry, master," Harry said quietly, putting down the sponge and staring directly at the ground. The only thoughts that filled his head were that he was weak and couldn't take another punishment.

Snape's eyes widened in shock, not quite understanding why Potter had said that like it was a reflex, though there was a terrible thought in the back of his mind.

Snape quickly regained his composure. "What was that, Potter?" he growled lowly. This time, Harry realized that the voice speaking did not belong to Vernon Dursley. He slowly looked up in horror as he saw the snarky Potion's Master standing in front of him with a blank expression on his face.

"Oh Merlin, I'm sorry- I mean- Nothing, sir. I didn't say anything, I’m sorry, really must go," Harry stuttered out and turned around to try and run out of the door.

"I don't think so, potter," Snape sneered and his hand shot out to grab Harry's left shoulder and spin him around. Harry couldn't help the strangled whimper that came from him as the burn on his shoulder was gripped harshly. His knees gave out and he was panting on the ground from the burst of pain that shot through his body.

Snape stared shocked for about two seconds until a calculating look came into his eyes. He took out his wand and cast complex and almost illegal wards in his room before turning to the boy before him.

"Do try and get up, Potter. Follow me into my office. Don't try and run because there are wards and locking charms that I can guarantee you won't be able to get through," Snape said before turning around and walking through the door on the side of the room.

Carefully, Harry pulled himself up and followed Snape through the door. He was terrified of what was to come. He knew coming was a bad idea. Every time he knew he would have to deal with the man within the first month of school, he would always have snarky and disrespectful comments prepared as to not cause suspicion when he could not come up with them on command, but he did not know he would have to deal with him personally so soon and he was not mentally prepared for the harassment that was sure to come.
When Harry walked in, He realized that it was an office with a cozy sitting area, decorated with a coffee table, two leather recliners, a sofa, and a love seat, everything decorated with dark wood and in shades of Slytherin green, black and silver, with the walls being a nice cream color.

Snape sat up straight in one of the recliners and motioned for Harry to sit.

Harry sat in the plush loveseat and ignored the intense stare he was receiving.

"So, Potter," Snape started calmly, "why don't you tell me why you are injured, and how injured you are." Snape couldn't possibly think of a reasonable explanation for how Potter would sustain injuries, and couldn't wait to find out what stupidity Potter had committed this time.

"Uh, I'm fine Professor. I just had a little... accident over the summer. I fell down a flight of stairs and I'm still a bit sore. It's just a couple of bruises. Nothing big," Harry said quietly, trying to sound confident in his answer but knowing it took him too long to answer.

His story brought back the occurrence of being kicked down the stairs by Dudley 2 days after returning to the Dursley household. Technically he wasn't lying to the snarky man.

Snape narrowed his eyes at the explanation given to him, sensing it was a bit of the truth, though he knew that the boy was definitely more injured than a few bruises and a sore body. He studied the boy, trying to look for any evidence that would help him find out what was going on, when he noticed that Potter looked perfect: his skin was perfectly tan and clear, he had no bags under his eyes and then he noticed it, there was a tiny blur on his ear, that one could mistake as a smudge, and realized Potter was definitely hiding something.

"Why are you wearing a glamour, potter?" He sneered at the raven haired boy.

Harry's eyes widened, was his magic drained so far that his Glamours were becoming recognizable. Nobody should have even known he had one on because of his creature inheritance.

"I don't think that it's any of your business, professor," Harry snapped at Snape.

Snape raised one eyebrow before responding, "Drop the glamour and take off your robes and shirt so I can see the damage. If you try and argue with me, I will stun you, take down your glamour myself, and give you a full-body check-up instead."

Harry stared at the older wizard as if he had lost his mind. He knew that he could take Snape in a fight on any other day, but his magic was depleted and he was becoming dangerously dizzy. Not seeing a way out of it, Harry focused on dropping the surface glamour only. He knew Snape would see he obviously didn't fall down the stairs, and could only think of one story to tell him.

Snape watched as Harry reluctantly pulled off his outer robe and took off his shirt and tie. He fought to keep a straight face when the glamour came down, revealing a bruised face and a nose that had obviously recently been broken. It became more difficult to remain impassive as he saw the boy's actual wounds. He walked closer to see them all and walked around Harry a couple of times.

"How many times did you fall down those stairs, potter?" Snape asked quietly. Now that he saw the wounds there was no denying the obvious facts that Harry Potter was most definitely abused.

