The Angel, My Consort

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>M/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Harry Potter/Tom Riddle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Romance, Child Abuse, Child Neglect, Fluff, Dumbledore Bashing, Manipulative Dumbledore, Evil Dumbledore, Ron Weasley Bashing, Slight Hermione Bashing, My First Fanfic, Alternate Universe, Immortal Tom Riddle, Possessive Behavior, Possessive Tom Riddle, Mpreg, Magically Powerful Harry, Good Tom Riddle, Some Humor, Magical Bond, Dark Harry, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Homophobic Language, Torture, But you can skip it, Sarcasm, Horcruxes, Ginny Weasley Bashing, Possessive Harry, rapping, Don't question it, Light Angst, Sexual Content</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Series:</td>
<td>Part 1 of Emperor of the World</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Angel, My Consort
by ZeGhostCow

Summary

AU! The year is 2071, 100 years since the Empire was founded by Emperor Voldemort. But who cares about that history lesson? Follow Tom Riddle, a man who is secretly the Emperor, as he attempts to win the love of Harry, a healer in training. Marvel at how they overcome the odds stacked against them by the author....I mean...villains, like the misguided Order of the Phoenix, a rebel group created by Albus Dumbledore. And Harry's god awful relatives. How shall they survive? Find out on this not-really action based, thrilling romance story...OF DOOM!

Notes
I am sorry if the summary is crap. The story hopefully isn't. Also the summary makes it sound like a crack story. It isn't. This is a work in progress so updates may be sporadic! Also first story!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER - I don’t own Harry Potter. And thank god for that! Who knows what I'd make him do?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

(POV Change/Time Skip)

Chapter 1

(Tom's POV)

100 years. It has been 100 years since my ascension to Emperor of the World. The world has drastically changed in that time. I have brought peace and prosperity, and created a bridge between the muggles and the magicals. Well mostly…

I let a sneer break out on my handsome face for a second as I thought of those who refuse to accept the changes I have made. Dumbledore. I scoff. What makes him think he knows best? He is just a senile old fool who no one in their right mind would pay attention to. But at least his followers haven’t been causing trouble lately. It is rather amusing to see them attempt to change a world that doesn’t want to be changed. Mostly. There are still some stupid bigoted muggles who “protest” my rule by refusing jobs, food and decent housing. I am glad that such stupidity is not contagious or else I would fear for the rest of the human race.

100 years...100 years has shown me how inconsequential people can be. I have seen my most faithful get married, have kids, grow old and die. And then their kids would repeat the process. But it still amuses me how alike they are to their predecessors.

The Malfoys act like peacocks always concerned with how they look. The Parkinsons all manage to breed banshees. The Blacks were always blurring the line between sanity and insanity. And the Princes were always grouchy, unpleasant people. But there is one thing they have in common.

“Your Majesty, this is my son….”

“My lord, I have a daughter who is very keen to meet you…”

“Your illustrious majesty, I must insist you meet my daughters…”

As if I would do anything with those fools. I am just lucky the general populace doesn’t know what I look like, else I could never leave the palace. I am already drowning in marriage proposals. Luckily they serve as adequate kindling for fires.

I sigh. Why didn’t I just apparate to the palace? Oh right. I want to delay working on the paper work that is surely waiting for me there for as long as possible. If it means taking one of my many magical cars on a short drive, well at least I use them occasionally.

I relax further into the plush leather seats.
Then my world went sideways. And I lost consciousness.

(A Couple Minutes later)

“Hello? Are you okay?”

When I opened my eyes I thought I was dead. Which is impossible because of my steps to immortality. But that was the only explanation I could come up with for the angel on top of me.

The first thing you notice was the eyes. A dazzling emerald green that reminds me of my favourite curse. Decorating the eyes are beautiful black lashes that match his silky black hair perfectly. I wonder what it would be like to touch his hair? His delicate face almost looks like it would break from a single touch. His sinful lips begging for attention. That shy smile shows off perfectly white teeth and shows off his innocence. Oh but his body, straight out of a models magazine, lithe and slightly small. The only real difference from a female was the lack of chest fats, notably called breasts. Finally his effeminate hands complete the picture of perfection.

“Beautiful,” I whisper staring at him.

“Sorry?” The angel asks. Salazar! Even his voice sounds like an angel’s.

“Nothing…” I reply. “May I inquire as to why you are hovering over me?”

“Oh” He blushes as he moves slightly away from me. I almost smirked as I saw it. He is definitely the most beautiful man I have ever met...myself notwithstanding.

“Um...well you were in a car accident and well..uh..I pulled you from the wreckage. Are you alright? It looked like a pretty bad crash.” He stated still blushing slightly.

“I feel fine.” A mere car crash wouldn’t harm me.

“Well an ambulance is on the way anyway so...Are you sure your head isn’t sore? It looks like you’re bleeding a bit from the head.” He asks worriedly.

“I am fine.” I say gritting my teeth ever so slightly.

“Would you like some water? I have some in my bag over there?” He asks as he points to a bag behind him. I raise an eyebrow at him. “Um...is that a yes..?”

He takes my silence as confirmation and turns around in a crouch giving me a nice view of his gorgeous ass. Realising the opportunity I have been given I use a couple of spells. Wandless and wordless, of course.

The spells showed me he is a carrier, which is a delightful bonus, and that he also has magic. I am slightly confused as to why he hasn’t used magic to assist him but before I can ponder this further he turns back around with a slightly puzzled face.

“Um..well here’s the water...Oh no wait let me help you sit up.” He says as I started to sit up. I almost rolled my eyes, honestly I am not helpless. Nevertheless if faking it keeps his body close to mine...well I won’t complain.

After taking a few sips of water I decided to start questioning the angel. Starting with… “May I know my dashing rescuers name?” I say with a small smirk.

His blush returned. “Ah...um..Harry, just Harry. And um...you are?”
“Thomas Marvolo Riddle, but you may call me Tom.” I try to stand up at this point but the angel...Harry’s arms are holding me down.

“Are you sure you can stand up?” He questions with a concerned look on his delicate face.

“Yes I am fine.” I sigh in exasperation. Harry assists me in standing up keeping his arm around me. I loved the feel of it.

“Er...Maybe we should wait for the ambulance?” Harry asks.

I scoff. “That will not be necessary.”

He bites his lip once again bringing it to my attention. Hmm...how do I get this luscious person on a date with me...? Oh!

“I wonder...might I take you out for dinner as a thank you for rescuing me from the crash?” I query.

“Um...well...I am very busy with work...” Harry stutters out.

“Surely you are not busy on a Saturday...say this coming Saturday?” I inquire politely.

“Um...er...no not really...” Comes his quiet reply.

“Then I shall see at the Le Canard de Chance over on Levier Road at 6 o’clock?”

“Ok,” he says softly.

I smile a little at him showing my natural charm that never fails. He blushes further. Seems it still doesn’t fail me. I hear ambulance sirens in the distance. Merlin! If it had been a fatal crash I would already have been dead, if I could die that is, for how long it took for them to get here.

“Well. I must really be leaving” and do something about reaction times for ambulances “So I shall thank you yet again for your help in retrieving me from the wreck” speaking of which how did the car crash anyway? “It was a great pleasure to meet you Harry and I shall see you at 6 o’clock on Saturday.”

“Wait but the ambulance...” Whatever else he said was drowned out by the near silent pop as I apparated back to one of my many palaces.

Now back at the palace I let my masks drop. Since I have time, I decided to ponder the last thirty or so minutes. First off, the car crash. How did it happen? It’s a magical car. They have safety measures in place to prevent crashes. It is standard in every car, even more muggle models, removing the possibility for human error. So that means...sabotage. Which obviously means the Order. Dammit, I jinxed myself!

But it isn’t the worst thing in the world. It allowed me to meet that angel.

I smirk at the thought of the date with Harry on Saturday. Seems my schedule just got cleared. Maybe for the next few months as well. Oh yes...Harry is going to be mine. Not any of those gold diggers who don’t even know my real name or what I look like, who throw themselves at me asking me to “bear their children”. Nor the sons and daughters of my elite who I am so generously introduced to. No. Harry shall be my consort. I can guarantee it.
Sorry if the French Translation is wrong. It is supposed to say "The Lucky Duck".
Harry's Life Sucks

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all who commented! Sorry this chapter is shorter, but the next chapter is much longer. I will hopefully post that one tomorrow or possibly today.

Any who. This chapter has some serious child abuse and neglect. So if that disturbs you...sorry. The story works better with it in.

DISCLAIMER: I only own my personal copies of the Harry Potter books. And a soft toy Hedwig.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time skip)

Chapter 2

(Harry’s POV)

Smack! Another whip lash hits my back. And again and again. Until my back looks like a net of wounds. Seems Uncle Vernon didn’t have a good day at work today.

“It’s all because of your freakishness. That’s why I didn’t get a raise today.” He huffs before storming out, his steps thundering across the house. I pull on an old shirt.

I never did understand how someone can be that fat and live on the edge of poverty. Maybe it's genetic. Well...then thank goodness I am not related to him. But then again I am related to the horse AKA Aunt Petunia.

Maybe that's why I'm so unlovable. Because I look so ugly. Aunt Petunia even said that my parents killed themselves to rid themselves of me.

I sigh. At least Vernon didn’t break a bone. Again. My stomach growls reminding me I haven’t eaten in a few days. Or was it weeks? I can’t really remember. Begging for food from my relatives gets me nowhere. Might have to use my...magic to feed me again.

I know why my relatives hate me. I have magic...and that’s supposed to make me superior. They constantly complain about the government being run by freaks, how the Emperor is too freaky to show his face, all the good jobs are taken up by freaks rather than good normal hard-working folk. And I am supposedly one of them.

But if that is the case, why hasn’t anyone come? Do I not have enough magic? Am I just pathetic and weak? Is it because I live in the Slums? Shouldn’t I have gone to one of those magic schools like it said in one Dudley’s programs?

Or did I waste it, trying to hid my magic from my relatives in order to win their love?

“BOY!! COME DOWN AND COOK DINNER!!!” Aunt Petunia yells up at me.
“Coming, Aunt Petunia!” I call back.

As I walk down I thought about what happened today. With that man...Tom. He had magic as well. He obviously was very wealthy looking at his clothes. Maybe he was an aristocrat? But no...I have never heard of a “Lord Riddle” before. Plus he didn’t introduce himself as one. But then again what do I know?

“BOY! Get in the kitchen and start making dinner.” Aunt Petunia screeches me out of my thoughts. As I start preparing the food I think back on Tom. He was also very handsome. I blush as I think that.

His brown swept up hair, high cheekbones, strong chin. Oh...and those blood red eyes you could get lost in as he swoops in closer and.....

NO! No no no no no no! I am not gay! I don’t like men! That’s just...I sigh. Oh who am I kidding? Another freaky thing to add to the life of Harry Potter. Is it really a surprise at this point? The boys at school all guessed I’d be a poof. Girly Potter, they said. I can’t believe they were right on something. I groan audibly.

Unfortunately Aunt Petunia was walking by and heard my groan. “Ungrateful freak! Finish cooking this meal than back in your room! Don’t be thinking you get any food today or the rest of this week.”

After I finished the delightful meal of vegetables with meaty broth I retreat to my room. I am always confused as to how we have fresh vegetables in the house. Uncle Vernon never accepts the food given by the Empire. Plus you don’t live in the slums if you can regularly afford fresh vegetables. I wonder...

Dismissing the unimportant mystery of the appearing vegetables I think back on the crash and Tom the mysterious not-aristocrat. And how I am going to go on the date on Saturday. Wait...DATE?!? No no no no! It’s just a thank you dinner. Why would a guy like that ever date a freak like me? He probably isn’t gay and has a wife...no girlfriend, because he didn’t have a ring, who is fussing over him right now.

Maybe Tom wants to be friends and...and he can teach me magic!

Stupid Harry! Why would he be friends with you, Pathetic Potter? No-friend Potty? He probably wants to laugh at me. Maybe that’s the magic he used on me. It felt weird. Like someone was prodding me with a stick. Was he trying to hurt me?

And why would he teach me magic? Since I am clearly a squid...no squib! I can barely make things float!

Where was I? Oh the not-date! How am I going to get to Levier Road by 6 o’clock. Vernon would never let me go which means I need to sneak out. I sigh. That is not going to be easy.

Oh...I barely have any money. How am I going to pay for my meal? Le Canard de Chance is very expensive. Way out of my price range. Better save my earnings from the clinic and hope it's enough. I already know it isn’t going to be enough to buy a side dish there. I sigh.

I put aside all thoughts of Saturday and start trying to practice my magic. Maybe today I will be able to float the things in my room for more than a few minutes? And then I shall use the magic I have left to abstain my hunger for a few days more.
Again sorry for the short chapter. From here on out the chapters will be longer or of similar length to the first one.

Constructive criticism is welcome, as well as pointing out any errors.
Chapter Notes

I hope you like the chapter!

DISCLAIMER: It's probably a good thing I don't own Harry Potter....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time skip)

Chapter 3

(Harry POV)

Ugly black mop. Too skinny body that lets you see my bones. Scars littering my too pale body. Especially the lightning shaped one on my forehead given to me when Uncle Vernon was drunk once. And weird glowing green eyes. This is what I see when I look in the mirror. I look away to get ready for my date...er...meeting with Tom. I hide my scars and conceal my skinny body with my magic. After putting on my best skinny jeans and a cheap green button up top I decide I look as good as I could ever be.

Heading back to my room I put on shoes and get ready to jump out the window. Looking to see that the coast was clear I push off from the window sill and glide down the two stories using my magic. I mastered this technique when I was 10 to allow myself some outside time during the summer when I was locked up.

Starting to walk in the direction of the restaurant I glance around at the suburb I live in. The Slums as it is aptly named is where the people who hate magic live. These people can’t stand the fact that the Emperor and his government are magical. So they refuse jobs if the boss is magical and willingly live in poverty rather than run the risk of living next door to a magical household. It’s a shit-hole in the best light. But at night, it looks menacingly gloomy.

Luckily I am able to leave the slums quickly. As I enter the better part of town I lament the fact I barely got $50 this week. I had to buy some new clothes as Dudley ripped apart some of my clothes.

Arriving at the restaurant I spot Tom leaning against the building. Seems like he is feeling better. He looked absolutely...gorgeous. His hair was just like last time yet it seemed better somehow. Maybe it was the glittering lights that shined on his hair. His figure-hugging black pants showed off muscular legs. And the dark red shirt framed in a black robe looked ravishing. His posture screamed ‘I am better than you’ and mixed with his expensive clothes...he looked like the perfect Lord.

Realising that I was staring at him I averted my eyes downward and made my way over. As I approach him he turns and his red eyes lit up slightly as he smirks. His eyes rove over my body in a weird stare that makes me slightly uncomfortable. He then gently grabs my right hand and places a small kiss on it.

I blush. Why the hell is he doing a thing like that?

“You look wonderful.” he remarks again looking me up and down. He then leads me into the
restaurant and holds the door open for me. Is this what Lords and rich people do with friends? I wouldn’t know as I have never spent time with them before now.

“A table for 2 under Riddle.” One of my unconscious fears that he brought friends to laugh at me fades when I hear this.

“Yes. Right this way, Monsieur Riddle.”

As we reach the table Tom pulls out the chair for me and I hesitantly sit in it, glad that he didn’t pull the chair out from under me as Dudley would have done.

“I shall bring the menus for Monsieur and his date momentarily.” the waiter says as he leaves us.

Then I notice his words. And the fact that Tom didn’t correct him. What have I got myself in for?

(Tom POV)

As soon as I saw Harry any thoughts on work, late ambulances and the Empire faded away. I keep expecting white wings to sprout from his back pronouncing him to be what I knew he was. The green top brought out his eyes even more. It was thanks to my impressive control that I didn’t immediately attach myself to him at the lips.

As I gave the customary pureblood greeting I relished in the blush that bloomed on his face. Each gentlemanly task I preformed after merely heightened the blush further. And now I am sitting across from looking at his face as he scrunches it up in confusion.

“I-Is this a..date?” He stammers.

“Why would you have thought otherwise?” I reply tilting my head slightly allowing my hair to gracefully fall across my face as I put on a innocent smile.

His eyes widen in shock. “Oh...I..er..I’ve never been on a date before.” Harry admits quietly.

Inwardly I whooped for joy, the only sign outwardly of my pleasure was a slight widening of my smile. This news was beyond wonderful. No one is courting or dating him. And no one has in the past. This means he is probably a virgin and may not have even kissed anyone before! And I shall be the first one to do any of that to him.

Also his reaction to the idea is not negative which means he likes me. “Really? I can’t imagine why.” I state before the waiter comes back with menus.

As I peruse the menu and sneak glances at my companion I decide I need to get more information on my future consort. “How old are you?” Just need to check….

“Ah..18.” YES! I am not a pedophile!

“You look younger.”

The Waiter comes back.

“Drinks?”

“Yes, we shall each have a glass of 1995 Chateau Rosier Sauvignon Blanc.”

The Waiter bows and leaves. Harry shows confusion at the name. Then his eyes widen. “That wine costs $600 a glass!”
I merely smirk at him.

Conversation awkwardly starts after that.

“Um...What do you do for a living?”

“I am in Politics.” Not lying there. “And you?”

“Oh...I work at a healing clinic and am training to be healer.”

Awkward silence.

“So you, ah, never did...um...tell me your age?”

“21.” Yes. I have been that age for 124 years.

We after ordering our meals we again engage in awkward conversation with Harry stuttering out questions and responses. Salazar, he is just like the latest Quirrell! Except with a sexier voice...and body...and better conversationalist… Okay only his stutter is like Quirrell.

Though he seems to be holding a lot back. He did mention he was an orphan, but not where or who he is living with now. Harry also didn’t mention their names, nor how they died. Oh well, I suppose it would be rude to mention it on the first date.

When our meals arrive we fall into silence. This gives me chance to survey the room. As I suspected at least half of the patrons are glancing at Harry and I with a mixture of lust, jealousy and some select few in disgust. I glare at any one who catches my eye. No one should look at Harry like that except me.

Soon we finish our food and I start debating where we should have our next date. As I ponder this I notice Harry staring intently at me. I raise an eyebrow at him.

He blushes and looks away. “Um..I think I should be heading back now.”

“I shall walk you home then.” I state hoping I would get to see where my angel lived.

“No! I-I mean..that isn’t necessary.” Harry insisted.

I sigh. “Fine, I shall just pay then. Do you want to do this again next week?”

“What? Come to this restaurant?” He replies confused.

I almost laugh at that “No! I meant go on another date with me, Harry!”

Okay, Tom.” Was his barely audible reply.

“Being my gracious self, I invite you to pick the time and place.” I state with a delicate smile on my face.

“Hmm...I...uh...How about...um...Saturday in Gladstones park at...3?” He nervously asks for my approval.

My smile widens showing my gorgeously white teeth. Oh dear...it appears I made a lady faint in the background. I inwardly cackle. “Excellent.”

I pay the bill without even looking at the price, though I do note Harry gaping at the amount. I assist
him getting up and lead him outside. A quick kiss on his sinfully soft hands and a goodbye before I apparate to my lavish palace.

I realise as I relax in the velvet arm chair, that this is one of my best dates, well, ever. Despite many awkward pauses and that rather annoying stutter of his. He never tried to brag about how good he/his parents are or were, nor ‘subtly’ try and touch me. He obviously didn’t try and shove chest fats my way. I am definitely looking forward to next week.

(Harry POV)

So. That was a date after all. Huh. I blush. That was really...nice. Tom was really kind. He even paid for dinner! Which is lucky because I couldn’t even afford one glass of the wine we had. That place was so expensive! $1,400 for dinner?!!? Yet Tom fit in nicely. I looked so out of place. Everyone else was in dresses or robes or suits.

And I know everyone was staring at me. Was I that different? Could they tell I was a freak? Guess I can’t escape it. Everywhere I am a freak.

Tom. He didn’t look at me like I was a freak. Mind you it is really hard to tell what he is thinking or feeling behind his emotionless mask. But...I think he enjoyed the date. Well, he wanted to go on another one. Maybe he is just humoring me.

Tom is so handsome! And he is really kind. Plus he is kind of funny. I am fairly certain he reads a lot as well. So he must have suitors lining up at his backdoor. People who are more talented, prettier, richer or even those who are actually magically powerful. Someone as powerful as him.

I could feel his magic...it was dark, confident, erotic and it gave me goosebumps. And everyone could feel it, because it filled the room. You could almost touch it, taste it; it felt so real. So why would he want someone who is a squib?

Though, Tom isn’t perfect. I mean he is a little arrogant. Okay, very arrogant. But it kind of makes him have a certain appeal at the same time.

I am too excited to go to sleep yet. I guess I have time to practice more magic. Maybe today I might change the colour of my bed covers?

Chapter End Notes

I would like it to be known that I will not be doing every single date they go on, as that is not what this story is about. I plan on doing three including this one. That is because they are important to the plot.

If you have any questions about the fic please ask me. I will answer them unless it is a spoiler. Also is you have any characters you feel will go great in this fic, please share and they may show up or have a cameo in later chapters.
(POV Change/Time Skip)

Chapter 4

(1 month after the first date)

(Tom POV)

Relishing the free time I have between paperwork I contemplate the last month. Harry, my beautiful Harry. Just as I am considering going to my private rooms, my proximity ward on the office door goes off. I sit up in my giant, lavish leather desk chair. Moments later Lucius Malfoy walks in.

Lucius bows. “Good afternoon, Your Majesty.”

Ah...Lucius. He is my current right hand man. And probably my favourite right hand man. He doesn’t use flattery all the time to get in my favour. No, he acts like a normal person in my presence, whilst adding on the honorific to help keep up my ego. Which is why I ask for him to deliver most of the reports. He is also, coincidentally, the person I am least likely to Crucio into insanity after prolonged exposure.

“Lucius.” I acknowledge his presence, nonchalantly.

“And what has you in such a good mood these past few weeks, Your Majesty?” I glance up at him.

“Oh. I just met someone.” He raises his eyebrow asking me to elaborate. I refrain from rolling my eyes.

“Are we seriously going to gossip about my love life like your wife would at her tea parties? Because if we are I am going to need a lot more alcohol.” I say sardonically.

“Hardly, Your Majesty. Think more along the lines of interrogation. So who is he?” I am honestly not surprised he guessed Harry was male. Lucius knows of my sexual activities with both genders but I see he picked up on my preference for men.

“His name is Harry.”

“Last name?”

“He doesn’t seem inclined to share that with me, for reasons I have yet to deduce.” I explain.

Lucius thinks for a bit. “Hmm...Is he beautiful?”
“Are my eyes red?” I quip back.

“So he is uncommonly beautiful. How old is he?” He asks suddenly.

“18.”

Lucius sighs in relief. No doubt he was thinking of all the legal bullshit that number saves him from.

“How did you two meet?”

“He pulled me from the car crash I told you about.”

He frowns. “You didn’t mention that in the report.”

I smirk at him “Just as I continue to not mention to Narcissa your affair with Severus.”

“Magical?” Lucius you can’t hide it forever. Evading the topic will get you nowhere.

“Of course.”

He pauses. “Likelihood of working for the Order?”

“Slim to none. If he was he would use actually use his magic.”

“He never went to Hogwarts? Or any of the other schools?”

“No. And I did research his name. No Harry’s his age have gone to any of the schools.”

“Maybe he was home schooled.”

I snort. “Do not be an idiot, Lucius. You have to register in order to be taught at home and for very specific reasons. Only one person has been registered in the past 20 years. Female.”

“Sorry, Your Majesty. One might wonder why he wasn’t educated in magic.” We both pause to contemplate this.

“When is your next date?” He asks.

“Tonight. 6 o’clock.”

“He hasn’t spiked you with any love or lust potion, has he?” Lucius asks with an abnormal amount of concern for me.

“Of course not! I cast detection spells on everything that has a possibility of touching my lips. You should too, you know.” I remark dryly. “Maybe it would stop your infatuation with Severus.”

He ignored my last statement. “I only say this because you are showing a remarkable amount of interest in him. Usually your flings last a few weeks at most, and they only keep your interest for half of that.”

“That is because this is not another one of my casual flings.” I state as if I haven't just given out the most shocking information.

His eyes widen almost comically. “You’re serious about him?”

“If you saw him you would understand…” I trail off thinking of Harry’s face again. Realising that I was daydreaming in front of an audience I snap my attention back to Lucius. “In fact, this date, I plan
“to give him a formal courting gift with a statement of intent.”

“You intend to make him your consort?”

“Yes, were you not paying attention to what I just said.”

“Paying attention, yes. But believing it...no, your majesty. Are you sure this isn’t a mere infatuation?” He almost stammers out in shock.

“I can tell the difference between infatuation and what I feel for Harry.”

“You love him.” He states.

“Hmm...I suppose so.” I muse.

“Well...then prove it. What are his faults?”

I raise an eyebrow at Lucius, “Faults?”

“If it is merely an infatuation or obsession you will be blind to any faults he has. But...if you love him, you will know his faults and accept them.”

“Fine. His manners are atrocious; he sometimes talks with a mouth full of food and can chew really loudly. He has trust issues and if you press him too hard on a subject he doesn’t want to talk about he clams up for about 10 minutes no matter what you say afterwards. He stutters a lot; though he is getting better. Rather than get angry when you say something he doesn’t like he goes silent and introspective, almost like he’s pouting. I also suspect he has serious self esteem issues and thinks poorly of himself. He is obviously not wealthy nor of high breeding and has few friends. Plus his handwriting is exactly what you would expect from a healer. Barely legible.” I smirk slightly as I think about Harry’s scribbles he calls words.

“Yet despite all this we are able to have brilliant conversations that actually interest me. Every time I tell him he looks beautiful he has a brilliant blush that flourishes on his skin, that makes him look even more like an angel. His humbleness is completely endearing to me...Is that sufficient for you Lucius?” I finish, having caught myself from a further ramble.

“Salazar! You really love him.” He almost gapes at me. I am not known for rambling, monologuing...possibly...

After getting over the shock a bit he comments “100 years and you finally have a consort?”

“Yes.”

“Your fan-club is going to be extremely disappointed.”

“Good. When I announce my engagement be sure to have a spy in all of the groups. Their reactions are sure to be hilarious.”

He smirks maliciously, a smirk which is mirrored on my own face.

“We may also have to actually worry about buying kindling for once, your majesty.”

“Are howlers burnable?” I casually ask.

“No, your majesty, they generally combust on their own.”
“Damn!” I say with a smile on my face.

“The purebloods will be a bit more trouble.” Lucius sighs.

“They won’t protest too much if they know what’s good to them.”

“Yes, anyone could see you had no interest in any of them.”

“They all remind me too much of people long past, even then they are a cheap imitation. But I never really had any interest in my original followers anyway.” I say in a somewhat subdued tone whilst I gaze out the window as if it could somehow drag me back into the past.

We fall into a contemplative silence with Lucius probably thinking about how much older I am than him. Lucius clears his throat bringing attention back to him.

“I actually came down here to give you the report on the car crash.”

“The results?”

“The cars enchantments had indeed been tampered with by an unknown magical signature. So it wasn’t one of your house elves or servants. This is probably the work of the Order. Though why is unclear.” He informs me.

“Perhaps they think I am mortal. But then...why would they sabotage one my cars in a highly secured garage that a house elf would have difficulties getting into? Especially with how infrequently I use them. Lucius continue the investigation. Now if you’ll excuse me I have a date to prepare for.” Lucius bows before leaving.

I decide to spend a few seconds more contemplating the Order. Have they gotten dumber? Why would sabotaging a vehicle I barely use be the best plan for killing me?

I push thoughts of the Order out of mind and apparate to my bedroom. After all I have a date with my angel, my love, my Harry.

(Harry POV)

These past few weeks have been unbelievable. Tom, my...boyfriend...I guess, has made this the greatest time of my life. He’s funny, interesting and extremely good looking. I actually had...those dreams about him. I blush as I remember the vivid dreams.

We never go far in the dreams, but I always wake up wet from release. That spurred me into trying to clean my sheets with my magic. I think I succeeded. Knowing how bad I am at magic I could probably burnt the house down.

Magic...Tom has magic, but he doesn’t use it very often apart from the teleporing...thing. He once used it to force a drunkard away who was trying to flirt with him. And he cleaned my clothes once, after a waiter spilt wine on it.

I remember he glared at the waiter for about 5 minutes until I convinced him to stop. He didn’t even look mad! And he invites me to ask questions and talk with him. Maybe, for whatever reason, Tom likes me. What a strange thought!

Someone liking me. That hasn’t happened in...well...ever. Not even my teachers liked me! But I am sure he will drop me when a better candidate comes along. Hopefully we can remain friends though...even if I wish we were more.
Some of the discussions we have are really quite interesting. I remember we got into a huge debate about politics! He believed that the government should be unified in a single place, whereas I thought we should keep the separate governments in each country to keep a free voice for each country. We ended up having a continuous debate for about an hour! It was so nice to have someone to talk to like a normal person and not like a freak.

The only downside is that Dursleys have picked up on my good mood. The beatings have gotten more frequent and they are refusing to feed me. Also my chores have doubled meaning I am even more exhausted than usual, what with my job at the clinic, chores and dates with Tom. At least with Tom, I get fed.

Of course, Tom does have a big ego and is a bit of a snob. But at least he treats me well.

I did notice something strange as I was re-potting one of the flowers. Inside one of the pots in the shed was a big pile of cash. It was obviously Aunt Petunia’s as neither Dudley nor Uncle Vernon would ever venture out in the shed. How did she come this amount of money? The most likely solution, prostitution, is too disgusting to even ponder. Shuddering slightly, I wish for a way to clean my brain as with my sheets, but, unfortunately, such a way does not exist.

Anyway, I decide to get ready for my next date with Tom. He said he is taking me somewhere secret and I have to bring warm clothes. I wonder what we will be doing…..

Chapter End Notes

The politics bit...sorry if it isn't your thing I just thought it was interesting to add. Um...here is a better explanation of what they meant.

The way it is currently is that each country has a separate government but they all have one unified ruler. The Emperor. What Tom is proposing is a place where a member of each country goes to a place to represent said country. This means he doesn’t have to go to every single country as often and the countries could actually see him more often. Think the galactic senate in Star Wars, with the Emperor and all of the senators, if you still don't understand.
Of Courtship and Magic

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter there would probably be robots. I have no idea why.....

Fluff! I am drowning in it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time skip)

Chapter 5:

(Harry POV)

I wait for Tom at the predetermined location. Today I went with simple black skinny jeans and a white top. I also brought a black coat, like Tom recommended. Moments after I arrive, Tom appears in all his splendor. He looks like he walked straight out of magazine with beautifully cut robes and his hair looking amazingly well kept as usual.

But of course that is nothing on how handsome he looks when he smiles. It brightens his eyes and enhances his beauty to a point which no one else can reach even with skin care products.

“You look wonderful as always, Harry.” He remarks with that smile that gives me goosebumps, in a good way. Did I mention his voice reminds me of rich dark chocolate with a hint of a strange exotic accent?

“Thank you, Tom.” I say blushing. Oh dear, already off to a great start with the blushing.

He smirks. “Grab my hand.” His arm reaches out to me.

“O-Okay.” I say placing my hand within his. Before I can really contemplate how nice, warm and strong his hand is, the feeling of being thrown through a pipe and then down a mountain hits me. My eyes forcibly close from the sensation attempting to block it out.

When it ends, the only thing stopping me from hitting the deck was Tom’s slightly muscular arms wrapped around me. Focusing solely on that helps relieve the nausea I feel.

“Sorry about that. It’s always hard the first time.” Tom states sounding not very sorry at all, the bastard! He sounds almost amused. I am pretty sure I can feel his smirk.

“What the hell was that?” I say in a somewhat panicked tone.

“Apparation, it’s is a form of magical transportation.” He replies helping me stand up but not letting go of my hand once I’m upright.

“How can you use that frequently without falling over or puking your guts out?”

He shrugs “You get used to it.”
“Get used to it my ass.” I mutter under my breath in the hopes he might not hear. The amused look he sends me says otherwise.

I notice my surroundings for the first time. We seem to be on a boardwalk pier near a beach. You could see the sun setting in the distance. Beautiful oranges and pinks filled the sky and reflected off our faces. “Where are we?”

“Brighton.”

That’s at least 53 miles from Surrey. To travel such a distance in a few seconds? “Wow.” Is all I have to say.

“Come.” Tom leads me to look at all the attractions on the pier. We spend a good hour looking and doing a whole bunch of the games. Tom complained a bit about how boring the games were and “How they used to be much better before.” Also the food was met with scorn saying “How people can bear to eat this greasy thing I will never understand,” This was said with grimace that was quite honestly hilarious. I laughed for a good minute at that.

“Glad to see you are amused by my suffering.” His tone dry. His face falls back into the statuesque face that is Tom’s normal style. Getting reactions out of him is rather a difficult undertaking.

I giggle for a moment or two longer whilst playing with a cheap necklace I won in a game of ring toss. The victory was made even sweeter by the fact I only just beat Tom. He claims he let me win. Sure….

“You look beautiful when you laugh.” I snap my head up to Tom. Feeling a blush form on my face I look down. He can’t really mean that...can he? We move away from the hustle and bustle of the pier down towards the beach.

The sky is now dark with no speck of sunlight left. The artificial orange lights are all that light our way. The sea chills the air slightly forcing me to put on my coat. As we walk in a comfortable silence I wonder whether it would be rude to ask Tom to show me some magic. I bite my lip as I consider what his reaction would be to my question.

“What is it you want to ask me?” Tom queries after a few minutes.

“H-how could you tell?” I stammer out in shock.

“You bite your lip whenever you are considering something. That and the fact you keep glancing my way indicates what you are considering has to do with me. You confirmed it when I asked you about whether you have a question for me.” I look in awe at him. No one has ever bothered to pay this close attention to me before. “So, what do you want ask me?”

I look down at my feet. “Um...well...I was wondering..if..maybe...you would show me some magic?” I whisper out hesitantly.

“I-Of course. Anything in particular you would like to see?”

I shake my head. He sighs, “Okay.” He drops my hand making me mourn slightly for the loss. Than he started.

In his left hand he produced a small ball of white light. Then using his right hand as a sort of pen he creates a small flower of light. He concentrates a bit and slowly the flower of light turns into a flower so real looking if I were to touch it, I would surely feel real petals. He then proceeds to change it into a variety of different objects like a wallet, decorative knife, an old fashioned watch, a fancy quill and
a beautiful mirror before throwing it up in the air. The object changes into a firework and bursts in to an explosion of different colours and lights with a small pop. The effect looks like a meteor shower filled with all colours of the rainbow.

Throughout his performance I am oohing and aahing before clapping with some other onlookers at the end. He bows slightly at me before glaring at the others making them continue walking on.

“Could you show me some magic?” He asks me almost hopefully.

“I...um can’t do any magic. I think I’m a squib.” He looks at me with a slightly puzzled look on his face. “So I won’t be able to do anything.”

“Sure you can! I can prove it.” He suddenly leaps forward, bringing his handsome face close to mine and distracting me before unclasping my necklace. He then turns around and throws it deep into the sea.

“Wha-TOM!” I almost shout.

“Relax. You can get your necklace back. Just try. It might help if you close your eyes.” I close my eyes putting a lot of trust in Tom. Though that necklace was cheap it was a reminder of my victory over him. “Right, now imagine the necklace, imagine it in your hands. The feel of it. Imagine it coming into your hand. Good..now want it.”

As he said that I could feel my magic slowly coaxing the necklace into my hand. A few seconds later I opened my eyes to find the necklace, slightly wet from the water and Tom smirking victoriously at me.

“Now imagine it clean and dry.” I do so and soon the necklace is just like it was before it had an adventure in the water. Tom must be a really good teacher to teach me that quickly.

“I did it Tom!” I say excitedly before dancing around and humming in happiness. Tom chuckles a bit at my antics. He then puts one of his hands on each cheek framing my face in his strong, comforting hands. He tilts my head. “You are amazing.”

Then his lips are on mine. It almost feels like Tom let off another firework; it was incredible. His lips were soft and mixed with the sensation of his hands on my face....I felt like I was on fire. But a good fire, one you know will never burn or hurt you. I felt his magic connect with mine slightly. Then it ended.

As he pulled away and dropped his hands I felt slightly disappointed. But then I felt overwhelmingly embarrassed as I realise what happened so I turned my head away from his face and blushed.

“Harry, that was your first kiss, wasn’t it?” I nod. “It wasn’t that bad now, was it?”

“No.” I whisper still embarrassed. “It was the best sensation I have felt in my life.”

Tom smirks. He then looks away suddenly at the sea, for once actually looking nervous.

“Harry, in pureblood culture it is quite common for them to court someone they wish to one day, possibly, marry. Do you know what courting is?” He turns back to me.

I shake my head. “No.”

He sighs. “Well it is like dating except more formal, with an agreement that they would continue to do so until the one who initiated it proposes. Then the subject of the proposal can refuse or accept
depending on whether they wish to marry the proposer. If they say yes the couple get married, if no the courtship is considered ended and the initiator may not propose to the subject again, ever. Magic enforces this. This is common in pureblood society, recently, with the declining number of arranged marriages."

“Why are you telling me this Tom?” I ask nervously biting my lip. Here comes the rejection…

“The courtship begins when the initiator gives the person the wish to court a gift and states their intent.” And….. “This is my courtship gift to you.” He states holding open a small box with a bracelet of a snake eating its own tail in it.

I almost faint in shock. He wants to court me? But...Why? Also that bracelet. It looks like real silver and carved so intricately. The eyes are a brilliant green and seem to be real emeralds.

“Now, I know we only met a month ago. But I feel that you are the first person I have really connected with. Your beauty, your kindness, even merely our conversations together has excited me in a way I have never felt before. Your faults I even find myself thinking I can live with. So I intend to win your heart, as you have mine. At least give me a chance.”

...Did he just say he loves me? I think he did. But how, why? I better accept him anyway...it would be rude not to. Maybe I will discover whether he really loves me or not.

“O-okay” I stutter. A bright light surrounds us as he puts the bracelet on my wrist. The bracelet then shrinks to fit me better.

I look at him confused. “What was that light?”

“That light signaled the start of our courtship, for you accepted my suit.” At my puzzled look he explains. “My offer of courtship. That bracelet as you will later notice is enchanted. No one who doesn’t know of our courtship will be able to see it nor may anyone take it off until the courtship is over.” He breaks off to hiss a bit which confuses me. “The bracelet is real silver and emeralds.” Answering my previous question.

“But wait...this must have been really expensive.” I think of how long I would have to save my earnings to buy a piece of jewellery like this.

“First off, Harry, I have more money than I know what to do with. Secondly, precious metals and gems mean nothing to me compared to you.”

As he says this he brings his hands back on my face. This time it is me who initiates the kiss. And it was just as amazing as the first; though this one lasted longer.

“Besides that is a family heirloom that was just gathering dust.” He states when I pull away.

After that he apparated me back to where we met up. I still think apparation is awful but it is nice to have his arms around me. It feels like he is protecting from the world. We part ways with him giving me a peck on the cheek that makes me blush as much as our other kisses.

As I start walking home I feel like I am on a high. Tom isn’t going to reject me. In fact, now he can’t! He has to propose to me and I have to reject him! Plus those kisses were from heaven itself. Maybe he does care for me?

All those things he said to me. They can’t be true, can they? I sigh in happiness and sneak back into my room by gliding up to the window. No one knows I’ve been out. I touch my new bracelet whilst I sit on my bed. I lie back on my bed facing one of the bloodstained walls of my bedroom. My
happiness fades slightly. Try as I might, I can’t rid any of the blood from the walls. Just as I cannot
rid the memories from my mind. But none of that matters right now. I won’t think such gloomy
thoughts. I will go to sleep happy and hopefully dream of Tom and the future we might have
together. I fall asleep with a smile on my face, for the first time I can remember, the bracelet held up
to my chest, over my heart.

(Tom POV)

Harry accepted my courtship gift! I mean, there wasn’t much of a possibility in my mind that he
wouldn’t. But still...I feel even more excited then before. I frown a slightly as I suppress the emotions
a bit using Occlumency. It wouldn’t do to go prancing around the palace like a stupid Hufflepuff. I
have better manners than that. I do allow a smirk to grace my face for a few seconds before resorting
to a blank mask.

The gift I gave Harry actually used to be a small snake called Nagini, which I owned as a teenager.
Unfortunately some idiot Gryffindors found her when she was out hunting one night and decided to
kill her. When I found her, she was already dead. So I made her into a bracelet so I would never
forget her, my first friend. I, of course, hunted down the boys who killed her and well...they all
seemed to have a late visitor one night and they never were the same again. Dumbledore knew it was
me somehow, or would he have assumed so even if I didn’t do it? Who knows?

The significance of that bracelet is that it is the first living organism that held my love, barring myself.
Well...I thought it fitting that Harry should have it. After activating it with parseltongue it also should
give me an indication of where he is so I can apparate directly to him, if needed. As well as some
ancient spells that should protect his chastity, even from me.

The point of this is to not just have a short relationship built entirely on sex. That is not what I want
with Harry. The point is to build it on emotions and love, something I was sure I couldn’t feel
anymore. So I shall enjoy winning Harry’s heart. It has been a while since I have been sufficiently
challenged, after all.

Chapter End Notes

I will probably give Harry parseltongue later on in the fic. Either it was naturally in him
but was blocked or through the magical bond I mentioned or....secret! ;) Also I did not
come up the idea of turning a snake into a bracelet. Unfortunately I do not remember the
fic that inspired this but if anyone does, please tell me so I can give them proper credit. I
am sorry if any of you are fans of Nagini. She will not be showing up in this story as it
didn’t really fit in.

One last thing. I am planning on having Lucius saying something funny or at least
something he would never ever say under any normal circumstances. So I want you to
come up with the line he has to say and put it in a comment. The person whose
comment I choose will be credited in the chapter where Lucius says the line. Get
creative! It will be in about 4 chapters, so you should have plenty of time!
The Rollercoaster of Love

Chapter Notes

Sorry that this chapter is shorter than the previous ones. The next chapter is a lot longer!

DISCLAIMER: There would be a lot more humour if I had owned Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

(POV Change/Time skip)

Chapter 6:

(4 Months after the last date)

(Harry’s POV)

I think I have fallen in love with Tom.

I don’t know when it happened, but it did. Maybe it was the amazing few months we had together. I remember 1 month after the date where he started courting me, on my birthday, July 31st. That was definitely the best birthday I have ever had. And really the first birthday I have ever celebrated.

First we went to a magical mall. It looked so amazing! Hanging orbs of light glowed from the ceiling and moving picture advertisements adorned the walls. The elevators were run by magic and floating mannequins and shelves could be seen through shop windows. The most amazing thing was that it was a 6 floor mall contained in a building usually built for 2. The mall threw physics out the window!

Anyway, we went there because Tom decided I needed new clothes, and some robes. I protested the entire way to the mall but was shut up with an intense kiss. We first went to a tailors, as Tom said “You cannot go to a store and just pick a robe off a rack. No! It has to fit you.” So we ended up spending an hour in there with me being pricked by needles and Tom giving me amused stares. He ended up getting me 3 casual robes and 1 formal, for all those times I go to formal events. I roll my eyes. I tried to pay myself but Tom sweet talked his way into paying.

Next we went to a few more shops and purchasing more clothes for me. Soon the pile of shopping bags floating behind us was almost the size of me. We stopped at another shop which sold items from Japan. I loved the Kimonos, so went to try one on. I grabbed a white kimono with green leaves on. Tom was skeptical at first but when he saw me wear one he must have really liked it because he ended up buying me 10 of them! Unfortunately the only size that would fit me well was women’s sizes. I grumbled for a while at that. Tom found my grumbling humourous.

In one shop I found the perfect item for Tom so bought it as a surprise for him later.

I was soon exhausted from all the shopping, so Tom took me to a quiet restaurant to have some food. I was dozing off quite a bit, which Tom pronounced as “Cute.” I was so tired I didn’t even protest.

Soon we had to end the date as I was too tired to function. With his customary kiss on the check goodbye I made my home with all the purchases shrunken in my pocket.
One thing that also happened in the past few months is that Tom is teaching me magic! He must be a really good teacher because he can teach a squib like me. I am now able to shrink and grow things, create shields, and create privacy wards so others can’t hear what we say. He also taught me water repelling charms during a downpour. Unfortunately it took me a little while to get the hang of it, so I ended up saturated. Tom was in a very good mood for the rest of the date. I have no idea why.

Oh and that gift I got for Tom at the mall. It was a set calligraphy pens that allows you to write many things at once. It also had a snake design on it, as Tom said that was his favourite animal. Tom was so shocked I got him something. He almost gaped at me!

Over the past few months, Tom has been touching me more. Whether it is to hold my hand, kiss me or those subtle brushes against my skin. He also straight up hugged me once! It was really good to be hugged, I almost didn’t want to let go. Being tucked under his chin with his arms around me was indescribable.

Sometimes he just puts one arm around me and holds me close to his body. I don’t know why he does it, but it makes me safe and warm so I don’t protest. Plus it brings me closer to his very muscular body. Even his magic hugs me! It feels so protective and loving. I don’t think he realises that he does it most of the time.

He has never made any sexual advances yet. I am thankful for this as I don’t think I would ready for it. Not to say that I haven’t thought about it. But..I am scared that he would dump me or something when he realises I have never done it before and am bad at it….I decide to avoid this subject to think about more of the fun times we have had.

He took me to a movie once. I picked a horror movie by accident. I mean who knew a movie titled ‘The Enchanted Dollhouse’ was going to be about dolls that come to life and kill people in their sleep? It was very scary. I practically crushed Tom’s arm I was holding it so hard, and I buried my head in his chest anytime a jump scare happened. Pretty much the entire movie was a jump scare. I decided I am never going to watch another movie like that, again. Though Tom enjoyed it if his slight smile is anything to go by. So, maybe I will watch another one...just to please Tom.

One thing I know Tom hates, though, is roller-coasters. He took me to a theme park after I told him I had never been. So I decided I wanted to go on a roller-coaster with him. After 10 freaking minutes of attempting to convince him to come on, he finally relents. Some of his arguments were just stupid. “I am not going on something that is so obviously unsafe.” “Other people are riding it, Tom, and they’re just fine.” “The screaming hurts my ears.” “Don’t be an idiot Tom, just cast a silencing charm on them.” “The lines are too long.” “Tom, you got us the express passes for a reason!” Honestly! Once we are on he holds my hand in a death grip. When it starts, I have never felt something as thrilling, except for kissing Tom. It felt like I was free! The wind was flowing through my hair, the fast ride making my heart beat faster.

However as soon as we got off, Tom ran to the nearest trash can and threw up. I ask him whether he is okay and he brushes me off. “Tom, I just saw you throw up in a trash can.” “No I didn’t.” He said with an exaggerated sniff. I sighed at him. He could have just told me that roller-coasters don’t agree with him and I wouldn’t have asked him to go with me! But, no, that would be admitting weakness, which is something his pride can’t handle. I walked off a bit annoyed, to which Tom announced “You are acting like a girl.” I didn’t speak to him for a solid 15 minutes after that. Acting like a girl? Says the person who threw up because they can’t handle a roller-coaster. Suffice to say we have avoided roller-coasters ever since.

Despite minor hiccups like that, I feel like I am having the best time of my life. I can act like myself around Tom and not get beaten for it, or called a freak. I am walking on water at the moment….and
am just waiting to fall in.

(Tom POV)

“We have discovered who’s magical signature caused the tampering. They tried to hide it by attempting to change the signature to resemble someone else’s. The culprit is Alastor 'Mad eye' Moody, an ex-Auror and known supporter and friend of Dumbledore. It is reasonable to assume that he is doing it under orders from Dumbledore.”

“Do not assume. Be sure. These people have been known to squirm their way out of custody because of insufficient evidence. Is what we have enough to take Moody into custody?” I ask Lucius determined to take down one of Dumbledore’s supporters.

“I believe so, your Majesty.”

“What did I just finish telling you?” I ask gritting my teeth, attempting to gather my patience.

Sensing my growing impatience Lucius looks through the evidence, trying to find anything which could get Moody acquitted. “Yes, your majesty. There is more than enough.”

“Send out people to arrest him immediately…and get rid of all this paperwork on my desk.”

“Another date?”

“Yes, this is important because I am testing out my theory.” Lucius and I discussed this a couple of weeks ago. I believe that Harry would be a great singer; Lucius thinks otherwise. He also says that even if Harry is a bad singer, I would still say he is because I love him. When he said this I rolled my eyes and said he did the same thing with Severus. He then stated me being in love has sickened him.

“Did I not give you orders?” I raise my eyebrow at him.

“Yes, your majesty.” Lucius shrinks the paperwork on my desk and then bows and leaves.

I sigh and relax into my desk chair. Despite how wonderful the past few months have been with Harry, the workload recently has increased. The Order are coming out twice as strong as before. There have been hundreds of terrorist attacks and 5 countries have defected either through fear or blackmail. Communications are down in about 3 more countries, so I am unsure whether they have defected or not, or whether they need help. The stress it is putting on me and all I send to deal with it, is starting to get to me.

Luckily I have Harry to balance it out. In order to carry out my plan we are going to a karaoke bar tonight. That may mean I also have to end up singing. I sigh at the thought. Though it is Halloween, so the bar should be suitably dressed up. I can just imagine Harry on the stage, in the white kimono with flowers on it I told him to wear, singing in his breathtaking voice, with a backdrop of comically spooky decorations..

I sigh before deciding to take a nap before tonight. I feel like I haven’t slept in a few days, which is probably true. I apparate to my rooms and collapse on my bed, falling asleep instantly.

Chapter End Notes

When Harry states that "Tom was in a very good mood for the rest of the date." in my
mind I am imagining Harry was wearing a white shirt...which, when wet, is see-through.

Keep commenting on funny things for Lucius to say! It is only 3 chapters away!
Chapter Notes

According to my friend, this chapter is the best one to date....

DISCLAIMER: Harry Potter is not mine. Nor is Voldemort. Damn!

Chapter 7:

(Tom POV)

Unfortunately my nap almost turned into a fully fledged sleep if one of my elves didn’t wake me up in time. I quickly get ready and then apparate. I arrive outside the bar and a few moments later Harry walks up to me.

He looks divine, as usual. The white kimono with pink flowers and green leaves bring out his eyes more than usual. His hair, which he has been growing out slightly so it now reaches his shoulders, curls slightly as it reaches the top of the kimono. I can already feel the lustful and adoring stares Harry is being given. Maybe this was not the greatest idea....

I offer my arm and we link arms before walking into the bar. The karaoke is already underway and a lot of the patrons are well on their way to getting incredibly intoxicated. I get Harry to a free table for us before ordering some drinks.

Now the most important part of the plan! Coaxing Harry into singing. I watch the latest singer butcher her way through some song I vaguely recognise. Nursing my drink, the local beer apparently, I state “I think you should have a go at that.”

“What? Singing? In front of all these people? No way!”

“Really…. Such a pity.”

“Tom, I can’t! What happens if I trip and fall on the stage. Or if everyone laughs at me because I can’t sing?”

“I doubt you could do much worse than the person currently entertaining us.”

He glares at me for a few seconds. I remain unmoved. “Fine!” He huffs. “But you are too! And because you pressured me into this I get to pick what you sing.”

Hmm...the plan seems to have backfired, in a way. I got him to agree to sing, yes, but now I have to as well, and he gets to choose the song. I just hope he has decency not to pick any by that awful muggle singer, Malcom Westler. Or any song that is sung by a female. Or any rock song....

Once the assault on our ears was finished Harry went to sign up to sing. And, presumably, sign me up for directly after him. I decide that I am going to need a stronger drink if I am going to do this. So I get myself a whiskey.
An hour passes with me trying to worm the name of the song I shall be singing out of Harry. He remains tight-lipped on the subject so we end up talking about our favourite musicians. Harry states he likes all kinds of music but he especially likes Malcom Westler. Because of course he does. I state how he has no talent and should do the world a favour and cease his existence immediately. Harry then lets slip that if he had known of my hatred of him, he would have made me sing one of his songs. I sigh in exaggerated relief at that. This sparks a friendly argument about music and musicians.

It is finally Harry’s turn. He goes up, blushing all the way, receiving quite a lot of positive attention. I hear appreciative whistles as well making my eyes narrow in anger.

All of that is forgotten when Harry starts to sing. The entire establishment stops talking. No sounds can be heard beyond quiet whispers and Harry’s enchanting voice.

“Oh my god, he is so cute!”

“Damn! Wouldn’t mind tapping that.”

“I am so jels of that voice.”

“I wonder if he’ll date me?”

I grip my glass tighter, trying to stop my magic from lashing out at the people saying that about MY Harry.

Soon Harry got everyone clapping along with his singing. He looked so happy and carefree despite the fact I know he is really nervous. I am amazed he even agreed to do this. But then again how could he say no when I asked it so nicely of him.

Once Harry finishes everyone in the bar erupts into applause and cheers. A large number of people gather by the stairs to the stage. Oh no, that won’t do.

I can already see people accosting him asking for dates, touching him in inappropriate places, asking him for sex and complimenting him on his singing and outfit. HOW DARE THOSE COMMON MUGGLES TOUCH MY HARRY!

As I make my way over I can see Harry shrinking back from all the attention and trying to avoid wandering hands.

“Excuse me, could you please leave him alone?” I grit out loudly over the noise, and making the polite request turn into a demand.

“Tom!” Harry flings himself at me. I wrap my arm around him possessively, before putting a kiss on his cheek.

“Oi, you’re a fuckin’ hypocrite, mate!” Some guy slurred at me.

I raise an eyebrow at him, looking over him in distaste. The perfect look of nonchalance on my face hiding the boiling rage begging me to torture him into a cabbage like state. I somehow think it would not take that long. “I do believe I am on a date with Harry so have more right to do so than you. But since you are so inebriated that you could not see how unwelcome your advances were, I doubt any of this would register in your brain.”

“Uh wha?!!??!” He staggers a bit.

“Fine. Let me speak your language. Fuck off. Harry is mine.” I say with a glare directed at everyone
who accosted Harry. I keep Harry close to me and surround him in my magic. It wouldn’t do to be kicked out of a bar for mass murder, after all.

“Nah mate, you don’t fuckin’ deserve ‘im,” Another man, evidently a friend of the first by the looks of it, states.

“I think the word you are looking for is ‘deserve’. And I also think that is rather up to him.”

“I’ll fight you for ‘im!” The new man says putting his fists up poorly in a boxing pose.

“Even if you do beat me, which you, rest assured, will not, it is still up to Harry whether he dates you or not. He is not a possession to be won.”

I can feel Harry smiling against me.

The man then directs his next words at Harry, “You don’ wanna be dating this fuckin’ toff, right? I can give you a real good time. After I beat ‘im we can discuss it, yeah?” Pointing at me with his disgusting thumb. So common. But who does this man think he is that he can take someone’s date away from them. Especially my Harry..

Then back at me, “I don’ like your fuckin’ attitude. Comin’ in ‘ere actin’ like you own the place. I’m gonna wipe the floor clean with your overly pompous mug.” The only support he is getting is from his friends behind him. Most of the patrons that are watching are looking at them in disgust.

Despite his slightly muscular stature there is nothing that shows he could beat me. Yet all the patrons are looking at me like I am going to die. Rolling my eyes, I decide to end this quickly. But first I look at the barkeep for permission, which is granted and then at Harry who nods slightly.

Sighing, I detach myself from Harry and glare at those closest to him, daring them to try something. I assess the man in front of me, before punching him in the nose, with enough force to not only break the nose but knock the man out cold. It probably was for the best as he could have ended up seriously injuring himself and others. Especially Harry.

The man goes down like the trash he is. I brush off and straighten my robes before putting my arm back around Harry’s shoulders. Everyone starts whispering about how I defeated the undefeated ‘Wily’ Riley. I snort softly.

One of ‘Wily’ Riley’s friend’s shouts at me “That wasn’ a fuckin’ fair fight. You cheated.”

“Actually I was trying to finish the fight as swiftly as possible, so that everyone else could go back to what they were doing, and so the barkeep wouldn’t have to intervene.” I pull out a hundred dollar note. “Take this, help your friend to a hospital and leave this establishment.”

The man takes the money and all of ‘Wily’ Riley’s friends assist him in taking their unconscious friend outside, whilst grumbling under his breath about “Fuckin’ toffs and their fuckin’ ‘hores.” I roll my eyes in exasperation. What a charming group of people! Luckily the rest of the crowd disperse after some final glares from me. I keep my arm around Harry’s shoulders possessively and narrow my eyes at anyone who gets too close.

The announcer for the next karaoke singer finally decided to start doing his job now that the drama is over and announced “Tom Riddle, singing ‘Dey so big’ By Kathy Mc-G.”

FUCKING MORGANA’S TITS!

I whisper to Harry “You are having me sing a song by a female about how big her breasts are? I
almost wish you had chosen a Malcom Westerly song.”

Harry giggles, finally relaxing a bit after the tense 30 minutes has come to a close.

“Well, you shouldn’t have forced me to sing!” I am beginning to agree with Harry, in more ways than one.

I exhale feeling once again tired before making my way over to the stage, gathering my confidence.

After all, if I am going to sing a song about breasts, I might as well sing it with confidence.

(Harry POV)

We ended up spending another 2 hours at the bar after Tom had finished his song. That was definitely one of the highlights of the evening. He goes from a proper elegant upper class person to singing about how his “giant lumps are gonna win all da boyz in here” I laughed throughout the entire performance. He even acted like a girl during the song!

At the end of the performance he was back to his normal self though he did put his arm around me again. That made me think about what he said to ‘Wily’ Riley. “He is not some possession to be won.” That warmed my heart. It shows that he does care about me. Plus he came to help me from the people who were surrounding me! I didn’t like having all that attention on me. They were all speaking at once so you couldn’t hear what anyone said. It was overwhelming. Some of the things that I did hear were so embarrassing and wrong, but then Tom swooped in and glared them all away.

