From Darkness Emerges

by Herald_of_Dreams

Summary

AU Dark!Harry. OOC Alert! At the end of 6th year, Harry comes into his inheritance. The wizarding world heads into war as he begins 7th year & nobody expects him to be Dark. SLASH LuciusxHarry Creature!Harry CHAR. DEATHS

Notes

I don't own Harry Potter, nor anything else you recognize. The creature is mine, as are the OCs. This is on fanfiction.net and complete, I will be editing it as I post on here, so if you're impatient for the whole story you can find the link to my ff.net account on my profile.
Title: From Darkness Emerges
Genre: Drama
Main Characters: Harry Potter, Severus Snape, Lucius Malfoy, Draco Malfoy
Secondary: Voldemort, Dumbledore, Ron, Hermione, Slytherins, Death Eaters Bellatrix, Sirius, Remus, Fenrir, others!
Warnings: M/M relationships, AU from OOTP onward. Starts at DH. Not Canon. Some major OOCness from Harry. Ron, Hermione and Dumbledore bashing. Rated T for violence, language and gay relationships.

For years the Daily Prophet had written the articles warning the magical world. Tirelessly they had printed the facts that everyone refused to see. They warned, truthfully, that the greatest of us all was going to fall. Little did the light-aligned wizards and witches of Britain know how much of those articles were based in reality. When the truth hit and the dust cleared, little would be left of the magical world as they knew it. –Chapter 1, From Darkness Emerges

In the Forest of Dean was a clearing. Not many knew of it, the greatest of protections known to magic hid it from view. In the clearing was a manor. The manor was owned by a 17-year-old student of Hogwarts School. The manor, called simply House of Ancients, was older than the nearby school, having been built by one of its founders.

It was a masonry masterpiece, built of gray-streaked black marble. Four stories high with an inground cellar, there were over 150 rooms. Generation upon generation of house elves worked tirelessly to keep it dust-free and sparkling. They served their young Master with pride, honored that one of their ancient Master's blood was still alive. There was no moat or outer defense like Muggles would have kept, the wards around the House of Ancients had been in place for over 500 years. The only one who could bring them down was the current Master.

The House of Ancients was hosting the forces of the Dark and their Lord. It welcomed them with open arms, Dark Magic had been used in its construction and it wasn't about to turn down kindred spirits. The Dark Lord himself had been delighted to find portraits of his distant ancestor and spoke for hours on end about his goals. For the forces called the Death Eaters the House of Ancients was luxury beyond even what the purebloods could imagine.

A figure was walking through the dark woods toward the manor. He was slight of build and walked swiftly, moving with purpose toward the massive front doors built of ebony wood. As he reached the top of the steps they swung open of their own accord as if to welcome home a lost soul. The figure was no more than ten steps inside when a house elf appeared, bowing until its nose brushed the Persian rug.

The figure brushed one hand impatiently, dismissing the creature. The hand that they waved at the elf was slender and pale, with long, delicate fingers. On the second finger was an ornate ring. Shaped like a serpent, it was coiled around the finger twice. The tail crossed over its body and came to rest a few centimeters from the fangs. The creature itself was made of platinum and goblin-wrought crystal, with silver and ivory scales. The eye was a small, perfect ruby and supported between the fangs and tail was a cabochon-cut stone that was half apple-green jade and half the darkest blue sapphire.
Simple black silk robes flowed around a slender body as the figure walked through a hallway. Underneath his feet ran a mosaic tile floor in tones of blue, green, silver and gold, with gold being predominant. He walked straight to the doors of white marble at the end of the hall, heels clicking on the tiles. Once again the doors opened without any gesture from the figure.

The room he had walked into was done entirely in white. White marble walls and pillars, ivory carpets and chairs made of rare elf-spun cotton and birch wood. The pride of the room was the beautiful creamy carpet with tiny, elegant designs in gold. A very large section of the carpet was now stained in a scarlet spread around the body of a dead Auror.

Sparing the Ministry of Magic official not a single glance the hooded figure said irritably, "I am honored to have you and your followers here Voldemort, what I cannot understand is your lack of being able to follow the simplest of requests."

Glittering red eyes the same shape as a serpent's speared him. The Dark Lord hissed out, "What do you mean by that?"

The other snorted. "It is quite obvious what I mean by this, Tom," he waved a hand to indicate the dead Auror.

"You object to the death of an Auror then?" the Dark Lord sneered.

"No," he replied sharply. "What I object to is your use of this room for these purposes. There is a cellar half-full of cells and torture chambers. The grounds are less than a hundred feet away. Do you know how hard it is to get blood out of a white carpet?"

"The one who cast the Cutting Curse was Avery. If you are displeased, let it be with him," Voldemort replied.

"Summon him," he snapped.

A few moments passed and Avery walked through the doors and bowed to his Lord.

"Avery," the other stated.

"Yes?" Avery asked disdainfully. He didn't understand why his Lord would play these power games with a mere child. This other was beneath his notice.

The other breathed in coolly, attempting not to lose control at the less than respectful tone. "You were here when I stated my rules, correct?"

"Of course."

"One of them was to avoid causing unnecessary bloodshed in these halls, correct?"

"Yes," Avery ground out.

With a small, dangerous smile he gestured to the body of the Auror and said, "Then explain to me why a white Persian carpet has a full bed sized blood stain on it?"

"I used a Cutting Curse. Cutting Curses cause blood to spill, you know," Avery said mockingly.

A black wand with mother-of-pearl inlay was pointed at Avery as the other said, "Crucio."

Avery's shrieks of pain filled the air for almost ten minutes before the other stopped the curse. "I need you to remember two things Avery. The first is to never cast a blood-letting curse outside of
the cellars. Second, I suggest you address me with a more respectful tone. Can you do that?"

Avery bent his head and muttered, "Yes."

"Good," the other waited until Avery looked at him. "The next time you fail on either one, you
won't be alive to regret it."

Turning dismissively away from the Death Eater the other addressed the Dark Lord again. "Have
your people spoken with the Educational Department?"

"Yes. You have been transferred to Slytherin as requested and they have given you permission to
Apparate inside grounds. You have also been given unlimited access to the Restricted Section and
private quarters in the guest wing on the 3rd floor, with access to the Floo Network."

"I believe we work well together, Tom. By the end of next year at the latest the goals of Salazar
Slytherin will have been achieved."

"Indeed. Who would have guessed that hidden inside you would be the soul and blood of the
original pureblood and the heart of a Dark wizard?"

"Who would have guessed," the other chuckled. It was not a pleasant sound. Spearing the Dark
Lord with a glance he said sharply, "Should I expect any trouble from Severus Snape?"

"No. He believes the Malfoy heir is the only Dark student."

"I had better be off then. I have a train to catch tomorrow morning."

"Pleasant trip," the Dark Lord smirked.

The other rolled his eyes and replied, "It will be exceptionally boring. The Gryffindors called my 'friends' grate on my nerves."

He walked out of the room accompanied by Voldemort's laugh. A house elf appeared and he
demanded, "Has my trunk been repainted and packed as ordered?"

"Yes, young Master," the elf bowed.

"Good."

Waving his hand he murmured, "Accio Trunk."

Said article appeared. The figure cast a wandless Shrinking Charm and placed the trunk in his
pocket.

He departed with the same swift grace that he'd appeared, walking past the wards of his home
before Apparating with a sharp crack. He appeared in front of the pub called the Leaky Cauldron.
Waving his hand, he changed his robes to a t-shirt and jeans and Glamoured his appearance before
walking inside.

Tom the barkeep smiled at him and said, "A room for the evening, Mr. Potter?"

Harry James Potter, hero of the Light, smiled faintly and said, "That would be wonderful Tom."

* The next morning Harry woke at precisely 5:45 a.m. and started his stretches. He was naturally
athletic and flexible but he insisted on maintaining a physical regime instead of falling back on his inheritance. After he finished he took a cool shower before dressing. A quick flick of his hand gave them the appearance of a pair of blue jeans and a gray sweatshirt.

Picking up the cane from where it rested near his bed he started walking downstairs for breakfast. He really did need it; otherwise he had an obvious and painful limp. At the end of 6th year his right leg had been shattered by a falling piece of stone. It had never healed correctly, despite the treatment of healers from St. Mungo's. He'd borrowed a page from Lucius Malfoy, making the end of the cane hollow to hide his wand. Unlike the pureblood Lord, his was unadorned. Instead the ebony and mother-of-pearl handle created the grip.

As he walked he considered the events that had changed his life. Ironically, this had been the first summer he appreciated being ignored by Dumbledore and the others. Outside of weekly letters from Sirius and the more occasional one from Ron or Hermione he'd had no contact with the Order. So when his skin had started glowing gold on the night of his birthday all he'd had to worry about had been the Dursleys.

The glow had stayed for a few hours and when it disappeared he'd been extremely tired. He'd gone to sleep and after waking had seen his new appearance. Shock and then pleasure had been his first two reactions. Shock because of how very different he looked and pleasure at the fact that he was definitely not hard on the eyes. That morning he'd received a letter, dated for September of 1463.

The letter had detailed his inheritance and told him of his ability to use wandless magic. Wandless magic was undetectable by the Ministry so he was able to Glamour his appearance before going downstairs. A trip to Diagon Alley had followed. He had actually spent the day in Knockturn Alley, but no one knew that. He'd visited a vault in Gringotts before beginning his day and received a few key items, including his wand and the ring on his finger. He still had the holly wand, though it was more a prop for his wandless magic than anything else.

He was not a magical creature, as he first thought, but one of the magical races. There was an important difference. The magical races included the High Elves, vampires and werewolves. The Ministry had misclassified the werewolves on purpose in order to keep them under control. His was the rarest of magical races, one that was never a Light-aligned kind. His race had maintained a careful cover of neutrality for centuries while helping the worthy Dark forward their goal.

On his trip into Knockturn Alley he had met one of his race and learned how to control his new body. It had been thrilling and empowering to realize that never again would he be under Dumbledore's control. With his levels of power he could be the one in control if he wished. A few careful visits with the Dark Lord and key Death Eaters and he'd given his allegiance. The Dark Lord knew he wasn't one of his followers and had not attempted to mark his skin.

His internal musings were interrupted by the sound of Granger and Weasley arguing. This had gotten to be a familiar sound, the pair couldn't agree on anything. More than once Harry had been tempted to cast a Silencing Charm on them both and give them a piece of his mind. He was trying not to give into that urge.

"Harry! You're here!" Hermione squealed.

"Of course I am. Do you think I'd stay at the Dursleys any longer than necessary?"

He sat down, rubbing his bad leg. Even with his special stretches and potions it ached something fierce. He was not looking forward to all the stairs at Hogwarts. He started eating, ignoring the chatter around him and Ginerva's attempts to flirt with him. He was less than interested in someone from a family of blood traitors.
"What's the cane for Harry?" Ron asked as they stood up for the short Portkey to platform 9 ¾.

"In case you don't remember, Ron, my right leg was shattered at the end of last year," Harry said dryly.

He walked over between the Weasley twins and took hold of the chain Arthur proffered. With the usual nauseating lurch they disappeared and landed on the platform. He could hear Draco making disparaging comments to Ron and turned to see Lucius looking at him. After a moment of unblinking silence the Malfoy patriarch inclined his head in greeting.

Harry pulled himself up onto the train after a brusque goodbye and walked down the row of compartments. Sliding the first empty one open he sat down on the bench and put his legs on the opposite seat with a sigh. He didn't take his trunk out of his pocket, preferring to avoid questions about the new paint job. Instead he closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep, smirking inwardly at the reactions he was going to get on his arrival.

Upon arrival at the school he waited for the crush of students to leave before changing into a different pair of clothes. 7th years entered last on the first night and were allowed to wear clothes other than the uniform during the year. He Glamoured his new clothes to look the same as what he'd worn this morning. Taking his trunk out of his pocket he put it on the overhead and cast a quick *Finite Incantem*. Back to normal size, the trunk took up a good deal of space.

Satisfied, he walked to the last carriage. Pulling himself inside he noted his companions were Ron, Hermione and Neville Longbottom. Neville was proudly displaying his plant and Ron kept trying to get his opinion on the Quidditch season. He gave a small smile and started speaking, sighing at the immature concerns of the youngest Weasley male.

When they arrived he made his way slowly up the stairs. Finding Professor McGonagall he gave her the paper listing his transfer to Slytherin house. It also gave his true O.W.L. scores. She blinked at the paper before saying,

"Mr. Potter, there appears to be a mistake here."

"What do you mean?" he asked innocently, trying not to laugh at the expression of shock on her face.

"It says here that you are being transferred to Slytherin by order of the Education Department. It also lists your O.W.L. scores as 12 O, which is perfect scoring."

"As far as the O.W.L.s go, I guess Fudge switched my scores with another student at the end of 5th year. The new Minister just found my scores buried in a pile of rejected documents. And yes, I have been transferred to Slytherin. So there isn't a mistake, is there?"

"You can't transfer houses in 7th year, Mr. Potter," she protested.

"Well I just did," Harry replied smoothly. "Where are the other Slytherin 7th years waiting?"

"Down the hall by the portrait of Salazar Slytherin. Mr. Potter, there has to be some mistake…"

"There isn't. Goodbye Professor. I will see you in class."

He turned his back on her and walked down the hallway, looking for his thrice-great grandfather's portrait. It wasn't hard to find. Draco Malfoy was holding court with his fellow Slytherins; discussing the privileges the 7th years were permitted. Harry whispered the counter for his glamour under his breath before walking toward the group.
"Potter, did you lose track of your friends and house colors along the way?"

"No, Draco. The Gryffindorks are down the way talking with their founder who can hardly string a sentence together. As of this summer, I was officially transferred to Slytherin. I hope that won't be a problem."

Draco looked him over before nodding. "Glad to have you in Slytherin finally. I think it was meant for you."

"I know it was." Looking over at his great-grandfather's portrait he said, "Does he ever speak with you?"

"According to my father he hasn't spoken with anyone in at least 50 years."

Harry walked up to the portrait and hissed, Hello Grandfather.

Hello young one, the Founder replied. I trust your trip wasn't too dull.

Worse actually. I ended up sleeping the entire way. I can't believe I actually thought those idiots had some intelligence.

The greatest of us make mistakes, he sagely replied. I am glad to have you in my house this year. It is your birthright after all. That little popinjay there, (he indicated a gaping Malfoy) acts like a prince. If anything, you are a prince.

Now Grandfather, be nice. Draco isn’t that bad. Well, maybe sometimes, but he has his uses. By the Easter holidays the one who has been degrading our line will be dead and Draco will have a part to play in that.

Then he has some worth. Absurd that one with six ties to me would be such a peacock.

Harry shook with silent laughter at the disapproving tone of Salazar's voice before he said, I will speak with you later Grandfather. It is almost time for our entrance.

"Figures," Draco grumbled. "The last one who was a Parselmouth was the Dark Lord. It makes sense that you'd have to speak Parseltongue."

Harry turned to the empty Hall and smiled thinly at Draco. "How would you like to shock the entire school and enter with me?"

Draco started chuckling. "I'd love to. I just bet Dumbledore would have a heart attack."

Harry rolled his eyes. "We can only hope," he said cryptically.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Still don't own HP. Belongs to J.K. Rowling. The creature belongs to me though! A note on the half-blood bit. In my eyes Harry is a half-blood, this is supported by J.K. in Deathly Hallows. So half-bloods can be:
Muggle father-witch mother: Severus Snape & Tom Riddle
Magic father-muggle mother
Magic father- Muggleborn mother: Harry Potter
Muggleborn father- Magical mother

When Harry Potter started his 7th year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, it was apparent straight from the beginning that the year was going to be unusual. Most of the staff knew that from the moment Harry Potter walked in side by side with his longtime rival and enemy, Draco Malfoy. Nobody realized how much of a sign this new alliance would be. –Chapter 2, From Darkness Emerges

Severus Snape sat in his usual spot to the right end of the Staff Table, scowling at the students. It was the beginning of a new school year already, the only pleasant thought on his mind was that this was the last year he had to put up with Harry Potter. The Golden Boy was graduating this year, which was a cause for celebration.

Seated to his immediate left were Remus Lupin and a newly-exonerated Sirius Black. To his intense horror, the pair were teaching this year, sharing the position of Defense Against the Dark Arts. The Gryffindors looked delighted. The Slytherins were reserved, content to not judge until they'd attended a few classes.

After the new first years were Sorted (Slytherin gained 6), the 7th years started drifting in by house. Hufflepuffs came in first, followed by Ravenclaws. The Gryffindors looked confused and after a moment of scanning the group, Severus understood why. Potter wasn't with them. He didn't have to look sideways to feel the surprise and worry coming off the other pair.

The Slytherins came in twos and threes, regal and elegant. He knew Draco would come in last; the Malfoy heir enjoyed his power over the students.

A great deal of whispers started and when Severus looked up he just about choked. Draco was standing in the doorway, looking around. The pureblood was tall and handsome and a small smirk graced pale features. The reason for the shock was his companion. It was Harry Potter.

The child he'd taunted for being the 'Gryffindor Golden Boy' the last 6 years couldn't have looked less Gryffindor. He wore pressed black silk slacks and an emerald tunic with silver phoenixes cut Mandarin style. It was stiffly tailored and hugged the thin, athletic body. He'd gotten rid of the glasses and his eyes seemed to burn through the Great Hall.

He and Draco started walking toward the Slytherin table, Potter's ebony cane with mother of pearl inlay clicking on the stone floor. Draco gestured to Blaise Zabini, who scooted sideways to make room for the Malfoy heir and the former Gryffindor. Potter leaned his cane against the table and sat down gracefully, looking up at Dumbledore with expressionless eyes.
For the first time in years Severus realized the Headmaster was flustered. He was unsure of how to continue in the face of the new events. The aged man stood and cleared his throat. "As per orders of the Department of Education, Mr. Potter has been transferred to Slytherin house. He also received an award this summer for having 12 O on his O.W.L.s."

Severus blinked. 12 Outstanding was a perfect score on the O.W.L.s, unachieved since the beginning of the standardized tests. It meant Potter had tested perfect in Transfiguration, Astronomy, Charms, Potions, Defense, Arithmancy, Ancient Runes, Muggle Studies, Herbology, History of Magic, Care of Magical Creatures and the new Advanced Dark Arts class he'd started teaching 5th year.

I know he didn't have a perfect score on Potions. Otherwise I would have had to deal with him last year. I will have to write Lucius and see what is going on. Severus shook his head minutely as Dumbledore sat down, convinced Potter had somehow faked his scores.

"Severus," the Headmaster said.

"Yes Albus?" He replied.

"Mr. Potter has private quarters on the 3rd floor in the guest wing. If you would please accompany him after dinner I would be grateful."

"Of course," he nodded stiffly, ignoring Black's glare.

At the end of the unusually long meal he walked along the row, handing schedules to the newer years and greeting the 7th years. He could feel Potter watching him and ignored the former Gryffindor for the moment in favor of greeting his godson.

"Evening Draco. Did your summer go well?"

"Very well, sir. A few interesting conversations and some new plans, but that's about it for business."

Finally he turned to his bane the last 6 years. Potter sat quietly, meeting his eyes without flinching or blinking. After a moment he said, "According to Albus you have been granted private quarters on the 3rd floor. If you will follow me I will show you to the guest wing."

He saw Draco's eyes widen slightly at the words private quarters and then the blonde frowned. He could see the gray-eyed heir was as confused as he was.

"Of course, Professor." Potter stood slowly, stiffly. His right hand found the black cane and as he turned in Draco's direction he said, "Good evening, Draco. If you write to your father, tell him I said hello please. Tell him also that I'm sorry I forgot to mention my official condolences on his divorce. Narcissa doesn't realize what she's lost."

Severus couldn't resist letting his eyes widen a little in surprise. Draco looked shocked but nodded. "Evening Potter."

They set off, Potter keeping pace with him despite the cane. Once they were out of sight of the departing students he changed his grip on the stick and hoisted it off the ground, walking more swiftly without it despite the limp. As they walked in silence he reflected on the conversation in the Hospital Wing that had revealed Potter's new disability.

Madam Pomfrey shook her head mournfully. She looked at the group from the Order and said, "He'll heal, but I can't give any guarantees on his leg."
"He just broke it!" Black protested. "You've healed plenty of broken bones before."

"This didn't just break, Sirius," Madam Pomfrey shot back. "It shattered completely. More than that, the boulder that shattered it must have had a trace of Dark Magic in it."

"What are you saying, Madam?" Tonks interrupted politely.

"I'm saying that I can't heal it with magic. It will probably never heal properly, the Dark Magic infused his bones. He'll walk with a limp the rest of his life. The Healers from St. Mungo's might be able to help but I doubt it. The only thing I can think of that might help lessen the burden is a cane similar to Lucius Malfoy's."

They all looked at the bloody, battered teen before departing quietly. As Severus walked down to his quarters he couldn't help thinking that Potter tended to get the short end of the stick most of the time.

"This is the guest wing," he said aloud, somewhat curtly. "It seems the house elves have brought your things up here already. If you will choose a room and set the password I will assist you on moving them inside."

"That would be appreciated," Potter murmured. He looked at the doors before walking up to the only one with a silver handle.

"To set a password tap the handle with your wand and say the phrase. I suggest you say it out loud, I cannot reveal it to another staff member without your permission."

The familiar holly wand came out and Potter thought for a moment. He smirked and tapped the handle. "Toujours Pur," he said.

'Always Pure', in French. A common pureblood phrase and the Black family motto. Once again Severus was surprised, Potter's choice made fun of his own blood. The boy was a half-blood. More than that, he had not been expecting a pureblood mentality from Potter.

The black-haired teen opened the door and walked inside ahead of Severus. The rooms were comfortable and done in entirely too much red. Next to the fireplace was a decent sized pot filled with a sparkling green powder. He has a connection to the Floo Network? Before Severus could consider this puzzle too much Potter looked around and crinkled his nose.

"I happen to hate the color red, don't you?" the teen asked conversationally. He raised his wand and waved it once.

The thick scarlet drapes were replaced with soft blue ones and the carpet changed from burgundy to white. The gold area rug was replaced with a jade green one and all of the brown furniture turned into shades of black, silver and gray. The heavy gold statues were replaced with a few delicate crystal vases and pieces of modern art.

Potter leaned his cane against a chair and walked into the bedroom. Another wave of his holly wand changed this room greatly. The carpet went from an ugly shade of gold to black, the four-poster changed from wood to silver metal. The atrocious hangings disappeared all together. The red and gold checkered comforter and sheets changed to white sheets and an emerald green comforter with tiny silver snakes. The single chair went from squishy chintz to comfortable yet firm gray leather and the desk added a few compartments and changed from oak to birch wood.