"Okay, so I also may have gotten into a fight with a group of muggles," Harry lied, horrified that he had to say those words and horrified that that was the best he could come up with for a professor who was a lot smarter than any kid.
Snape looked at him skeptically, "You fought a group of muggles and got beat up by them?"
When it became obvious Harry was not going to speak, Snape sighed, "Fine, well I'm able, but we
should have Madam Pomfrey look you over."

Harry quickly shook his head and grabbed his shirt to put back on. "You can't- I can't go to her.
Then Dumbledore will find out and I don't need that man knowing anything right now," Harry said
without caring that Snape may be on the Headmaster's side.

Snape looked at Harry with a calculating stare before walking off to the side towards the fireplace.
He put up a silencing charm and made a quick fire call to someone before obviously coming to a
decision. He turned around to address Harry.

"We will travel together, don't ask questions. You will see a healer, and Dumbledore won't be
notified. Draco already told me how you were listening and talking about both sides of the war.
Now Let's go," he spoke harshly.

Harry flinched slightly, put his robe on and walked into the fireplace. Snape threw the Floo powder
and whispered the name so that he couldn't hear it.

When they arrived at the destination Harry tumbled out and just saved himself from falling directly
onto his face. He looked around to see that they had arrived in a magnificently and richly crafted
office. He was distracted until he saw who was sitting at the desk in the office.

He turned to Snape and stared at him incredulously, "You brought me to Voldemort's fucking
hideout??"
Hey guys!! So I am reallllllllly sorry about taking FOREVER to update. I've had a lot of crap going on. Basically I can't seem to focus on my writing at all and I'm not really in a great place in RL at the moment (life is kicking my butt) plus I'm not living somewhere that is good for me to write and get inspired. I promise I'll try and keep to updating every week again, but don't hate me if I don't because I'm struggling a little.

Anyways! I don't really know how I feel about this chapter. It took me so long to write and it isn't as long as most of my others. I hope it's okay though! Thank you SO MUCH for all the comments, kudos, etc!!!!! It is awesome to see and I love you guys for it!!

xoxoxxxx

Edited 10/11/16

---

**Spells**

'**Thoughts**'

::Parseltongue::

::Parseltongue Spell::

---

Harry was outraged. Snape had told him that he would take him to a healer- not his Lord and Master. Harry soon realized that he didn't even care that he was currently in the same room as the psychopath, he was angrier that Snape had betrayed his trust.

Harry was weak physically and mentally, and had too many injuries to be able to deal with everything that was going on. He could feel that some of the smaller cuts on his body had reopened from the floo journey.

He made three long strides across the room, separating himself from the two men that he would definitely not be trusting at the moment. Harry flicked his wrist, having his wand shoot from its holster into his hand and pointed it at Snape while watching both of them.

"I may have said that I was open to listening to both sides and not choosing to support anyone in particular at the moment, but I sure as hell did not give you permission to take me straight to the leader of the opposite side of the war," Harry snarled at Snape.

Snape sighed and knew that he should have given the brat more warning. He had seen the opportunity, though, and knew that he could work it to his advantage as the seeds of doubt about Dumbledore had already been in the young boy's mind.
Harry's eyes darted around the room tracking everything inside of it: Voldemort behind a desk, Snape next to the desk, three windows, two windows blocked, one set of doors to escape from, bookcase on the side wall.

"Potter, cease the panicking," Snape sneered at him as he continued to point the wand in the man's direction, "And point your infernal wand somewhere else child. Merlin only knows what you could send at me without thinking about it. You will see a healer and nobody will hurt you here."

Harry let out a somewhat hysterical laugh, his avada green eyes flashing dangerously. His human side was bursting with adrenaline and could not stop sensing all the danger everything around him currently posed, but for some reason, his creatures were clawing to inch closer when he wanted to escape the situation.

"Stop panicking?" Harry half laughed half yelled at the potion master, "What an easy thing to do! As if I should trust you! You should realize I was sorted into Slytherin for a reason! I need a way out of here! You, you crazy-ass traitor to whatever the fuck side I don't even care, you brought me into the lair of the dark side where fucking Voldemort, the equivalent of Darth Vader is sitting down watching us with amusement- WHAT THE BLOODY HELL SNAKEFACE?? What is your problem?! Why is this so funny to you, you crazy homicidal megalomaniac? Even Dumbledore, the insane old man he is, would not find this situation amusing for Merlin's sake! So wipe the smug look off your face right now Thomas Marvolo Riddle!"