After the singing we decide to go to a quiet place to calm down. So Tom and I end up talking for the rest of the time whilst exchanging kisses every so often. Occasionally a person would come up to us and compliment our singing, before being scared away by Tom’s glare. He would always hold me tight whenever someone walked up.

My head started to feel a little fuzzy from the alcohol, so Tom said “Being my gracious self, I am going to walk you home.” I was too busy giggling to protest. I don’t even remember why I was giggling. Oh yeah, thinking about Tom in a dress singing more songs about his giant lumps.

He assists me out of the bar and starts walking me home, with me giving directions. I cling to him a lot on the way so we make slow progress. He discretely yawns and no doubt tries to hide it from me. He must be really tired if he can’t even hide it.

“Tom, if you’re tired you should just go home. I can make my own way home.”

“Nonsense, I insist on taking you home. Look at you, you can barely walk!” He explains.

I don’t mention the fact that I can walk just fine….I just want to get closer to his body. Mhmm….muscles…

“Why are you so tired, Tom? Were the neighbors playing Malcom Westerly songs all night.” I giggle at my comment. Who knew alcohol could make me sooo funny?

“Actually it has been a busy few weeks at work. What with the terrorist attacks.”

“Yeah they are so mean! Going around killing people to change a world that doesn’t want to be changed. And making my Tom work so hard he misses sleep. I want to tell them what I think of them. I’d say ‘Stop! You are making too much work for my Tom. He is missing sleep. So you should stop killing people and let Tom sleep.’ D’you think they would stop if I said that?”
“I am afraid that will not work.” He smiles at me making me look in awe at him.

“You have a nice smile, Tom. ‘Specially cos you don’t smile often. It takes a lot to get you to smile.”

“I suppose it does.” He muses, still smiling.

I hug him morely. Is morely a word? I think so.

We see some late trick-or-treaters as we walk past. I could really go for some candy right now!

“Tom, can we go trick-or-treating?”

“No, I am taking you home. Besides are you not a little old to do that?”

“Well yeah, but I want candy!”

“Why would you want candy? I find it disgusting; too sweet.” Tom grimaces.

“No it isn’t! It’s amazing. So could you get me some candy?”

“No.” I start pouting. Then my mood turns melancholy.

“Tom, today is Halloween right?”

He sighs “Yes, we just talked about how there are trick-or-treaters.”

I say in a sad voice “My parents died today, Tom.”

Tom stops walking and turns to look at me. “When?”

“18 years ago. I was left on the doorstep of my Aunt’s house.”

Tom pauses a bit. “I am sorry.”

“You didn’t know so it’s okay. I don’t even remember them.”

“But you wish they lived. I can understand that.”

We pass through most of the rest of the journey in a somber mood. When we get to my place, I didn’t notice the neighbors were looking on at what we were doing.

Tom gives his customary kiss on the check goodbye and strokes my face for about a minute. “Goodbye, my love.” He apparates away with a slight crack showing how tired he is that he can’t silence it.

Then, it was like a bomb went off. People swarmed out of their houses and surrounded me.

“Um...what are you doing?” I could see the disgusted sneers directed my way. My slightly drunk brain tries to find out what I did wrong and then it hits me.

I came home with Tom. Into the Slums filled with homophobes. Tom, who kissed me on the check, which isn’t something friends do with each other. Then the “Goodbye, my love.” There is no doubt in my mind they connected the dots. And they don’t like the picture it formed.

“Don’t worry, fag, we will teach you a lesson you won’t forget.”

And then the hits came. 20 people were beating me with their fists and 20 more beating me with
words.

“Fag.”

“Poof!”

“Whore!”

“I bet you open your legs for any man that comes your way.”

“Who was that man? Your sugar daddy?”

“You’re a fag who is dating a freak! How does it feel to be so disgusting?”

Their words soon had me sobbing. Soon my cries and their yelling alerted Uncle Vernon and managed to make him get off his arse to see what was going on.

“What the bloody hell are you doing making all that racket at this time of night?” He bellowes.

“Sorry, Vernon. We just discovered your nephew is a fuckin’ fag. Has a boyfriend and ‘rything.” The man from house number three explains.

“What?!?!?! We didn’t raise him like that. Here, help me carry him inside, in order to punish him properly.” Vernon’s pronouncement produces cheers from the crowd.

I am hurting too bad to move let alone protest when I am picked up. As I am taken upstairs, I am subtly hit against the door frame and the stair railing. Though the pain has sobered me slightly, it doesn’t matter. I know I am in for the worst beating of my life.

My moans of pain make those who followed Vernon up snicker. “Can’t handle pain, poof? Well it’s going to get a whole. Lot. WORSE.”

I sniffle a bit. When we reach my room I am thrown on the ground which aggravates the wounds I have causing me to release a sharp cry of pain. They then attempt to rip my kimono but the unbreakable enchantment on it prevents any damage.

Vernon then has to carefully take it off, before throwing it to the side, in order to expose my back. Then he and the two men who followed me up here proceed to beat and whip me for about an hour, before I finally pass out…Looks like I finally fell in and can no longer see the surface.

(Tom POV)

After apparating I feel so drained. The past few days have started to catch up to me. It was another fantastic date with Harry.

I wonder what Harry is doing right now. By the looks of things he was going to be passing out as soon as he reached his bed. I am fairly certain this was the first time he has gotten drunk. It was amusing and Harry looked so cute when he was slurring his words. I think he revealed more things then he intended to.

But it was useful to find out his parent’s death date. It could help me locate his last name, and the name of the relatives he is living with.

Unfortunately, due to how dark it was I didn’t get a clear picture of where his house was. Lucky his bracelet should allow me to apparate there but still…
Realising I am about to fall into unconsciousness I walk to my bed, taking off my shoes and changing my clothes to sleepwear. I don’t even have time to pull the covers over me as I fall asleep.

Chapter End Notes

TOM GET OFF YOUR ASS AND HELP HARRY...Oh wait I caused this to happen......don't kill me...

Side note: Our singers would not exist in this, and if they did their songs would be really old by 2071. Which was an annoying thing to consider.
The Order Comes a Knockin'

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: I own neither Harry, nor Potter, nor Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time skip)

Chapter 8:

(4 days after the beating)

(Harry POV)

Because of the beating I had to call in sick from work for a few days. When I woke up after the beating, I found they had left me on the floor in a pool of my own blood. My magic healed most of the welts by the time I woke up but was still trying to heal my broken bones. The beating caused both my lower legs, my right upper arm, left wrist, and my nose to break. They shattered all the bones in my hands and feet, and bruised 3 of my ribs. Plus my head really hurt, whether from the beating or the alcohol is unknown. I spent the day groaning in pain as my magic slowly healed all my broken bones.

The next few days I had to take it easy, only doing some of the chores. But the amount of disgusted looks thrown my way grew a lot. Both Dudley and Petunia are avoiding me like I am Death itself. Like my ‘disease’ is passed by touch or the air. Another downside is now I can’t cook for them. That was the one chore I liked doing, besides gardening. I have been doing it since I was 4! Yet now because I am gay, I can’t handle any food the Dursley’s eat. Wouldn’t want to effect poor Duddykins. Both me and Dudley grimace at that name. It is the only thing we can agree on.

Four days after the beating, while I am home alone dusting the living room, the doorbell rings. When I open the door, the most eccentrically dressed person I have ever seen is there to greet me. Thinking back I am sure I hadn’t read any recent reports of crazy people escaping from mental institutes, because that is exactly what he looked like. I mean, what sane person walks around in neon green robes with moving pink unicorns on it? This old man also had the longest beard I have ever seen. It was so long he could tuck it into his belt.

The man also had twinkling blue eyes that hurt my eyes to look at. I already know I am going to hate this man. Then he spoke “Hello Harry, my dear boy, might I come in?”

“I-how did you know my name?” I stutter out. Oh no, this man is here to beat me for being a fag, isn’t he?

“Now Harry, this is not the time to talk about such trivial things.” He took the time I was recovering from my shock to enter the house and shut the door with magic. I gape at the audacity of this man. “Close your mouth, my boy, you’ll catch flies.” His twinkle brightens as he gives me an amused look. I again have to look away from his eyes.

He then walks into the living room with me following behind him. He then conjures a bright red
chair with gold highlights and sits down. He gestures for me to sit on the couch across from him. Realising that this man has a great amount of magical power I sit across from him without complaint, hoping this man isn’t going to kill me or worse.

“No refreshments?” he questions with an expectant look on his face. I get up and make tea, already giving up on the fact that this man was going to leave soon. This man is more arrogant than Tom! A feat I thought impossible until now.

But what annoys me the most is his aura. It feels so oily, unlike Tom’s, and tries to convince you to do things you don’t want to do. Luckily I can ignore it, though it is better to let him think it is working. He may be less inclined to hurt me then.

Once the tea is served I sit back on the couch, waiting for him to say something. Before he does that he pulls out a small box. “Would you like a lemon drop?”

This man dismisses my earlier question by saying it is a trivial matter, then makes me make him tea, then asks if I want a lemon drop. I am almost certain this man is stupid, insane or senile. Or all three. Are those not trivial matters? Could you please get to the point and then leave? I say none of this, of course. Also why would I take candy from a stranger? I shake my head.

“No? Well more for me then, I suppose.” He says before popping one in his mouth and three in his tea. Definitely insane.

“Um….Who are you and why are you here?” I ask as politely as I can.

“Don’t rush an old man, Harry.” This man is so contradictory. After a few moments longer with me starting to get impatient, he finally starts to explain “Harry, I have come to talk to you about a matter of extreme importance. As for who I am, I am Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts.”

I recognise that name, vaguely. He looks slightly disappointed by my lack of reaction. He then sighs sounding very old, “Harry, the matter I have come to talk to you about is a fight that has been going on for about 100 years, against the Empire. Ever since it has been founded I have been resisting and fighting the Empire and the Emperor. Along with your godfather and your parents.”

“Wait, you knew my parents? What were they like?” I question desperate for any bit of information on them, even if it is from a crack-head.

“My boy, this is a serious matter. Now is not the time and place to ponder the dead. We need to focus on the living and what we can do to help people who are stuck under the tyranny of the Empire.”

This guy has, obviously, no idea what tyranny means.

“Harry, I am telling you this because the Order needs your help.”

Awesome! Sign me up to join the terrorist group that kills people and makes my boyfriend’s life that much harder.

“I know you have grown up in an environment which thinks the Empire is amazing...” Has this guy met the Dursley’s or any of our neighbors? Because they will tell you the exact opposite. “...but this is all a facade. The Emperor is an evil dictator who hates muggles.”

“Um...sorry but what is a muggle?”

“A derogatory term for non-magicals. The Emperor believes all partially magical people, that is
squibs, should be put to death. He also hates magical creatures. Don’t you see how bad he is?”

“Um…” Not really. I haven’t seen any evidence that this is happening beyond your words. Besides if the Emperor really hated squibs and muggles and wanted them eradicated, he would have already done so. I would already be dead.

Before I can even disagree or agree with what he says Dumbledore plows onward. “His court is full of purebloods, who hate muggleborns. Muggleborns are those magical people born from muggle families.” Really? I couldn’t have guessed that…. “But purebloods call them Mudbloods and they are treated like second class citizens.”

I have no idea whether what he says is actually true or not. “How are they..”

Dumbledore interrupts me. Which, if he wasn’t more powerful than me I would have called him out on it. “Purebloods also go on raids where they torture muggles for fun….”

I actually remember a case of this happening. Bellatrix Black went out one night and tortured and killed 40 non-magical people. She was caught in the act. A month later she was publicly executed on television, and her family, the Ancient and Noble House of Black, was forced to pay reparations to all the families of the victims that were affected by her. They also issued a public apology on television, and went to every funeral. Well, except for the then heir, Sirius Black, who failed to show up at any of the funerals and was later disowned for that very reason. So though that did happen, it would be like saying “All non-magical people are murderers” because one non-magical murdered someone.

“Of course they cover it up by saying we, the Order of the Phoenix, have done it.”

“Um..” I go to say something but Dumbledore again ignores me.

“Plus the Empire allows the use of dark magic and allows dark creatures to roam the streets. Do you know what dark magic is?” I go to answer but Dumbledore continues “It is evil magic designed to hurt and corrupt. The Emperor and his elite use it often to sway the public to their side. Also they have torture chambers where anyone who goes in never comes back out….” How do you know that? Were you and the Emperor friends or something? Or are you spying on him? And who is to say that the Emperor isn’t actually a female? No one who isn’t an aristocrat ever sees them.

“…Plus Vampires are allowed to roam the streets freely, even though they need to drink blood in order to live.”

I stare incredulously at him for a minute. He does realise that every school gives a mandatory class on magical creatures? Vampires don’t need to kill a person in order to have sustenance. Any Vampire that does is immediately arrested and killed after a trial. Also, Vampires have to have permission to drink from a person’s body. If they don’t it is considered rape and they have to go to a special vampire prison. There they can only drink from blood donated at a blood bank.

So Dumbledore clearly has no idea was he is talking about. Again.

He continues spewing out his propaganda “Werewolves are allowed to live in society, where they can harm others.” Yes, but they have to go to a special sanctuary for werewolves during the full moon. They are also, along with vampires allowed to change someone if they expressly ask, but not without permission. Where is getting his information from...oh that’s right. His arse.

“As you can see, everywhere is a mess, thanks to the Empire.” In your black and white world, yes. How can anyone actually believe any words he says? I decide to see what part he sees me playing in
“Why me, though?” I ask, finally allowed to speak.

“Harry, your parents were staunch Order members and great friends of mine. Both of them were very brave and vocal about their being against the Empire. For that they were killed. I am very sorry, Harry.” Is it bad at this point that, though he is telling me about my parents, I think that most of it is lies? It is very hard to sort fact from fiction, so even if what he is telling me is the truth about my parents, I would still believe it is a lie. Plus didn’t he say he had no time to talk about my parents? Now, magically, he does.

I think he realises I believe he is full of shit. “It would be in their best interest that their only child follows in their footsteps.” Ooooh. Emotional blackmail. Too bad I don’t believe he is telling the truth. Besides I am not going to let people I don’t even remember rule my life. I have Tom!

“Harry, I am going to be completely honest with you…” Just like you have been the rest of this visit? “...there was a prophecy made about you by a well known seer.” Here we go….

“It says: "The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives... the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies....” This prophecy says that you, Harry, will be the one to kill the Emperor.”

Once again he shows he is full of shit. If it really was about the Emperor, wouldn’t it say ‘the Emperor’ rather than ‘the Dark lord’. I don’t know much about prophecies and how they are made but this seems fake. Who is this ‘well known seer’ and why didn’t you name them? How do you know I am the only candidate for the prophecy? What power do I have that is magically going to stop the Emperor? Plus isn’t he immortal or something? Also I don’t like the idea of killing someone. So that means I am going to die if I follow this.

Great plan! I am definitely going to hop on board with a compulsive liar and his band of possible killers to follow an obviously fake prophecy that will no doubt lead to my death. After all how the fuck am I supposed to defeat a possibly immortal person with at least 100 years more experience than me?

Ah, no thanks! I will just continue to live my life with Tom and possibly get a restraining order from you. After all that is the only order I’m going to willingly join with you. I, of course, don’t say any of this out loud instead I say “Um...I’m sorry you must have the wrong person, because I am not a killer; I’m just a healer. I could never kill anybody, no matter how horrible they are. I already have an okay life and a boyfriend so….I’m sorry Mr Dumbledore.”

Despite my polite response, Dumbledore’s face hardens and his magic starts getting angry.

“I see. You are our only hope Harry. Billions of people are going to die because of your decision. But I can respect your morals.” Doesn’t sound like you do. “Harry, I shall leave you with a few words of caution. Firstly, be careful whose friendship you accept. And secondly there are people that can make your life worse than it already is. I am one of those people. It would be best not to anger or disappoint me.” I gulp at the threat.

“Now, if you would please show me to the door.” I go to show him the way out of the house even though it is really obvious where the door is. As I open the door and lead him outside he turns to me and says “I want you to mull over what I just told you and….hopefully...you will come to the right
I then turn to the bushes outside the living room and say “You can come out now.” I noticed the man crouching in the bushes when I was making the tea for Dumbledore. I didn’t look at him before now, in case I gave his position to Dumbledore, who he was clearly hiding from.

“How the fuck could you see me?” says the man whilst standing up, a slight Italian accent in his voice. The man was quite attractive, though he was nothing on Tom. His dark skin brings out his purple eyes and his black hair is neatly kept with the exception of one lone leaf from the bush he sitting in. Was it normal for magical people to have weird coloured eyes?

I respond with a raised eyebrow “Um...you weren’t exactly hiding very well. I was honestly surprised Dumbledore didn’t see you. Though he could be blind with how horrendous his fashion sense is.”

“Yeah, he does dress pretty strangely. But I was actually referencing the fact I was disillusioned.”

“What is?” I say with a ‘go on’ gesture.

“A spell which makes the user invisible.”

“Maybe it failed?” I suggest.

His thoughtful hum tells me he doesn’t believe it.

“Anyway, my name is Blaise Zabini. I am spying on Dumbledore for the Empire.”

He holds out his hand for me to shake. “Harry” I say while shaking his hand. I realise that this man is the Zabini heir. I wonder why he spends his days spying? After I drop his hand I decide I have to ask “How can you not lose your sanity after listening to his shit all day?”

“It’s a constant battle. Do you know he talks to himself?”

“I am not surprised. Hey...do you know a guy called Tom? He works in politics and is around your age.”

“What?”

“Oh...he’s my boyfriend, Tom Riddle? He’s currently courting me.”

“I am afraid you are going to have to describe him for me.”

“Okay! He is about your height and build, he has brown hair and red eyes.”

Blaise eyes widen in shock “Er...um..I-I think I-I know of him.” He stammers out.

“Could you send him a message from me...I mean if you’re not too busy...?”

“Sure! Absolutely. Anything you want!” Blaise says with enthusiasm, much to my growing confusion.

“Um...well can you tell him I am not feeling very well and have a major headache, so may not be able to make this weekend?” I may have to lie a bit...but I don’t want to bother Tom with my problems. He is already busy enough.
Blaise replies with concern “Oh...um...if you want I could get you a pain relief potion?”

“No, if you could just pass that message on to him that would be great...I’ve already disturbed you enough. Now if you would excuse me I am tired after my encounter with Dumbledore.”

“Get well soon!” Blaise says before apparating away. Blaise almost caught me out on my lie. I hope Tom isn’t mad when he finds out. Maybe he will think I don’t like him anymore...I worry about what Tom will think all the way up to my room. I collapse on the bed falling into a fitful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

If you hate Dumbledore in this chapter raise your hand! *raises hand*

And yes it is the prophecy from the books.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

This chapter has a torture scene in it. If you wish to skip it shall be outlined. Also I have a masturbation scene which is cringe....so if it is horrible you can skip it!

Also as I did not get many comments on what Lucius should say I combined two! Anaelyssa and ARoseColouredSky thank you!

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter there would be more torture scenes and less time to go over Ron’s relationship drama!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

{Translation and pronunciation}

*WARNING*

~Parseltongue~

(POV Change/Time skip)

(Tom POV)

“...I don’t understand it. The truth serum just doesn’t seem to work on him. We have produced at least 12 different batches and each time he is able to change his name and age. He is able to say he ‘Has been cheating on Narcissa with a muggle vase’ and have it be true! He in fact said that for some unknown reason! He then started taunting us saying we can’t question him, because the truth serum doesn’t work.” Lucuis says in a exasperated tone.

“So you are saying the Order has found a way to counteract the effects of Veritaserum?” I ask.

“Yes, Your Majesty. We now can’t know whether what Moody says is a lie. I am almost certain if we took this to a trial, Moody would fake being under it’s effects and use it to go away free.”

“This is a very serious issue-” I was cut off mid-sentence by Blaise, the Zabini heir, bursting through the door.

“You better have a good reason for this interruption.” I say with the implied threat hanging in the air.

Blaise gulps. “Ah...yes, Your Majesty. Well...I was following Dumbledore like usual and then...um...he apparated to a location I had never seen him go to before. And um...well...”

“Spit it out.” Lucius barks having enough of his stammering.

“Well I will say the person he talked to wasn’t very happy to see him...”

Lucius raises an eyebrow. “And we care why...?”

“Because his name was Harry and he said he was dating a guy who matched His Majesty’s description!”

The windows in my office exploded as my magic reacted to my anger.
“Drop your shields NOW! No! Better put your memory of it in this pensieve!” I yell at him whilst a pensieve floats out of a nearby cupboard. My words almost sound like parseltongue making all my s’s sound longer. Blaise cowers a bit trying to hide from my anger. And in the corner of my eye I see Lucius fixing the windows I just broke.

Blaise pulls out his wand and quickly draws the appropriate memory before placing it in the pensieve.

“Lucius, you are coming with me.” I order. I turn back to Blaise. “Do not leave this room.”

“Yes, your majesty.” They chorus at the same time, which at any other time would amuse me. But now, it just irritates me.

Lucius and I enter the pensieve together. When we arrive in the memory Lucius remarks “So, he lives in the Slums.”

I snap at him “I do not care!”

Just then we see Dumbledore knock on the door and Blaise goes to hide in some bushes activating listening and visual charms in order to listen and watch Dumbledore. He is lucky he remembered to do so otherwise I would have Crucioed him for his stupidity and ineptitude.

Just then Harry answers the door. Even in this memory, his presence is enough to calm me down slightly. Though he is only wearing a simple T-shirt and jeans, he still looks ravishing. Lucius comments “You certainly weren’t exaggerating his beauty.” Then Dumbledore starts to speak. And my calm is gone.

“Hello Harry, my dear boy, may I come in?” Memory Dumbledore asks. I clench my fists and grit my teeth. Harry is not Dumbledore’s ANYTHING!

Memory Harry is notably confused and scared by this random guy with the worst outfit imaginable coming to his house and knowing his name. I want to take his hand and apparate him out of this situation...unfortunately he is just a memory. So I can’t even touch him.

Dumbledore, being the annoyingly rude person that he is, barges into the house like he owns it. I just wish I could touch him to wring his wrinkly neck until it cracks. A few moments later he conjures a hideously Gryffindor coloured chair and demands Harry get him tea. If I had access to my magic and could affect the surroundings in anyway I would have destroyed the whole house with that move.

When Harry returns and starts asking good questions, Dumbledore brushes him off. I have at this point thought of at least 10 creative ways to kill him. He also brushes aside Harry’s questions about his parents, which infuriates me. One, he doesn’t know anything about his birth parents. Two, he looked so hopeful only to have it crushed. And three, Dumbledore knows how much parents mean to an orphan. I, myself, spent the better part of my first 3 years attempting to find any information on my parents. Which he knows about.

When he actually starts talking I can tell that at least half the things he says are going to be bullshit or half-truths. It turns out I am completely right. I am surprised he didn’t include the fact that I kick puppies and eat babies for breakfast. I roll my eyes. His bending of the truth to suit his world view, is quite impressive in its own way, but I can see Harry isn’t fooled by it. He is too intelligent to be taken in by his lies. I smirk proudly at him. I notice that Harry is avoiding his eyes, does he know of legilimency somehow?

Then he mentions my having a torture chamber. How on earth does he know about that? Is he just
having a lucky guess? Or does he actually know?

When Dumbledore finally brings up Harry’s parents again, I can tell that Harry thinks this is bittersweet. He doesn’t know whether what Dumbledore is about to say is true or not. But given the stuff Dumbledore has been trying to sell as truth...it must have been heart-breaking for him. To come so close, yet so far.

Then the prophecy is mentioned. As Dumbledore didn’t say who the seer was, it is going to be harder to prove its authenticity. But, the wording was very strange. ‘The dark lord’? Why not call me the ‘Emperor’ because that is my actual title. ‘Born to those that have thriced defied him’ as I have no idea who Harry’s parents are, this is under question. I have, technically, marked him as my equal, what is ‘the power I know not’ though? I sigh. Divination is for seers!

“That...didn’t make a lot of sense.” Lucius states confused

“No, it did not.”

Harry refuses stating that he would never kill anyone. When he mentions me, his boyfriend, Dumbledore starts getting noticeably angry. It appears he knows exactly who Harry is dating. How is unknown.

Then he threatens Harry. MY Harry!

~How dare you threaten my future consort!?! Lets see how you would like being threatened.~ I hiss similar statements until the old coot left. I let my anger cool a little. I may have to make a visit to the torture chamber, once I leave the memory.

I am amazed at how Harry is able to spot Blaise despite the latter being disillusioned. He doesn’t even realise what he has done! It still dumbfounds me how Harry can think he is a squib whilst effortlessly doing wandless magic that experienced magicals have trouble with when they use a wand. I narrow my eyes at Memory Blaise. He almost gave everything away. Also he left him alone when Harry mentioned he was in pain. As I exit the memory I ponder all that I was shown.

“Crucio. Why did you leave my Harry in pain?” I say wandlessly casting the spell on Blaise for about 10 seconds.

“I-I am sorry Your Majesty. He asked me to leave so I couldn’t stay.” Blaise huffs out.

“Apology accepted. You may go off to your lover. But make sure that none of this leaves the room” Blaise practically ran from the room in his haste. Whether it was to get to his lover or to escape me….

“Lucius, I am going to be occupied for the next half hour or so. Please postpone the discussion we were having until after that. Also, I want you to run the date 31st of October and see if anyone of significance died on that day. That could give us Harry’s parents so I can have an idea of whether they have ‘thrice defied’ me.”

“Two things, Your Majesty. One, today is the day of the Parkinson’s ball to celebrate the start of winter, which you must attend. Two, your presence is required in China to handle the increased Order sightings there.”

I pinch the bridge of my nose in order to stop myself from crucioing Lucius. He is just informing me of things I needed to know. “Alright, set up an international portkey from here to the Forbidden City, scheduled at midnight. That should give me sufficient time to spend at the ball.”
“Yes, Your Majesty.” I apparate to my torturing room.

*TORTURE SCENE! VERY GRAPHIC! SKIP DOWN TO THE END WARNING IF YOU DON’T WANT TO READ*

I arrive in a damp, smelly cell with a single person in it. The man who resides in there was once a proud man who’s smiles charmed all the female population. He let his fame get to his head. He was placed here after being found guilty of using memory charms to erase the memories of young girls he molested and assaulted. And, obviously, the deed of raping underage girls.

“Gilderoy, it appears I have come to play with you again.” I say smirking maliciously.

I first start by lighting the room a bit so I can see what I am doing. All past evidence of the time we spent together is not visible but I am sure he remembers. I can already see sweat forming on his brow.

“P-please stop. Just kill me!” He begs.

“Is that what the girls said as you violated them?” I say with a slight snarl.

I ignore whatever he says next and create small wounds on his chest making the word ‘Pedophile’ with knives I conjured. His pained groans fill the air. I conjure a small pot of salt and smear it into the wounds. His screams fill the cell and hallway in which it is on. I feel myself becoming aroused at the sound.

I then conjure 10 blunt metal sticks. “You know, I always wanted to try this.” I stick one stick into each finger, including thumbs, underneath the nail. Once that is done I use magic to slowly force the stick underneath the nail, causing small dribbles of blood to flow from his hands and bringing delicious screams from his throat. Luckily I am wearing thick robes today….

His nails slowly and painfully come off. I repeat this with his toes. More screams are heard. I smirk viciously “Hmm...looks like your fingers and toes could use a cleaning.” I conjure a bucket filled lemon-water and force his hands and feet in. More moans and screams. Its a good thing I trained Gilderoy not to faint during our time together. It is so much hassle keeping your victim awake.

He starts sobbing uncontrollably, muttering nonsense about a pineapple god. Hmm...actually I could work with that. I conjure a pineapple, with leaves and all, and dangle it in front of his face.

“You mean this one?” I ask innocently, blood I somehow got on my face slowly dripping down onto my robes and shoes. He babbles more nonsense I don’t understand. Sighing a little at the lack of a good reaction, I get ready to initiate my plan.

“Hmm...I don’t think this is going to fit....” I wonder aloud as if considering it.

“Maybe I should prepare it first...” I smirk wickedly at Gilderoy who is glistening with sweat, looking at me as if I am a demon. No doubt he is thinking about where the pineapple is going.

Unfortunately he is completely wrong. I wrench open his mouth with my magic. I do not do sexual assault, unlike him. Pulling his jaw open wider, he is surely feeling the strain if his pained moans are anything to go by. I could vaguely see tears gathering in his eyes and falling down his face, mixing with his sweat droplets.

I put more pressure on his jaw until it finally snaps down creating a sizable gap in his mouth. “Gilderoy, your teeth are still in the way. I better remove them for you. How about.....one tooth for every girl you assaulted? You can even help me count!” I say almost enthusiastically.
Conjuring an old-fashioned tooth pull, I decide to educate him on the art of tooth pulling, “Did you know there was once a man who could pull out 8 teeth per minute? I wonder whether he used a tool like this.”

I then bring the tooth puller onto his bottom front tooth and pull it out, blood gushing out of the gap, admiring the intoxicating sight. He screams in agony.

I smile at him. “That’s one.” After he doesn’t reply I kick him, forcing him to respond. “Wo-one” He says having trouble articulating the words with his jaw broken.

“Two.” “Whoo.”

“Three.” “Hree.”

This continues all the way up to 12, the number of girls he raped. I drop each tooth onto the ground slightly disgusted. Saliva! Gross!

“Oh dear, Gilderoy. It appears I have ruined your charming smile yet again. Oh well, I’ll just shove the pineapple in there.” I do so, tearing his mouth open more. It was, after all, a very fat pineapple. “- and there we go all better!”

I laugh at the image he makes. He looks like a cartoon character.

I stand up and circle my prey, every so often reaching out to touch him gently, loving how he flinches away from me wanting to avoid more pain. I cackle at his fear, my laugh echoing down the hallway. Oh, what the hell…

“Crucio!” His body convulses as soon as the spell hit him, folding in at odd angles.

My erection is now throbbing. It is almost hard to walk normally.

Deciding I have had enough of the physical torture I release the spell, and implant a vivid fantasy in his mind. He shall again be haunted by his victims and their families for tonight. As well as giant man-eating pineapples. I do so love creating new fears!

*END TORTURE*

I leave the cell announcing I have finished before apparating to my bathroom to clean off the smells of torture and to rid myself of the erection I have.

I undress quickly, throwing the blood stained robes into the laundry basket. Under the magically warm spray I begin touching myself. Images of Harry, naked, appear in my head as I stroke myself lightly. His eyes clouded in desire, blush evident across his face. I don’t last long before releasing. Sighing, all tension has left my body and I relax against the cool tiles in the shower.

Washing myself off, any remaining blood going down the drain. I dry myself and put on new formal robes.

Time to attend the ball, which is sure to be thrilling….

(3 hours later)

I am going to die.

If you could die of boredom, at least.
“Have you heard that the Delacour heir is marrying the Weasley heir?” one lady gossiped to another.

No, I have not heard that 10 times already. If it weren’t uncouth I would be hitting my head against the wall.

“Yes, but who would marry into that family? The youngest son is an embarrassment to the family.”

Another states.

“No manners what so ever. Plus having all those in-laws, I wouldn’t remember half their names.”

You certainly will not forget Fred and George Weasley.

“And a shrew for a mother-in-law.” They giggle at their hilarious words…..

I do wish you would shut up. Your endless talk is giving me a headache and is boring me. My face keeps the blank mask, but the urge to kill everyone in the room is slowly rising.

“How many ladies has the youngest Weasley male slept with now?”

“Probably twice as much as the Malfoy heir. Though young Malfoy doesn’t discriminate between male or female, so his total number of bedmates is probably much higher.”

Honestly, it is rather disgraceful that Lucius would let his heir run wild like that. I always thought he and his wife indulge their son far too much.

“I honestly wouldn’t mind if either were to pursue an old biddy like me. Such handsome gentleman! Oh, to be young again.”

Their reminiscing is getting on my last nerve. I decide to make a strategic retreat.

“Excuse me, ladies. I must go speak with some other Nobles.”

“Well, of course, Your Majesty. You must have better things to do than talk with old ladies.”

I could not agree more. I could be researching Harry’s parents, thinking about Harry or even doing paperwork so that I can have more time with Harry. I may hate paperwork, but it actually has a use. Mindless gossip just bores and wastes time.

I spot Lucius’s son flirting with the youngest Delacour. And the Weasley’s youngest son, Ronald or something, is glaring at him. Their little feud is bothersome.

Making my way to the Parkinson’s in order to announce my departure. I believe I have spent enough time here already. I now know more than I ever wanted to know about Lady Greengrass’ underwear and where its been, or how many partners the Parkinson heir, Pansy, has had in the past 6 months.

Though it was nice to learn that Blaise and the Longbottom heir, Neville are finally engaged. I may even show up to the wedding. But, of course, I shall want to bring Harry….

When I arrive back in my office a few second later, I discover I have 5 minutes before I take the portkey to China. I notice on my desk an urgent report from Lucius. The flashing charm on it that denotes its importance irritates me. So I pick up the report.

It is about the task I sent him to do before I went to relieve stress. I begin leafing through the report of anyone who died on October 31st in the past 19 years. My eyes widen slightly.

Harry’s parents….How could I have not have seen it? James and Lily Potter are Harry’s parents. It seems so obvious now. He has Lily’s eyes and jaw. And James’ hair and cheekbones. They both
died on October 31st 2053, 18 years ago. I thought their son died with them...

That means...Harry is the Potter heir. He has a great fortune and….he should have gone to Hogwarts. It is completely illegal for the heir to an Ancient and Noble house to not go to a magic school. Also, what is he doing living in the Slums? This all screams Dumbledore. I don’t think Harry even knows he is rich.

Before further contemplation could take place I realise it is 30 seconds to midnight. I grab the portkey, a spoon, and soon land in the Forbidden City.

One of my attendants comes to assist me and says with a bow. “您好, 陛下.” {Nin hao, bi xia. Hello, your majesty.} “你好吗?” {Ni hao ma? How are you?}

“我很累.” {Wo hen lei. I am tired.} About 70 years ago, I got bored, so decided to learn most of the main languages spoken in the world. It also made communication easier as I now don’t have to rely on translation charms, which have been known to fail.

“你想睡觉吗?” {Ni xiang shui jiao ma? Would you like to get some sleep?}

“不想! 我有工作要做.” {Bu xiang! Wo you gong zuo yao zuo. I don’t want to/no. I have work to do.}

I want to finish this work as soon as possible, so I can go back and see Harry. And tell him about his parents. Though, while I am here I could retrieve something I was planning on getting soon anyway....

Chapter End Notes

Feedback on the torture and masturbation scene would be well received. Even if you want to tell me it is shit.

Also China. Because I am learning Chinese. So sorry if the translation is a little off. I included how to say it...kind of...just in case you are curious.....
Harry Gets Pissed Off

Chapter Notes

The updates are likely to be slower from now on. So, sorry. Though more characters appear in this chapter!

DISCLAIMER: I would make Harry the master of death if I owned Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time skip)

(Harry POV)

“I am so sorry, Mrs Gladstone. The results are conclusive. Your son has dragon-pox.” I say whilst comforting her by holding her hand.

“Thank you for telling me straight. I hate people skirting around the truth. So, how much is the cure going to cost?”

“You will need to pay a fee of about $300, as the ingredients to make it are quite rare.”

She starts sobbing heavily. “Damn! What am I going to do? I just lost my husband, I can’t lose poor Jimmy too.”

I pull her into an awkward hug. “Mrs Gladstone, I could pay for the fee, if you would like?”

“I couldn’t….”

“I’m afraid it is too late. I have already paid for it. And don't even think about paying me back!”

She looked at me in awe. “Healer Potter, you truly are an angel.”

I blush at her words. They remind me of the times Tom calls me “my angel”. “I hope your son gets better soon.” I say before returning to my rounds.

On the way I encounter Poppy, a fellow healer. “Oh, hello Harry! I do hope you are feeling better.” She asks in concern. Poppy is a more experienced healer who used to work at Hogwarts. So she specialises in healing magically. I wonder if she left because of Dumbledore? I certainly would’ve.

“Just a small cold. Didn’t want to infect the other patients.” I lie.

“Well…just take it easy today…okay? I know you want to go around helping people, but don’t wear yourself out.”

Of course she shows healer concern for me. I am just lucky she didn’t decide to perform a scan on me.

“Well... I have patients to see...so bye!”

I continue helping patients for another 2 hours before Poppy sends me away saying how I could
relapse. How could a cold relapse?

As I walk home I notice some woman following me. And following her are two men.

I sigh and continue to walk home, hoping they would leave me alone. However once I reach my street I notice the woman standing in front of me. She obviously apparated in front of me at some point, realising I was going home.

She is pretty I suppose, if I were into girls at all. She had a great body and beautiful bushy golden brown hair, but she wasn’t doing anything for me. Any other guy would be thrilled to have her as a girlfriend. I suppose I really am gay.

“Hello. I’m Hermione Granger.” She says in a slightly bossy tone. Maybe she isn’t such a good candidate for a girlfriend after all.

“You’re from the Order.” It wasn’t even a question.

“Well, it is rude not to introduce yourself, when another has introduced themselves.”

Her magical aura feels considerably weaker than either Tom or Dumbledore’s so I had no problem putting her down. “I consider it rude to follow a person home. Besides, as you were following me for the Order you surely already know my name.”

I hear faint snickering in the background.

“Hmph. I see. Do you know why I am here?”

“Obviously you are not here to deal with the leprechaun infestation.” I say with a straight face.

More snickering. “This is not a time to be joking, Harry!” See! I knew she knew my name. “I am here to help you make the right decision-”

“Then no, I am not having this conversation with you.” I attempt to walk past her. She, rudely, stops me.

“Harry! You can’t be so childish! People’s lives are at stake and you are ignoring their pleas for help. If you don’t want to talk, fine. Just listen then.”

Oh dammit! Another speech about the injustices of the Empire. I was hoping to avoid these!

“Whatever the Empire tells you is a lie. I know this because I am a muggleborn and I have to live through this. You have no idea what it is like to be treated inferior just because of who your parents are.”

Are you fucking kidding me? Every day of my life is like that!

She continues, “Scorned and bullied for being better than people who have magical parents. Every condescending comment of ‘You are doing very well, for a muggle born.’”

At least you get complimented…

“Do you know what it is like to go to a magical school and not be accepted for who you are?”

Ah, no. I was not even accepted into a magical school. Way to rub it in.

“No, of course you don’t. Do you know how many muggleborns and muggles are in the
government? I am picking there are maybe one or two maybe. Don’t you see how the Emperor is suppressing his subjects to further his own goals?"

“What are the Emperor’s goals?” I interject, curious to see what she believes the Emperor’s wrongdoings are.

“Complete annihilation of any people he deems unworthy. Subjugation by use of dark magic. A utopia for all purebloods.”

“Um...and how do you know this? Do you and the Emperor sit down for tea and discuss his plans for genocide?”

“No! Muggleborns are not deemed worthy enough to have meetings with the Emperor. He is just showing how inferior he believes we are by not allowing us to talk with him! I have asked for a meeting with him at least 12 times now.”

“Yes and were you with the Order at that time?”

“Well, yes, but that is not the important thing. He allows his court, which is made entirely of purebloods, to treat us muggleborns as second rate citizens. You would think they would have muggleborns in there as well. They also look down upon muggles! My parents have a hard time walking in a magical place without being accosted by purebloods!”

I am getting really bored at this point. I’m hungry, I haven’t eaten since my last date with Tom. Plus I am exhausted from work. I just want to go home and sleep. Yet this bitch is not letting me past. Does she think that I will join the Order after being hounded like this?

“One of the worst things, is, of course House elves. Do you know what they are?”

“Yes, Tom has them. He said-”

“Well, yes, but that is not the important thing. They are slaves who are forced to work by their pureblood owners. Most are treated horribly, beaten if they don’t listen to their masters. Not allowed freedom!”

You don’t understand what it feels to be a slave. I have lived as one for most of my life.

“Um...Have you actually met a house elf?”

“Yes. At Hogwarts. Why?” Hogwarts? Isn’t that a school of some sort that Dumbledore is the headmaster at?

“I have as well. Tom once brought one whilst we were on a date in order to help me to pick up rubbish-“

“Exactly! They are slaves.”

“Will. You. Let. Me. Finish?” I say with grit teeth, getting fed up with this girl’s attitude.

She nods. I sigh before continuing “Please note how I said ‘help’ not ‘do it for me’. Anyway, I was curious about what the creature was. So I had a conversation with her. Winky, that was her name, told me that she works for Tom. I was also a bit concerned that she was a slave. I asked whether she gets paid. Which she says, in a way, but not with money because house elves have no use for money. But instead they get fed their masters magic. This allows them to live, without it they would starve.”
“But that doesn’t explain why they only do housework.”

“Winky said that it is a source of pride an honour for a house elf to clean or cook. They are proud that they can help their masters in that way. I don’t really understand it, but that is the way house elves are.”

I could never understand how cleaning could be considered honourable. But then I was forced into doing chores. I would know better than any one else whether or not the house elves are slaves. They definitely aren’t, at least Tom’s ones. Winky was too happy to be a slave.

“She could have been lying on the orders of her master!”

I shake my head. You don’t understand. And I don’t think you ever will. You are too set in your ways and won’t ever change your mind….

“Maybe you should move on…?” I say, wanting this encounter to be over as soon as possible.

“Hmph. Okay. Do you need another example? I’ll give you definitive proof of just how bad the Empire treats muggles.”

I roll my eyes. I can see where this is going. If she uses the Slums as her ‘proof’, she is clearly an idiot.

“Look around you! These Slums…” Yep, she is definitely an idiot. “…Look at how these people live! Barely scraping by…” I am all out of fucks to give for the people who beat me 5 days ago. “…they are starving!”

So am I. But for an entirely different reason than the people who live here. They are hungry by choice. They refused the Empire’s help with providing food. Anyone who did accept the food and therefore accepted the fact that the Empire allows magical people to live freely, well, they were able to move out of the Slums within a few months.

Besides if these people lived in other neighbourhoods they may hurt others because of their views. I am proof of that.

“I don’t really care about them.” I say completely honest.

“How can you say such a thing? What about your relatives, the Dursley’s?”

I laugh somewhat bitterly. She thinks I would care about those abusive assholes? I spent a lot of my teenage years planning my revenge on them. Of course I never acted on these convinced that it was my freakishness talking. Even though they may be right about me in some respects, Tom has shown me what love is and that I am capable of it.

“I couldn’t care less about the Dursley’s and the feeling is mutual. If they were to drop dead tomorrow I would be happy. Maybe I will get lucky and they will die a painful death. Heck, I would probably dance on their graves!”

“The Empire has corrupted you with dark magic! It’s all their fault!”

“Maybe it was the fault of the man who left me on the doorstep of magic hating relatives!” I hiss out.

And wasn’t that shocking? When Aunt Petunia came home she discovered the chair Dumbledore conjured which I completely forgot about. She, naturally, blamed me. I mentioned “an old guy named Dumbledore.” She paled at his name and said “Wasn’t it enough that he left you on our
doorstep 18 years ago. Now he has to come and make trouble for us! What if the neighbours had seen him?"

“Harry, you realise if you just followed the rules your relatives make, you wouldn’t have so much trouble.” Hermione comments in a self-righteous voice.

If I just follow the rules? Even if I do they find a reason to punish me ….Wait. Then what she said registered.

“You know what happens at the Dursleys?” I state, the calm before the storm.

Not seeing anything wrong she plows onward “…Yes?”

“So the Order knows, does it?” She nods. “You people know what happens in that house and you never tried to stop it? You people are spying on me?”

She finally realises her mistake and tries to backtrack. “I-I can explain…” TOO! FUCKING! LATE!!

CRASH!!!

One of the blocks I placed on my magic breaks. My magic makes the air around me darken and my hair stand on its end. The pressure causes Hermione to suffocate a bit.

I roar in fury. “HOW CAN YOU PEOPLE CALL YOURSELF THE GOOD GUYS?!?!?! YOU SPY ON CHILDREN?!?! YOU ALLOWED WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? WHEN IS THAT RIGHT?”

“Harry, it was for the greater good!”

“OF FUCKING COURSE IT WAS!”

“In order to make an omelette you have to break a few eggs.”

“But you people are not making an omelette, are you?!?! No, you’re fucking up the lives of people to complete your own stupid ideals!!”

My magic throws her across the street as I say that last line. I calm down slightly “Leave. Now.” I say in the coldest tone I have ever used. “And you have my assurance that I will never, ever join the Order.”

She stands up fearfully before apparating away. I sigh, collapsing to the ground. That was tiring.

“Hey.”

“Aren’t.”

“You.”

“Okay?” two voices say from above me.

“Just peachy.” I bite out. My magic reacts by creating a big peach tree to the right of me. I stare at it confused. I got the feeling that my magic was excited. Which doesn’t make any sense.

“Wow! That. Is. So. Cool!” The voices amuse me enough to make me laugh. The laugh turns extremely hysterical. The twin’s hair turns a fluorescent pink.

“You’re a double person.” I have no idea why I am laughing at the thought of twins.

“Gred, he seems to have heard of us.” One stage whispers.

“Right, Forge, what do we do?”

“How about we introduce ourselves properly?”

“Okay!”

“We are the great Gred and Forge. Master prankers and spies.” They say in unison. Not noticing or caring about their once red hair turning pink.

“But don’t tell anyone!”

“Or we may have to turn you into a banana!”

I start laughing more at their introduction. Then my laughing turns to sobs. Two arms wrap around me, offering me comfort.

I am just so weak to break down crying in front of strangers.

My depressive thoughts causes my own personal rain cloud to form over my head. Soon both me and ‘Gred and Forge’ are soaking wet.


I smile through my tears. The cloud starts to disperse a bit and stops raining on me.

“So do you work for the Emperor? Along with Blaise?”

“Yes. We. Work. For. The Big boss man!” They finish together.

“Um...Don’t you have to be respectful to him? He is the Emperor…” I say hesitantly.

“Nah. He’s cool.”

“He let’s us prank all the purebloods and stuffy nobles.”

“As long as we tell him before hand.”

“I think he wants to see their reactions for himself.”

“He always is mysteriously at the scene of the crime.”

“Though we have never pranked the Big Boss Man before.”

“He’s scary when he’s mad.”

“Do you know Tom as well?” I interject.

“Ah, yes we know ol’ Tommy boy.”

“Charming fellow.”
“Real proper.”

“Do you know whether Blaise delivered my message?” I ask.

They look at each other. “Yes.”

I bite my lip. “Was he mad?”

“He was a little annoyed.”

“But that was during a ball.”

“Frightfully boring things, balls.”

“We always have to attend.”

“The only people who have fun are the ladies.”

“So it is understandable he would be annoyed.”

“Why would he be mad, anyway?”

“No reason.” I say dismissing their question.

“Ah!”

“But he did say he was going somewhere.”

“I think it was to China? Right Gred?”

“Right Forge, for about a month.”

“A month?” I croak out in shock. He really is mad at me. Maybe he has found a better person, or has found a way to break the courtship with me?

I stand up suddenly. “I am sorry, I have to go to. I am really tired from work…But it was nice meeting master pranksters.”

They also stand up. “No problem.”

“We aim to entertain.” They say with a bow.

“Well...bye.”

“BYE HARRYKINS!” They apparate at exactly the same time. It was kind of scary how in sync they were. Also, if I wasn’t so upset I would have been mad at the nickname.

Once they left I burst into tears again. Twice in one day? So….pathetic. I run into the house, my magic making leaving a chaotic mess in my wake. Once in my room I cry harder.

What did I do wrong? Was it all a lie? Does he actually care about me? Did I hurt him with my lie? Does he think I don’t like him? That I don’t love him? So many questions…

As I calm down my sobs I notice my magic trying to hug me. Deciding to block it off before it causes more trouble, I get the sense that it was trying to protest. I am fairly certain I am delusional at this point so ignore it. After 15 minutes the new block is finally on. I revel in this small achievement before falling unconscious.
LONG AUTHOR NOTE IN BOUND

About Harry’s magic….I decided that magic will have a sort of sentience the more in tune you are with it. So Dumbledore, Tom and Harry who all frequently use wandless magic, will have magic that is slightly sentient. This means that their magic will not only act with their user’s emotions, but will also act with their own emotions. Their magic may decide to do things to cheer up their user or react to their inner desires. Example: Dumbledore’s magic automatically adds compulsions of trust to itself to help Dumbledore manipulate people into doing things for him. So the peach tree was created by Harry’s magic to cheer Harry up, but with taking his words literally. I said that his magic was sentient, not intelligent. Also it can act as a sort of instinct. So Harry not looking at Dumbledore’s eyes could be put down as that. His magic was trying to make looking in Dumbledore’s eyes a bad thing.

I probably won’t gone into depth of this in the actual story, for a while at least. But explaining it now doesn’t affect the story.

Apologies if I fucked up the twin speak thing. Also, the twin’s ain’t calling Tom by his title.
AHA! This was a long time coming!

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter it would be filled with bad puns and vaguely funny scenes...and would be utter crap.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

(POV Change/Time Skip)

Chapter 11:

(1 week later)

(Tom POV)

I have finally sorted out the Order troubles in China and a lot of the surrounding area. It took me almost an entire week, but it is done. I glance at the innocent little box sitting on the desk in front of me and sigh. I really miss Harry. It feels like I haven’t seen him in months rather than two weeks. Picking up the box I decide that it is time to depart.

Fingering the velvet exterior of the box, I consider the amount of effort it took to get the object inside. My ancestor, Salazar Slytherin, was a really paranoid bastard. Who else would place an acromantula nest under stasis to prevent robbers?

I cast a silent tempus, noting that it is only 2 minutes before the portkey activates. I wonder whether I should go straight to Harry’s house after completing the mound of paperwork waiting for me in my office. I place the box in my trouser pocket.

I arrive at my office after the portkey activated. Just as I suspected Mt Paperwork has risen again. But in pride of place at the top is a flashing report. I groan the sight of the paperwork. It will take me all day tomorrow to complete this.

Noting how late it is, I decide to only look at the flashing report. I chuckle a bit when I read it is made by the Twin Menaces, as I like to call them. Their pranks can be very amusing.

Reading the first sentence I notice something concerning. They used my title. They never call me by my proper title, always “The Big Boss Man” and “Tommy boy” when they discovered my real name. For them to use it, it must be serious.

Then I see it is about Harry. I quickly skim through the rest of the report growing more alarmed as I go. “Something wrong going on…..hates his relatives and neighbours…..a magical person living in the slums…..The Order knew what was going on…..Harry got mad at her and the Order for not stopping it….blocks on his magic….when released it felt sick...” I have read enough. I just need proof that something is really happening.

I apparate instantly to Harry’s …house. And all blood leaves my face at what I see and hear.
“YOU FUCKING FREAK!” Some man yells.

Smack! I hear Harry’s pained filled yelp as something connects with his flesh. The sounds are coming from a window with bars on the outside. I start to panic, which is so unlike me. I calm down my panic and focus on the rage I feel. I quickly send a patronus off to Lucius stating he needs to bring some of my elite over to Harry’s house.

Then I storm over to the house, barely glancing at the peach tree in the middle of the road. The neighbours are all, wisely, keeping out of the way. The door explodes into a shower of splinters as I approach it. A vaguely hear a screech and a yell from the living room I saw in the memory. I send a couple of homing stunners. The screeches and yells stop.

But the pain filled moans upstairs are very much audible and drive me onward. I slam open the door to see SOME FAT WHALE PIG WHIPPING MY HARRY!!! The man-whale-pig cross breed was just about to whip Harry again but my magic reacted swiftly breaking all the bones in the man’s hand. This draws a howl of pain from the...thing...

He swivels around to face me. Then he wets himself, before passing out. What a disgusting pig….I conjure ropes to bind him, just in case he wakes and causes more trouble.

Then I turn my attention to the barely conscious Harry. I kneel down next to him and try to inspect the damage. Before I am able to Harry moves to look at my face. “Tom?” he questions then he falls into unconsciousness.

I look over Harry, touching him slightly, seeing all his wounds. He appears to have lacerations made from the belt the man was using to whip him. I faintly see many scars across his back, neck, torso and even one on his forehead in the shape of a lightning bolt. He didn’t have these before, but they are obviously not recent. Some look at least 10 years old.

He is also a lot skinnier than I remember; I can practically see every bone. Harry looks like he does not see food very often. Tearing my eyes away from his still beautiful yet battered body I glance around the room that is clearly his.

The first thing I notice is the bloodstained walls and floors. Making me close my eyes in heartache for what Harry must have been through in here. Opening them again I notice barely any furnishings or personal items. I think of how cold it must be in here during the colder winter months without any heating. I look at the bed. Or proper blankets.

Taking off my outer robe, I wrap Harry up in it and gently pick him up. Salazar! He is so light…

Where is Lucius? He better come immediately or I am going to string up Severus by his balls and make Lucius watch whilst-

I hear pops coming from the street, breaking me from plotting Lucius’ torture. It is about time they got here. I grit my teeth in frustration. “Your Majesty!” Lucius yells into the house.

“Up here!” I call back, not wanting to leave the room. I need to make sure they know where Harry’s room is in order to retrieve his things. My elite are notorious fuck-ups when it comes to things like this.

Lucius and 5 of my elite walk through the open door. Immediately two leave the room and sounds of vomiting are heard.

“It appears those two have volunteered to take the two people downstairs to the dungeons.” I drawl unconcerned with the blood in the room.
“Now, Lucius, you are coming with me to take Harry to the hospital. Barty, you take this fat lump and put him with his family in the dungeons. Jugson and Rosier, gather up everything that is Harry’s and place it in my palace and let my house elves deal with it.” I bark out.

Jugson bows clearly about to say something. My eyes narrow in warning. Which he is either too stupid or too insolent to pay attention to. “Your Majesty, would it not be better to let one of us take the boy-” Whatever other bullshit he was about to say was cut off as my magic sets his robes on fire. A wandless crucio is added to the mix, making Jugson scream in agony.

“You have your orders. Follow them.” I apparate to the nearest hospital with my precious Harry held close to my chest. Lucius follows soon afterwards.

At the hospital, I wait about 5 seconds before getting impatient from waiting. Harry is bleeding out! HURRY THE FUCK UP!!

My magic reflects my irritable state of mind causing glass to crack and chair legs to break as I get more frustrated by the lack of assistance.

A nurse comes forward with a gurney. I gently place Harry on it and begin to follow the nurse as she wheeled it in the direction of the emergency room. A second nurse appears with a clipboard and enchanted quill ready to take down notes.

“What is his name and age?” The new nurse asks

“Harry Potter, 19.” The quill records this on the clipboard.

“He’s Harry Potter?” Lucius asks shocked. I give him a look that says not now.

“Right, is he magical?”

“Yes.”

“Um...I’m sorry but, what is your relation to him?”

“Boyfriend.”

“Uh...well you aren’t allowed back here unless...you...are...immediate...family.” She trails off as magic starts to escape from me thickening the air and making the objects in the room start to shake. She widens her eyes in fear of the sheer intensity of my magic.

“Lucius, I don’t have time for this.” I hiss out.

Her eyes widen further as she finally recognises Lucius Malfoy, the Head of the Ancient and Noble House of Malfoy, and my current right hand man.

“Well...um...only if you were the Emperor would you be allowed through.” She laughs slightly at her own joke.

“Brilliant,” Lucius comments “Your Majesty, you can now go through.”

The nurses almost trip over in shock, but they retain their professionalism.

“You’re shitting me, right?” Most of their professionalism.

“I, Thomas Marvolo Riddle, also known as Emperor Voldemort, ruler of the world, swear on my magic that I am not ‘shitting’ on anyone.” The light shows the oath was accepted. Proving my
authenticity, I produce a small ball of light. They stop and gape at me for a bit.

“Reveal any part of this visit to anyone and you will wish you were never born.” I was not in the mood to pander to anyone. I would more than likely blow someone up if they do not hurry up!

Their gaping continues. “Do you not have a patient to attend to?” I grit out.

They both looked down at Harry in a syncronised fashion. They either seemed to realise I stated he was my boyfriend or that they had left a patient in pain with unknown injuries to gape at the man they found out is the Emperor. Possibly both.

They continue leading Harry through corridors with renewed vigor until they reach an emergency room that was empty. A healer came out of an adjoining office that states ‘Healer Michael’.

“Um...What are they doing here?” he questions gesturing to me and Lucius.

“Never mind that, you have a patient.” I state completely fed up with explaining myself.

The healer gets right into action and grabs the clipboard. The quill obviously recorded my title in the report, because the man looked at me with a shocked expression, before refocusing on Harry. Good, someone with priorities.

He casts a diagnostic charm on Harry and was shocked at the results.

“...your..er...Majesty? Do you give permission for an in depth scan?”

“Yes.”

He spends the next few minutes casting the scan. Once he is finished a large stack of papers noting Harry’s medical history. “It should only be half this, if that, for a magical 19 year old.” He mutters confused, convinced he made a mistake.

I somehow do not think he did.

As he looks through the results his face loses all colour. I decide I have waited long enough and so copy the results, in order to look over them.

His results date back to when he was born. About 1 year after that someone placed several blocks on Harry’s magic and bloodline traits. From there it just gets worse. Aged 3 Harry had several broken bones that were never healed correctly and was extremely malnourished. 5 years old and Harry was placing his own blocks on his magic and had received a burn on his left wrist. Aged 7 was when Harry was first whipped. The scar on Harry’s forehead was placed there when he was 9! The number of broken bones, bruises, welts and concussions Harry has received over the years is staggering! Plus his undernourishment continued throughout the entirety of the report, even up to his age now. He had pneumonia which was never properly treated and multiple cases of hypothermia and hyperthermia with severe sunburns. Overwork and exhaustion both magically and physically show up frequently as well.