Potter sat down on the edge of the bed and flicked his wand at the red trunk. The color disappeared and Severus blinked at the newly revealed article. It was painted solid black with a beautiful silver
snake curling around the whole thing. Over the snakes' body on the lid was a family crest. There
was an emerald green shield with an ivory snake, a blue rose and a black wand.

Realizing he was staring he looked at Potter and said, "The password for the Common Room is
'Ancients'. As Dumbledore also revealed your scores, I can assume you would like to change your
NEWT classes?"

"Yes sir. If you can put up with me I would like to take both the NEWT Potions and NEWT
Advanced Dark Arts classes. As far as my other classes go I'll take Transfiguration, Defense
Against the Dark Arts, Charms and Ancient Runes."

Severus lifted an eyebrow and said, "Not setting yourself an easy schedule, are you?"

"There is no long-term benefit to short-term laziness. If one intends to prepare for the life they
want, the earlier you start the better."

"Indeed," Severus muttered. "Good evening, Potter."

"Professor," Harry returned, nodding.

Severus turned and walked down to the dungeons, frowning thoughtfully. This was too important
to send in a letter. Potter wasn't the only one in the school with a connection to the Floo Network.
More than that Severus had a connection to Malfoy Manor.

Shutting, locking and warding the door to his private quarters, he stalked over to his fireplace and
tossed a handful of emerald green powder. Stepping into the flames he appeared in the extremely
large private foyer of Malfoy Manor.

A house elf appeared and squeaked, "What can I do for Master Severus?"

"You can tell me where Lucius is," Severus snapped.

"In his office, sir."

"Tell him I wish to speak with him. It will only take a moment out of his time."

The house elf disappeared and Severus sank into one of the chairs, grateful for the firm comfort
after a long, irritating day. He hadn't been sitting there more than ten minutes when Lucius walked
through an adjacent doorway.

When he started to stand Lucius waved his hand and said, "Stay seated, my friend. I can guess how
long your day has been."

The Malfoy patriarch sat down in a chair across from his, folding his right leg over the left. The
epitome of grace and elegance in public, Lucius was nowhere near as formal in private with
friends. He and Severus were definitely friends if not more. Lucius had always considered the
snarky, sarcastic pureblood his brother by heart if not by blood.

"So what brings you here tonight?" Lucius asked.

"Harry Potter, actually. He's been given private quarters on the 3rd floor and a connection to the
Floo Network. More than that, I know he didn't have 12 O before."

"I cannot give you the direct answer you seek, but I am not surprised he's been given these things.
It was I who spoke to the Education Department on his behalf to switch him to Slytherin. I can tell
you he's also been given the ability to Apparate within school grounds and has open access without staff permission to the Restricted Section."

"And the O.W.L. results?" Severus persisted.

"Apparently those are his real scores. Fudge had become so corrupt by last summer that he intended to burn Potter's real scores. He switched them with some child in France's."

"He has never shown that much talent in Potions before!" Severus protested.

Lucius smiled faintly. "How much of that opinion is based on your hatred of James Potter, Severus?"

"What are you saying?" Severus asked warily.

"I am saying that Potter is not what he seems, not by a long shot. Watch him carefully and you will see what I mean. By the way Severus, the Dark Lord has changed his orders on Potter."

"Oh?" Severus murmured.

He was interested, his Lord's orders had been to kill or disable Potter since his return. Severus was entirely loyal to the Dark Lord; he was simply playing a masterful little chess game with Dumbledore. He fed the man enough information to retain Severus on his staff. Severus was a spy, but on Dumbledore, not the Dark Lord.

"We are to leave Potter alone entirely and not get in the way of his plans. If one of the Death Eaters injures Potter, the same injury tenfold is given to the culprit. If one of us were to kill Potter, they would most likely be dead by sundown on the same day."

Severus returned to his quarters more confused than ever. What was going on between the Dark Lord and Potter? He went to bed determined to observe the 7th year with a more objective and less prejudiced eye.
To the wizarding world at the time, Lucius Malfoy's sudden support and respect of their Savior was suspicious. Certainly Potter speaking on the Malfoy patriarch's behalf under Veritaserum was a shock for all who thought they knew him. The truth to the matter was the single fact that outside of the Dark Lord, Lucius Malfoy was the only one to know what Potter truly was. The only more surprising thing in the end to the doomed Ministry was the fact that Lucius would once again betray their trust. - Chapter 2 ½, From Darkness Emerges

Early August---

Lucius Malfoy's face was expressionless. The pureblood had long since learned how to control his emotions, so the slightly darker color of his silver eyes was the only way he showed his irritation. He stood casually straight, the epitome of grace and power. His appearance was without flaws, his voice smooth and without inflections. There was no way to tell he was having a disagreeable conversation with his wife of 19 years.

The woman across from him, though she showed the same refinement and mirrored her husband's blonde looks, had almost none of his self-control. Her bright blue eyes flashed in anger and her lips were thin and angry. Narcissa Black-Malfoy was currently filled with a righteous indignation and it showed. Her husband had just seen fit to inform her that she would not be going to the party she had been planning on attending for the last two months.

Tossing her blonde hair back she snapped, "I don't see why it matters if I go to the Towers' party. You are neither expected nor required to attend. Indeed, you would probably be glad to spend an evening alone."

"That may be true, Narcissa, but your presence is required at the pureblood convention in Lisbon."

"That is little more than an elaborate dinner to cover your business dealings," Narcissa sniffed.

"None the less, you will be accompanying me."

"The Towers have been planning this garden party for ages!" Narcissa exclaimed. "I had a new dress made for it and everything."

"Then you can wear it to the convention," Lucius said firmly. "I will not discuss this any longer Narcissa; you will send your regrets to Mrs. Towers by tomorrow morning."

Narcissa hissed angrily and stalked off. Lucius waited until she had reached the doorway before he asked flatly, "Are you more disappointed at missing the party or the lost opportunity to be with your lover Felipe Santos, Narcissa?"

The door slammed loudly, vibrating the window behind Lucius. Alone, he frowned and rubbed his temples. So immature, he sighed. Narcissa was 41 years old, a Lady in both Muggle and magical
society. Had it been Lucius' choice, he would not have married her. However, the entire thing had been arranged between their fathers when he was 14 and she a tender child of 12.

There was a sudden soft pop and one of his house elves appeared. "Master, there be a guest in the foyer. He says he wishes to speak with you and you only."

Lucius didn't reply to the house elf, he simply walked off. The creatures didn't require an answer, they were happy to serve. That had been what annoyed him the most about the whole Dobby incident 5 years ago. Potter had freed the creature without the slightest understanding of the implications behind it.

As he walked down the hallway he sighed with irritation, he really didn't need an interruption today. The new Minister may have let him out of Azkaban, but he knew Scrimgeour. The man was an Auror through and through, a blood and bone Gryffindor. The man even looked like a lion. It was going to take patience and persuasion to reinsert himself into the upper echelons of the Ministry. Not to mention time.

All of these thoughts were pushed to the back of his mind when he stepped into the foyer. A slender figure of about 5' 9" stood near the wall across from him, looking at a portrait of himself and Draco when his son had been about six. That had been one of his favorite portrait sessions, Draco had disliked sitting still for that long as much as he had at that age.

His guest's robes were of rich black velvet with dark green trim. A thin edge of ivory made the green stand out vividly. The guest's hands were slender with long, thin fingers.

"You requested to speak with me?" he said coolly, intrigued by the unknown presence.

"Yes. I had heard word that you were attempting to get back into the good graces of the Ministry. I may be able to help you with that goal in exchange for something else. It is small and of no particular difficulty."

Lucius raised an eyebrow. He waved one hand at the chairs and said, "Sit. Such a conversation should be discussed comfortably. I must ask, why did you ask to speak with me privately?"

"I know you do not trust the woman you were arranged to marry, Lucius Malfoy. As for my reasons, if she knew who I was she would most likely attempt to kill me. It is the same reason I would be able to help you, people tend to listen to Harry Potter without question," there was a hint of ironic humor in that voice.

"Harry Potter?" Lucius asked. "Why would you be offering to help me?"

"People change, Lucius Malfoy."

"How would you be able to help me and what would be your terms?"

Under the hood he saw Potter's mouth twitch slightly. "As far as helping you, how does a Veritaserum confession that you were not at the Department of Mysteries sound?"

"I was there," Lucius pointed out. "I fail to see how that would help me."

"I can lie under Veritaserum, Lucius Malfoy. No truth potion that exists can prevent my race from lying if we wish."

Lucius was floored. "Your race? What are you?"
For the moment Potter ignored him. "What I want in return is simple. I would like for you to arrange a meeting between myself and the Dark Lord."

"Why? All he would do is try and kill you."

"Not," Potter replied coolly, "if I were offering an alliance with a powerful magical race."

"That is the second time you've said race. What are you?"

"I will show you. First I must have your binding magical word that you will not say what I am to anyone else."

Lucius hesitated for only a moment before saying, "I, Lucius Alexander Abraxas Malfoy, do hereby swear that I will not reveal anything of what I am shown or told."

Potter waited until the golden glow had died down before reaching up and lowering his hood. Lucius froze, gazing in shock at the revealed features. After a moment he was able to murmur, "No one has heard from one of your kind in over 200 years, Harry Potter."

"An old, stubborn wizard once wrote that my people are 'heralds of destruction'. He had old papers that showed our arrival just before dramatic changes. He was written off as a fool."

"Let me guess," Lucius stated, "you are exactly that."

"Let's just say that the wizarding world will never be the same again when we're done here, Lucius."

After Potter had drawn his hood back up and disappeared, Lucius realized with a curse that he'd forgotten to ask how old Potter was now. That he'd aged some was obvious. The Malfoy patriarch headed for his study and stopped, thinking. With a slight adjustment to his path he headed for the library. He knew his father had a book on the magical race that Potter now called kin.

Lucius was above all a Malfoy, and Malfoys were never caught unprepared. Knowledge in this case would be adequate preparation for now.
Three

Chapter Summary

Still don't own HP. Now you get just one of the major shocks this story will reveal!

A/N PLEASE READ: This chapter mentions mpreg. If this is unacceptable to you please leave now. Don't read the chapter and then flame me for not warning you. Also, as you will notice, this is a very revealing conversation and this story is a Severitus of sorts. I couldn't resist.

Gryffindor house started to show its true colors the very next day. The entire house had never been so united against a single person or act as they were their former Savior. To the shock of the other three houses, even the Staff were drawn into the bias. By the end of the first week, Potter set a new record for the amount of students sent to the Hospital wing for attacking him. Potter himself never set foot in the Hospital wing until mid-October. By his standards, it was a 'small' injury. - Chapter 3, From Darkness Emerges

Harry Potter walked down the corridor with Draco Malfoy, headed for his last class of the day, NEWT Potions. He and Draco were on amiable terms, as long as the blonde didn't attempt to question him. Draco would learn soon enough who and what he was. On that day, he would also learn to respect his elders.

Harry smirked faintly as he remembered his conversation with Lucius in August. He knew the man had wanted to ask how old he was. He had been aged when he reached his inheritance; every member of his race was the same age physically. He was now 24, having been aged 7 years. Seven had long been a magical number. His official birthday was now listed as July 31, 1973.

There were benefits that went with being aged, not in the least the changes to his physical appearance. He was wearing a complicated Glamour now, one that changed not only his looks but his height as well. He had forgotten how annoying it was to be short. At his normal height he would be only an inch shorter than Draco.

They walked into the Potions classroom together and took their seats without a word. His mask firmly in place, he watched the Gryffindors scowl at him with inner amusement. By the time this was done, half the magical world would hate him. The petty hatred for a changed house didn't bother him.

Severus Snape strode in with his usual bang and walked to the front of the class. "As this is a NEWT Potions class, I assume you know how to set up your work stations by now. This is an individual assignment."

"The potion you will be attempting to brew today is a standard one for your NEWTs. It is called the Femmelia potion and when brewed correctly can change a male to a female for up to a month. It has no authorized use; it was developed as a joke 65 years ago."

" Wouldn't it be funny to use this on Weasley?" Draco sniggered.
"I have a feeling he would be an ugly girl. He's certainly not an attractive guy," Harry replied.

He started working on his potion, careful to place a small Shield charm over the top to prevent anyone messing it up when his back was turned. Retrieving his ingredients he started carefully cutting them with a small silver blade, fingers moving with precision. For once he was allowed to brew in silence, without distractions from the Professor.

The potion's color if brewed correctly was light red, almost pink. His was a bit darker red and he frowned thoughtfully. After a moment he looked down at his instructions and after a moment he snorted. Trust Severus Snape to leave out the fact that you needed a counter-clockwise stir when using essence of violet.

As he added the small vial of expensive liquid he stirred the opposite direction from the rest of the class. Sure enough, the red was lightening as he watched it.

When the bell rang he bottled the potion, put an Unbreakable charm on the glass container and started clearing his station. Predictably, as Weasley left the classroom he bumped into the edge of his chair and knocked the bottle off onto the floor. The annoyed expression on Weasley's face as the bottle bounced was priceless.

Harry picked up the bottle and said with false cheerfulness, "Thank goodness I put Unbreakable charms on all my glass items. Can't have my hard work being destroyed by the typical clumsiness of a Gryffindor."

Ron Weasley, idiot incomparable, took the direct route and punched him in the face. Harry heard the small snap of a bone in his nose and lurched backwards. The injury wouldn't have mattered if he wouldn't have been thrown over his chair and smacked the back of his head on the edge of his table.

As he was falling into the black of unconsciousness he heard Snape snarl at Ron, "50 points from Gryffindor and detention for the unprovoked attack of a student!"

*

When Harry woke again he was lying on a bed in the Hospital Wing. Poppy Pomfrey was bending over him and murmuring spells. When he woke enough to listen to her incantations, he recognized a spell that would identify a magical race. He sat up with a snarl and jumped off the bed, ignoring the fact that he was shirtless.

"Madam," he said icily, "you may be the Healer for this school, but you have no right at all to use your position to gain information on a student's race. I have no need of your further services; I can treat my own injuries adequately."

"You were unconscious a moment ago, Mr. Potter! Lie back down immediately."

He smirked. "No."

"What?" she demanded, face reddening.

"No. You have no right to tell me to lie back down when I am uninjured. You healed my nose for which I thank you. Good day, Madam."

He grabbed a shirt from the end of the bed and pulled it on as he retrieved his cane. He limped out of the Hospital wing and ran right into Draco. The blonde caught him by the arm and commented, "You look angry."
"I'm not angry, I'm furious. That Healer tried to use a revealing charm to figure out what I am. One, she had no right to do that. Two, she's on Dumbledore's payroll and I don't trust the Headmaster anymore."

"Come on, it's time for lunch."

The pair walked down to the Great Hall and took their usual seats. As Harry was eating he felt a small tingle along his nerves and looked up. Usually, someone was watching him… Sure enough, Lucius Malfoy stood just inside the doors of the Great Hall, silver eyes fixed on him. He bowed his head slightly in acknowledgment before turning to Draco and saying, "Your father's here. Do you know why he would be at the school?"

Draco looked up with a strange expression on his face. "No, he didn't tell me he was coming."

Dumbledore looked up. His eyes were twinkling brightly as he saw Lucius standing there. "Students, I have an announcement to make. A few of you may have noticed Mr. Malfoy standing in our hall. He has graciously consented to teach a semester-long class for the 6th and 7th years on the wizarding government and politics."

Draco groaned. "So my father is going to be teaching. This is going to be nasty."

"Why?" Harry was genuinely confused.

"My father is exacting and strict at home. You can't imagine what he's going to be like in a 'teacher' mode."

Harry chuckled faintly. A moment later a piece of parchment floated down in front of him. It was folded over and had been charmed to wander a bit before setting down.

Unfolding it he read the brief message. *Password? Where?*

With a smirk he snagged Parkinson's quill and wrote back,* Toujours Pur, 3rd floor, only silver handle.*

Sending it back on its way he turned to Draco, who was watching him with a confused expression. "Private message, Draco. Matters that are most likely below your concerns."

Out of the corner of his eye he watched as Lucius unfolded the paper and a single eyebrow arched. For a moment silver eyes flicked in his direction before the pureblood lord burned the slip of paper. He turned back to his conversation with Severus Snape, who looked like he was about to ask an interesting question.

Harry found himself anticipating the conversation he was likely to have. Lucius Malfoy was clever and devious, he would have to stay two steps ahead of the Lord in order to not reveal anything he didn't want to.

* 

It was early evening when Lucius made his way to the 3rd floor. He strode up to the silver handle and said softly, "Toujours Pur."

With a click the door opened. He made his way down the short hallway and came to an abrupt halt at the living room. Severus had told him about the changes, but it was still a surprise to see what could have been a classy pureblood sitting room. He made his way over to the fire and with a quick flick of his eyes noted that the Floo powder had been used, most likely only a single time.
Finally he sat with relaxed ease in one of the single chairs, reflecting on the choice of password. He had guessed Potter had a few secrets, but had never thought about his blood purity status being one. Apparently he was wrong. He shook his head slightly and thought back on the few words he’d been able to find on Harry’s race.

*Jin’taar are tempermental at the best of times. The easiest way to insult a Jin’taar is to try and gain information without simply asking first. They are natural Legilimens and Occlumens, though they are moral about the way they use it. The one mind a Jin’taar cannot see into without permission is their din’rhei, or soulbonded. It is advised against insulting a Jin’taar, as they are extremely difficult to kill.*

The door to his right opened and Potter walked through. He had dropped the complex Glamour and Lucius was once again struck by how different the former Gryffindor looked. The other limped lightly to a chair across from him with the assistance of an ebony cane. Sinking into it he pulled a wand from the tip, one with the same mother-of-pearl inlay as the handle. Lucius smirked.

"I seem to recognize that technique," he drawled lightly.

"It is the easiest way, seeing as unless I choose to reveal my Inheritance to the world I require a wand."

"So as a Jin’taar you do not require a wand?" Lucius asked.

Potter’s surprisingly dark lips curled into a half-smile and he murmured, "Why am I not surprised that the Malfoy family library has something about my kin?"

"To answer your question, my kind do not require wands to use magic. We are able to cast even the Unforgivables wandlessly. Most of us *do* prefer to have a focus, though."

"Hence the wand," Lucius replied. "What about your holly wand?"

"The holly wand is a prop for my wandless magic, nothing more. It has not worked properly for me since I came into my two Inheritances. I will give it to one of my children someday, perhaps."

"If you do not mind me asking, what *is* your second Inheritance?" Lucius was curious, Potter was being strangely open with his answers.

Potter chuckled. Lucius was enchanted; the sound was rich and surprisingly deep. "Why would I mind telling you anything, when you so willingly bound yourself to not tell any of my secrets?"

Lucius grimaced. "True. I might not have agreed had I known what your Inheritance was."

"You still would have, Lucius," he stared in shock at the teen. "You, unlike many Slytherins I have met, are honorable. A desirable quality in a leader, especially in these times."

"As for my second Inheritance, I intended to tell you this anyway. It details why I happen to hate Albus Dumbledore, the meddling old fool."

"You sound very annoyed with him," Lucius murmured.

"The task the Dark Lord has given your son has detailed that he must bring about the death of Albus Dumbledore, Lucius Malfoy," Harry said sharply, drawing his gaze. "What no one but yourself and the Dark Lord know is that I will be the one to kill him, not Draco."

Lucius stared at the Jin’taar. "You have cast the Killing Curse before, then?"
"Twice. To satisfy your curiosity, it was on Petunia and her fat oaf of a Muggle husband, Vernon Dursley."

"Your Aunt and Uncle?"

"No." When Lucius looked at him in confusion he said, "Dumbledore merely convinced the rest of the magical world they were my relatives."

"Your mother was a Muggleborn," Lucius protested.

"No," Harry drew himself regally upright. "I am a pureblood, Lucius Malfoy. Not just a pureblood, but an Ancient Pureblood."

Lucius drew in his breath in a sharp hiss. Ancient purebloods were those with seven or more ties to one or more of the Founders of Hogwarts School. They were practically royalty amongst the magical world, their blood seethed with power and purity. The Malfoys were one short of the seven ties, one reason why Lucius and his son were so respected in magical circles.

"That's impossible," he said, attempting to remain calm and logical. "There are no families left that have more than six ties to any one founder. Mine is the closest left now. I know for a fact the Potters were two short of even six."

"Let me tell you my story and then I will listen to any arguments you have against it," Potter answered, extraordinary eyes blinking only once.

"Very well."

"My story starts 25 years before I was born, with the birth of a little boy to a woman named Rhiannon. Her little boy favored his father in looks from very early on, the only thing he gained from her were her warm brown eyes. Rhiannon was a pureblood witch from a pureblood family called the Towers."

"Rhiannon was young and unmarried; her son was the result of an affair with a powerful Dark wizard named Tom. She feared the father of her son and attempted to hide him by giving him to her sister to raise. Her sister was newly delivered of a stillborn boy and was happy to take him in. The mother named her new child James Godric Potter."

"When James turned 10 his birth-father found him. His adopted mother had prepared him for this day and he was happy to finally meet his sire face to face. His father gave him a medallion of protection and told him that when he was 16 he would begin to teach him the Dark Arts."

"James went to Hogwarts at the age of 11, firm in the knowledge of whom he called father. According to the deal he and his sire had struck, he entered Gryffindor house, befriendng Remus Lupin and Sirius Black along the way. He also ran into and instantly hated one Severus Tobias Snape."

Harry smiled momentarily. "That part of my father's life most think is well-documented. The records were not entirely accurate. James attended Hogwarts and learned a great deal. Thanks to his father's hints, he also learned Occlumency."

"The spring of James' 6th year he turned 16. That night his birth-father came and retrieved him and they began his lessons in the Dark Arts. James wished to serve in his father's ranks but my grandfather was protective of his only child. So much that when James and Severus began to fall for each other my Grandfather went out of his way to intimidate poor Severus."
Lucius was beginning to guess who Potter's grandfather was, but it had to be impossible. If it wasn't, history would have to be rewritten from October 1981 onward.

"James and Severus loved each other deeply, their actions toward one another in front of the students was an act. A month before graduation they completed a bonding ceremony together and became Severus and James Snape."

"It was two years later that something James had never expected happened. He became pregnant with Severus' child."

Lucius' eyes widened. Oh Merlin…

"He wished to protect his child from Dumbledore, who had begun to suspect something was strange about the man named James Potter. So he did the hardest thing he would ever have to do in his entire life. He 'married' Lily Evans, another of his father's loyal followers. They departed England for the next nine months."

"On July 31st he gave birth to a black-haired boy with much of his sire's attitude and intelligence and named him Harry Salazar Severus Snape."