Harry rounded back on Snape when he heard the man snort, "And you, Severus Snape! What the bloody hell would make you think that bringing a kid who is obviously injured, and may I just add is currently desperately in need of multiple blood replenisher potions, to somewhere that may or may not be safe! I could or could not be in immense amounts of danger right now and by the pounding headache and spinning room I can guarantee that this- TOM CAN YOU PLEASE DROP THE GLAMOUR YOU ARE WEARING IT IS HURTING MY HEAD. Oh... oh Merlin too much yelling, not enough adjusting. Hold on hold on hold on."

Everything started to spin on Harry and he sunk to his knees. He waved his wand and threw up a shield around him that wouldn't be penetrated until he lost consciousness. He could feel the world dimming and his limbs felt far away. With the last of his energy, he cast an iron tight glamour on himself so that he looked like the old Harry Potter and none of his injuries could be seen. Finally, the world spun and his shield fell.

Tom Riddle was a busy man. He didn't take kindly to interruptions and often punished those who dared to interrupt him, without warning, harshly. He had a war to run and didn't have time to deal with the daily ridiculousness his Death Eaters bring about.

He knew that today was September 1st, and all the children had returned to Hogwarts. He could get on with some of his raids and plans now that he wouldn't have to worry about them getting injured. The light may make him out to be a monster, but he didn't want children purposefully harmed or killed if there was any way to possibly avoid it.

Tom was sitting at his desk looking over paperwork when he heard his floo flare up. His temper rose rapidly as he raised from his chair and walked over to it, surprised to see Severus.

"I'm extremely sorry to interrupt you unannounced, my Lord, but I have a matter of the utmost importance that could work very well in our favour," the dark man spoke quickly. Tom could feel as his anger dimmed and his curiosity piqued. "Well then, whatever could be so enticing that it warrants interrupting me, Severus? Especially when I know that you are at Hogwarts," he drawled.
"Draco and some other Slytherins sat with Potter on the train to Hogwarts. It has come to my attention the Mr. Potter is not as inclined to the light, or Dumbledore, as he may seem. He is also currently in need of a healer. He seems to have some rather severe injuries and claims to have gotten into a fight with some muggles," the potions master stated blandly.

Tom couldn't help the surprise that rose in him. He hadn't expected to have to deal with the golden boy yet. He sighed, "Well what are you waiting for then Severus. Bring him through and you can deal with getting him a healer."

Tom watched as Severus' head disappeared and walked back over to his seat. He sat down and looked morosely over the paperwork on his desk. He knew it may be a while until he got to complete his plans. He chanted a small Latin passage to alter his appearances into the distorted visage he put on display for the masses.

Tom looked up and saw as Severus stepped gracefully out of the floo. "My Lord," the dour man nodded, "the boy should be coming through now."

As soon as he finished speaking Tom watched as the floo lit up and spat out Harry Potter, who barely kept himself from landing in a heap on the floor. The boy looked up and Tom could see the panic rise up in the boy and was a little surprised when said boy ignored him and went instead to yell at Severus. As the boy got up and moved, that was when Tom smelt it. The most alluring and sweetest smell that made his instincts go haywire.

Tom looked at the boy as he moved away and pointed his wand at Severus. The two dark haired men bantered and Tom watched as the younger's eyes darted around the room, obviously trying to find an escape, and edged towards the only door in the room.

He watched in amusement as the boy ranted at his potion's master, until that anger turned on him. How dare that child call him by his full name! So Rude! And Tom couldn't believe the nickname 'Snakeface'!

He was glad when the young teens fury turned back towards Severus again, but became worried when he heard that the boy announced that he could see his glamours and dropped to his knees, evidently about to faint.

Both he and Severus made their way over to the Potter boy, only to find that he had erected an invisible shield around himself. Tom pushed his magic out at the shield and found that he couldn't get through the shield no matter what he did.

"Severus, what is this nonsense? Why can he perform impenetrable shields?" the Dark Lord snarled angrily. He was frustrated that his supposed enemy was significantly stronger than he had been informed.

Severus looked shocked and stared at the boy whose magic was whipping around him inside his shields when he responded, "I had no knowledge of such advances, my Lord. It may just be a defense mechanism of his body, trying to protect itself."

Tom circled the boy and tried to speak to him, "Potter, it is safe here. You need a healer. Get rid of these absurd shields. We can help you, Potter. Harry, let go of the shields. Let us help you, you're injured. Come on, Harry."