Healer Michael voiced the question in my mind “How is he still alive?”

The anger and rage I feel at his treatment threatens to boil over, so I leave the report with Lucius and find a spare room to vent my frustrations. Locking the door I start expanding the room to a more adequate size.

I first create breakable object to smash against the wall. Then I create a training dummy and start
throwing spells at it. Each time I destroy a dummy, I create a more advanced one with better shield charms and increased spell repertoire. Bombardas, confringo and various other spells break the plaster and supplies in the expanded closet. After 30 minutes of this I calm down enough to think rationally again. Releasing the expansion spell and repairing all damage, I make my way back to the emergency room.

I notice the Healer called in a large number of other healers to help him. They are all trying to heal Harry’s wounds and are pouring potion after potion down his throat. The army of healers didn’t even glance at me, too engrossed in what they were doing. Excellent.

One of the nurses from before was standing around doing nothing, whilst the other was engaging in a one-sided conversation with Lucius, and so decided to come over to me.

“Um, Your Majesty, I feel I should give you an update on what’s going on.”

I raise my eyebrow at her. She leads me out of the room and clears her throat.

“Well...um...Apparently he is going to make a full recovery. He just needs to keep on a regime of potions for a while. Um...but it is going to take a while. The Healers said it could take anywhere between 1 year to 5 years. They suggest you need to keep a watch over him during this time.”

She takes a small breath “The mental and psychological affects of the abuse could last a lot longer. So be prepared for nightmares, panic attacks and general clinginess, especially in the next few months. Just try and get him into a semblance of normality. If a nightmare or panic attack occurs be supportive of him and offer him comfort. I don’t think he got a lot of it in his childhood. If the panic attacks get to the point he is struggling to breathe then offer him a calming draught.”

“How do you know so much about psychology?” I ask generally curious, wondering whether she has the qualifications to say that.

“Oh...um...I am studying to be a mind healer...I just need to do six months working as a nurse and...um yeah.” She clears her throat in embarrassment.

“Um...they will also attempt to get the magical signature of the person who first placed the blocks on Harry. But that will take a few weeks at least. Healer Michael mentioned that they can’t remove any of the blocks as most were placed by Harry himself and it could be very dangerous for both Harry and the healers. The only ones they can are on bloodline traits, which shouldn't have any negative affects on him.”

I nod. She returns to the room, bowing and mumbling my title.

Sighing, all my energy sapped from me, I sit in the chair outside my door and stare at my hands. Harry’s dried blood still stains them. All I can think of when I look at my hands is Harry’s abused body lying slumped on the ground.

My eyes prickle with tears. I close them in order to stop them falling down my face. All the while thinking how could I have been so blind? I have helped some of my followers, like Severus, get out of homes like that. Salazar! I lived through something similar back in the orphanage….

Thinking back on it, it seems so obvious. Not wanting to tell me about his relatives. His solitary behaviour when upset. His shyness of positive attention like compliments. Dumbledore’s subtle threat implying that he could “make his life worse than it already is”. Plus the glaringly obvious fact that he, a magical child, lives in the Slums which is notorious for magical hating muggles. And he is also gay or bi, so was likely treated badly for that as well. His occasional flinches and fear of anger. Disheartened looks expecting rejection. For Morgana’s sake, he nearly cried when I announced we
were celebrating his birthday!

And I missed it! Too concerned about what a brilliant time we had together to focus on the clues that Harry needed my help. That he needed to get out of that house and away from his relatives. I ignored his unconscious pleas for help and left him to wallow in pain.

The more I think on it the more upset I get. Soon nothing I could do would stop the tears on my face. Morgana, I haven’t cried in over 135 years...not even when Nagini died. I thought myself incapable; clearly I was wrong.

Thinking about Harry dying, it hurts. Imagining never seeing him again...makes me wish I could die. So I would never be apart from him or have to live without him. Once he can handle it, I am doing the immortality ritual on him. With his permission, of course....

Then I think of the Order and all the shit they pulled on Harry. Rage fills my entire being, urging me to hunt them all down and make them unrecognisable to their loved ones. Plans on how to take down the Order are created and discarded in my mind. Their organisation is going to be burnt to a crisp within a year, now. For harming Harry, no matter how indirectly.

I am going to get revenge on all the people who ever hurt him, starting with his lovely relatives.

Chapter End Notes

Sad Tom.... :( 

Oh well, it can only go up from here....right?
Chapter 12

My eyes slowly open to unfamiliar surroundings. Blinking to improve visibility does nothing to clear my confusion. Vaguely, I feel a hand in my own. I look down at it then and yes, there was another hand in it. Following the hand back to source I see Tom asleep in a chair in what looks to be an uncomfortable position. It was kind of cute.

Right….and what is Tom doing here? Wherever here is. “um…” I clear my throat a bit as my voice was croaky for some reason. “Tom?” I question.

His eyes blink open and he sits up yawning. His eyes widen slightly as they land on me. Immediately he stands up and puts a hand on my cheek.

“How are you feeling?”

“Oh…really good actually. Uh…Tom? Where are we?”

“Hospital.”

“Oh-” I begin to say before I remember. Vernon was still beating me for creating the peach tree outside and destroying most of the house. Then I remember seeing Tom…

Oh no! I look down at myself, my scars visible and scrawny body in full view. My eyes fill with tears. NO! Tom did not see me like this! Now that he has seen what I really look like he will definitely get rid of me. My ugly, shitty body.

“Harry! Calm down! It’s okay! It is going to be alright.” He shushes me while pulling me in a hug. I hug him back, desperate for him not to leave me. “Harry, you do remember I said I was an orphan?”

I nod my head. “I used to live in an Orphanage. It was not a pleasant place to grow up. The matron there hated me for my abilities. She would make sure I would have the worst of everything and even arranged for me to be exorcised on multiple occasions. Which, as a little boy, was terrifying. The
matron beat me for every little thing I did wrong, no matter how trivial. I had no friends because no one wanted to spend time with the boy the matron hates. One day when I was 10 she decided to have a man use a knife and carve a scar on my back.

He releases me after I sit shocked over what he had told me. He takes off his shirt making me stare at his bare chest. He gives me an amused stare before turning around. His back shimmers slightly before an array of scars spelling out the word ‘Monster’ appears. He puts his shirt back on and gives me another hug. I was too upset to move.

“So, though I have not been through what you have exactly…I can sympathise a little bit.” He finishes in a whisper.

He detaches himself from me and turns towards the door. I turn also to see a nurse walk through the door. She smiles at me, which, weirdly, doesn’t look fake.

“I hope you are feeling better. It took us a while to heal all the damage.”

“Sorry…”

“Don’t be. We love to help! Right! Now I need to check your temperature..” As she says this she puts her hand on my forehead.

The instant she touches me I feel pain. Images of her childhood, teenage years, first relationship; all of it blurs together producing a jumble of memories that are hard decipher. I know she was seven when she went to hospital for a broken leg after riding her bike. But I don’t know her name. She is 27 years old, but I have no idea where she grew up.

The images stop as she retracts her hand as if bitten. The pain doesn’t leave though, still throbbing inside my head.

Tom returns his arms around me and kisses my forehead. The pain eases slightly allowing to relax into Tom’s arms.

“Get out.” Tom bites out seeming a lot like a predator about to attack his prey. As she leaves the room Tom casts locking spells on it.

He whispers comfortingly “She was not here to hurt you Harry…”

“Then how do you explain my new headache and being assaulted by her memories.”

His eyes widen. “What?”

“I said I got her memories by her touching me… ” His raised eyebrow asked for elaboration.

“Like...now I know that she once shoplifted when she was 10.” His other eyebrow goes up in surprise.

“I have never heard of such a thing happening.”

“Awesome….I knew I was a freak.” I still don’t know what Tom is doing here after seeing my body. Though...he should really just leave immediately and save himself the trouble of dealing with a freak like me.

“Harry, you are not a freak.” He states firmly. “You are special, my angel. You just need to see it for yourself. Your...ability merely adds to that.”
“Okay, Tom.” My words are full of disbelief.

“We can work this out together!” He says pulling back from the hug. No one has ever wanted to work with me in anything. All the group projects at school I ended up doing on my own.

Tom then starts pacing and throwing ideas around, ~Obviously it travels by touch. But is it touch of bare skin? Or could Harry touch people with a glove on….or if the other person is wearing clothes? On that note...why am I not affected? I touched him bare skin to bare skin…~

~Um...I don’t know Tom.~ I say pulling myself from staring at Tom’s butt. It’s a very nice butt…

His eyes widen for some reason. ~How are you doing this?~

I stare at him confused ~Um…it’s called speaking~

~No! In parseltongue~

My stare continues. Maybe Tom hit his head at some point? Everything sounds like English to me.

~Aren’t we speaking English~ Tom stares at me for a moment before sighing. He turns and summons a snake, for some reason.

~Hey! I was napping!~ the snake says irritably. Wait….the snake can talk!?!

~Sorry for disturbing you~ Tom says to the snake...okay this is hopefully just a weird dream…

~A speaker! Never mind, I wasn’t really tired anyway~ The snake’s personality does a sudden 180….I never thought I would end up saying that in the whole course of my life.

~So snakes can talk now?~ Convinced I am going crazy.

~No. You are the only two-leggers that can talk. The rest just try and step on me.~ The snakes hisses in annoyance.

~I am sorry to hear that. I shall send you back now~ Tom does that and then he turns to me.

~So I can speak to snakes?~ I ask confused.

~Apparently.~ He continues. “You can’t tell the difference between parseltongue, the language of the snakes, and English yet. They will become more obvious later. But if anyone looks at you with a very confused face, assume you are speaking it.”

~Okay.~

~Your still speaking in parseltongue, Harry.~

~But your face isn’t confused. How was I to tell?~ I tease.

He laughs at my antics. I snap my fingers in sudden realisation “That’s what your sexy, exotic accent is!”

“So you think my accent is ~sexy~?” Tom whispers seductively in my ear. This causes a shiver to travel down my spine.

I blush. I can’t believe I just said that.
I...is this the reason you like snakes?

Of course. Though snakes are generally lazy, they can provide some entertainment.

Like what?

Occasionally they obsess over ordinary things like televisions and just stare at it for about 15 minutes. This often precedes stalking and attacking said object. Then they ask what it is after that...

He smiles tiredly in fond remembrance.

Tom...you look tired...how long was I out?

2 days. I didn’t get a lot of sleep. I thought...

I was going to die?

He nods. Seeing you so injured, was unbearable to me. And to know that you went through that your entire life...it shocked me. I will not see you die.

I’m not dying now. So you should get some rest. You almost look like you are going to collapse on your feet. Are the Order working you into the ground again?

Yes, they seem to like causing me misery. Tom says with an exaggerated sigh. I give a slightly hissy giggle at that, to which Tom smiles.

Harry...is there anyone I need to let know that you are here?

I consider it for a bit. The only person I really care about would be Poppy, but I don’t want her to know what happened to me. It’s too embarrassing as a healer.

Um...I have a work colleague, Poppy. But I don’t want her to know any of the particulars...

Poppy? As in Poppy Pomfrey?

Yes...she works in the same clinic as I do...

She used to work as a matron at Hogwarts, the magical school in the United Kingdom. I am afraid that as soon as someone mentions that you are in hospital she will not rest until she finds why. And she will find out.

So Hogwarts is a magical school. I thought so. I really don’t want to tell Poppy though...she may be a little upset...

Do I have to? I almost whine.

Tom stares, amused by my whining. Of course. I would love to see you try to conceal it from her.

At this point a man walks in the room, wearing a Healers robe.

This man was the one who healed you. Tom says gesturing slightly with his head.

Ah...I wonder whether he will know what my gift it...

The man is now looking at us like we have three heads. Tom ignores him.
The healer opens with, “I heard that Harry had an extreme reaction to a touch to the forehead. Is there something wrong?”

“I presume that you took off the block’s on his bloodline traits?” Tom counters.

“Yes, those were not affected by the general blocks. Why?” A slightly puzzled look crosses the man's face.

“It appears that one of the traits is to take memories from another, presumably with bare skin contact. However I would like to test this theory and ascertain whether or not it was one time thing.”

“Ah...and you wish for me to test this. Why didn’t you try it yourself?”

“Simple. For whatever reason this ability did not work with me.”

“Hmm….interesting.”

“A bloodline test would not go a miss either.” Tom suggests, which means it is a demand.

“Indeed. Well, Harry, would you like to try it with me?” The healer offers while holding out his hand for me to take.

Nervously I reach out and touch his hand. More images assault my battered brain, moving at a speed impossible to properly comprehend. He used to be in a frat where he ate….live goldfish? Unfortunately the speed at which the images came at me forced me to lose consciousness.

Chapter End Notes

It was the 1930's when Tom grew up, like in canon. They used to beat children then so...you can beat that the 'demon' kid is beaten a lot. That is something JK Rowling, sadly, didn't cover in canon. Any wiki site about Tom basically said he was evil from birth. BORING!!
Chapter Notes

I really like this chapter...maybe because I am a sappy romantic at heart...

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter he would either be gay or would not be in a relationship altogether.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~Parseltongue~
(POV Change/Time skip)

Chapter 13

(Tom POV)

Harry is once again unconscious. If I had known that is what would have happened, he would never have gotten Healer Michael’s memories. Though this time did allow us to do a blood test on Harry, and for me to catch some rest.

It showed something shocking. Apparently, when I handled Harry’s blood our magic formed a bond. As I think this I have a distinct feeling of smugness from my magic...which is absolutely bizarre.

The bond will grow incredibly strong as we are both very powerful magicals. The Healer says we may share emotions, thoughts and possibly magic. He also stated that this could be the reason Harry now can speak parseltongue.

His ability, it came up on the test. The name was really strange. “Memory thing with Rogue shit”, it was almost like the test couldn’t come up with a name for it. He also has a small metamorphagus ability, but likely would not be able to change much about his appearance. Not that I would ever want him to.

I linger on Harry’s face taking in his radiant beauty in sleep. I really do not care about his scars, even the burn scar on his wrist. I wish he did not have to live through what he did, but I will not leave him for that. When he woke I recognised the fear in his eyes. Fear of rejection. Something I was so familiar with as a child.

Those memories are now slightly blurred in places. If I did not have physical scars to remember the experience I would have lost the hardship I went through. I could have lost part of myself. So I kept them, as a stark reminder of how I once had nothing.

I reach a hand down to brush some of Harry’s silky black hair. My magic extends out to Harry, coaxing him awake. What is with my magic? Harry slowly awakens under the gentle caress of magic.

“Tom? You’re still here?” He questions tiredly. There was nothing that could get me to leave. I spent two days sitting in an uncomfortable chair by your side, in order to see you wake up better.

“Of course! I am not going to leave my boyfriend alone when he clearly needs me.”
~Everyone else would have left by now~ He says self depreciatingly.

I snort. ~I am not anyone else, my angel~

“That was parseltongue!”

“Yes. It sounds more hissy, does it not?”

~Yeah….~ Harry speaking in parseltongue is extremely pleasing to listen to. Mostly because he is the only other person I can talk with in this language.

“Harry…when you were unconscious, the Healer performed the bloodline test. It confirmed you had the ability and that you can speak parseltongue. The test shows that our magic bonded us together….”

“What does that mean?”

“It could mean we get each others thoughts and emotions. Or it could have no impact on anything.”

Harry nods. “Do you want to go sit on the couch over there?” I ask with a point. “It may be more comfortable than staying in bed all the time.”

“Yes, but…um…could you help me walk there?” I agree and start helping Harry onto the couch on the other side of the room.

As I drop him onto the seat I remark, “I would like to mention that the Healer said that you could have those scars removed if you want. You do not need to keep them-”

“I think I will. Keep them I mean….it’s not like it’s hard to hide them.” He smiles slightly. “I just, need to remember what happened. I can’t forget what they did to me. It would be like avoiding the problem, rather than fixing it.” I smile at his words. Sitting beside him I massage his burn scar on his wrist offering agreement for his words.

“So...are you ready to tell me about your life with your relatives?”

“Don’t you already know what happened? I mean, you saw my medical record.”

“That is merely facts. That does not tell me how you felt during it. How you feel now it is over. It does not tell me the emotional abuse and neglect you presumably went through. As comprehensive as the medical records are; they could never tell me that. Besides it may help if you get it off your chest, so to speak.”

“Help me fix the problem? Not hide it?”

“Precisely.”

He closes his eyes in remembrance. I almost berate myself for my curiosity, which is forcing him to relive his past. “My first memories were when I was about 3. I think I upset Dudley, my cousin, and then my arm broke.” I grab Harry’s hand in silent support.

“I remember being sent to the cupboard under the stairs often, which used to be my room until I was 10…” My eyes burn with anger at this. “...without food and wondering why my relatives hate me so much. One day, I watched a program on TV whilst I was cleaning the living room. It talked about people who could do things that other people couldn’t. Magicals. This was when I was seven, I had done a few small things but nothing spectacular. So I figured I was one of them. Suddenly,
everything made sense. They hate freaks or magicals and since they call me a freak….I asked my relatives whether I was magical or not. And they said ‘Don’t ask questions like that FREAK!’”

Harry chuckles somewhat bitterly. “I used to think that was my name, you know? I only learnt it when I went to school….” He learnt his real name at school when he was 5?!?! The Dursley’s have just won themselves a permanent addition to my torture chambers; no one is going to stop them from going there.

Anyway, I was pretty much their slave for the entire time I was there. Suffering under my cousin’s bullying which was encouraged by his parents. I had no friends at all until...well until you, Tom.”

That sounds so similar to what I went through.

“It was hard to get to a place to train as a healer because the Dursley’s didn’t like me doing better in school than Dudley. And Dudley is an idiot, so you can imagine how crap I had to be. The teachers wouldn’t help with anything, convinced that ‘Slum kids are all no good like their parents’.

“But I managed to get into a healer’s clinic so it wasn’t too bad. I had to do a lot of extra study and retake the exams I flunked. Maybe it would have been easier if I wasn’t a squib…” I chose not to comment that it would have been impossible without having gone to a magical school. “It was harder because I had to do the house chores. From age 3 I started doing minor chores like dusting. Each year my workload increased, from 5 I started cooking, 6 the rest of the house cleaning and garden, 7 repair work and painting; all while having to go to school. If I didn’t do all the chores I would get no food for the week and a beating. This was a frequent occurrence.”

Throughout that time I just wanted them to love me. To look at me without sneering in disgust. To treat me like my cousin. To not be called a freak. To hug me once in awhile for a job well done. But that never happened, and I don’t think it ever would have.” Harry finishes.

“Thank you for telling me that, Harry.” I give his hand a comforting squeeze. I decide to distract him by bringing up something that always bothered me about Harry.

“Harry, it is clear to me that you do not know the proper meaning of the word squib.”

He tilts his head in confusion. “Doesn’t it mean someone with weak magic.”

“No, squib means someone who has magic, but cannot use it, even for the most basic of spells. You, Harry, effortlessly pull off spells the first few times you practice it. No one besides myself is capable of that. Not only that but most other magicals have to use something else to conduct their magic.”

Breaking off I pull out my wand, which I rarely ever use now.

Harry stares at the wand in incomprehension. “Magicals need a stick…?”

“This is not a normal stick. It is a wand, a tool used by a magical to produce magic, often used in combination with words to focus magic. My wand is yew with a phoenix feather core, 13 ½” in length. But you Harry, are able to cast magic with mere will. No wand. No words. Just yourself. Which is impressive given the amount of blocks you have on your magic. I also have been able to do this.” Harry stares wide eyed at my words.

“Y-you mean I am really good at magic?”

“I would say you are one of the most powerful magicals in the world. There are some aspects in which you are even greater than me.”

“That’s not something a student wants to hear from their teacher.”

“I said in some aspects. There is still a lot you could learn and more actual spells to know.” I remark
dryly.

“So, other people use wands to make magic?”

“Nearly everyone else has to use wands and words. Some are able to use certain spells without wands or words. But if you were to show them magic it would blow them away. Never believe you are bad at magic.”

“Okay…”

“Are you hungry?” Already knowing the answer. It is going to be hard to get Harry used to the concept of eating all the time.

“A little…”

“Winky!” Winky appears in her well-kept uniform. “Yes, Master Tom.” She says with a bow.

“I require some food for Harry and I.”

“Of course.” She pops away then pops back with two trays full of food. The scent of food reminds me I have forgone food for 2 days. She bows again before leaving.

“Harry, you have to take these potions. Healer’s orders.” I say while presenting 3 potions. “The first is a nutrition potion, the second is a weight gain potion and the third is for strengthening and repairing organs damaged by the malnutrition.”

“Weight gain?”

“Yes, to get you up to the weight of a normal 19 year old. I may still think you are the most beautiful person to have stepped on this Earth, but I want you to look like you are not starving. Plus it will make you healthier.”

Harry nods before downing the first potion. His face shows how much he wants to spit it out. He manages to swallow, with great difficulty, I understand.

“Couldn’t they make it at least not taste crap?”

“Impossible. All medicines and potions have to taste bad, or else people might get sick on purpose. I am certain it is also a requirement to join a potion’s guild. ‘Must make awful tasting potions if you wish to join.’”

He giggles a bit, making a small smile appear on my face. “Now finish your potions and food. All of the potions, Harry.”

“But this one is worse than the first!” He complains.

I smirk. “My angel, you need to drink all of them.”

“Okay….” The next few minutes pass in silence as we eat. My magic constantly tries to wrap itself around Harry, making sure he is okay. Each time I try to stop it by commenting how much better he looks than before, my magic ignores me and keeps trying.

Harry relaxes against me after eating. His body is so light, I hope he can get to a proper size soon. I trail my hands through his hair.

“You are so beautiful, you know?”
“You can’t really mean that…” He whispers sleepily.

“I am not the only person who has thought that. Many people over the course of our courtship have looked at me with jealousy and you with desire. I would have thought the people at the Karaoke bar would have alerted you to it.”

“I thought they just wanted to have sex with me….because I was there….”

“Maybe they did only want to have sex with you. But it is because you look so beautiful. You enchant people walking by, just as I do. They cannot help but stare at us. My angel, never believe you are not beautiful.”

Harry has tears in his eyes. “There is no need to cry for the truth…”

His tears fall down his cheeks as he buries his face in my chest. I lightly stroke his back, hoping he would take my words to heart. My eyes close in tiredness.

As he drifts into unconsciousness, he utters the three words I have always wanted to hear from his lips.

“I love you.” I fall asleep smiling.

(Two hours later)

I awake embracing Harry. His hair was draped over my chest, his eyes closed in blissful sleep. I stretch a little, careful not to disturb Harry. Then I remember Harry’s words as he fell asleep.

“I love you.” Did he really mean that? I presume so as he generally gets more truthful the more exhausted he is.

I touch the box that is resting in my pocket. Is it too soon? And more importantly, how the hell am I meant to inform Harry of my title? After or before?

I sigh in indecision. Luckily Harry wakes up before I can contemplate this more. His stunning eyes connect with mine. Salazar...how could he not think he was beautiful?

Deciding on the more pressing matter, I open with, “Did you mean it?”

“Hmm?”

“The ‘I love you’? Did you really mean it?”

Harry’s face flashes red as he dips his head in embarrassment. I smirk at him. That reaction is as good as a yes from Harry.

“Um...yes?”

I smile at him. Even though I did not need the confirmation, it is nice to get a verbal response.

“Wonderful! You will not object to me saying it back?”

“N-no.” I almost sigh, I thought I had rid Harry of his stutter!

“Well I do love you, heart, soul...and apparently magic.” I add the last part after my magic seemed to prod me into including it. Why is my magic acting so weird?
Harry blushes a vivid red bringing out his eyes and mouth. I lean forward and kiss him, relishing the feel of his soft lips on mine. Though Harry is not an experienced kisser by any means, it makes them better when I realise I am the only one to have ever had the privilege to do this to him. And, hopefully I will be the only one ever…

I think of how to bring up the subject with Harry as I pull away. Cheesy romantic movie style? Or more to the point? Harry would, probably, receive it better from the former. Grandiose cheese it is!

“Harry, when I went to China for work, I decided to use that time to find another family heirloom.” As I say this I stroke the bracelet on Harry’s wrist.

“It took me a little while to retrieve, seeing as how my ancestor was a paranoid bastard—” Quite similar to me, in a way. “—but I still got it. This was owned by my ancestor, Salazar Slytherin’s late wife. He hid it away after she died, out of grief. Now, I want to give it to you.”

I get up off the couch, pull out the box and go down on one knee. Harry stares wide eyed at me, understanding colouring his features. I lift the lid of the box exposing the ring.

(Harry POV)

I stare down at Tom as he reveals a beautiful gold ring with diamonds and what look like emeralds scattered in a breathtaking display. Wow…that looks so expensive…

I look back into Tom’s eyes which are glowing red. I can’t believe he is proposing to me. He really wants to live the rest of his life with me?

He begins his speech. “When I first laid eyes on you, I thought I had died. That was the only reason I could come up with for meeting an angel like you. Even now you amaze me with your beauty and grace. Though that attracted me, it was not the reason I feel in love with you.

“On that first date you enchanted me with your conversation. From then on I began thinking about you more and more. I enjoyed talking with you, spending time with you and I even went out of my comfort zone to please you. That has never happened to me before. All people I was with previous, they did nothing to excite me. They were all similar boring people. Obsessed with the same thing, using me and others for sex, money and free entertainment. Often I caught them cheating on me. I realised then that this bothered me far less than paperwork. I was more slightly irritated than angry.

“But with you….it excites me that I am your first kiss, first date, first boyfriend. It excites me that you want different things than the shallow people I used to date. I am excited at the prospect of an emotional relationship with you. Something I never would consider with past flings. So, I pursued courtship with you. And you continued to excite me. Teaching you magic, seeing your face light up as you were able to perform some new piece of magic. Kissing you, and building your confidence. Your voice as you sung, wowing an entire crowd. Even now when you spoke parseltongue.

“Thinking of someone else having you, makes me burn with jealousy and rage. Again something no one has previously brought out in me. Falling in love with you though, has been the most exciting thing overall. Falling in love with your smiles, your laugh, your blush, your opinions, your very existence. I came to respect and love you in your entirety. Any faults that might put others off, I can live with. Because it is part of you!”

By the end of this speech my voice has left me, taken a cab to the airport flown to Africa and driven as far away as humanly possible. His words…it amazes me that anyone can think such words about anyone, let alone me. I have grown up unloved; finding love now was incredible.
“So, Harry, my angel who stole my heart and never gave it back, will you marry me? Be mine with no more secrets between us?”

There is no doubt about it. I love Tom. He has brought me joy and happiness into my life which was sorely lacking in any of these qualities. I was able to feel like a normal person rather than an unlovable freak. Tom is the most amazingly, beautiful, smart, snobby and arrogant man I have ever met. So I know when he started asking me, there was no way I was saying no. If only my voice could get back here from its excursion in Africa….I could tell him all this.

What is this about secrets though? I knew that Tom refrained from telling the truth on occasion so it makes sense I suppose. I told him all of my secrets….it seems fair that I would be offered the same courtesy.

Finally my voice seems to return. “Yes.”

He leaps up in joy and hugged me with me enjoying the attention. Placing a kiss on the top of my head, he releases me to put the ring on my finger. A ring draped in tragedy, is yet again passing joy. I kiss him when the ring is on, relishing in the feel of my fiancé.

Once I release a slightly dazed Tom I ask “Are these real diamonds? And emeralds?”

“Real diamonds, yes. But no emeralds. Instead they are green diamonds. I know because I had it appraised in order to add extra enchantments on it. It will warn me whenever you are in danger and provide your location. Also as the courtship is over, you no longer have to wear the bracelet.”

“But…I like it…..”

“You can continue wearing it then.” He kisses the top of the engagement ring, practically beaming. I almost stare in awe at it, but in the corner of my eye I spot a man standing in the doorway.

Turning to him I raise an eyebrow. Tom swivels to the intruder and asks “When did you get here?”

“Um….about halfway through your speech…” The man says awkwardly. His stance shows embarrassment at having intruded on an intimate moment.

I decide to ask a more important question, “Who are you?”

“Forgive my rudeness, I have not been properly introduced. I am Lord Lucius Malfoy, Head of the Ancient and Noble house of Malfoy, and the Emperor’s current right hand man.” This man was Lucius Malfoy? A pureblood lord, who presides in the Emperor’s court as his right hand? Now that I look at him, he does have the long blond hair and tall stature he had on the few times I saw him on television. Why is this man standing in the doorway to my hospital room?

“Why are you here?” I question. Surely this man has better things to do than disrupt patients?

“I am here to see….Tom.” What was with the pause before saying his name? I reach out and grab Tom’s hand not wanting him to leave just yet.

Tom sighs, clearly bothered by something. His eyes fall on me, pleading me about something.

(Tom POV)

I might as well come out and say it. I did promise Harry no more secrets, this is probably my biggest. I really hope Harry doesn’t hate me after this….
“Harry, I promised honesty and here it is….”

Taking a huge breath and steeling myself for the fallout I announce,

“Harry, I am the Emperor.”

Chapter End Notes

YAY! Cliffhanger! Everyone's favourite!
(Harry POV)

Um…..What? Tom is….the Emperor? Really? Isn’t the Emperor named Voldemort?

“I….may need proof…..” I gasp out.

Tom uses his wand to write his name ‘Tom Marvolo Riddle’. He waves his wand and the letters rearrange to form ‘I am Lord Voldemort’.

“Your Majesty, I do not think that is sufficient evidence.” Lucius Malfoy comments.

I am too busy being impressed by Tom’s rearranging to speak. How and when did he come up with that?

“Fine, I shall do a magical vow. I, Thomas Marvolo Riddle, hereby vow that I am Emperor Voldemort, ruler of the world.”

I gape at him. He made a magical vow! Tom told me about these, saying that they help form business deals that can never be broken unless they want to lose their magic.

Tom then produces a flower from thin air proving his validity. So, Tom is…the…Emperor? Wha-How-wh. My brain shuts down as it tries to comprehend this new information. As it reboots I come up with lots of questions. Isn’t the Emperor….Tom over a hundred years old? Why does he look 21? Is he really immortal? How can he take time out of his busy schedule to date a commoner like me? Why is he marrying me, aren’t I lesser than him?

“So….um...does this mean...ah....your age…” I struggle to find words.

“Yes, I am over 100 years old. If you wish to be specific, 145. I am able to look 21, thanks to the immortality ritual I performed at that age. And, yes, that does make me immortal.”

My fiancé is immortal. What a strange thought. Also, you know the whole ruler of the world thing.

Tom finds my silence unnerving and so decides to explain. “Harry, it is quite hard for me to find people actually interested in me. Most want the fame, riches and glory of dating or marrying me. They refused to see me as an actual person, barring one who I mutually decided to end it with her. So, for the first time I thought I had a chance, without my title getting in the way.

I am sorry I could not tell this to you in the beginning but it was necessary. If you do not think you can handle being my Consort, which would be your title should you marry me, you may drop the
engagement without consequence. All I would ask is that you would not spread my real name or face around so that I could walk the streets without being accosted. I hope you-

“Tom, shut up, you’re rambling. It’s interrupting my thoughts.” He clicked his mouth shut. Tom really shouldn’t ramble, especially if he is the Emperor.

I think I have grasped the fact that Tom is the Emperor by now. But I didn’t realise I would have a title. I suppose no one really would, as Tom has never married anyone before. So, he chose me. Me, a commoner in his eyes, as his future husband. The person he has chosen to stand by his side. Seriously?

Also, this means Tom is a lot older than I thought he was. So he obviously has a lot more experience in….Why am I thinking about this now? On topic!

At the end of the day, I couldn’t care less about Tom’s title. It is still him, just with a lot of responsibility. Nothing has changed about him as a person. He is still the Tom I fell in love with.

“Okay, I’ve adjusted my world view. Verdict, I still love you Tom, and wouldn’t break this engagement over a small hurdle.”

“Harry, it can be a very large hurdle. Are you sure you are okay with this?”

“Well, if it’s a large hurdle I suppose we should help each other get over it. And of course I am okay with it Tom. Why? Did you want me to overreact?” I ask with a raised eyebrow.

A desperate kiss is my answer. Though I am not complaining.

“Your Majesty….um…What is your consort’s address?” Lucius, who I honestly forgot was there, queried.

My address? Um….bit weird to be asking that...

“You may address him as Your Majesty, like you do with me.” Tom answers swiftly. Ah...he was not asking for my address. Wait...does this mean I have to entertain crowds with speeches? Also I’m not too sure about being addressed like that…..

“Um...Tom? Do I have to be addressed as ‘your majesty’? And, as your consort, do I have to attend parties and address crowds….and be in the spotlight?”

“Yes you have to be addressed as ‘Your Majesty’, that is what you are as my Consort, even if we are not married yet. It will help you get used to it. To your second question, you do not have to do anything you feel uncomfortable with. You may do as you please, regardless of what others tell you. Now, Lucius, you had something to tell me?”

Lucius clears his throat “Yes, Your Majesty. I have been informed that ....His Majesty?” Tom nods, noting that it was correct. “May leave tomorrow, provided no more health hazards are detected.”

“You are dismissed.”

He bows before leaving the room. I idly comment, “I should really have seen it coming.”

Tom raises an eyebrow.

“You being the Emperor. I mean...you are far too arrogant to be anything else.” I say with a teasing smile.
He smiles pulling me into his lap as he sits back down on the couch. “What of Dumbledore, then? He is far more arrogant than me.”

I am not surprised Tom knows of my meeting with Dumbledore. He likely heard it from Blaise. After all Blaise is his spy.

“Well, he clearly thinks he is some kind of reincarnation of a god, or something.” I settle into Tom’s lap completely relaxed.

Experiences flash in my mind, specifically an incident at a karaoke bar….I burst out laughing. At Tom’s questioning look I remark “I can’t believe I made the Emperor sing a song about breasts.” We both end up laughing at that. We lull into comfortable silence before I decide to break it.

“What’s it like….ruling the world?”

“Remarkably boring. Too much paperwork is involved. I do find it gratifying to be called ‘your majesty’, though.”

“It helps with your ego I imagine…”

“Of course.”

“Do I really have to be introduced as ‘Your Majesty’ rather than my name?”

“Obviously. You shall have a title which is effectively equal to mine. So you should be addressed as my equal. Hence, anyone who addresses you will have to call you ‘Your Majesty’. Unless you give them permission to use your name…but only do that with people you consider friends.” He lectures. “Only allow people you trust not to abuse it. Some people take it as an invitation for disrespect.”

I sigh. Tom is acting fairly stubborn on this. But how can I really focus on that when he is lightly massaging my back like this? I almost want to purr like a cat under his warm hand.

Thankfully his back rub doesn’t shut down my brain entirely. I recall vaguely a story similar to how my life is going right now. “My life is similar Cinderella’s only without the ball…I mean the servant who falls in love with the dashing Prince….only a lot darker and realistic. Also no fairy godmother.”

“Do not worry, there will be plenty of balls later.” My slightly panicked look amused him. “Besides you were never meant to be a servant. Not with who your parents were….” He trails off in thought.

My parents? Tom knew them? I sit up abruptly, “Tom, can you tell you about my parents?” I ask pleadingly, desperate for information.

“Certainly. Your parents were nobles, Lord and Lady Potter, which makes you a noble as well. They surely left you a sizable estate, though the manor is damaged beyond repair.”

“What were their names?”

He looks at me sadly at this, “James Charlus Potter and Lily Potter nee Evans. Your mother was a muggleborn, making you a half-blood.”

Tears form in my eyes at hearing my parents names for the first time. Petunia’s aversion to lilies makes sense now.

“How...how did they die?” Tears streaming down my face.

“Harry, James and Lily were some of my most loyal people. I know Dumbledore said they worked
for the Order, but they did that to gather information for the Empire. In short, they were my spies. I have several reports written by them if you would like to check. They held nothing back from me. When Lily discovered she was pregnant with you she slowly withdrew from work. Once you were born both James and Lily told the Order they were going to have some time away to raise you. They explained to me that they did not want you mixed up in the rebellion before you were able to even talk. I agreed to let them have leave from their work, stating they did not need to come back if they wanted to raise a family. About a year or so after that talk, I heard a report that their house was practically destroyed and the bodies of your parents were found inside. It originated in the Nursery, presumably in your old room, so I and many others assumed you had perished with your parents. We should not have done that. I suspect Dumbledore was behind the attack, though I had insufficient evidence to convict him. If you would like I could provide evidence that shows they were in fact loyal to me.”

“I may want to see some later.” I am just relieved that both Dumbledore’s and Tom’s account of the events never stated they killed themselves to get away from me. If Tom’s account is correct, which I am more inclined to believe at present, than my parents stopped spying so they could raise me without danger.

I smile despite the tears. Tom starts kissing my tears away. In between kisses he asks “I take it you have never seen a picture of what they look like?”

I shake my head, reveling in the kisses I am getting.

“Unfortunately I do not have a picture on me at the moment.” He murmurs against my face. “But hopefully when we go to Gringotts to sort out your inheritance, they will have left a letter, memories, or, if you are lucky, an enchanted portrait of them.”

“Enchanted portrait?”

“A portrait that is enchanted so it can speak and have some sentience. It is quite common, so even if your parents never got around to it, your grandparents on your father’s side should have. It will likely be found in one of your vaults if that is the case, as Potter Manor was destroyed.”

“Okay….so does that mean I could speak with them?”

“Yes. If they made one.”

I nod, understanding not to get too upset if they haven’t done that.

“So, if Potter Manor was destroyed….where am I going to live?”

Tom gives me a look that says ‘Are you serious?’ . Or at least that is how I interpreted it.

“You are living with me in one of my palaces. Even if you were not, you have more than enough money to buy a house, mansion or apartment wherever you please.”

“L-live with you?”

“We are engaged.” He says with a raised eyebrow. “Besides, it is not like we shall be sleeping in the same bed if you do not want to. We can have separate adjoining rooms.”

I smile at him as he sweeps away all my arguments. I don’t think I am ready for sex yet. Though he hasn’t even made advances at me yet, so maybe he is going to wait until I’m ready.

“Um….what chores will you have to do?” I say wondering what the work load will be.
Tom stares blankly at me but I can feel his anger...in my head? He replies “You shall never have to do chores again. Not only do I have house elves who would get mad at you for taking their work, I do not want you to believe you have to work to earn things. You are my Consort and shall be treated as such.”

“But...I do like cooking....and gardening can be really relaxing.” A small pleased smile is on my face. I won’t have to do chores! No cleaning for me! I really don’t think I could have cleaned an ENTIRE palace either.

“If you wish to do either of those things in your spare time, it is up to you. You no longer need to feel obligated to do any of it.”

My smile widens.

“Tom, what time is it?”

He casts a time spell. Clock spell? It states it is 10:30 pm, making me realise how tired I am.

“Tom, help me get to bed...I’m tired.” I murmur sleepily.

He assists me in getting back to the bed. As he turns to leave, I tighten my grip on his hand.

“You are not going to let me go, are you?”

“No....”

He sighs in exasperation before conjuring a bed next to mine. As he settles in I smile at him, loving how he didn’t leave me.

Chapter End Notes

Before you say that Harry took the news too well, it is for this simple reason. In movies, books, etc. when one of the characters in a romantic relationship lies, the other eventually finds out. Most of the ones I have seen have the character who was lied to reacting badly, generally breaking up their relationship. The annoying thing is that the audience knows that the couple is going to get back together by the end and so this break up is superfluous. The break up just allows the writer to add in forced conflict/drama and makes the story super predictable. The break up just stops the movie/book for a little while before the characters realise their love and get back together. It's stupid and I am not putting it in any story I write.

Rant over......I'm done with this cliche and it's boring aftermath.

Also, I am just saying, but I am really impressed that the young Tom Riddle is able to find this anagram from his name in canon. I would never have found it if I were him, so props to him!
Chapter Notes

Please note that I am not exactly happy with this chapter...but the next few chapters are much better so...

DISCLAIMER: If I was the owner of Harry Potter, Sirius would not have died. Full stop.

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Chapter 15

(Tom POV)

The first thing I see after waking up rested from my slumber, is Harry twisted in his sheets, his body drenched in sweat. I jump out of bed thinking he is having a nightmare; but when I hear his sleepy mutterings, I see it is a different kind of problem he is encountering. His face is flushed red, bringing out the fine contours of his face. Deciding to leave him to his dream I walk to the bathroom to refresh myself.

He is awake once I return, clearly embarrassed. I smirk amused at him, making him flush even more. I can even make out the barest hints of redness on his chest. Licking my suddenly dry lips I try to think of something else so as not to jump Harry. Luckily, Harry rushes off to the bathroom, before I know whether or not I have failed to control myself.

When Harry comes back, I announce that he has a visitor. I remember during the break after doing the bloodline test on Harry, I asked Lucius to deliver a message to Poppy. So the visitor is, in all likelihood, Poppy Pomfrey.

He nods sitting on the couch, fidgeting slightly. I sit next to him and grab his hand, tracing soothing circles to calm him down.

Poppy appeared in the doorway moments later, looking slightly frazzled.

“Oh Harry!” She sweeps him into a one-sided hug. I can feel some of Harry’s unease and….I glance at the hug, noting the bare skin contact. So I am also sensing some of Harry’s mild panic at the information he is receiving. Perhaps he now knows a little more about his colleague than he ever hoped for….I hope she does not have a weird fetish or something.

Apparently I am also feeling some of Harry’s emotions, showing the bond is slowly adjusting. When he releases the blocks on his magic it should develop more.

Anyway, Poppy notes Harry’s stiffness, so breaks contact swiftly.

“Whoops. Sorry, I know you won’t be comfortable with hugs. But I suppose I shall help you get used to it.” She remarks with a determined air.
She turns her head to acknowledge the other person in the room; namely me. She blinks in recognition before bowing. “Your Majesty, I didn’t realise you took such an interest in making sure your subjects are healed.” With a slightly suspicious air about her.

“I am taking a more personal interest in Harry, given that he is my fiancé.” I casually remark. Her eyes narrow at my admission. Is she trying to intimidate me? I consider her reaction with amusement.

“If you dare hurt Harry I will gut you. I don’t care whether that is treason. Harry is like a son to me, so I won’t have you ruining him!”

“Please note that I would never do that to my consort. I love Harry and would never harm him. But it is nice to know there are others who feel the same. Harry may need that in times to come.” I say barely acknowledging the threat.

“C-consort? You really are serious about it?”

“Of course.”

She turns back to Harry. “Why didn’t you say anything? Any healer would have got you out of that house in a heartbeat!”

Harry lowers his head in embarrassment. Poppy must have used her healer’s license to acquire Harry’s medical folder beforehand.

She sighs. “I realise it was hard, Harry. I’m sorry for my outburst right now. It’s not your fault that this happened to you. But I should have realised! I am a healer, a magical one at that, and I couldn’t see you wore glamours! I had to look through them all the time when I was at Hogwarts. Silly children kept trying to hide injuries for the sake of pride. Fah! For stupidity.”

She analyses Harry more shrewdly “In fact I remember a student in a similar situation to yours Harry. I discovered it on the first night; his glamours didn’t fool me. Poor lamb. But...I couldn’t see through yours...how strange…” She trails off in thought. I feel she is going to end up talking a lot.

“Then again, I never realised you were even magical; as you went to a muggle school. Most magicals end up going to magical school for at least a few years. Why didn’t you? And don’t give me any of that tripe about not being powerful enough.” Harry closes his mouth. I thought we went over this? I guess it will take Harry a little longer to get used to the idea that he is very powerful.

I announce my suspicions in order to give her a different target. “I suspect Dumbledore had a hand in it. Once it is confirmed he should be removed from Hogwarts.”

She raises both her eyebrows at the accusation. Before remembering something else. “Oh, yes. I forgot to mention it but...sex is off the table for at least 6 months. So no pressuring Harry into sex, your majesty! He is in no fit state to accidentally get pregnant because you decide you want to have sex.”

Harry turns a delicious shade of red at her words. “We haven’t even done that yet...Wait. Pregnant!??!!?”

“You didn’t know? Harry, you are a carrier. A male who is capable of having children. But you are in no fit state to do so at the moment. So no sex. Unless you wear adequate protection. Even then....” She turns to glare at me. “You won’t pressure him into having sex will you?”

“No, I will not endanger his health just to satisfy my libido.” I said with a hint of steel in my voice. Why would I harm my angel in any way?
“Still...wear protection!”

“I have never had such an accident before. I highly doubt there will be a problem now.”

“Um….could we get back to the fact that I CAN GET PREGNANT!?!?!” Harry almost shouts in hysteria.

“Harry, please calm yourself. You are not the first carrier ever. In fact I am fairly certain Blaise’s fiance, Neville, is a carrier too.” I say bringing his hand to my lips, pressing soothing kisses onto the back of it.

He nods, calming down a bit. I feel we may end up discussing this in more depth later, though. Poppy senses the need for a subject change so asks, “So, is Harry really the son of Lily and James?”

We both nod. She smiles at Harry. “Your father was a right trouble maker at school. Constantly getting himself in danger for his pranks. Not to mention his daring escapades in Quidditch! The youngest seeker in centuries! He almost swallowed the snitch in his first game...He and his friends claimed someone jinxed his broom, but no evidence was ever found of any tampering.”

I can tell Harry has no idea what Quidditch is but is really interested in learning more about his parents. I whisper in parseltongue —Quidditch is a magical sport involving flying up in the air. It is similar to soccer in a way with points scored by getting a ball through a hoop. It can be dangerous as it is played high up in the air. The seeker is the team member who needs to acquire a fast moving golden ball. Once they do so the game is over.—

He nods in understanding, though I vastly simplified the game. Poppy continues with her recount of James’ adventures at Hogwarts.

“He was in the hospital wing so often he had his own special bed. I almost considered putting a plaque over it to announce it as his. He laughed at the idea when I mentioned it. I never did get around to doing it…”

“Of course I also remember your mother. She and her friend Severus were always so helpful in assisting the Potions Professor in brewing potions for the hospital wing. In her final year at Hogwarts I caught her by James’s bedside often. One time I almost caught them doing questionable acts on the bed.” She said in amused remembrance. Harry looked slightly white at the admission. Nobody wants to hear about their parents having sex. It is horrifying.

“I was very melancholy when I heard of their deaths. It was around that time I left Hogwarts….”

Her reminiscing came to an end as she descends into a somber silence.

“Thank you for telling me that, Poppy.” Harry whispers in gratitude.

“Yes...but one thing I must know is who we have to thank for your…..wonderful treatment.” Poppy says sarcastically.

“Um...the Dursley’s. Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon. Aunt Petunia was Lily’s sister.” Harry states nervously.

“You are aware they are going to die. Or at least be tortured continuously.” I comment idly, eyes burning in fury at the reminder of Harry's abusers.

“Well you can’t kill or harm them yet.” Poppy says insistently.
“The Order could use that to sway public opinion against you if it is discovered that you are torturing random muggles. Convict them and then do what you wish with them. The Order will less likely be able to do anything and you may even have people agreeing with you on this.”

My angel nods, “I agree. As much as I want them to suffer, they have to stand trial. Or else we will be on the exact same level as them.”

I grudgingly agree, though I still wish to torture them to within an inch of their lives. Then they shall be healed and the cycle will continue. Again and again and again.

“Maybe I could even…assist in their healing…..Special treatment, of course.” Her shark like grin amuses me.

“Perhaps…” The shark like grin she sports is mirrored on my own.

Harry stares at us, slightly concerned. “Um...don’t get too carried away. They haven’t been convicted yet.”

“It is only a matter of time. I am eagerly awaiting the date.” I say with a vicious smirk.

Harry kisses me to distract me from thoughts of torture. His lips make me long for some more alone time with him. Alas, Harry is likely to have more visitors before the day is out. The next few days are also going to busy, with moving Harry into the palace and getting him used to living there...and not in the shit hole he lived in before. Missed paperwork is always a drag as well. So I relish the feel of his soft lips against mine. As I pull away I notice Harry pouting slightly.

~We are not alone, Harry. Poppy already wants to murder me for what I just did. Judging by her facial expression.~

~When she is gone though…?~ Harry hisses hopefully.

~We shall see.~

Poppy clears her throat, breaking our private moment. I smirk at her, unconcerned by the murderous glare I receive back.

“If you would refrain from doing that until after I have left..” She scolds teasingly, a slight smile on her face. She hums before bringing up another important topic. “I suppose it is going to be difficult for you to work at the clinic. After all, the Emperor’s Consort would surely be ambushed whilst trying to do work...”

Harry directs a slightly alarmed look to Poppy. He obviously had not considered it. I decide to quickly reassure him “I am likely to open up a private hospital wing in a few of my palaces, as the Order has been getting aggressive as of late. Harry shall be able to work there. We shall have potion masters on hand to keep stocked on healing potions. In fact, I may even require your services, Poppy.”

She raises her eyebrow intrigued. “Harry only knows non-magical healing. He will need someone to inform him of healing magics, which I know only the rudimentary parts. Who better than a colleague and former magical healer at Hogwarts?”

Harry looks immensely pleased with the idea. I rub his hand and am rewarded with a slight squeeze. Poppy also seems interested in the idea.
“Anyway...I shall be leaving shortly. Make sure you take your potions, Harry. And tell someone if you are in pain. Don’t keep it bottled up. Please know you may contact me, if needed.” She stands and gives Harry a brief hug. As she leaves she bows to me and waves Harry goodbye, with a smile on her face.

Harry relaxes onto me. I love that Harry trusts me like this despite all that he has lived through. I kiss his cheek to show how much I appreciate his company. We settle in basking in the presence of the other, my magic casting a protective glow on us.

(2 hours later)

Harry’s next visitors pop in with a bang. Though that was to be expected of Fred and George.

“HARRYKINS!” They manage to yell over the sounds of chaos they just caused. Looking out the door behind them I see the previously pristine white corridor is coated in every colour imaginable. Squinting a bit….is that a purple cow?

“Fred, George.” I nod to each of them in acknowledgement. One of the reasons they appear to like me is the fact that, unlike their mother, I can tell them apart. No matter what tricks they attempt to play. “Why was it necessary to turn the corridor into a chaotic mess?”

“Mess? Nah...I’d call it interior decorating.”

“The corridor was awfully dull before.”

“We just livened things up.”

They turn and bow mockingly to me. “How’s it hanging, Big Boss Man?”

I roll my eyes at them. Harry, on the other hand, looks flabbergasted. “You actually call him that to his face?!?”

“Not all the time.”

“Sometimes it’s Tommy boy.”

“Or Peeping Tom.”

“Or Moldyshorts.”

“Or-”

“I think that is enough.” I say mildly irritated. It can be frustrating having them call me such names. Also slightly insulting.

Harry scowls at them playfully,“Some of those were a little mean!” His voice, though, made it clear he wanted to hear more later...

“Sorry!” They say in unison, their eyes glittering mischievously, having picked up on Harry's interest. I almost scowl at the twins...alas it would ruin my perfect image.

“It’s not a proper thing to say to my fiancé.”

The twins squawk out, “Fiancé?!?”

Harry blushes at their words, as I possessively wrap my arm around him. The twins see this and smile at us. I glare at them.

“No need. To get. Defensive.” They backtrack slightly. “At least. He doesn’t. Look. His age.”

“How are you able to do that?” Harry asks bewildered.

“Practice.”

“And because we're awesome.”

~We may be able to do something similar. The bond we have is getting stronger.~

~Yeah...I felt your...jealousy...just now.~ Harry replies hesitantly.

I smirk at him. The twins show confusion at our words.

“Hey! Not fair!” George says indignantly.

“We don’t speak a language that you can’t understand.” Fred says agreeing with his twin. They both share a pout.

~I think they are jealous of us.~ Harry hisses, not deterred in the slightest.

~Definitely.~

“You did it on purpose!”

~They appear quite upset with us.~

~I am upset with them. They insulted my age.~

~Don’t they know age means experience.~

~You like the fact I have more experience than you~ I say with a suggestive look on my face. When Harry speaks parseltongue it is hard to focus on anyone else. Especially if he is blushing like he is now.

How I long to see that blush spread further onto his chest! Thankfully before I begin to arouse myself too much, Fred attempts to cast a colour change on my robes.

I deflect it without even bothering to look away from Harry’s face. George ends up with neon orange robes that are attempting to eat him, thanks to a little extra spell that I added.

Harry laughs at George’s new look. Mission Accomplished. My magic reacts happily to Harry’s musical laugh, causing Fred’s hair to change into a rose bush. Strange how my magic is acting….I do not recall it ever being happy.

Though I am delighted with the results. Turning around to face the twins once again I almost laugh at their exaggerated response. They are acting like their hair or robes are on fire and chasing each other around the room. At one point they bump into furniture and fall into a heap on the ground. Harry’s laugh increases in volume.

“I do hope you remember that age means experience.” I smirk at them.
They gulp at the implied threat.

“Yes, Big Boss Man.” They say in a fearful tone. That will hopefully teach them not to insult their betters….or incite a prank war.

After a few more minutes they leave with another bang, having entertained us long enough. Leaving Harry and I to clean up the evidence.

“They are really funny!”

“Indeed. One time they replaced Lucius Malfoy’s shampoo with hair remover. His shrieks and mutterings of revenge are forever in my memory.”

Harry smiles at me. I pull him closer, anticipating his tiredness. “I need to introduce you to some of my elite. They need to know of your status. After that you may rest.”

“Okay…” Harry mutters.

Soon after Lucius walks in with 10 others, my elite for this generation. I force Harry to sit up slightly, so he does not slouch. I decide to forgo introducing every single member. Harry is too tired to remember most of their names anyway.

“Your Majesty.” They chorus with a bow. I acknowledge them with a slight nod.

“Lucius, have you informed them of the reason for this visit?”

“No, Your Majesty.”

I address them “My elite, today I present to you someone of great importance to me.” I gesture to Harry, “This is Harry Potter, Heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Potter, and my fiance and future consort.”

Several gasps of shock are heard. Either from the announcement of my consort or the news that the Potter line is not dead, nor following a convoluted path of succession. Most noticeable is the gasp from Severus, a known friend of Lily Potter.

“I expect you to treat him with the same respect you treat me. If I hear otherwise…” I trail off seeing their protests. “Excellent. I shall announce my engagement to the rest of the magical world in a few weeks. Until then, you may not inform anyone else.” I say with a glare at all the notable ‘gossips’ of the group.

They nod in acceptance. Sensing fidgeting from Severus, I decide to be kind and tell him more about Harry.

“Yes, Harry is Lily’s son.”

Severus stares at Harry intently, “You look so much like her…” He whispers.

Harry nods tiredly. The only reason I believe he is even awake is through sheer stubborness. I decide to cut this meeting short.

Harry sensing this says ~I’m not tired.~ To the shock of all my elite. They have never heard anyone other than me speaking parseltongue. I suspect that they believed I was the only person who could speak it.

~Of course not, that is why you are leaning on me so much.~
Looking over at Lucius to dismiss him, I have an idea. ~Harry, I want you to test your ability.~

~Of course!~

“Lucius, have your shields up fully.”

Lucius looks slightly startled by the request, “Yes, Your Majesty.”

Harry then reaches across and touches his hand. At the back of my mind I can feel the information flow. Turning to Harry as he drops Lucius’ hand, he nods. It appears his ability is not impeded by Occlumency shields.

Noting Harry’s increased exhaustion I dismiss my slightly puzzled elite and help him into the hospital bed. He is out before his head hits the pillow.

I caress his cheek loving how he leans towards my hand. How anyone could hurt him baffles me. I sigh before resting in the bed I conjured, slowly drifting to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

If you have any pointers on how to improve this chapter I’m all ears. Seriously, I am all ears....
Tom's Giant Palace....Is He Over-Compensating For Something?

Chapter Notes

Warning: Attempted sexual assault. But don't worry, it isn't that bad. I am not able to write full on rape or anything.

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter, I would insert myself into the story just so I could have the satisfaction of beating Ginny to death myself. I hate that bitch...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~Parseltongue~
(POV Change/Time skip)

Chapter 16:

(Harry POV)

We finally get to leave the hospital today. I am really nervous about going to Tom’s palace. I mean, it’s a PALACE! I know I am going to get lost…

Meeting Tom’s ‘elite’ as he calls them was nerve wracking as well. I don’t know if they liked me. What if they hate me? What if they don’t think I deserve Tom? What if they advise Tom not to marry me?

As if sensing my panic, which he probably did, he pulls me into a hug. His hugs always soothe me. Though the hug is brief I feel my panic washing away.

He smiles slightly at me before holding his hand out for apparation. I comply hesitantly, knowing that it is going to be awful.

It was.

I almost collapse as soon as we arrive. Tom’s arms again hold me up, like that date all those months ago. I take comfort from the familiarity of the action, before cautiously taking in the room. Fortunately I noticed that we were alone.

Then I look at the surroundings. Everything looks so expensive yet beautiful, the floating chandelier seems to have real crystals. The gleaming white marble floors reflect the light, making the room very bright. The high ceiling makes the room seem bigger than it is.

“This is the main entryway. Everyone who is not me has to come here first, either via apparating or walking up. You will be able to apparate to any room like me, but I thought it prudent to start the tour here.” He helps me stand and leads me through his palace pointing out things of interest.

I am amazed at how many rooms there are in the palace. He has 3 ginormous ballrooms, a big home theatre, 3 gyms, 27 formal dining rooms, 13 drawing rooms, 3 indoor pools, 17 living rooms and 12 huge LIBRARIES! He also has 13 parlors, which are different from living rooms….somehow. Plus several more rooms that I have completely forgotten the purpose of. The garden I saw from a lot of the rooms was gorgeous. I couldn’t even see the end of it. Though I could vaguely make out a
greenhouse that was at least 3 times the size of the Dursley's house. This was apparently all the public places.

He mentioned that there are also over three hundred guest rooms in this wing, but said he will not show me all of them. To which I am thankful.