Lucius was aware that his heart was pounding ridiculously fast. "You're Severus' son?"

Harry dipped his head. After a moment he continued. "He intended to tell Severus the truth at my first birthday. Lily had invited Severus since she had been friendly with him in school. However, upon noting the icy mask on his bonded's face he couldn't say a word."

"On October 31st, 1981, my Grandfather came to Godric's Hollow intending to bring my father and I to his current location. My Grandfather had also summoned Severus and James intended to tell him the truth. The Fidelus Charm had been put in place to keep Dumbledore out, not my grandfather."

"They were about to leave when Peter Pettigrew walked in, accompanying Albus Dumbledore. Peter had now betrayed my father James twice, once when he originally started helping Dumbledore figure out who my father really was and twice by leading him to their place of safety and refuge."

"It was Dumbledore that pointed his wand at Lily and tortured her with the Cruciatus. It was he that took first her life and then used the same spell on my father. When he used the Killing Curse on me, my father's shield charm rebounded the spell onto my grandfather by accident, destroying his body. Dumbledore then picked me up and proclaimed me the 'Boy-Who-Lived'."

"He placed powerful Glamours on me as well as a charm to block most of my magical abilities. Then he placed me with the Dursleys, who were by no means any relations of mine. He went back to the school and placed powerful compulsions upon my distraught father, compulsions to make him hate me. Thus he ensured that Severus wouldn't find out about his son until far too late."

"Unfortunately for Dumbledore, when I came into my Inheritances I received two letters. One detailed the Jin'taar for me. The other was a letter from Gringotts. When I went to them they used a lineage chart to show me my true heritage and my status as an Ancient pureblood."

"So that, Lucius Malfoy is the story of my life and my parents," Harry finished with a small smile. "I am in truth Harry Salazar Severus Snape, son of Severus Tobias Snape and James Godric Salazar Riddle-Potter. My grandfather on James' side is Tom Marvolo Riddle, more commonly known as Lord Voldemort. I have seven ties to Salazar Slytherin and six to Godric Gryffindor."
Lucius was stunned. He had for five years looked down on this child and carried on in his quest of befriending those with pure blood. What a laugh, the young man in front of him had purer blood than anyone in the magical world!

He stood up and walked toward the door. Turning to look at the extraordinary young man he whispered, "One last question?"

"Go ahead," Po- no, Snape, said. He refused to call Harry a Potter any longer.

"How old are you now? I can tell you have aged some."

"I am 24, Lucius Malfoy. My birth year is now reflected as 1973. I will age no more physically."

"Good evening," Lucius murmured.

"And a good evening to you as well, Lucius. I look forward to your class in the morning."

"As do I," Lucius replied before stepping through the door. Once he was on the other side he took a deep breath and leaned against it. Harry Potter, who would have guessed? The son of Severus Snape and the grandson of the Dark Lord!

_Toujours Pur_ was no longer such a strange password. In fact, it was entirely fitting.
Chapter Four

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry. He belongs to J.K. Rowling. Jin'taar belong to me, however. If you would like to use them, let me know first!

Only two knew James Potter was actually a Riddle up until events at Hogwarts in Harry Potter's 7th year. Indeed, James two best friends, Remus Lupin and Sirius Black both admitted to being shocked and a little hurt that their best friend hadn't trusted them. Outside of this common knowledge, the Dark Lord truly respected his son's bond for his magical ability. Until the end of Harry Potter's 7th year, Albus Dumbledore would never know how much he'd been proved a fool by Severus Snape. -Chapter 4, From Darkness Emerges

Severus Snape was grading reports when his arm began to burn. Startled, he flicked his eyes upward to his calendar. It was Friday night, the night he made his reports to the Dark Lord. He stood and capped his ink bottle, picking up a protective over-cloak by the door of his private quarters. Once he had warded his rooms he stalked toward the Entrance Hall.

Reaching the grounds he changed forms with a swift pop! Spreading his wings the golden eagle took flight, soaring above the school. He would reach the Apparition barrier much quicker this way, plus he hadn't had much of an occasion to use his Animagus form recently. Settling on the ground just inside the edge of the Forbidden Forest he changed back and closed his eyes. Concentrating on the Mark burned into his arm he disappeared with a crack!

He stared at the house he'd Apparated to for a moment, caught in memories. This was a family home of the Potters, the same one he'd come to in the middle of his 7th year. He'd been extremely nervous then, hoping for a positive answer. Severus swallowed quietly, walking through the open gate.

When he walked inside he felt out for his Lord's presence. Sure enough, the Dark wizard was in the same room he'd been in before. Severus scowled, he knew it wasn't by accident. He strode forward and opened the door, walking in and bowing before his Lord and father-in-law. Nagini was curling in around her Master's feet and hissed a greeting at him.

"What is your report, Severus?" The Dark Lord's voice was cool and distant. He dropped the hiss around his Inner Circle; it was more of an intimidation technique than anything else.

"Harry Potter has been given private quarters and access to the Floo Network, amongst other things. Dumbledore acts surprised about it, I am unaware of why. I would have assumed Dumbledore asked for these things. He has also been transferred to Slytherin house."

"Outside of that he has had no luck in locating any of your Horcruxes, my Lord. He grows frustrated, he knows they exist."

"Look at me, Severus."

He looked up into vibrantly bright blue eyes and the Dark Lord kept his gaze for a few moments. He sighed and closed those eyes as he murmured, "It is rare that I am disappointed by your
inability to see through things logically, Severus."

Severus felt his eyes widen marginally in surprise and he queried, "My Lord?"

Slender fingers picked up a piece of parchment and handed it to him. "Read this, Severus. Then I will speak."

Severus looked down and noted the date November 16, 1979. He found the signature at the bottom and his hand clenched. He thought he'd recognized the handwriting. The elegant name was James Godric Riddle-Snape.

Dear Father,

Things are going well from this side of the war. Or so Dumbledore likes to think. He has no idea about most the plans you have outlined to me. Though I worry about your Horcruxes. I have been researching these and most seem to suggest that they weaken your magical power.

Sev has been using admirable restraint, I know he longs to hit Sirius on the nose. I am halfway tempted to let him sometimes. Good Merlin, I never realized how hyper the members of the Black family can be. Lily seems to be the only logical one amongst the cousins, though Narcissa can be intelligent when she likes.

I know that this note is outside of our usual conversations, but I have warded it sufficiently to surprise any but the most vigilant. There are some upsides to being an Auror. I wrote this because I am beginning to worry Father.

Dumbledore has been questioning me a great deal lately. The topics started out innocently enough but they are getting nastier by the day. I think he is beginning to doubt. I will often look up and catch him watching me with a thoughtful, suspicious expression.

I have not mentioned this to Severus, he worries enough with the double front he has to portray here. The last time Dumbledore and I had one of our 'conversations', I narrowly recognized and avoided being dosed with Veritaserum. If he is suspicious enough to try a Truth Potion, I feel my time amongst the Light may be limited.

Please do not worry about me, I may have a plan in mind. Just send a letter back or wait until our next communication. Be careful yourself Father. I know you are a competent and gifted Dark wizard, but Dumbledore is not what he seems.

Severus looked up into his Lord's eyes and waited. After a moment the older Riddle sighed and said, "The next time I spoke with James was a face-to-face conversation on the New Year. By then, the plan my son had come up with was more necessary than ever."

The Dark Lord looked him straight in the eye and said, "At the date of that letter James was, unknowingly, two weeks pregnant with your child."

Severus froze. My child? My son or daughter? How come he never told me?

"It was a result of his Inheritance that James was able to bear children. So according to the cover story we discussed he 'married' Lily Evans, another of my followers."

"Lily was one of yours?" Severus whispered.

"Of course," Tom snorted. "Lily was the second oldest of four pureblood sisters. Her siblings are Narcissa, Bellatrix and Andromeda Black. She changed her name to Evans when she became
disgusted with her parents ideals. It of course helped her decision along when her parents betrothed her to a man more than twice her age."

"And my child?" Severus whispered hoarsely, hands trembling.

"Your son was born on July 31, 1980. James was alone when he was born. I was there when he officially named the child. His name is Harry. Harry Salazar Severus Snape. More commonly known as--"

"Harry James Potter," Severus whispered, feeling sick.

"Indeed. So, Severus, how does it feel to know that the child you've treated as an incompetent fool for the past six years is your son? To know that your bonded didn't betray you with one of your cousins?"

"I am the fool, not him," Severus mumbled. "I couldn't see past what was presented. Not even when James tried to approach me at Harry's first birthday. I feel even greater an idiot than I did when I knelt here 18 years ago to ask for the right to bond to your son."

The Dark Lord's lip quirked into a half-smile. "So you recognized the significance of this room as well?"

"Of course, my Lord. Though I have hid those memories for the last 17 years I still remember. My Lord?" Severus asked the last hesitantly.

"Ask your question, Severus. I have told you more than once that I am the last person you need to hide your opinions from."

"If you have known Harry is your grandson, why did you attack him every year beside his third?"

"His first year I was at war with myself, sharing that coward Quirrell's body for a term was among my less favorite plans. I did not recognize him when he came to stop me from retrieving the Stone. Upon being freed from Quirrell's body, I recognized him immediately. However, without a corporeal body I could not speak with him."

"I did not meet Harry in person his 2nd year. The Horcruxes have become more independent minded, the one Lucius gave the girl was a more powerful object in any case. I would have recognized him the moment the girl died and prevented the Basilisk from killing him. As I have been told, he killed the creature anyways," the Dark Lord chuckled. Though he had been displeased at the death of his pet, hearing that his 12-year-old grandson had killed it was well worth the loss.

"At the end of the Tournament I of course knew who he was, but I could not let him know in front of the other Death Eaters. I had to duel him instead. I must admit I was impressed from the start with his magical power and ability."

"The Department of Mysteries incident was unplanned in the least, I had not realized that he couldn't Occlude me from his mind. I saw the way you attempted to teach him though and that, along with your reports, proved to me you had not put the obvious clues together. I attempted to speak with him but Dumbledore had blocked most of his magic as well as our family tie and he was closed to me."

"Then on August 5th he came to me. I confess I was startled when Lucius told me Harry Potter wished to speak with me. However, upon seeing him without the considerable Glamour he wears, I knew he had the truth. He has joined us and wears the same medallion that my son wore. I would suggest you try and talk to him, Severus. I wouldn't suggest interfering in his and young Draco's
plans. His temper can be as short and explosive as mine."

"If he is helping us, does he know how to Occlude his mind now my Lord?" Severus asked.

"You know better than I that Jin'taar are natural Occlumens and Legilimens, Severus. You were bonded to one, after all."

"Harry is a Jin'taar?" Severus hissed in surprise.

"I was surprised as well, to my knowledge that Inheritance usually skips at least two generations. I am glad he switched to Slytherin, his mind is delightfully devious. Harry has long perfected your 'Slytherin Mask' as well, Severus. You should see some of his memories from staying with those filthy Muggles."

"What would you have me do?" Severus asked.

"Tell Dumbledore to look for the Gaunt ring at the broken down home where Marvolo lived. It suits our purpose for the fool to find that Horcrux. He will try and put it on and it will curse his hand. The curse will weaken him by the time he finds the fake our precocious Regulus placed at my behest. That will aid our two students in their endeavor."

"Yes, my Lord," Severus answered as he stood up. Looking at his father-in-law he hesitated for a moment and added, "I will make an attempt to speak with Harry. Do you treat him as your grandson in front of the others?"

"No. To them he is merely an ally. He will have told your old friend Lucius by now though. What I want to know is how he got that slippery Lord to swear an oath before he told him anything," Tom smirked. "That is quite a feat, the Malfoys are fond of the information they know."

"Does Lucius know he is a Jin'taar as well?"

"I believe so," the Dark Lord replied. "Good evening Severus. You are not required to come to our next meeting, though I suggest you do. It is in one of the most interesting places I have had the fortune to visit."

"I will be awaiting your call," Severus replied, walking out the door.

Once through the gates he Apparated back and made the way down to his chambers. In his private bedroom he walked over and sat on the edge of the bed. Sitting on the side table was a black rectangle, face down. He lifted the frame off the table and looked at the image for a moment. I'm so sorry, he thought at the person pictured there.

Setting the photo upright he undressed and collapsed on his bed, asleep in a few moments. From the frame the lithe form of a much younger Severus smiled at the camera, arm linked around the shoulders of brown-eyed James Godric Potter, Marauder extraordinaire.
To the magical world's knowledge at the time, Albus Dumbledore was their hero. The wizard who defeated Grindlewald, the only man the Dark Lord feared. There were a few who knew about Albus' true nature but 'accidents' always happened to them. Always fatal accidents, of course. Unknown to the Phoenix, he severely underestimated a few of his opponents. What he dealt out was returned in due time. Chapter 5, From Darkness Emerges

It was raining today. A faint drizzle running down the cobblestones, just enough to plaster hair to one's head. Anyone outside today wore sensible clothing, which included a coat and sturdy shoes. Anyone besides the woman walking down the street in a long black cloak.

The rain didn't bother her due to a convenient Repelling Charm and her outfit was Glamoured to look like the ones around her. To anyone with magical blood they would see a slender figure in a black velvet cloak over a mid-thigh skirt and 2 inch black heels.

She walked purposefully down Spinner's End, headed for the summer residence of Severus Snape. She knew he was in Hogwarts teaching class at the moment, but he had granted their Lord use of his home as a meeting place for small groups of Death Eaters.

Stepping up to the door she drew her wand and opened the door. She could hear voices in the study and headed in that direction. Without announcing her presence she slipped inside and watched the conversation in front of her with dark amusement.

Bellatrix Lestrange sat in Severus' chair, staring languidly at her older sister. Narcissa Black, formerly Malfoy, glared at the black haired witch and snapped, "Are you paying attention or not, Bella?"

"Of course I am, Cissy. I'm just amazed you're so shocked that Lucius finally threw you to a corner. I've been waiting for it for years, I think only you haven't noticed he can't stand being in your presence."

"That's not true!" Narcissa snapped.

"Yes it is," Bella answered, eyes glittering with private laughter. "You are so unsuited to be a Malfoy it's laughable. You couldn't control your emotions if your life depended on it. I've seen Lucius act perfectly polite around one of the others and then turn and curse him the moment no one was looking."

"More than that, dear sister, you forget one simple fact. Even if you had the best control in the magical world, the best bloodlines and your marriage to him hadn't been arranged; he would never love you or show you true affection. You would have had to be born a male. Pity, since he is bi."

"Quiet already, Narcissa. I've listened to you whine enough to last a lifetime."

Both sisters turned toward her. Bella's eyes went wide and she stood. Walking forward she reached
out and twitched a lock of flame-colored hair. Disbelievingly she whispered, "Is that really you?"

"Of course it's me, Bella. Couldn't leave you to have all the fun by yourself, could I?"

"I'm surprised you haven't shown yourself to the Light and that pathetic lover of yours," Narcissa sniffed.

Silence. Their guest stepped past Bella and walked toward Narcissa. When they were less than two feet apart she swung her hand and slapped the blonde across the face. The cracking sound had barely faded away when she whispered frostily, "Leave him alone, Narcissa Rhosyn."

Turning back toward Bella she said calmly, "I have only left the hiding place now for two reasons. One was to see you both; I had assumed you would be pleased to know I'm alive. The second is for you, dear Cissy. The Dark Lord has decided it is time to Mark you as one of his. Bella will bring you to our meeting place and the oldest sister will take the Mark. Finally."

Narcissa paled. "He had said last time I would not have to take the Mark!"

"That was standing as of a few weeks ago. However, Lucius had called to attention the interesting idea that you may not be entirely loyal to our cause, dear Narcissa."

She flicked her cloak sleeve back and turned her wrist to Narcissa's gaze. Upon the inside of her pale skin was the Dark Mark, glistening black. "Come ready for your duty, Narcissa. The Dark Lord has also seen fit to generously promise you to McNair."

Narcissa flinched. "Ulrich McNair is a monster! His last wife died after two years!"

"So use the skills you were taught in the Malfoy household and be the perfect Lady for your Lord," Bella said mockingly.

Narcissa drew herself up regally and hissed, "The two of you and my former husband haven't heard the last from me yet."

"Unfortunately," their visitor said coolly.

The proud blonde woman burst into tears and flung up the hood on her silver cloak. She departed swiftly, slamming the door on her exit. Bella winced at the loud sound and said, "She never stopped slamming doors. When did she start that, 16?"

"13, actually. It always gave Mum and Dad an awful headache."

Bella giggled faintly. "I'm glad you're back, dear. Things have been so dull without you."

"They will never be dull again, Bella dear."

"Where are you headed to now?" Bella queried.

"I figured I'd visit the school again. Don't worry, no one notices me unless I want them to."

"Why would I ever worry about you? You are quite dangerous even when you're being nice."

"The next meeting is in two days. Follow the Mark, you won't have seen this place before."

Bella watched her visitor depart. A faint smile spread across her dark features. After a moment she threw her head back and laughed, spinning herself around in the swivel chair. Giggling she stood up and nearly skipped to the door.
As she walked out the door she giggled, "We are going to win and Dumbles will be dead! Down with Dumbdore!"

* * *

Harry was studying a textbook that evening when he heard a light tap on the door. Leaving his cane and picking up the holly wand he limped to the door and opened it. Smiling at the figure who was revealed there he let her in. Waving a hand at a piece of old parchment he said, "I saw you coming."

Tossing back the velvet hood she laughed. "I'm surprised that old map hasn't been confiscated."

"It was. A duo called Fred and George retrieved it in my 1st year. They gave it to me in my 3rd year. I've been thinking about recruiting them, they're Weasleys, but a more ingenious pair I've never met."

"Even blood-traitors like the Weasleys may have a couple redeemable members," she replied, sinking into a chair.

"Did you bring news from Grandfather?" Harry inquired instantly.

"Of course. He says to tell you he's sent Dumbledore after the ring Horcrux. It should lead him to the fake Regulus placed no later than mid-Spring. The next full meeting is in two days, he asks for you to bring Lucius and your father since neither one of them have been to the House of Ancients before."

"He has told Father who I am then?" Harry replied slowly.

"Yes. He asks for you to speak with your Father and be open-minded. Apparently poor Severus was shocked and ashamed to realize how badly he treated his own son."

"Will you and the other guest be revealed at the meeting?"

"Of course. I have to be there to stand at my sister's engagement. Did you hear about that?"

"No," Harry replied, sounding amused already.

"I almost feel sorry for Narcissa. She should have known better than to gain the upper hand over Lucius Malfoy."

"Oh? What did our steel-eyed pureblood do this time?"

"He brought up the possibility that Narcissa Black may not be loyal to our cause. So, not only has my prissy older sister been engaged to Ulrich McNair, she is required to take the Mark at the next meeting."

"She will pass out. I can't see her staying awake through the Marking." Harry said gleefully.

"Indeed. Poor Cissy has never been pain-tolerant. A few rounds of the Crucius from her new husband will do her good."

His guest stood. "I feel I must be departing. Keeping up this notice-me-not is wearing after a while."

"Good evening to you, Lilithia."
Lilithia Aine Black, known more commonly as Lily Marie Evans, smirked. "And you, dear Harry. Best get back to your studies. Merlin knows how difficult it must be to act like the dutiful student."

"You have no idea, Lily. Tell my Grandfather thank you for the matter with the ring Horcrux and I will endeavor to speak with my Father before the meeting."

"I will pass it on," the flame-haired witch promised. Raising her hood back in place she walked out the door.

Harry smiled. Lilithia and Bella were such fun females to talk to. They both had some clever ideas about how to punish the others. Lilithia had always been a master actress, she could be quite ruthless. Every single one of the Death Eaters had learned to respect her, some had required more than one 'lesson'.

Opening the text on ancient curses he went back to 'studying' for his Defense class the next morning.

**A/N:** I know in Harry's conversation with Lucius he said that Dumbledore had 'killed' Lily Evans. He was right from a 'certain point of view'. The death of Lily Evans freed her to be Lilithia Black.

**Bonus:** See if you can guess who Lily's love might be!

**Narcissa Rhosyn Black:** Narcissa is a flower. 'Rhosyn' is Welsh for rose.

**Lilithia Aine Black:** 'Lilithia' is my pureblood version of Lily, another flower. 'Aine' is Gaelic for radiant.

The way I figured it, their parents named the oldest two for flowers and the younger two for stars. So in order of oldest to youngest you have: Narcissa, Lily, Bellatrix and Andromeda.
Two days after Lilithia's message, Harry walked toward his father's office. He stopped outside the door and studied it for a moment. Murmuring a few lines of Latin under his breath he touched the door handle and swung the large door open. He chuckled under his breath that had been fairly simple. Trust Severus to bet on a person's tendency to expect the worst.

He dropped the Glamour and walked into the living room of his father's private quarters. Severus and Lucius were both discussing something, dressed in their usual black robes. He studied them, lips twitching. So different and yet quite alike in their own ways. Both were elegant purebloods, both had immense standing in his Grandfather's ranks. Neither one was worth crossing; the consequences were nothing less than severe.

"I see the pair of you have found an interesting topic," he drawled faintly.

Severus looked up and froze. "How did you get in here?"

"Your wards are merely basics and you should know the various abilities of a Jin'taar, Severus."

Before the other could speak Harry continued. "I am aware my Grandfather saw fit to inform you of who I am. I will say that convincing me of your sincerity will take time. Like the entire Snake house, I can hold a grudge for a while. I think you would agree I have ample reason to keep my distance for a while."

"Of course," Severus replied quietly. May I ask where we are headed? Lucius has informed me that he doesn't know this location either."

"You will know what it is upon arrival, that will be enough," Harry replied coolly.

Severus nodded.

* 

When Lucius walked into his quarters at half-past 8 in the evening, Severus was sitting in his chair by the fire, staring into the flames thoughtfully. The blonde Lord had walked up to him and said, "Mind if I join you?"

"Not at all, my old friend. I am merely debating on a few things."

"Would one of those things be Harry Potter?"
"You mean my son?" Severus asked mirthlessly. "He is most prominent."

"Then you know?" Lucius murmured.

"Yes. My father-in-law saw fit to inform me three days ago. Tell me, Lucius, how come you chose to give Harry your magically binding word?"

"The possible information far outweighed the risk. I must admit, I was not expecting him to turn out to be the Dark Lord's grandson or an Ancient pureblood. I find it amusing to a point. After all, most of the Death Eaters were ragging on Potter a few days ago due to the fact he is supposedly a half-blood. What if they knew?"