Tom watched as the shields crumbled and the boy's body slumped back. He reached out just in time to catch the raven haired teen from smashing his head against the hard floor. As soon as his arms wrapped around the frail shoulders he realized where that delicious smell had been coming from as
Harry woke up and was overwhelmed with a pounding headache, an aching body, and a crawling feeling over his skin that indicated that there was somebody in the room watching him. He opened his eyes to find that he was lying in a huge four poster bed with silver silk sheets in a creme coloured room decorated with dark wood. Next to his bed sat Voldemort, as Snape leant against the door about 10 feet away from him.

He could feel the panic raging up inside of him.

This was a situation he did not want to be in. Harry closed his eyes and took a slow breath, trying to logic out all of his thoughts.

Okay so obviously, Voldemort was not currently trying to kill him otherwise, he would have already or he would have at least bound him. Harry realized that this meant that he was at least relatively safe for the moment. What he really needed was to be able to heal himself and escape before the possibility of danger arose.

He had read that, theoretically, in a time of great need, one could call on their magic to do anything for a limited time- Harry was hoping that was true. Bracing himself, Harry willed his magic to come forth and build up a barrier in his mind for temporary occlumency shields so that he could get through this meeting with a clear mind and then have a complete meltdown when he was sure he was in a safe place.

Unaware of the mini whirlwind of magic that surrounded him and shocked the other two men in the room, Harry could feel the walls come up in his mind and hold back the panic that wanted to escape. He knew he could now get through this without revealing anything to these men and that was how he needed it at the moment.

Harry opened his eyes and sat up, facing the two men. The older wizards stared back at the young creature with a blank look.

The raven haired boy shook his head and looked expectantly at Voldemort, "Well, what is it you want with me? I believe I should be returning to the school soon and I have healing potions that I need to acquire for myself. That takes time." He spoke passively, if a bit bored.

The two elder men were surprised that the panic they had seen so prevalent in the boy earlier subside and not return. Instead, they were approached with what appeared to be an emotionless version of the boy.

"I wish for no harm to come to you. We attempted to do a scan on you while you were unconscious to ascertain what had to be healed as we could no longer see any injuries and your glamour was impenetrable, so we could not bring in a healer to heal any of your wounds properly until you were awake, but your magic was blocking us. May we do one now, or have a healer come in and perform one?" Voldemort spoke calmly at the boy.

Harry stared blankly at the snake-like wizard before responding, "You may have a healer perform a scan on my injuries if you drop the glamours you have up. I have a feeling that the snake face is a mirage."

Voldemort nodded and waved his hand letting the glamours drop, revealing a handsome man. He resembled the diary Tom Riddle, though around the age of 22 or so. He had a sharp bone structure, with flowy brown hair and crimson eyes with a ring of brown. When Harry looked closer he could
Also see that the man's ears were pointed, his complexion was very pale and he could even detect a hint of killing curse green in the tips of the older man's hair.

While Harry was observing the Dark Lord, the man himself indicated for Snape to retrieve a healer.

"Voldemort is a creature. This is... strange news," Harry stated.

"Indeed. I came into my creature Inheritance when I came of age. I am intrigued as to how you knew I was wearing glamours, though. Not that I am worried, as I have a privacy ward up that will inhibit you from speaking of anything discussed about my appearance. Also, you may refer to me by Tom, or Marvolo, as some of my closest friends call me," the elder man finished with a strange glint in his eye.

"My little secret," Harry said as Snape returned to the room with Narcissa Malfoy.

"Hello, my Lord, Mr. Potter. I believe I have been requested here to perform a medical scan and heal if need be," the prim woman stated.

"Yes, Lady Malfoy, that was that deal. Could you excuse the other two men first, please, Madame. I'd really rather they weren't in the room," Harry asked the Malfoy woman politely. He saw a scowl on the Potion Master's face and a flash of annoyance across the Dark Lord's face, but watched as they both left the room after one furious glance from the Lady Malfoy.

Narcissa Malfoy turned back towards Harry and he saw as a soft smile adorned her face, "Well, Mister Potter, I don't know why you're here but you must be important to my Lord if he called for a healer to take care of you."

Harry stared at her passively, feeling a tenderness towards her behind his temporary barriers, "Thank you, madame. Before you do anything, I am going to have to ask that you give a healer's oath, as I do want to be healed but I do not want anybody to know the extent to which I am injured."

The pure-blooded woman looked nervous, "My Lord will not like that, but as it is your health and all he said was for me to scan you and heal you, I will do it. You may also call me Narcissa, if you please."

"Only if you refer to me as Harry, or Harrison, whichever you prefer," Harry responded diplomatically.