The tour was exhausting, so Tom sets me on a couch before showing his private wing. He briefly explains that the private rooms can not be accessed by most people and if I want to have visitors in this wing, I have to grant them "special permission in the wards". Whatever that means. He then says he has to use some of my blood to get me accepted by the wards. After taking my blood he goes to the entrance of the private wing, leaving me to catch my breath.

The room I am in is apparently the 'Winter' living room. So the room has a nice roaring fire, that warms me. I think it was a little silly to wear a silk kimono today. I underestimated how cold it would be. In my defense being in Hospital, where the temperature is always very warm, made me think it is a lot warmer than it is.

As I relax into the plush leather couch I hear quiet footsteps on the marble floor. Opening my eyes I see a man about my age, who looks a lot like Lucius. Maybe it's his son? He has the same white blond hair, though his is shorter than his possible father. He is kind of handsome, just like his father. But I don't like blonds, plus he isn't Tom. He pauses when he enters the room. Clearly he was not expecting anyone in the room. I hope it doesn't bother him.

His slight smile says he isn't. "And who might you be?" He says as he walks further into the room to stand in front of me.

"Um...Harry."

"Ah...so you are a boy. For a moment I thought you were a girl."

"Uh..." What does one say to that? You look like a girl? I am a guy though! Just because I am short and skinny doesn't mean I am a girl. Maybe you should get your eyes checked!

The man smirks at my non-response. Why, I have no idea. "Um..Who are you?"

The man seems annoyed at this question. Obviously he expected me to recognise him.

"I am Draco Malfoy, Heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Malfoy. You may call me Draco, though." He states in an imperious tone. What is with these nobles and their arrogant attitude?

"Okay...Draco." I add as an afterthought. Draco smirks slightly and sits beside me.

"I have never seen you before. I know all the nobles, so you must be a muggleborn."

I just stare at him unsure how to respond.

He tries again "What's a cute thing like you doing here?"

I blush. Is he hitting on me? I hope not.

"Um...well...I was getting a tour....and I got tired."

"Yes, this is a lovely room. Though it has nothing on you." Okay, he is definitely hitting on me. I need to stop this.

"Thank you, but I...um..already have a fiance-"
“It would only be a bit of fun.” Draco says with a salacious smirk on his face.

“Um..No thanks.” I state as firmly as I can.

“Don’t be a tease, Harry.” He gets closer to me.

“Please leave me alone. And I didn’t say you could call me by my name.” I attempt to distance myself from him. I am starting to get scared of him.

“I can’t leave such beauty alone.” He grabs my thigh and starts to lightly stroke it. I try to get his hand off me to no avail. He is a lot stronger than me. My fear spikes at this point. But I attempt to control it so I can avoid panicking.

“Please get your hand off me.” I grit out.

“You’re enjoying it, aren’t you slut.” He smiles as he slowly moves his hand up. I begin to panic and desperately try to get away from him. I manage to get off the couch but trip up on the table. Draco looms over me, looking very pleased.

“I knew you wanted it, slut.” As he touches my arse an invisible force causes him to fly across the room, into the couch. I feel an intense rage coming from Tom.

Looking up at the door, I see Tom nonchalantly leaning on the door frame, seeming as calm as possible. Though I can see the slight tightness of his face showing that Tom is extremely angry.

Draco notices Tom, stands and bows “Your Majesty.”

“Heir Malfoy, pray tell, why you are attempting to sexually assault my fiance?”

Draco looks at Tom with wide eyes. “I-I c-an explain.”

Tom raises his eyebrow. “I highly doubt that.”

He walks over to me and helps me off the floor. He wraps his arms around me in comfort and slightly possessively, he also pushes my head to his chest as if to hide me away, “There will be consequences, Draco.” Tom says absentmindedly. His voice calms me slightly and I snuggle into Tom’s chest.

“O-of course, Your Majesty.”

“I suggest you leave now, before I decide to kill you.” Tom states with slight steel in his voice. Draco goes to leave the room, obviously in a hurry. “Oh, and if you ever do anything like that again, or even so much as look at Harry in a way I do not like, you will die a painful death.”

The way Tom said this almost made you think he was kidding. But I think the threat was most definitely real. If he does punish him….I want to watch. Does that make me a bad person?

Draco runs out of the room like a vampire and werewolf army is following him.

Once Draco has left Tom relaxes his arms slightly. He kisses me slightly, and inspects me for injuries. His expression shows his worry; worry he is trying to conceal. “I’m fine, Tom.”

He glares at me slightly, knowing I am hiding things from him. ~It was just a little scary….~

~Harry, I could feel your panic through the bond. There is no point lying to me.~
I didn’t want him to touch me, it...felt wrong. I asked him to stop but he wouldn’t and I... start to hyperventilate, remembering what it felt to be so powerless again. Being in Tom’s arms relieves that feeling. Tom rubs soothing circles on my back to calm me down. It takes me a few minutes of gasping before I can get my breathing under control.

Did he harm you?

No, I tripped trying to get away from him. I again feel Tom’s anger, swelling to the surface.

One thing confused me though. What made Draco fly into the couch? It wasn’t my magic or Tom’s. If it were Tom’s I don’t think Draco would still be alive. I voice this thought to Tom.

“Oh. That is because of the chastity protection on the bracelet. Anyone who attempts sexual intercourse with you will have to remove the bracelet. Barring me. The enchantment on your engagement ring nullifies the enchantment for me.”

I stare wide eyed at the innocuous bracelet and ring. Who knew such small things could have powerful enchantments built into them?

“Come, we shall go to the private wing. There, we shall not be interrupted.” Tom announces before leading me away from the room.

We break for lunch after that, making idle conversation and relaxing. We were able to temporarily forget the morning’s incident. I again had trouble swallowing the horrible tasting potions, which Tom remarked, “It will get easier.” Given what he said about apparation, I don’t believe him.

Tom starts the tour again, but I can see he is still distracted over what happened with Draco. I attempt to deviate his and my attention from the incident, but it takes him over an hour to get to a semblance of normality. During that time I am shown 7 private libraries, 10 more living rooms, 7 formal dining rooms, 3 informal dining rooms, a breakfast room, a couple of potion labs, a large number of massive dueling rooms and numerous studies and offices to be used for various occasions. He mentions that there is another indoor pool, gym and private sauna in this wing as well as a couple of kitchens that Tom barely uses. Also another theatre and a whole host of rooms that I could not be bothered to remember. Wow, it is hard to keep track of all these rooms, let alone where they are in relation to everything. I would have to be at least Tom’s age to remember where all these rooms are. I bet he has used each room once to justify having that room.

He has yet to show me his room, his main office and the room I shall be staying in though.

As he leads me to a room he nonchalantly pronounces it as “My fan-mail room.”

I round on him. “Your fan-mail room? I thought people didn’t even know what you look like.”

“They do not need to know what I look like. They merely care about my title and the fame and riches that would come with marrying me. I get about 3000 a day; all of them are pretty much the same though.”

My eyes narrow. “But you’re mine, Tom. None of those people can have you.” I hug him as if his fans are just going to rip him right out my arms.

He looks down at me slightly startled. I pull away and almost laugh at his expression. Grabbing his hand I pull him into the room. Inside are several thousand letters piled up almost to the ceiling. The walls show slight scorch marks, seems someone is in the habit of burning things.

“Come Tom! You must teach me a fire spell. There are some things I need to destroy.”
He smirks in agreement, getting over his shock. “All you need to do is put your hands close together and imagine them getting really hot.”

As I follow Tom’s instructions I feel heat between my hands. I see a small blue flame in the centre. Vaguely I see Tom smiling out of the corner of my eye.

“Good, now release it in the direction of the letters.”

I do so noting my aim is a little off. In mid flight the mini fireball changes direction and shoots off towards the defenseless letters. As it reaches the middle of the stack I decide to get fancy and cause an explosion of fire. The explosion instantly burns all the surrounding paper. I turn the explosion into a fire tornado to catch the remaining letters. None of the letters survive intact once I am through. THAT’S FOR TRYING TO TAKE MY TOM!

I notice I am panting slightly for using so much magic. Tom is beside me looking impressed by the magic I just did. When the smoke dissipates along with the remnants of the fire, the opposite side of the room is covered in scorch marks and the glass in the window looks considerably warped. “Oops…”

“Absolutely amazing.” Tom breathes out. I blush at the compliment.

He turns to me and pulls me into a breathtaking kiss. I kiss him back, loving how he holds my cheek as he kisses me. Tom’s tongue licks at my lips, making me moan at the feeling. He uses my open mouth as an opportunity to plunge his tongue in. He starts to lick at my tongue, coaxing me to fight back. All too soon the kiss ends, as Tom pulls back. We are both panting now, and my face must be very red.

“I am pleased that you do not want me to be with anyone else.”

“Well...I love you so I don’t want you to be with anyone who isn’t me. So...maybe I let my jealousy go a bit overboard…”

Tom smirks at me while glancing over the room, “Just a tad.”

I beam at him to which he chuckles. “I can not wait for you to meet Ginny or most of my ex’s.”

“Who is this ‘Ginny’?” I say with narrowed eyes.

“You will meet her later.” I am slightly angered by Tom’s non-answer. By the sounds of things this ‘Ginny’ is after my Tom. She probably also knows what my Tom looks like. If she tries to take Tom from me….

When he brings me into his office, he groans at the site of his dreaded enemy. Paperwork.

“This is where I work most of the time. It is also the only room in the private wing that others have access to, without altering the wards.” He states, waving his hand at the room.

“Gosh Tom, I had no idea you were so unorganised. Look at the mess on your desk!”

His desk looks like it is drowning in paperwork, with no sorting or anything. I decide to help him out a bit. Using magic I sort out some of the files based on date. Anything that mentions the Order goes in a separate pile. I suppose he usually organises it but with me being in hospital...

“There! Now you can actually see the desk.”
“I knew there was a reason I loved you.”

“My awesome file sorting?”

“Exactly. Anyway, I think we need to discuss more on what being a consort is and what roles you will have.”

“Didn’t you say I could do what I wanted?”

“Yes, I understand you want to continue healing. That will be one of your roles. But you can do other things like have parties, hold social events-”

“Nope, that sounds boring.”

“Somehow I knew you were going to say that.”

“I don’t want to be a trophy wife.”

“Good, because I do not want one.” We share a smile at our similar views.

I click my fingers, “I could use my ability to spy on Order members.”

“No. That is dangerous, I will not allow you to put yourself in danger like that.” Instantly vetoing my idea.

“But I should use my ability somewhere, Tom! It makes no sense to use it to find the best knitting patterns.” I actually got an in-depth explanation of all the knitting patterns from Poppy’s memories. It was so boring.

Though the information I got from Lucius was amusing. He apparently likes to cosplay as various anime characters and goes to anime conventions to compete in costume competitions. He especially likes to dress up as girls and in pink. His costumes often win him the competition. I wonder what would happen to his precious reputation if this got out? I imagine it would be hilarious.

He contemplates it for a moment before saying “There is a place I have use for your ability. As your ability is not impeded by mental shield, it shall be incredibly useful for this. Recently, I have discovered that the Order has a way around truth serum. They can negate the effects whilst still looking like they are under its influence. This brings up a problem which your ability can fix. If you can retrieve their memory then place it in a pensieve, which is a memory viewing device, we can convict them that way.”

I consider it for a second. That actually sounds like a good use for my ability. But… “I don’t want people to know about my ability. If the Order or anyone else knows they could use it to exploit me. Or simply kill me to rid themselves of it entirely. So…is there a way to keep it hidden from others while using it in court?”

“The courtrooms are automatically fitted with a privacy ward forbidding any people who enter cannot communicate in anyway the contents of the trial. Or at least certain aspects. One of the aspects is witnesses and sometimes their testimony. You could be counted as a witness and your method of acquiring the information could be included in that. So people would be able to hear and see the evidence you provide, but will not be able to say how you got it or even who you are. This will protect you from future attack.”

A quick kiss shows my gratitude. Tom smiles slightly at me, making me hug him for his cuteness! Anyone who says Tom can’t be cute is lying.
Tom brings up the topic again, “You would not be needed often in the courtroom. Only when Veritaserum fails. So there still will be a lot of free time. Some of it will be taken up with me teaching you magic but…”

“Tom, I am going to be your consort, right? Your equal?”

“Of course!”

“Than maybe I should help you. You know, give advice?” I bite my lip thinking my idea is going to get rejected.

“That idea…..actually has merit. You may be able to provide fresh ideas from a different perspective.”

“Really? You think my idea is good.”

“Definitely. But this may mean you have to attend balls more frequently to ‘get you away from work’.”

“I gathered you were an anti-social person.” I say dryly. “But balls shouldn’t be that bad. I mean, they give you lots of embarrassing gossip about nobles that you can use as leverage.”

Tom grudgingly agrees with my statement before adding his bit, “Plus at the balls we have to attend, you can gather information. I suspect I have a spy in the palace.”

“I think I may need to practice before then.”

“Certainly. Now come, there are still two very important rooms we need to see.” Tom holds out his hand for me to grasp. I always love the little intimate things we do. It makes me feel loved and worthy of love. Tom gives me that confidence.

Tom then leads me to a long, wide corridor, at the end of which is two beautifully ornate doors. One door is white, the other black.

“Let me guess, the white door is my room and the black one is yours.”

“Yes, however did you guess that?” He says teasingly.

Opening the door to my room, he announces “The layout is slightly different as is the colour scheme, but otherwise it is the same rooms. Both of these rooms have a bathroom, walk-in wardrobe, small living room, and an office with a library.”

“Yes Tom, because what you really needed was more living rooms and libraries. I don’t think you have quite enough.” I remark sarcastically.

He ignores me. “The corridor shall have extra doors added as we need them.” Ah yes….I remember I can get pregnant…so those could serve as children's rooms. Or Tom’s seven thousandth library. Oh and I think we need more living rooms as well. Never can have enough of those.

The room which will be mine is ginormous! The door opened to the ‘small’ living area, which was at least the size of the Dursley’s house. The room was layered, which split the TV area from the fireplace area. Tom mentioned that all the fireplaces in the private wing are connected to the floo network...whatever that is.

A door is next to an interior window which is enchanted to show the outside. This is the door to my
room. In the bedroom there is a door to Tom’s bedroom, meaning I can go through there rather than walk all the way around. It feels nice to have him so close to me, only through a door.

“So, what do you think of my palace?”

“Well, it’s definitely a palace. With fancy rooms. I am concerned with how large it is, because I am likely to get lost.”

“You may get used to it. Though I do not imagine you will use even half of the rooms in the palace.”

“Why do you need so many rooms? Especially in the private wing, as we are the only people who can access it.”

“I was bored so placed expansion charms on the palace and created new rooms. It relieved my boredom for a bit. During that time I discovered I would have made a brilliant interior decorator. Should I ever quit the Emperor business, I shall fall back into that field.”

“So most of the rooms are only there because you got bored?” I ask incredulously.

“Yes.”

“Well, okay then.”

“Anyway, I forgot to mention that the infirmary will be placed in the public wing. I will probably convert a few of the bedrooms.”

“A few of the three hundred bedrooms! But where are people going to sleep then!” I say in mock horror.

“Quit mocking my giant palace.”

“Do you have any more palaces for me to tour?”

“About 20, all around the world. They are all the size of this one at least.”

I groan. More rooms!?!? I am just grateful I will not have to look through them any time soon. Entering the bedroom I see the giant four poster bed that faces a fireplace. The bed looks so poofy that you would just sink into it and never be seen again.

“Tom, how do you not drown in the bed?”

He stares amused at me. “It is a talent I have.” He says with a snooty voice.

“Sure….”

I slip off my shoes and jump on the bed, sinking instantly. “Tom, your bed is definitely eating me.” My muffled voice comments.

“Nonsense, my bed is in the other room. Your bed is eating you.”

“Damn your technicalities!”

“When you are done joking around, you will notice as you enter your walk-in-wardrobe that all of your belongings are there. Though there is plenty of space for more things to be added later. We will be getting you more clothes.”
“Mhmm…”

“My angel, you must eat before you go to sleep.”

It was too late. I was already in a deep sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I know I haven't done this before but I want to thank everyone for commenting, bookmarking, kudosing (Is that a word? It is now!), and even just reading my story. I find it gratifying that people enjoy it, as this helps motivate me to do more!

I kept forgetting to add that in. I don't want to be as arrogant as Tom...or Merlin forbid Dumbledore! So once again, THANK YOU!!
Obligatory Gringotts Visit

Chapter Notes

What Harry Potter fanfiction would be complete without a trip to Gringotts? However Harry is not going to be related to everyone and their dog (which would be really weird and I don't really want to think about the implications of that.). And hopefully it will be a little less cliche.

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter, he would have killed Voldemort with a gun. This would be a final insult to Voldemort; being killed by a muggle weapon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(Tom POV)

The past few days have been a hard adjustment for Harry. Eating regular meals and not being beaten for anything he does wrong has been difficult for him.

He spent all of his time in the private wing, wishing to avoid Draco and others as much as possible. We have yet to discuss Draco’s punishment because I feel it would be a hard topic for Harry. So I have been putting it off and Harry has not brought it up either.

Over these few days our bond has gotten even stronger. Now we always feel impressions of each other's feelings and any strong emotions are felt immediately regardless of whether we try to hide it.

At one point I was very angry at one of my elite who managed to let 30 known Order members escape arrest due to ineptitude. Harry came in and gave me a hug, instantly calming me down. The person who was the target of my ire left unscathed on this occasion; though I did find him later and crucio him for his stupidity. Needless to say Harry almost caught me in the act.

It has been a little embarrassing having someone else know your inner emotions. The amount of times Harry has noticed my arousal is incalculable. He is always amused and embarrassed whenever he notices it. This causes him to blush causing me to become more aroused. The vicious cycle once continued for 30 minutes!

Harry has also sat in my office on numerous occasions offering sound advice. Though he is never there when others are, he still spends several hours in my office, as I have yet to get around to creating the hospital wing in the palace.

Currently, we are planning our day to Gringotts. What this looks like in actuality is staring at each other and prodding our emotions through the bond. We have recently discovered we can soothe the other’s emotions through the bond and are still testing it out. Deciding this is getting nowhere I bring up the topic we have been avoiding.

“Harry, Draco needs a punishment.”

He looks up slightly startled, obviously not expecting me to bring it up. He nods minutely in agreement. I also have been training my angel in how to act in front of others, particularly nobles and strangers. He has taken to the lessons quite well, though he has a harder time with table manners.
“Any suggestions?”

“Well...I don’t really know him so...what does he like and dislike? If I know those I could make a better decision.” Again Harry shows his intelligence. He feels my pride and ducks his head in embarrassment.

“He is a very spoilt person and is used to getting his own way. He loves his hair and takes great pride in his overall appearance. He hates being laughed at...” I trail off. Harry snaps his fingers in sudden thought.

“We just need to sic the twins on him! They can embarrass him and ruin his appearance all while making it look like a prank. It will also be hilarious to see.”

“Yes, and all I need to do is say what Draco attempted to do and they will punish him without being told. He will be attacked for months. Perhaps I should warn Lucius...”

“Why would they not need to be told to prank him?”

“Harry, the twins care about you. And before you say they were just being nice because of me, I know the twins better than you. They called you ‘Harrykins’. For the twins this means you are special to them in some way because they only give a silly nickname to people they care about. It is a form of endearment for them. So mentioning what happened to you will instantly put them on the attack.”

His wide eyes shows his surprise. Deeper though is the childish happiness and hope which seems to have been suppressed. I am glad the twins have decided to practically adopt Harry. I know they have no designs on him either, because George is straight and Fred prefers older, powerful men...Thus, they both will protect and attempt to be friends with Harry.

Harry hugs himself and smiles a bit before realising… “But wait, they have several silly nicknames for you. So you must be very important to them!”

“Yes, I supported their dream of opening a prank shop. It turned out very successful.”

“Wait…they own and run Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes!?!? That is one of the most successful businesses in the world!”

“I am their silent partner. In return for my help, they occasionally spy on the Order for me.”

“Wow…”

“Plus I let them pull pranks on the nobles.”

“You say nobles…”

“Yes?” I say with a raised eyebrow.

“Well….Hermione said that all the nobles are purebloods…”

“They are not. Granted majority are, but recently there have been more half-bloods and even squibs taking Lordships. Muggleborns also can have a title if they are awarded knighthood; about 10 muggleborns are now nobles because of this. I am also awarding knighthood to non-magical people, there is in fact one currently. You will meet him later.

“In the beginning I did abolish all non-magical nobles but I have recently decided to be more
inclusive of the non-magical population. So I may elevate people to a title as well as knighthood.”

“So...you used to be racist.”

“No, I used to be naive. Believing having magic made me superior. So in my youth I decided to make the division clear. I have since learnt that doing so may not have been the correct thing to do.”

“At least you learnt from it.”

“Indeed. I do believe we need to head off to Gringotts soon. Preferably just as it opens to avoid crowds.”

“And your fans!”

“-and my fans. Make sure you wear something warm.” I say, noting Harry’s less than warm clothes.

Harry rushes off to grab a robe. When he comes back he appears to be deep in thought. I raise an eyebrow at him.

“How are the Order getting funded?” He asks, somewhat abruptly changing the subject.

“Most likely they are going to a branch of the Gringotts bank in another country and using the various vaults the members have.”

“Then why don’t you freeze the accounts? If you cut off their money, they won’t be able to function properly.”

“I would but the goblins who run the bank are technically not a part of the Empire. They are somewhat a separate nation, so my title has no sway there. They only care about money so will protect a client's integrity because it benefits them to do so. If Dumbledore walked in and demanded to look at his vaults they would allow it. They treat everyone about the same, regardless of title. The only difference is in the amount of galleons they have.”

Harry nods though still seems to be thinking about something. I decide not to pester him further and hold my hand out for apparition. We apparate with Harry again falling down afterwards. I help him up, glancing around to see if anyone was around. Apart from the odd early bird shopper, the alley is empty.

“This may be a stupid question, but what are galleons?”

Ah...Harry does not know that magicals use a separate currency. “Galleons are gold coins which magical people use instead of paper money. There are also Sickles, which are silver, and Knuts, which are copper. Each muggleborn gets 1000 galleons a year for every year they go to magical school, on top of having all their school fees and equipment paid for.”

“What is the exchange rate for galleons to dollars?”

“About $300 dollars to each galleon.”

I can note the exact moment he realised the amount of money muggleborns are given. His shock echoes through the bond. “That’s $300,000 a year!”

“Yes, in total muggleborns are given about $2.1 million if they stay the full seven years. Plus there are plenty of magical jobs for muggleborns to do, so very few muggleborns end up starving.”

“I can’t believe Hermione was complaining about that! She says she was treated as inferior, despite
the fact the Empire is practically paying her to go to magical school.”

“I think she may have been incensed at the fact that most purebloods have millions of galleons, easily making them richer than everyone else. Or maybe they have access to thousands of books that she would not have access to.”

“Still...I grew up with nothing….so her arguments seem kind of frivolous.”

“She is not the most reasonable of people.”

“You’ve met her?”

I sigh. “Yes, I did meet with her once. Horrible decision. She ended up pestering me with questions, much like a reporter. I deigned to answer one, about whether I use dark magic or not, which I do. She instantly treated me like a villain who murders everyone they come across. Obviously she has been brainwashed by Dumbledore and spews out his views. I spent the rest of the meeting subtly avoiding the questions and giving ambiguous answers.”

“She lied to me….though it isn’t surprising. She said she had never met you. Perhaps she meant she couldn’t get straight answers out of you.”

“Yes, she is the type that would take a piece of information and blow it out of proportion. I can guarantee if I at any point complimented her appearance, she would have said I attempted to rape her.” I say while rolling my eyes.

“Yeah, she would definitely have done that.”

We fall into comfortable silence as we walk up to the marble white building which is Gringotts. I wonder what Harry will make of goblins?

(Harry POV)

As we walk up to the bank I note little creatures standing next to the doors. I feel slightly nervous of these goblins. Getting closer I see them in more detail…

One thought is going through my mind.

They are soo cute! They look like mini adults! So adorable. There is no reason to be nervous at all. Even the weapons and armour that these goblins are wearing is adorable.

~Tom! You should have said that goblins were so adorable!~

Tom gives me a look that says ‘What the hell are you on about?’

~Just look at them! They are like mini versions of us.~

~I have a feeling what you said is vaguely racist….~

~Tom, don’t you think they are the cutest things? Oh! I want to be friends with a goblin.~

~Harry….most find goblins ugly and terrifying creatures.~

~Do they have eyes? They are clearly some of the most adorable creatures in the world.~

We walk up the stairs past the first goblins. As we do so the goblin to the left sneers out “Your Majesty.”
-Tom! Their sneers look like a baby who is attempting to sneer. It is soo adorable.- I clutch my face to stop myself from pinching their cheeks. They may not appreciate that.

Tom is now ignoring me and strolling through the doors to the bank. I hurry to catch up, noting his exasperation and slight amusement at my antics. In the bank there are more goblins, all of which are adorable! Their beady black eyes, pointy ears and nose, slightly wrinkled face, mixed with their short stature...I have decided I want to adopt a goblin.

I think having a goblin to raise would be an amazing experience. It may help the goblins feel more included in society! Plus it would help with parenting skills....

I follow Tom to an empty cashier. The goblin behind it ignores us. I sense that Tom is feeling a bit impatient with the goblin, so I attempt to soothe his irritation to avoid a confrontation with the goblin. He smiles at me in gratitude.

Finally the goblin decides our presence is more important than the paper he was working on. “How may I help you?” He sneers out. I still think the sneer is adorable, but feel pointing this out to Tom would not be wise.

“Good morning, I was wondering whether I might see someone about the Potter accounts?”

“The accounts are on lock-down.”

“Ah...I have the Potter Heir with me now. Would that deactivate the lock-down?”

“Provided that he really is the Potter heir, yes the lock-down would deactivate.”

“Then I request a blood test to prove he is the Potter heir.”

“Very well, follow me then.” The goblin makes it sound like the last thing he wanted to do was leave his chair.

“If we are bothering you we can come back later.” I say, not wanting to disrupt him. Maybe he is working on something really important.

Both the goblin and Tom stare at me in slight shock, which confuses me.

The goblin recovers with a cough “There is no bother. Unless you are not who you say you are.”

“Technically I have not said who I am, Tom did. Besides you have not said who you are…” Trailing off I hope the goblin will tell me his name.

“Griphook.”

“Harry Potter. There, isn’t it better when you know each other’s names?”

Griphook merely grunts before indicating we should follow him.

“Most people are not very kind to goblins. You again show your rarity by doing just that.” Tom commented.

“Why would you be rude to the people who handle your money?” I ask confused. “Won’t your money end up ‘lost’ in transaction?”

I sense Griphook smirking ahead of us. Seems ‘losing’ money in transaction is quite common. The place where we are going appears to be quite far away, so I decide to bring up my plan with Tom…
~Tom, could I adopt a goblin child?~ Tom actually stops and stares at me for a few seconds.

“What!” He breathes out, shock and surprise evident on his face.

I call back to him, noticing that he is falling behind, “Keep up, Tom!”

Griphook glances my way, “You know His Majesty’s name?”

“Of course! We are getting married after all!”

Griphook appears shocked at the news. Apparently no one thought that Tom was ever going to get married. I almost giggle at the face Griphook is making. Tom materialises out of nowhere to put his arm around me. I can tell he is smirking, enjoying the shocked look on the goblin’s face.

Eventually we arrive at our destination which appears to be an office. Most things are smaller to accommodate the smaller goblins, apart from two human sized chairs.

Seated behind a desk was another goblin. Given how the sign outside says this is ‘Bloodluck’, I think this goblin is called Bloodluck.

“Take a seat.” Bloodluck gestures to the human sized chairs.

Once seated Bloodluck gets down to business. Staring straight at me he states, “You are the person claiming to be the Potter heir?”

“Yes.”

“You do realise the consequences if you are wrong.” I bite my lip nervously at this. What if I’m not the Potter heir?

Luckily Tom comes to my aid, “He is the Potter heir, I am positive.” He soothes my nerves making me feel an almost unnatural calm.

Bloodluck pulls out a dagger from his desk. Suddenly he doesn’t look so cute. “All you need to do is put three drops of blood on this paper. Any less and it won’t work.”

He gestures for me to take the knife which I do hesitantly. Tom is clearly uncomfortable with this as he looks like he is restraining himself from taking me away from here. Taking a breath I cut myself slightly and let three drops of blood fall onto the paper. The paper glows as the magic swirls around it.

Bloodluck chants softly under his breath in a language I have no hope of comprehending. Tom grabs the hand that I cut and peered at it. To my surprise it was already healed without a scratch, though Tom looked like he was expecting it. He stares at me, trying to convey his love and support without using words or facial expressions. I think it is made easier by the fact I can sense his emotions.

The goblin finishes chanting and the results start to appear. Impatiently I wait for the results, hoping that it will provide a positive answer. I don’t even want to know what would happen to me if it were wrong.

“Bloodluck, are the results in my favour?” I ask after a few minutes. He looks up, startled at hearing his name, perhaps he forgot we were in here?

“Yes, it appears you were not lying about your identity. You really are Harry Potter, the Heir to the Most Ancient and Noble house of Potter. I imagine you have other business to conduct…”
“Ah..yes. First up I think I would like to know the...um..contents of my vault..s.” I add at the goblins raised eyebrow.

“Actually, first you would need to claim Lordship.” Tom comments.

“That too.” I say in agreement.

Bloodluck sighs, “The first thing would be to deactivate lock-down on your Lordship. And….it’s gone. Right, now all you need to do is put on this ring-” He points to a ring which magically appeared. “-on your right index finger.”

I grab the ornate ring with the crest of a fancy bowl and leaves surrounding it. I consider the fact that my father probably once wore this ring, which makes me feel happy that I have a connection to him. When I put it on my index finger it shrinks to fit on my hand.

Instantly memories from many generations flood into me. It gives me knowledge of how to act like a lord and use the family magics. This memory transfer feels different from the ones from my ability, making me think this is normal for the ring to do.

“Your full name and title is now Lord Hadrian James Potter of the Ancient and Noble House of Potter. Next we can look at the state of your vaults, and why your vaults were put on lock-down in the first place.”

I can see that Tom is curious about this as well, clearly this is not something that has happened before.

“The reason your vaults were placed on lock-down was because you failed to show up when you were eleven to collect money for your school supplies. During the time before that a large sum of money and items had been taken out of your vaults, without yours or the previous Lord Potter’s permission. As such the vaults went into lock-down and all items taken were retrieved and catalogued.”

This explanation has my eyes widening. Someone attempted to steal from me. And I think it is fairly obvious who it was. I also feel Tom’s anger at the subject, he probably has also guessed who the thief is.

“Does the person who stole from me have a name beginning with ‘Dumb’?”

“Indeed. Over the years before your eleventh birthday he stole approximately 5 million galleons from your vaults. Unfortunately we have been unable to track where this money has gone so we have not been able to return it.”

Tom interjects here, “How much galleons does Harry still have?”

“Oh well over 300 million galleons. So the loss is not too detrimental. His predecessors were all wise businessmen, or at least smart in who they let make investments with. Plus the lock-down did not affect interest on the galleons.”

I am simply sitting in shock over the amount of money I have. Apparently I am a millionaire. A few weeks before I had nothing. It is incredibly shocking. I feel a slight prod on my emotions from Tom. At least I am not alone in this.

I now have a title as well apparently. I decide to ask the cute goblin, “Um..What about non-monetary items?”
“You have several vaults with books, jewelry, furniture, tapestries, portraits, a pensieve, clothes, weapons and much more, a lot of which is hidden under the sheer amount of shit you have. Unfortunately you don’t have a manor anymore as it was destroyed. Though the Potter house elves managed to salvage most of the items in the house, barring anything in the nursery.”

“Ah, yes. Harry should bond with the elves before they starve.” Tom suggests.

I panic slightly at the thought that someone was starving because of me. I didn’t want anyone to go through what I went through.

Bloodluck summons the elves. About 11 or so sick-looking elves appear. They instantly recognise me.

“The master’s son has returned.”

“Are you our new master?”

“The master has come to save us!”

They all clamour at once. Their high squeaky voices hurt my ears and all the attention is scaring me a little.

An older elf steps forward and says “Calm down, you is overwhelming the master!” The elves retreat behind the old elf, who is clearly the leader. “Young master we is here to offer our services to the next generation of Potters. I am Lippy, the head house elf, as I was to your father and his father.”

“Um….I accept the bonding terms and accept you all once again into the service of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter.” A silver glow shines between me and the elves showing the acceptance of the bond. The elves look a lot healthier now, less like they are going to drop dead if pushed.

“What can wes be doing for the master?” A younger house elf asks, looking hopeful.

“Um...well...I don’t have a house...and um...I am currently living with my fiance, Tom, who already has house elves...” I wonder aloud. “How about you do an inventory of all of the things in my vaults and um...tidy it? Or organise it?” I say unsure whether I am doing it correctly. I find it awkward allocating chores considering how I used to be doing all the chores.

The elves pop away giving me an exaggerated bow. Tom seems amused by my non-orders and the reaction of the elves. I almost want to throw something at him.

“Oh! I want to give my fiance access to my vaults.” I state, enjoying the shocked looks from both Bloodluck and Tom.

“That is not necessary, my angel. I have more than enough money.”

“But it’s not the money I am talking about, it is the books and other items which you may like. After all, you have given so much to me, I must give something back.” I sense Tom’s happiness and am relieved he took my idea so well.

“If you are allowing access to your vaults I shall do the same.”

“Tom-”

“You are my future consort. I already had planned to do this, so no arguments.” I almost pout at Tom. “Darling, you may still use your vaults for money. But my ancestor had a great many
belongings which I have not put to use. Perhaps you can.”

“Then you shall need to speak with your account manager. Are you finished conducting business here?”

“Um...Well I would like to be kept updated on the state of my finances.”

“And on his liquid assets.”

Bloodluck pulls out a ledger from his desk. “This is a self-updating ledger. It will show any expenses and in-going money. Any shares are shown in this ledger as well. I imagine you would also like a way to access your money without going into your vaults?”

“Ah..yes. That would be useful.”

“How about a pouch which will give you direct access to your money just by requesting an amount?”

“That sounds fantastic. How do I...um..exchange it?”

The goblin gives an exaggerated sigh “Merely specify that you wish for dollars rather than galleons. Now, if that is all I shall have someone escort you to Ragnorak, your majesty’s…. account manager.” He says with a sneer clearly incensed about having to say Tom’s title. I doubt the goblins have much love for Tom and his Empire. Probably because they wouldn’t like to be ruled by a human. I can somewhat understand that.

“Thank you, Bloodluck. I shall keep in contact.” I say with a bow. I saw someone do this once in a TV show. It seems to be a really respectful thing to do...especially to my account manager.

Bloodluck’s shocked face is so cute! I really hope I could adopt a goblin child. I wonder if they would be smaller than a human baby? As I contemplate how big goblin children are another goblin enters to lead us to Tom’s account manager. I pick up the ledger and pouch before bowing to Bloodluck and giving my goodbyes. He looks at me strangely as we leave.

~You are still not considering adopting a goblin child are you?~

~Maybe...~

~My angel, I am not even certain if it is possible.~

I huff. ~Well I have to try!~

We arrive at an office that is far more ornate than the previous. On a sign it says ‘Goblin Leader Ragnorak’.

“Tom...did you ask the leader of the goblins to be your account manager?”

“Maybe....”

“I can tell why they don’t like you.”

He sighs, “I used to believe that goblins were inferior. But they are much better at magic than most wizards, so maybe I was a little jealous. Perhaps it also had to do with the fact that they had knowledge I could not access. Or they refused to accept my rule. Either way I burnt my bridges with the goblins within a few years of my reign and am unlikely to make new ones.”
I nod at Tom’s explanation. He sounds like he was really racist when he was younger. Silly Tom!

We enter the room to see an irritated goblin sneering at Tom mostly.

“Good morning, Ragnorak.” Tom says. The goblin glares at him before turning to look at me curiously.

“Good morning, Your majesty. Who might the man next to you be?”

“Lord Hadrian James Potter,” At my introduction I bow to the goblin, causing him to stare suspiciously at me, “He is my future husband and consort.”

Ragnorak’s eyebrows raise at the admission. “Is that so?”

“Yes, now if you are not too busy I wonder whether I might allow him access to my vaults.”

“That is a simple task so yes, I have time.”

Speaking up for the first time I ask “Are you the leader of the goblins?”

“Yes, maybe your fiance would do well to remember that.” Again he glares at Tom.

“So you are in charge of all goblin affairs.” I sense Tom’s unease.

“Indeed.”

“Does this include all the vaults in any of the Gringotts branches?” I feel Tom relax slightly when he realises I was not going to ask to adopt a goblin child. I resist the urge to smirk at Tom. All in due time, my love, all in due time.

“Yes…”

“Well I was wondering whether you could freeze certain accounts..?”

“No. That would be betraying the integrity of our clients.”

“But you could still do it?”

“Potentially yes…But…”

“It would be betraying their integrity. I understand. But the man I am thinking of is the Leader of the Order…his treason will not go unpunished.”

“I see…what does this have to do with me?”

“Well freezing his accounts would be a great way to assist in his capture. After all if he has no money, he will get desperate. Doing this will be a great service to the Empire.”

Tom feels slightly panicked, thinking I made a mistake. He is trying to prod me in order to get me to stop. “Why should I care about a thing like that?” Ragnorak sneers at me.

“Hmmm…is Dumbledore the last in his line…?” I ask innocently.

Ragnorak’s eyes narrow further. Still looks adorable though! “Yes.”

“Well then. We both know that Dumbledore is likely to get the death penalty once he is caught. So...What will happen to all his money and assets when he is dead?”
“I’m listening.”

“Such a shame for that all that money to go to waste...but if someone were to say freeze the accounts...the money will naturally fall into interested parties hands. After all if he is caught with his assets intact, any wills would be void and once he is dead the assets must be seized by the Empire...but...if his assets were frozen beforehand...” I trail off, hoping the goblin will follow along.

“If we freeze his account beforehand...?” He prompts.

“You will naturally get compensation...I’m thinking a 60/40 split in your favour.”

I see the greed in his beady little eyes. “70/30 and you have a deal.” Thinking I would back down.

I say without hesitation. “Deal.” I shake his hand to signify the acceptance of the contract. Tom obviously approves as well as his pride and...lust is easily felt. Tom don’t make me embarrassed at a time like this!

“What should we say if we are asked why his assets are frozen. He hasn’t been convicted of any crimes that we know of.”

“You have frozen his account pending an investigation into the theft of 5 million galleons. Naturally this was brought to your attention and you felt that justice must be served. So you decided to help law enforcement by freezing his assets to help prove whether it is true or not. If it does end up being true you will look like a fierce justice seeker, if he manages to weasel his way out of it, you may claim that you merely wanted to check.” I explain.

He has a bloodthirsty smirk on his face. “So he decided to steal from Gringotts, eh?”

“Should you need proof my account manager, Bloodluck, will have all the evidence you need. As an extra little tidbit...if any order members happen to get themselves captured, you may receive advanced warning from an anonymous source...”

“And we shall be able to freeze and seize their accounts.” The smirk on Ragnorak’s face has gone shark like.

“Yes, perhaps these ones will be for an extra percentage on the Empire’s part for our generosity...?”

The goblin laughs. I resist the urge to squeal at the cuteness. “Of course! This shall be 60/40 split.” He turns to a smirking Tom, “I approve of your future consort. He is a very good choice for you.”

I blush at the praise.

“Indeed, I shall have to bring him along again sometime.” Tom comments, smirking at my blushing face.

“It is a brilliant plan he has come up with. I shall look forward to any more plans he comes up with in the future. Especially if they have such benefits as these. Who knows? It could lead to a more profitable alliance between the Empire and Goblin Nation.”

Tom and I left the office and I noted he was feeling awfully smug. At least he was also feeling gratitude and pride at my actions, or else he may have come across as more arrogant than he already is. I still don’t understand why he is feeling lust though.

I understood perfectly a few moments later when he pushed me against the wall and proceeded to kiss me. Within a few seconds his tongue was in my mouth, showing his gratitude. I groan as arousal
shoots down my spine. I try to move my tongue against Tom, to which he moans and presses more against my body.

I can feel his arousal against my stomach, causing me to moan at the feeling. The arousal, lust and love I sense coming from Tom merely adds to my own. One of his arms which he was using to trap me against the wall was slowly making a journey down to my chest. The intense kiss is leaving me breathless.

When we heard a noise down the corridor we reluctantly broke apart. I am very embarrassed at what we did, but Tom only feels smugness and love for me. We slowly catch our breaths before making our way out of the bank.

As we reach the entrance, I see that it is completely packed. Alarmed, Tom maneuvers us to an apparation point.

~I hope they didn’t see us.~ He whispers, feeling panicked.

~Tom let’s just go home now. I am tired.~ Tom feels happy at my admission that his palace is my home. It almost surprised myself at how easily it came out of my mouth. Though I suppose it is true, it is the place Tom and I live together. Even if it is ginormous and I constantly get lost and that is just in the private wing!

Tom apparates us back to his palace, allowing me to relax from the eventful trip.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I am considering letting Harry adopt a goblin child. If you don't want this to happen, tell me. If enough people don't want it then it will not happen.

*Ignore the next paragraph if you don't care about exchange rates*

Also the exchange rate for galleons to dollars (pounds, whatever) is really fucked in canon. Apparently it is like 5 pounds to each galleon. If galleons are solid gold muggleborns could buy these coins for 5 pounds and sell them for greater amount. So in this I made it so each galleon is worth about $300 (I used dollars as it could be the international currency.). This is based on research I did myself into the approximate price of gold in USD. Last time I checked it was about $1,200 per ounce (troy). Each of these ounces is about 31 grams (ish). I assumed the weight of one coin was 8 grams, based on my currency. So 4 galleons is about $1,200. Or one galleon is $300.
I've Got the Magic in Me

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter we would have got a better definition of what dark magic is. Just saying it is 'dark' or 'evil' is not sufficient enough.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~

*Thoughts in mind link*

Chapter 18:

(Tom POV)

“I am afraid, Lucius, that your son is going to die-”

“What!?!? Your Majesty, please….”

“-after all the twins are going to be pranking them for the next few months.”

“Anything but that! What has he done to allow such treatment?”

I pin Lucius with a death glare, magic surrounding me angrily. “I told you Lucius, you needed to control your heir better. He has almost done something unforgivable.”

“What has he done?” Lucius asks with resignation.

“He has attempted to sexually assault my fiance. I think that warrants punishment.”

Lucius’ eyes widen in horror. “Why would my son do such a thing!?! Sexually assaulting anyone would bring a stain on the Malfoy name.”

Of course Lucius was more concerned with his family’s reputation than what the affect his son’s actions have on the victim.

“I am worried about your lack of care for my fiance.”

“Oh….shit..Well I am sorry he assaulted your fiance.” One problem is that I could never tell whether Lucius was genuine or not without breaching his mind. I give a slight probe to find his sincerity.

“Good. You realise nothing you say will prevent his punishment. I am merely informing you so you do not seek retribution against the twins.”

“I may include some extra punishments myself.”

“Yes, ensure that in the future no incidents like this happen again. The punishment will be death. Extremely painful death preceded by torture.”
Lucius gulps.

“You are dismissed.”

“Your majesty.” Lucius bows before leaving. A few moments later Harry walks through the door.

“Tom, why did Lucius look like he was trying not to cry when he left your office? You weren’t bullying him were you?” He says with a teasing smile.

“I informed him of his son’s imminent torture. He did not take the news well.”

“He wouldn’t. I hope the twins don’t do anything to hospitalise Draco….I think I would have trouble facing him. I don’t know whether I would even bother healing him.”

“Come here,” I announce sensing Harry’s sadness. He shuffles over seeming unsure and awkward. Sick of it I pull him into my lap and rub soothing circles onto his back.

He was initially startled with my move, but soon relaxed again. All thoughts of Draco leave our minds as we take comfort in each other. We explore our bond further getting impressions of the other’s thoughts. It has been a busy few days.

We have barely seen anything of each other. I have been finishing the paperwork I had on my desk and Harry has been setting up the hospital wing. We have only seen each other at meals. I long for more time to spend with him.

“Love, I wonder whether I might teach you magic again.”

“Hmm…” Comes his hummed reply.

“We could remove one of the blocks on your magic as well…”

“Mhmm..” Another hum of agreement.

“Possibly train your ability more so you can access memories better…” And Harry is asleep on my lap.

Sighing, I allow it, remembering his lack of sleep last night. He awoke with a nightmare about his whale uncle beating him. I was alerted immediately and attempted to calm him down. It took him 2 hours of comforting touches and words for him to calm down. Even then it did not look like he was getting anymore sleep, though he forced me back to bed saying “Emperors have to get their sleep or else they will be grumpy; and grumpy Emperors yell at their subjects and annoy the crap out of their fiances.”

Despite last night’s nightmare, Harry has been adjusting nicely. He is able to relax a lot more in the palace and has managed to venture into the public wing a few times.

The day after the Gringotts trip was an emotional one for Harry. His elves had finished sorting through his vaults and discovered an entire batch of memories for Harry from his parents. Naturally he was thrilled and finally saw the faces of his parents for the first time since he could remember.

The memories showed Lily and James’ wedding, Lily’s pregnancy and the first few months of Harry’s life. He loved viewing the memories as they brought him closer to people he has never known. The final memory was a discussion James and Lily had about the Order and Dumbledore. Lily believed that Dumbledore knew about them being spies. It shows how they feared for their lives and their son. In it they discuss how they are going to keep Harry safe and important information
which they needed to get to me. This proved once and for all that I was telling the truth to Harry and Dumbledore was more than likely responsible for their deaths.

In addition to the memories it was discovered that they did get around to making a portrait of themselves. Though Harry has been unable to view it because something about the sticking charms sticking it to each portrait? Regardless, that should soon be resolved and Harry will be able to have a conversation with his parents.

After viewing the memories Harry felt obligated to ask me about my parents. An extremely awkward conversation ensued. “What about your parents, Tom? You have never told me about them.” I told him that my mother died in childbirth, to which Harry was completely sympathetic to. I attempted to evade questions about my father, to no avail. I tried to get away with saying that he was murdered, but Harry picked up the fact that I was the one who did it.

This prompted the discussion on why. I admitted I felt no guilt over my father’s death. He abandoned me, and left me in that hellhole. Harry understood on some level, though he expressed the belief that I did not have to kill him.

Cradling Harry closer to me I breathe in his scent. Harry has gained a few pounds over the week he has been at the palace, meaning he is no longer likely to blow away in the breeze.

I stare at his body, noting the dirt under his fingernails. Seems he got around to exploring the garden.

Sensing that Harry was stirring I shift slightly. He groans a bit.

“Get more comfortable. You’re an awful pillow.” he mumbles.

I chuckle at his words. “Well it does not help that my legs are asleep.”

“Make them un-asleep.”

“I am afraid I cannot as ‘un-asleep’ is not a word.”

I get a light smack for my humour. Deciding that Harry should probably get up I shake him in order to wake him up. He eventually does getting up and allowing me to feel my legs again.

“Do you want me to teach you magic?”

“Yes! Let’s go!” Harry rushes off in excitement before returning a few moments later with a sheepish look, “Where are we going?”

“The dueling room.”

“Mhmm...and where is that?”

“Next to the blue living room.” I say while smirking.

“Tom! That isn’t helpful.”

“It appears I am an awful pillow and helper….” I wonder thoughtfully. “Anyway, I shall lead you to the dueling room myself, since you cannot remember the location.”

He raises an eyebrow, “And who’s fault is it that there are too many rooms in your massive palace?”

I ignore his question. “Come, my angel.” I present my arm for him to hold. He rolls his eyes at me.
“Why am I forced to act like the girl all the time in this relationship?” He moans.

I decide not to comment, feeling anything I answer with will make Harry mad at me. We make it to the dueling room which is as big as a ballroom.

I activate some of the enchantments, meaning that any magical damage is limited to this room. Leading Harry to the centre of the room I think of what we should do first.

“Harry, can you remove the block on your magic yourself or do you require my assistance.”

“Um, I think I can do it. But maybe you could guide me…?”

“It will be easier if you sit down.” Harry sits on the ground. “Now have you ever meditated before?”

“Once or twice.”

“Do you think you could do it on your own?”

“Yes.” Harry gets in a comfortable position and starts evening out his breathing.

“Right, focus on the sound of my voice, okay?” Harry briefly nods. “In order to reach your magical core and remove a block safely you need to first go through your mind. While you are there you may want to think up protections to guard your mind, but we do not need to do that now.”

“No, we have to do it now that you have mentioned it.” I withheld a sigh, knowing that his decision just made the process a whole lot longer and complicated. Gathering my patience...and a chair I get settled in for the next instructions.

“Are you in your mindscape?”

“I think so.” Harry states unsure.

“Describe it for me.”

“Um...well it’s like a giant black pit with a few small spots of light.” Brief pause. “I can summon the light...apparently. Is this normal?”

“Everyone has a different mindscape. Yours may be this way because of your ability. Can you enter the orb of light?”

“Yes...I am in Lucius’ memories. Oh...he had a pink toy pony named Sparkles and it was his favourite.”

“Excellent. I may use this information later.”

Harry smirks. “There is plenty of dirt on him, so you will have plenty of blackmail material.”

“Now that you are in your mindscape you need to find your memories.”

“Done.”

“Okay, you need to add protections around them. It may help to build a structure in order to protect them. You may also want to do this for the other sets of memories you have.”

Harry gives a determined nod and presumably starts to occlude his mind. He could in reality be fantasising about defeating a dragon...or sex.
After 10 minutes of nothing from Harry who is clearly focused on whatever he is doing, I decide to alleviate my boredom. Summoning a few books I settle into read.

5 and a half books later Harry finally speaks. “Tom, I am done with protecting my mind. What’s the next step?”

Unfortunately for him I was halfway through a chapter and was, therefore, preoccupied.

“Tom…?”

“One moment.” I mumble, engrossed in the novel about a turtle animagus who was stuck as a turtle for a year through stupidity.

“You’re reading aren’t you.”

Closing the book, I correct him, “No I am not.”

“You definitely were……never mind, just tell me the next step.”

“I want you to try and see if there are any marked paths, or roads, or something that clearly lead somewhere else.”

“Um…there is this river that seems to be flowing away from my mind.”

“Follow it. It should lead you to your magical core.”

It takes until I have finished the 6th book for him to reach it.

“I am in an area with a few ponds that connect to the river and a slightly larger one that is covered in fog.”

“The fog represents the blocks you have, no doubt. To get rid of some of it just imagine it dispelling, or going away.”

I can tell he is following my advice when the magical pressure Harry is exerting increases dramatically. This causes my own magic to almost sing, confusing me again.

Then with a little snap a flood of magic flows out from Harry. The instant it connects with mine the bond opens fully. My consciousness is pulled into Harry’s core placing me right beside him.

“Why hello there! Didn’t expect to see you pop in.” Harry remarks cheerfully, unphased with the turn of events.

I gaze at my surroundings taking in the mini ponds which denote Harry’s bloodline abilities, the slightly larger on which shows Harry’s unique ability and the now vast ocean that represents Harry’s magical core. I can still see many patches of fog on the sea, but it appears to me that most of the blocks on Harry are gone.

I turn to Harry to smile at him, happy that such a burden is now off his shoulders. “You have done well Harry. Perhaps you should also show me your mindscape.”

“Doesn’t that defeat the purpose of building the protections if I am going to show you through anyway?”

“Yes, but I should be able to access your mind from my own now that your magic is released. It will also work both ways, allowing you access into my mind. Besides, I want to make sure you have
adequate protection against mental attacks.”

Humming in agreement, Harry leads me on a tour through his mind.

“I made the place that houses my memories to be a castle. The part you can see is a false part with lots of traps, guards and dead ends. None of my memories are stored there. They are all in the underground part which is a mirror image, almost, of the castle. Though the protections are in different places. The same can be said for the little houses outside the castle, which hold the memories I have from other people. The entire thing has a wall around it and a moat. I left room for more houses and all the houses are directly connected to my memories through hidden passageways, allowing me to access their memories easier.”

“Very good. Later on you may add additional protection outside the walls and faux villages and castles to trick invaders.”

“Of course what I have is never going to be enough. I imagine you are still adding extra protections ‘just in case’.”

“Naturally. You can never be truly finished guarding your mind. I may teach you how to add subconscious people in your mind to further protect it and to make thinking and memorising more efficient. Though that will be later. Now, we need to leave here so I may teach you more magic. And possibly get some food.” I add the last bit noting that I am quite hungry.

“Well…..how do we do that?”

I roll my eyes at Harry before grabbing him and exiting his mind.

“Shit…that was similar to apparation.” Harry lies sprawled out on the ground, whilst I am standing poised, looking for all the world as if I were a model posing for a photoshoot. Harry got up from the ground with little difficulty, ignoring the hand I offer to him as help.

Once we exited we both noticed how our magic was acting. Harry’s seemed to be acting like a puppy, enjoying freedom and curiously poking my magic before retreating. My magic appears to be acting like an amused predator, like a panther. It soaks up any touch it receives from Harry’s magic and seems to delight in chasing it when it runs away. When my magic appears to finally captures Harry’s it has a distinct protective, possessive and dominant feel to it mixed in with love. Harry’s responds with equal love and possessiveness as mine, but with a more submissive approach. We both decide to ignore the weirdness of our magic and discuss it later.

“Speaking of apparation, I think that will be the first magic skill I shall teach you.” Harry groans, to which I smirk. He can be really adorable when upset.

After explaining the basics of apparation to him and demonstrating how to do it, I leave Harry to it, sitting in the chair and eating lunch. My angel appears to get the concept fine and manages to apparate after a few attempts. He still appears to get nauseous and often stumbles and falls. Both me and my magic find it amusing, which is causing Harry and his magic to pout slightly.

Throughout this I notice the bond has grown significantly with the release of Harry’s magic. I believe this is because before my magic was mostly sustaining the bond and helping it grow. Now both our magic is contributing equally to the bond, allowing for rapid growth. I am now able to enter Harry’s mind, which I am using currently to give tips to him.

Soon Harry is able to apparate without falling on his face so I allow him a break to eat.

During the meal I comment, *You have done well. Soon you will be apparating with as much grace
as I do.*

*Of course you would praise yourself while complimenting me.*

*You have noticed our bond has gotten stronger*

*Yes, I can sense your surface thoughts and could tell you were trying not to laugh at my failure.*

*At least I tried*

Harry huffs, not impressed in the least.

*Harry, may I test the bond to see whether I can access Lucius’ memories.*

*Sure. If you succeed you will find it very entertaining…*

I delve into Harry’s mind glancing over his memories, attempting to find the entrance to Lucius’. I spot it after a minute of searching. The contents almost have me burst out laughing. It appears he has a love for candy floss that borders on obsession. Ignoring his fantasies and any memories pertaining to sex, I come along a gold mine of blackmail material. This will set me up for months!

Smirking, I exit the memories. I vaguely notice Harry checking out my butt, though I do not see the point in mentioning it.

Until he said this. “Tom, I am concerned your demon tail is showing. You must have something devious afoot.”

“I do not have a demon tail!”

I feel a faint tingling. “Don’t worry Tom. Now you do!”

Irritated I swish my newly acquired tail. Deciding payback is in order I send a spell at him. He soon grows beautiful white wings from his back. Unfortunately, or fortunately from my point of view, the wings rip through the shirt he is wearing. This gives me a nice look at his vaguely muscled chest before he covers it in embarrassment.

“Tom!” He yelps, I continue leering at him. He attempts to cover his chest better.

*Stop looking at me like that!*

*Why? Now you look even more like an angel! How could I not stare at you?*

His embarrassment rises, making his cheeks and neck bright red.

~Simply ravishing…~

Harry splutters to cover up his embarrassment before changing the subject. “Tom, you destroyed my shirt.”

“Now we shall need to go shopping!”

I hear a resounding in my mind which seems to be echoed by an unknown force as well as the increased feelings of dread and horror.

“I would accept going shopping with me. Otherwise you will be going shopping with the Ladies of the nobility. They are notorious for dragging out the shopping trips over days.”
Harry relents, though expresses the desire for it to be over in under 4 hours. I concede mainly as it would be bad for Harry’s health to spend too long standing and walking around.

I continue teaching Harry magic for an hour or so before calling it quits for the day. We are both so exhausted we do not even realise we never cancelled out the spells on each other. When we go to bed that night, we still have them on. Harry decides to sleep in the same bed as me citing that I “need to improve my pillow skills.”

I realise Harry just does not want to be alone tonight after his nightmare the previous night. I do not call him out on it, though. We falls asleep embracing each other, my tail wrapped possessively around his waist, and his wings provided a warm cocoon for the both of us.

Chapter End Notes

Time frame: Tom reads 5 novel length books in 2 hours. He is a ridiculously fast reader. I am jealous.

Extra: Oops. I forgot the formatting would be a problem. Here is the actual chapter.
Harry Meets His Parents

Chapter Notes

Harry now has the much needed interaction with his parents!

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter he would have known more about his parents. Rather than frequently told he looks like his father and has the same eyes as his mother.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~Parseltongue~
(POV Change/Time skip)
*Thoughts through mind link*

Chapter 19:

(Harry POV)

That morning we woke up realising we still had additional body parts and were very aroused...Needless to say it was an awkward awakening. We removed the additional body parts before I rushed back to my bathroom to relieve myself.

Then a little later in the morning we went on the planned shopping trip. I got enough robes, shirts, trousers, shorts, kimonos, shoes and other clothes to sink several ships. They must weigh several tonnes in total! Luckily I had a small team of house elves to assist me in putting all the clothes away, so I didn’t spend eternity sorting clothes.

The elves also helped me sort through the jewelry as well, though the necklace from the pier took pride of place. I wear it occasionally to annoy Tom. It works every time.