"He would become an instant target for assassination attempts and alliance marriages," Severus replied shortly. "There were few who knew James was an important member of the Dark Lord's forces. He killed the two others who dared attempt mentioning a marriage contract to him. The only thing that saved me besides being his din'rhei was the fact I bothered to try and get to know him better first."

"What exactly are the Jin'taar? The only information I was able to find said you didn't want to try and read their minds without permission and the fact that they can't read the mind of their din'rhei."

"What is Fawkes?" Severus asked him.

Lucius looked at his best friend, puzzled. "A Phoenix of course."

"Do you know what he is more specifically?"

"He is a Light creature?" Lucius tried.

"To refine your answer, he is pure Light magic given physical form. Fawkes is a Light Phoenix. His source of power and allegiance is always to the Light."

"What does that have to do with—" Lucius trailed off. His eyes widened as he came to the only possible conclusion.

"Jin'taar are Phoenixes?" he hissed, incredulous.

Severus smiled grimly. "Jin'taar are Dark Phoenixes given human form. They are immortal to most injuries and extremely difficult to kill given their fast healing rate. They can control any type of fire and that includes Fiendfyre my friend. They are unblockable Legilmens, cannot scar and can cast any spell wandlessly."

"How do you kill a Jin'taar?" Lucius asked.

"I've never asked," Severus replied. "I just make sure I don't piss one off. I've heard they can block Apparition as well."

Their conversation was interrupted by a voice. When Severus looked up he instinctively froze. Harry stood just inside the living room doorway, unGlamored and wearing emerald-piped robes of dark silver. Severus had to force himself to breathe; Harry looked so much like James it hurt.

At Harry's explanation for his ease of entrance, Severus shook his head and laughed silently. Jin'taar could be guilty of arrogance; their control of magic was unsurpassed.
Severus found himself guilty as Harry continued. It was obvious that despite the wishes of his Grandfather he was not going to forgive Severus easily. Considering the last six years in his mind he couldn't disagree. He'd treated his own son with unfairly high hatred and prejudice.

Upon finishing their conversation, both of the older Death Eaters stood and walked up to Harry. He very lightly touched each of their hands and they disappeared.

When Severus regained his breath and straightened he hissed, "Give some warning the next time you Apparate!"

"Or you could learn to keep up," Harry retorted sharply. "Come this way and stick close. We are in the Forest of Dean and the wards are keyed to me and no one else."

He spun around and walked off, striding through the dark wood with complete confidence and assurance. Nothing these woods possessed would ever attack a Jin'taar. Severus and Lucius caught up with him and stared in wonder at the Manor hidden in a secret clearing. They noticed the way the wards shimmered a visible red momentarily before fading away.

"Your Dark Marks and my presence guaranteed your safe entry," Harry explained curtly. He raised the hood to cover his head as he said, "Welcome to the House of Ancients, built by Salazar Slytherin 50 years before his death. I control this estate and others due to my status as the only Ancient pureblood linked to Slytherin."

The massive ebony doors swung open without a sign of magic from Harry. The moment they stepped through the doors a house elf in black and silver livery appeared and bowed to Harry. "Master's meeting is in the Black room tonight."

Harry stepped past the house elf, who disappeared with a crack. He led them down the long hallway and took an abrupt right. Lucius had been admiring the mosaic tiled floor and noted something odd.

"Harry, the mosaic has more black than it did back that way. Did the house elves make a mistake laying it?"

He found himself speared by emerald eyes. After a moment Harry said, "Well done Lucius, you are the first to notice the floor. No, the mosaic isn't a mistake. All of the rooms on these four upper floors are color coordinated. The tiles become more concentrated with the different rooms as you get closer to that room. It was Salazar's way of keeping track of where he was in a Manor with over 150 rooms."

Harry pushed open the door and they stepped into the Black room, heading to their respective places.

*  

Lilithia watched the Death Eaters entering from her place to the Dark Lord's right. Her lips twitched in amusement as several looked at her and her companion, no doubt wondering who they were. She grinned as she watched a gray-haired man with a few scars on his face and neck walk in and lean against a pillar, crossing his arms. Fenrir was doing his best to look uninterested in the proceedings, but she knew the werewolf better than most.

Her companion stiffened nervously and she turned her head. Narrowing her emerald eyes she watched as Severus and Lucius took their places, standing with Rodolphus and Rabastan Lestrange. Severus was in for a good tongue-lashing after this meeting was over; she had never believed her
cousin could be so _stupid_ and hurt James Potter-Riddle like he had.

Harry gracefully strode up and inclined his head in a respectful greeting between equals, still playing the part of 'ally' magnificently. In long silver robes trimmed in green he made a handsome and imposing sight. When Lilithia let her eyes wander over the assembly she noticed a pair of eyes that matched Harry's robes watching him intently. She chuckled, Lucius would make a _fine_ match for the young Jin'taar if his blood chose the Death Eater.

She resisted a snicker as Bella came into the room with a hyper giggle, taking her place in between her husband and Severus. They linked eyes over the crowd and both smiled in satisfaction. Narcissa had gotten away from her duty for far too long, but that would end today.

"Today we have a few things to cover," the Dark Lord hissed. "First, two more join our numbers. Rabastan, if you would?"

Rodolphus' younger brother strode over and flicked the door open with one hand. The first to walk in was a young man about 21 years of age with pale skin and dark hair. He walked over and bowed from the waist to the Dark Lord.

"You would be Lord Avery's youngest, correct?"

"Yes, my lord," the other whispered. He shakily repeated the Vows of Loyalty and bared his left forearm.

Lilithia watched without expression as his face whitened when the Mark first appeared. The Dark Lord hissed the incantation and the boy bit through his lower lip to avoid screaming. He stood slowly and walked over to stand next to his father, ignoring his darker red lips.

Without prodding Rabastan flicked the door open again with a flourish. There was a smirk on his lips, Rabastan hated Narcissa's holier-than-thou attitude as much as her sisters.

The former Lady Malfoy walked inside. Her face was paler than a sheet against the black robes and she trembled violently. She still managed the half-bow gracefully. Her blue eyes found Lilithia and narrowed into slits for a moment. Lilithia smirked.

"So, the oldest daughter of Cygnus Black finally graces my ranks, hmm?" The Dark Lord's tone was at the same time sarcastic and degrading.

Lilithia and Bellatrix both laughed softly, along with most of the Death Eaters. Narcissa was an unpopular little brat. Lucius' eyes in particular were sparkling brightly with private amusement.

"My Lord?" Harry's eyes had lit with a vicious glee. Lilithia resisted a giggle, she already knew she would like his suggestion.

"Yes?"

"As you said, the Lady Narcissa _is_ the oldest daughter of Cygnus Black. The Blacks are quite respected in the Wizarding World and you have plenty of loyal followers. Would you not benefit more publicly from her death?"

Narcissa flinched and glared at him. "Who do you think you _are_ brat?"

Underneath the hood Harry's eyes narrowed. He simply flicked his hand in Narcissa's direction and she was flung backwards into a wall with a hard _smack!_
Voldemort stared at the woman distastefully and turned to his 'ally'. "I have wished to test something for a while. I know you can both brand and Call my Death Eaters. I wish to know how far this wandless ability of yours goes. Mark her."

Narcissa shot the Dark Lord a frightened glance and stood defiantly. Harry laughed softly, a chill sound that made Lilithia's arrogant sister shiver.

"Imperio," he murmured.

Narcissa's steps were jerky and her eyes blank. By the sheer power and strength of his mind Harry forced her to walk up to him and give her left hand. Once he had a firm grip on her wrist he let go of the Imperius. Her eyes flashed in anger and she snarled, "How dare you control my mind!"

With a simple twist of his hand he forced her to her knees. His voice was a quiet snarl, yet all heard him. "I was controlling your body, Narcissa Rhosyn Black. I can control your mind just as easily. Do NOT test me."

Locking her blue eyes with his dark green ones he hissed, "Morsmordre."

Her forearm glowed with a black tint for a moment and then a Dark Mark formed of shadow hovered above her arm. As it touched her skin there was a soft crackling sound. "That's interesting," Harry purred quietly to himself.

Looking at the Dark Lord he let her go and said, "It appears to be burning its way into her skin. Something to do with my abilities, I suppose."

Narcissa started screaming a moment later. Harry turned to her and snapped, "Silencio."

In the sudden silence he said, "Now that the banshee appears to have left," a few Death Eaters chuckled at that, "take your place, Narcissa Black."

The still silenced woman stood and retreated to a far wall, face hidden behind long blonde hair. "Now that this has been finished, we have far more pleasant business to attend to. We are going to welcome back two of our members."

"Lilithia?" he hissed quietly at her.

She lowered her hood. Half of the Death Eaters gasped, the other simply stared, too shocked to realize.

"But that is Lily Potter, a Muggleborn," McNair muttered.

"Obviously not, git," she shot back. "I am no Mudblood. I simply chose to act as one to better serve our Lord. Who better to be completely unsuspected by that idiot Dumbledore than sweet little Muggleborn Lily Evans? I am Lilithia Aine Black, second oldest daughter of Cygnus Black and the first sister to join the ranks."

"Enough, Lil," Bellatrix giggled faintly. "Come stand with me."

She smiled and walked over to her sister. She was going to enjoy the next one.

The Dark Lord linked eyes with the other figure standing in the shadows. They reached up and lowered their hood before walking forward into the light. The shock and disbelief on the faces of the Death Eaters was priceless. Lilithia looked over at Severus and noted his pale face.
Standing before the Death Eaters in all of his unGlamored, raven-haired and living glory was James Godric Riddle, Jin'taar wizard. His hazel eyes with their wide vertical slits gazed impassively at the ranks of Death Eaters. His gaze slid past the Death Eaters and touched on his son.

A couple Death Eaters flinched at the sudden sound of Parseltongue. Lilithia watched as their eyes widened when they realized the one speaking was none other than James. Harry bowed his head in acknowledgement and hissed a short reply.

He reached up with his slender hands and lowered the hood. Lilithia heard a few gasps at the revealed features and hoped James knew what he was doing.

Without his Glamour Harry was 5' 11" and had a slender, well-formed body. His shoulders were thin and long, waist surprisingly narrow. His skin was pale and like all of his race shimmered in the light of flames. His raven-colored hair was so dark it had a tint of blue and touched his shoulder blades.

His face was slender and well-defined, with high cheekbones and a powerfully curved lower jaw. Another gift from the Jin'taar heritage were his ears. They curved down before forming a slight point similar to a dark Elf. The most surprising change was his eyes.

Like his father, Harry had vertically-slit eyes just barely wider than a cat's. Due to the amount of power absorbed on his Inheritance night however, the color had changed. No longer did Harry have the famously dark emerald 'Avada Kedavra' eyes. They were now a beautiful light jade green, just barely dark enough to appear green at all.

"How are you alive at all, James?" Rabastan asked finally. The younger Lestrange son had been good friends with both James and Regulus Black.

"First of all," James' voice was a mellow, rich tenor, "it was Dumbledore that tried to kill us. Secondly, he forgot one very important fact. It is impossible to kill one of my kin with Avada Kedavra. It was one of us that gave Salazar Slytherin the ability to create that spell after all. After he released it to all of wizarding kind it gave us the ability to manipulate it as we please."

"It was what protected my son," James continued, placing a hand on Harry's shoulder. "Though he wouldn't receive the Inheritance until the age of 17, it recognized his blood."

"Since I had chosen to protect Lilithia Black the moment I saw Dumbledore and the traitor, the shield I extended saved her as well. However, the spell drained my core and I was left in a coma along with Lilithia. Thank Salazar the fools didn't bury us, instead choosing a clear glass coffin."

"When I rose in Harry's 4th year I remembered what had previously happened. My first trip was to Godric's Hollow to retrieve two of my loyal followers. Dumbledore had placed many complex Charms and spells over the pair to alert if they were ever removed from their coffins. What rest there now are Transfigured replicas," the Dark Lord finished his son's tale.

"For now Lilithia and James will be staying here. At the opportune moment they will be able to leave the shadows and appear to the wizarding world. As for James and Harry's appearance, they are both Jin'taar. I suggest you leave them both alone, they are free to punish those who irritate them as they wish."

Lord Avery spoke up. "My Lord, I see the reason for giving that honor to James. But to Harry Potter as well? He is nothing more than a convenient ally! You treat him as if he really were Salazar's heir as he claims."
Harry's eyes narrowed into slits and turned pure black. He took two steps forward and flicked his left hand toward his body. Avery was picked up and flung to the floor in front of the irate Jin'taar. Staring down at the arrogant pureblood Lord he hissed, "Do you remember my two requests, Lord Avery?"

"Of course I do," the pureblood spat.

"List them," Harry demanded, his voice velvet-covered steel.

"To not spill blood outside of the lowest levels and to address you with a more respectful tone," Avery's voice was mocking.

Harry picked the pureblood Lord up with one hand and hissed in his ear, "Apparently you forgot the last part of that warning. A pity, since it was the fact I would not tolerate you forgetting either one."

He let go of the pureblood, took two steps back and said, "I hope your youngest learns faster, Lord Avery."

The pure black color of cursed fire sprang up around the Death Eater. Before he had time to even scream he died, his barely burned corpse dropping to the floor at the Dark Lord's feet.

Eyes very slowly turning back to light jade he looked around and murmured with deadly calm, "Anyone else wish to question my presence?"

When no one said a word Lilithia shook her head. Avery never had learned very quickly. She had a feeling no one else would be repeating that mistake.
Chapter Seven

Chapter Summary

Severus and James talk. I don't own anything you recognize, it all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

Jin'taar are known throughout mythology for being of ethereal beauty and unparalleled power. Their skin resists scarring through a bi-monthly Burning Day, just as a normal phoenix does. Jin'taar are vulnerable in two ways. The first is only known to members of the fabled race. The other is emotionally. Jin'taar are fabulously loyal to their Kin and din'rehi. If you hurt either one, do not expect to live long. If you hurt a Jin'taar emotionally, expect them to hold a long grudge. – Chapter 7, From Darkness Emerges

After the meeting finished Harry returned to Hogwarts. Severus stayed behind, wishing to speak with his bonded. Emerald eyes speared his as James departed and he gulped faintly. Lilithia wanted to speak with him first and she didn't look happy.

Severus followed his flame-haired friend out into the hall and into a comfortable sitting room. Lilithia claimed the single chair, flicking off her two-inch heels and placing her willow wand on her lap. She motioned to another chair, eyes glittering as he sat down. Waving her hand she summoned a house-elf.

"One of the vintages," she said.

The house-elf returned with two glasses and a blood-red Merlot. It poured the wine and disappeared with a crack. Lily picked up one glass and Severus the other. Meeting her green eyes he raised the glass and took a small sip. If she had wanted to poison him she need not have waited this long.

Her lips curved in a small, dangerous smile. Leaning back in her chair with apparent casual disinterest she said, "Did you find the meeting interesting, Severus?"

"It is always interesting when you're present, Lily," he replied dryly.

"I saw your expression when James stepped into the light. I'm surprised you forgot the Jin'taar ability to reflect the Killing Curse."

Severus narrowed his eyes. "I did not forget, Lilithia. I thought Albus had found the way to kill a Jin'taar. He would not have gotten it from me, James never told me and I never had the courage to ask."

"I assume you wish to speak with James?"

"Yes."

Her eyes narrowed into slits and she hissed, "And why should I let you when you've hurt him as badly as you have?"

"How could I have hurt him when I didn't even know he was alive?" Severus snapped back.
"There are two ways to hurt a Jin'taar, Severus. The one that is known to historians and researchers is emotionally. Can you imagine how torn up inside he was? Here he was trying to protect himself and your son from Albus and you were degrading him every chance you got!"

"I THOUGHT HE BETRAYED OUR BOND, LILITHIA!" Severus shouted. "What was I to believe, I had no idea you were a Death Eater. All I knew was you were one of those precious little Blacks. You are beautiful; Lilithia and I believed your little charade. You should be glad, that was the point, wasn't it?"

"From what I've heard you've still remained willfully ignorant," Lilithia shot back. "I've seen Harry's memories of your classes. Your behavior was inexcusable even if he was our son. You treated Harry like you do those you utterly detest."

"Do you think I don't regret it, Lilithia?" Severus slumped, fingers tightening around the glass. "Do you think I haven't been sitting up at night since I spoke with the Dark Lord, running through the past 6 years and that last year with James in my head?"

Lilithia sat up to speak again and a soft voice interrupted. "Enough, Lily. My father wishes to speak with you in his quarters. He has Lucius there as well, something about a multi-level mission."

Lilithia speared Severus with one more sharp glare and stood up, gracefully departing without a sound. At the soft sound of booted feet crossing the carpet Severus looked up in time to see James sit in the chair across from him and lean back, crossing one leg over the other.

Richly tousled black hair, dark brown eyes and pale silky skin, James looked exactly the same as he had at his 'death' 16 years before. He poured himself a generous portion of the Merlot and took a deep drink. He started twirling the wine glass in his hands, a habit Severus had learned to associate with nervousness.

Neither one of them seemed to want to speak, so Severus sat quietly in the company of his bonded, cherishing the distinct magical presence he'd always associated with James. It was more of a smell than a feeling, which James had told him was unique to a Jin'taar's din'rhei. To him James smelled like lemongrass and cloves.

As he watched James' slender hands holding the glass he nearly choked. On the right hand was the simple platinum ring he'd given his bonded. James' brown eyes noted his expression and drifted to the band on his finger. Lightly brushing the ring he said quietly, "I've never taken it off. I hid it under Glamour."

"Why?" Severus rasped. It was a loaded question.

"Because even when you were acting like a snarky bastard again I never stopped believing in us. As for why I did this in the first place, Dumbledore was becoming more and more suspicious. I didn't tell you because you already had enough on your mind. Lilithia calls it my 'idiot complex' and for once I agree with her. I made the wrong decision and you and Harry suffered because of it."

He slumped back in the chair and set the glass down. He lowered his eyes until they no longer met Severus' and rubbed at his temple with two fingers. Severus let him sit like that for a moment and then stood. Making a decision he walked around the table and sat down next to James, wrapping one arm around his shoulders.

They sat like that for a very long time, just thinking about their lives so far and relishing the close presence of the one who meant the most.
Lilithia paced gracefully into the Dark Lord's study, stopping a few feet from Lucius Malfoy. The pureblood Lord knew how to control his every move, so he radiated quiet confidence. Lilithia had worked with him enough times in the past to know that it wasn't just a projection. She hoped that her intuition was correct on Harry and Lucius; there was no one better for a young, headstrong Jin'taar.

It had been right on Severus and James, after all. Oh, she may make Severus feel miserable and enjoy the mental image of putting him through a few creative curses but she knew her cousin had been meant for James. She hoped they'd work out their pain with each other, like her they were both around 40. Young for someone of the wizarding world.

"I have a mission for the both of you," Voldemort hissed. "A great deal of it will fall on your shoulders, Lucius. Hopefully you will prove yourself up to the task."

"If it is possible I will see it through, My Lord."

Somehow this conversation seemed familiar to Lily. She listened intently.

"Both my heir and young Draco are working towards the same goal. Draco is unaware of this at the time; however Harry will be rectifying that problem soon. What I need you two to do is procure some particular objects for me."

"Long ago I believed that the path to immortality was through Dark Magic. To this end I created six Horcruxes, or vessels that contain a piece of my soul. My son James has long doubted this plan and recently has convinced me that this was the wrong idea. So, I need for you to bring back the 4 that are still out there. It is not as simple as it sounds, I placed many protections on them and Dumbledore will have some of them under surveillance."

"What are they, My Lord?" Lilithia asked.

"The cup that belonged to Helga Hufflepuff, located in one of the Lestrange vaults. The diadem of Rowena Ravenclaw, located in a special room inside Hogwarts. Salazar Slytherin's locket, last in the keeping of my faithful servant Regulus Black. The last is the Sword of Gryffindor, kept in Dumbledore's office."

"What about the diary?" Lucius asked.

"The diary would have created a golem of myself. It is a pity Harry destroyed it, since I placed many memories in the object. However, it was never a true Horcrux."

"Will these objects have to be destroyed?" Lilithia asked.

"No. There is a ceremony to bring the pieces back into my body and reunite them. I will be a normal-looking human being when this is done. The priceless Founder's objects will remain here at the House of Ancients, which is where they were stolen from many years ago."

"Did you make more Horcruxes originally?"

"Yes. One is Nagini, my beloved familiar. The ring of my magical grandfather will be found by Dumbledore, who will try and put it on. The ring holds an onyx carved with the symbol of the Deathly Hallows. It is a fake, cursed copy of the Resurrection Stone, which I have already destroyed. We will destroy the Elder Wand when Harry kills Dumbledore. It is very important that no one disarms him that night."

"So the Deathly Hallows actually exist and you want to destroy them?" Lucius breathed.
"It is necessary. The Elder Wand, Resurrection Stone and Invisibility Cloak were created using Jin'taar magic stolen from the youngest brother, Ignotus. The Jin'taar demand that this magic be returned to them, for none should have that much power over Death. A few years ago I might not have thought that way but now I do."

"We will endeavor to bring them here, my Lord," Lucius bowed and exited.

Lilithia remained behind and arched an eyebrow at the Dark Lord. "Now why did that conversation remind me of something?"

"It was a similar one to another 19 years ago. Then the one being tested was Severus."

"So you believe he may be Harry's din'rhei?"

"We will know for sure after his Burning. According to James the face of a Jin'taar's din'rhei is known to them after their first mature Burning."

"The first time I saw James on one of his Burning days it was quite shocking," Lily said. "They look so pale and lifeless."

"Were you ever around him during the actual Burning?"

"No. James told me the only one that can be around them when their using fire is their din'rhei. Even during a Burning their power output is enormous."

As she started to walk out the Dark Lord said, "Lilithia?"

"Yes, My Lord?"

"What is your opinion of Lucius?"

"He is powerful, nearly an Ancient Pureblood. He can control his emotions and influence those of others. He has the age to balance Harry's youth and the patience to his enthusiasm. If he is Chosen I believe he is the perfect match for Harry."

"Thank you. Your opinion means much to me, child. You were quite correct on Severus and James after all."

She smiled faintly and bowed, exiting the office and heading toward the entrance. She had work to do.
Chapter Eight

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter. He belongs to J.K. Rowling

Albus Dumbledore was once acknowledged as the wisest, most powerful wizard in all Britain. Some whispered that he was Merlin incarnate, brought back to save the magical world from Darkness. This lasted until he was deceived for an entire year by two 17 year old wizards.

--Chapter 8, From Darkness Emerges

Harry walked down a corridor two days after the meeting, headed for the Slytherin common rooms. It was time to reveal certain things to Draco, time for the Malfoy heir to put his acting skills to the test. He chuckled darkly to himself, they were about to play Dumbledore for the fool he was.