Narcissa nodded her head and took out her wand. After making the oath Harry felt as her magic ran through his body and a long parchment appeared, detailing all of his current injuries. Narcissa snatched it out of the air, growing paler with each thing she read.

She looked up at the young boy with wide eyes and before she could get a single word out Harry interrupted her. "Please do not ask me. I just need your skills and potions as a healer," he said calmly.

She nodded and spoke, "I shall give the potions to my Lord or Severus to brew, or grab from our hospital wing, and will come back when I am able to administer them. I do hope you never need to be healed as such again, Harrison. Take care," with that she left the room. Harry lay there for a little and eventually drifted off into a light sleep.

Unknown to Harry, in the hallway outside of his room, the Dark Lord was furious. The impertinent boy had kicked him out. He wanted to know what was wrong with his little mate that moment, but
the adorable brat had him removed from the room.

Tom stood in the hallway with Severus and Lucius, who had come to wait for his wife. When Narcissa came out he was prepared to interrogate the woman on his tiny mate, but the typically poised and elegant woman broke down in Lucius' arms. The heart-wrenching sobs that tore from the woman's body brought on a new level of horror.

He and Severus stood there quietly while Lucius soothed his distraught lover. Once she calmed, she addressed Tom, "I am sorry my Lord, but before he allowed me to cast anything he made me take a healer's oath. He wouldn't let me do anything unless it was confidential. Here are the potions he needs someone to brew. He knows that I was going to ask either you or Severus to brew them."

Tom sighed and took the list from her, "It's fine Narcissa. And you may all still refer to me without the titles nonsense when around Harry."

Lucius wrapped his arm around his wife and nodded, "Then we will see you later, Marvolo. If you need anything, you know you can just floo." With that, they turned and left down the hall.

Tom looked down at the list of potions and felt fury bubble up in his veins. He thrust the list at Severus and spoke harshly, "Brew these, please. I will be in his room." He turned and entered the room as quietly as possible. He sat down and stared at the boy, promising himself he would do whatever it took to keep the boy out of harms way and try to make his life a little bit better at least.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

OKAY!! So I am actually so so so sorry for this taking so long and I am posting on a day when I normally wouldn't post it! Depression is kicking my ass right now plus I was super blocked on this fic! I promise I'm trying you guys! I got this chapter out, and I am not sure how it sounds. I kind of hate it but whatever, I'm hoping it's gonna get better as I get better! :) College and work suck are stressful so I don't have much time, but I wrote this instead of studying for my three exams I have this week... :D I changed a little bit in the last chapter to help this chapter along so don't mind that!! It was like one sentence, but it allowed me to bring Narcissa back in comfortably! I love you guys for sticking with me!!

xoxoxoxxxxxxx

Warnings for discussions of injuries!!

 Spells

'Thoughts'

::Parseltongue::

::Parseltongue Spell::

Tom walked back into the room to find Harry asleep. He sat back down in the chair he was in earlier, next to the four-poster bed, ignoring his instincts to climb into bed with his injured mate. As he sat there he, he stared at the glamoured boy in front of him, thinking of how he achieved the impossible.

After all of these years, he had grown bitter yet accepting of his fate in not receiving, perhaps not deserving, a mate. But finally, he had come. His little mate was right in front of him, but he had no idea if this boy would accept him as his dominant. It would break his heart, and possibly kill him if his little mate rejected him.

Tom reached out and grabbed his little mate's hand carefully, wanting to at least be able to hold a small part of him if he is unable to curl up in the bed next to his poor injured body. He could feel his creature part's raging anger at being unable to see the full extent of his little mate's injuries, but be able to smell the blood and infection coming from him.

Tom held Harry's hand tighter and waited for Severus to bring back the potions he needed.

Harry awoke from his light doze when he felt a hand tighten on his own, and immediately realized that his magic-enforced occlumency barriers had been taken down somehow. He tried to open his mind and peek around to see what was going on before he let full on panic consume him, but he
soon realized that the only thing that he could feel was a rumbling purr from his creatures in what sounded like contentedness.

Harry waited for the panic to set in, but it seemed that his creatures were too content and in the forefront of his mind to let him freak out. He opened his eyes and turned his head to find the one and only Tom Riddle sitting next to him. Surprisingly, he was also the one who was holding his hand, but Harry had no urge to pull away from the odd comfort the man was providing him.

"Will you tell me how you were injured?" Riddle asked, apparently reluctant to let go of his hand.

Harry sighed and winced at the pain it caused in his ribs, "Does it matter how I was injured when you can't even see how injured I am?" he said quietly staring at the blanket covering him. He couldn't quite understand what was happening with his instincts, except that he felt inexplicably at peace with the man next to him holding his hand.