Tom had to go to his office because he had more paperwork. Or maybe to get away from my whining about shopping. I check up on him every so often and make sure he is actually doing work rather than procrastinating. He appears to be taking his work seriously, which is good. It means more time he can spend with me.

I help assist the gardeners in the greenhouse for a little while. I love relaxing with the plants, they bring a sense of calm with them. The calming feeling I got from the plants distracted me so I did not notice someone behind me until they cleared their throat.

Attempting to calm my racing heart from the sudden sound, I reach out to the person standing behind me with magic. It tells me that the person is male and around my age. I slowly turn around to face him, noticing he is quite handsome in a kind of roguish way. But when he starts speaking it is clear that his nature does not match his looks.

“Um...Hi...er..could you...umm..I mean...I need to get..ah..through. If it’s no trouble.” He stutters out.

“Oh..um sure.” I stand up quickly, unknowingly knocking the pot the man was holding. This caused him to drop it on the ground, instantly shattering it.
“Oh! I am soo sorry! I didn’t mean to!” I rush out hoping the so far gentle man would not be mad and beat me. I feel a soothing feeling come over me from Tom preventing panic taking over, though my nerves are still present.

“No! No..it’s okay! It’s an easy fix.” The man pulls out a wand and says “Reparo.” A beam of light flows from the wand and as it hits the broken pot it begins to mend it. Soon the pot is without a crack. The man picks it up.

“Oh, sorry...I haven’t introduced myself...um.. My name is Neville Longbottom...I am the heir to the Most Ancient and Noble House of Longbottom. May I know your name?”

“Um...I am Lord Hadrian Potter, of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter.”

“Potter? I thought they were all dead after the….Sorry am I upsetting you?”

“My parents died then, yes. But I did not.”

“Why were you not at Hogwarts then?”

“That story is long and complicated. I shall leave you to your plants.” I bow before leaving the greenhouse.

I ask Tom, *Is that the Neville who is a carrier?*

*Yes.*

*He somehow doesn’t look like it*

*Of course he does not. Being a carrier does not mean you are a petite or feminine male. Most look like normal males. I even once met a bodybuilder who was a carrier. So body shape does not denote whether you are a carrier or not. Your body shape is mainly because of the malnutrition.*

*Are you a carrier then?*

*No.*

Changing the subject I ask *How close are you to finishing work?*

*A few more files. Why?*

I blush, not wanting to admit to Tom that I miss him. After all I just saw him this morning. I think Tom picked up on my reasoning anyway.

*I should be finished in a few minutes. How about you wait in one of the living rooms and I will find you?*

*Okay.*

I go into the only living room that I can remember the location of. It is a nice green room which the colour of reminds me of plants outside and because of that, relaxes me. A few moments later, Gritty, one of my house elves, pops in.

“Master Harry sir,” I almost sigh at the name. I tried to get them to call me just Harry. Who knew it was going to be a lost cause. “We has managed to free the old mistress and master’s portrait. What’s would youse want us to do now?”
My parent’s portrait! Luckily Tom walks in at this point, my magic going to greet him. It bounced around him excitedly, interacting with Tom’s magic playfully. Both me and the elf smile at the display of magic.

“Tom, my parent’s portrait has been freed from the sticking charms. Um...I was wondering whether I could put it somewhere in the palace...”

“Certainly, but I would prefer they were not in your bedroom.”

“Why?”

“Do you think your parents will allow me to have sex with you if they were near the bedroom? They may not even allow us to sleep in the same bed. If they permit us to have sex, do you really want them to watch?”

“You have many good points.”

“How about this room? Especially as it is the only living room you can find.” Damn! I forgot he could read my thoughts….wait.

*No, do continue, it is highly amusing.*

*Leave my poor thoughts alone!*

“You agree that this room would be best though?” He says aloud so as not to confuse the elf.

I nod, thinking they might like the relaxing atmosphere. Of course, I have no idea whether they would like that. But most people would so…

“Gritty, would you please get my parent’s portrait and put it...” I trail off gazing for a place to put it in this room.

“Put it over the fireplace and move the painting there currently into storage.” Tom finishes for me.

Gritty bows, grabs the painting currently on the wall and pops away. I nervously sit on the couch, awaiting the first meeting with my parents. Tom sits next to me offering support.

Gritty pops back with the portrait and carefully places it on the bare wall. Once the portrait is settled my parents appear.

Lily, my mother, has beautiful red hair and the same emerald eyes as me. She is quite a muscular women and is surprisingly tall. James, my dad, has the same midnight black hair as me and hazel eyes hidden behind round glasses. Their eyes both fall on me at the same time.

James narrows his eyes before he asks “Harry?”

My eyes fill with tears, “Dad?”

“It is you Harry! You look so much like us.”

“He has your hair and my eyes.”

“At least he didn’t inherit my eyesight.”

“It’s nice to finally meet you.” I say, breaking up their discussion.
They look pensive at this. “So we are dead.” Mum states.

I nod. The sombre mood of the meeting is making me feel uncomfortable. Tom offers his support through the bond, preventing me from bursting into tears.

My mother was the first to notice the other person in the room. She blinks before bowing, which looks strange through a portrait. “Your majesty. What are you doing here?”

“This is my palace.”

“Why aren’t we in Potter Manor?” James ventures.

“It was destroyed the night you died.”

“Oh….”

Lily smiles at me, “Harry, how old are you now? 15? 14?”

Oh shit... “Um...I’m actually 19…”

“Really? You look a lot younger…” James says unthinkingly.

“James, our baby has been abused.” Lily says bluntly. I don’t even know how she guessed that from the little interaction we had.

“You always were intelligent, Lily.” Tom comments.

“Wh-How did this happen!?!?” James points an accusing finger at Tom. “Don’t you have safety measures in place to prevent this?” He almost shouts.

“I do. It is hard to catch such things when it is happening illegally. I have recently discovered that the people who had Harry did not even have the proper documentation. No birth certificate, passport, adoption papers. Nothing. Not even forged ones. Not until he went to school, and then all the documents were put under notice-me-not charms. So how exactly was the system I have in place supposed to pick up the abuse when Harry was pretty much a ghost?”

“And who had him?” Mum asks in a dangerous tone.

“I believe it was your sister.”

“Dumbledore obviously left him there.” Mum states with certainty. “He knew what kind of person she was, so wanted him beaten down and abused. Probably to complete the prophecy.” Looking at Tom she expands. “We, at the time, thought the prophecy was a bunch of bull, but clearly Dumbledore believed in it enough to act on it.”

“Which gives it power, even if it is fake.” Tom continues.

Dad decided all this talk was pissing him off so announced, “I think we should change the subject before I find a way to resurrect myself and rip Dumbledore to shreds.”

“James, one might wonder how you survived as a spy for so long. You have absolutely no subtlety. Honestly, Gryffindors!” Mum says shaking her head fondly.

*Um...what is she on about?*

*Gryffindor is a house at Hogwarts, James was in this house. Gryffindors generally are brave and
chivalrous. Your mother, however, was in Slytherin, which used to be seen as the enemy of Gryffindor. Slytherins are usually cunning and ambitious.*

*I still have no idea what the hell she is talking about.*

*Never mind.*

“Um...hello? Oh good, you two just blanked out on us for a bit. I was concerned something has happened.” James babbles. I am touched he is worried for me.

“Is Harry living with you, your majesty?” Lily asks.

“Yes.” He looks at me with love in his eyes, magic protectively wrapping around me. I almost blush at the intensity. Lily looks at both of us confused, while James looks like he lost the plot years ago and is obliviously staring at us.

Lily says, “Until he gets a new place.” Dad nods.

We share a look. *Shit! Tom we won’t be able to conceal this from my parents. It’s only a matter of time before mum figures it out!* *Calm, love, they should take the news well. They will be happy for you.*

“Um...mum, dad, Tom is my fiance.”

Lily stares shell shocked at us, either from Tom finally getting married or the fact that I am marrying the emperor. James appears to be a little slow on the uptake and asks, “Who?”

Tom stares amused at James before deciding to give him a hint. In the form of a kiss. I think he should give out more hints like this as it should keep his fangirls away.

Dad is then sputtering alongside mum, making them quite the pair. Lily is the first to regain the ability to speak. “Your majesty is marrying my baby?” She whispers still shocked.

The impact of her words is broken by my dad’s gasped out question “Your name is Tom?!?!?”

“That’s what you focus on, James?” Lily says exasperated.

“Well, yeah. It was fairly obvious that they were in love from the get go. It seems reasonable that they would be getting married. I am glad that Harry is of age though. I am far more interested in the fact His Majesty has such a normal sounding name. I always thought it was going to be some ridiculous pureblood name.”

My dad just proved to me he was more intelligent than he seemed. I find it funny how he could say something stupid and smart at the same time.

Lily stares bewildered at her husband. “You need to show your intelligence more often. It is quite the turn on.” She finishes with a flirtatious smirk on her face, before advancing on James.

*I didn’t need to know that!* *Ah..yes. Enchanted portraits can still have sex...so perhaps we should leave...* *Agreed.* My parents are so focused on each other that they don’t notice us leave the room.

“Was the meeting to your liking?”
“Yes...though I will still need to talk with them more on a later date. They should know more about my life and I want to know more about theirs. Before and after they were married.”

“Hmm..After lunch I may need your assistance in my office with a few things.”

“Sure.” I let the meeting with my parents invigorate me for the rest of the day. Being able to talk with them has made me feel lighter than air. I seem to have a silly smile on my face at random intervals.

I am really enjoying life in the palace. I have Tom, my parents and I am treated better than I ever have been before.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, in a few chapters Harry and Tom will be reading fanmail. This will mainly deal with their wedding...but if you want to send mail to them you can put it in a comment. Just use the normal Dear _____ and Sincerely Yours; so I can tell comments from the mail. Also these cannot mention plot events as such because they may wonder how the hell you know this. (Unless you claim you are a seer....or something.)

If you want more information you may ask me....but if you don't want to/care ignore everything here!
Plans are made

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter, I would have put in more about the founders of Hogwarts. They seem more important than they actually are in the books.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

(POV Change/Time skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Thoughts through bond*

Chapter 20:

(Harry POV)

The end of November passed quickly, as did the month December. I barely had time to acknowledge it, especially since I started working in the new Hospital wing.

Poppy did end up coming to help me learn magical healing. It was really difficult in the beginning. I could barely heal a paper cut! Luckily, Poppy was really supportive and helped me understand everything. Tom was no help though. He apparently never found it necessary to learn healing magic, stating that he would “Leave it to the professionals.”

I was also learning normal magic as well with Tom. He is really supportive while teaching me, disguising the fact he is giving me a lot of things to work on. He’s kind of a task master….but it isn’t really a bad thing. After all he is trying to cram 7 years of magical education in as short a time as possible. He also says that he may move onto more specialised magic fields like ancient runes, dark and light magic and arithmancy, but we need to be less busy to get onto that.

We also worked on my ability a bit. Sometimes he would take me on small dates to get me outside the palace. They were a nice change of atmosphere and allowed us to spend alone time together that wasn’t just working or teaching. I used this time to glean information from the serving staff and other patrons. Tom found he could look at the memories as they were being transferred. Doing this he could time how long it took for me to absorb a person’s memories. It is about 30 second of contact. He was able to soothe any pain I get from the rapid transfer as well, which meant I could do more before I faint or collapse.

During this time I also discovered it has to be skin on skin contact only. Which means I can touch other’s clothing just fine, and vice versa.

Another thing is that I have discovered it is fun to watch others being pranked. Draco has had a rough few weeks under the hands of the twins. On the few occasions I have seen him, he always had at least 1 prank on him. Once he was completely purple. Another, he had two extra arms. Is it bad that I want to hurt him more for what he did?

I want someone to make him bleed, to make him feel the terror he put me through. I want him to realise how much better his life was to mine, for him to change his ways and not waste the chance he has with his family. For him to appreciate his life so as to stop him from being a spoilt brat. I want to
feel his blood......and I am scared of these thoughts. These are not normal thoughts. Most people
don’t want to torture or feel the blood of their enemy....I am concerned there is something wrong
with me. Why else would I think such disgusting thoughts otherwise?

I am a healer, for goodness sake! I should think about healing people, not hurting them.

Throwing such dark thoughts to a corner of my mind, I decide to focus on other positive things that
have happened to me over the past month or so.

Like my first proper Christmas. Or as Tom would call it ‘Yule’. I was not expecting a lot to happen,
because my aunt and uncle said that freaks, or magical people to everyone else, don’t really celebrate
Christmas. Maybe that is right in a way; though they do celebrate Yule which is pretty much
Christmas...anyway I digress..

In the week leading up to Christmas I had a hard time finding what I would get for Tom. Poppy, the
twins, etc. were easy, but what do you get for an Emperor who could buy anything he wants
anyway?

I first thought books, yet the amount of libraries he has, all of which are packed, makes this a hard
task. Jewelry, sweets, and any technology are out because he hates all of these. Especially the latter.

He has trouble working a TV! Not that he likes to admit it. He forgets how to turn it on and
frequently swears at it in parseltongue. The first time I caught him he went right into denial, saying
that there must be something wrong with the TV. I corrected whatever the problem with the press of
one button, causing Tom to refuse to speak with me for about an hour. Of course, late on he claimed
he was too engrossed with whatever was on the TV. I almost snorted when I heard that.

Because I am such a nice person, or the twins behaviour has been rubbing off on me I decided to get
him a book entitled ‘How to Work a TV for Dummies.’ I am sure he will appreciate it.

But I needed something else as well....then it hit me. Why not create an album of all of our dates
together? So I did. Using the memories I had I was able to create 2-D moving photos of all our dates
together and placed them in an album. I also enclosed a picture frame so that Tom could have one on
his desk if he so desired.

When Christmas day hit, I had never been so excited. First we had breakfast before opening presents.
I give Tom the book first. He was not amused and merely stared at me for several seconds, whilst
grumbling in his head about the evilness of technology and how ‘people should not call him evil
when it is clear that technology was the real villain’. I smiled serenely at him, not deterred in the
slightest.

But when he opened my real present, he was amazed. The sheer love and happiness I could feel
from Tom made all the effort worth it. He stared at the album with a smile on his face and looked at
all the memories we made together. This preceded a 10 minute makeout session which only stopped
because I needed to open my presents.

From the twins I got my very own pranking kit. An extra letter fell out saying how I must show them
all the work I do with the kit as it is ‘sporting’. Also if I invent my own pranking items, to feel free to
share any of them with the twins. Tom was amused by the present and said he may look the other
way if I do decide to prank anyone. To which I suggested he help me with a few. The only reply I
got was a mischievous smirk. I took that as a yes.

Next I got a few rare books on parseltongue healing from Poppy. This intrigued Tom as well. He
stated that he would like to read them after me, for all that he doesn’t have any interest in healing.
From Tom’s elite I got a whole pile of chocolate. It was funny getting gifts from people I have only met once. I had a feeling it was a more ‘we feel obligated to get you something because you are marrying the Emperor’ rather than getting a gift because you actually care about the person.

I had another two presents from new friends I made over the month or so. The first was from Neville, whom I have been meeting quite often in the Greenhouse. We just talk about random things and help tend to the plants. I am a little grateful he doesn’t know my relation to Tom or else I feel it would become awkward. He got me a mini heliophobic plant, a plant that spreads a neurotoxin that make people irrationally afraid of the sun. I imagine that such a plant must have been hard to come by, especially as it has yellow flowers instead of blue. Unless he has been cultivating it himself….

Anyway, the other present was from Severus Snape. We met again in the Hospital Wing when he came in to deliver potions. We connected over my mother Lily, with him telling me all about how her childhood was like. In return I showed him the portrait with her in. James was less than pleased to see the ‘greasy git’ as he calls him but quickly shut up. I have a feeling it was due to the jab in the ribs from Lily, who was very pleased to see him again.

They both talk about recent potion discoveries, and try to include me in the conversation. I let slip my lack of knowledge in the area of potions. Mum pronounced this as blasphemy and asked, nay! Demanded that Severus teach me. Dad protested saying I should not spend so much time around ‘Snivellous’ to which Severus replied with something sarcastic. From then on, once a week I was in a potions lab learning how to brew potions correctly.

Severus recently remarked how I am ‘not a dunderhead but still have a long way to go’ which I took as a compliment. Brewing potions was fun and helped bring me closer to Mum. Severus’ sarcastic remarks also increased the overall enjoyment. It was amazing how much homework both Mum and Severus gave me on the subject. I thought I was done writing essays!

I was a bit surprised he got me anything, until I discovered it was more potion ingredients and a potion book I need to read and write an essay on before our next meeting. I pouted, causing Tom to laugh at me and say “What else were you expecting from him?” I pouted more at his words and asked him to kiss me to make up for it...he obliged until my parents came along.

My best presents were from Tom and my parents. Despite not having a body and being confined to 2 dimensions, they were still able to give me something meaningful. They both created a poem which they recited to me. Mum’s was about how proud she was of me and of how much she loves me. Dad’s was more on the different ways he would torture the Dursley’s if he had a body, but at least he finished by pronouncing his love of me. I thought it was beautiful that they spent their time to create such things for me, I almost cried in happiness. Any lingering feelings about them hating me washed away.

Tom decided I needed something precious from him. So he gave me four items that were of sentimental worth to him. The first was cup that used to belong Helga Hufflepuff, and that he almost had his legs bitten off getting. He said this represented the lengths he would go for me. Plus it is protected from poisons meaning any poison placed in it is nullified. The second was a sword that belonged to Godric Gryffindor. This represented how he would protect me from anything. He promised to teach me how to use it, ‘just in case’. Paranoid bastard.

The third was diadem that was once Rowena Ravenclaw’s. It represents my new title and how important I am to him and others.

The final was the most important of all. It was Salazar Slytherin’s own locket, Tom’s ancestor. It used to belong to his mother, but she had to sell it in order to buy food and such to keep her strength up to give birth. This represents his love for me, just as it represented his mother’s love for him. He
said it would hang just over my heart as he made slight adjustments to it. Which it did. He subtly suggested I wear it more often rather than the one I got from the pier. To which I remarked “I can wear both!” He was less pleased with that. Until I again kissed him in gratitude, ignoring the protests from Dad and threats to Tom from Mum.

All in all, the best Christmas ever…

*If you would stop reminiscing and come over here, I will be very grateful. This thing is not going to plan itself.* Tom remarked annoyed. I roll my eyes at his dramatics.

I wander over to the prepared table, nodding to Fred and George as I do so. They both have very serious faces on for once, showing how important this is to not get wrong. My face soon matches theirs, this is no time for joking.

Tom rolls out a blueprint onto the table. “This is area we shall be in.”

Fred interjects, “How did you get this blueprint?”

“The details are not important. What is important is that you memorise the layout of this as quickly as possible, it will save time later.” We all nod grimly.

“First we must take note of all the exits. They are located here, here, here and here.” Each ‘here’ Tom points to a different location on the blueprint. “If the worst comes to the worst and you cannot make it to any of these locations, jumping out the window is an alternative exit. If you are unable to reach the window, apparate directly out. I do not have time for fuck ups.”

We nod in agreement. “Now our entrypoint, Harry, will be here. We have to be on time or else it could mess the plan up later. Twins, you will enter over here. Your entry is not as time sensitive as ours, but I would prefer if you were there before either of us.”

More nods.

“Right, now we can work on the actual plan. The first part is to place booby traps all over the place inside. This is your job, Twins. Harry and I will be working on infiltration at this point. The booby traps need to be effective or else there is no point in placing them down. I will give you two a signal when we have infiltrated the area. From there Harry will split off from me and go further in.”

The twins shiver. George says, “I don’t envy you mate. You have one of the toughest jobs of us all.” I know this and am frightened. What if something goes wrong? What will happen then?

“Let us get back on track. The twins and I will then work on distraction. A major distraction must happen every 15 minutes or so to protect Harry so be prompt. I will be doing subtle distraction. Be sure to not get caught doing the distractions or else all hell will break loose.”

“What about the booby traps?” Fred asks.

“If you are chased you will need to lead them through the booby traps and activate them. Try not to activate the booby traps with your distractions but if it cannot be helped then do so. During this time Harry should be gathering information and it is best to avoid him. Once Harry has finished gathering information or you have run out of distractions, you need to signal back to me. After signaling you will begin the final distraction. Any booby traps set up that are not activated shall be activated with this final distraction. As soon as this starts be prepared to make your exit. We meet at the rendezvous point.”

“What happens if we lose anyone?”
“Unless it is Harry I do not care. You have to make your own way out and it is not my fault if you fail this.”

“Tom!”

He caves at my plea. “Alright, I may go back for you but do not rely on that.”

“Where is the rendezvous point again?”

Tom sighs. “This room. I care not how you get here. If you are not here within 15 minutes of the distraction, you will be considered MIA.”

*Tom, that is a little harsh.*

*It is reality. I do not have time to save everyone. The important thing is to get you out of there with the important information.*

*I still don’t like it…*

*I realise that. You need to bring up the additional points of this plan.*

“Okay, that is the basic overview but there are a few additional points that need to be made. First of all, this area…” I gesture to it on the blueprint. “…is completely off-limits. It is a dead zone and should be avoided like the plague. It will be hard to get a rescue if you fall into this zone.”

The twins shudder at the mention of the area. No sane person would go there.

“Be careful if you set up distractions on or near this area. Second, there are some people you have to use in your distractions as targets. They are necessary for the completion of this task, so make sure to hit them once or twice if they are especially resilient.” As I say this I provide the twins with folders containing the targets pictures and names as well as any other pertinent information.

“Others people could also be used but I have a list of people to avoid hitting with distractions. These people are either loyal to us or would be incredibly dangerous to get close to. Or both.” I hand over the second set of dossiers.

After a few moments of the reading I add, “This final group is for people to avoid altogether. Do not engage at any point. I repeat do not engage. Who knows what state you will be in after encountering these people. My guess is that it would not be pretty.” The last set of documents is handed over to Tom and the twins.

“This information is all based on observations made by spies and so should be very accurate.” Tom remarks. The twins grim face seems to increase at the information of the enemies they will be facing. Some of them sound quite fearsome.

“One last thing. If too much attention is brought onto anyone you need to set off a distraction to once again bring attention away from them. The most likely person to be caught by this is either me or Tom, so be prepared and keep your eyes open. We can’t lose anyone to stupidity.” I finish.

“Do you all know the plan?” Tom asks.

“Sir, yes sir!” The twins salute in unison.

“Dismissed. See you at 0800.” The twins scurry off to get ready.

I relax a bit into Tom, now that we are finally alone. “Will our plan succeed? Have we done
“I have no idea, but I hope so.” He hugs me, bringing me close to his chest. “I will make sure you get out alive and unscathed.”

“Good. Otherwise I am coming back as a ghost and haunting you.”

“Hm..I suppose we need to get ready.”

I sigh, “Yes.”

We both go off into our rooms to get dressed. I am now about to face the most difficult task since coming to live with Tom.

Preparing my clothes, I look to the evening that will follow with dread.

Tonight….is Tom’s Birthday Ball.

Chapter End Notes

DUN DUN
DUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!

Sorry about posting this later than usual. I have been a little busy at the moment.
(Definitely not procrastinating..)

Also...I don't think I made it clear enough in the last chapter. The letters are well wishers for Tom and Harry's engagement/wedding. Sorry for not making it clear.....You can continue creating letters to send if you want. Use Dear and Sincerely Yours to outline the letter.
Chapter Notes

There is rapping in this chapter. It may seem OOC for Harry to do this but I think it works...

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter, Ginny would have died in the chamber. Because teen!/Diary!Tom is awesome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

~Parseltongue~

(POV Change/Time Skip)

*Mind Speak*

(Tom POV)

I see Harry is shakily putting on the jewelry I told him to wear. He appears very nervous, knowing that this is going to be his first outing in public as my fiance. After tonight all magical people shall know that he is to be my consort. It is understandable he would be a little upset.

He also appears to be having little luck in clasping the necklace by the way his hands are shaking so I help him out. He leans into me, some of the built up tension leaving him.

“My love, it probably is not going to be as bad as the twins and I made it out to be. You will most certainly not die. Fortunately, it is impossible to die of boredom.”

“....What about dying of embarrassment?”

“No, you cannot die of embarrassment.”

“But I could die by your jealous rabid fangirls....” I see images flowing through his mind of a bunch of females standing over his corpse. Someone is feeling very doom and gloom today.

“Darling, they certainly would not attempt to kill you in front of me. Besides, I do not have rabid fangirls, I have stalkers.” I return the previous images with ones of my own. In them I am defending Harry from crazy females.

“Which is so much better, Tom.” He is still nervous though is at least feeling relaxed enough to banter with me. I take this as a success.

Leaning down I lightly kiss his neck, loving the shiver that goes through Harry’s body at the action.

Harry sighs, “Tom, what if they don’t like me? What if they consider me a bad choice for you? Or that I am not worthy of you?”

I scoff, “Anyone who says, implies or thinks any of those things are blind, stupid and not worthy of either of our attentions.” If anyone harms Harry, even through words, they shall be facing extreme pain. No one can hurt him.
*That doesn’t mean they have to like me.*

*People who do not like you are beyond stupid and I will not associate with them. You are beautiful, smart, powerful, entertaining and I am in love with you. Insulting you is insulting me.*

*Thank you.*

*But you will tell me if anyone also sees those qualities and attempts to steal you from me?*

He smiles. *Of course. And you will tell me if any fans get heated.*

*Definitely. If you need to take a break at any point in the evening, notify me and I can get you out.*

*Cinderella is finally going to the ball…* *

*Do not compare yourself to that ditzy cartoon.*

*Wait…you actually watched a cartoon of Cinderella.*

*Unfortunately yes. When it first came out in Cinema, in fact.* Harry snorts at the reminder of my age. *I hated the character Cinderella, she was beyond dull. Plus her ‘fairy godmother’ helped her go to a ball, rather than get her away from her relatives.*

*So does that make you my fairy godmother as well as my prince?*

*Could we not compare your life to a cartoon? You are so much more than that.*

“I suppose we should go now.” Harry remarks not looking like he was going to move at all.

“My Angel, you are right. It is about time we made our grand entrance.”

“Nothing if not grand for the birthday boy.” he mumbles.

Standing I loop our arms together and apparate us closer to the ballroom. Harry grips me tighter, though for once he does not fall. He is much better at side-apparation because of his knowledge of normal apparation. My angel still grumbles it is awful and prefers walking everywhere as opposed to apparating. This leads him to frequently get lost provoking me to find him.

As we stand looking as regal as possible, thanks to training I have been giving Harry in how to act in public, whispers start floating around.

“Is this his majesties new toy?”

“How long is this one going to last?”

“Do you think I could have the leftover?”

Harry is now almost crushing my arm with the intensity of his grip. I feel like I am doing the same in an effort to contain my anger. All I want to do is curse them until they are unrecognisable as a human. The only thing that stops me is the comforting presence of Harry and the desire not to upset him.

But really are these people stupid? I have never brought any of my flings to any balls or parties in the past. Certainly not to my birthday ball. I realise that these people do not know of Harry’s importance, but such disrespect is appalling. Their decorum also leaves much to be desired. What nobles openly gossip in front of me, the Emperor, about the person accompanying me? I have ears and can hear
everything you people say.

That last whisper had possessive and protective thoughts roaming my mind which Harry picked up on. The reassurance it offered him helped keep him from bolting out the door.

“Excuse me, I thought this was a formal event. I did not realise we would be following such uncivilized behaviour.” I announce glaring slightly at all the whisperers. Strangely after I do so the atrium goes silent. I almost smirk at the fact all of these people are still scared of me.

*Yes, yes it inflates your ego.*

*Quiet, let me bask in my own glory for a bit.*

*Nope. Besides someone looks like she wants to talk to you.* Drawing my attention the female sauntering her hips in an obviously alluring way. Keeping the sneer of disgust that threatened to grace my face at bay, I recognise the female as Lavender Brown.

*Is she one of your fans?* Harry asks with a slight narrowing of his eyes.

*I believe so. Her actions agree with that title.*

She curtseys in an exaggerated way to show off her cleavage. “Your Majesty, may we know the name of the….man on your arm?” Her obviously fake smile attempts to hide the disgust she has when addressing Harry. Both he and I saw it though.

*Wow, how are her breasts staying inside her dress. It looks like they will fall out any second.*

*I have no idea.*

“You shall find out with all the others when he is introduced.”

She gives a seductive pout and tries to place her arm on me. I subtly move out of the way of her advancing hand, the polite smile on my face slightly strained.

*HOW DARE SHE ATTEMPT TO TOUCH YOU!?!* Harry yells in my mind.

*Darling, you sound like me.*

*Well she did…Have you ever…?*

*No.*

“Are you sure you cannot make an exception for me?” Lavender says in a sultry voice while fluttering her eyelashes.

*Is it bad that I want to puke?*

*No. She is trying a bit to hard to acquire my attention. It really is disgusting.*

“I am afraid you shall have to wait.” I say giving her a polite smile that hurts my face with how fake it was. Luckily she was too dense to realise, seeing as how she was swooning when we walked past.

*Doesn’t it annoy you to give diplomatic answers all the time?*

*What I would not give to be able to insult and hurt anyone who mildly irritates me….Some days I just want to rip everyone apart and dance on their corpses.*
My angel smiles slightly causing many of the onlookers to gasp at his beauty. The time waiting until 8 o’clock was spent with me glaring at anyone who approaches us while engaging Harry in mental conversation to distract him from his nerves.

Most of the nobles enter the ballroom at this time, leaving Harry and I alone. When Fred and George pass they subtly nod and smile mischievously at us. With them the night should not be mind-numbingly boring. Hopefully they brought more than enough pranks to distract the crowd.

Finally, it was time for us to enter. I signal the announcer, waiting for the fallout he is about to bring to the crowd. Walking through the door it is announced,

“His Majesty, Ruler of the Earth, Emperor Voldemort. And Lord Hadrian James Potter, of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter, His Majesty’s fiance and future consort.”

The crowd is immediately silent. All those not in the know were gaping or seem to be in a state of shock. We were strolling down the grand staircase I specifically installed for dramatic entrances. Once we reached the lower level the chatter started up again as people tried to recover from their shock.

The first to do so is Andromeda Tonks nee Black who walks up to greet us. “Your Majesty, I knew you would find someone.”

“Good evening, Andromeda.”

“Gosh, Lord Potter you look amazing. Making the rest of us look bad by comparison.” He blushes at her praise. “Oh do forgive me, I am Andromeda Tonks nee Black. It is very nice to meet you.” She holds her hand out for him to shake, which Harry awkwardly refuses, clearly not wanting to overload himself with memories this early on in the night.

*Did you…?*

*Yes, she was the one who I mutually ended it with. We knew we would never love each other and she is happily married now. It was years ago anyway. We harbor no romantic feelings for each other and are just friends.*

Harry gives me a mental nod.

“Wow, I can feel the power flowing off him. He is about as powerful as you, your majesty.” Andromeda says in awe. “Is he…?”

“Am I what?” Harry interjects.

“Oh sorry, are you a carrier?”

“Yes.”

“I am can tell you now that any children you have are going to be beautiful. I can already see them.” She gazes off slightly, fantasising about our children.

*Um…I am mildly creeped out right now.*

*I am as well. Though this is not out of character for her; she always wanted a big family. Unfortunately, she is practically infertile and only managed to have one kid.*

*Ah….so she intends to live her fantasy through me,* Comes Harry’s amused reply. *Well, I must
make allowances for her as she is the only person you have introduced to me as your friend.*

Andromeda speaks, bringing our attention back to her, “But I simply adore the robe you are wearing! It really brings out your gorgeous eyes.” Sensing my angels uncomfortable shifting she changes topic, “So, where did you meet? Was it a romantic setting where you gazed into each other’s eyes from across the room and just knew you were meant to be together forever? Literally, in this case.”

“No, he pulled me from the car crash I told you about.”

“So you meet him months ago and only thought to mention him to me now? With everyone else?” She raises an eyebrow.

I smile innocently at her. “Sometimes I like to keep things secret.”

Andromeda nods not impressed by my answer. The conversation descends into silence when Andromeda does not make any attempt to pick it up again, which is a little unlike her.

She comes back to herself by saying, “Sorry if I’m boring you, Lord Potter. I understand if you don’t wish to spend your entire evening with an old lady like me. Especially given the age of your fiance.”

She says teasingly.

“What is with people and insulting my age?” I ask exasperated. “Other magical people could reach my age as well.”

“Yes, but could they do that while looking like a twenty year old sex god? Answer, no! Have you seen the wrinkles I have!? The amount of make-up I have to put on to even get close to the flawless skin you have is unbelievable. It is really not fair! Though at least I look my age.”

*Did she just say you look like a sex god?*

*Yes.* I smugly reply.

*She does realise she is just adding to your arrogance and ego, right?*

*Probably.*

“So you are jealous?” I ask, smirking.

She flushes, embarrassed to have been caught rambling.

“Forgive him, you just gave him a big boost to his ego. How about you introduce me to some of your friends? I am afraid I have very few acquaintances at the moment.” Harry asks, moving the plan forward.

*Good luck, my angel.*

*You too.*

Harry follows Andromeda whilst talking about the possibility of adoption. I just hope he does not mention his fantasy of adopting a goblin child.

I remain where I am, accepting congratulations and well wishes from the crowd while subtly keeping an eye on Harry.

The first prank goes off a few minutes later. On the other side of the room near where I last saw Draco a pink fog that turns any clothing pink and skin purple forms. I almost laugh when I hear the
shrieks from the afflicted. At least I should be entertained this evening.

A few minutes later the prank is almost forgotten.

*Tom, I am bored. They go on and on about some person I have never met nor care for, gossiping about how disgraceful her fashion sense is. I can feel my brain melting out my ears…*

*Indeed? Have you started gathering information?*

*No….if I touch any of the people I am currently with they may think I am flirting with them. Despite the fact they know I am your fiance they still are hitting on me.*

*Then arrange an accident where you fall into them..* And preferably end up with them breaking their skull...

*But then they will think I am clumsy...Besides I am not sure I want any of their thoughts.*

I refrain from sighing. *My angel, you do not have to be so stubborn about this. If you do not wish to have their memories move onto another group.*

*Stop being so logical!* 

*...Also I would like you to inform me of all the names of the people you are currently surrounded by…*

He does so while leaving the group. I decide to make my way over and remind the imbeciles that Harry is my fiance. As I approach much like a predator does to its prey the little crowd notices me. They attempt to leave though I had the foresight to place sticking charms on their feet preventing escape. Realising that escape was futile they share a gulp before putting on a brave front.

“Is there any reason in particular you decided it was okay to seduce my fiance?” I say in a very calm voice.

Silence.

I raise my eyebrow, “None at all? You can think of no reason?” In unison they shake their heads. My eyes hold anger that I refuse to show on my face at their non-verbal answer.

“I shall be seeing you at 9 o’clock tomorrow morning in my office where you shall all be punished for your lack of respect. Show up late and your punishment increases. Fail to show up at all and….well I will not go into detail of the punishment for that. All I can say is that if I were you I would show up on time.”

Leaving their…delightful company I ponder their stupidity. Granted they are Gryffindors and not known for their intelligence, but it still takes little effort to avoid such incidents. Honestly! Is it really that hard to keep it in their pants?

I feel at the back of mind a flowing sensation reminiscent of Harry’s ability. It appears he has started gathering information then.

Throughout the next couple of hours Harry collected a sizable amount of memories and the twins have been chased around the room 6 times because of the amusing pranks they did. The only downside to the pranks is that many people have come up to me complaining about the twins and saying that I should punish them severely. I have also acquired additional people to join me in my office at 9 o’clock tomorrow.
I subtly avoided any requests to dance, turned down any offers from people who are ‘much better company’ than Harry and ignored the one brave soul who asked to see a sex tape of Harry and I. Needless to say the latter two points resulted in me organising another appointment for disrespect.

At about 10:30 something interesting happened. Throughout the night I have noticed the hateful glares at my angel due to my announced engagement to him. Though none were as fierce or constant as the youngest Weasley, Ginevra. I spotted her on numerous occasions chatting to her mother, who was staring in complete disapproval of Harry. But now Ginny has decided to act on her displeasure.

She marched over to Harry, practically breaking the ground with the force of her stomps. I discretely walk over there to provide support for Harry. Though he may not need nor want it. As I reach the edge of the crowd I make sure I am not easily seen with a notice-me-not charm, though Harry’s glance in my direction shows he noticed me.

“How dare you slut!?!?” Ginny screeches, making many people cover their ears.

“Excuse me?” Harry replies calmly.

“You are trying to take away my love! I know you have him under some sort of spell or potion and when I discover what you have used you will go to jail.” I almost snort. What basis does she have for this?

“I see...and who are you if I may ask?”

“I am Ginevra Weasley, of the Most Noble House of Weasley.” She states imperiously as if she were announcing her title as queen.

“I am Lord Hadrian James Potter, of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter. Does that not mean I outrank you?”

“How could you be Lord Potter? All of them are dead.” She sneered out. Her sneer was extremely unattractive.

“Clearly not as I am a Potter.” He held up the hand with his ring.

She huffs “Who is to say you didn’t steal the ring? You are, after all, good at stealing other things, whore!”

“Again with the insults. You do realise I could not have worn this ring if I weren’t meant to be Lord Potter? What has your mother been teaching you if you do not even know that?”

“How dare you bring my mother into this!?!? She is a noble women and not scum like you! I bet your mother was nothing but a gold digging whore who taught you all her tricks!” Ginny yells out in fury.

Her insults have just gone too far. I am burning in anger at the insults. She insulted Harry’s mother….I can feel my angel’s hurt and anger. Attempting to soothe his emotions would be fruitless as I am too enraged myself. My magic swirls around me angrily, begging me to kill the offender immediately.

Harry’s eyes narrow. “What right do you have to speak of mother in such a manner? Do you know who she is? No, you clearly do not. If you did you would know she is dead and has been for 18 years. Therefore your argument is baseless.”

I am amazed Harry managed a calm reply at this point. Many people would have lost their temper.
already.

He continues, “How can your house be called ‘Noble’ if you insult people and their families without previous acquaintance? Enlighten the crowd would you?”

I see Ginny’s anger reaching a peak. “My family has more honour than you. We are a proud Gryffindor family; you must be a gold digging whore from Hufflepuff. No one knows who you are. The only reason they know or care about you is because you somehow convinced His Majesty that you are worthy of marriage. Well….you are not. You are just a worthless waste of space who spreads his legs for anyone. No one would care if you just dropped dead! It may be better for our society if you do.”

A surprising amount of people in the crowd are agreeing with Ginny, most of whom were fangirls. Though the majority look like the only reason they care about this confrontation is that it will produce a scandal. The only person who seems actually concerned for Harry, barring myself, is Andromeda.

I was just about to intervene when Harry counters with, “Whether or not others care for me is not important. I think it matters more what T-His Majesty thinks of me.”

“And I say the only reason he gives you the time of day is because you bewitched him somehow. After all how could a man that good looking, smart, rich and important end up with someone ugly, stupid, a compulsive liar and fraud like you.”

The words hit home for Harry bringing an intense amount of sadness flowing through the bond. I offer reassurances to him to prevent a breakdown or panic attack. Inwardly, I seethe at her callous words.

*Darling, she is just jealous. You are beautiful, smart and kind, worthy of my presence. Worthy of my love. Her obsession for me does not change my feelings for you. You have so many things she does not. You have a title, several magical abilities she has no hope to have, correct behaviour in a proper setting, a sense of humour and your wonderful opinions. She would imitate mine in an effort to get me to like her. But the most important thing is that you have me. She does not and never will.*

My words calm the overwhelming sadness that almost engulfed Harry, but it did not dissipate entirely. I know that after this confrontation is over Harry and I will be leaving. But what are the twins doing? Did we not have plans for this very scenario? I finally spot the twins standing morosely by their mother, who is looking at them with stern disapproval. It appears they have been caught.

After a few seconds of silence Ginny decides to break it with her annoying squeaky voice. “Well? I don’t see you denying it.”

Harry appears to gather his confidence and does something wholly unexpected. He started to rap.

“What is the point in denying, it is clear that you’re lying. I’m sick of your whining, whilst we listen to your pining. You are quite a bore, calling me a whore. Talking to you is really a chore, but there is something about you I really abhor.”

The crowd is just as stunned as I am. He truly is amazing.

“Is it your clothes that barely fit, or perhaps that you lack any wit. Is it the fact that you just won’t quit, judging people far too quick? Or is it that smile so obviously fake, it makes me wonder how you are worthy of a snake. The last Weasley, you say? Perhaps you were a mistake.” He clutched his face in fake horror at this line.
“I cannot listen to all that you say, the same blah blah blah you surely repeat everyday. Your endless repetition is getting on my nerves, thinking you are better for your nice set of curves.” Gesturing with his body. “Taking whatever you think you deserve. Honey, there is the curb.” Pointing away to the door.

“You claim I’m a slut, only looking for a rut. You hate my strut, that shows off my butt. You hate that I will wed him, looking for excuses at why you won’t win. Your face is a mess, to say nothing of your dress. And whilst you stress, learn my proper address.

Respect your betters, especially in letters. Lord Potter is my title, is that so hard? If it helps I could give you my card. Yes I may be scarred and yes I may be charred, but that is no excuse for me to be harmed.

Let’s tell the whole story, you’re in it for glory. Caring not for anything gory. Surely you know you must fail? It is about time that you bail, before you’re sent off to jail. Now, don’t go and wail, you’ll never beat this male.

My parents may be dead, but yours don’t even sleep in the same bed. It’s time for that pretty little head, to find someone else instead.

You may heed my words, you already ignored two thirds. Next time you fight a word duel, don’t give your opponent so much fuel.

One last thing, before I leave to admire my ring. If you ever give me a sign, that you want to take what is mine, I shall cut you to pieces and cover you in brine.”

With his final line the entire crowd is rendered speechless. He crushed Ginny with his words alone, insulting both her and her families, while rapping.

*Fuck….I am so in love with you right now. Your way with words is very arousing.*

*Good, because that wasn’t easy to do. I nearly burst into tears before, thank you by the way.*

*No problem. Is the information about the Weasley Lord and Lady sleeping in separate beds true?*

*Yes, I learnt a lot of interesting information from that family…*

Noticing Ginny’s tear stained face and tense posture I can see what was coming. An arm is raised in obvious threat. Smoothly intercepting the appendage before it could make contact with my angel’s cheek I glare down at Ginny. She gulps wide eyed seeing all of my fury and feeling the danger from my magic.

“Your Majesty, I didn’t see you!”

“Funny, I did see you. Yes, you were Insulting and berating my fiance for inadequate reasons.”

“Inadequate? Your Majesty, we all have reason to suspect he has forced a love potion on you. You have never before shown such interest in anyone else before. I was naturally concerned and decided to speak out about it.”

“Was it really for concern over my health? Or was it more the fact you cannot wed me if I am already married?”

She flushes at my last statement betraying to anyone who was a Slytherin that she was thinking more of herself than me. “Well it is suspicious! There must be some form of coercion on his part.”
“Are you claiming that I am stupid enough to consume something without checking it for contaminants? Or that I am so weak willed as to fall for another’s spell? Perhaps you believe I am weaker magically than him and am able to be bewitched by him? Or am weak enough to fall for a creature’s allure? Is that what you think of me?”

Ginny splutters. *Wow, she managed to make herself look even more foolish. Well done Tom!* 

I would have smirked if I weren’t portraying a look of controlled anger on my face.

“No your majesty! I would never think that!”

“Then I think the case is closed. The only way my fiance has coerced me is with his natural charms.” I smirk maliciously at her. “Do not think you will get away with your disrespect. Your lack of tact, manners, decorum and common decency this evening is not proper for a pureblood lady. You shall be seeing me and my fiance tomorrow at 11 o’clock in my office. Be prompt or else what Hadrian said he would do to you would seem like the better option.”

Releasing her hand as if it had a deadly disease, I stroll over to Harry and place my arm around him in a comforting gesture. Our magic rejoices at the contact, my magic wrapping around him protectively soothing the intense emotions I can feel coming from Harry.

Deciding to break up the tension in the ballroom I say to Harry ~Love, do you want to leave now?~

His eyes light up in mischief before replying, ~Of course, my snake, this ball has grown tiresome and I wish to rest.~

~Well then, I cannot keep you waiting.~ I subtly signal the twins to start the final pranks.

Ignoring the shocked looks from the crowd I start to lead Harry away. I was glad I did for not 3 seconds later the area was covered in stink bombs and colourful powders.

The chaos that started behind us was spreading over much of the ballroom. I saw people being changed into a variety of different creatures like cats and dogs. By the sounds of things it is also happening behind us. As well as fireworks above us, providing an exciting contrast to the traditional ceiling pattern.

When we reach the door, thankfully unscathed I apparate us to the rendezvous to wait for the twins. 5 minutes later they pop in laughing uproariously.

The sudden noise shuts off Harry’s adrenaline and he starts to sob. It appears the evening’s events have finally caught up with him. I instantly pull him into my chest to protect him from the world.

The twins share a concerned glance before George announces, “Group hug!”

I glare at them as they step closer to us, magic swirling around me dangerously. “Okay...not group hug.” He corrects.

I focus on Harry’s tumultuous thoughts.

*Why? Why can’t people like me? Am I such a freak? Why?!* The last ‘why’ echoed around his thoughts.

*Harry! Calm down. Please listen to me! What she said wasn’t true. She was jealous and attempted to demoralise you. She was lying, you are not a freak or worthless. Your rap alone proves how much better you are than her.*
But all my words fall short, barely even making it into Harry’s on chaotic thoughts. He falls into a restless sleep, still plagued by horrible, depressing thoughts.

How can I fix this? How can I help him?

Chapter End Notes

Sorry not sorry about the rapping.

Keep sending in the letters! Harry may really need it!
Angst for the Sake of it

Chapter Notes

I kind of need this angsty chapter to progress the story a bit....

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter the Dursleys would have been tortured by the Death Eaters. Cos' they fucking deserved it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind Speak*

Chapter 22:

(Harry POV)

It has been two days since that night. Two days since I faced Ginny. I tear up at her words. I am so weak to let some bitch’s words get to me..but maybe it is because deep down I know them to be true. I am a freak.

I am worthless.

I don’t deserve someone as good as Tom.

So, I hid. Avoided Tom, avoided my parents, avoided the greenhouse. I locked myself in various rooms around the palace, doing...nothing.

Snow still fell, the weather was still cold. The wind howls and moans as I repeat the whispers that circle around my head from that night.

“What is he?”

“How can he call himself a Lord?”

“What is with that ugly scar?”

“How could he get the emperor?”

“Gosh, another ditzy?”

“How long do you think he will last?”

“Why are we in the presence of a whore?”

“Look at that slut!”

“He barely is anything on you dear. No need to worry…”
“He is such a worthless tool…”

“Look at his freaky eyes! No one has eyes that colour…”

“What an idiot! Thinking he is worthy for His Majesty.”

“Who does he think he is strolling around the place?”

“You are just a worthless waste of space who spreads his legs for anyone…”

“I wonder how much he costs for an hour…”

More and more voices. Louder and louder! I can barely hear myself breathe but I know I am hyperventilating. One voice, my own, breaks through the barrier of noise.

Why?

Why does Tom like me? Why would anyone like me? What makes me worthy of life?

I hear Tom banging on the door of the bathroom I found myself in. He seems desperate for some reason. Why?

I curl up into a ball as tears fall down my cheeks yet again. Why would Tom want someone who cries after a few mean comments? I can’t be his consort if I am this weak. There must be better candidates.

*Harry! Please, let me in! I want to help. Just let me help.*

Tom’s voice breaks through the barriers I placed in my mind. I ignore him and place up stronger barriers, not wanting to hurt him. How it must feel for him to be saddled with the emotions of such a weak individual as myself.

His hissed shout comes through the door. ~Harry, I love you! Nothing will change that. I just- ~

I apparate away before he finishes that sentence. He should be doing paperwork and….whatever else he does as Emperor rather than bother himself over me.

I apparate into my bedroom and use my magic to lock and reinforce the door. Turning, I come across a mirror. Looking at my reflection…is difficult. I look away not wanting to confirm the voices in my head saying…I am ugly.

I noticed my red rimmed baggy eyes from crying and lack of sleep. My slightly skinnier body than before from not eating for 2 days. My scars stand for all to see, against pale skin.

How is this beautiful? I can’t even bare to get another glimpse of my reflection in the mirror. Why does Tom say I am beautiful?

Whore, slut, fag, ugly, freak, weak, worthless; these are what I am. What I see in myself. What others see in me.

My relatives were the first to see it. To recognise what I am. Maybe they were right in what they did to me. I remember instances as a child under my relatives roof. The names they called me so similar to the ones from the ball. I am brought out of my musing by Tom’s distressed voice in my head.

*Harry...why do you run from me? Why won’t you let me help you? Why don’t you let us help you?*
Tom tried to convince me that others care for me as well. The twins helped him hunt me down once and attempted to cheer me up with pranks. I merely stared blankly at them.

Poppy tried to convince me to work in the Hospital wing to take my mind off things. I walked away.

Severus tried to get me to see my parents. I blinked at him before shaking my head.

Neville even came inside to talk to me about plants. I asked him to leave.

After these incidents I never wandered out of the private wing. Though this increased the chances of me bumping into Tom.

How could any of these people stand to be near someone who treats them so rudely? Who avoids them and wastes their time? Why would they try to help someone who deserves no friends? No family. No love.

When will they realise that it is best for them to leave me alone?

Before I hurt them more.

Tom has reached my bedroom and is again desperately trying to enter. “HARRY! Please…” He sounds really upset, which is really hard for Tom to show his emotions this openly.

How could I do this? I burst into tears again. My magic creates a chaotic storm in the room causing the barriers I placed on the door to weaken. Tom managed to get through.

This is the second time it has happened. The first was after he punished people after the ball.

He came in and told me all the punishments he handed out onto the ‘insolent, rude cretins’. Anyone who flirted with me was to spend a fortnight cleaning public toilets without magic. Anyone who was disrespectful to Tom or me received garbage duty, again without magic. All this was under that guise of community service. But he said that he postponed the meeting with Ginny, so I would be present and to increase her dread at the punishment through suspense.

I barely heard him. When he mentioned Ginny’s meeting I said, “She doesn’t deserve such treatment. She only told the truth.”

Tom replied, “You know she was not. Everything she said was to slander you and make her look better by comparison.”

I didn’t listen. Tom may have deluded himself that I am worthy of him, but that doesn’t mean I should ignore him when he speaks to me. I should feel honoured he speaks to me at all.

I vaguely feel Tom’s arms surrounding me, bringing me back from my thoughts of the past.

“Darling, please come with me. I have something to show you.” Tom coaxed.

“Why?” I whisper.

“Because I do not want you be to like this. I feel your sadness and depression. I know you think people do not like you. I am hear to prove you wrong, my angel. So come with me now.”

I nod, hoping he will leave me alone after this. I blankly stare at him as he helps me up. Realising I am wearing only pajamas he switches them for jeans and a t-shirt. I notice this but do not comment, choosing to stare at him instead.
Following him through corridor after corridor, he eventually leads me to a door I vaguely recognise.

“I know you do not believe I could possibly like you, no matter how many reassurances I give. You also feel the same for any of the other acquaintances you have formed. But you should realise you are so important to me and others.”

He leads me into the room, which I now know is the fan-mail room. He grandly gestures to two massive piles in the centre of the room.

“These are from magical people all over the world. And they are all for you.” I snap my head up to him, stunned at the pronouncement. Why would all these people write to me?

“I have sorted them into three categories. The first being people offering congratulations for both of us on our impending marriage. The second being people who heard of your impressive performance at the ball. The third..” He points to a miniature pile in the corner of the room which I had yet to notice. “...are the idiots who insulted you. So you see more people like you than not. And majority of people who do not like you are jealous of you.”

I stare at him, mouth agape in shock. He summons a letter from the top of the first pile and opens it. Then he begins to read. “Dear Lord Hadrian Potter, I am hereby congratulating you on your luck for snagging His Majesty. You must be truly special to have attracted his attention, where others before have failed. I hope to receive an invitation to your wedding before long. Sincerely Yours, Lord Fitzwilliam Darcy.”

Another letter is summoned and read, “Dear Your Lordship, I am thankful that we shall finally have a consort for our beloved Emperor at long last. I, myself, remember a time when we all gave up hope of such an event ever happening. You have brought happiness to an old lady and I wish for you to be very happy together with His Majesty. Sincerely, Granny Smith.”

“Dear His Majesty and his lovely fiance, I wish to congratulate the lovely couple for finding love. I’ve never seen someone so perfect for our Lord before and I wish for you both to live happily ever after together. I do not agree with what the young Ginevra Weasley had said, I believe this match was made in heaven and that there is no one else worthy of ruling the world by His Majesty’s side. Maybe I’ll get lucky and get an invitation to the beautiful ceremony. May you both be happy, Diana.”

Letter after letter was read. Some were in a different language, prompting a longer read. But all of them were the same in content. Tom moved onto the second pile.

“To Lord Hadrian Potter, I don’t usually write letters as it is so old-fashioned and much prefer other means. Yet I wish to write this letter to you to congratulate you on your killer performance at the ball. I heard about it from a friend’s cousin’s grandmother who witnessed the whole thing. She provided a memory to us and it was so fucking funny. I laughed my ass off and ended up rolling on the floor. I can barely write this letter without laughing in remembrance. You owned that chick. So in my books, even though you are a noble, you’re pretty cool. I would like to meet you to congratulate you in person. Cheers, Bob.”

Tom gave a grimace of distaste at the letter grumbling in his head about the ‘improper diction’. He read out more letters and soon I found myself smiling.

“To the King of Nargles and his mate, I have heard that wrackspurts have invaded the castle at your last ball. It was awfully rude of them to come uninvited. Thankfully the Humdinger and your mate’s quick thinking and brilliant actions dispelled them. I was thankfully unaffected. I am thrilled with the potential for future mini nargles. May you cause more trouble, Luna.”
Tom was silent after that one; both of us had no idea what to make of it.

“To Lord Potter, Yo mate, you are perhaps the coolest noble in all the world. The way you smashed that cunt was legendary. I think the bitch fuckin’ deserved it. It was a long time coming. She is such a fuckin’ prissy bitch! Anyway, I really want to raise my beer in toast to you. You are the Rap God in my book. Peace out.”

I ended up laughing at that. Tom reading out that letter was beyond hilarious. His disgusted face as he did it was also amusing. The final straw was when he commented, “That letter was rife with misspellings. Does he not know how to write?”

My laugh pleased Tom because he swept me up in his arms. I hugged him back. His joy echoed throughout me washing away the depression of the last few days. The self-doubt that burdened my heart and thoughts banished with the kiss he placed on my lips.

Tom’s thankfulness rang in my head. *You are loved, Harry. Never ever doubt that. I care not what you do, as long as I may love you and you may love me. You have no idea how scared I was for you! I wished for the sadness to leave you, but you ignored me. I wanted to fix you but I didn’t know how. Now you are returned to me I shall not let you go into that state again.*

When he broke the kiss and let me down I apologise, “I’m sorry, Tom. I let their words get to me when all I should have done was listen to you. I let myself remember my time with my relatives…”

“I do not care Harry. I only care that you are okay again, and that it shall never happen again.” I nod hugging Tom again. How stupid I was to give up all this? His arms fix all the problems I have and makes me feel safe. I cannot believe I was willing to give it up.

Though I suppose it is because I love him and only want him to be happy. Doing what I did based on other’s opinions upset Tom greatly. I sit myself on his lap, wanting as much contact with him as possible. He allows it, smiling down at me. Gosh, was he always this warm? Was his smile always that radiant? I blush as I bury my head against his chest. I feel his chuckle rumbling through his chest at my blush. Or thoughts. One of the two.

My chaotic magic has calmed, wrapping around Tom’s magic in relief.

I subtly send a mini fireball to pile three, instantly destroying every letter there. Tom smirks to which I reply, “You’re mine.”

*Good. Now, please do not shut me out again. It was like losing a part of myself. If you are distressed come to me and I will help you sort it out. I am here for you. Always.*

*I have not been kind to you these past couple of days. I have upset you and….I am sorry.*

*No need to do so.*

We relax into each other for a little bit before I comment, *Anyway, I feel the need to mention that I have discovered some interesting information on the Weasleys. The Weasley Lord and Lady and their youngest son Ronald are spying on you for the Order. They seem to believe that when Dumbledore is in power they will be the most powerful, influential and rich family in the land.*

*This is indeed troubling. But we cannot act on it as it would bring inquiry to how we got that information. We can use this to feed false information back to the Order as well. They will believe the information the Weasleys give them, but if we out them they could prove a danger. Thank you, my angel.*
I blush at the endearment. I really like when he calls me such names, it makes me feel so special. Not a nickname I had before; one which I scorned yet accepted.

“So when shall we have the meeting with Ginny?”

His eyes darken at the mention of her.

*Tom, I am better now. She will get what is coming to her...Just make sure you do not leave me alone with her. She makes me feel inferior..*

*You have no need to feel inferior. Your rank even if you were not marrying me would be well above hers. As long as you give her no reason to achieve superiority you shall have the upper hand. Show the confidence you did at the ball and she will not be able to harm you. I will be there throughout as well.*

“Thank you Tom. How about tomorrow?”

“Yes, it is enough time to make her worry but not enough time to make her feel at ease yet. She will pay for her words against you. You must be hungry though, so let us not dwell on her till tomorrow.”

I was reluctant to leave Tom’s company for the rest of the day. To which he noted with smugness. I am feeling more myself now, as I have more confidence in myself and my relationship with Tom. The hard adjustment to living in the palace coupled with the ball....I was afraid everything would go bad. Things have in the past.