When he limped into the spacious common room he started looking around for the blonde. After a moment he spotted him, sitting with the Italian boy Blaise Zabini. Striding forward he caught Draco's gaze and said, "Can I borrow a few moments of your time, Draco?"

"Of course," the blonde drawled. He stood up and followed Harry out of the common room and into their dorm. Harry noted the boy's fine eyebrow raise a few centimeters when he uttered a few choice locking and warding spells.

Gesturing for the blonde to sit he said smoothly, "I won't waste your valuable time, Draconis. You and I share a common goal. That goal would be the rise of the Voldemort and the death of Albus Dumbledore. I know you wear the Mark, Draco."

"That's one risky observation, Potter," Draco snapped back, leaning back against the headrest of his bed and closing his eyes. It would have been a masterpiece of casual disinterest if his fingers weren't tapping his thigh nervously.

"We still share a common goal. I do not wear the Mark; however I am loyal to the goals of the purebloods. The Dark Lord wishes for us to work together on this Draco. However, you will not be the one to kill Dumbledore. I will, it is a goal I have been working toward this entire summer."

"Then why am I still necessary?" Draco said coolly.

"You are going to begin a performance worthy of your pureblood poise and training. You, slippery friend, are going to prove Albus Dumbledore a fool to his own eyes by the end," Harry smiled thinly. "As proof of my loyalty, at the last Death Eater meeting the former Lady Narcissa Malfoy was Marked, the last of her loyal sisters to do so."

Harry stood, removed his wards and opened the door. Turning back to the teen still leaning against his headrest he said, "You will need to brush up on your skills. You appear disinterested, all but your tapping fingers."

He swirled around and limped out, gripping his ebony cane firmly in his hand.

Draco stared at his fingers after Potter had left, scowling at them for a moment. Getting to his feet he made a decision and left the Slytherin common room, headed for his father's office. If Potter
truly knew what he was… However, he had to admit that the Golden Boy he knew would have turned him over to the Headmaster long ago. This new version was cool and calculating, oozing the elegance and power that were a pureblood’s birthright.

His father sat in the DADA classroom, grading a few papers. The Lord's long fingers were graceful and supple, every movement precise with a minimum of wasted energy. Steel-colored eyes lifted to his gray-blue and a cool smile twisted his lips. Most thought his father an indifferent parent and husband. If anyone could be called indifferent it would be Narcissa.

"Hello Draco," Lucius said softly. "I was wondering when you would stop by."

"I just spoke with Potter," he began, hesitating. "He knew I've been Marked. He says his goals are in line with the purebloods and that he's going to kill Dumbledore. Father, is he lying?"

"No," Lucius murmured. He thought for a moment and said, "I cannot tell you everything, but I can tell you that Potter is much more than people think. He's been leading Dumbledore by the nose since the end of your 6th year. Draco, treat him with respect, much as you would the Inner Circle or the Dark Lord himself."

"Why is he so important?" Draco asked, feeling a bit sullen. Once again, Potter was showing up and taking everything into his hands.

"You will know, I promise. Just trust me on this matter; he is something the magical world hasn't seen in a very long time."

"So he's a magical race?" Draco asked, curious.

Lucius nodded. "You are intelligent my son. You will figure it out if you do the research."

Draco nodded decisively. He enjoyed challenges, this sounded like a puzzle worthy of his attention.

Harry smiled and cancelled his Listening Charm. Leaning back in a chair by his private fire he chuckled softly. Trust Lucius Malfoy to figure out a way to warn Draco about him and his importance. He was not angry, indeed he felt vastly amused that he'd provoked Draco into mentioning a magical race.

Closing his eyes he laid his head back on the chair. He'd felt weaker than usual recently, the Burning Day was close now. Perhaps even tonight, which was why he'd warded his rooms against anyone entering and to lower outer awareness of his magical output.

Along with the nervousness that came with his first Burning Day was a soft thrill of excitement. He would know for the first time the identity of his din'rhei, his soulbonded. The Jin'taar had many legends on the origins of magic and most of their theories on such occurrences as soul mates were accepted by magical society at large.

The Jin'taar had proven the existence of soulbonded mates four or five centuries ago. It was not common for a person to find their soulbonded in their lifetime, only 5 in 100 would. Jin'taar always found their soulbonded. It was impossible for them to bond with any other. If their soul mate died they would slowly waste away, for they had no will to live without their mate.

The idea behind a soulbond was a complicated one. Jin'taar believed that a soul was created as a
single entity and there were a limited number of them. Upon their creation each soul was split in half and placed in two different bodies. When the two halves found each other again the break was fixed and healed, the two separate minds merging into a complex bond of emotion, identity and will. They were perfect once again.

Soulbonded could argue just like any other couple. They were by no means without faults. Harry snorted to himself, his fathers were perfect examples of that. Sometimes he found it hard to believe that two opposing personalities could be together so harmoniously. However, he would be supportive of them as they attempted to fix the harm done by James' necessary deception.

When he walked past his mirror he froze. He stared at the image in the mirror. His eyes had turned nearly pure white, flecked with gold. His skin glowed brightly in his dim chambers, casting a silver sheen over the top. Numbly he remembered to flick his hand, wandlessly removing his shirt.

Just in time as he felt a vague itching sensation on his back. Turning sideways he watched in amazement as a ripple of emerald flames started along his spine. It spread to the base of his neck and he shivered in pleasure. The heat felt amazingly good. It touched his collarbone, spread along his shoulders. With a sudden whoosing roar that was startlingly loud in the quiet room he shuddered slightly and closed his eyes.

When he felt the identity of his din'rhei flicker through his mind and saw the familiar face he laughed softly, immensely pleased. Opening his eyes again he stared at his reflection, at the perfect, pale skin covered from head to foot in emerald, black and silver flames. His eyes had turned pure gold edged in black and crimson. Opening his mouth he spoke the name of his soulbonded in Parseltongue, language of the Jin'taar.

:"Lucius,: he smiled, a delightfully sensual expression. Still covered from head to foot in flames he walked into his bedroom, feeling revitalized already.
Chapter Nine

Chapter Summary

Conversations. Still don't own Harry Potter.

*Horcruxes were once common knowledge. It was not unusual for any prospective 'Dark Lord' to split their soul into two fragments. To go beyond two was considered unnecessary. It was only after the death of the Founders that Horcruxes began to fall into dark sorcery qualifications. To split the soul into seven pieces, as our beloved Tom Riddle did, requires a very powerful wizard. Of course, Tom Riddle has never been anything less than extraordinary.* –Chapter 9, *From Darkness Emerges*

*December 18th -*

Tom Riddle, more commonly known as Lord Voldemort, was not a complex man. Not to his eyes, anyway. He saw himself as a self-appointed Guardian to the magical people and their way of life. Purifying the old bloodlines, such as those of the Blacks and Malfoys, had been part of his necessary changes. Once he had the stubborn oldest son of the Black line in his control, things would go much smoother.

Sirius Black was stubborn, fiery-natured and headstrong, according to his son. He was also loyal, proud and fiercely protective of those he considered family, however. By getting him and Lupin under control he would gain two known Light wizards to offset his powerful Dark families. Lupin was intelligent, crafty and more than clever enough to see through most lies. But the living proof that was offered by his best friend and his school love should be enough.

If it became necessary his grandson had a few ideas to help weaken the werewolf’s resistance. Tom shook his head and restrained a rueful laugh. Harry was, in his own way, even harsher on their ‘guests’ and disloyal members than himself. Standing out foremost in his mind was the image of Avery being burned to death in an instant. He hoped he wouldn't lose more of his Death Eaters before they realized Harry was not to be crossed.

When he heard a tap on the door he turned his head and said, "Enter."

The door opened, revealing his black-haired, brown-eyed son. James gracefully entered the room and shut the door behind him, pacing over to a chair across from Tom’s. The powerful Jin'taar sat down, crossing one leg over the other as he smiled at his father.

"What have you been thinking about, Father?"

"Your friends, actually. And if Harry's methods may be necessary to weaken Lupin's loyalty to the Light."

James winced. "I hope not. I understand his reasoning, but poor Remy would be near driven insane locked up like that. He's extremely intellectual and sensitive."

"How do you think Black will react to you being alive?"
James closed his eyes, laughed softly and said, "He'll try and punch me first. If I actually let it connect he'll be so shocked that I'm alive he won't be able to think. If we disarm them quickly enough it should go smoothly."

They sat there and spoke to each other for a few more moments, fat flakes of snow falling on the grounds outside. The door opened again, this time without a knock. By the time Tom whipped his head around to snarl at the offending Death Eater his beautiful, graceful grandson had crossed the distance from door to chair and gave him a soft hug as he said cheerfully,

"Hello Grandfather! Sorry it took so long for us to get here, Father and I had to see Dumbles off to France for the holidays before we could Apparate. Lucius Malfoy asked me to inform you that he and Draco will be here on the 23rd and he has two of the objects you asked him and Lilithia to procure."

Severus had managed to slip into the room almost unnoticed during Harry's small speech except for Nagini hissing a greeting. The snake had taken to the former Slytherin and said wistfully to Tom on more than one occasion that it was too bad he didn't know the snake-tongue. Tom agreed if the talent ran through true Slytherins both Severus and Lucius should have been able to speak it.

Tom watched in amusement as Harry warmly greeted his other father, neatly folding himself to sit at James' feet. To have the limberness of youth again! Severus bowed his head in a quiet, respectful greeting to his Lord before Tom's eyes sparkled and he said, "James, I need to speak with your bubbly son for a few moments. I'm sure you know where the house elves were going to place Severus?"

His brown-eyed son shot him a murderous glance before rising smoothly off the couch and leading Severus through the open door. Harry stood (without using his hands, Tom noted enviously) and shut the door behind them before plopping into the chair his father had vacated and stating pertly, "That wasn't exactly subtle, Grandfather!"

"The time for subtle is long past, child. Those two are just being silly now. You seem awfully perky since I last saw you, is there a reason?"

"Why don't you just ask who my din'rhei is and stop mincing words, Grandfather?" Harry said, jade eyes sparkling in amusement at Tom's exasperated expression.

"It's called small talk, Harry! Merlin, I hope whoever gets stuck with you can teach you some pureblood elegance. You're far too blunt for your own good," Tom's tone was both teasing and serious, Harry's habit for blunt conversation was going to get him into trouble.

"He might be able to and he might not. It depends on if Lucius Malfoy is more stubborn than Harry Riddle-Snape!"

"Ahh," Tom sighed in satisfaction. "So it was the Lord Malfoy. I was hoping Lilithia's guess would be correct. That was why I gave him his current task, child. I want him to prove himself worthy of you."

"What task was that, Grandfather?"

"I asked him and Lilithia to retrieve the Horcruxes. Or rather, Lilithia will give him the information and he will retrieve them. It ought to prove his magical power, I have placed several guards on each one."

"So James convinced you to complete the ritual, then?" Harry asked.
"Yes. I will be walking around our version of the magical world as myself for the first time in over 40 years."

"May I tell him, Grandfather?" Harry queried, leaning forward a little.

"No, child. You may not directly tell him. Nor may you tell him that my mission for him is a test. He needs to prove himself worthy without prior knowledge of the prize that awaits him," Tom smirked. Harry was extremely clever, he knew the young Jin'taar wouldn't have missed the fact that he said 'directly'.


"A Jin'taar is always a prize for their mate, Harry. It also helps that you're not exactly difficult to look upon."

Harry snorted. "I doubt I would be considered handsome or beautiful by a long-shot, Grandfather. How have your political fronts been going?"

Tom frowned, but shrugged aside Harry's negative self-image for the moment. It would have to be taken care of soon though; he did not want his grandson falling into depression. Instead he leaned back in his chair and began the heated conversation of the colossal bore that was politics.

James stalked away from his father's office, feeling monumentally embarrassed by their dismissal. His father had been hinting that he needed to forgive Severus, but he wasn't entirely sure he was going to be able to do that just yet. It was hard to reconcile with Severus' snarky, defensive comments their last year, or the way Severus had been treating Harry for 6 years.

He didn't look over at the onyx-eyed man, Sev always seemed able to read his thoughts from his expressions. At the moment he was too bewildered by his own feelings to let Severus read them. As he considered their destination he felt the back of his neck burn slightly. The house elves had prepared the spacious Green room for Severus.

The Green room just happened to be three doors down from his private quarters. Harry's hints, no doubt. While the relationship between father and son had been a bit strained, both Severus and Harry were finding similarities and on Harry's part, reconciliation, with each other. Severus seemed constantly surprised at just how suited for Slytherin Harry actually was. It had been due to Harry's monumental acting skills that he'd passed as a brave, reckless Gryffindor.

Stopping by the ornate double doors James took a deep breath and looked up. Looking straight into Severus' eyes for only a moment he said, "This is the Green room, which the house elves have prepared as your quarters. If you require the services of a house elf ring the silver bell sitting on the desk. My quarters are three rooms down to your left."

He started to walk away and Severus caught his arm. Stiffening a little he looked his din'rhei in the eyes again before Severus cracked a small smile. He removed his arm from James' shoulder and lifted the slender-fingered hand until it met James' brown eyes. For a moment he was severely confused until something caught his eyes.

On the same finger that he wore his simple platinum band Severus wore a band of dark gold with a diamond, garnet and aquamarine. It was the band that he'd given Sev on their Bonding. Shakily he met dark eyes and Severus said quietly, "I've never removed mine, either. It's always been here, always reminding me of what we had, what we have."
Eyes glittering with determination he leaned forward and whispered in James' ear, "There's a reason you bonded with a Slytherin, James. I can out-stubborn you any time, and I will not give up this hope of being with you again."

James pulled away, trembling with a sudden onslaught of emotion. A single tear slid down his cheek and he strode away, reaching the safety of his quarters. Once the door was between him and Severus he leaned against it and slid to the floor, feeling more confused than ever. Somehow though he was getting the impression Severus would be getting his way, soon.

It was not an unpleasant thought.
Ten

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter. He belongs to J.K. Rowling and all of this is not for profit. I do own the Jin'taar however.

Christmas gatherings and ventures have always been extravagant in the wizarding world. Up until recent times the Malfoy family has been considered the most prestigious event. It is still grand and beautiful. Now the Riddle family event at the House of Ancients is the most prestigious invitation you can receive. Purebloods only, of course. -Chapter 10, From Darkness Emerges

December 23rd -

Draco Malfoy stood next to his father, feeling monumentally nervous. This was the first official gathering he was attending since his inclusion into the ranks of the Death Eaters. He wanted, above all, to make a good impression and make his father proud of him. The second more than the first really.

Even when Draco had been tiny he'd loved and looked up to his proud father. It had been Lucius who'd taken care of him after he was born, Narcissa hadn't wanted anything to do with the child she'd grudgingly borne her Lord. It had been 4 years before she'd taken any interest in him. When Draco considered what she'd done it was still enough to make him coldly furious.

It had started at his 4th birthday. He remembered being upset that his father hadn't been there. Narcissa had soothed him, mentioning that he was out of the country on business. After that day he'd started having lunch and dinner with his mother, seeing Lucius only rarely. She had, Draco thought back with a silent snarl, just about managed to ruin him.

That had come to a raging halt after his 3rd year. Severus had reported to his father how he'd treated the DADA Professor, Remus Lupin. Lucius had been furious. He had sent Narcissa to Germany for that summer and proceeded to remove every single bit of Narcissa's superiority complex. Then Draco had spent a very busy summer reading texts and studying proper pureblood protocols and etiquette for any given situation. It had been embarrassing to realize how Narcissa had been manipulating him.

He had next seen his loving mother after his 5th year and she'd tried worming her way into his confidences again. That had run into a brick wall early on and she'd left after colossally losing her temper and yelling at Lucius. Watching his mother embarrass herself without any help from Lucius had been a real eye-opener for Draco and he realized now that all she'd been doing was turn him into an incurable brat.

He exited his mental musings as he held his father's arm and they Apparated. They appeared with a soft pop and Draco straightened his medium blue dress robes. His father wore robes of silver with violet trim, the Malfoy family colors. Looking around he suddenly noticed the structure they were approaching and stared at it in shock.

"Father, where are we?"
"This is the Forest of Dean, and that is the House of Ancients. It was built by Salazar Slytherin before Hogwarts was more than a goal in the Founders' minds," Lucius said quietly. "It currently belongs to the only person with 8 blood ties to Salazar Slytherin."

Draco nearly gaped at his father as they passed through the wards, which flickered a momentary dark crimson at their passing. "You mean there's an Ancient pureblood alive? Who?"

"You know him from school," Lucius replied.

Lucius watched his son's expression upon seeing the House of Ancients for the first time and had to admit his own reaction had been quite similar. Salazar Slytherin may not have promoted the intimidation techniques but this manor was certainly an example of that. As they walked up to the huge double doors they swung open silently, revealing a pair of house elves in smart black and silver livery.

Lucius recognized the one from the last meeting and waited. "Welcome to the House of Ancients, Lord and Heir Malfoy. If you would follow me, I will lead you to the study."

Lucius watched the mosaic floor and noted the most prominent color was now a sky blue. He made a mental note to himself about that color and knocked on the door the elf indicated with a respectful bow.

"Come in," was the hissed reply.

Lucius opened the door and walked inside, Draco making sure to close the door behind them. The Dark Lord was seated behind a massive ebony desk, Nagini coiled around the base of his chair. She hissed what Lucius supposed was a greeting as he bowed his head respectfully, Draco echoing the action with the slightest of nerves.

"Enjoying your holidays, Draconis?"

"Yes, My Lord. A break from the constant studying is welcome."

"Indeed," Voldemort replied. Turning red eyes on Lucius he said, "My grandson passed on your message. Which two of my Horcruxes have you recovered?"

"Helga Hufflepuff's cup and Salazar Slytherin's locket, My Lord. The diadem and sword will be more difficult to procure as both are under Dumbledore's jurisdiction."

"Have my grandson help you retrieve the diadem, you may need some of his special abilities."

"When do you need them by, my Lord?"

"Three weeks prior to Easter. It will be on Easter that this all ends. Now go, I will be joining the party momentarily."

Lucius bowed, echoed by Draco. When they had shut the door behind them Draco said quietly, "The Dark Lord has a grandson?"

Lucius nodded and said, "You will meet him soon."

Another elf led them to the ballroom. Standing outside the doors was a figure with pale skin and delicately curved ears, wearing a beautiful silk dress robe cut Mandarin style in silver with jade green piping and tiny but elaborate gold embroidery in a pattern of Celtic knots. The silk was cut to hug the slender body and usually loose hair had two braids on each side of the head with the rest
He could see Draco was trying to figure out the identity of the familiar figure. Harry helped him along by gracefully striding up to them. Hooked around his left ear was a delicate chain to which was attached an emerald the size of Lucius' thumbnail. Once he was within casual speaking distance he greeted them.

"Lucius, Draco. Have you already spoken to Grandfather? He was most curious about the objects you asked me to mention."

Lucius replied, watching out of the corner of his eyes as Draco paled, realizing exactly who this was. "Yes, we did. Your house elves were kind enough to lead us to his study and here. He suggested that I ask for your help on retrieving Ravenclaw's diadem, he said some of your abilities may come in useful."

Harry hummed quietly in agreement and said, "If I remember his description of the diadem's defenses, you will need one of my gifts in particular to escape that room alive."

A voice to Lucius' left said cheerfully, "Good evening, Lucius! Did my information play out correctly on the locket?"

"Greetings, Lilithia. Yes, your information was sound on Mundungus Fletcher. He did indeed have Salazar's locket and was most willing to hand it over."

Lilithia wore a strapless ankle-length gown in shimmering emerald green with her red hair loose and wavy. The dress had a slit past her hip and was paired with silver two-inch stiletto heels. She looked amazingly beautiful and polished and several low-ranked Death Eater's gazes were openly admiring. Her stares back were openly derisive.

"Ha!" A voice said from Harry's right, "you finally showed up."

Severus' usual black robes were made of silk this time, with delicate silver trim and embroidery. He had dropped the considerable glamour and washed his black hair, which was bound back by a simple silver chain. The glamour created his sallow skin and eagle-like nose. Without it he had pale but healthy skin and a straight nose that turned his face from sharp to rivaling Sirius Black's, especially when paired with eyes that looked black but were actually very dark blue.

They all walked into the ballroom together and split up; mingling with people they knew or wished to speak to. Draco still looked a little stunned at the fact that Harry Potter was the Dark Lord's grandson, but he was recovering admirably as he introduced himself to the late Avery's youngest son. It was an elegant and beautiful party, Lucius had to admit.

Curiously he looked around for Harry and as if summoned by his thoughts the young man appeared. He was smiling slightly as he approached and after a moment said quietly, "What are you thinking?"

Lucius chuckled softly and said, "Can't you just read my mind?"

Harry looked wistful. "No."

"Very well," Lucius replied. "I am marveling at all the changes in store for the magical world. I am also amazed that one such as Albus Dumbledore has been deceived for so long."

"Dumbledore's greatest gift is manipulation," Harry replied. "Soon the magical world will know this and his power will be non-existent. As far as the changes, they are many but they are also
necessary. Even the Muggle world is evolving and changing. If we do not we will be at risk."

Lucius thought about that for a moment and nodded his head in reluctant agreement. "I suppose you are right. I simply hope that our traditions will not be lost in the evolution."

"They will not be," Harry assured. "We are not going to follow the Muggles so much as change a few of our rules. The werewolves for one, we intend to remove their restrictions. They are a vital part of the magical world and the prejudices loaded on them by society must stop."

"Do you intend on lowering the restrictions for the vampires as well?" Lucius asked. "They are important as well; some of them have information about our world that is priceless."

"I'm sure Grandfather has plans for them as well," Harry replied. Casually he turned to Lucius and said, "We intend to reveal my family when we bring Lupin and Black here. Grandfather believes it will make a suitable impact with the Death Eaters as well as a nice shock for those two."

"Indeed," Lucius replied with a chuckle. "Black in particular is explosively verbal about his opinions; it will be interesting to watch his reaction."

Harry was smiling at something and Lucius turned his head to see what had garnered the expression. Severus was walking out the back door, lightly escorting James. The pair were talking quietly and Lucius could see a small smile on James' face. The older Jin'taar looked relaxed and happier than Lucius had seen him previously.

"I may have a few things yet to sort out with my Father, but I know better than anyone else what being separated from one's din'rhei does to a Jin'taar," Harry said quietly. "I have been trying to convince my stubborn dad to speak with him for the last month."

Some time later Harry was escorting Lucius and Draco out of the House of Ancients. It was nearly 2 in the morning and he was exhausted. Draco sped up when they reached the front doors, wanting to speak with his Aunt Bellatrix before she departed. Lucius was saying something to him and he paid attention to the older man's comments.