Tom rubbed small circles on the back of Harry's hand and responded, "Of course it matters. It may be something I can... help with. But, of course, it would be much more helpful if you would allow me to see you without your glamours up. I would like to know the extent of your injuries, I can promise you that I will in no way take advantage of this situation to attack you."

Harry lay there and thought about it for a few moments. His automatic human reaction was to say absolutely not, but his creatures were urging him to trust Riddle and let him know. Not knowing whether or not to fully trust his creature sides yet, he decided on a compromise.

"I'll make a deal with you," Harry said, looking at their entwined hands, "if you tell me why I am feeling the way I am towards you, and obviously why you're feeling differently towards me, then you can choose whether I drop my glamour to show you my injuries, or I tell you how I was injured. One or the other, though."

Harry watched as Tom thought about it for a moment and then began speaking hesitantly, "Since I was 17, I knew I was a creature. Since then I have also known I was a dominant dark elf who would have a submissive mate gifted to me by lady magic. For years, I waited to meet my mate, to find someone I could love, but I never found them. Eventually, I gave up hope. Until you showed up. I first recognized you as my mate by your scent, but it was confirmed when I caught you earlier. I could feel it, and so can you apparently. You, Harry Potter, are my mate, as I am yours. I will court you according to tradition, and further as I have much to make up for with you."

Harry could not believe what he was hearing, even as his creatures were rejoicing at hearing their mates declaration. Tom Riddle- Voldemort- was his mate. He wasn't sure what he was thinking when he opened his mouth, but the first thing he said was, "Remy and Sirius are going to bloody well kill me, Oh Merlin."

Harry wasn't ready for the fierce snarl that came from Tom- his mate's- mouth. "They will not touch you. You will have no harm done to you again," Tom growled as his eyes glowed red.

Harry whimpered and cowered into the bed and Tom immediately stopped. Harry spoke quietly, "I just meant that they're going to be furious that Voldemort is my destined mate. They would never actually hurt me."

Tom held tightly onto Harry's hand and continued to rub soothing circles. "I apologise for frightening you, little one. It was not my intention. I would like for you to drop your glamours I believe. That is my choice," he spoke soothingly.

Harry closed his eyes and tried to relax, he could feel his panic behind his creatures. He thought
about his surface glamour and all of his injuries and let it melt away, revealing what he really
looked like. He could tell it worked by the sharp intake of air by the body next to him and the
tightening of Tom's hand on his. He opened his eyes and stared back down at the covers.

Tom sat still, trying to reign in his fury. "How could this have happened to you? There are people
who are meant to look after you," he whispered tersely.

Harry closed his eyes in response, he wasn't quite ready to just tell everything right now. They sat
in a tense quiet for several minutes until a quick knock at the door occurred and Narcissa Malfoy
and Snape entered with a wooden box filled with, presumably, potions. Narcissa's gasp when she
saw Harry reminded him that he hadn't put up his surface glamour again.

Snape put the box of potions on the end table next to his head and Tom, glancing briefly at their
intertwined hands. He then moved off to lean against the door frame again.

Narcissa stood by the end of the bed and spoke only to Harry, "I have to cast a few more spells and
then administer some potions. You can decide whether you want them here for all of it or not, but
there are some issues we need to discuss with both Severus and Marvolo."

Harry looked at both men briefly, then back to the healer before speaking quietly, "Might as well
just let both of them stay. Not like Riddle won't harass you about it later even though you can't tell
and Snape will harass me so what's the point? What are the issues?"

Narcissa sent quick glares at both men and spoke to Harry directly, "Well some of your bones are
broken so bad or remodeled so poorly that I have to remove them all together and we have to use
skele-grow to regrow them instead of just healing it. The problem with this is that regrowing bones
is a very long process and one that you do not currently have the time for here without causing
suspicion. I'd like for you to take it when you get back to your dorm room. Severus will have to
give an excuse for why you are unable to attend your classes tomorrow."

Severus sneered in response, "Lucius told me that the governors are forcing Dumbledore to
postpone classes for the first week and have the first Hogsmeade weekend this first weekend, in
order to allow kids to adjust and encourage more house unity. Each Head of House will inform
their houses in the morning. I will, therefore, have no reason to make up any falsities for the child."