I am now resolved to be a better companion for Tom and if I feel inadequate I should endeavour to improve myself rather than wallow in self pity. With these new ideas taking root in my brain I relax into Tom’s arms, accepting the calming embrace into sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to DemonYaoiShipper for the letter! (It was the one by Diana)

Also, I NEED HELP WRITING LUNA!! So I want your opinion...was the letter from Luna good? What could I do to make it better? Etc. She is my favourite character in canon so I want to do her justice!

Just pointing out...the bit where Tom is saying "laughed my ass off" and "rolling on the floor" is his translation of the acronyms LMAO and ROFL.......Ha LOL!
Chapter 23:

(Tom POV)

Waking up the next day with Harry in my arms again was amazing. His slight depression over the past few days has been stressful on both of us. If it went on much longer it could have strained our relationship or Harry could have caused himself serious harm.

My arms tighten around him at this thought. I never want him to go through something like that again. Just the thought of him being hurt brings up the memories of his beaten, bloody body. Ginny is going to pay for what she did to my angel.

Sensing that Harry was stirring I release my tight grip so he does not feel caged.

Harry’s emerald eyes blink open. “Morning.”

“Good morning, my angel.” I kiss his delicious mouth.

His blush looks incredible on his sleepy face. Getting up before I decide to spend the day ravishing him, I start to walk to the bathroom.

“Tom...I’m sorry...I-”

I turn to face him, “Harry, I only care that you are okay.”

“But I upset you…”

“Yes, you did. You terrified me in ways no one else has. Besides I knew you were not going to leave me.”

“Really? And why is that?” Harry raises his eyebrow.

“You never removed your engagement ring.”

“Which means…?”

“If you had really decided you did not want me you would have removed it.” I walk back and hug him. “But you did not. I love you and you love me. Why do we need to over complicate things?”
“Yeah.” He remarks with a smile. Pleased that he is no longer upset I walk into the bathroom.

*In fact, I know you have never removed your engagement ring since you put it on. You even wear it in the shower.*

*Yeah…*I can feel his embarrassment through the bond. *But...at least it’s waterproof..?*

*I know. I did add that enchantment on it myself.* I am very pleased that he wears the ring all the time. It shows how much he loves me.

*Tom...you are feeling awfully smug...what are you doing?*

*Thinking about how wonderful it would be to suck your cock.*

*TOM!?!?* His sudden spike of lust at my words shows he would enjoy it immensely….Unfortunately...

*We have a meeting with Ginny soon. I suggest you get dressed.* Thoughts of that scheming bitch brings me out of the good mood I was in this morning.

We soon are presentable despite the fact I got sidetracked and ended up snogging Harry for a few minutes when he attempted to remove his shirt. His dazed look showed he appreciated the distraction. We enter my office; I sat behind my desk and Harry in a chair I conjured for him.

Lucius arrives a few minutes later.

“Your Majesties.” He bows.

“Lucius.” I acknowledge. “How is your son doing?”

“He has taken to hiding in his room.”

I smirk. “Very good. Now, Lucius, bring me the Weasel girl.” I purposefully get her name wrong showing how out of favour that family is for me right now.

*Weasel?*

*She insulted your family numerous times. I am merely returning the favour.*

*Okay…* The door opens with Lucius returning with Ginny. She nervously walks in the room, already feeling my angry magic. Lucius himself makes a strategic retreat worthy of a Slytherin, recognising my anger and not wanting me to take it out on him. Self-preservation is a wonderful thing.

Unfortunately Ginny appears to gather some courage and curseys confidently showing off her exposed cleavage. I stare stony faced at her.

*Why is she wearing such revealing clothes? Are you sure she is wearing shorts?*

I am also annoyed at her lack of clothing. “Miss Weasley, you are aware that this is a formal meeting? In formal meetings you must wear at least a robe.” I lecture.

“Forgive me Your Majesty.” More annoying eye fluttering. “It appears I left it at home.”

Harry raises his eyebrow, not in the least convinced. “Are you sure? We can wait while you get one.
But, bare in mind, your lack of clothing will add to your punishment.” My angel is very calm in the face of the person who sent him into a depression.

“Punishment? Whatever for? I have done nothing wrong. Unless...” More fluttering making her look like a demented cow. “...you want me to be punished..” An exaggerated wink in my direction.

My magic turns dangerous, surrounding Ginny and giving her the feeling that several needles are pinching her at once. *I cannot believe she is stupid enough to not realise she is being punished. Or that her delusions that her actions would constitute that kind of punishment.*

*Surely she must know you don’t want a stupid wife or husband. Or is she that deluded. Stupid bitch…*

*Careful darling, your possessiveness is showing. *

*Well she was the one who propositioned you for sex!*~

~Yes, my angel. How about we do this to scare the girl?~

~Yes, she looks frightened already.~ I feel his maliciousness as Ginny squirms in unease. Luckily she was too absorbed with my needle like magic to notice us blanking out. Speaking in parseltongue will allow us to communicate without looking stupid.

~Do you have any idea of what punishment you wish to give her?~ I ask. Ginny looks frightened by my hisses. I do not quite understand why she wishes to marry someone who speaks a language she fears. Unbelievably stupid.

We stare at her for another minute or so before he responds. At this point Ginny is starting to feel that she is in the wrong.

~I have no idea. You think of it.~

I make the office feel more oppressive and frightening with my magic, hoping that Ginny would react in an embarrassing manner. Of course this does not affect my dear Harry. Ginny shivers in her seat showing her fear to both of us.

After letting her stew like that for a few moments I address her, “Miss Weasley, I have decided on an appropriate punishment for you. You shall be put under the Nightmare curse for about 2 days for delaying our previous meeting. The rest of your punishment will come after.”

*But Tom you were the one to postpone it?*

*Yes, but I was not about to admit you were affected by her words now, was I?*

“Your Majesty….was it not you who asked for the delay…?” She hesitantly questions.

“Are you questioning me?” I snap back. It is wonderful to get people to agree to points of view that are so obviously wrong.

“No! Of course not, Your Majesty. I just….I do not understand what I did wrong….Perhaps you can inform me so I can stop being such a..naughty little girl..” Her ‘adorable’ pout and lewd words are getting on my nerves.

*How can she openly flirt with you when I am clearly in the room? Does she think….no obviously not. She is incapable of it…*
Tom, you better get her to stop. I am about to throw up from her advances at you.

She is as subtle as an axe to the face.

Indeed.

“Miss Weasley, you are here for your open disrespect, lack of decorum and your ill treatment of my fiance. You know, Lord Hadrian Potter of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter, the man sitting beside me..” I gesture to Harry in case she is too stupid to know what ‘beside’ means.

If she is going to be less than subtle, I shall have to stoop to her level. It disgusts me, but anything remotely subtle will go right over her head.

Harry smiles condescendingly at Ginny, showing that he is far superior to her. No one else could pull off that smile while still looking genuine.

Ginny barely acknowledges him, except for the slight sniff of distaste. How dare she!?!?!? Harry should never be ignored or slighted like that. He is an angel, the most beautiful man I have ever seen. His eyes alone could win over any person with a working sex drive. This common, ugly, looks-obsessed, make-up wearing shrew could not even come close to his beauty. To be dismissed in such a manner…!

*Tom, control your anger. It would not do to blow her up by accident; she has yet to suffer.*

*Thank you, my love.*

“Miss Weasley, you are not helping your case by your actions here today.”

“I don’t see why I must acknowledge him. He is clearly not right for you.”

The audacity!?! How can she openly insult someone who far out ranks her in title and expect to get away with it.

“Why would the man I love be ‘not right for me’? And why is it your decision that decides this?”

“He is male! He doesn’t have breasts or the organs necessary to provide you with strong heirs! He doesn’t have these-” At this she leaned forward and squished her breasts to make them look bigger “-to satisfy you. He won’t be able to make you feel pleasure like I or any female would. He is weak and won’t be able to give you what you need in a consort or lover.”

“Weak. Hmm….you mean magically?” Harry speaks up.

“Obviously. Otherwise you would have gone to Hogwarts.”

Harry’s magic fills the room, darkening it and giving a sinister edge to everything. “You do not have the right to call me weak. You, who relies on a wand and words to perform magic-”

“You are an idiot! You need a wand to do magic, unless you are as good at magic as His Majesty is.”

*I really don’t think she should call anyone stupid. She clearly has less than 2 brain cells because no one else is this stupid. Who insults someone who’s magic could harm them at any moment?*

I only had one response to that. *Gryffindors.*

Harry decides to show the bitch her place. Using his hands he levitates the desk, changes it into a
cow, before sending it sailing around the room. He lowers his hands as I relish in the look of shock on Ginny’s face. A few moments later the cow is in front of me and is a desk again.

She speaks again attempting to sound unimpressed. “That was awful; but that still doesn’t answer how you can pleasure him.”

*She is kidding, right? She does know that men can have sex with each other and enjoy it.*

*Maybe. She may think that I could only have pleasure from females. She is dreadfully wrong. Though I like both genders, I prefer males. Especially if they look like you…*

“Miss Weasley, you do know what homosexuals are?”

“Yes…Men who like other men.”

“Therefore men can enjoy sex with other men. Now, you have delayed it long enough. You shall be placed under the nightmare curse for 3 days because of your continued disrespect to both my fiance and myself.”

“Your Majesty! Surely we can work something out! You don’t need to go to such measures-”

“Yes I do. It is now 4 days.”

“Your Majesty, I-”

“5 days.”

“Please think about-”

“6 days. Keep it up and you may reach a full week.”

She remains silent, which I am thankful for. Her voice is beyond annoying. “Good, you are finally learning some respect. You shall head to the dungeons and be placed under the curse for 6 days. Attempt to run away or escape it and the punishment shall be much worse. To ensure you make it there I shall have Lucius accompany you. Please hand over your wand now.”

She reluctantly gives me her wand which I place on the desk out of reach for her. I send my basilisk patronus to Lucius to inform him that he needs to pick up Miss Weasel and deliver her to the dungeons. I begin to write the note that he would give to the dungeon Overseer.

~You know, this would be easier with a phone.~

*Shut up.*

*I was merely pointing it out.*

Lucius came and took the bitch away allowing us some peace after that meeting.

“My angel, are you okay?”

“Yes Tom.”

*Are you sure?*

*YES! See for yourself!*
After making sure he was not lying to me I started doing the paperwork I missed over the last few days. Harry left to work in the hospital wing and to to stop worrying Poppy. I almost smirk at the thought of her reaction.

*Shut up! I am really scared right now. She is going to be really mad…*

*Disappointed maybe. But not mad.* I remark amused.

A few hours later we break for lunch. I inform my angel of Moody’s upcoming trial and ask him to spend time with me in my office to work out a few things. Also because I want to spend time with him to prevent a relapse. He eagerly agreed and soon we found ourselves back in my office.

“Tom...could I have a permanent chair and desk in here? I could help you with a lot of your work and making decisions.”

“If you wish we could work out a schedule for you…Perhaps you shall spend your mornings in the Hospital Wing and your afternoons in here.”

“If there is an emergency in the Hospital I will spend more time sorting that out though.”

“Of course.”

We fall into comfortable silence with me scratching away and Harry reading a book he had brought with him.

*Tom...a computer would be much easier for this….*

*I will not touch those foul machines!*

*Well...I want one. It would be a lot more efficient. It also means your desk will not be drowning in paper.*

I huff. *None of my elite use them. Or my spies.*

*If you do it everyone else will follow. You need to get with the times, love.*

*They are evil though! Besides are they not ginormous?*

Harry stares at me in confusion. “Tom, the most advanced models are this thick. And that’s closed.” He indicates with his fingers showing a gap less than a millimetre. “If you get behind the best technology companies it could show you are an innovative person who looks to the future.”

“I already do.”

He raises his eyebrow in disbelief.

“Yes…10 years ago I started an initiative so people could travel into space. Possibly other planets as well.”

“Yet you are reluctant to use computers.”

“I was not going to go into space myself! Creating this seemed wise. Obviously none of my elite know of this. Nor the magical population.”

“But they could help this be so much more successful! How could they not want to view the stars?”
“Harry….magical people have been known to dislike science, believing it to be a pathetic muggle attempt to mimic magic. Purebloods in particular have had a hard time treating non-magicals as equals.”

“This project could help with the unity. Your Empire feels like it is very catered to magical people. You need to incorporate non-magical people or more groups like the Order are going to show up. Start small like including more magical options for non-magicals. Surely some careers like potion making do not require magic?”

“Yes.I was already considering changing policies for politics and politicians so we do not have all magicals. Magicals are outnumbered 6:1 so it makes no sense why we should hold most of the power.”

“That sounds good. Though some magicals may not like it.”

“I am the Emperor. I can make changes if I deem it the best for the Empire. Right now, what is best for the Empire is unity. We cannot be divided with Dumbledore and his band of idiots attempting to destroy it.” I snarl out Dumbledore’s name like the insult it should be.

“We need the majority of the public on our side. I can help winning over the goblins as well…hmm…”

“Thinking something devious now, are we Harry?”

“Yes…give me more time to flesh it out first….Anyway, why do you hate Dumbledore so much? He seems to know you personally.”

I pause in my writing. “Indeed. He used to be my transfiguration professor when I was at Hogwarts. He always mistrusted me from when he met me as a boy.”

“So Dumbledore is older than you? Hard to believe…” He says teasingly.

*Imp.* “He is. But he actually nearly looks his 191 years.”

“Holy shit! I would have thought he would have keeled over years before now. How can such an old man be leader of a terrorist group? Surely stress would kill him.”

“I have no idea. Maybe he is a health nut.” My lip twitches a little at that thought.

“With how old he is he must have a lot of dirty secrets. Have you ever uncovered anything?”

“No…maybe I could get someone on that. Regardless, his actions towards you were beyond illegal and should change people’s opinions of him.”

“Ruin his credibility and less people would be willing to side with him. We may even be able to remove him as Headmaster at Hogwarts. That seems to be where he gets most of his followers.”

“Unfortunately I believe that is true. Despite my actions most muggle-borns are remarkably ignorant about magic and will believe anything that he would tell them. I have attempted to remove him before but without proper basis it failed…He has too many people who trust and believe in him…”

“Like the Weasleys.”

“Exactly. Some of his support is from defeating the Grindewald, a Dark Lord who was active when I went to school. It will take all the evidence we can gather to destroy this image.”
“We shall have work to do then. I shall outline it for clarity. First: get you a computer and all the equipment you need for it-”

“We might as well get you one as well.”

“As well as a few phones. Maybe some other technology. But we need to support some of the best technology companies to show we like their efforts. You could create something like a seal of approval to show you recommend certain companies. It doesn’t just have to be technology.”

“You are very intelligent, my angel.” He blushes at the compliment.

“Second: Demoralise Dumbledore and any of the Order that we can. Remember that any order members we imprison I must inform the goblins. Third: Increase public opinion of you and your Empire. Both magical and non-magical. Fourth: Be more inclusive with the non-magical people and introduce more purebloods to non-magical things like science. Fifth: Tell me more about the project into space!”

“I think that about summarises our discussion. We shall discuss these points and put them into action later. Not only will we have to factor in balls and other functions we are expected to attend, we will also have to organise free time for magic study and other hobbies. I refuse to allow you to overwork yourself.”

“And I you, Tom.”

“Additionally we have Moody’s trial, which you will attend. I will teach you anything you need to know about magical trials as well as who is likely to attend. It may be better if you acquire their memories before his trial because after then anyone who is present will know of your ability-”

“And will be unlikely to allow me to get close to them. Unless you or I demand it of them.” Which I probably would. I refuse to allow people to spy on me without permission.

Harry sighs as he realises how busy we are going to be for the foreseeable future. “There is also the Dursley’s trial.”

I burn with anger at the remembrance of my love’s abusers. They are lucky I am waiting for their trial. How I wish to paint the dungeon’s walls with their blood.

“That will have to be fairly soon. I do not know how long my patience will last.” I inform him in clipped tones.

“Right...more discussion later…”

“It is nearly dinner time and you look half asleep. Come.” I stand and lead him into the dining room.

Harry seems much changed from before his depression...more confident. I am loving it, proud he is getting past his insecurities. As I observe him eating I also note he appears to be making more of an effort with manners. He will be a great consort and everyone will see that….Everyone…

Chapter End Notes

The next few chapters are a bit political and even have a bit of military shit.
Wow that was lame....Anyway updates will be slow for a little while because my computer is fucked up. When I get a new one, I should update more frequently.....no promises.

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter there would have been a computer nerd at Hogwarts and all the purebloods would have no idea what he/she was talking about....I dunno but that ignorance is hilarious.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind talk*

Chapter 24:

(Harry POV)

“Are you sure this is wise?”

“Of course it is Tom. It is 2072 and you have never used a computer. Stop being so old fashioned.”

“I do not see why I should need to use one. I am perfectly fine doing paperwork. No need to add any of this technology, it will only make it harder.”

“Tom you constantly complain about hand cramps-”

“Do not!”

“-through the bond. Plus you often use your left hand despite the fact you get smudges on your hand.”

“I could use my right hand.”

“But you won’t.”

After the tenth weird stare from bystanders Tom decided to continue this conversation through our minds. Even though people don’t know he is the Emperor he still likes to have a good image in public...or something. *True. Though it is an easy clean. No need to get some technology thing on that account.*

*It’s called a computer. And we are both getting one. Along with a printer, wifi setup, phones, mouse, usb etc.*

*Hmm...I have no idea what half of things are. Why would we get a pet mouse?*

I sigh not willing to explain the concept of a mouse to him. How can someone like him be so smart
and yet not know a thing about technology?

*Excuse me. Just because I have not learnt about technology-.*

*I am sure there are books on the subject. How far are you through the book I got you?*

Tom refuses to answer. I know he finished it. He takes most things he does not know as a personal insult. Why he has not bothered to learn about technology is anyone’s guess.

*No doubt by the end of the week we will have several books on the subject which you will have read. One additional reason we shall be getting computers is for you to familiarise yourself with technology. It will do you no good to remain ignorant on the subject.*

And with that Tom knew he had lost. I pulled the ignorance card; something that Tom loathes to be.

*Besides, Tom, you may be more knowledgeable on the subject than Dumbledore.*

*My angel, you are just as cunning as I am.* Again with the complimenting himself while praising me.

*So we are getting a computer.*

*I suppose so. Where is the computer store anyway?*

I point to a big store with computers in the display window just in front of us.

*Is that what a computer looks like?*

“You are hopeless, Tom.” I comment leading him into the store.

“So...which is the best one?” Tom asks gazing at all the different computers as if one was going to hop up and pronounce itself as the best. Knowing what I know about the magical world it is possible.

“There isn’t really a ‘best’ one. It is more which is the best one for what you are going to be using it for. For instance if you wanted to use it to play games it may be better to have a computer with a bigger RAM.”

“Why would a male sheep help you play games?”

“Just...no. RAM is an acronym for random access memory.”

“Which is...?”

“Nevermind. We can get an attendant to help us. Or you.”

“Why would you not need help?”

“Unlike you I actually know things about computers.”

“Really? Then what does ‘1,000 exabytes worth of hard drive space with USSD mean’?”

“It is a computer with 10 to the 18th power bytes of storage space with ultimate solid state drive; which works faster than the older models that use solid state drive. USSD is almost as fast as RAM was years ago at 19,000 megabytes per second.”
“Holy shit. You have managed to confuse me even more. I concede that you do not need help though. You probably know more about this than any of the attendants here. Most are probably part time workers with base knowledge of any of this. So why ask them when you are here?*

“I just studied a lot, okay?”

“Why?”

“Digital technology was the only class I took that Dudley didn’t. So I was able to do as well as I wanted….plus the subject interested me.” I can tell Tom is very angry with the mention of the Dursleys.

*Dudley is just as guilty as his parents. He never spoke out about the abuse even when old enough to know what was happening.*

*Couldn’t it count as brainwashing?*

*People who have been following orders have tried to use similar excuses in the past. It barely ever gets recognised as valid because the people still did the same horrific deeds as everyone else. So Dudley will most likely be punished for his part in your abuse.*

Tom decides to change the subject before we are upset further. “This one looks cool.”

“Tom, you seem the last person in the world to buy something because it ‘looks cool’.”

“Well, it is not like I know anything about this…”

I lead him over to a computer near the sales counter of the store. Pointing to the display I say, “This is the one we will get.”

“Why did we need to come all this way if you already knew the computer you wanted to get?”

“Because I need to get other things so we can have internet and can print things. Also I need to get it with magical enchantments so you cannot blow it up with magic; which you may try to do if you get frustrated with it.”

I choose all the necessary tools for the computers including a good printer, micro USB’s and extra monitors. Tom merely looked at all the things with a confused eye.

“Why do we need so many things?”

“It is necessary and it will help you learn how to cope with modern technology. I also got a few books on the subject for you. Now we get phones!”

Tom groans inaudibly.

(1 hour later)

We arrive back at the palace with Tom sighing in exaggerated relief at being back in the palace. Leaving our purchases in Tom’s office I lead him to the dining room for lunch.

“I think it would be wise to invite Neville and Blaise over sometime today.” Tom opens.

“Neville? Why?”

“Before your….incident, you were becoming fast friends with him. I think it would be a good thing
for you to continue it. It will help prove you can have friends..”

“As well as provide an ‘in’, helping me make more….friendships.” Though I really mean ‘associates’. After a life with no friends I do not wish to have many like some people. I want only a few good friends, like the twins, Neville, Severus and Poppy. I wouldn’t need more than that anyway.

“Exactly.” Tom understands. He has more ‘associates’ and casual acquaintances than friends. It makes sense because any friends he had when he was younger are likely dead or really old.

“How about this afternoon? Then you discuss our plans for Blaise involving Dumbledore.”

“Of course, it shall be a tea party.” Tom finishes with a smirk.

“It is a good thing you are teasing, right Tom?” I ask sweetly, my eyes burning in anger at the thought of going to any form of tea party. I used to prepare for such things and was forced to sit in the corner as Petunia and her ‘friends’ gossiped. It was the most boring thing in the world. “Because otherwise we shall have Emperor flavoured tea.”

*Definitely. Especially after what you told me about your personal experiences.*

*I didn’t tell you….dammit.*

*One day you will remember no doubt. But it appears that today is not that day.*

Sighing I decide to go find Neville in the Greenhouse. It is the afternoon so he should be here. I find him tending the mandrake plants and make my way over.

I stand hesitant knowing that this is the first time I have talked to him since the incident. Even then it wasn’t really a talk, more of a me brushing him off. So, we technically haven’t talked since my outing as Tom’s fiance. I really hope he isn’t mad at me. What if... No I will not think like that. I will not think like them...Confidence is all I need.

“Um...Neville?” I fiddle with my hands a bit. Okay….more confidence than that.

Neville starts a bit at his name before smiling when he sees me. “Hadrian! I was worried when you didn’t want to see me...did something happen?”

“Nothing really….but that wasn’t why I came here.” I straighten my shoulders and try to find my confidence. “I wish to formally apologise for my rude actions against you. To make it up to you I would like to invite you and your fiance to have...um….food in the afternoon..” Fuck! How could I forget that word. Where are you confidence?

“Afternoon tea?” Neville supplied sounding amused.

“Yes that is what I said. Afternoon tea this afternoon with me and T-er His Majesty.” There! At least it sounded coherent...ish.

Neville blinks surprised. “Uh, sure. We have nothing planned.”

“Are you sure you are not accepting just because T-His Majesty is going to be there?”

“Hadrian, I am coming because I want to make sure you are okay. Though I will concede that Blaise would only come because His Majesty shall be there.” He whispers, a smile on his face. “He can’t stand social gatherings.”
“Good. So…um…see you soon?”

“Certainly….Your Majesty..” Neville teases with a small bow. I scowl at him.

“Neville!”

“Is that not your title, Your Majesty?” He says innocently.

I pout at him. “Fine. I shall see you later.” With that I turn and head back to Tom.

As I am walking a strange thought occurs in my mind. *Tom, you know how people change their name when they marry?*

*Yes…?*

*Well…um…what about us? Would I become Mr Riddle or Lord Riddle or what?*

I feel a distinct feeling of smugness. Why is again unknown.

*That is actually a good question. You will more than likely become Consort Slytherin or Emperor Consort. But…hmm…that is only conjecture. You would probably not take up my real surname as there is no reason to. It is not magical nor will anyone ever use it rendering it pointless if you do change it. Besides you have to keep ‘Potter’ as you are the Lord of your house.*

*The nobility are strange and complicated. I don’t know how I am going to understand them.*

*I wondered that too. Just look like you know what you are doing, imitate behaviour around you and eventually you will be doing it naturally. It is not hard, my love.*

*Says the man who has been ruling them for 100 years.*

When I reached the office I decided to forgo sitting at my newly acquired desk and instead sat in my favourite seat, on Tom. This time when Tom felt smug I knew exactly why.

“Yes, yes, you have gotten comfier.” A kiss to the neck and arms around me is all the answer I receive.

“Have you set up the computers or even unpacked them?” I ask noting that Tom is using pen and paper still.

“Well…I have some very urgent work-”

“On whether or not the coffee supplied at Hospitals is of adequate taste?” I ask with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes!”

“Right, we are setting up the computers or I am sleeping in a separate bed tonight.”

Tom narrowed his eyes. “Resorting to blackmail are we?”

“If you stop being so unreasonable I wouldn’t have to.”

Needless to say the computers were all set up in record time. Tom still appeared confused by it all though I figure he will catch on quick. He is too intelligent not to. He may overtake me some day.
Um....COMPUTER KNOWLEDGE! I made up USSD but exabytes are real! Look it up...if you care. Also RAM, cos everyone cares about RAM!
The Not-Tea Party

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the long time between updates. I still don't have a new computer but anywho. This chapter is shorter as well....Also I am working on a new story so yeah..

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter we would learn more about people in other houses. Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs are barely mentioned and Slytherins could have been developed further.....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Pareseltongue~
*Mind Speak*

Chapter 25:

(Tom POV)

We finished unpacking the evil devices or computers as they are more commonly known with minimal distractions. Despite my best efforts Harry seemed determined to set up the computers and ignored my attempts to snog him to distraction. It is almost 3 now, so we are expecting Blaise and Neville in one of the parlors in the public wing.

I am reluctant to allow anyone into the private wing as I am used to my privacy. Plus the mere thought of another person like Draco or my crazy fangirls/boys getting in horrifies me. I know Neville and Blaise are not like that but I am cautious all the same.

They arrive hand in hand, bowing in greeting to us. I can tell my angel is very nervous as he has not been in this kind of situation before.

“Blaise, Neville, welcome.” I greet with a small nod of acknowledgement.

“Your Majesty, I would like to thank your fiance for inviting Neville and I to this...social gathering.” Blaise is always so polite despite the fact he appears nervous with this meeting. He may remember the last meeting with me which ended badly.

We descend into silence, none of us knowing how or willing to break it.

“So...I um..heard that you two are engaged..um..Congratulations?” Harry awkwardly starts, his annoying stutter back again.

*Shut up. I don’t see you trying to break the silence.*

“Thank you, Your Majesty?” Blaise answers looking awkward using the title for anyone other than me. At least he addresses him correctly unlike a certain Weasel…

“So have you set a date yet?” And with that a conversation took off between Harry and Neville. Both seemed to lose the awkwardness and had an engaging conversation about weddings; which
Blaise and I did not seem inclined to join.

“In Spring! Wow it should be very pretty then.”

“Yeah, I want to have it in a garden of some kind with lots of exotic flowers.”

“Really? Have you anywhere in mind?”

And on and on they went. To be honest the conversation bored me so I decided to talk about more serious matters with the unoccupied Blaise.

“Blaise, I have a task for you.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.” Instantly I have his attention.

“Hadrian and I have discussed the need to get more dirt on Dumbledore.”

Blaise looks annoyed at this. “You know I have tried my hardest to get information on him. I am now spending most of my day following him around. He produces nothing new, increasing the hours will do nothing.”

“Are you done with your mini rant?” At his nod I continue. “I want you to cut back on the time you spend spying on him. From what you have told me he realises you are there and so is trying to mislead us. No, what I want you to do is look into his childhood, his actions before the Empire.”

“How?”

“I know he used to live in Godric Hollow; you should start there. Find anything you think is relevant.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

From there we fall into silence, listening to our fiances talk about spring plants and which location would be the best for the wedding. About halfway through a sentence Harry stiffens, still talking but obviously, to me, he is distracted.

*Tom, we have a spy.*

*Spy? Where? How can you tell?*

*He is by the door and has placed a listening charm. I noticed because as soon as I found there were spies in the palace I decided to be extra cautious. Using the scanner spell has become common practice for me. I used it now and a person has been standing outside the door for over a minute.*

I admire the fact that Harry is able to have two conversations, one mental and one verbal, at the same time without losing focus.

*This is very useful. It also nice to know my paranoia is rubbing off on you.*

*I am not paranoid!*

*Sure...Who is our spy by the way?*

*Ronald Weasley.*

*Ah. Perhaps it is time to enact my plan…*
“Blaise, have you heard any reports about the Order recently?” I give him a look that says play along. He looks very confused still.

“Your Majesty, I think you should already know the answer to it. Far more than I would, in fact.”

I grit my teeth in annoyance. How can people be so stupid? I gave him a visual hint and he still does not get it.

“I was wondering whether you may have anything to add…” My tone implied that he would have something to add or he would make something up.

“He says they have no plans at the moment other than to make you look like an evil dictator.” He finally has caught on! I almost thought him stupid.

“Excellent. I shall send an army out immediately to retake South East Asia.”

“Are you sure that is wise, Your Majesty? That is where they are strongest.”

“They are weak, barely having enough manpower to hold that place. I will have it within the week.”

“Which army shall you send?”

“The non-magical only one. Obviously.”

“It is unlikely the Order would put up more of a challenge than that. Anyone competent can defeat a muggle army, which the Order is not.” Thank you Blaise! You are working to my plans perfectly. I just needed to play on your hatred for non-magicals....

“Let us see how long their occupancy in South East Asia lasts.”

“With the poor organisation of Dumbledore, we should have it back in a few weeks. Despite using a muggle army.” A sneer breaks out on Blaise’s face. He really does not like non-magicals. Not surprising considering what happened to his sister...

Blaise and I discuss this topic for a bit longer with me going over numbers and locations to drop the troops.

*He’s gone.*

*Are you certain?*

*Yep. Do you doubt me?*

*No, I merely wanted to be sure.*

“Your Majesty, are you okay?” Blaise asks with a hint of concern in his voice.

I snap back to reality, “Of course, why would I be otherwise?”

“Well you blanked out on us for a bit.” Even Neville is looking at me concerned. It appears he and Harry have finished their conversation. And Harry is looking at me like amused. I can hear him laughing in my head.

*Shut up. Not everyone can focus on two things at once. Maybe you are good at multi-tasking....*

*I don’t like what you are implying, Tom.*
*I am not implying anything. You must be reading too much into it.*

*You are implying I am like a girl.*

*No I am not. You think that is what I was implying when, really, nothing was implied at all. I was merely paying you a compliment.*

Given the glare Harry is giving me currently, he does not believe me. Damn.

“Your Majesty! You aren’t well-” This time Neville is voicing his concern.

“Tom is perfectly well. At the moment.” The edge on the voice promises punishment for later. Probably in the form of some prank.

“Are you sure Harry-wait His Majesty’s name is Tom?!?!” Neville squeaks out in surprise.

“Yes.” Harry and I answer in unison. People are always surprised by my real name. It is amusing to see them sputter over the fact I have a ‘simple’ name. I speculate they all thought it was something like Fortesque or something equally pompous.

“Okay, that was creepy.” Blaise announces.

I decide speaking in parseltongue would be better as I would not blank out again, ~See. I told you we could do the twin speak.~

~You are still being punished…~

~For what?~

~You know what.~

I almost rolled my eyes except I remembered at the last moment that we had company.

“Is he really okay, Harry?” Neville asks.

“Yes I am okay. If we could please get back onto the important topic….” Both Neville and Blaise look confused.

“Now that we have sorted the decoy army we need to set the rest of the trap.” I remark as if it was obvious.

“What.” Comes Blaise’s bewildered reply.

“The non-magical army is a decoy. I believe the Order will do anything to make sure the army never reaches the border of their captured territory. So they will organise ambushes and will initiate guerrilla war. They will also believe they have the advantage because they think they know the land.”

Neville is looking bored, though is carefully trying to hide it. Unfortunately, Harry is interested in this topic so will not be able to distract him.

“But what they do not know is that I have an entire army I retrieved from the area just before it fell into the Order’s hands. They are all magical and know the area as they grew up there.”

“So we will be able to set up ambushes and traps for the Order’s ambushers.” Blaise adds.
“Thus the ambushers become the ambushees.” Harry concludes.

“Fairly certain that ‘ambushees’ is not a word, my love. Regardless that is the plan. Once we get rid of the ambushers, the magical army will take care of most of the border control. From there the non-magical army will work on taking most of the cities. Any Empire sympathisers in the area will be able to assist in getting supplies and such for the armies.”

“If you want, rather than go straight for the cities, you could attack the supply lines for the Order. Specifically any weapons, transport, money and magical items.” Harry adds.

“Yes...that is actually intelligent. As long as we do not hit any food, water or medicine supply lines the people shall not suffer.”

Neville decides to interrupt. “Um..how about saving the war meeting for later? It is not polite to talk war during a tea party.”

“This is not a tea party.” I correct swiftly. “But I agree that we should save such discussions for later.”

The rest of the tea party...no gathering, was spent in idle discussion. As well as my angel discreetly sending spells at me with me casually deflecting them. Neville and Blaise both had no idea why this was happening.

Harry was very happy when Neville left; content in the knowledge that Neville does not hate him and is willing to still be friends with him. He deserves such friends after the horrors the Dursleys inflicted on him. I really hope I can move their trial up sooner, for I have no idea how much longer I can wait to torture them.

Chapter End Notes

The military thing won’t play a massive role in this fic unless you want it to. If you hated it this will probably be the last time it is mentioned. If you liked it, it may show up later if it fits with the story.
Decisions, decisions

Chapter Notes

Okay, this is also short. Also not a lot happens. BUT the next one is a lot longer and more...interesting...

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter, we would have learnt more about the Marauders and some of the pranks they did. I think it would have been hilarious.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind talking*

Chapter 26:

(Harry POV)

After the gathering Tom and I headed back to his office.

*No, I feel it should be called ‘our’ office. The term is far more accurate.*

*This doesn’t mean I have forgiven you.*

*What have I done?*

*You insinuated that I was acting like a girl.*

*I will neither confirm nor deny that accusation. I am afraid you shall have to take it to court to dispute it.*

*Tom! Stop getting all legal with this.*

*Well, you were the one who wants to be a leading witness in a trial. So, you shall need to know all the ins and outs with magical legal procedure.*

*Yes, but not now!* 

*What better time to learn than the present?*

*I could say the same for you and technology.*

*Point conceded. The future is a much better time to learn things.*

I sigh, knowing that Tom will be really stubborn about this. I have no idea why he is so against computers. Perhaps it is due to his old age.

*Excuse me! I can hear your thoughts you know.*

*Why do you think I made that observation?*
Tom goes very silent at this. We finally make it back to his...our office.

“Harry, you know how we discussed discrediting the Order.”

“Of course.”

“We also talked about boosting the reputation of the Empire.”

“Yes…?”

“Perhaps I should suggest the plan I have for this.”

“And hurry up about it! We don’t all have eternity!”

“I was thinking of setting up interviews where I discredit the Order myself.”

“...You mean reveal yourself to the public?” I ask in shock.

“Yes, among other things. I am thinking that doing so will increase support for the Empire as I will no longer be a faceless person in the eyes of non-magicals.”

“Instead you would be a gorgeous man..”

“Yes, yes, very gorgeous.” He smirks. I need to stop complimenting him like that! His ego will not be contained by the planet soon. It may even acquire its own gravitational pull.

“On task, Harry.” He comments. “Not only will I have interviews but I will mention you and our engagement. Whether you yourself participate in them is up to you.”

“I’ll consider it.”

“I was thinking of doing it after Moody’s trial but before the Dursley’s. This is because I can bring attention to the investigation on the Dursleys and insu re they don’t get acquitted via Dumbledore. Also if I mention that they treated you, my future consort, like trash...well they may demand for blood themselves.”

“But if I show myself when this happens....it will garner more sympathy.”

“Yes….but if you do not want to or do not want to be present when I discuss it, there is no reason for you to be there.”

“We shall see.”

“By showing our relationship we have a higher chance of people paying attention when we talk about the Order. We can say that the Order is putting a strain on our relationship.”

I scrunch up my eyebrows. “But that isn’t true.”

“It is more a bending of the truth. They have put a strain on our relationship but not in a major way-”

“It is more you missing out on sleep and then being grumpy with me.”

“I will concede that. But people will see the Order in a bad light because of it. If we combine it with the actions against you over the years, their terrorist attacks on camera and the actions of Dumbledore….people will be really against the Order. So much so that known Order members could be spotted and turned in by the public.”
“People may attack ‘Order members’ who are actually innocent….”

“We can ask for no violence and use that as an excuse to stop the Order; because we want to stop the violence.”

“So it’s about strategy.”

“Yes, we have to outwit them. By doing this series of interviews...we increase the people against the Order while decreasing the sympathisers. As long as we stick close to the truth it will be hard to be disputed. I realise one of the reasons why I am so hated is because I never show my face. Being faceless and never giving interviews has been detrimental to my image; that is why the Order is a lot more popular than it should be.”

I nod, completely understanding it. I personally had no trust in the Emperor because Tom used to be an imaginary figure. Something you know exists but have no proof of actually existing. People often need to see something to believe it is real; if they don’t see it they may mistrust it.

“This may mean you have to have more interviews in the future....and you will no longer have any privacy when you walk the streets. Are you sure you want to give that up?”

“One main reason I did not want the public to know what I look like is because many people would try to sexually assault me or coax me into one-sided relationships. I have you, so I do not need to worry about finding someone to spend eternity with.”

I smile at him. We fall into comfortable silence, relaxing from the eventful days we have had recently. This peace is something I long for in the hectic life in the palace. Only with Tom can I have this feeling.

Now it sounds like I will only have this feeling within the palace. The days where Tom and I can walk the streets freely are numbered.

“Tom, we need to go on another date. A date where we are just Harry and Tom. No titles, no politics, just ourselves. We need to do this before the public finds out about us and we are not able to walk the streets without being accosted.”

“I agree. But instead...how about a holiday?”

“Holiday? You mean as a couple?”

“No, as farm animals. Of course as a couple!” He retorts sarcastically.

I blush. “Well, I have never been on holiday before.”

“I figured that. I highly doubt your relatives would have even considered taking you anywhere to have fun.”

“Yes....so could we go overseas? If it’s not too much trouble…”

“Hmm....how do you feel about Italy?”

“That’s where pizza comes from, right?”

Tom nods. “I dislike France, despite the fact it has the ‘city of love’. Italy is very beautiful and a lot warmer than England.”

“So whereabouts in Italy shall we go?”
“Rome, maybe Venice as well. We can take a portkey tomorrow if you want.”

“What is a portkey?”

“It is an item which is enchanted to bring someone or a group of people to a specific location. It is similar to apparation-”

“No, absolutely not. If it is in any way similar to apparation I would rather walk. Can’t we just take a plane or something?”

“We could but it would take longer to get there…”

“Awesome! I’ve never been on a plane so this should be fun.”

*You will not think that once you actually fly in one.*

*Don’t be a downer, Tom.*

“So...do we need to book tickets?”

“No. I have my own private jet.”

“Why I am not surprised? Is it next to your hundreds of cars? Do you have more than one?”

He scowls. “I have 6.”

“What the fuck, Tom?!?! Who needs 6 private jets?” I exclaim.

He doesn’t answer. This is almost as ridiculous as the amount of living rooms he has.

“Okay, so we take a private jet then...wait won’t that attract a lot of attention?”

“I have my own private air strips near most major cities in the world. I am currently using the ones in Asia to discretely aid the citizens affected by the Order.”

I know what you’re doing, my love. You are trying to make the fact you have hundreds of air strips seem like a good thing. But at least it has a use to someone other than you and is more likely to be used more than once.

“Okay, so tomorrow we take one of your private jets to Italy. How long are we going to be there for?”

“I should think at least a week. I can postpone most of the work currently so long as I finish preparing the military operation tonight. Any urgent paperwork I shall have Lucius deal with; not that I expect anything. If there is an emergency…”

“They can contact you on your new phone! In fact if you want you can bring your laptop to do any work that is essential.”

Tom glares at the laptop on his desk like it is a bug he would desperately like to destroy. Lucky his magic isn’t able to blow it up or else there would be a scorch mark where the laptop lies.

“I think not. This is a vacation.”

“Fine….but you need to bring your phone!”
“No one will be able to contact me on this….thing; purebloods loathe most technology.” He holds up the phone between his thumb and index finger as if he thought it would bite him. Knowing Tom….he could well be thinking that.

“You are still bringing it. I need to teach you how to use it after all! First lesson: Don’t hold it like that. You will drop it and the screen will crack.”

He reluctantly holds it normally, though he looks displeased. I laugh at his expression of distaste.

“You will get used to it within a year, I can guarantee it.”

After that we finalised the details of the holiday. We would go away for one week, half the time would be spent in Venice and the last half would be spent in Rome. I am really excited to be going on vacation for the first time! I practically skipped out of the room much to the amusement of Tom.

Hmm...I better warn Poppy. She will no doubt be glad for us but would not like it if I don’t tell her. I go off to talk to Poppy and then prepare my things for the holiday. YAY! I’m going on holiday! With Tom!

Chapter End Notes

Again, apologies for the slow updates. Both the lack of a decent laptop and writers block has been the cause of this.
Chapter Notes

Good news everyone! I have a new computer. So this means I can no longer use it as an excuse not to update....damn. Also this chapter has a....saucy bit. *grins* But you may skip it if you like...

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter we would learn more about foreign wizardry and the different ways they do magic.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time Skip)

~Parseltongue~

*Mind talk*

#Warning#

Chapter 27:

(Harry POV)

“Your Majesties, we shall be landing shortly.”

*YAY! Wasn’t flying fun, Tom?*

*As much fun as the rollercoaster….*

Oh shit! Is Tom going to be sick? I look away from the window in concern for Tom. Only to see the bastard smirking at me! I can’t believe I was concerned for him. Smirking at me like he didn’t just scare the shit out of me.

He turns back to the book in his hand, ignoring the ranting in my head. He managed to get through three novel length books in the short 1 hour flight to Venice; time that should have been spent practicing using his phone. I know why he hasn’t, but I don’t know why he has not mentioned it.

“Tom, why are you not using your phone? You promised that you would try to on this flight.”

He looks up, eyes wide, “Shit! I knew there was something I forgot.”

I narrow my eyes at him. Liar! I reach into my pocket and pull out his phone which I now know he purposefully forgot. He walked right past it when he was packing. “You mean this phone.” I hold it up for him to see. “This phone which you ‘forgot’.” My words show how disbelieving I am of his words.

“Um….I did not realise you had it.”

“No? Very interesting. You know what else is very interesting? The fact that I mentioned that I had it and reminded you of the promise you gave me when we boarded.”

No comment from Tom. “Next time don’t lie to me.”
He nods and we spend the remainder of the flight in silence. I was not really mad at Tom. I know it is hard for this change but he needs to stop resisting it so much. Within a year he will probably be using technology better than most people could.

When we finally touch down Tom is still ignoring me. He thinks I am mad at him, no doubt. I decide to reassure him.

“Tom, please don’t ignore me...I just want to have a fun holiday. This is for us because the next time we do this you will probably not be able to walk the streets without being stalked by reporters and such.”

“I...apologise. I will endeavour to make this as enjoyable as possible.”

“Then stop being so formal!”

Tom smiled at that. I love making him smile. After that we proceeded to the apparation point. We are going to be spending our time in Venice staying with Lord and Lady Annunziato of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Annunziato. They are an old couple, though younger than my love, and shan’t gawk or grovel at Tom or my feet.

Luckily their children are away, else kneeling and groveling would be happening frequently. If that happened I think Tom would have killed them. So they are really away for their safety….

The building we are staying at used to be called the Doge’s Palace or Palazzo Ducale in Italian. It used to be where the Doge of Venice lived, and more recently a place for tourists. Until Tom became Emperor and gave it to Annunziato family after the destruction of their noble manor by unknown means. I suspect someone burnt the toast and it got out of hand.

The building is really beautiful and it is a shame that tourists can’t see more than the outside. The wards, of course, prevent intruders; but I think it should be possible for other people to view. This is probably one of the reasons non-magical people distrust magical people.

We settle into the room and have breakfast. I also finally get Tom to start using his phone! Success!

(2 hours later)

“It’s this way I’m sure.”

“Mhmm. That is what you said 5 minutes ago and we came across another dead end.”

“Shut up! This time I am right!”

And….it’s another dead end. Damn! I was so sure I was going in the right direction this time. I glance down at the map really confused on where we are.

“Darling, why not let me lead you? I could get us there in no time.”

“But...the map...it sounded so easy to get to…”

“Yes, well, it can be deceiving.”

I look up at Tom, who still looks as put together as ever. His hair is still nicely styled, his robes neat. He doesn’t look like he spent over an hour rushing around following someone who has no idea where they’re going. In fact, he looks like someone who just walked out of a stylists. As per usual.

Meanwhile, I look like I ran a marathon. My face is red, I am very sweaty and my hair is wild.
Because, when Tom said it was going to be warmer in Italy, he wasn’t joking. This shit’s like a sauna….I assume.

“How can you look like that in this weather?”

“Cooling charms.”

Of course!

“One might wonder why you never mentioned these to me…”

He looks me up and down with a flirtatious smirk on his face. “Hmm...I wonder…” Wow….

I blush making my face even more red. How can he look at me that way in public? Or when I am like this and he still looks like a model?

“If you are feeling too hot and bothered to continue exploring, how about some ice cream?” Tom asks.

“You’re the one making me hot and bothered!”

“Yes, and I would love to see you lick the ice cream-” I cover his mouth with my own to stop him from saying anymore embarrassing comments. I am already as red as a tomato; I don’t want to see if my blush could get any worse.

Breaking the kiss I announce, “We are getting ice cream! Lead the way, Tom.”

He grabs my hand and starts leading me on a complex route. Soon we are in front of a busy gelato place with a big line.

“This place sells the best gelato in Venice. Hence the queue.”

We line up and I spend the time waiting trying to learn the cooling charm. Tom is no help and was constantly trying to interrupt my efforts by pulling me into conversations through our bond. I dearly hope the ice cream is worth it.

(Tom POV)

We arrive at the front of the queue after a 15 minute wait. Unfortunately some people seem to think they are too important to queue and one such person decides to cut in line.

She is a young women, non-magical, with expensive clothes and sunglasses. Obviously some Italian celebrity by the way people behind us are gawking at her. Though I do not recognise her, nor do I appreciate the way she cut in front of me and my angel.

She orders before I can make my sentiments known. “6 large cappuccinos, soy milk, in to-go cups.” She says in Italian.

“Do you make a habit of jumping queues?” I ask her idly.

“Excuse me?” She asks affronted, turning to face me.

“I was merely concerned by your lack of care in the fact that you cut in line with people who have been waiting about 15 minutes.” I drawl.

In perfect English, “Do you know who I am?” She looks incredibly offended. It appears she takes it
as a personal insult that I do not know who she is.

“Clearly not or I would have addressed you by your name.” The unspoken question lay in the air.

“Of course, you Englishmen know nothing about anything important. As for who I am, I am Giada Rosamilia top fashion designer. You may have heard of Rosamilia Designs. That is my company.”

Ah, yes. I have no idea what company you are talking about.

*I do, Tom! Apparently it is the top company for fashion in the non-magical side of things. Not many magicals get clothes from there as far as I know.*

*I thank you, my love.*

“Does that somehow excuse you from queues?”

“You will only have to wait a few extra minutes.” Giada reasons, “Besides, it is worth it, for you get to spend time in my presence. Many people would die for an opportunity to speak with me.”

If only you knew who I actually was…. “Many more would die for the same privilege with the Emperor.” Harry puts in.

“Yes...well...” She stares at Harry for a few seconds. “How old are you?”

“19.”

“Hmm...for a second there I thought your boyfriend was a pedophile. You do look very young.”

“Perhaps it is just good genes?” I venture trying to bring attention away from Harry. I have no idea what insults or backhanded compliments will spring from Giada’s sharp tongue about him. One is more than enough.

“Yes, something you yourself have inherited. Plus good fashion sense.” Looking me up and down with a slightly hungry look about her.

*Tom, I want her to stop looking at you like that! You are not some piece of meat for her to enjoy!! YOU ARE MINE!*  

*Feeling possessive are we, love?*

“Many people have told me that.” I mention.

She peers into my eyes as if to assess my soul. “Though there is no need to wear coloured contacts so your eyes match your clothes.”

She thinks my red eyes are fake? How interesting…

“I think you shall discover that my eyes are actually naturally red.”

“Really? How...peculiar.” Giada’s attention again falls on Harry. “You both are very beautiful people.”

I possessively wrap an arm around Harry’s waist, thankful that he has kept silent throughout most of this exchange.

“Your robes are very tasteful...it is not often that I see magical fashion.”
“Really? How unfortunate for you.”

“Yes...it has been my dream to create clothes for the magical nobles. Especially the Emperor. I mean, being over 100 years old must mean he has no fashion sense. Unlike you..” She finishes by gesturing to me.

My angel buries his face in my neck to silence the giggles that want to erupt from his mouth. It would not do to laugh at her; no matter how much I and Harry want to.

Imagine that! She insulted me whilst complimenting me about the same thing!

*Wow! This is awkward. I really want to laugh at her but….*

*Yes it would be rude. Besides, she has no idea who she is talking to….*

*Really? Your ego didn’t tip her off or anything? I am surprised..*

“Hmm...I thank you for the compliment...” And insult...

“Yes, well I don’t generally go around complimenting fashion that isn’t mine on principle. But I do make exceptions from time to time-”

She was interrupted by the barrister giving her order. Before she leaves she reaches into her bag and pulls out a business card.

“If you ever need a job just call me. Both of you would make perfect models.” She hands me the card before sauntering off, leaving us both amused.

*Hmm...how entertaining.*

*She just boosted your ego by saying you are handsome enough to be a model!*"*

*She did the same for you my love.*

*No….she just said that because she didn’t want to upset me.*

*Sure….that is why she continually looked your way with lustful looks.*

*Tom-*

Whatever Harry was about to say was cut off by the barrister asking for our order. I decide to get a coffee and Harry a bowl of gelato.

We decide to sit in because Harry is complaining about sore feet. I sit drinking my coffee whilst watching the arousing image of my angel licking ice cream from the spoon. Around us the inane gossip of the other patrons is amusing.

The most common topic for gossip is myself. Or rather the Emperor. Lucky Harry does not understand Italian, otherwise he may be distracted from his ice cream.

“I heard he is finally getting married. It says so in Glamour magazine!”

“Yes, but it said that two years ago. You know you can’t trust that old rag. 3 years ago it said that the Emperor was actually a women with three breasts the size of a head…”

Yes, I am very lucky that Harry cannot understand Italian. There would be a lot of teasing otherwise.
Harry pulls my focus back to him and his beautiful lips, “Tom, why do you like coffee?”

“Hmm?” What an odd question…

“I was wondering why you like coffee. Or why anyone would like it. It’s really bitter and horrible smelling…Hot chocolate is way better!”

“I dislike sweet things. Besides coffee has caffeine in it which is something I frequently need to deal with my foolish elite. I do not have the patience to deal with them unless I am wide awake.”

“Why not get less foolish elite then?”

“I have tried. Many have had potential but ultimately I have yet to meet someone who is not foolish in my presence. You are perhaps the only exception.”

“And I am not technically part of your elite…”

“Exactly.”

We fall into easy conversation with me being mildly distracted by the wetness of Harry’s lips as he licks ice cream off them. Once we are finished, Harry decides he would rather go back to the palace then get lost exploring the city again. Which is probably good as I want privacy in order to ravage my angel. His surprise and lust at my last thought shows he is invading my thoughts for once.

He attempts to distract me through conversation, lest he become more aroused. “Tom, that lady brought up a good point. Why are your eyes red? Were they always red?”

“No, they were not always red. They used to be brown when I was a child. However, through my extensive use of dark arts when I was a teenager they became permanently red. The immortality ritual kept them this way.”

“So the dark arts messed with your genetics? Isn’t that really dangerous?”

“If it were I would surely have felt the affects by now. It has been over 100 years since they changed colour, yet no negative side effects have incurred. Perhaps if I had not done the immortality ritual there would have been.”

“What is the immortality ritual?”

“It is a dark ritual that keeps you at the age you are when you perform the ritual, as well as making it impossible for you to die. If I am burnt the burnt area grows back to the way it was. If my head is chopped off it reattaches itself. Same for limbs. Killing curses have no effect; but I still feel the pain of it. As with any person. The ritual requires a lot of magical power to pull off correctly and I spent a couple of years myself perfecting the ritual to make it easier to perform.”

“You want me to do this ritual as well.” He did not even phrase it as a question.

“Of course. You shall be my consort and I will want you by my side for eternity.”

He merely nods at that; though does not give his opinion on the matter. Silence follows until we reach the palace.

(10 hours later)

After dinner Harry and I retire to our rooms. Italians generally have dinner later in the evening which was an adjustment for Harry who is used to dinner in the early evening.
Once we are alone in the room I have decided I have waited long enough. I move swiftly and captured Harry’s lips in a kiss. He reciprocated immediately, allowing my tongue to plunge into his mouth. His arms wrap around my neck attempting to bring my body closer. My own arms are around his waist bringing us as close together as possible. I can already feel his quickly hardening cock against me and I am sure he can feel mine.

I continue to explore his mouth with Harry giving out delectable moans and whimpers. This spurs me on and I start lowering my hands to his beautiful butt. Grasping the firm flesh he lets out a gasp of pleasure. Arousal and lust are echoed throughout our minds building on the others.

I continue to knead the soft flesh bringing more moans. Stopping the assault on his mouth I move my attentions to his delicate neck, wanting to mark it as my own.

~So beautiful…~ I hiss against his neck, loving the reaction to my words. Harry moans and starts rocking against me.

Ensuring that privacy wards and locking charms are activated so we will not be disturbed, I slowly led us back to the bed.

Harry breaks off from my mouth and moves to lie on the bed. His eyes are clouded in lust and he is panting. He makes an enticing picture, with lightly tousled hair, blushing cheeks and wanton look on his face. His mind is a jumble of thoughts mostly centred on arousal.

I soon join him by lying on top of him, pulling him into another kiss. He instantly responds, pulling me closer to him. I start again biting and sucking his neck whilst Harry gasps and tries to control his breathing. His skin tastes divine against my tongue, as I explore his sensitive neck.

~More! Tom, more.~ He says in between gasps. His hissed voice arouses me further. Taking that as encouragement I move my idle hands to the front of Harry’s buttoned shirt. Unbuttoning it proved to be taking too long for him, so Harry vanishes the shirt.

I pull back slightly to get the best view of his naked chest, despite Harry’s whine of protest. And what a sight it was. The blush was evident on his pale chest that shows a fair amount of muscle. The beautiful pink nubs of his nipples held a lot of my attention, though. The sight makes me tighten my self control so I do not flip him over and fuck him relentlessly.

Harry’s whimper of need brings me back into action and almost makes my control slip.

I moved one of my hands up to touch his left nipple, delighting in the pleased gasp from Harry’s kiss swollen lips. My other hand traced the side of my lover’s bare chest allowing me to feel the shivers of pleasure from Harry.

Harry moans again bringing my attention back to his lips. Deciding another place requires the attention of my mouth I ignore those beautiful lips. Instead I remove my hand from his nipple and replace it with my mouth. A scream of ecstasy is pulled from my angel. I continue to suck and nip on the bud loving every sound that comes from Harry.

My love starts to rock his hips in order to get friction for his cock. I carefully avoid his thrusts, ignoring the sounds of protest from above. Moving my mouth back up to his mouth, his protests silenced.

I decide to reward his patience and grind my incredibly hard cock on his. The moans that creates fuels my arousal. When he grinds back against me a gasp falls from my lips. The pleasure was
building for both of us as we thrust our hips at each other.

~Tom! I’m….so close.~ Harry gasps out. His words make me move faster and I break the kiss to once again attack his neck. His words became unintelligible as his completion is brought closer.

As I reach his ear I hiss out, ~Cum, for me Harry.~ As if my words are an order he orgasms with a gasped whisper of my name. The gasp, mixed with the lust, arousal and love from the bond prove to be my undoing. With a final hiss I cum and leave one last bite mark on Harry’s pale neck.

#Slash over! Have a nice day!#

I collapse beside Harry and try to catch my breath. My angel is also catching his breath and trying to recollect his disorganised thoughts. That was one of the best orgasms I have had in a long time. Which is surprising because I generally have to be inside someone in order to cum; at least in recent times.

I wave my hand and banish the mess from ourselves.

“Wow, Tom. That was amazing!” Harry gasps out.

“Of course it was. I am an amazing lover.”

He giggles, which is a beautiful sound. “For once I am not going to disagree with you. Even if you are being annoyingly arrogant.”

“Imagine what it will feel like when I am inside of you.” I whisper into his ear.

My angel blushes and hides his face in my chest.

“Hey! You didn’t even remove any of your clothes.” He mumbles tiredly.

“Hmm...So I did not. Maybe next time I will.”

“I love you, Tom.”

“I love you too, my angel.”

Harry was soon asleep, forcing me to change his remaining clothes into sleepwear. I lie on the bed watching Harry for another hour or so.

How could I have been so lucky to have acquired the attention of this breathtaking creature? How can I have been the first to attempt any form of relationship with? To imagine that I was the first to ever touch him in this way….is mesmerising. The level of trust and love he has for me and I for him….Salazar, how can people live without it?

I now understand all the talk of love and how amazing it is. I could not imagine life without my beautiful Harry by my side. Or at least I do not want to even think about that possibility. I hope he does the immortality ritual when the time comes.