"I truly enjoyed myself tonight. It was a pleasant change from being the one hosting one of these gatherings."

"I am glad you came, Lucius."

The silver-eyed pureblood held one hand flat in front of him and Harry resisted a blink. A small box was wrapped in silver and black paper. "This is a small gift for you, Harry. I saw this a couple days ago and thought of your Parseltongue ability."

Harry slit the delicate paper and opened the box. His breath hitched sharply in surprise. Resting on black cloth was a pattern of coiled snakes, weaving in and out of each other creating the eternity symbol. One snake was made of obsidian, the other of clear crystal. In each opening was a perfectly round fire opal.

"It's beautiful," he whispered. "Would you put it on me?"

Lucius removed the bracelet and placed it on his left wrist, fastening the delicate but strong clasp. Harry looked directly into silver eyes and said, "Thank you."

Lucius smiled fleetingly before walking down the flight of steps and calling to his son. They walked just past the wards and Apparated. Harry looked down at the bracelet again before smiling and walking back inside.
Eleven

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter or recognizable characters. I do own the Jin'taar.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The Jin'taar ability to control fire has long been coveted by mortal witches and wizards. These mages have called themselves 'Elementals'. The only true elementals are Jin'taar and their alliance is specific to fire. The inherent darkness of the race ensured their ability to control even the cursed Fiendfyre. Few know the origins of the Jin'taar, even fewer know the main way to kill one. Chapter 11 - From Darkness Emerges

Lucius sat in his private study, frowning thoughtfully. He'd been confused by something for the past few days, ever since the party at the House of Ancients. What was bugging him was a specific comment that Harry had made. The paragraph in the tome sitting on his desk and Severus both said that Jin'taar were unblockable Legimens.

So why would Harry have said he couldn't read Lucius' mind? Lucius knew the young Jin'taar wasn't flattering him, indeed even his grandfather said he could do with a few lessons on a less blunt form of conversation. Lucius actually found it refreshing and downright humorous sometimes. Listening to him crack less than polite comments about some of the Death Eaters at the party had tested his ability to not laugh out loud.

Pouring another glass of brandy he opened the text again and re-read that particular paragraph. He set the glass down rather abruptly as he read one particular line. The only mind that a Jin'taar can't read is that of their din'rhei, or soulbonded. Stunned, he sat back. Could that be the reason Harry couldn't read his mind?

He was about to dismiss it as foolish when he remembered his puzzlement over the odd task of retrieving the Horcruxes. He couldn't figure out why the Dark Lord would send him in particular. Severus would have been a smarter choice as he was believed to be a spy for the Order of the Phoenix. But if he put it in context of some sort of test, it made perfect sense. Make him prove his abilities and worthiness to the Dark Lord in a tangible way.

Lucius couldn't believe his luck. If he was correct then he would be gaining one of the rarest and most powerful of magical races as his bonded. Not to mention one of the most beautiful, he mused to himself, smirking. Harry had truly been exquisite at the party in his tailored dress robes, the silk hid nothing of his near-perfect shape.

A worthy prize indeed, he decided. The manor felt surprisingly quiet, Draco was already back at the school along with Harry. The two had been working on a plan to let the Death Eaters past the barrier. According to Draco, it was close to completion. This would be an Easter to remember, the end of Albus Dumbledore and the restructuring of the Ministry.

Lucius was returning to the school this evening. His public reason was to finish 'planning' his classes for the term. Instead he would be meeting Harry to retrieve the diadem of Rowena.
Ravenclaw. Lucius was glad that the priceless Founder's objects would not be destroyed in releasing the Horcruxes. That the Dark Lord had found something of importance from each Founder was astonishing and the objects deserved nothing more or less than a prized spot at a deserving wizarding museum.

Gracefully he stood and walked over to his Floo. Teachers had a direct connection to the school. Unfortunately, it was for only the teacher. Otherwise the current problem with the Death Eaters could have been solved in the blink of an eye.

"Great Hall, Hogwarts."

He appeared in a flash of emerald, stepping out of the fireplace and brushing a bit of ash off his shoulder. Slowly, regally, he made his way to the 7th floor, where he had been told to meet Harry. When he reached it the Ancient pureblood was waiting for him, unGlamored features hidden beneath a cloak of black silk. The black cane was in his hand, long fingers gripping the top firmly.

Behind him was a door. When Lucius reached him Harry opened the door and walked inside. Lucius followed, looking around at the massive storage room with surprise. "I didn't know this was here."

"Welcome to the Room of Requirement," Harry said, smiling grimly. "It forms into whatever you need it to; hence the reason Umbridge had so much trouble locating the DA in my 5th year. One of its functions is a storage room."

"Hogwarts has many secrets," Lucius mused aloud.

"Indeed," Harry replied. "I know the diadem is here, I've seen it before. This is the same room Draco and I have been using to establish a contact point for the Death Eaters."

He indicated a massive black wood structure. "It's a Vanishing Cabinet, wreaked by Fred and George Weasley in my 5th year. There's a matching one in Borgin and Burkes. They create a passageway between them, a form of stationary portal."

"So you've been repairing the broken one," Lucius was impressed. It was a very clever idea.

"It's been slow going," Harry grumbled. "The number of charms and defenses on that object as well as various wards are complex, even for one of my race. It's like a massive puzzle with a few crucial pieces missing."

"Undoubtedly you and Draco will be able to find that missing piece," Lucius replied.

Harry led the way down the corridors, sharp eyes considering every shelf and object. About halfway down the fifth row Lucius placed a hand on the Jin'taar's shoulder and pointed. Sitting on the top shelf of a 5 foot cabinet was a bust of a former Headmaster, the diadem placed haphazardly on his head like a beret.

Eyeing the bust Harry stated, "Phineas Nigellus, the most unpopular Headmaster of Hogwarts, my godfather Sirius' great-grandfather. Figures he'd be in here, he was a pureblood idealist who supported most of the Jin'taar teachings."

Lucius walked forward and eyed the diadem. He could feel powerful Dark magic around it, but put it to the Horcrux. There were also basic wards around it, but they appeared passive. Waving his wand he noted the streak of red. One aggressive ward then. He considered the diamond encrusted object for a moment and picked it up carefully.
From the end of the corridor came a soft 'whoosh'. Lucius watched Harry's jade-colored eyes narrow and darken in color. Suddenly they turned pure gold edged in swirling black and crimson and Lucius gasped. The color was so intense. As startling as it was there was something immensely beautiful about it as well.

That wasn't the end to the surprise. Starting from the base of the Jin'taar's spine and spreading up to his shoulders were black, silver and emerald green flames. With a sharp crackle they spread to cover every inch of his body. His skin appeared almost porcelain in color and texture, not a single scar appeared under the light of the flames.

As deadly as the Jin'taar next to him was beautiful were the wall of black flames that appeared in every direction. "Fiendfyre," Lucius whispered. Oh, the Dark Lord was clever indeed. This would kill anyone but a Dark wizard, maybe even one of them. The incantation to stop cursed fire would only work on one section at a time and there were four approaching in a massive roaring wall.

Lucius could vaguely hear hissing and turned his head. Harry was looking directly at him and said his name again, a faint hiss on the edge of his speech. "Lucius, take my hand."

He hesitated, thinking the reason obvious. Harry arched one eyebrow in disdainful amusement, looking remarkably like Severus. "These flames on my body will not hurt you, for reasons I think you know. Those will."

Abashed, the pureblood Lord took the hand offered him, the one wearing the bracelet he'd given Harry for Christmas. For a moment the flames felt cold against his skin. They swiftly warmed to a moderate blaze, spreading warmth through the rest of his body.

"Fiendfyre cancels itself out," Harry said again, a faint hiss once again present in his speech. "By touching me you are protected against the flames. I warn you, Fiendfyre feels exceptionally cold to us."

Lucius felt this probably wasn't the time but asked anyway, "Why do I keep hearing the edge of a hiss on your voice?"

Harry smirked. "The natural language for Jin'taar is Parseltongue. To anyone else all they would hear is hissing. Since you are my din'rhei you hear normal speech."

The Fiendfyre washed over the two Dark wizards and it felt like Lucius had been dropped in ice water. He shivered and looked over at the Jin'taar. Harry's teeth were clenched and his eyes were shut. Looking up he watched in amazement, most never saw this, their bodies' turned to ash when the cursed fire touched them.

Starting at the top of the pillar of flames they were turning lighter in color. Slowly they changed from black to dark gray, steel, silver, ash, light gray and finally white. The white inched down toward them, bringing comfortable heat with it as it touched the top of their heads. When it touched the floor Harry opened his eyes and flicked the black wand.

The flames disappeared, leaving behind an untouched room and a pile of sparkling ashes. Conjuring a small bottle from a broken quill Harry placed the ashes inside and corked the lid.

"Fiendfyre ashes have numerous Potions properties," he explained. "My father will find this useful."

"Why does Fiendfyre feel cold to a Jin'taar?" Lucius asked.

"Because Fiendfyre is cursed fire, it feels different to all," Harry lectured. "The only way to kill a
Jin'taar is by surrounding us in everlasting cold. Most discover that by accident when they cast a permanent Freezing Charm at us."

Harry smiled grimly. "Congratulations, Lucius. You are privy to knowledge that most never know in their lifetimes. If wizards knew how easy it was to kill a Jin'taar we would be destroyed in a few months."

"I will never reveal this to anyone, I swear this on my magic and my name, Lucius Abraxas Alexander Malfoy," Lucius replied, stunned by the import of the knowledge he now held.

They exited the Room of Requirement and Lucius shrunk the diadem, placing it in an inside pocket. Turning to the Jin'taar he said, "Thank you for your help. I should have guessed it would have something to do with fire after your Grandfather specifically mentioned I ask for your help."

Harry inclined his head, placing his wand back in the cane. The glamour appeared again with a thought, hiding the naturally beautiful features behind the rather ordinary shield. "You are quite welcome, Lucius. I shall take my leave of you now. It takes some time to get down to the dungeons and back up to the third floor."

The Jin'taar turned around and limped swiftly away, lowering the hood on his black cloak to reveal messy black hair. Lucius watched him leave for a moment before turning back to the staircase. He needed to take the diadem to Malfoy Manor before Dumbledore noticed the release of power from the Fiendfyre.

Two weeks later, Albus Dumbledore was feeling agitated. Tom was being too quiet! People were beginning to question him; he needed the Dark Lord to attack so his tool could prove useful again. He smiled in satisfaction, he'd never made so correct a decision as he had when he'd placed Severus' son with the Dursleys and manipulated his useful little spy.

James Potter, Lily Evans and Regulus Black had been loose wires, their deaths had been necessary. Of course there was nothing to link the three deaths to him, just as there wouldn't be anything to link him to Harry's eventual death. After the boy had killed the Dark Lord he'd make sure the Savior had a little 'accident'. He was becoming far too independent minded.

Looking up he watched at Severus entered his office and said, "You requested my presence, Headmaster?"

"Yes I did, Severus," he said gravely, trying to hide twinkling eyes. "I must leave the school this evening; I may have found one of the Dark Lord's Horcruxes."

Severus started and said intently, "Which one?"

"Salazar Slytherin's locket. It's in a cavern the Dark Lord used to visit when he lived at the orphanage."

"Very well, Albus. I will have a few strength potions ready for you when you return."

"Thank you, my boy. Have your Slytherins heard anything about young Harry?" Time to get rid of that house when this is all done, Albus noted to himself.

"No," Severus drawled. "They say he's exceptionally boring, sticking to his studies for the most part. Not that I can tell from his grades in Potions."

Albus nodded and said, "Very well. I will be back as soon as possible."
Severus watched the old goat Apparate out of his office and sneered as soon as he was gone. "You think you're so clever, old man."

He had seen Harry in person two weeks ago when his son had presented him with a 6 oz glass bottle full of Fiendfyre ashes. According to what the young Jin'taar had told him, Tom had placed some interesting wards on the diadem of Rowena Ravenclaw.

The real Horcrux that had been in the cavern Albus was no doubt entering at this moment had been retrieved years ago by Sirius Black's younger brother Regulus. Regulus' death had been blamed on the Dark Lord, but as Tom and James had told him, Albus himself was responsible for the young man's death.

Shaking himself mentally out of his thoughts he spun around and headed at a swift walk for Lucius' quarters on the third floor. Lucius had asked him to notify him when Dumbledore was absent for a period of time so he could retrieve the sword of Godric Gryffindor. It was the last of the four Horcruxes Lucius had been assigned to retrieve.

Knocking on the door he heard a smooth 'Enter'. Opening it he walked inside. Lucius was standing in front of a table, on which rested an ornate sword with fake rubies in the pommel. With a wave of Lucius' wand the words Godric Gryffindor carved themselves into the blade near the hilt, in the exact same spot as the real sword. With one last long incantation the blade shimmered.

Severus was impressed. Sitting on the table was an exact replica of the sword in Dumbledore's office, aura included. Every ruby was in the exact same place, even the writing was the same type and size. Lucius looked at him and said, "I'm assuming you're here because our resident Headmaster has left for the evening."

"Indeed," Severus replied. "He's gone after the fake Regulus placed in the cavern. The potion that covers the object has to be drunk and will weaken him significantly for the final confrontation."

"Poor Regulus," Lucius murmured. "One wishes he would be able to know that Dumbledore's time is coming to an end."

"And who's to say that he doesn't?" Severus answered. "None of us know what happens to those who die. He may very well have known the end of the war the minute he breathed his last."

The pair walked back to Dumbledore's office. Removing the shrunken sword from his pocket he resized it with a quick 'Finite Incantem'. He levitated the real sword out and onto Dumbledore's desk, placing the fake in the exact same spot, making sure it was positioned the same way. He shrank the real sword and used a black cloth from his pocket to pick it up. Carefully wrapping it he placed the toothbrush-sized weapon in his pocket.

"Dumbledore may have placed Sensory Charms on the sword," Lucius explained. "Best to not touch it with my bare hand until it is within the wards at the House of Ancients."

"I am not dense," Severus replied irritably. "I know why you did that."

Lucius raised an eyebrow at his friend and said, "Go get some sleep, Severus. You're starting to act like a Gryffindor."

He received a black glare for the statement and Severus whirled on his heel, walking out. Lucius snickered at his temperamental friend's back and walked out, resisting a bounce to his stride with extreme effort. Task finished, he thought smugly.
About the stuff remaining after the fiendfyre, I assumed since the RoR is a magical room it protects what is inside from damage by fire, water, etc.
Remus Lupin and Sirius Black admitted to having been captured before the end of the war. Both were present at the Ministry takeover. Of the time they spent in the House of Ancients before their conversion Lupin has been close-mouthed at best. Black is a bit more open and said that it was 'traumatic' for his lycan friend. Those who are familiar with Harry Riddle-Snape's methods of 'convincing' werewolves know what I mean. – Chapter 12, From Darkness Emerges

March 5th -

Bellatrix Lestrange gleefully spun her wand in her fingers, staring down at the prone form of her cousin Sirius Black. To her left Rabastan had his wand pointed at Remus Lupin, who had put up a surprising fight, considering his normal meek nature. He had finally gone down due to a powerful hit to the side of his head from a now-relaxed Fenrir. The werewolf grinned, canines flashing in the night. "Need my help to get these two there intact?"

"No! Thank you for the offer. Run along, wolf," Bella teased.

Fenrir rolled his eyes but nevertheless ran off, disappearing into the trees. Bellatrix bound her cousins' arms tightly in front of him and attached them to a loop around his waist before doing the same thing to Lupin, making sure to edge the werewolf's rope in a half-silver half-iron wire. If he fought against it the wire would cause enough pain to make him stop without damaging him from lasting contact. One of Harry's inventions, the clever boy!

Looking at Rabastan she pointed her wand at Sirius and said, "Enervate," listening to her brother-in-law say the same. Sirius' eyes fluttered momentarily before he groaned faintly and attempted to rub away his headache. When he ran into the restraints his eyes widened and he snarled, attempting to push to his feet.

Bella snorted and pushed him back down with a hand, saying acidly, "Sit, dog. I wouldn't try using your Animagus form. I assume you know what the Anti-Animagus hex does, correct?"

Sirius swallowed and glared balefully at her for a moment. That lasted until he heard Lupin's soft yelp of pain. Gray eyes spun to his friend and he said worriedly, "You all right, Remy?"

"Yes," Remus whispered softly, voice slightly hoarse. "There's some essence of silver in this rope somewhere."

"It's half silver, half iron. The rope was designed by one of our people, clever isn't it?" Rabastan grinned.

"Why did you bother binding us if you just plan on killing us?" Sirius snapped.

Bella laughed shortly. "Cousin, despite what you may think the last thing I want to do is kill the last legitimate heir of the Black family. Besides, it's against our orders. We're to take you with us,
not kill you."

She hauled him to his feet and said, "You can still walk, so walk that way," she indicated the trees with her wand.

"Why do you want us alive?" Remus murmured.

"Because someone within our ranks asked for your lives to be spared."

"Who would we know in the Dark Lord's ranks besides Snivellus?" Sirius asked Remus. Bellatrix smacked him on the back of the head for the comment.

"His name is Severus, get used to it," she snapped.

Another fifty paces brought them to the clearing. Sirius froze. "What is this place?"

"The House of Ancients, built by Salazar Slytherin before Hogwarts was more than an idea in the Founder's minds," Rabastan replied.

They passed through the wards, which crackled with power and raw energy. Bella shivered in delight. The power of those wards was barely contained, held at all only by the sheer will of the two Jin'taar in the House of Ancients. They walked inside through the massive doors. Bella grinned when she saw who was standing at the end of the hallway.

Bella watched in amusement as Black and Lupin both looked up and froze. Their expressions were no doubt priceless as they watched Lilithia walk toward them with a smile, long red hair loose and wavy, wearing a black velvet choker necklace and a formfitting black mini dress with wedge heels. Green eyes flicked in the two men's direction before she smiled widely at Bellatrix and said, "I hope you didn't have any trouble with them, sister!"

"None at all once Fenrir knocked him out," Rabastan indicated Lupin before respectfully adding, "Miss Black."

Bellatrix watched her cousin start and said smoothly, "As you know her she is Lily Marie Evans, a Mudblood witch. She is truly known as Lilithia Aine Black, my slightly older sister and another of your pureblood cousins."

Lilithia smiled at them both and said, "I think I can handle these two from here. Our Lord wishes to speak with both of you."

Bellatrix regretfully left. That was bound to be an interesting conversation.

Lilithia speared the two wizards with a sharp gaze and said frigidly, "Before we continue, I will make this clear."

Turning her right wrist so the inside faced them she displayed the black Dark Mark there. A rather icy smile on her lips she stepped closer to Sirius and said in a tone barely above a whisper, "Compared to what I can do to you even the curses Severus uses are child's play. Do not do anything stupid if at all possible, Padfoot."

With a startlingly warmer smile she said, "Follow me."

They followed obediently, still too stunned to speak. Leading them into a spacious parlor she vanished the ropes around their wrists and waists and walked into the mini bar, pouring two
generous measures of firewhiskey and a Merlot.

Handing them the glasses she indicated the plush chairs and said, "Sit, please."

She dropped gracefully into a single chair and took a small sip of the Merlot, smiling as she contemplated the ruby liquid. The two light wizards sank into separate chairs. Sirius took a quick gulp of the firewhiskey, no doubt to settle his rattled nerves. Remus took a smaller sip, still watching her. Setting the glass down he sat back and said, "How do we know you aren't someone masquerading as Lily?"

"It's Lilithia;" she reminded him coolly, "Lily never existed. As for proof, I was the first one you told about your 'furry problem' as Sirius put it. You taught me Italian through letters between 4th and 5th year and gave me a white gold band with 'True Love Never Dies' in Italian on the inside of the band."

Turning to Sirius she arched her eyebrow and said, "It was because of your supposed 'boredom' after O.W.L.s that James levitated Severus in front of the other students. You were called 'Saint Valentine' in school both because of your ability to easily snag any girl you wanted and your birthday, which is February 14th. You were devastated by your brother Regulus' death even though you pretended indifference due to your split from the family."

"When did you join the Death Eaters?" Sirius finally asked.

"The summer after our 5th year. I was the first of my three sisters to join the ranks. I am now part of the Inner Circle along with Bella. Narcissa joined our ranks before Christmas, though she is in the Middle Circle. I posed as a Muggleborn because it offered convenient cover and to escape my parents, who had betrothed me to someone more than twice my age."

"Well, I'm glad Bellatrix and Rabastan prevailed," a voice said softly.

Sirius was the first to spin around and stared in shock at James. "You're alive?" he snarled. Before Lilithia could move he was up and had thrown a punch at the Jin'taar. It connected, splitting his lower lip.

Sirius stared, chest heaving, at the blood running along James' chin. "I can't believe you're alive," he whispered. "All this time we've been fighting this war and you've been on the other side. How long, James?"

James gazed back, expressionless. Noting Remus who was still seated he looked at both of them before he coldly and deliberately said the truth. "My entire life."

"Lilithia," he said to her coolly, "our Lord has called a meeting. These two are to be present."

"An immense privilege. Will I have to bind you two again or can you keep your mouth shut?" She looked pointedly at Sirius.

Gray eyes flicked to the floor. Taking that for her answer she stood up and said, "Come with us."

Sirius and Remus followed the two Death Eaters down the hallway and into a massive chamber. They took their assigned places between Bellatrix and a young man with blue-gray eyes and white-blond hair. Lilithia stared at him and pouted visibly.

"Draco, why did you have to go and be taller than me? Once again I'm the shortest one here! It's difficult to believe you were shorter than me at the beginning of last year."
Draco replied with a playful and obvious sneer, "Malfoy's aren't short, Aunt Lilithia."

Standing next to Bellatrix she watched as James walked up to stand next to Severus at the right of the Dark Lord's chair. The placement was significant to anyone paying attention. Harry walked in, poetry in motion. He took his place next to Severus and smiled at her from under his hood.

Voldemort eyed the two light wizards and said, "You may have noticed that we have two visitors in our midst tonight. For those of you who don't recognize these two they are Sirius Orion Black and Remus John Lupin. They are guests here and any act of violence toward them will be punished instantly."

"Tonight is more of an announcement then any true orders," he continued. "Several of you have wondered as to our two Jin'taar and their importance, most notably the late Lord Avery."

A few snickers at the reminder. "So I am going to tell you about their true importance. Some time ago I did not look like I presently do and I had a small affair with a pureblood witch named Rhiannon Towers. She knew that I was a Dark wizard and when she became pregnant with my child decided to hide. The child was given to her brother-in-law, who used complex magic to make the child his Heir without changing the bloodline."