Narcissa sighed, "Fine, that solves that issue. That also means it will be fine if we do it here. It is
safer that way, and the Slytherins won't ask questions about where Harry has been if they're told to
leave it alone. I would like for you to take these potions first. I'll help you sit up, okay?" She gently
helped him scoot up so he was leaning against the pillows behind him, without being in immense
amounts of pain. She handed Harry two different potions.

One of the potions she handed him he recognized, but the other he had no idea so he asked, "What
are these?"

She smiled gently at him, "One is a magic replenisher because you're quite drained. The other is a
Fever reducer because your body is fighting off some infections." With her explanation, he gladly
took both, not even gagging at the horrid taste.

Her face softened as she took out a jar that he did recognize. He thought briefly and realized that he
couldn't be bothered with caring about whether the other two men in the room saw his burn
because neither would probably realize what it was from. He nodded his head at her and
unbuttoned his shirt, realizing just now someone must have moved his robes and tie somewhere
else along with his shoes. He slid his shirt carefully down his arm, trying only to reveal the burn to
his mate.
Narcissa gently scooped some of the cream out from the jar and smeared it on his wound, successfully numbing it while it attempts to heal, but making him flinch from her touch. She used magic to stick gauze to the area and moved on.

Harry saw the next jar she grabbed and started shaking his head, "Can't I put it on myself. I don't want them in the room. I don't even want you to see it," he spoke rapidly, unconsciously gripping Tom's hand tighter.

Narcissa shook her head sadly and said quietly, "Remember, Severus has already seen your external wounds on your upper body. And somebody else has to put it on for it to be as effective. You might not want to hear it, but you can allow for Marvolo to put it on for you as you seem more comfortable with his touch than mine. I can do it if you'd like, but you may be more comfortable with him."

Harry thought about it and decided if it was going to happen no matter what, then he was going to be as comfortable as he could be. "I'll have Tom do it. You can stay if you'd like. I also need help laying over on my stomach." Harry felt Tom let go of his hand and looked over to see him stand up and help him scoot down onto the bed and remove his shirt then roll over without bringing immense amounts of pain.

Harry knew he didn't want to see Tom's reaction to the state in which the rest of his body was in. He didn't see the pain in Tom's eyes or the tears form in Narcissa's.

Harry winced as Tom rubbed the healing cream into the open wounds on his back and shoulders, but his creatures were purring at the absolute attention and care they were getting from their mate trying to make him feel better. When Tom finished applying the healing cream to the assorted open wounds, he cast a wandless cleaning spell on his hands and grabbed the burn cream to apply, even against Harry's wishes.

Harry felt Tom finish and apply gauze to the entirety of his back. The elder man then helped turn him and did the same thing to the rest of his chest with both balms, obviously refusing to ignore any injury he could see. He winced more as the front of his body was much more tender, most likely because of his rib injuries.

Tom finished, and Narcissa spelled gauze onto his entire upper body too. "We can get you a bruise paste after those have healed if you still need it," Narcissa said quietly.

Harry sighed and cast a wandless and wordless tempus with a wave of his hand to display the time 12:16 and all he could think was that he wanted to get to bed.

Narcissa pulled out the bottle of skele-grow and placed it on the table. She looked at Harry before speaking very clearly, "You have a lot of bone injuries. Right now I am going to heal 3 of your ribs, your sternum, your left wrist, and your cheek and skull which both have fractures. I'm going to use my magic to focus it in on these specific parts so it doesn't fix the things we have to regrow. In about an hour and a half, the potion will have healed those bones and then we will regrow 5 ribs, from your knee to your ankle in your right leg, your entire left foot, your collarbone, both shoulder blades, three fingers in your right hand, and 2 fingers in your left hand."

Harry sighed and stuck out his hand for the potion that he was unfortunately accustomed to. Narcissa handed it to him and he didn't hesitate in drinking it in one swallow. As soon as he drank it, Harry could feel her magic working through his body, forcing the potion to form around the bones she wanted like soft silk wrapping around him.

His eyes snapped open, and he stared at her in amazement. "What kind of magic is that? It's
amazing," Harry breathed in awe. He couldn't believe that she could manipulate her own magic to force the magic of the potion to affect only certain bones, causing barriers around certain parts of him, it was almost impossible for him to even describe to himself.

Madame Malfoy looked at him confused, "what do you mean, dear? Do you- I mean, could you feel my magic through your body?" she asked amazed.

Harry nodded eagerly, "I could feel your magic, like silky softness in my bones. It's like I knew what it was doing in me, and I can still feel it there, keeping the potion contained to the bones it's supposed to heal."

The Lady Malfoy looked amazed and they all just sat there in silence until the time was up.