As I drift off to sleep I gaze at the peaceful face of my love.

Chapter End Notes
Please give me feedback on the slash scene!

Also, yes I have been to Venice. So some of this, like the getting lost thing, are based on my personal experience.
Chapter 28

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind Speak*

Chapter 28:

(Tom POV)

The past few days have been a nice change from the stress of paperwork and palace life. Both Harry and I have been able to relax fully without the weight of responsibility on our shoulders.

The holiday has been good for us and our relationship. Though we have not repeated what happened on the first night due to Harry’s embarrassment, I still feel we have made progress. The next morning he spent fifteen minutes trying to put on a glamour to hide the hickeys I gave him. I, of course, did not want him to hide them. They were marks showing that he is mine, but I understand he would have been embarrassed if anyone had seen them.

We have also discovered more about each other. Despite having lived in close proximity for a few months we still had a lot to learn. Harry found that I am, in his words, a ‘super pervert’. Now that we have started to develop more of a sexual relationship I have started to…go back to certain habits I have acquired over the years.

I, sometimes, enter the bathroom when Harry is in there. Not necessarily to see him naked…just because I am used to it. My angel never believes me and consistently throws me out of the bathroom. Unfortunately, I have not even glimpsed Harry naked to make up for it….

On the other hand I have discovered that Harry always wakes up incredibly early. I had never really noticed before, as I frequently get up early in order to deal with the piles of paperwork. But as I have been trying to sleep in on the holiday to make up for it I have now realised this fact.

Not only does he awaken early no matter the day or time he went to sleep; he is also one of those people who are instantly awake in the morning. Or more commonly known as a ‘morning person’. I, myself, at least need to have a shower to wake up properly so his cheerfulness in the morning is unwarranted. Plus he sees sleeping in as a horrifying waste of time and tries to wake me up prematurely. Never mind the fact that I have eternity and the world can wait a few more fucking hours to let me sleep!!
Harry should be glad that I love him; if he were anyone else I would have hexed them into oblivion. Fucking sleep stealer……

We left Venice a couple of days ago to travel to Rome. Harry still was constantly complaining about the heat, for he has to renew the cooling charms often. I do not mention there is a stronger cooling charm that lasts at least 8 hours, because it is entertaining to see him so flustered over something so simple.

We are currently in a small restaurant having lunch because Harry was bored with viewing art in museums or touring ancient buildings. No doubt his enthusiasm will return soon. I glance across the table to Harry who is enjoying yet another pizza. One might wonder how he can have so many in a row. For the past few days he has practically eaten nothing but pizza.

Dispelling my head of such thoughts I admire the tan my angel has acquired. It makes him look more radiant than usual. Honestly, it is getting harder and harder for me to not ravish him now that I have had a taste.

“Tom, stop staring at me like that. We are in public.” Harry scowls.

“I cannot help it if you look like that.” I smirk. Harry blushes as he usually does though manages to keep his scowl.

*Tom, you’re being embarrassing…we shouldn’t do this here...*

*What, flirting in a public place? You realise half the couples in the room are doing much worse than I am….Including the old couple behind you who are practically eye fucking.*

*But….people may not like it because we’re both males…..*

*There are at least 2 same sex couples in the room. As they have not been kicked out or had homophobic slurs thrown their way, I believe we are safe.*

I can still feel Harry’s unease. I have no idea why he is so bothered with showing affection in public. He has been this way for a while….but he used to be okay with it…..

“Darling, is there something wrong?” I ask concerned with how Harry has been acting. It is not a recent thing for me to notice, but it is certainly more noticeable whilst on holiday.

“It’s just…..everyone is staring at us and…..” He trails off. I know he is not telling me the whole truth. He is hiding something from me.

“Of course, have I not said before that we are both gorgeous people who dazzle others with our mere presence?”

“Well, yeah….but-”

“There is not ‘but’ about it. You are beautiful and-” I stiffen. Something is wrong. The feeling of constriction falls on the area.

Analysing the feeling I realise what it is. Anti-apparation wards. I glance out the window and note the lack of people milling about. The plaza is empty, save for a couple individuals….  

…One of whom was pointing a wand in this very direction. A spell shoots from his wand, hitting the side of the building. Before it makes impact I pull Harry under the table.
The side of the restaurant explodes raining plaster, glass and stone onto those who had not taken shelter. I had also created a shield around Harry as extra precaution.

Getting up from under the table I assist my angel in standing. His wide eyed, terrified face urging me to protect him. The Order, who is the only group I know that would be behind this attack, shall pay for putting such an expression on his face.

“Harry, stay here. I will go deal with the Order.”

“What?? No! I have to help you!”

I turn and face him. Framing his shaking face with my hands I try to convey my message. “I cannot lose you. So you will stay here and help the wounded; I will keep this building safe as well as assist people in getting here.”

Harry’s determined nod fills me with relief, knowing that he will not follow me and get himself injured or killed. I release his face and climb over the rubbled remains of the restaurant’s entrance.

As I exit the store a whispered, *Be careful…* echoes through my mind.

I quickly cast a disillusionment spell so I can assess the scene.

Several Order members are attacking people who have no means of defending themselves. Another group to my left is gathering innocent bystanders, some of whom look like they were on a school field trip. Deciding that I first need to rescue those people, I also know that I need to keep the Order’s attention away from the restaurant containing Harry.

Moving quickly, I manage to put distance between me and the restaurant. When I am in position, I grab my wand ready to fire the first spell. It would be no good, after all, to attract further attention by doing solely wandless magic. Even though the Order should know who I am and what I look like. Besides, I need time to dismantle the anti-apparation ward.

Aiming at the first Order member I cast “Petrificus totalus.” Instantly he falls to the ground and all the other Order members in the vicinity are alerted to my presence.

Wands are pointed in my direction and spells leave them in rapid succession. A wordless ‘Protego’ protects against the onslaught of spells.

“What the fuck!???” One of the Order members shouts, evidently surprised by my identity. That answers whether the attack was specifically for me.

So started the fight. I conjured creatures to attack and distract the Order. Their surprise and shock after recognising me has given me an advantage I must take. The Order members that are herding the prisoners close ranks.

I aim at these people, needing to get rid of them before they move the hostages somewhere else. My wand fires out multiple stunners as well as other harmless spells in case my aim is off or the Order uses the prisoners as human shields.

An unoccupied member of the Order attempts to throw a bombarda at me but I skillfully deflect and retaliate with a bone breaking hex. The woman falls to the ground with a scream; both of her legs broken.

3 out of the 15 Order members I can see are down; 6 of whom are surrounding the prisoners. More spells are flying around filling the air with multi coloured beams of light. I recognise one of the Order
members as Nymphadora Tonks, Andromeda’s daughter. As soon as she saw me she appeared to get scared and portkeyed away.

Okay, 11 more Order members to go. The spells the Order are sending to me are getting more and more complex when it becomes obvious I am not falling to a weak stunner.

Deciding I need to get more complex before the Order escapes with hostages, I start sending transfiguration spells at the Order.

Due to the fact my spells are non-verbal the Order has no idea of my change in play. The spells easily get through several shields the rebels have put up. Soon the 6 guards are suffering from extra appendages, slightly animalistic features or even full bodied transfiguration. Only two of the guards are still able to fight; the rest fall to stunners after being distracted by their new looks.

The final 2 guards put up more of a fight, though none of their spells even get close to hitting me. Both my strong shields and agile movements prevent it.

The two guards soon show obvious signs of exhaustion as they were not anticipating such resistance. They clearly had not thought ahead to have potions on hand to combat it. Meanwhile, I am not even sweating despite constant use of magic and the warm climate. Soon they both fall to stunners they couldn’t block.

Taking the chance I have I run over to the scared prisoners.

As I run I create a wall of water separating the prisoners and the Order members. It provides me protection from their spells as well. The prisoners all stood up at my gesture. Deciding the safest place is probably the restaurant, which inexplicably has powerful wards around it. I wonder how Harry managed to do that….

“Go! Run into that restaurant! I will cover you!” I yell at them to ensure they hear me over the noise. Conjuring several snakes I order them, ~Lead these people to safety.~

The hissed speech provokes the frightened people into movement.

I provide covering fire for the prisoners as they run over to the safe zone. Bombardas and confringos are thrown at the prisoners and guard-snakes, which I carefully deflect onto the battered plaza.

When half the prisoners are in the restaurant an Order member tries something stupid. He throws Fiendfyre at the running people and tries to block off the route to the restaurant. Unfortunately he clearly has absolutely no control over the fire and so it will soon be going everywhere. Even the wards on the restaurant preventing damage will not survive the uncontrolled fire.

Knowing the only way I could control the fire is by casting the curse myself I almost sigh at the damage that is sure to be caused. This plaza is going to cost a lot to repair!

“Fiendfyre!” I cast directly at the other fire. Overpowering the fire immediately it becomes a basilisk and is completely under my control. I send the basilisk over to the idiot who cast the fiendfyre in the first place and lightly singed him. He fainted from the heat and exhaustion from casting such a taxing curse.

I then use the basilisk as a shield for the people, allowing them all to enter the restaurant without casualty. I release the spell and get back to subduing the remaining Order members.

Then I hear several portkeys activation bringing Order reinforcements. About 15 additional rebels enter the battle torn plaza. More could likely be on the way.
It appears all the good work I did reducing their numbers was all for naught. I can feel Harry’s fear and borderline panic which spurs me onward. No way I am letting any of these filth even glimpse my Harry, let alone hurt him.

Deciding that I, myself, will need reinforcements I prepare to bring down the anti-apparation wards. Even with how good I am with dueling, I will eventually run out of magic and cannot fight more than 30 to 1. I cannot risk Harry for the sake of my pride. Besides, the Aurors need to get here anyway to arrest the filth I have already subdued.

I conjure another set of animals to attack the Order as well as the majority of the snakes who guarded the fleeing prisoners. I leave a few snakes to guard the restaurant entrance to prevent a stealth attack to the restaurant.

Building a strong shield around myself, I focus solely on the ward. I can hear a barrage of spells hitting it. The sounds of hippogriffs, bears, lions etc., attacking and roaring battle cries fills my ears. Hastily said spells and screams also registers.

I ignore all distractions as I untangle the amateur ward. Quite frankly, I could come up with better wards in my sleep than these buffoons in the Order.

The hisses of snakes and cries of “I’ve been bitten.” also are ignored as the ward slowly unravels. The feeling of being weighted down is slowly relieved.

A member of the Order realises what I am doing and so tries a desperate measure.

“Avada Kedavra!” She casts, sending the spell directly to me. She obviously thought I would move out of the way to avoid the curse and therefore lose concentration on breaking the ward.

However, she is wrong. I just let it hit me. The spell goes right through my shield and directly to my chest. I can feel Harry’s panic and distress as the spell makes contact with my chest.

The spell does nothing other than cause me some mild discomfort which I ignore. Her gasp of shock is barely heard of the crash of the anti-apparation ward.

Almost immediately multiple cracks are heard, telling the arrival of the Aurors. They swiftly enter the battle stunning and binding the already tired and battered Order. Some of the rebels realise the danger and apparate or portkey away to avoid incarceration.

One of the Aurors notices me helping and rushes over to assist me. Apart from some minor cuts and a minor ache in my chest there is nothing wrong with me. At that thought I can hear scowling in my head.

“Your Majesty! Are you alright?” The older Auror who is clearly the leader of the operation asks in concern. By now the Order that has remained in the plaza are all bound and being attended to by Aurors. With a hiss I banish the snakes and animals who were sitting idly while the Auror rounded up the rebels.

“I am fine. You may need to send healers into the restaurant behind me as there may be injured people.” I answer, directing attention to the restaurant. Who knows how many were injured in the initial explosion. I hope Harry was able to provide enough to stabilize them until healers arrive.

*Honestly, what do you take me for? A slacker?* Comes Harry’s beautiful voice in my head. Despite his attempt at humour I can tell he is very concerned for me.

Harry grumbles, *As I should be! You do realise I can feel your pain, yes? And it is in no way
I smile at his response. The Auror beside me is looking in shock and slight awe of me.

“Your Majesty, my colleagues have just informed me that you took on most of the Order singlehandedly for about 30 minutes before we arrived. And you also dismantled the ward as well!” His voice was filled with hero worship, which is quite funny to hear in a grown man’s voice.

Any reply I might have given was waylaid by the sound of more apparation and even several vehicles approaching the area. Expecting emergency healers, I was not pleased to note that they were instead news crews. Both local, national and international news crews.

“I was not here.” I announce to the Auror.

His eyes followed my gaze to wear the reporters were converging. “Of course, your majesty. A mysterious individual helped defeat several Order members.” A slight wink in my direction.

“Indeed.” I stand brushing, myself off slightly. It was at that moment the reporters spotted me. A stampede erupted with all magical news crews who recognised me hurrying over to my position. Several non-magical ones followed close behind.

The flashing of cameras and microphones being shoved in my face was annoying. Refusing to deal with it I brush them off with magic and swiftly make my way into the restaurant.

I need to get Harry and I away from here as soon as possible. And clean up this whole mess...I sigh. I suppose Harry and I could never have a normal holiday…

Chapter End Notes

I basically wrote this chapter to see whether I could write a fight scene. Also there are some elements which could be important later...

And the next chapter will just be Harry's POV of this chapters events.
I am sorry that this update is so late. The blame lies solely on my editor, Ruby1334. Curse her!

In all seriousness I really am grateful to her for editing. She has done all the previous chapters as well.

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter, Harry would have become a healer. I think it would have been a better profession and he wouldn't have been imitating his dad.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind Speak*

Chapter 29:

(Harry POV)

(Before the battle.)

As soon as Tom was out of sight I went into full healer mode. I need to ignore the great danger my fiance could be walking into and focus on helping the people in this restaurant. Scanning the room I found the most injured person I could see and rushed to attend them.

The woman in question had her lower half covered in rubble and a growing puddle of blood surrounding her. Her boyfriend/husband was desperately trying to move the rubble off her and he himself was sporting a sizable head wound.

Placing a comforting hand on his shoulder to calm his panicked movements. He looks to me.

“She’s trapped!” Comes the man’s tearful voice. Lucky he speaks English or else I would have no idea how to calm him down.

“You need to calm down. Panicking will not help the situation.” Despite the desperate situation, the man does calm down. Perhaps it is because I, myself, am not panicking.

“Now, let me help, okay? You stay here because your head injury is serious. You may have a concussion. Have this pack of ice and put it to the wound.”

The man nods and takes the bag of ice I offered. I move past him and examined the area the woman is trapped. Noting that more of the restaurant is unlikely to come down on our heads if I remove the rubble, I banish it.

The women, now free, looks at her crushed legs which are bleeding a lot. No bones are showing, a good thing as I have no idea when healers and ambulances are going to arrive.
I put my hands over her legs and clean away the blood so I can see her wounds. They don’t look too serious, so I close them up with magic as best I can. The woman is still in a lot of pain and has lost a fair amount of blood, but should be fine until emergency crews arrive.

In heavily accented English, “Thank you.” The woman offers a grateful smile.

I smile back before the building shook from a blast to an adjacent building. I realise healing people will do no good if the building is just going to collapse on them. So I pull into my magic and will a protection shield to surround the building. The slight tug on my magic says I succeeded and so could go back to healing people.

Again scanning the area, I note who appears to need the most help. An older lady over the other side of the room appears to be wailing over the body of a younger man. I rush over to see what I can do to help.

The man appears to be losing consciousness though there is no obvious wounds beyond minor ones. I rip the shirt he is wearing and note some sizable bruises on his torso.

I check his ribs and can feel two are broken and the rest are only bruised. The broken ones are the biggest concern because they could have punctured his lung, allowing blood and other fluids to flow into his lungs and prevent breathing. His breaths are labouring confirming my suspicions of a punctured lung.

First I move my hands over his chest and force magic through. I move the magic around and put a magical patch over the holes in his lungs to stop further liquid getting in. That done I remove the liquid already in his lungs to allow him to breath.

Already I notice his breathing getting easier, though he is still struggling to breath because of his broken and bruised ribs. There is little else I can do right now apart from ease his pain slightly; which I do.

The older woman seems to be thanking me but as I do not understand Italian, I cannot be sure.

I continue going around healing people while sounds of battle are heard outside.

Then people came rushing in the entrance. I tense preparing for a confrontation. Though I have never fought before and only know the most basic defense and offense spells I will defend these people if I have to. Despite what my love told me to do, I will not let these innocent people be harmed by the Order and if that means I have to put myself in harms way….so be it.

I don’t think Tom would understand it though. But then again he is out there defending us, or perhaps more accurately me, from the rebels. Maybe he does understand it.

It turns out my worrying was for naught; as the people who entered did not attack and they were flanked by snakes. Which means Tom sent these people. None of them appeared injured, just in shock.

To make sure I cast a diagnostic spell on them all. Yes, they are all fine except for some bruises and scrapes. The spell I used frightened them a bit as they backed away from me.

“It’s okay! It’s just a diagnostic spell to see if you’re alright.”

The people slowly nod, some of them look like school children. How scared they must be to find themselves in the middle of a battle. I almost want to get up and give them all hugs to comfort them.
But I decide to instead see how my love is faring outside. The moment I look outside I see Tom guarding the restaurant as more Order members apparate in.

I almost panic at the sight. How can Tom defend himself against that many people? There has to be at least 20! What if he gets hurt? What if his immortality thing doesn’t work? What happens if they permanently turn him into a frog? Will I have to kiss him to turn him into the handsome Emperor again? Why I am thinking such stupid things from that fairy tale? What if being this panicked and scared actually makes me insane?

I have to calm down. Tom looks super in control as he merely summons a whole bunch of creatures to fight with him. Yeah! Go Tom!

Wait..what is he doing? Why isn’t he moving? Shouldn’t he be firing off spells and stuff?

A woman walks up beside me. “That your boyfriend?”

“Fiancée…” I correct, looking on in worry. I barely noticed what I was saying as I am so caught up in what he is doing. MOVE TOM!!! DO SOMETHING!! THEY ARE GOING TO HURT YOU!!

“Oh...well he is a very brave man going out there to fight the Order. Definitely a keeper.”

I am gripping the window sill very hard as I try to urge Tom to move. “Thanks.”

The strange feeling of being held down lessens slightly. I barely noticed it there before, too busy healing to care. Then out of the corner of my eye I see an Order member fire a spell directly at Tom. But Tom doesn’t move. Please move Tom! Please!

I am practically begging him with tears in my eyes as the spell hits him. Several things happen at once. First, the sound of crashing hits my ears as the feeling of being weighed down is gone entirely. Second, Aurors start to arrive. Why they weren’t there beforehand is unknown. And third I feel a great pain in my chest exactly where the spell hit Tom.

It feels like Uncle Vernon has just sat on my chest, yet somehow not broken any bones. And yes, I do know how it feels for an overweight male to sit on me. I honestly thought I was going to die when it happened. The pain in my chest currently feels exactly like that. I almost collapse from the feeling, barely able to stand.

And Tom doesn’t look affected at all! Even though he was the one who actually got hit by the spell. What was that spell?

I decide to enter Tom’s mind to see whether he feels it too. Vaguely I notice him talking to an Auror. He is apparently thinking about how I better have healed all the patrons as best I could.

*Honestly, what do you take me for? A slacker?* Stupid Tom! Risks his well being to save me and all he can think about is what I was doing during that time?

He appears amused by my comment though appears to pick up on the fact that I AM CONCERNED FOR HIM!

*As I should be. You do realise I can feel your pain, yes? And it is in no way ‘minor’.* I huff in my mind. I would rather face a beating from Uncle Vernon then face that pain again. So long as he doesn’t sit on me….

I can’t believe he tried to pass this pain off as ‘minor’. When he gets in here…..I probably will hug
him and ask him not to do something so scary again. I don’t think I could do the whole lecture thing. Too time consuming to think of things to say…

Honestly I just want to go home. This whole thing has stretched me thin and I want to sleep with my favourite pillow. I used a lot of magic making sure the people in the restaurant didn’t die…so I can barely keep my eyes open.

Then I notice several people being followed by cameras. Reporters. Fuck! Any thoughts of sleep escape me as adrenaline floods my body. What if they see Tom? What if they take pictures of me or Tom? What if they know he is the Emperor?

Tom apparently saw their approach and is making a strategic retreat into the restaurant. Unfortunately, the reporters spotted this and are following him.

When I see him standing in the door, words couldn’t describe how handsome he is. Even though he was not as well kept as he usually is and he had obviously been sweating, he looks breath-taking. I can just imagine him there on the battlefield fighting so many people at once with not a scratch on him.

As he walks over I analyse him for injuries. Apart from the pain which I can still feel, there is not one cut. I wonder how he managed that?

As soon as he is in front of me I wrap my arms around him, relieved he is okay….relatively. Behind him I can hear the click of cameras along with the flash, making me realise we are not alone. And they have cameras….

Tom appears to have heard the clicks as well because he steps back from the hug, grabs my arm and drags me towards the kitchens.

“Tom, where are we going?” I ask, still being led to the kitchens. “I don’t think this building has an exit this way.”

Tom merely smirked down at me before entering the kitchen. After the doors close Tom pulls me close and…

FUCKING HELL!!!

...I was assaulted with the feeling of nausea as we apparated away.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, this was Harry's POV of the battle.

I am not a doctor so I have no idea whether the healing stuff is correct medically.
Well...it's been nearly a month.....oops. Okay the next chapter I have been having trouble with so.....yeah. I am sorry it took so long for this chapter to come out.

Thank you, Ruby1334 for editing.

DISCLAIMER: Luna was awesome. If I owned Harry Potter there would have been more of her.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind Spake*

Chapter 30:

(Tom POV)

Fuck! How could this have all gone wrong? Our nice, relaxing holiday ended with Harry and I apparating out of a kitchen in a restaurant to escape reporters.

Not how I intended our holiday to go. AT ALL.

The blame lies entirely with the Order. So, naturally, this means the real culprit of our ruined holiday is the old coot, Dumbledore. I can still remember Harry’s terrified face as the Order attacked. So Dumbledore shall pay dearly for putting that expression on his face.

Anyway, I apparated us to a secure location in Switzerland where I shall get this mess sorted out. Harry appears to be nauseous from the sudden apparation.

Unfortunately, such measures were needed to escape the relentless flashing of cameras. They already have several pictures of both of us and some may have gotten accounts of what we did there.

I can barely contain my fury over these….animals taking unauthorised pictures of my angel. He was in no way prepared for their cameras; nor was he willing. They never even asked.

I wrap my arms around Harry in comfort, ignoring the other people in the room. Harry is so close to breaking down from the events of the day which he would never do in front of all these strangers. He cannot even do it in front of people he considers friends yet for fear of wasting their time with his problems.

I lightly stroke his back to calm him. He hasn’t yet moved, appearing to be paralysed with emotion.

Looking back on the issue I have several questions about the battle, the Order and the military operation in South East Asia. But first I need to arrange for any mention of me and my angel to be removed from any media; as well as any pictures. Luckily the television news crews had yet to set up their camera, or else this would have been all for naught.
Glancing around the room I zone in on the leader of the operation. He, along with everyone else in the room, is staring at me and Harry. Most seem to be fascinated; none of them were staring at either of us in disgust or jealousy.

That is why these people have all lasted so long. None of them are interested in me sexually nor are homophobic. Why the majority of the world’s population could not be more like this group of people I will never understand….

Then I noticed the things they had in front of them. Oh….Harry is never going to live this down…

*So...all the things they are working on are computers?*

*Yes…*

I pause my thoughts. Admitting it would be beyond embarrassing. Yet Harry appeared to follow my thoughts and worked out exactly what I refused to say.

*Wait! You have been in and out of here for over 50 years and you never realised that they were working on computers?!?!??!*

*Um…* Nearly all my composure left me as I actually blushed. Several people in the crowd gasped, having never see me lose my composure or blush….ever.

Harry starts laughing which is an enchanting sound. Evidently he can feel my embarrassment...but at least he is acting normally again.

He looks up at my face with his glowing emerald eyes shining in happiness. Then he kissed my cheek.

“You’re adorable, Tom.” He mumbles against my skin. More gasps are heard from our audience both from the kiss and the fact I am freely comforting someone. I am known to these people as a ‘cold hearted bastard’. Their words, not mine.

Of course the entire crowd is made of non magicals so they never heard the announcement that I am engaged. With the revelation that they are working on computers it is understandable that all the workers are non magicals, because magical people for some reason hate computers.

Probably because majority of them are purebloods and think science is a pathetic attempt at creating magic like the sorting hat. It took years for purebloods to accept televisions into their everyday lives. I still remember the drama at the turn of the millenia….

Anyway, I should get on with what I came here for. Specifically, removing any mention of me or my love and any photos needing to be destroyed.

*Love, I need to go talk to the man over there to erase any mention of us in the media.*

Harry appeared to relax. *Good, I thought when the reporters took pictures you would have been outed prematurely.*

I smirk amused at Harry. *Harry, this is not the first time I have had my photo taken by reporters. That is why I have this place. They help protect my privacy by removing mention of me from the media. In fact the leader, who is the man I want to talk to, developed something that automatically targets keywords and removes them from publication.*

Harry nods and releases me. I then lead him over to the leader.
“Harry this man is Sir Darweshi Franklin. The first non magical to be knighted—”

*During your reign…* Harry adds.

“-thanks to his efforts in keeping my privacy. Before I had him we almost had to bully various media to prevent them publishing photos of me.”

Darweshi nods in acknowledgement. He is quite a tall man, despite the fact he is sitting down, and was originally from Kenya. Though his father was American, explaining his surname.

Harry nods in understanding to my explanation.

“Darweshi, this is my fiance Lord Hadrian Potter.”

Darweshi nods in his direction but does not get up. He prefers to avoid social interaction at all costs so it was hardly surprising.

“So, what happened this time, your majesty?” Darweshi asks in his heavily accented English.

“The Order happened. I fought them but did not leave in time to escape the reporters. They managed to get a few shots of me and my fiance but there was not any video footage.”

“Oh, so you want me to remove all the pictures of both of you and…?”

“Replace any mention of me or him and make it about a couple of mysterious heroes….to be honest I do not really care so long as I or my companion are not mentioned.”

Darweshi gets to it and I decide to lead Harry over to the snack room. Dueling like that made me very thirsty. I have not had the chance to participate in many battles for a while, unsurprisingly.

Once I shut the door whatever was holding Harry back disappeared. He erupted into laughter.

“I can’t believe you didn’t realise they were using computers!” He continues laughing at my expense. I almost pout at him; but that would ruin my image so I refrain. I do however get myself a coffee and use the cup to hide my slight frown.

Though hearing my angel laugh after the attack is amazing. His eyes sparkle, not in the horrible Dumbledore way, but in genuine happiness. At least my ignorance is good for something….perhaps there is cause for me to learn more about computers to avoid future...incidents.

Speaking of incidents, now that I am not in the midst of a battle, why was the Order in Rome? They clearly were not there for me due to their surprise at my appearance. Why were they not fighting the armies I sent to South East Asia? Did something go wrong with my brilliant plan?

I almost scoff at my thoughts. Of course it did not. My plan was flawless and there was no way Dumbledore or his band of idiots would have seen through it.

*Good to see the battle didn’t destroy your arrogance. If anything, it seems you have gotten even more of an ego.*

I turn to face Harry who is smiling at me. *Did you really think the Order would be able to beat me, my love?*

*Not really….but your own arrogance might.*

*Oh darling, but you love my arrogance!*
I can’t explain why though…* His smile is still radiant, prompting me to kiss those beautiful lips. He reciprocates immediately, putting his arms around my neck to pull me closer. I kiss him for a few seconds more before he pulls back with a blush on his face.

I banish the coffee cup, the coffee was awful anyway, and pull Harry into another hug to reassure myself and my magic that he is okay. Harry’s own magic appears relieved as well, though I do not let go of him. I keep him tucked under my chin and just try to forget about the responsibility waiting for me at home.

*I hate being this short!* Harry’s huffed whine breaks me from my relaxation.

*Well, if you continue to consume your potions you-*

*-Will never be as tall as you. I have to stand on my tiptoes just to reach your mouth!*

*Still, you look beautiful….especially when you are just about to-*

“Tom, don’t we have to...um….check up on Darweshi? Or find out what happened, why the Order was there?” Harry rushed out. He clearly did not want me to finish my sentence.

“Perhaps you are right. You may also wish to warn the goblins of the arrest of several Order members…”

“Okay!” Harry happily walked out of the room giving me a nice view of his retreating behind. I know his smile has become slightly strained at that thought.

I do not really understand why Harry is so cold sometimes. He is mostly very affectionate...but ever since I saw him again at the hospital he has been reluctant to show affection in public. At first it was not very noticeable but it has slowly gotten worse. Now he refuses to hold my hand on occasion.

Something happened….I need to find out. He also is avoiding me more after that night in Venice….does he regret it?

I decide to ignore these thoughts and focus on finding out what happened. I can deal with Harry later, in private.

I leave the snack room feeling more tired than ever and make my way over to Irma Prince, the person who would know what is going on. She looks up as I approach.

“Good afternoon Irene, may I ask how the military expedition in South East Asia is going?” I began.

“Your Majesty, you know you don’t have to ask. The expedition went without a hitch. The Order was subdued in the area a couple of days ago. Apart from a few Order sympathisers the area is now back in your control.”

“Hmm...so why was the Order in Rome?”

“I am afraid I have no idea. I can put forward ideas; but that would be merely guesswork. Besides, I am far more interested in how you, of all people, managed to get engaged.”

I glare at Irma who seemed unphased by my hostility. “I fail to see how that is your business.”

“Well he suits you. But I can tell you are troubled over something with him. You looked almost upset when you left the snack room and your gaze was stuck on him.”

I grit my teeth in annoyance. Irma is infuriatingly observant and it never misses her notice when
someone is feeling upset. Not even I could fool her.

“Again, this is none of your business.” I say with an underlying demand in my voice that she leaves it alone.

“Then talk about it with someone, either the man himself or with someone you trust, like Lucius.”

I stare at her for a few more seconds before walking off to where Harry is writing the letters to the goblins. Darweshi is beside him handing him the names of the recent captures. I sit next to him and put an arm around him.

Harry is so tired he uses me as a support. I notice him nervously glance at Darweshi to gauge his reaction. So it has something to do with others and how they react to affection. Which means….someone reacted badly to it.

I remember leading Harry home after the date to the bar….oh Salazar.

*Harry, did anyone hurt you when I brought you home after going to the karaoke bar?*

Harry instantly tenses at my question. *Wha- what do you mean?*

His answer is definite confirmation, *My angel, how badly? And who hurt you?* I make sure to say it in a soft voice. I have no intention of scaring him, nor forcing him if he cannot talk about it yet.

*I...it was nothing.*

*We both know that is not true. You sometimes shy away from affection when in front of strangers. You are afraid of going further than that night in Venice, indicating they may have insinuated you are promiscuous….need I go on?*

I can tell Harry is almost in tears and it hurts me to have caused them. Pulling Harry into my lap, I ignore the confused look Darweshi is giving us. Through his eyes it seems that Harry started getting upset for no reason.

I cautiously rub my angel’s back to comfort him. Why did I force the issue now? It has been a hard enough day for both of us. Even my magic seems angry at me!

But I suppose if I avoided it, it could have been a problem later. Though Harry’s quiet sobs make sure I feel as guilty as possible.

I give him reassurances and keep an arm around him. *My love, I am so sorry to have brought it up. I regret asking this; I should have brought it up elsewhere. I was just so concerned for you, I did not think.*

Harry’s sobs do not stop though, and I can feel a wet patch in my robes where his tears have soaked through.

I decide to finish the letters Harry was writing. It took me only 15 minutes and Harry’s sobs had subsided as he fell asleep. His exhaustion combined with emotional stress appeared to be too much for Harry.

I then prepare a portkey for us back to the palace. As we leave I clutch Harry a bit tighter towards my chest.

(Harry POV)
I wake up in comfortable silk sheets that remind me of my bed at the palace. Wait. They don’t just remind me of it, it is my bed at the palace!

I also feel a hand stroking my head and notice that it is Tom’s. Tom who fought several Order members at once and won. Tom who escaped the cameras of the reporters with me. Tom who realised he was stupid for not recognising what a computer was for 50 years. Tom...who brought up the night at the karaoke bar…

I open my eyes and was faced with the worried face of Tom.

“Careful, you’ll get frown lines if you keep frowning like that.” I joke in my slightly raspy voice.

“Harry….do you remember what happened yesterday?”

“Obviously, why wouldn’t I?”

Tom blinks evidently confused. “Then...why are you not mad at me? I was pressuring you into something you clearly were not ready for. While you were exhausted as well!”

“I was upset...at the time. But you didn’t say it out loud...Plus it did need to be said.”

“Yes, but the time and place was not then and there.”

I smile at him. He moves onto the bed and wraps his arms around me. I love it when we cuddle like this. Of course, Tom claims that it is not cuddling because emperors don’t cuddle or something equally stupid.

“So, does that mean you will answer my questions?”

“Um….I would prefer if you would just view my memory....” I say somewhat nervously. But I have to do this. It isn’t fair to keep secrets. And I promised myself I wouldn’t shut him out again.

I lead him to the memory and then he goes silent as he views it. We have sometimes done this to view others memories. We found that one of us can view the memory without the other, allowing me to worry without having to relive that memory.

It was bad enough the first time.

I can tell the exact moment Tom was finished. The room began shaking and had darkened with Tom’s angry magic. Tom himself was holding me tighter almost to reassure himself that I am there and well.

“The Dursleys are going to have some new, or rather old, neighbours joining them very soon.”

I nod, having expected this. I highly doubt they will escape Tom when he is this angry at them.

I needed to explain further though, so we can put it behind us after this conversation, “When I woke up I had several broken bones and both of my hand and feet were shattered. I spent most of the next few days recovering from it.”

Tom nods sharply seeming even more pissed. I snuggle back into Tom having explained everything and it is like I had released another block on my magic; it felt so freeing.

Suddenly I sit up, “Tom, I forgot the letters!”

“I finished and sent them. I also sent them the trial dates when they were announced.”
“Did anyone die?” I ask thinking of the man who had broken ribs.

“No, but there was a number of major injuries. I do believe you may have saved a few lives.”


*You are exhausted magically, it may take a bit more time for your magic to recover. So you need to rest. When you wake up we can discuss Moody’s trial and eat. His trial is next week.*

*He is going to prison for trying to kill you.* I state determinedly. Then I slump down, all my energy sapped.

*Could you not fall asleep on me..?*

Too late!

Chapter End Notes

Okay, if this seems a clusterfuck of several things....well it took me a while to right this. I also included this because a comment a while back discussed how Tom could remain anonymous.

On another point. Several people have asked me to include Luna in this story. I love Luna myself but, unfortunately, with the way the story is going she just won't fit in. I wouldn't be able to do her justice and she would not become a major character if I did find some way to include her. The only way to have made her a main character was to have included her from the start. Which I didn't. So, I am sorry, but the only time you are going to see Luna in this story is little cameo appearances. If you want more Luna in a story, I suggest you read my other story. Luna is a major character in that one. Shameless self promotion over....

Hopefully I will get the next chapter out within a week but don't count on it.
He Must Stand Trial

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: The trial in The Order of the Phoenix would have gone more like this if I owned Harry Potter. Whether that is a good thing or not remains to be seen.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

(POV Changes/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Speaking in thine mine*

Chapter 31:

(Tom POV)

I look into the mirror, gazing at the reflection of my handsome face. I have to make sure that my appearance is perfect.

Of course, it is not difficult. My face is already nearly perfect on its own. I find it funny that over the years many of my elite think I use lots of cosmetics in order to maintain my looks.

Funny, really. I have never even touched makeup or anything similar before. I use some cosmetic spells, but really only to straighten my hair. I have never had to worry about wrinkles, obviously, nor do I have any disfiguring scars on my face. I never even had bad acne!

Perhaps it is because they do not believe I could be over 100 years old and look like this. Or the fact that they are jealous of my natural beauty.

*Oh, come on Tom! You have been staring at yourself in the mirror for 5 minutes already! No need to prove to me you are a vain, arrogant-*

*Or perhaps I am using it to look at the person behind me.*

I can see Harry flush in the mirror, still embarrassed by my attitude. Though how can I help staring at both of us when we are both gorgeous.

*It doesn’t matter. If we don’t hurry we are going to be late!*  

Ah….Harry. You do realise they would postpone the trial a few hours on my account. The main judge already knows I am going to be there so he will prevent the start of the trial until we arrive. I decide not to mention this to Harry who looks anxious to get going. He probably is very nervous, being seen in public again. Also being a leading witness in a trial.

He is currently bouncing lightly in place looking very desperate to leave. I almost think that if we do not leave this instant Harry will change his mind and decide to do something else instead.

I walk over to him, “Come Harry. Take my arm.”

I apparate us into the court building. This court building used to be the British Ministry of Magic,
before my rule. I decided the building that housed the muggle government, The Palace of Westminster, was much better suited. It is after all larger and far more grand.

Harry appears to have settled down his nervousness so it is not visible and has put on a serene mask. Even though he looks perfectly in control, I do prefer when he looks nervous. Nervous Harry is simply adorable.

As we walk to Courtroom No.1 I note most of the people in the room staring at us. Hardly surprising, though it does increase Harry’s nervousness and anxiety. Luckily, none of it shows.

There are whispers, as there always is whenever I decide to go into the magical community. But at least from what I can hear they are all respectful. I do not need a repeat of the ball.

Harry is also showing remarkable improvement in showing affection in public again. He is still his shy self but at least he does not pull away. Maybe it is because I told him the ratio of gay couples to straight; at 3:1.

Or perhaps it is because I mentioned anyone who attempts to harm my angel in any way will relearn the meaning of pain under my careful tutelage. I almost dare anyone to hurt Harry. It will be entertaining to pull scream after scream from their throats.

We eventually arrive at courtroom 1, the main courtroom. The door is lined with gold leaf to show that this is the main courtroom for all affairs regarding treason, major crimes against myself and/or the empire in general. National affairs and international crimes not based around me or the Empire are handled in smaller courtrooms.

What everyone else does not know, however, is that the gold leaf on the door masks the ward I placed there. This ward prevents listening spells/devices, recording spells/devices and communication spells/devices. Because there is the loophole in the spell that prevents people from being able to tell or show memories of the event.

This loophole was exploited once in the first year of my reign before I had repurposed this building completely. The loophole made it so confidential court information was able to be viewed by the public.

So it was important that I established this ward in the door. The door also prevents the accused from escaping, which has also happened before.

One of the judges was waiting out the front for us. Though, from the look on her face, she did not look pleased to be on this duty. It seems Ms Susan Bones has not been told who exactly she would be escorting in. Perhaps she thinks she is escorting one of Judge Crouch’s lady friends to the proceedings.

“I am afraid that we are a little late, Ms Bones. For that I apologise.” I say politely, not meaning a word of the apology.

*Yes, we are only late because you spent 15 minutes staring at yourself in the mirror.*

*You said it was 5 minutes before.* I answer back, knowing that would annoy him.

*Shut up, Tom.*

Luckily Ms Bones was too busy trying to keep her jaw off the floor to notice my lapse in attention. When she did recover she curtseyed awkwardly and tried to regain the rest of her composure.
She was fairly successful as her words to me were not stuttered in the slightest. “Your majesty. This is quite a surprise; I never expected to ever meet you and certainly not here. I also wonder how you knew who I was.”

“Indeed. You were the youngest barrister in over a century and with the highest marks ever seen. Why would I not know who you were?” I question.

She appears even more shocked at my knowledge, though she recovers much faster this time. “And the man on your arm is your fiance? Lord Hadrian Potter of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter?”

“Correct, Ms Bones. It is lovely to meet you.” Harry smiles, and holds his hand out to shake. He had the forethought to wear gloves so he would not breach other people’s privacy nor give himself a headache before the trial even begins.

To be honest, I only really care about his health. Privacy…..if asked I would say I was for it…

“It is an honor to meet you both, your majesties.” She curseys to both of us. I can feel Harry’s irritation at his proper address. His irritation only increases when he feels how pleased I am. Of course, he claims I am feeling smug.

In the time it takes us to collect our thoughts Ms Bones opens the doors and leads us into the grand courtroom.

“What are we waiting for!??!! Who could be so important that we are delaying this trial by over 30 minutes??!!!?” A man yells at Judge Crouch. He is also making an exaggeration. We are only late by about 15 minutes.

Ms Bones goes to announce my presence or otherwise call attention to Harry and I, but I signal for her not to. I would much rather see the reactions of everyone in the room. It is already amusing enough.

Harry also is amused and is struggling to hide it. No doubt he is remembering the situation with Giada.

“I am in agreement with Mr Black. Who is this important guest? And why can’t I sit in this chair here. You are sitting in the other one!” Cornelius Fudge, the third and final judge.

“I am merely holding his place. Besides, we couldn’t sit in these seats anyway. There are only two of them and there are three Judges.” Barty Crouch Junior, the main judge in this case, was eyeing Fudge as if he were a little child who was demanding sweets. That is an apt description of Fudge in general, actually. He acts exactly like a child.

Most of the patrons appear to be focused on the argument between Fudge and Crouch, so they never noticed our arrival. Though many of them appear bored indicating this argument has been going on for a while with arguments being repeated.

“Bones doesn’t count. She is a woman and is very young and naive. She has no idea what she is talking about. She is no use in these types of trials anyway.”

I expected Bones to react to this description of herself. Yet she merely stood there continuing to act on my orders…..or she has heard this all before and is bored of it. Right. Fudge shall be fired for his actions and words against his colleague.

Fudge continues, sounding even more like the idiot he is with each word he says. “I should not think
your guest would care; nor would be in a place to argue. We have never seen these chairs in the courtroom before. Yet some unknown guest requires breaking the rules of court both due to tardiness and adjusting the layout of the courtroom.”

Clearly Fudge has someone else making the decisions for him, because no way is he able to make good judgements while being this stupid. I only hope that the person making said decisions is not in anyway related to Dumbledore.

Because seriously? How does a judge not know the rules of court? Tardiness happens often, though perhaps not so much in magical courts, due to traffic. There is no rule against it. And adjusting the courtroom? Happens all the time in cases where the defendant/witness has special requirements. Like requiring ramps for a wheelchair.

A high fake voice breaks the staring match between Fudge and Crouch, who was looking at Fudge like he had never seen the man before.

“I think we should just get rid of the chairs and start the proceedings.”

I had to stare at this….woman for several seconds to actually determine that she was a woman.

*What. The fuck. Is that? Is that a toad? How the fuck did a toad get into these proceedings? And it’s not even a nice looking toad!*  

*My love, I am pretty sure that is a human woman.*

*Bullshit! There is no way that thing is human. No human would think that the shade of pink it is wearing is a good colour. It must be toad alien here to take over the world by blinding everyone with pink.*

*I do agree with you on the colour, positively ghastly. And she is wearing it for every item of clothing she has. Perhaps even her….no I do not even want to think on that.*

*Yeah, well you got me thinking about it. Are there any sick bags handy? Or do you know the location of the nearest toilet?*

*No. But I do sincerely want some flammable liquid to burn her robes. Okay….please remind me that I must create a law against that shade of pink. Something so hideous has to be illegal.*

I need more information on this to-...woman.

“What is the name of the toad- I mean woman, who just spoke?” I whisper to Ms Bones.

She looks at me amused. “She is Lady Dolores Umbridge of the Noble House of Umbridge, your majesty.”

“She has to go.” Harry remarks. I can sense a dislike in him for this woman within only 30 seconds of meeting her.

“Agreed. Does she have…..” I cut myself off. No way does this woman have children. Who would willingly sleep with this woman? Though perhaps she may have some redeeming quality….somewhere.

“I have no idea why she is even here. Most Lords and Ladies who come to the courtrooms have some interest in law and justice. She, however, comes to make her opinions known on what she describes as ‘lesser beings’. I think she has an infatuation with Fudge.” I can feel Ms Bones’ deep
hatred of Lady Umbridge.

“I have never seen her around the palace. I certainly would never forget someone as….distinctive as her.” There! Politeness is restored.

“You couldn’t really miss her either, with her….special fashion taste.” Harry expands.

Luckily our conversation is too quiet and the other patrons are again focusing on the drama with the chairs. How chairs can be central in a drama is beyond me.

*Maybe it’s because the chairs look like elaborate thrones? Could that be the reason?*

*If everyone assumed they were thrones there could really be no confusion of the identity of Crouch’s ‘special guest’. So they are not thrones.*

*But then again one of the people in the room has the intelligence of a cabbage and the other is a toad. So is it really that surprising they couldn’t see they were thrones?*

“LET’S JUST FUCKING START!!!! I AM NOT WAITING FOR ANOTHER ONE OF CROUCH’S WHORES!!!” Mr Black shouted over the three way argument between Fudge, Crouch and the toad Lady Umbridge.

Given that Mr Sirius Black is a Gryffindor and Gryffindors are not known for their patience it is hardly surprising he made such an outburst. His impulsive actions have led him to trouble in the past.

I decide at this point that I have stood long enough and step forward to make my presence known. Harry, who had relaxed a bit after the playful banter, tenses again.

“I assure you, Mr Black, I am not ‘another one of Crouch’s whores’.”

Instantly the entire courtrooms eyes fall on Harry and I. Gasps of shock are heard, and Mr Black is looking pale and embarrassed.

He bows shakily, “Forgive me, your majesty.”

I stare him down for a few seconds, seeing how he is not sorry at all. In fact, he seems to regret not saying something harsher. 5 minutes in the courtroom and I have already identified one of Dumbledore’s men.

Though he does appear to be looking at Harry with confusion and slight recognition. I can see him restraining himself from approaching Harry. Why is unknown.

Ms Bones lead us to the chairs while the rest of the room bows and honours my title. Most seem to ignore Harry, which is unacceptable. I can see Narcissa paying close attention, but perhaps she is merely observing the robes Harry is wearing. Though she does appear to be staring at his head, or rather the thing on his head. I made him wear Ravenclaw’s diadem which looks remarkably well on him and goes with the blue robes he is wearing today.

I sit down in one of the throne like chairs, while Crouch stood from the other chair so Harry could sit down as well.

Fudge says in an obviously fake voice, “Your Majesty, it is quite an honour to be graced by your presence.” And here comes the schmoozing….

“Indeed, your majesty, but one might wonder why you are coming to such an unimportant case.”
The toad-Lady Umbridge said in her high annoying voice.

“I hardly would deem this case unimportant. Especially not in regards to myself.” I reply, actually confused as to why people would think I would not care about this case's outcome.

Lady Umbridge narrows her eyes in displeasure yet says nothing.

“Now I believe we should start this trial, which evidently is going to be Fudge’s last case.”

There was silence after my pronouncement. It was broken by the outraged yell from the man in question.

“What?!!?!? You have no right to—”

“I have every right. Or have you suffered memory loss and forgotten the fact I am your Emperor?”

His mouth hangs open as he realises who he back talked to.

“Why is this case Fudge’s last?” Lady Umbridge demands, seeming even more angry.

“Are you questioning me, Lady Umbridge? You are not in a position to demand things of me.” I ask staring her down. I will not be undermined by toad creatures.

“No, of course not, your majesty.” She cowers under my intense stare.

*I really dislike this woman. She is being rude to you and reminds me a lot of Aunt Petunia.*

“Fudge shall discover the reason he will be looking for employment elsewhere once the trial has concluded. Now, I thought we were going to start the trial. It has already been delayed long enough by Fudge and Lady Umbridge.”

*Shifting blame again?*

Crouch cleared his throat before announcing, “Let us begin the trail of one Alastor Moody. Please bring in the accused.”

Moody was brought in by two guards. I felt the need to explain this to Harry.

*We used to use creatures called dementors as guards, but it was deemed inhumane to expose anyone to those creatures. They can suck the soul from a person. Dementors are now isolated on an island where they cannot harm anyone.*

*Good, they sound terrible.*

Moody appeared to be irritated; though it is hard to tell with all his scars. “It’s about bloody time that I was brought out. Wasn’t my trial supposed to start half an hour ago?”

“Mr Moody—” Crouch began.

“It’s Auror Moody.”

“-Auror Moody, you must remain silent until you are allowed to speak.”

He nods before glancing around the courtroom. He shows what I believe to be surprise when he spots me. I stare at him emotionless, hiding the rage I feel for him and the Order he is part of.
“Everyone, take your seats. The trial shall begin.” Crouch says in a dull monotone that somehow carries through the entire courtroom and ceases all conversation in the crowd. There was not even a whisper from them; too engrossed in the trial to gossip anymore.

Crouch continues in his dull tone but I can tell there is an underlying of nerves. He probably does not wish to mess up as I am present. “We shall now begin the trial of one Auror Alastor Moody. You are being charged with the attempted assassination of His Majesty, Emperor Voldemort, trespassing on private property, destruction of property and high treason. What do you say to the charges?”

“I say I didn’t do them. I have never tried to kill His Majesty and am a good upstanding member of the public. It is an outrage for me to even be here!”

“So you plead not guilty?”

“Yes.” Moody nods.

Crouch glances nervously at me, “We shall now present the evidence we have regarding these charges and then you will answer questions. If Veritaserum is required, will you consent to using it?”

“Yes, I have nothing to hide.” Moody smirks minutely, looking incredibly pleased with himself. Or, at least, that was how I interpreted it.

“We have evidence that you tampered with the enchantments on the car which crashed. Your magical signature is all over it, although it was disguised. What do you have to say to this evidence?”

“Someone is obviously framing me. I did not go near that car.”

Ms Bones speaks up for the first time in the trial, “Bring in the veritaserum and administer it to Auror Moody.”

A guard heads off to grab the truth potion. Meanwhile I am plotting when it is best to reveal the additional evidence, during this part or after.

*I think it should be after. We could also submit the memories you have that show he was able to lie under veritaserum to further prove it.*

*I also understand that Crouch intends to ask Moody for a memory. You could show that he has falsified evidence by showing the real memories from his mind.*

*Sounds like a plan, Stan!* 

….

*Never say that again, my angel.*

*Fine…*

By now the veritaserum had been administered. Moody was acting under the influence of the potion, though I could tell he was not really affected. Veritaserum makes a person completely still, apart from breathing, which is very hard for someone to do without external influence. Some might say it is impossible.

I can see Moody twitching, so he clearly is not under the potion’s effects. His eyes, or I suppose I should say eye, is not glazed over like how many are when under veritaserum.

His other eye, the magical one, was removed from his person when he was arrested. I could not have
him escaping because he could see a flaw in the wards and exploiting it. Granted I doubt he would have escaped when he is apparently immune to veritaserum and therefore could get acquitted.

Ms Bones starts the questioning, “What is your full name?”

“Auror Alastor Moody.” He says in a voice that is not quite right of someone under the effects of veritaserum.

“What is your age?”

“55.”

The judges nod to themselves, seeming to think the veritaserum is working. Harry and I know otherwise.

“What have you ever been to the imperial palace?”

“Yes, to pass on a report to Lucius Malfoy.” True.

“What have you ever been to the garage portion?”

“No.” Lie. His right hand twitched.

“What do you have any idea where it is?”

“No.” Lie. Another twitch.

Ms Bones tries another tactic, “What was the colour of the car that crashed?”

“How should I know?” Hmm….when under veritaserum people cannot answer questions with another question.

Ms Bones’ eyes widen, having realised this herself. But she does not speak out about it. Instead, she nods to Crouch to let him take over questioning.

Fudge stares at her with a smug grin thinking that she could not handle the pressure or something equally demeaning.

“Auror Moody, do you know how to tamper with a magical signature?”

“No, but I know it is possible.”

“Have you ever attempted to do so, even while not knowing how to do it?”

“No, why would I do something so stupid?” ….Like answer a question with another question when you should not be able to do so?

“Has anyone asked or discussed with you about how to tamper with a magical signature?”

“No.” Lie….which means that he probably discussed it with Dumbledore at some point.

Fudge decides to interrupt. “I think we have proved that he knows nothing about this.”

“There are a few more questions we need to ask, Cornelius. For example, Auror Moody, do you know of anyone who would wish to frame you for this act?”

“I can think of a few people.” His answer further proves to Bones that he is actually not under the
effects of veritaserum. If he was he would have stated the names straight away.

“Who in particular might frame you?”

“Lucius Malfoy.” Ha! I cannot believe he is trying to blame my right hand man. Not only did I frequently glance through his memories on occasion, proving he is indeed loyal to me. But my angel has also acquired his memories in their entirety, which show no sign of him being disloyal. They showed he is capable of tampering a magical signature; though they never show him actually doing it, ever.

Besides, what would he have to gain from sabotaging my car? He, like the rest of my elite, knows I am immortal. I demonstrated it by surviving the killing curse in front of them. So, why would he attempt to assassinate me when he knows it is not possible. Sure, Lucius is ambitious, but I know for a fact he would hate to be in my exact position. It would mean less freedom and he would be less focused on his lordship duties.

After all, his family is everything. Both past, present and future. So I had no doubts that what Moody had said was absolute bullshit.

From the gasps from the crowd though, I can tell they think his words hold truth. In fact, some appear to believe him so thoroughly that they must think he witnessed something.

“See? He has done nothing wrong!” Fudge crows, like he proved the existence of alien life rather than proof of someone’s innocence.

“Regardless, Cornelius, we still need to question him on his suspicions.” Ms Bones appears quite irritated at Fudge. Understandable, considering he is an annoyance to her career.

“Shut up, Susan. Just because your aunt is the Minister of Justice doesn’t mean you make the decisions around here.” And he wonders why he is being fired…

I know Susan did not get the job based on her aunt, Madam Amelia Bones, being the Minister of Justice. Why he brings it up is absurd.

“Cornelius! What she said makes sense.” Crouch scolds, sounding so much like a mother scolding her child and almost causing Harry to burst out laughing. He is barely restraining himself from giggling and has hidden his mouth behind his hand to cover his smile.

Which is a shame, as he has a very nice smile. Narcissa also noticed his movement to cover his mouth and smirks at us. It might be because I am struggling to keep a smile of my own off my face. Harry is just too beautiful not to smile at.

When I turned back to the drama which was unfolding between the judges, I saw Fudge sneering at Crouch. Or at least he was trying to.

*You know, he really sucks at sneering. Perhaps he should take lessons from the goblins…*  
This time it was me who had to restrain myself from laughing. Imagining goblins giving lessons on how to sneer properly is too amusing.

Crouch focuses his attention back on Auror Moody, “Why do you think Lucius Malfoy would try to frame you?”

“Because he never liked me. I don’t know why.” He is telling the truth here. Lucius does despise Moody. That is because of Moody’s known close connection with Dumbledore. And the Weasleys,
who the Malfoys despise because of some stupid blood feud.

“Why do you suspect him in particular?”

“He was up to something. He came up to me and he admitted to me that ‘there are going to be changes around here’. If that wasn’t ominous, I don’t know what is. Besides, you know you can never really trust those slimy Slytherins.”

What a hypocrite! He, himself, was a Slytherin at school. It is fairly obvious that he only said such a thing to get support from Gryffindors and the other houses.

*I don’t understand, weren’t you a Slytherin?*

*Yes…?*

*Is that a well known fact?*

I pause. *I actually do not know. I know that everyone knows I am a descendant of Salazar Slytherin and can speak parseltongue…*

*So why would he insult something that you are known to be associated with. Many people should be persuaded against him because he did so. Surely no one would agree with him when you are in the room and risk being seen as against you?*

*You forget that some of the people who would agree with him are not the smartest of people.*

*True.*

“We are going to need this memory, Auror Moody. Guards, we are done with the questioning. Please provide the antidote.”

*Antidote? Seriously? Couldn’t they see he was never under the potions effects?*

*Fudge would not notice even if everyone else does. He is too inept. Crouch has never encountered such a thing before. Ms Bones has noticed but has no idea what to do about this knowledge.*

*And they’re the only people who matter?*

*Obviously I can do something about it but the other members of the court cannot do anything. If they were able to interfere during the court proceedings I suspect Lady Malfoy would have something to say about her husband being accused.*

The antidote allowed Moody to drop the charade and allowed him to go back to his natural state. Which means he is glancing at the exits and then to everyone in the room to assess threat level. It makes sense seeing how his motto is ‘Constant vigilance’.

“Now, Auror Moody, please provide the memory that shows Lucius Malfoy looking suspect.”

To do this he was provided with a memory wand; which is a wand that can only extract memories from a person. I had no intention of giving suspected criminals access to a weapon so created this specifically for this use. I think I did a good job making them.

*Because, of course, anything you do is amazing.* Harry remarks sarcastically.

*Yes, my love. I trust it will hold true when I am doing you….*
A light blush appeared on Harry’s cheeks. *Tom!*

“Bring in the projector!” The magical memory projector was brought in.

Harry gazed curiously at the device, having never seen anything like it before. It is not mechanical but works exactly how a projector works. According to Harry, at least. I do not think I have ever seen a normal projector and if I had I would have had no idea what it was.

The memory is put in and I can already tell that it has been tampered with. Maybe I should make the memory wands unable to extract fake or tampered memories…..

Memory Moody is standing in what looks to be my palace, and he looks very bored. He remains in alertness, his magical eye swivels in all directions constantly scanning for threats.

A few seconds later Memory Lucius walks in, or rather struts in. I never quite understood why he must always walk around as if there were cameras on him. When Lucius spotted Moody he smirked.

“Oh, you must be here to give me the reports.” Lucius said in his arrogant drawl.

Memory Moody handed the reports over. Lucius looks down at the reports and then back up at Moody.

“There are going to be a few changes around here.” He announces in an almost threatening voice. How someone could make that line sound so sinister is beyond me. Oh and it is fake.

“What kind of changes?”

“Management. Some people higher up are going to find themselves….indisposed. You may find that the Empire will change drastically in the next few years.” Clearly fake Memory Lucius smirks evilly, something that Lucius would never do because he wears a mask all the time.