"I met my son when he was 5 years old. By the time he entered Hogwarts School he had begun learning Occlumency and was firm in his conviction of the pureblood rights. I taught my son the Dark Arts from his 5th year onward and never let him formally join my ranks."

"For those of you who haven't guessed yet, my son's name is James Godric Riddle, known better as James Potter."

Sirius and Remus both paled in shock. A number of whispers started spreading, which the Dark Lord silenced instantly just by continuing his dialogue.

"James is of course a Jin'taar, as you well know. What a Jin'taar is exactly is not well known. Jin'taar are Dark Phoenixes given human form. They marry only by a soulbond, the soulbonded is known as their din'rhei. James' din'rhei is Severus Snape."

Severus caught Sirius and Remus' gazes as the whispers spread again and smirked. Lilithia looked sideways and resisted giggling. Sirius looked like he was about to faint.

"Of course, our final companion's importance should be well-known by now," Tom sounded amused.

Harry lowered his hood and smiled at Sirius and Remus. Holding their gazes he let the glamour fall again. Jade-colored eyes sparkled vividly as Tom said, "As he is known to the wizarding world right now, he is Harry Potter, Savior of the wizarding world. To us he is Harry Salazar Severus Snape, Jin'taar, my grandson and the only Ancient Pureblood linked to Salazar Slytherin."

The meeting was dismissed after the shock had faded a little and Harry, James and Severus joined Lilithia and the two captives. Harry speared the two wizards with jade eyes and they both winced slightly. The Jin'taar hummed softly and said, "Papa, I know you would rather not have to do this, but both of them require some time."

James regretfully eyed the two wizards and nodded. "Draco, if you would escort Sirius to the room prepared for him we would be grateful."

Draco inclined his head respectfully. He walked away, followed by Sirius. James looked Remus in
the eye and murmured, "I'm sorry this is necessary, old friend."

Harry removed a small wire and bound it reasonably tight around Remus' wrist. The werewolf flinched. "Like the wire I designed?" Harry asked casually. "You ought to find your quarters interesting as well. You know where they are, Lilithia?"

She nodded. "Of course."

"Come with me," she said quietly to Remus.

They walked away, leaving the small family alone with the admiring, envious gazes of the Death Eaters.

Sirius walked along next to Draco, stunned beyond belief. Lily and James alive, to be able to even think that! But to find out that their friends had been leading them along like obedient pets rankled. Especially James, Merlin. It was hard to believe that he was the Dark Lord's son and had known that his entire life.

However, confusing as all this was he knew James' friendship wasn't faked. The regret in his eyes had been sincere. The one that stunned him the most was Harry. He was playing Albus and the Ministry for fools and doing so with a smile! Sirius had heard of Jin'taar, he knew they were near impossible to kill and they could control any kind of fire.

"Sirius?" he started and turned to face his cousin's son. Draco was watching him with a careful, guarded expression. He didn't much look like Narcissa besides the hint of blue in his mercury colored eyes.

"Yes?" he said quietly.

"The Dark Lord never killed Regulus," Draco finally said. "It was blamed on him but all of the Inner Circle were shocked when he died."

"Who did?" Sirius whispered.

"Albus Dumbledore," Draco replied quietly. "The memory of the only witness to his crime is in a Pensive in your quarters. The only one who saw him die was Aunt Lilithia; she was in the next room over."

"Was he the one that tried to kill James, Lily and Harry?"

"Yes. That memory is there as well. Dumbledore is the true evil out there," Draco continued. "My dad told me Sev was absolutely devastated when James 'died'."

Opening a door he gestured inside and said, "Your rooms. I wouldn't bother trying to escape. These are warded so tightly you'd kill yourself trying."

Sirius walked into the room and heard the door shut behind him. Walking over to the Pensive he sighed and placed his fingers in the liquid memories. When he came back to himself a couple hours later he walked over and sat in a chair at a table. Placing his hands on the table he placed his head on his arms and cried.

Remus walked next to Lily-Lilithia, he reminded himself. His mind was buzzing with the shock he'd received and he rubbed absently at the wire on his wrist. To believe that Harry could be so coldly methodical in his treatment was difficult, he'd always thought him a good-natured kid. It's nearly as hard as realizing Lily's a pureblood.
Looking sideways at her he had to admit she was absolutely beautiful. He'd always had a crush on her and had been shocked to know it was returned. With a soft sigh he said timidly, "Lilithia?"

"Yes?" she replied, stopping in front of a door that was no doubt their final destination.

"D-do you still feel like you did about me, or was that part of your cover?"

Hard green eyes softened and she said quietly, "Of course I do, Remus. Feelings weren't part of my cover, only my outward appearance and my views on the world. I would never have hurt you by faking an emotion like love."

Heartened he smiled at her faintly before walking through the open door. She followed and momentarily shut the door behind her. He paled and looked around, bewildered. The room was beautiful and spacious, but what was worrying him was the lack of something in particular.

Turning to her he whispered hoarsely, "There's no sound."

Without looking at him she said, "Harry is well aware of the weaknesses and strengths of a lycan. The lack of sound is one thing that bothers your kin. There are wards on the windows and any bit of furniture or upholstery to make it unbreakable. Anything metal is pure silver, so I suggest you avoid trying to touch it."

Frightened Remus whispered, "How long will I be in here?"

"Until Harry reads your mind again and sees a change. There's a Pensive with some facts about Albus Dumbledore you may find interesting and a small library with some texts the Ministry has outlawed about werewolves and such things in the next room."

She started to leave. Turning back to him she said softly, "I'm sorry Remus. We didn't want to have to do this to you."

Then she left and he was alone in total silence. Shivering he walked into the next room and found the Pensive. Anything to get away from a world without sound.
Chapter Summary

Still don't own Harry Potter, darn it! :D I do own the Jin'taar however.

To be given permission to court a Jin'taar has always been an honor. If given before the first Burning, the courtship is usually denied after the Jin'taar knows the identity of their din'rhei. Jin'taar are fabulously loyal to their soulbonded and their number one priority is to make their other half happy. Coming a close second is family, as Jin'taar usually end up having a close-knit family group, called the Ancies Familia.- Chapter 13, From Darkness Emerges

March 20th -

There was going to be something different about this private meeting, James could feel it. His father stood near the flames and watched Severus go about his potions work with intense concentration. James smiled indulgently at his din'rhei, Sev tended to be rather single-minded when working on a potion and this one was rather complex. Flicking brown eyes to his two best friends he decided to approach them.

It had been two weeks since they had been placed in their separate quarters and the two Marauders had been released just the previous day. Remus was still trembling from the effect of being in a room without sound; it was his own private nightmare with his sensitive hearing. Sirius looked a little conflicted, but he had a feeling that when they saw Dumbledore again their last doubts would be erased. He could feel Lilithia's eyes on his back from where she was helping Severus. He shook his head mentally, resisting a laugh. The pureblood witch was still wary of her cousin and her opinions on Remus couldn't be relied on. She was still hopeful that Remus would choose their side and they could be together again. He had a feeling that the greatest shock to Remus was exactly how ruthless the pretty red-head could be.

He sat down next to Sirius and smiled at his friend. "How are you, Sirius?"

Gray eyes met his and the Animagus sighed. "I guess I'm still in shock from everything we've learned here. We go from fighting the Dark Lord because he killed you and Lily to this. I mean, you're the Dark Lord's son and you knew it all along! That and I find out my little brother was killed by the man I've trusted for the past 30-something years and Harry turns out to be quite the actor. It's a bit much, James. Plus there's the fact that you're bonded to Severus Snape of all people and Harry's his biological son."

"Nothing like summarizing everything, hmm Black?" Severus sniped from his table.

James looked up and levelly glared at his bonded, reminding him to at least try and act nice to Sirius while he was making up his mind. Near-black eyes darkened a little and Sev shrugged minutely.

Remus was looking at the potion and the objects sitting on the table with interest. "What's going on here anyways?"
"Always the bookworm, Moony," James teased his friend.

He explained, "Long ago my father split his soul into seven pieces. These pieces were made so that if his body was destroyed he could eventually be returned to another with his memories intact. It warped his appearance over time and I've finally convinced him that it is not in his best interest. He had Lucius gather the four pieces that he did not have here and tonight we are going to return him to his normal body."

As if James' voice summoned him the pureblood Lord walked into the study at exactly that moment. He bowed gracefully and placed the sword and diadem on the table next to the cup and locket.

"I've replaced the Sword of Gryffindor with an exact replica, my Lord. It is doubtful that Dumbledore will realize it's missing until too late."

"Well done, Lucius," Tom hissed. "Did my grandson's abilities come in handy with the diadem?"

"Indeed they did, my Lord. I highly doubt anyone could have survived four walls of Fiendfyre without a Jin'baar around."

Lilithia smiled in satisfaction as Severus said quietly, "The potion is done, my Lord."

"How do we go about doing this, Severus?" Tom asked his son-in-law.

"We must immerse each of the Horcruxes in this potion for five minutes each. Nagini will be required to donate a few drops of venom and Harry will need to donate a small portion of blood. You will then need to drink the rest of the potion, which should be a bright white color if correctly done."

Tom nodded and summoned a house-elf. "Find my grandson," he ordered.

The elf bowed and disappeared. Not ten minutes later Harry walked into the room with stately grace, wearing long, formal robes in dark blue with silver trim and gold phoenixes. He shut the door behind him with a firm click and stood quietly with his hands folded. Jade-colored eyes found the two Marauders and they both winced at the intrusion of a powerful mind.

"Harry," James said softly, "leave them alone."

Harry blinked, looked at him and said in a steely tone, "Would you rather have them become a threat?"

"I would leave them some semblance of privacy," James replied.

"Privacy is for those who are trusted," Harry clipped out, turning a momentary glare on Sirius and Remus, who shuddered.

"Harry, enough," Severus said sharply.

The slender, sharp face tilted down enough so that black hair covered his eyes and Harry remained silent. There were two he would not test like he occasionally did to James. His grandfather and father. When Severus had realized the sway he held with his son he'd been startled, but it had been proved many times. Harry was not willing to cross his father.

Before another confrontation could break out Lilithia picked up the cup and placed it in the potion. It sizzled and popped, never spraying above the rim of the cauldron. Once the required amount of
time had passed she lifted it out with a pair of tongs and placed the next object in.

The process was repeated four times. Tom gained a small vial of venom from Nagini and it was added as well. The potion sizzled, popped and bubbled violently. The glow above the cauldron turned from yellow to dark red. Harry stepped forward with a small gold dagger and said, "How much is necessary?"

"Seven drops," Lilithia replied.

Harry placed the blade flat against his palm and twisted slightly. Tilting his hand sideways he watched as a dark ruby droplet dripped from his hand to the potion. The moment the last drop landed in the potion he turned his hand flat again and stepped back. Closing his eyes momentarily a burst of black flames covered his hand. When they disappeared the cut was gone, leaving not even a scar.

Without a sound the potion changed from red to bright white. Lilithia placed a glass next to it and Severus poured the remaining potion into it. There was exactly one glass left. It sparkled brightly, iridescent in the soft lighting of the study.

Harry picked up the glass and brought it to his grandfather. Tom took the glass with a smile and after a moment's hesitation drank it down completely. James watched in amazement as a bright white light surrounded his father, blocking him completely from sight. When it faded the two Marauders gasped.

Standing in front of them was a tall wizard who appeared to be in his late fifties. It was from his father that James had inherited the unruly black hair, though Tom's appeared to be that way deliberately and was streaked with silver from age. He had eyes of very dark aqua and a regal profile not too different from Lucius Malfoy. His skin was healthy but pale, though a few days in the sun would cure that.

Tom smiled. "Well done Severus, Lilithia and Lucius. It is a relief to speak without the constant hiss of Parseltongue."

His voice was a warm, smooth tenor. He turned to his grandson and asked, "How close are you and young Draco to giving us a way onto school grounds?"

Sirius' eyes widened and Remus whimpered faintly as Harry said, "It should be done right on time, Grandfather. We will send word only if it must be delayed, but we should be rid of Dumbledore on Easter as planned."

"Good," Tom replied. "You may reveal yourself to Albus before you kill him. His reaction ought to be entertaining."

James and Severus' eyes widened. A quick look at Lucius revealed no expression on his face and James chuckled mentally. Quite convenient when he's sworn an oath to not reveal Harry's information. Keeps him updated on things in any case. He had no doubt his son would be able to successfully cast the curse, perhaps even wandlessly if he felt so inclined.

"Grandfather," Harry said, "our two guests need to be present with the Death Eaters on the school grounds."

"Why?" Severus asked.

"When they see how Dumbledore acts when he is not being the benevolent Headmaster it should help to erase the last of their doubts," Harry replied smoothly.
"All of you are excused besides Harry and Lucius."

At first James was startled and he almost protested. Then he thought about it for a moment and nearly ruined his father's serious tone by grinning like a fool. He knew exactly what was going to happen and from Lilithia's smug look she did as well. Severus looked a bit confused and the two Gryffindors obviously had no clue.

James exited, humming under his breath. Outside he waited for Severus, intending to clue his bonded in on what was about to happen. He was satisfied; Lucius was absolutely perfect for Harry. He resisted a giggle, imagining Severus' expression when he realized this would technically make his older friend his son-in-law.

It would be immensely entertaining.

Harry stood in the same spot as his parents and the two Marauders left. He was excited, knowing exactly what was going to happen. His magic buzzed faintly in his blood, the inner phoenix humming in delight. It was only through his self-control that he resisted smiling happily. Finally his grandfather was going to allow his din'rhei to court him.

They would most likely bond after the Ministry takeover, once the magical world had settled down from the shock of losing their great Albus Dumbledore. Harry wanted to roll his eyes, Dumbledore was only great in his own mind. It would be a pleasure to rewrite history, after all, it was always told from the victor's point of view.

Maybe someday this story will be told, he thought to himself, allowing a small smile at the thought. From Darkness we emerge, bringing back the right and punishing the selfish Light. It was the Light wizards who had ruined the magical world in the first place. Time and time again the Dark would creep forward and begin to correct the wrongs and the Light would soundly punish them with the help of the adoring public view.

And no wonder they adore the Light. They've been brainwashed into doing so for the past millennia at the least. All the children's stories projected the Dark as the villains, the nasty witches, wolves and wicked relatives. Dark was synonymous with evil and wrong, while Light was the angels and everything pure. All bad magic was 'Dark'. Harry had never heard anything so ridiculous in his life. There is no light without dark, no sun without shadow. We must do this for the Balance, to right the wrongs done to the magical world.

As his grandfather began speaking again he paid attention to his words and tried not to smile widely enough to make his mouth sore.

"This was a difficult task, Lucius, yet you performed admirably well. The wards on my Horcruxes were set to my specifications and standards, yet you prevailed with little or no difficulty."

Lucius bowed his head regally, not saying a word.

"As you may or may not know, Jin'taar bond to only one person in their lifetime and cannot bond with any other. This is their soulbonded, which is more commonly called the din'rhei. What you do not know is that any other Jin'taar in the family group must approve this new addition, along with their mate and parent. The larger interlocking group is called an Ancies Familia. 'Ancient Family' is the closest translation."

"To bond with a Jin'taar is considered a high honor and gains much respect in the wizarding world. It is highly beneficial as well. A Jin'taar's bonded shares a mental link which can cross great distances and an empathic bond within a few score miles as well. They also tend to unconsciously
boost their din'rhei magical strength and improve wandless ability."

Lucius was listening intently and Harry saw his eyes flash a few times in unconscious surprise. He'd purposefully left out the benefits of a bond with Jin'taar, wanting proof that Lucius respected him beyond the surface details.

"Harry's first Burning revealed his din'rhei as being yourself, Lucius. I have been testing and watching you since Harry first revealed his heritage to you last August and I am highly pleased with your actions and loyalty. So I would ask you this, would you like to be able to court my grandson formally?"

Silver eyes flashed to his for a moment and Lucius smiled. It was the smallest twist of his lips yet it made Harry's heart leap in delight. "Yes, my Lord. I would greatly appreciate your permission."

One slender eyebrow arched and a small, amused smile twitched the corner of Tom's lips. "Granted, my loyal friend and follower. I must add that if you decide to bond with him it must wait until after the Ministry takeover."

Though Harry had been expecting this he was still minutely disappointed. That emotion was chased away as his grandfather smiled more openly and said, "I would greatly appreciate it if you would escort Harry back to school grounds. You give yourselves both a convenient cover that way."

Harry smiled and said softly, "Goodbye, grandfather. I will see you again after he who has made our lives so difficult has been taken care of. We have nearly achieved our goals."

"Indeed we have, child. Now go, we wouldn't want to keep the old goat waiting and arouse his suspicion."

Harry left the House of Ancients, walking side-by-side with his din'rhei. The close presence of the powerful wizard made him smile. When they passed the wards Lucius wrapped one arm around his waist and they disappeared, appearing with a pop just beyond the wards of the school.

Once they passed through the oppressive wards Harry restored his Anti-Surveillance and Silencing wards, making sure that his conversation with Lucius would not be overheard by any of Albus' spies or charms.

Lucius' silver eyes flicked to the castle and he frowned momentarily. "I will be glad to be rid of this place. While Dumbledore holds power here the school has become less than it is meant to be."

Turning to him the pureblood said quietly, "I hope that your grandfather's approval goes with your wishes. I had hoped I correctly interpreted your comment about being unable to read my mind, but I would not push you into anything you did not want or desire."

Harry glanced down, hoping Lucius had missed the faint flush on his pale skin. They were just walking up the stairs when he felt his voice was steady enough to reply, "This is very much what I want, Lucius. I feel my answer would be the same even without my inheritance. You are everything I have wanted and so much more than I dreamed."

"Good," Lucius purred, "because this is what I want as well."

He reached with one slender hand and caught the side of Harry's face. Leaning forward he placed a soft, sweet kiss on Harry's lips. It lingered long beyond the first touch and by the time Lucius pulled back Harry was breathless and trembled slightly.
Lucius smiled at him and opened the front door. With a sigh Harry placed his Glamour back up and limped in the direction of his private quarters. He smiled happily once he was past his own doors. He hadn't felt this peaceful or wonderful since his first Burning day. He hummed to himself and walked into his private quarters. \textit{This masquerade is almost over.}
Fourteen

Chapter Summary

Still don't own Harry Potter. I do own the Jin'taar. Last chapter and epilogue combined together!

Warning: Mild language and violence. As for the language it's just one word. I couldn't resist playing around with Bellatrix's name and I figured Fenrir would be the one to call her that.
*Laughs*

ENJOY!

Easter of that year would never be forgotten. Every witch and wizard alive would remember the day the 'immortal', 'undefeatable' Albus Dumbledore was killed. As it turned out, he was great only to those who had been brainwashed into not knowing the difference between a charlatan and the true thing. Albus Dumbledore finally met his match on April 4th of the year 1998. Most of the wizarding world cried, those who knew said 'good riddance'. – Chapter 14, From Darkness Emerges

April 1st -

Harry stood in the Room of Requirement with Draco, unGlamored. He didn't bother to hide his obvious differences when alone with the blonde 7th year anymore. He would be bonding with Draco's father after all this was over and in technical terms his former arch-rival would become his stepson. He resisted crinkling his nose; the thought was too odd to debate on for long. He was 7 years older than Draco and had spent the past 6 years at wand-point with said pureblood more than once.

He contemplated the Cabinet instead, staring at it intensely with his WardSight. The wards swirled around the object thickly, most were blue, representing passive spells. A few were red, these were aggressive wards meant to protect the powerful object. It was the one purple ward that confused him currently. A purple ward represented a conflict, which normally only occurred when two or more wards held contrary purposes.

With a sigh he turned to Draco and said, "This object puzzles me. Why would there be conflicting wards?"

"Too many aggressive wards?" Draco suggested.

Harry frowned, jade eyes darkening in frustration. "No. Aggressive wards only protect the object from things trying to actively destroy it. Aggressive wards only cause problems when applied to a person since the person may perceive a threat and cause the ward to react."

He thought about it for a moment longer and Draco suddenly hissed, "Dumbledore."

"What?" Harry asked sharply.

"Would the Cabinet show a conflict if two wards that served the same purpose were placed, one
aggressive and one passive?"

"Possibly," Harry mused. "They would have to have been placed just after the Cabinet was
wreaked. If there was already an aggressive ward that served that purpose and a passive was placed
as well, they might conflict with each other."

He turned back to the Cabinet and looked at it with the WardSight again. He reached out slender
fingers and grabbed hold of the purple ward. Ignoring the sparks of colors he twitched the opposite
ends of the thread-like object, Searching for the wards it was connected to. They were hidden from
his Sight and he hissed a spell in Parseltongue. With a sudden flash a red and white light appeared
at opposite ends.

Taking the purple ward in his other hand he reached forward and grabbed the white light. Staring
at it in satisfaction he probed quietly, trying to Sense the ward's purpose. Noting that it was a
simple spell to prevent any active security wards he hissed another spell in Parseltongue. The white
ward turned black and he tightened his hand about the ribbon-like spell. Splinters appeared in the
color and it shattered.

Letting go of the purple ward he watched with dark glee as it disappeared. He dissipated his
WardSight and smirked at Draco. "Try it now."

Draco opened the Cabinet and placed an apple on the inside floor. Shutting it they listened. With a
distinctive whoosh the Cabinet activated. Opening the door they noted the missing apple. Now was
the difficult part. They'd always been able to transport an inanimate object before, but the last
living thing sent back hadn't made it through alive.

Draco shut the door again, apprehension and hope glittering in his normally expressionless eyes.
They heard the soft sound again and Draco stepped forward and pressed down on the handle. He
opened the door and something fluttered through the crack, wings beating rapidly. It was a bird,
healthy and alive.

"Happy April Fools' Day," Draco said with a rather idiotic grin.

Harry chuckled faintly, smiling back. He stared at the bird in fierce satisfaction. The end

Draco looked at Harry, who was watching the bird. Draco looked at it again and at first didn't
realize what his classmate meant. He blinked suddenly and tried not to laugh. Borgin had chosen,
of all birds, a white dove. The bird of peace and light. "Ironic indeed," he replied.

"When will the others be arriving?" Draco asked him, suddenly business-like.

Harry smiled a feral expression. "Easter."

"How appropriate," Draco said.

Easter Sunday arrived balmy and clear. Harry smirked in amusement at the large chocolate egg
he'd received from Molly Weasley, filled with caramel. The entire Order still believed he was
innocent of any wrongdoing, up to and including the Headmaster. Ron and Ginny glared at him
balefully from the Gryffindor table. They had hated him ever since his switch from Gryffindor to
Slytherin.