After the 1.5 hours, Narcissa cast another diagnostic to see if the bones were healed and found, to her pleasure, that they were.

"Now," she said, "I'm going to spell the bones that are required to be regrown, gone. Just a warning, it will feel strange being boneless in most of your body so just lie there and remember that as your healer it is currently my duty to take care of you. None of here will injure you right now."

Harry tried to relax, but nothing could have prepared him for steadily having so many of his bones disappeared. Narcissa helped him to swallow to cups of the skele-grow since he wasn't able to do it himself.

"I'll be back in the morning to check on you, try and rest as much as you can. I know it can be quite an unpleasant experience," Narcissa said. She then picked up the box of potions and left the room along with Snape.

Harry was then left alone with Tom. He wasn't sure what to do around the man seeing as less than 12 hours ago he was trying to kill him constantly.

"You may sleep. I will watch over you. I will not leave you unprotected here," Tom said, interrupting his thoughts.

Harry decided to not respond and closed his eyes, clearing his mind and falling into a restless slumber.

Tom had no idea what to do anymore. His little mate was so injured. He had massive amounts of broken bones and poorly remodeled ones. He was covered in whip, belt, and knife marks along with burns scattered all over his small body. He could also tell his little mate was wearing another glamour, one he hadn't yet let anyone else know about.

Tom didn't want to pressure his dear mate into telling him, but he was so worried. And his elven side wanted vengeance for the crimes committed against the small boy lying in the bed next to him. It's his right as mate to shred whatever did this to the sweet soul. He watched while the boy's breath evened out and he fell into a deep sleep, waiting for Nagini to find him.

Eventually, when the enormous snake finally made her way into the room, she curled up onto the chair he was on and around his neck, into his lap. He itches her head and hissed quietly to her, ::Nagini, what have you been up to?::

She hissed out in agitation, ::You do not act like that, now. You are not normally here. Who'sss
this new hatchling? Smellss sweet::

Tom chuckled and hissed back, ::He'sss my mate. I found him today::: Nagini immediately uncurled herself from his shoulders and slid onto Harry's bed curling around him protectively.

::Massssterss mate be well protected. You finally found mate, Massster. Hatchling will give many hatchlings's don't worry,: Nagini hissed quietly and then fell asleep, leaving a stunned Tom.

Grimmauld Place was not somewhere anyone wanted to be after no one was able to find Harry on the Platform at King's Cross. The tension was high as everyone was waiting for a letter to be sent from Hermione telling them what happened and if she found him. No one was quite sure what was stopping them all from going to Hogwarts themselves and barging in, but they knew it wasn't a sensible idea. Well, some of them did- the twins and Sirius had already been stuck to chairs and had their wands taken away.

Bill, Charlie, Fred, George, Remus, and Sirius were all in the kitchen waiting together for some form of communication, unable to rest until they were sure everything was alright. At around 2 in the morning, a letter finally flew in and dropped in Remus' hands.

Bill unstuck the twins and Sirius while Remus tore it open and read aloud:

"Everyone,

Harry is here. I couldn't find him on the train, but apparently, he accidentally sat in the Slytherin section and had an interesting ride. I guess he made friends with Malfoy, Zabini, and Nott. Luna and Neville were with him too, I think, but I can't be sure. Harry looks quite tired...

This year is a little different. The sorting hat's song was worrisome. Lucius Malfoy is our defence teacher- a direct order from the Board of Governors. That could be alright, except we also got resorted, years 5-7. I got put into Ravenclaw. Harry is in Slytherin. I can't help him there.

I think Harry already got a detention with Snape tonight, the man looked quite furious when Harry was sorted into his house.

We don't have classes for the first week due to an adjustment period thanks to the resort. We also have a Hogsmeade weekend this weekend to encourage 'House Unity' in between the years 5-7. They told prefects and Head girl/boy before the other students.

I'll make sure Harry is at Hogsmeade this Saturday. I'll send another letter soon.

Hermione"

Sirius jumped out of his seat and stormed towards the parlour room. Everyone looked at each other uneasily and followed after him, only to find him next to the open liquor cabinet trying to chug an entire bottle of firewhisky.

Remus stormed over to him and tore the bottle from his hands and landed a firm swat on his butt. "Just because you're upset doesn't mean you can try and give yourself alcohol poisoning. You are not getting wasted because of this right now. We know that Harry is okay and at school. If something goes wrong, we can always go there, okay? He won't be hurt there."
Sirius nodded his head and curled into his mate's body, wishing desperately that they had their cub.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!