With a pleased, sardonic smile he ate the chocolate that was a gift from one of the people they
would be humiliating. He savored the dark chocolate's slightly bitter taste, relishing the future he
could see for the Weasley family clearly in his mind. Once he finished the unanticipated treat he
stood and walked down to the Potions office, calm and pleased with the approaching end.

Severus' long fingers easily manipulated a quill as the Potions Master scratched out malicious comments and low grades with disdain. Most of the school thought he enjoyed giving the students awful grades, but Harry knew that was incorrect. His father was a competent, capable teacher and would likely stay in the Education department when this was all over. What he disliked most of all were students who didn't use the talents given to them properly.

He walked over to his father's desk and waited for the single-minded man to notice him. After a moment Severus looked up, dark eyes sharp and sparkling. He set the quill down after carving a failing grade on some poor student's paper and crossed his hands, resting them on the edge of the desk.

"Everything will go as planned," Harry said quietly. "We were able to fix the Cabinet finally on the first of the month."

"Good," his father replied, sounding pleased. "I will be glad to let that fool know just how badly he underestimated us."

"So will I," Harry replied. Looking over his shoulder to make sure the door wasn't opening again he turned back and said, "What is planned for my former 'friends' in Gryffindor?"

"Ronald and Ginerva Weasley will die," Severus said without hesitation. "I think Bellatrix claimed that 'fun'."

Harry shook his head in wry amusement. "Bella's sense of fun is a bit obscure, isn't it? Both she and Lilithia are astonishingly ruthless."

"Hmmm," Severus hummed in agreement. "Speaking of Lilithia, she says we should spare Granger."

"Why?" Harry snarled.

Severus arched a dark eyebrow at his tone and said, "According to Lilithia Draco has confessed a crush on the girl. Lucius was displeased to say the least."

"Of course he would be," Harry snapped. "She's a Mudblood know-it-all without a sense of grace or dignity! Not to mention proper pureblood etiquette or protocols."

"Which was why Lilithia suggested that one of the Death Eaters blood-adopt the girl and teach her proper manners. Draco apparently agreed that if she doesn't come around she will have to be killed."

Harry sourly replied, "And of course she already has a compliant Death Eater?"

Severus couldn't resist a small smirk at the tone. "Don't like being outsmarted, do you? Rabastan Lestrange expressed interest in the idea; it would mean that the Lestrange family would fall under Draco's control after his and Rodolphus' death instead of losing the family name."

"She didn't outsmart me," he replied, unable to keep from sounding sullen. "I was coming to the same conclusion just as you mentioned Lilithia's 'suggestion'. I highly doubt it was a suggestion in the first place, she likes playing matchmaker."

"That she does," Severus agreed.
Harry knew that Lucius wouldn't accept her into the family unless she was blood-adopted. Not that he cared much what happened to the girl, the revenge he'd been looking forward to was almost here. Dumbledore would be killed by the one whom he'd trusted above all others. That cheerful thought sustained him through the rest of the day and dinner. Entering his private quarters he decided he could afford a small nap. It would be a few hours before the others showed up.

Lucius entered the Room of Requirement without a sound late that evening. He was dressed entirely in black and silver, long blonde hair bound back at his nape. His black wand was held calmly in slender fingers. Tonight would be the end of Albus Dumbledore and the persecution of the Dark.

The door of the Cabinet clicked open and a figure in a silver half-mask stepped out gracefully. Full lips parted in a small smile and Lilithia's voice said, "Well met, Lucius. My it has been a while since I've been this far into the school."

She stepped forward, lightly tugging Remus Lupin out with her. Amber-flecked brown eyes were anxious and fearful as he looked around the storage room. He avoided making eye contact with Lucius or Lilithia, instead watching as Black was guided through by the wand pressed into the back of his neck. Bellatrix danced lightly through after her cousin, a small giggle leaving her lips.

"Down, down with Dumbles," she sang out lightly, a faint soprano trill.

Rodolphus arched an eyebrow at his wife and Rabastan looked like he was trying not to laugh. Bella's eyes landed on another figure and lit in delight. "I was wondering if you'd show up, dog!"

A distinctive husky snarl shot back smoothly, "I wouldn't miss it for the world, Bellabitch. Whoops, I mean Bellatrix."

Lupin jumped moved back a few paces, obviously not liking being in close contact with Fenrir. The alpha's amber eyes lit with private laughter as the werewolf paced gracefully past to plant himself near the door. "Where are we headed, Lucius?" he rasped.

"The Great Hall. Dumbledore has taken to pacing around down there in order to think," Lucius' tone was scornful at the best.

Fenrir opened the door and walked out. Lupin clearly didn't look happy about the werewolf being out amongst students but he remained quiet and walked next to Lilithia. James passed by his two friends without a word and caught up with Lucius. The pair walked in silence for a moment before James said in a low tone, "Dumbledore has been like a plague for my family. I will be immensely pleased to see him gone for good. My father's orders are final now. Kill Dumbledore, McGonagall and the two youngest Weasleys. We are to spare Granger."

"It is Harry you will have to convince on sparing the Mudblood," Lucius replied. "His disdain and anger toward her are formidable."

"Harry will not go against his Grandfather's orders," James said softly. "Family and their wishes come first to us."

James stopped and looked in the Great Hall disdainfully. "Oh look, the entire Order of the Phoenix is present. Goody, I owe a few of them something."

Brown eyes flicked through the gathered people behind his mask and James smirked. Leveling his wand at Alastor Moody he snarled audibly, "Avada Kedavra!"
The flash of green light sped from his wand and smacked the retired Auror in the chest. He flew backwards and hit the floor. "Constant vigilance, Alastor," James mocked as he strode forward, followed by an amused and impressed Lucius Malfoy.

Waving his hand at the collective group of astonished and stunned people he hissed another spell in Parseltongue. Turning to the others he explained, "A paralysis spell. It only affects their bodies, they can still speak."

Sirius and Remus were escorted in, shocked into silence by the cold, ruthless efficiency that James had just displayed.

"Sirius!" Tonks shrieked, obviously shocked to see her cousin. "We thought you and Remus were dead."

"Shut up," Bellatrix snapped. "Of course your blood-traitor of a mother would tell you that, all she ever knew about us was what she'd been fed by him," she pointed accusingly at Dumbledore.

"How did you get in here?" Dumbledore sounded both angry and wary.

"I got them in here," Draco was smiling as he walked over to stand next to his Aunt. "I fixed the Vanishing Cabinet and it opened a portal between it and the one in Borgin and Burkes."

"You bloody git!" Ron roared.

"I assume you've been the one attempting to kill me this past year then? Pardon me, Draco, but they weren't what I would expect of a Slytherin. Poisoned mead, a cursed necklace, they were woefully obvious," Dumbledore sounded patronizing.

He continued with a smile. "I assume you're going to be the one to kill me tonight? I'm sorry Draco, but I doubt you will be able to. You're not a killer."

"I most certainly am, Albus," a cold voice interrupted.

Pacing directly up the middle of the Great Hall toward them was Harry, though only the Death Eaters knew it was him. He was hidden under a black silk cloak and a beautiful platinum half-mask with a mixture of emeralds, rubies and amethysts sparkling around the eyes and down the sides. He was back to his normal height of 6' and his strides were long and effortless. As he came to a halt in front of Albus Lucius could easily see why others feared him.

Power. Magical energy swirled around the Jin'taar in a slow double helix, majestically restrained from causing the whole room to crackle with tension. The hue of the aura was a mix of black and dark green. On his surprisingly full lips was a sardonic, mocking smile.

"Don't recognize me, Headmaster? You should, you've been manipulating my life from the beginning."

Dumbledore suddenly paled and his hands trembled. "No," he whispered. "That's impossible, I would have known."

"What would you have known? That I'm a Dark wizard by race as well as choice? You think you're so intelligent old man," Harry sounded amused.

Dumbledore suddenly drew himself upright with a small, superior smile. "You can't kill me. You aren't capable of casting one of the Unforgivables."
A small, dangerous grin lit Harry's face and he removed his black wand from the wrist holster. "Let's test that, shall we," he breathed in anticipation.

Pointing the wand at the Headmaster he hissed, "Crucio."

Albus' eyes shot wide open and after a moment he began screaming. Harry paced toward the old man and stood near his shoulder, a most satisfied expression on his face. Tilting jade eyes to the hourglass sitting on the table he cancelled the spell.

"You were just under the Cruciatus for 10 minutes, Dumbledore. Need a little repeat or are you convinced I can cast an Unforgivable?"

"Who are you, you bastard?" Ginerva spat.

"Crucio," Harry snapped. He only kept the girl under the spell for a few moments before releasing her so she lay gasping for breath on the floor.

"I suggest you treat me with a little more respect, filth," he said coolly. "But still, I intended to reveal myself tonight so you could all see what fools you've been."

He reached up and pushed back the hood of his cloak, freeing his hair to fall loosely to his shoulder blades. Brushing his fingertips against the platinum mask it disappeared, revealing the Jin'taar's face and jade eyes to the red-headed Weasley girl. She looked at him in confusion.

"Let me give you a hint," he said mockingly. "You were only attracted to me for my family name and a famous lightning-bolt scar."

"H-harry?" she stuttered in disbelief.

"So you're not as dumb as you look," he mused out loud.

"I always knew you were going to turn Dark!" Ron shouted. "What with your funny 'visions' and being a Parselmouth, not to mention surviving the Killing Curse!"

Harry snorted. "My race cannot be killed with Avada Kedavra, Ronald Weasley. Or are you still stupid enough to think I'm human? As for being Dark, if you want someone who is Dark by your qualifications, look to your own Headmaster."

"Liar!" Molly Weasley shrieked.

Severus strode up and slapped the witch across the face. Catching her stunned eyes with his own he said silkily, "I would think about it before you call my son a liar again."

He strode away from the Order of the Phoenix and stood next to James, who was smiling victoriously. "You failed, Dumbledore. Poor Regulus might have met his end the way you planned, but you were a fool to attack a Jin'taar without research."

Dumbledore's face paled to less than a sheet. "You're dead."

Lilithia sniffed. "Hmph, obviously not, Dumbledork. James, do you want me to go first?"

"By all means, Lilithia."

She pushed back the hood, revealing her flame-colored hair. Removing her mask she smirked at Dumbledore, a very malicious expression in green eyes. "As you knew me I was little Mudblood Lily Evans. In reality I am Lilithia Aine Black, sister to Narcissa, Bellatrix and Andromeda. I was
the first to join our Lord's ranks, *not* Bella."

"Not possible," Dumbledore snapped, pleasant nature forgotten. "I know you were put under the Cruciatus and killed. I did it myself and I don't make *mistakes.*"

"*Avada Kedavra,*" Lilithia said casually, pointing her wand at Ronald Weasley. Mrs. Weasley screamed as her son's body hit the tile floor.

Turning to Dumbledore with a poisonously sweet smile she said, "Obviously you *do* make mistakes, Dumbles."

"She was under my protection, Albus. Those 'corpses' at Godric's Hollow are transfigured replicas," James smirked as he lowered his hood.

"You made a mistake when you tried to betray and kill me. I am my father's son, after all. James Riddle, son of Tom Marvolo Riddle, the most powerful Dark Lord who's ever lived."

"Now you will meet your end," Harry hissed softly, a wild light brightening jade eyes. "You should have thought more thoroughly about crossing my family, Albus."

Putting his wand away he looked Albus directly in the eyes and snarled, "*Avada Kedavra!*"

Dumbledore's body appeared to fall backwards in slow motion. The now useless Elder Wand fell from his fingers. Harry, James and Lilithia covered their heads again before the Death Eaters wiped the memory of the remaining Order members.

With a happy yell of "*Avada Kedavra!*" Bellatrix caused Ginerva Weasley to join her brother in death, making sure her mother saw it. Rabastan Lestrange Stunned Hermione Granger and brought her along. Draco gladly took out a stunned and angry Minerva McGonagall, proving the now-deceased Headmaster wrong yet again.

Harry was near laughing as he burst out the front doors, spinning around in the night air. He waved his hand and shouted, "*Morsmordre!*"

The Dark Mark burst into glittering existence above the castle as the ancient wards around Hogwarts School shattered and fell. They became visible just above their heads, turning into flakes of glittering crystal.

Harry cast a *Sonorous* and spoke gleefully to the school. "*From the Dark we emerge to take down the oppressive Light!* Your beloved Headmaster is dead and only those loyal to magic itself will be spared. Prepare yourselves for the times ahead, for we go forward on the tides of change!"

A dark smile lit his features after he finished and he said with a hoarse laugh, "Now all that's left is the Ministry of Magic. The Weasley family and those like them will be ruined."

Lucius' last irrational thought before they Disapparated was that he'd never seen anything as beautiful as Harry when his eyes were lit with the power of Dark Magic and his skin flushed with exultation and success.
Fifteen & Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Last Chapter! Still don't own Harry Potter. I still own the Jin'taar however.

This is it! Thank you for reading and please review! MPREG implied in Epilogue, skip if you prefer!

Enjoy!

To say the Ministry never knew what hit it was a major understatement. They were completely blindsided, so caught up in their infinite superiority and their denial of a War. Tom Riddle and his people walked through the door and took over before they regained control of their surprise, both literal and figurative. It is considered the easiest takeover of a magical government in history, not a single life was lost on our side. –Chapter 15, From Darkness Emerges

Rufus Scrimgeour sat in his office, feeling both stunned and excited. Dumbledore was dead! The old wizard would no longer be threatening his superiority and power. His lips curved into a satisfied smile. Oh, it would be a pain to appear sorrowful at the death of the eccentric wizard, but it would be worth it. He was full of plans for Hogwarts.

For far too long Dumbledore had kept the school independent of the government, almost as if Hogwarts was the Muggle version of religion. No more. Education standards had fallen badly and the teachers would need to be chosen carefully. Dumbledore's choices had been questionable, to say the least. Take Severus Snape for example. A Death Eater in Hogwarts? Dumbledore said the man had been a spy, but he was still a Dark wizard! Appointing a werewolf as the DADA teacher four years ago? Madness!

Not to mention all the things Harry Potter had gotten away with for the past seven years… The boy was a hazard to society and would be better off in a cell. Like his godfather Sirius Black. Pettigrew may have been proven a Death Eater, but that wasn't to say that Black wasn't one as well! No one had escaped from Azkaban before him and just two years later there had been a mass breakout. Coincidence? Not bloody likely!

Scrimgeour stood and headed for the door, intent on making a journey to Hogwarts this very morning. Just as he was walking to the door it opened from the outside and a very tall man with black hair and aqua eyes walked inside. He was accompanied by a person Rufus thought long dead…

"James Potter?" he murmured in shock. "You're dead!"

"Obviously not, Minister. Please, have a seat," James' voice was cool and collected.

Rufus briefly bristled at being told what to do in his own office and made his way back to his chair. "Be quick about what you're going to say, I'm on my way to Hogwarts. I would add that you should do something about your son, he's going to become a hazard to our society if he continues on like he is."
James arched an eyebrow and the man next to him was looking murderously at Rufus. He still didn't say a word but his hand tightened down on a white wand.

"Summon your Aurors and we will discuss the situation," James said agreeably.

Rufus swallowed back surprise and a sudden sense of nerves and tapped the little communicator on his desk. "Dolores, please send in Shacklebolt and two other Aurors."

"Yes sir," the girly voice replied.

Rufus waited for the Aurors, gazing at his two visitors. He looked closer at Potter and saw that his eyes had vertical slits, similar to that of a cat. His ears curved downward before coming to a slight point. He frowned inwardly; none of the Potters had creature blood as far as he knew. Before he could debate this anymore Kingsley, Dawlish and Tonks walked in the door.

With three fully-trained Aurors in the room Rufus felt he could relax a little. "Now, as I was saying. Your son has gotten away with all sorts of transgressions over the past seven years. I understand he's important to the magical world, but it is not an exception for casting a Hover Charm in his second year, nor for blowing up his Aunt before the third and casting a powerful charm in front of a Muggle before his fifth! Not to mention he broke into the Department of Mysteries that year and Dumbledore was insisting that a 12-year-old boy killed a Basilisk by himself!"

"My son is beyond any of your rules, Rufus," James replied, before he pointed his wand at Tonks and snapped, "Avada Kedavra!"

The female Auror had barely hit the ground before Kingsley and Dawlish attempted to retaliate. Dawlish missed with a Stunner and was decapitated with a Severing Charm by the aqua-eyed stranger while Kingsley met a brutal end with a spell that choked his windpipe. In less than ten minutes Rufus was left alone with two very powerful Dark wizards.

"Wh-who are you?" he stuttered to the aqua eyed man.

A vicious smile curved his lips and he said, "My name is Tom Riddle. You know me better as Lord Voldemort. This is my son and Heir, James Riddle-Snape."

Rufus' eyes went ridiculously wide as he realized exactly who that made Harry Potter. Tom watched his eyes and when he saw recognition in them he hissed, "I hope you enjoyed your time as Minister, Rufus. Avada Kedavra!"

Rufus' body slumped to the floor and James chuckled. "Pompous ass never knew what was coming, did he Father? Listening to him and his long-winded speech about Harry was irritating."

"Hmm," Tom agreed. They opened the door and walked out of the office. The toad-like witch Harry had told them about started screaming when she saw the Minister's body and James killed her. "Irritating sound."

They made their way to the Auror Department, the floor of which was covered in blood and the bodies of dead Aurors. Harry drifted in their direction, robes trailing through the blood. It made not a stain on the fabric which was the same rich dark red color. He smiled thinly at his papa and grandfather before he said, "No casualties on our side. The fools were caught completely unprepared. I must say, Sirius knows some interesting charms. So does Remus."

"We didn't just learn those that would be useful for pranking people," James replied.
"Grandfather, I suggest we use the Unspeakables as our law enforcement for now. They will of course have to swear an Unbreakable Vow to serve our exact orders and not reveal your identity."

"Good. Make it so, Harry. Have Lucius summon the Wizengamot, making sure to separate the Light wizards into a different room. We will have to weed out those loyal to our late Minister and Dumbledore."

Harry bowed his head and walked away. He had not expected praise from his grandfather for the idea, he was expected to use his intelligence. Praise would have indicated that such sense was not usual for him.

"I'm not surprised Sirius turned out to be a Dark wizard," James commented. "He's from a family that prides itself on their alliance and finding out the man you trusted killed your little brother would be a shock. Remus though, I would have never thought he could be so easily converted."

"I have a feeling Harry's persuasion technique had something to do with that," his father replied.

Lucius walked in their direction, bowed and said, "This Wizengamot has been summoned, my Lord. They should be here within the hour."

James eyed the man. He had a feeling he was looking at the first Minister of Magic for their new government. Lucius would be perfect for the job. Having the grandson of Tom Riddle as his Consort would help greatly as well, even if Harry didn't appear publicly that often. Which he probably wouldn't, especially after he'd carried a child or two for the pureblood Lord.

James didn't stop the little smile that crossed his features at the thought of his large family. Smiling in pleasure he thought, Finally we are in our rightful place. My family has been avenged and he who tried to disgrace us is dead. Down with the Light, long live the Dark.

Long live the Jin'taar and the power of the Phoenix.

Epilogue:

About the Author:

From Darkness Emerges is the first historical piece written by Lucenius Alexander Severus Malfoy. He says that "It's really more of a biography since at the heart of it is the story of my family and how my parents were brought together." He adds that it was 'immensely personal' to go through his fathers' old notes about the war and read the few histories written about the Jin'taar.

Lucenius' parents are of course their graces Lord Lucius and Harry Riddle-Malfoy. Lucius Malfoy was in fact elected the first new Minister of Magic and held the post for a record 5 terms in a row. Now Lucenius says his father prefers to stay home with his Jin'taar beloved and the rest of their family.

Lucenius is the oldest of four. His twin Lavinia Anwen Lilithia Malfoy holds a Potions Mastery gained under the tutelage of her grandfather Severus Snape, still a formidable man according to his grandson. Both Lucenius and Lavinia graduated from Hogwarts School and Slytherin house in 2018. Their younger siblings are twin boys Emyr James and Cadfael Thomas, aged 16 at the writing of this book.

Of the rest of the people mentioned in this book, a brief list is mentioned here:

Remus and Lilithia Lupin: This pair were married in October of 1998, a mere 6 months after the
Ministry takeover mentioned in this book. Their two children are Teddy and Rhys, sons aged 20 and 17.

**Draco and Hermione Malfoy:** Rabastan Lestrange did end up blood-adopting the former Miss Granger and her conversion to the Dark was successful. Her new friends on our side are said to be Lilithia Lupin and Pansy Zabini, formerly Parkinson. Their only son Nicodemus Lucius is 16.

**Sirius Black:** The prankster of the Marauders turned out to be a surprise all around. When aligned with his family's choice he is said to be a 'remarkably saner version of Aunt Bellatrix' as quoted by Draco Malfoy. He never has married or bonded, though he has been on and off lover with, of all people, Fenrir Greyback.

**Severus and James Riddle-Snape:** This much beloved pair did end up settling their differences and the pain caused by James' deception. They were blessed with two more children in 2002, twins Akakios Severus and Ianthe Aine Snape, aged 18.

Of himself, Lucenius and his twin Lavinia are blonde-haired with silver green eyes. Lucenius himself is unmarried as of this date but his twin Lavinia is engaged to Felix Zabini.


**Finished! THANK YOU to everyone who read and reviewed this amazingly long story of mine!**

**Names:**

*Lucenius Alexander Severus*- His first name is a classier version of honoring Lucius, his father. Alexander is Greek as well as being one of Lucius' middle names. Severus is in honor of his grandfather and is Ancient Roman for 'stern'.

*Lavinia Anwen Lilithia*- Lavinia is an ancient Roman historical name. I thought it fitting for a high-aristocracy daughter of Lucius Malfoy. Anwen is Welsh for 'beautiful'. Lilithia honors their fiery friend.

*Emyr James*- Emyr is Welsh for 'king'. James is in honor of his grandfather.

*Cadfael Thomas*- Cadfael is also Welsh for 'battle prince'. They chose similar themes for the younger twins, as Thomas is in honor of his great-grandfather Tom Riddle.

*Teddy*- Obvious! I couldn't let him be lost. The name Teddy Lupin is just so *cute*

*Rhys*- Welsh for 'enthusiasm'.

*Nicodemus Lucius*- Nicodemus is a well-known magical name. Lucius honors his grandfather.

*Akakios Severus*- Akakios is Greek for 'innocent'.

*Ianthe Aine*- Ianthe is Ancient Greek for 'violet flower'. Aine is of course Lilithia's middle name and is Gaelic for 'radiant'.

*Felix Zabini*- Felix is Latin for 'Lucky'.

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