“The Empire needs to change-” Why is memory Lucius repeating the word change over and over? “-if it is too survive. You understand, don’t you, Mad eye?” Again, Lucius would never call someone by a nickname without some kind of deeper relationship.

The memory ended there. It was so obviously fake, to me, that it took all my self control not to laugh at Moody’s efforts.

*I found the memory that the tampered memory is based on…..*”

*Good, my love. It will be easier to locate it in Moody’s memories.*

“Now, I believe we have decisively proven that Auror Moody is innocent. We need to bring in Lucius for questioning.” Fudge says, seeming almost desperate to finish the trial.

Crouch stands, again glancing nervously at me. I believe he assumes I think that Moody is guilty and is afraid to upset me. “Ah, well, Ms Bones, what do you think?”

She scoffs derisively, “I highly doubt that Fudge would even let me-”

“What has she got to do with anything?” Fudge interrupts, proving her point. “He is clearly innocent, why are we delaying the inevitable? He is a hardworking citizen who has been harassed-” What? “-and should be allowed to continue his normal life.”

*Tom, why aren’t you doing anything? He’s going to get acquitted!*
Lady Umbridge decides to make her sentiments known. I mean, it has been a while since she heard her own voice. “Hurry up! The rest of us have places to be!”

*TOM! Are you kidding me?*

Crouch sighs, “I hereby pronounce the accused, Auror Alastor Moody—”

I stand, “Halt.”

The entire courtroom goes silent, as I expected it would, and all attention falls on me. “There is another witness that will testify against Auror Moody.”

The courtroom gasps collectively, wondering who it could be and why it would be brought up now.

Chapter End Notes

Look! More canon characters made an appearance! YAY!

Thanks again to my editor Ruby 1334 for editing this mammoth chapter.
This chapter took a while because it was so long. I had originally planned one chapter for the trial, which turned into two and is now three parts.

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter, Harry would have been a more interesting character. Not the generic hero we were given in canon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Spake in da mind*
^Random AN^

Chapter 32:

(Harry POV)

Seriously, Tom? Did you have to make it so dramatic? And why did you do it at the last possible second?

“Your majesty, who is this witness?” Crouch asks. The Fudge guy looks too mad to even speak, though is definitely trying to hide it. It would not look good for him if he is mad at the Emperor, after all.

“Yes, my fiance Lord Hadrian Potter-” There was a loud gasp from the crowd. “-of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter.” Tom makes a grandiose gesture to me that was entirely unnecessary. However it brought me to the attention of the courtroom.

“And why would he be qualified to be a witness?”

Tom smirks, which looks sexy as fuck, and says, “I suspect Moody of hiding something or perhaps even lying to me. I merely wish for Hadrian to assuage my suspicions. After all, I do not appreciate liars.” His gaze hardened when it fell on Moody.

Many people look confused. Some over how Tom could possibly think someone who used veritaserum lied to him. Some over how I could prove whether or not he is lying. And one just appears to be confused by my very existence.

Fudge and that Toad woman look enraged. Almost like they want to kill my Tom where he stands.

“He is too young!” The toad protests.

“I am nineteen, which means I am of age and can be a witness without consent from guardians.”

Another gasp from the man who was confused by me. The man looks so pale and appears to be shaking. I ignore him because he looks like a crazy person having a mental breakdown.
I get up and make my way down to where Moody is seated. He eyes me wearily, not understanding how I could prove anything.

Judge the Fudge or Fudge the Judge appears to get mad, “Why is a civilian allowed to interrupt these proceedings?”

I cannot believe he thinks that this a good idea. “And you wonder why you are being fired?” Tom muses, “He is my fiance. My equal in all things. You would do well to show him the proper respect his title requires.”

Fudge seems to get even more enraged at the reminder that he is being fired after this case. The other two judges look curiously at me and the one who led us in almost seemed to be encouraging me.

I gather my confidence, “Auror Moody, please hold out your hands.”

“What?”

“Please hold out your hands.”

He crosses his arms in a defensive posture, “Why should I do that?”

“Because, Auror Moody, my fiance asked you to. As a good, upstanding member of society you obviously would follow any instructions given to you by me or my fiance. Unless, of course, you are not a good upstanding member of society and you have, indeed, been lying to us?” Tom answered for me.

I love how he managed to make it seem that if Moody denied my request he would be voted guilty. His way with words amazes me.

Reluctantly Moody uncrosses his arms and holds one out for me to take. I take off my gloves and prepare myself for the onslaught of memories.

*Do not worry, my love. You will do fine and I shall help contain the backlash.*

I grasp the slightly scarred hand and am instantly assaulted by the familiar sensation of memories flowing into my brain. I heard a gasp from the crowd as soon as I started receiving memories.

I directed the flow of memories to one of the many empty houses, only catching glimpses of the memories. Any memories I feel have importance to the case I direct straight to my mind through the secret passageway.

A few moments later my eyes open again. I release his hand and move over to the magical memory projector.

*Make a magical vow first. That will show you are not lying.*

*Then why didn’t we make Moody give a magical vow to ensure he tells the truth?*

*Because, apparently, forcing criminals to make magical vows is cruel….or something. Also non magical people cannot make the vow and it could have been viewed as discriminatory.*

“I, Lord Hadrian James Potter, vow that what I am about to show and tell you in this courtroom right now is true, so far as my knowledge allows. I have not tampered with this evidence. So mote it be.” Tom prompted me on the exact words I had to say because he is a paranoid bastard and doesn’t want me to be caught by a magical vow.
In his words ‘I have no intention of you losing your magic because you failed to say a few words correctly. That is the epitome of stupidity and something that many a magical person has found themselves in.’

Grabbing the memory wand I pull out the first memory I wish to show. Knowing all eyes are on me and what I am doing I say in a clear voice “This memory is straight from Auror Moody.”

The memory starts playing and looks exactly the same as the one he himself showed us before. Memory Moody is standing with reports in his hand, waiting for this memory’s Lucius to show up.

“Your Majesty, why are you showing this memory? We have already seen it.” The Judge, Couch I think, questions.

*His name is Crouch, my angel, not ‘Couch’.*

“Just watch; it will become clear very soon.”

The memory continues, similar to the one we saw before. However when Lucius speaks, it is clear that this is very different indeed.

“Ah, Auror Moody, you are here with the reports, is that correct?” Slightly different wording causes the courtroom to look on with interest.

Moody’s reply, which did not even feature in the previous memories, produces quiet whispers from the spectators. “Yes, your lordship.” The whispers increase in volume with the realisation or remembrance that Lucius Malfoy is a Lord and should be addressed as such.

The reports are exchanged before Lucius speaks up again.

“There are going to be a few changes around here.” The infamous line is said without malice or the feelings of doom that the last memory attached to this line.

“Changes, your lordship? What kind of changes?” Memory Moody asks curiously, while real Moody shifts anxiously.

“Yes, this arrangement where the reports are delivered in person has to change. It is neither efficient, nor practical for either the Auror department or me. We both have better things to do and so this current arrangement has to be modified. What do you think about sending the reports via vanishing cabinet, or something similar? That would preserve confidentiality, for owls can be intercepted, and would mean neither of us would have to take time out of our busy workload for something entirely unnecessary.”

*That definitely seems more like Lucius. He loves the sound of his own voice.*

*You shouldn’t judge someone for that; you yourself like listening to yourself talk.*

*Not as much as I like to listen to you….*

The memory continued along that vein for another minute or so but most were not paying attention to it. Several spectators were shouting at each other on whether this is fake or not. The Judges were also bickering, with Fudge being the most vocal about this memory being fake or tampered with.

The shouting was getting so loud I couldn’t hear whatever Tom was saying in my head.

“That has to be fake!”
“But he made a vow!”
“How would he have got the memory in the first place? 100% fake!”
“Fake!”
“Fake and gay!” ^Lol. Youtube comments^
“Gake and fay, did you say?” Even the older generation, barring Tom, was participating in the near screaming match.

To shut everyone up and prove I still have magic so have not been lying to anyone I produce a massive bang. The bang startles the crowd, silencing them and allowing me to hear both mine and Tom’s thoughts again. Tom, who was pouting, or in his words ‘Showing his extreme displeasure in an acceptable way’ for my comment about his age.

Fudge decides to directly address me, “How do we know you are not lying?” I am almost surprised that Tom hasn’t murdered Fudge for his continued lack of respect. I know he is considering it though.

Before he even finished his sentence I produced a ball of light in my hand. “I still have my magic and if this memory were tampered with or not from Moody’s memory I would not have any. So this memory is from Moody and it is not tampered with.”

Any remaining doubts were silenced. People almost seem to be curious on what I would do next.

“If this memory is real, which I have just proved it was, then that means the one Moody showed us is either fake or tampered with. So we can at least say that Moody has tampered with evidence and that he has lied to us at least once. Who knows how much more of his testimony is fake.”

I use the memory wand to grab another memory.

“This memory is from Moody showing him entering the palace garage.”

The memory plays, showing Moody sneaking into the garage and tampering with the car. He was in there for about 5 minutes and from the memory it was obvious he knew what he was doing. He never paused in his actions, proving he had training and had probably done it before. Moody left the garage, where his magical signature would be found months later.

The only person who said something was the man himself.

“There is no way that memory is true. I said under veritaserum that I had never tampered with a magical signature. And I haven’t been in the palace garage before; so this has to be fake.”

Instead of producing a light with magic to prove my point I decide to use another memory.

The first thing I see in the memory is Dumbledore, wearing a robe with shooting stars and pink ducks. I can feel Tom’s anger at the old coot as if it were my own. Or, it could actually be my own for all I know.

“Welcome, Mad Eye. Would you like a lemon drop?”

Memory Moody merely grunted.

“Have you done it yet?”
“Yes, last week. What have you called me here for now?”

Dumbledore twinkled his eyes at Moody, “Nothing, my dear boy, merely indulge an old man.”

“I don’t have time for your games, what do you want me to do?”

“Merely a gift. You always wondered if there was a way to avoid being under the effects of veritaserum….”

“You’ve found it?!?” Moody grunts in surprise.

“Drink this, it lasts a year.” Dumbledore hands Moody a small vial, presumably a potion of some kind. Once he did so Dumbledore gave him what I now know to be veritaserum.

Dumbledore then started asking him questions, “What is your full name?”

“George Washington.” Moody looks shocked that he could lie under the potion’s effects.

“How old are you?”

Moody smirks, “3 years old.” Dumbledore smiles at Moody.

“Well done, my boy, well done.”

The memory ended there. Everyone in the courtroom was speechless. I again produced a light but this time decided to make it alternate colours. Soon attention was back on me.

“I have just proved that not only did he fabricate evidence but he lied to the court even while under veritaserum. These memories also prove that Moody did tamper with the magical signature that resulted in my fiance being in a car crash. A car crash that injured him. There is no doubt in my mind, based on the evidence, that Moody caused the crash.”

Many of the crowd are nodding in agreement. Moody looks livid….almost like Uncle Vernon did when he was mad. Fudge seemed confused and the toad woman is glaring at me like I stole all her Christmas presents. The insane looking guy was staring at me in awe…..which kind of looked creepy.

Judge Couch-*Crouch, my love*-stands, ready to give the final verdict. “Based on the new evidence that has been provided I pronounce Auror Alastor Moody guilty. Do the rest of the council concur with this pronouncement?”

“I vote guilty, so yes, I agree.” Ms Bones says quickly smirking at Fudge.

“I-I of course say he is guilty.” His nervous demeanour shows how much he wanted to do the opposite. The look of apology he sent to Moody was also interesting. The only reason he voted guilty is probably because it would look suspicious not to.

Moody looks gobsmacked by this turn of events. Only 30 minutes ago it looked like he was going to get away with it. Now though……now it is looking like he will never see freedom again. Which is entirely possible; I have no idea what the punishment will be for his crimes.

“As we are all in agreement, Auror Alastor Moody, you shall spend the rest of your days in the maximum security prison Azkaban, with no chance of appeal. Attempted assassination, high treason, tampering with evidence, lying in court, framing a Lord, these are your crimes. May you spend the rest of your life reflecting on them. Guards, take this man away.”
As the guards grab Moody he starts yelling, “It’s all your fault!” He stares or rather glares straight at me. “If it weren’t for you I would have gotten away with it! The Emperor deserves to die! I only tried to help you all! The Emperor has you tricked! He is an evil man, you must see it. And if it weren’t for his whore I would have gotten away with it.”

His yells get louder and more hysterical as the guards force him from the room. He struggled all the way, even trying to hold onto the door frame on the way out.

The doors shut once the guards finally managed to pry him from the door frame. It was over.

“Court adjourned.” And with that the whispers from beforehand erupted into normal volume. Tom came over to me, almost smiling. He held my hand and linked our fingers together. I could feel his pride and support for me making me blush.

He turned to face Judge Fudge who seemed to cower under the intense stare of my love. Who knew that an intimidating Tom could look so beautiful.

“Fudge, you are from this day fired. Your lack of respect for me, my fiance and even your own colleagues like Ms Bones is deplorable. Additionally, your gross misunderstanding of the rules of court is unacceptable for someone in your position. You shall be investigated as well for I have suspicions that you have been taking bribes. If your accounts prove this to be true you could be facing up to 25 years in prison. I never want to see you around the courtroom again; your actions today prove how ill suited to this career and how much of a bully you are.” Tom finished his speech, which silenced the room before he even finished his first sentence.

Tom has this way of speaking that practically commands others to listen so it was hardly a surprise that everyone was captivated. Also he is pretty much a sex god-

*Noted.*

Stop that!

*Why? You just complimented me, why should I not take note?*

*Because it is embarrassing…..and your ego is too big.*

Before Tom can argue against the points I brought up, the man I noticed before approached. Tom tenses and pulls me closer to him.

“Mr Black, how very nice to see you again.” His tone made it seem like it was the last thing in the world he wanted to do. “I have not seen you since just after the incident with your cousin, Bellatrix.”

Mr Black appears to be restraining himself from attacking Tom, for some reason. But he did glare at him like Tom stole something of his and-

“Harry? Is that really you?” Mr Black appears to be desperate; it seems the thing Tom ‘stole’ was me.

“Um…..maybe? Who are you?”

“I’m Sirius Black, I knew your parents Lily and James. I was also named your godfather.” I can feel Tom’s surprise at this point.

“Um…..maybe? Who are you?”

“I’m Sirius Black, I knew your parents Lily and James. I was also named your godfather.” I can feel Tom’s surprise at this point.

*He is telling the truth…strange, I am sure he is on Dumbledore’s side.* Tom muses.
“James and Lily are my parents, yes.” I confirm to the man who appears to light up with that information.

“I thought you were dead!”

“I assure you, reports of my death were greatly exaggerated.” I say in monotone.

Mr Black again looks confused. “Dumbledore said that you died the same night as your parents.”

“I wouldn’t put much faith in the word of Dumbledore, Mr Black.” This pretty much explains why he wasn’t there for me. It would be very hypocritical of me to hate Mr Black for not being there when Tom himself thought I was dead and so did nothing.

“Please, call me Sirius. I hate my last name.”

I don’t give him the same courtesy back. One, because I don’t know him. Two, Tom wouldn’t approve. Three, he kind of looks a bit crazy….

“So what are you doing here, Sirius?” I decide to be polite and continue the conversation, no matter how much I wish to leave.

“I am here to view the proceedings for…..another person.”

*He means Dumbledore.* Tom interjects, “You do realise you would not be able to tell him anything. The wards surrounding this place will not allow you to.”

“I wonder why that is….” Sirius murmured sarcastically. He then proceeds to ignore Tom, which is honestly hilarious. There are very few people in the world who would be in the presence of Tom, while knowing who he is, and would willingly ignore him.

“So….have you followed in your father’s footsteps and delved into the art of pranking?”

Despite the situation and this man’s connection to Dumbledore I found myself smiling. “Why would you think that of innocent ol’ me? I am a Lord and have no time for such things.”

He grins mischievously. Tom, however, decided that the attention had been off him too long and so discreetly cleared his throat to remind us that he was there.

The scoff in my head shows his disagreement with the above statement.

Sirius’ grin fades as he glares at Tom. “What do you want?”

“Respect would be nice, Mr Black. After all you are talking to my fiance.”

I just realised the feeling in my head. Tom was jealous…..of Sirius.

*No, of course I am not.*

*Sure…..But you have nothing to worry about. I only like really old men.*

*No, you only like me.* Tom says possessively.

*Both statements are true. Plus, I love you, not merely like you.* Tom is appeased, smugness practically radiating from him.

“Fiancé? Harry is that true?” He turned to glance at me, disbelief apparent on his face.
“Yes. T-His Majesty and I are engaged.” At his somewhat angered stance I add, “Is that a problem?”

“That you’re gay? No. That you are marrying HIM…..yes.” I had no idea someone could put so much hate into a one syllable word.

“I am able to make my own decisions on who I date and marry; I don’t need your approval.” I state in a frosty tone. If he tries to separate me and Tom, we are going to have problems. Probably with Sirius finding he no longer will have a mouth to make his opinions known on our relationship.

“Oh, I can see we have a difference of opinion on this. Goodbye Harry, Your Majesty.” The final remark was added on as an afterthought. Perhaps Sirius remembered that this was a public place.

Sirius turned and left the courtroom, seeming almost like a kicked puppy. Almost as soon as he left a woman approached us.

“Forgive me, your majesties, for my cousin. He is…..well he is what he is.” The blonde middle aged woman bowed to both of us, making Tom even more pleased.

“Narcissa, I thank you for the apology, though it was unneeded.”

*Narcissa?*

*She is Lucius’ wife.*

*And Draco’s mother?*

*Yes.*

“Fascinating…..I didn’t realise you had a mental bond…” She whispers in awe.

Tom stares sharply at her after this pronouncement. “Explain.” His tone left no room for argument.

“Your majesty, I can see the magic surrounding both you and your fiance. It is very strong but until your lack of attention just now I didn’t realise it was so strong. I really should have; you are both very powerful.”

I cock my head to the side, “You can see magic?”

“Yes, I gained the ability after bonding with Lucius. The marriage bond we performed meant that we could take on certain traits from the other’s blood line. Apparently, every female Malfoy has the ability to see magic, hence why I now have the ability. It also allowed me to see the process of your majesty taking Moody’s memories.”

“Really? What did it look like?”

“Orange, the colour of memory magic, flowing into you. It was quite beautiful and unlike anything I have ever seen. I also wish to thank you for ridding the accusation from my husband’s back.”

*Wow, Tom that’s amazing.*

*Yes, there is more to Narcissa then there appears to be. Though that is common among Slytherins.*

“In fact, as thanks, I would like to offer a reward.”

“Reward? That is unnecessary, Narcissa, I was merely assuring the man who attempted to kill my fiance was brought to justice. There is no need to thank me.” I say whilst blushing. I mean, it wasn’t
that impressive. Anyone in my shoes would have and could have done it.

“Regardless, I feel that I owe you-” She takes off her glove, “-So I invite you to take my memories.”

What?

*My, my, now this is surprising.* I can feel Tom’s devious smirk in my mind.

*Why would she offer so much?*

*Perhaps she is trying to ensure her loyalty to us and therefore gain our protection. Despite the heavy cost, it is a very Slytherin move to make. Also, just to check, I made sure her hand was not coated in poison or any potion that could affect you.*

*Paranoid bastard.*

I cautiously reach my hand out, allowing her memories to flow easily into my head.

“Just as beautiful as before.” She breathes out, blues eyes gleaming.

I study her memories for anything interesting when I discover….

*Tom, have a look at this.*

*How interesting. It appears there is much more going on in Lady Malfoy’s head then even I gave her credit for.*

“Thank you once again, your majesties. I must be off now. Draco has been alone long enough that he shall have several spells he needs to have reversed. It was nice meeting you, and goodbye.” She smirks as she brings up Draco.

“I do hope we shall see each other soon.” I say honestly. This is a woman I would like to get to know more.

“Yes, you must floo call me sometime, if you need. Or owl. We must have a conversation on your choice of jewelry.” She subtly gestured to my locket and diadem.

I nod as she bows and takes her leave.

*I almost wish she were my right hand, rather than Lucius.*

*Maybe she could be mine?*

*Perhaps….*

Fudge who, apart from Umbridge and us, was the only person left in the room. Embarrassingly enough he burst into tears. But not silently, oh no. He wailed.

“Fudgiepoo, it will be alright.” Lady Umbridge attempts to soothe in her annoying high pitched voice.

Tom turns to stare somewhat confused at Fudge. “I thought I told you to leave.”

His wails become even louder.

*Oh shit, Tom! I didn’t realise babies were allowed to come to court.*
Tom cast a silencing charm on Fudge and the loud wails cease to reach our ears. He then grabs my hand and starts to lead me away from the courtroom. Which is good because I want to go back to the palace.

“How dare you!???” A shrill voice I wish I didn’t recognise pierced our eardrums just as we were about to leave.

Tom turns, the burning anger I can feel carefully concealed. “Lady Umbridge, everything I have done is well within my right to do. Fudge stepped out of line one too many times.”

“I apologise, your majesty.” I don’t think I have heard a more insincere apology since Dudley beat me up before being forced to apologise in order to save face. “But really if that half-blood whore hadn’t shown evidence and made my Fudgiepoo look bad none of this would have happened.”

*Is this bitch serious?*

*No, that man from before was.*

*My angel, please never make that joke again. Your father made it too often.*

I am not surprised, it seems like something he would do.

“Lady Umbridge, your lack of intelligence astounds me. Not only do you disrespect me by not calling me by my proper title and by questioning my every action, but you also are guilty of insulting the single most important thing in the world. My fiance.” He raises his hand to stop her protests. “Do not try and say you had no idea of his relation to me because it has been brought up in this very courtroom.

“For someone to do this they obviously must have a brain that runs on less than ten brain cells. Surprisingly you are not the only person to fall into this category. However, I have had enough. There have been too many people who have been knowingly and purposefully insulting my fiance and I have been far too lenient in their punishment.

“You shall be the example I shall use for any person who finds themselves insulting my fiance again.” Tom’s cold fury is surprisingly arousing. Also, you know, the whole defending me thing..

“Your majesty, please reconsider. Fudge and I have done nothing wrong.”

“Lady Umbridge, your pleas fall onto deaf ears. From you I strip your title, holdings, property, wealth, parliamentary seats and any items your family may have. From this day forth you shall be penniless, homeless and without chance of being welcomed back into high society. You will be treated like the scum you are by everyone of the court and everyone in the magical world. You shall be referred to by us as ‘Umbitch’. You are no longer welcome at any of the palaces, nor are you welcome in any government building unless it is found you are accused of a crime.

“The magical world shall be barred from you; no home, manor or anything with a ward will accept you. No magical store would dare to sell to someone so hated by me. It is only through my generosity that you will be able to keep your magic, but not your wand. The chance of you getting a job shall also be drastically reduced, for no one will hire you once I advise them not to.

“I will not, however, force you into the profession you have labeled my fiance as being a part of; that of prostitution. One, because my own morals would not allow that. Two, because nobody sane would willingly sleep with you and then pay you for it. In fact, no one would sleep with you for free or even if I paid them a million galleons.
“These are to be your punishments. ~So I have willed it, So mote it be~.” The final angrily hissed words cause a burst of magic to flow through the entire building. The magic, the hissed words as Tom got more and more angry, plus the effortless way he crushed her left me very hot and bothered. And with a slightly awkward problem.....

The toad woman fell to her knees as the effect of the punishment settled in. She is a lady no more and neither can her kids, should she have any, inherit the title. I wonder what will happen to all the things she owns?

Fudge stopped crying during Tom’s explanation of Umbitch’s punishment. Yes I can refer to her as that and not be seen as impolite! The silencing charm on Fudge failed due to the influx of magic.

Two wands shot out from her person and into Tom’s hand. Curious, I thought magical people only had one?

The way Tom grips the wands I can see he still holds some anger. Throughout his entire speech he barely lets his mask slip but I could definitely see cracks.

Umbitch is currently trying to crawl her way over to where Fudge is standing, looking to be in a lot of pain. I wonder why.

~Come, my angel, we are leaving.~ Tom turns and marches towards the door. His long strides are going to be difficult to keep up with, especially with my….problem, so I hurry after him. As I reach the door I glance back only to see Fudge slowly edge away from the begging Umbitch. Seems even Fudge, who is unpopular enough, doesn’t want to spend time with the social pariah.

Back in the corridor outside, everyone clears a massive path for Tom whose magic is swirling violently around him. The powerful dangerous stride makes him look very handsome but succeeds in keeping anyone from approaching him. He would probably murder anyone who crossed his path right now.

I manage to catch up to him just as we reach the apparation point. He holds out his hand and we apparate away.

Once in private, I decide I am going to show my appreciation of his protection of me and hopefully it will get him to calm down.

Chapter End Notes

I hope the punishment of Umbitch was satisfactory, especially since she hasn't actually committed any crimes. I couldn't really have her tortured...
Chapter Notes

This has literally been sitting finished for ages and I just was too lazy to post it.

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter it probably would have taken me years to write each book, no joke.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind shit*
!WARNING!

Chapter 33:

(Harry POV)

!The Slash ship sails again. Be wary of the waters ahead!

When he swivels to face me, I make my attack. Attaching myself at the lips who, just a few minutes ago, had spoke of the most amazing punishment to the Umbitch.

I can feel Tom’s surprise at my forwardness. Usually, he is the one to start this. Nevertheless I push onward, wrapping my arms around his neck and pulling him closer.

He got over his surprise quickly and started to kiss back. His tongue licked at my lips and I open them to let him in. The tongue probes my mouth forcing a moan from me.

The intense kiss arouses me further but soon leaves me breathless. I have to break it in order to get air back into my lungs. It’s kind of annoying, I mean, who really needs oxygen? Especially when I could be kissing Tom!

I rest my head against his chest before saying, “My devious snake.”

~I can become more devious, if you like.~ Of course he barely had to catch his breath. His lips once again are on mine, our tongues dueling in a dance of passion. One of his hands drifts down to my butt pushing me closer to him.

When I feel his hard chest, and equally hard cock I let out a moan. I am sure my cheeks are completely red, both from embarrassment and arousal.

The moan merely encourages Tom, whose other hand started to pull the robe I was wearing off.

The more of the robe that comes off, the more nervous I get. I want to keep going but….I have no idea what I am doing. I know Tom and I have gone further than this before, yet I still have no clue how to do this.

What if Tom doesn't enjoy it? I mean, I know nothing about any of this. Is what I did last time
enough or is there more to it?

My robe is now on the ground, leaving me in only the thin shirt and trousers underneath. And obviously my underwear.

He stops kissing my lips to move onto my neck. Remembering the marks from last time I blush, both in lust and embarrassment. The kisses and bites to my neck make me gasp.

“Tom…” I didn’t even know I was speaking until the words left my mouth. My lust clouded mind has only one object in mind.

Tom stops and looks down at me with heated eyes that causes a shiver of pleasure to go down my spine.

“Should we go to the bed, my angel?” His husky voice makes it hard to focus on the words leaving his mouth but I manage to get his meaning. I nod and then let myself be lead to the bed.

Tom sits on the bed and pulls me down onto his lap. I can feel his hard cock underneath me. He once again starts to kiss and suck on my neck. His hands are on the buttons of my shirt, slowly undoing them and exposing my chest to the air.

“This time we are both taking our shirts off.” I try to act stern but I think the smile and blushing cheeks ruined it. Also, Tom’s chuckle after I said this was too hot for words. Especially as it is right by my ear.

“Certainly.” How can one word sound so sexy? He didn’t even speak parseltongue! Maybe it was the way he bit my earlobe after saying it….

His words distracted me and now all my buttons are undone. Tom removes the shirt before throwing it somewhere, though where is unknown. It could be in another dimension for all I know at this point.

~Though if you want to remove my shirt you are going to have to do it yourself.~ His voice in my ear causes me to moan. He leans back a bit to allow me access to his shirt buttons and gives a hissy chuckle after hearing my moan.

Slowly, though my hands are shaking a little, I unbutton his shirt and remove both it and his robe from his shoulders. I have seen his chest before, back in the hospital, and it looks as good know as it did then.

He is definitely more muscular than me, that is for certain. Though he isn’t super muscular either. His chest is nothing like my scrawny chest.

“You’re really handsome.” The compliment falls from my lips as my hands move onto the exposed flesh. His muscles are really strong under my touch and his skin is so smooth.

“Of course I am.” His smirk is both annoying and arousing at the same time. I decide I need to get that smug smirk of his face and so brush my hand over one of his nipples, knowing how sensitive it was for me. His sharp surprised gasp makes me smile.

I brush my hand over it again and again, watching it harden with interest.

~Fuck.~ Tom’s hisses encourage me to continue. I place my lips on his neck and start to lick and kiss his skin. Tom’s composure is well and truly gone after I started attacking his neck and running my hands down his chest and back. I love how I can destroy his composure so easily, just as he does to
me all the time.

He starts hissing encouragements whilst trying to regain his lost composure. I drop my head down his chest, kissing all the way. This is actually kind of arousing. I had no idea I would enjoy doing it this much. Or maybe it is the fact that I am marking him as mine as he did to me?

When I reached his nipple I paused, suddenly unsure. I look up at Tom who is staring intently at me, gasping for breath and looking quite surprised. I cautiously stick my tongue out to lick the nipple.

Then, whatever was holding Tom back before was gone. He flipped us over so he was on top of me and then started attacking my chest with kisses. This move, rather than frighten me like I thought it would, makes my cock start to leak precome.

His left hand started to squeeze my nipple making me gasp and moan even as I tried to bite my lip to stifle the sounds.

~Let me hear you, my love.~ Tom hisses, still marking my neck. At hearing the hiss my hips thrust up, wanting his attention somewhere else. Each thrust was embarrassing, like I couldn’t control myself.

Though this time he wasn’t content with just kissing and touching my torso. One of his hands was slowly drifting down further. Soon it rested on my dripping cock, separated only by my trousers. I grind up against his hand causing Tom to chuckle.

The sound only makes me more aroused and I moan trying to get Tom to do….something! My lust filled mind barely knows what it wants except for more. Tom start rubbing my needy cock harder making me gasp and whimper.

~So beautiful, my angel.~ As he does this he moves his hand off my crotch causing me to glare at him. He appeared to ignore my glare, too busy kissing my chest and neck.

~Don’t stop, Tom. Please!~ His hand moves up to the edge of my trousers before slipping underneath the fabric. Soon his bare hand was on my cock, lightly squeezing it. I was too lightheaded to notice but I could vaguely feel Tom’s own hardness against my ass.

He started rubbing my cock at the same time as thrusting his own. My precum allowing his hand to slide easily over my cock. I was panting from all the sensations.

I could feel my release approaching swiftly. Tom’s strong, warm hand on my cock was too much in combination with our magic swirling together and his mouth kissing and biting my body, marking it as his.

With that last thought, I released, moaning out Tom’s name as his hand was covered in my cum. Tom hissed in pleasure, though I could not identify any actual words. Tom never stopped jerking me off and merely used the cum as added lubricant.

Soon I was fully hard again. Tom moved to take my lips in an intense kiss that I struggled to participate in. His thrusting hips never slowed and I could tell he was as near release as I was.

I stared straight into his lust blown eyes and hissed, ~I love you, Tom.~

He came with a groan at the same time as I did. His movements slowed and he pulled his hands from out trousers before a cleaning charm removed the wet feeling in both our pants.

*I love you, Harry.* rang through my entire being as his magic and emotions seemed centred on that
one emotion. The way he said it made my heart flutter, despite the fact I have heard it before.

My face was probably bright red from arousal and embarrassment. I could not stop panting for several minutes, though the room did get noticeably colder now that we….finished.

!Slash over, go back to your day jobs!

How can I be so embarrassed after doing something like that? I mean, it’s not like we even went all the way or anything. I flush merely at the mention of going further.

Tom finally got onto the bed properly and pulled me into his arms. His naked chest is amazingly smooth and I sigh at the feeling of protectiveness and safety being in his arms causes.

I smile up at Tom who is staring at me with so much love it was almost a physical thing. He kisses my forehead, right where the lightning shaped scar is.

I settled down on my favourite pillow-

*I am your favourite everything….*

*Oh? Even food?*

Perverted images flood my brain from Tom. I blush at the especially vivid ones, I don’t really think I am that flexible….

*Stop Tom! No need to prove to me that you are a perverted git!* I thought back onto our day, especially on Umbitch and the punishment she got. I was amazed at how quick Tom was to defend me. Hopefully people in the future will take what he has done to her as an example and stop disrespecting me. After Ginny I thought it was over.

Clearly it wasn’t. But through Tom’s actions today it should become a lot rarer.

“Thank you, Tom.”

Tom, who had clearly been following my thoughts, kissed my forehead again and murmured, “Anything for you, my angel.”

I thought more on Umbitch and her reaction to the punishment. Her shocked and devastated face made me extremely happy. Especially since she was similar to Aunt Petunia. Seeing her crumpling in pain was incredibly satisfying as I could just imagine my dear aunt in her place, cowering from me as I so often was to her.

But that did confuse me a little.

“Tom, why was Umbitch in pain from the punishment? Unless she was so afraid of you she was wilting under your glare.”

“Well, I imagine she did do a fair amount of cowering. But she was also in a great deal of pain. You remember when you got your lordship ring, the power and memories you got from it?”

As he mentioned my ring he brings my ring hand up to kiss the lordship ring and the surrounding area.
“Yeah, it was really weird.”

“She went through the exact opposite of the process. Magic was taking from her the memories and magic she received when she accepted her title. It also burnt her blood making it no longer ‘pure’ as she often liked to boast. The burning of blood prevents her from entering any of her old properties, opening vaults she used to have, or using family heirlooms.”

“So does this mean that there is a free lordship or something?”

Tom nods seeing where I am going with this. “Why not have a competition, then, for all non-magical people for the title? Granted you would have to make sure they were all of age.”

“Yes….and I would have to specify that they should have a decent grasp of English as the title is based in England.”

“Please tell me the name will change…”

Tom looks to be refraining from rolling his eyes. “Obviously. This is another brilliant idea from you, though why should I be surprised? It is you, my angel. I presume I would bring this up when I do the interview?”

“Exactly! But...if it is a magical title can non-magical people actually claim it?”

“They should because they only need my approval to get the title. Magical people do not require my approval.”

I think for a few seconds, “This competition would have to make sure that the person is appropriate for the title and will be able to handle the work….that may make the tasks they need to do very boring…”

“Luckily we can give the job of arranging the specific tasks to someone else, like Lucius.”

I nod. Tom and I relax for a few minutes before I decide to bring up something else related to the interview. “Tom?”

“Yes?”

“I want to do the interview with you.”

Tom stares at me, surprise echoing through the bond. “Are you certain?”

“Yes, I need to do this. Your example with Umbitch should put off most people, plus I would be seen with you in public anyway. Why not announce it to the world?”

Tom seems happy with my decision, though it appears to be for different reasons. His thoughts are all centred around making sure the whole world knows my status and that I am Tom’s. Possessive bastard.

We lapse into silence, allowing me to slip into a doze. Soon we get dinner and as I am too lazy to move we eat it in bed.

As we are eating Tom appears to remember something. He clambered out of bed managing to escape my arms and ignoring my protests. After all, it was cold in the bed without Tom.

He pulled out the two wands he received from Umbitch. One was noticeably longer than the other, which Tom was staring at fascinated. I couldn’t see the appeal. It just looked like a long stick to me.
Perhaps a bit knobbly.

“Umbitch shall be facing criminal charges for possession of two wands.” It was funny hearing ‘Umbitch’ coming from Tom. He is usually so proper about this kind of thing, especially names.

“Yes, but that doesn’t explain why you are staring at one of them as if it holds all the answers to the universe. Unless it does…..?”

“No, no, this wand is very special. Though I am surprised that Dumbledore let it out of his sight. This wand has been in his possession ever since his defeat of Grindelwald.”

“So it’s Dumbledore’s wand?”

“Not really. He has or rather had another one. This is his souvenir which he won from Grindelwald, and has been flaunting ever since.”

“Is there some kind of significance that I’m just missing?”

“It is commonly referred to as the death stick. There is a story of three brothers who managed to cheat Death who in turn gave them a reward. This, the Elder wand, was supposedly given to the eldest brother, Antioch Peverell, by Death after he asked for an unbeatable wand. True to the story it is a very powerful wand but it is steeped in tragedy. Most people who have had this wand have died horribly.”

“Okay…..is there any truth to the story?”

“I believe not. The other items that Death was rumoured to give the other two do in fact exist, I have the resurrection stone myself, seeing as how I am a descendant of Cadmus Peverell. He is the second eldest brother. But I am inclined to believe that the brothers made the items themselves and spread the story around to make them seem even more impressive. There is a rumour that someone who unites the three items would become the Master of Death and some people are willing to kill to get this title.”

“Sounds like something you would be interested in, with your quest for immortality.”

“I looked into the rumours but soon found that even if it was true, no one held onto any of them long enough. If you are lucky to acquire two of them your days are numbered. In the end it just did not seem worth the hassle for something steeped in rumour and myth. Searching these items may have hastened my death.”

“So…..how about we don’t keep the wand that is probably going to bring us death? I mean, couldn’t we give it to a museum under heavy surveillance and wards to prevent theft? The amount of history on this item must be astounding! Especially with the amount of death surrounding it.”

Tom nods, “Good plan. I could also loan my ring as well. It is hideous and I have no use for it. If I need it I can request it at any time.”

“And if we find the third item we can add it and create an entire exhibit on it!”

“Though under tight security. These items have never been reunited before and some ambitious people will try to steal it seeing it as easy access.”

“Can’t we use parselmagic? Seeing as we are the only people who speak it.”

“And to ensure we do not take it for ourselves, not that I need it, we should have different passwords
for each. I will know the password for the ring ward, you shall only know the one for the wand.”

“Wow, we are good at planning things together.”

“Quite. Now stop avoiding it and drink your potions!”

I pout at Tom before reluctantly taking the foul potions. They still haven’t gotten any easier to swallow….

Chapter End Notes

This chapter got the approval of a smeditor. Or smut editor.

Also Deathly Hallows, just cos.
I'm the king of the mountain

Chapter Notes

....

So, hi!

I know it's been like a month since I last updated....I am going to blame it on writers block. And life. And everyone else, except me. Yep, I'm not at fault. At all!

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter it would have taken forever for me to write one book. There is no way I would have ended up writing an entire series within 10 years. Be thankful someone else is more dedicated.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind speaketh*

Chapter 34:

(Tom POV)

I sit in my chair preparing to summon Lucius. Harry is sitting beside me, looking amazing in one of his best emerald coloured robes and the Slytherin locket holding pride of place. His image is slightly destroyed by that stupid necklace he insists on wearing all the time.

It is just a cheap necklace with fake stones yet he continues to wear it all the time.

*Of course I do! I have to remind you that you don’t always win, or else your ego will grow until it is too large to be contained on this planet.*

Stupid ring toss. I bet it was rigged....

*Oh? You told me that you ‘let me win’. Was this not true?*

I decide to ignore further discussion on this topic and focus my attention onto what I am going to do. Namely reveal my face to the world, show off my fiance and discuss the Order of the Phoenix and how evil they are.

I have already figured out most of what I am going to say, especially about the Order. Harry also has decided to make an appearance, despite how against it he is.

I think one of the deciding factors was the treatment of Umbitch and how any other person who insults him would find themselves in a similar situation. Another factor is that Ginny, after almost a week under the nightmare curse, has reduced her fangirl tendencies a little. Perhaps she is merely planning something but I highly doubt she is going to cause much trouble on live television.
All that is left to do is to get Lucius to organise a meeting with the producers. I have decided that rather than do a public speech I would go on a talk show. Harry suggested this as it would involve doing it in front of a small audience who could ask questions.

If I were to do such a thing with the public speech I would have to inform people beforehand, meaning that the Order would know and they would try to sabotage it.

In fact, that is the reason I am informing the talk show host, Rita Skeeter, on the day I plan to do it. Any earlier and it would have likely been discovered by the Order who would stop the interview from happening.

Also, informing the Order ahead of time of my plan to reveal myself means they may prevent future attempts as well as start their own campaign against me. They may have even tried to do a broadcast to pronounce someone else as the Emperor, rather than me. So my decision to keep my life private may have been used against me. It is good for me that the Order is full of stupid people who would never consider such a plan or if they do they would write it off as dishonourable.

My desire to keep my plans for an interview away from the Order means that I had not even told Lucius. Which is evident by the way he just strolled into the room very confused having not expected to be summoned today.

“Your majesties.” He bows, masking his confusion. Usually I do not summon him on Sundays, and certainly not before noon.

“Lucius.” I acknowledge his presence. “I am sorry to have called you so early today.”

All three of us know that I am not in any way actually sorry.

“It’s no trouble, your majesty. Might I inquire as to why you called me here and how long it will take?”

“Yes, yes, you simply cannot miss the opening of the anime convention, now can you?” I retort.

Lucius pales drastically, as if I had just mentioned that his mother in law has come back from the dead. He was terrified of dear Druella….

He stutters, composure lost, “Y-your majesty?”

“Anyway, I should probably get to the point of this meeting so you can go home and get ready for that, hm?” I question.

Lucius shakily nods his head, gripping the seat in front of our desk to keep his balance. I almost want to cackle.

*Like the evil Emperor you are?*

*I am merely making sure that Lucius will be able to get to his convention. I would be very distraught indeed if I were the reason he could not wear his new Lucy outfit to this convention.*

*No, you just want to have photos of him in girl’s clothing.*

*......Possibly.*

*See! You are evil, Tom!*

*No, merely devious and cunning. Though are you seriously telling me you do not wish to have
photos of Lucius in girls clothing in order to blackmail him?*

*Point taken.*

During our little mental conversation Lucius managed to regain his shattered composure and once again was standing proudly.

“Don’t worry about him, he’s just anticipating more blackmail for you.” Lucius pales as Harry smiles reassuringly, or at least tries to. I do believe Lucius thought he was not as reassuring as he could have been.

“Perhaps you would like to know why I have called you?” Without waiting for a reply, I continue. “You must be aware of how the Order has been gathering forces recently, through campaigning against me. I have decided that such campaigning has gone on too long without competition, so I shall start my own campaign.”

“So you wish for me to set up propaganda campaigns, your majesty?”

“No, we all know that will not work and will, in all likelihood, be used against me by the Order with claims that ‘the empire is trying to corrupt you’ and all that rot.”

“What would you have me do then?”

“I would like you to set up an interview, exclusive of course, with dear Rita.”

“Interview? You mean with you?” Lucius seems to be losing his composure often in this meeting…

“Obviously.”

Lucius is silent for a few minutes before asking, “When?”

“Today would be preferable.” Which translates to ‘it has to be today’.

*Of course! Wouldn’t want to keep his illustrious majesty waiting.*

*Why should I wait? She has been wanting to interview me for her show ever since it was created ten years ago….In fact I chose today because it has been ten years exactly.*

*And you try to act like a heartless bastard who doesn’t care about anything….*

*The only reason I would be heartless is because I gave my heart to you.*

Harry blushes and gives a soft smile which distracts me from Lucius’ presence for a few seconds. I turn back to Lucius who is staring at me oddly.

“You shall contact Rita about this right now; I wish to hear what she says.”

Lucius eyes me oddly. “Of course, your majesty.” He then pulls out a two way mirror; one of many he has in order to set up meetings with the media. Lucius loves to have cameras on him.

“Rita Skeeter.” He calls for Rita through the mirror.

A few seconds later Rita replies, “Lucius, dear, not that it isn’t lovely to hear your voice, but I am quite busy at the moment. Preparing for tonight’s show, if you must know.”

“Yes, that is what I am wishing to discuss with you.”
“Lucius, while you are rather entertaining to interview on occasion, I am afraid that more than once a month would bore my dear viewers. So I am going to have to decline.”

“It is not for me that I am wanting to set up this interview.”

“Well whoever it is surely would have had the courtesy to schedule well before today, especially given how important it is. I already have people to interview, more are not required. However, you may schedule an interview at a later date.”

“There were extenuating circumstances that meant I only found out I had to do this today. And the interview also has to happen today.” Lucius tries to make Rita see the urgency. I have no idea why he did not say that he was setting up an interview with me and her in the first place, rather than this round about way of introducing the topic.

“Who is this interview for?”

“His majesty and his fiance.”

There was a pause from Rita for a few seconds before she asks, “Are your serious?”

“He is quite serious, Rita.” I interrupt.

“Well, your majesty, there just so happens to be an opening. By which I mean I can dedicate the whole show to you, if you so desire.” Rita sounded very pleased with finally getting the chance for an interview.

“That would be best. You shall expect my fiance and I at around six. I would not want anything to mess up our exclusive interview, so you must tell no one of this.”

“How wonderful! I will make certain you shall both have all you need and, of course, keep this a secret. Thank you for this opportunity, your majesties.”

The connection shut off and Lucius was promptly dismissed. All that was left to do was wait for 6 and mentally prepare Harry for the interview.

(Time skip to 6)

I apparated us to the TV studio where Rita’s show is filmed. Luckily I apparated us directly inside, which was supposedly impossible, in order to avoid the rather heavy downpour.

The people inside looked shocked, showing that Rita had not broken her promise and revealed my identity to her colleagues.

Though a few seemed confused, showing that they were non magicals and had no idea who I was. That will soon change.

Rita herself walked over, with an aura of smugness radiating from her. “Your majesties, it is a delight to meet you. Forgive me, Lord Potter, but we have not met before. I am Rita Skeeter, host of this talk show. I thank you both for the opportunity to interview you both.”

Her smile appears genuine though I can see the shark like quality. She is obviously restraining herself from cackling with glee.

“No problem, Mrs Skeeter. Perhaps you would be so good as to show us to where we shall wait before going on stage.”
“Of course your majesty.” She led us away further into the studio. I had to keep my hand connected with Harry to prevent him from getting lost. I never realised the studio was this big; perhaps there are expansion charms on the wall?

We eventually arrived at a dressing room right next door to Rita’s.

“Your Majesties, I cleared this room out myself just for your arrival. I hope it will be adequate. The show will be starting at 6:30, so I advise you to leave here about 5 minutes before to get to the stage on time. There are refreshments inside. Do you need a makeup team?”

“No, but thank you Miss Rita.” Harry answers before I can. No doubt he thinks I would have said something about not needing makeup as we already look impeccable.

*You so would, don’t try to deny it.*

*Obviously, half the people in the entrance hall looked ready to jump us. Only my title stopped them.*

“Of course your majesties. Sorry if I was implying you didn’t look beautiful enough already. Many people who have had interviews with me in the past have demanded a makeup crew just so they can boss someone around. Besides, I think it would be impossible to catch his majesty at a moment when he isn’t camera ready.” She gestured to me looking very upset with the fact my appearance always looks perfect and hers is not.

“Yeah, I would have to agree myself. We walked around Venice for hours and by the end of it he still looked like he just walked out of a salon. Meanwhile I looked like I had run a marathon...” Harry mumbles petulantly.

“It is a talent I have.”

*Your arrogance is once again shining through.*

“Ah, so you were in Italy. Are the rumours true that you both were present for the attack in Rome?”

“If you ask that question in your interview you may get your answer.”

Rita’s eyes gleamed at the prospect of getting exclusive information at her show. “Well I shall leave you two to it. Please don’t hesitate to ask anything from the staff and I shall see you in 20 minutes.”

With that, Rita left the room leaving Harry and I alone. As much as I would have loved this time to ravish my delectable fiance, I figured he would not like having bruised lips and hickeys on his first appearance on television. Pity, because he looked absolutely stunning this evening.

His now longer hair was done up in a bun with a few curled strands of hair to frame his cheekbones. His bright green eyes took attention away from the scar on his forehead, as Harry decided to forgo glamours. Cheeks were flushed red in nervous embarrassment and he was biting on his soft lips which did not help my resolve for not attacking his lips.

He was wringing his hands nervously, bringing attention to the snake bracelet which was gleaming in the light. This distracted slightly from the burn scar but if you were looking for it you would see it easily.

The emerald robes with silver trim, the colours of Slytherin house, accentuated his lithe form and complimented his complexion nicely.
All in all, I am rather impressed by my rigid control for not spending those twenty minutes kissing the life out of my angel. Though I did consider it often….

Meanwhile Harry was trying to organise his thoughts and rid himself of his nervousness so he could participate in the interview. He barely paid attention to his surroundings, too concerned with not messing up the interview to do anything else.

The twenty minutes passed in relative silence and soon we were both walking in the direction of the stage, where Rita was standing, directing the backstage crew.

Many people think that Rita is merely the host of the show. However I knew that she also had a hand in how it was run. She was the person who called the shots in the studio, not some producer, which is probably why the show is doing so well compared to others. Also why I selected her show for the interview.

She saw our approach and made her way over, handing two bands to us. I stared at her to get her to explain the move, not willing to admit that I was confused.

“Your majesties, these bands will work like microphones and will amplify your voices. Just put them on your wrist and they will be activated when you go on stage. Now, I hope you don’t mind but…I have decided that Lord Hadrian should go on stage after you, your majesty. That way you yourself can introduce him as you see fit.”

Ah, Rita wishes to interview me first. No doubt the majority of the world doesn’t know I am even engaged. It makes sense to introduce me first as people actually know of me. They have yet to have even heard of Harry, let alone know of his purpose.

I also I like the way she tried to ease the announcement by saying that I can introduce Harry. Slytherin tactics are so amusing to see used on oneself.

“…I shall call you to the stage, your majesty, in a few minutes. After that we shall see when you wish to introduce Lord Hadrian.”

Harry nods his acceptance and leads us over to some chairs by the stage. Rita appears to be making her final preparations and, by the sounds of things, the live audience is also ready for the show to begin.

Rita walks off onto the stage and out of my peripheral view. However, thanks to the mini TV in front of us, we were able to see what was happening on stage. As Rita walked on stage the audience started cheering and clapping for her.

“Thank you, thank you and good evening to all of my dear viewers; both at home and here today.” The applause died off after she started speaking. “I hope you have all had a wonderful day so far. Well, let’s make that day even better, shall we?”

The crowd cheers and claps as Rita sits down in her special chair which is tilted slightly so as to both face the audience and the love seat on the stage at the same time.

“How most of you should know, today is the tenth anniversary of this show. I know, I know and I don’t look a day older, right?” The crowd laughed at her remark to her age. I can only imagine their reaction to me, who is over a hundred, yet I look twenty.

“So ten years I have sat in this chair giving you all the gossip about the Magical and Non-Magical worlds. And in that time I have had over…well 520 guests. I’ve loved going through this journey with you all, both new viewers and old. I’ve loved bringing the Magical and Non-magical worlds
Another reason Rita is so popular. Most talk shows only focus on either the magical or non-magical worlds, whereas Rita incorporates both into her show.

“I’ve had many famous guests over the years. Pop singers, actors, Lords, Ladies, bands, businessmen, all manners of rich and famous people. All of whom have sat in that very sofa over there. I have even had famous animals on the show! But of course, it is all thanks to the viewers, that I have had this opportunity. So thank you….”

Rita continues for another minute or so with thanking her viewers and sponsors.

“Now, how about we stop reminiscing on the past and actually get on with the show?” The crowd gives an enthusiastic cheer. “Of course, for the tenth anniversary I knew that I had to do something special for all my dear viewers. I knew I needed to have a special guest for the show, but who would fit the bill?”

*I love how she is trying to claim that interviewing you was her idea.*

*I Technically it was; it just took me a long time to say yes.*

*I True…..Tom, are you really willing to give up your anonymity? Once you do this there will be no going back.*

*I Yes, I am certain. Besides, you are going to be there most of the time and that was my only reason for not revealing myself. I also need everyone to know you are mine…*'

*I Possessive bastard…..but I have a feeling I will need to do the same. Many people will be lusting after you once they know what you look like…..*'

“…I thought long and hard about it, dismissing many people immediately. At first I thought of bringing back all the guests from my first ever episode, but most were either busy or had no interest. I had no intention of choosing some random guest I had before, and I wasn’t going to have some new pop singer or actor; that wouldn’t have been special enough.”

*I Geez, she likes to talk. Perhaps she learnt from the best?* Harry’s subtle dig at me showed he had all but overcome his nerves. No doubt they would return, especially when I leave him to go on stage. I only hope he will not decide to back out at the last moment.

“I finally had the perfect solution. This is someone I have wanted to get on the show for a while now but he has always been very busy. Nevertheless, I finally got him to agree. He even decided to bring a very special person to him along as well!”

*I Busy? Please, you spend half your day reading books!*'

*I No, I spend most of my days with you or with the never ending paperwork.*'

“Right, now I bet you are all confused as to why he isn’t on stage already. Most of the time my guests are already on stage. However, this guest requires a special introduction. My dear audience, if you would please all stand up. Except for you, of course, Mariam.”

As everyone but the woman in the wheelchair stood up, I decided that I should get ready to walk on stage.

*I Good luck.* I glance back at my angel and nod, before moving to stand by the side of the stage.
“Everyone’s standing? Good. It is now my absolute pleasure, dear viewers, to introduce….drum roll please…."

One of the stage hands gestured me onto the stage and into the glittering lights.

“His Majesty, Emperor Voldemort!” Shocked gasps are heard from the crowd before the loudest cheering and clapping I have ever heard erupts from the crowd. Some people are bowing, others look skeptical over my title. I think some people are going to require more proof.

“Your majesty, if you could please sit here.” Rita gestured to the couch and I followed her direction. She then gestured the crowd to sit before starting her interview.

“I think that you are the oldest person to have ever sat upon that couch. How old are you now?”

“I recently turned 146.” What is with people and my age?

The audience gasps at my age, skepticism was evident on most of their faces.

“Yet you don’t look over 20. What secret cosmetic products are you using to make you look so young, your majesty?” The entire audience leaned forward in anticipation.

I smirked before turning to the crowd, “I am afraid that shall remain a secret.” A wink to the audience caused two of them to faint.

“How about we ask you the important question? Why, after remaining in the shadows for all these years, did you decide to reveal yourself to the public?”

A young woman from the crowd stood up and asked a question of her own, “Here’s a better question, your majesty. Are you single?” The crowd laughed and cheered this question, many people evidently wished to know this as well.

I laugh slightly at that before answering, “No, I am not single. Not only that but I am already up to my neck in marriage proposals. As for your question, Rita, the answer is not too simple. But one of the big reasons is because I am no longer single.”

“And why is that, if you don’t mind me asking, your majesty?”

“I do not mind. You see, I despaired whether I would be capable to find a spouse without my crown getting in the way. I already had little luck with dating in the past. However, I have now found someone who can see beyond the crown. That was my main reason for privacy. How was I meant to find love if all anyone could see was the title I have?”

All the crowd is now looking at me in sympathy and understanding. Seems playing the love angle helps a lot, especially as some of these people doubt my title.

“How that I will not have to worry about finding someone to spend my life with, I can reveal my identity without fear.”

“No offense, but how do we know whether you are really the Emperor and not some imposter?” An older woman asked, her face showing disbelief.

“Ahh, well, I am not offended. It would be folly of you to accept that I am the Emperor without proof. But first, let me say, if I was not the Emperor would it not be stupid to claim to be so without proper permission? Especially on live television. I will provide a magical vow to prove my authenticity.”
Rita’s eyes widened at my declaration; magical vows are not things to be thrown around carelessly.

“I hereby vow that I am indeed Emperor Voldemort, so mote it be.” Magic flowed through the stage and audience area making the crowd shiver slightly from the strange sensation. It was lucky that the electrical equipment was protected from magic or else the show would have ended very prematurely.

I then validated the vow by conjuring a silver crown and placing it on my head.

*Wow, I am actually surprised. I have never seen you wear a crown and, being your arrogant self, I would have expected you would wear it more often. Geez Tom, one would think you weren’t an arrogant ruler of the world!*  

*I would wear a crown more often, but it messes with my hair.*

*Oh, of course, can’t have your hair messed up, now can we? It would mess with your perfect image.*

Everyone in the stage area was sitting in shock, either from the confirmation of my title or my display of wandless magic. Even Rita appears shocked, having never seen me use magic before.

“You really are as powerful as they say you are.” Rita said, trying to get over her shock and back with the interviewing. “Anyway, how about we continue from where we left off?”

“My reasons for anonymity? Well, as I was saying, my desire for companionship played a big role in that. It also helped with privacy, meaning I could walk the streets and no one would know who I was. Sometimes it is nice to take a break from ruling the world.”

“Right, now I am sure all my dear viewers are desperate for the juicy details of your love life.”

“Perhaps I should invite my fiance to the stage?”

The crowd was practically vibrating with excitement, desperate to know who had ‘captured my heart’. I was able to catch a glimpse of their thoughts due to the fact they were practically shouting them to anyone with the skill to read them.

I mentally prodded Harry to get him ready and when I saw him at the edge of the stage, I announced, “May I present my fiance, Lord Hadrian Potter of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter.” My hand made a grand gesture towards him, drawing attention to his beautiful form.

Chapter End Notes

Lucy, who Lucius is dressing up as, is from Fairy Tail. Both her name and appearance make her the perfect choice for Lucius!

So, do you like Rita? I liked writing her.
Rita's Time To Shine

Chapter Notes

The title is the name of Rita's show. I know it's weird and stupid but I like it. Kind of.

Anyway this was a long time in coming, well over a month. Excuses this time are:
Writers block, going skiing for the first time and writing spin off chapter.

The latter I will mention again in the bottom Author notes...

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter he would have not been stupid and would have sued Rita and the Prophet for libel. Or whatever it's called that involves printing lies about someone; maybe defamation?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

(POV change/Time skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind spoken*

Chapter 35:

(Tom POV)

Harry stepped on the stage, his near silent steps betrayed his nervousness. However, to those who do not know him it appears as if he is completely confident in his surroundings. He strolls over to the couch and grasps my hand.

Staring over the crowd who is cheering, bowing, curtseying and clapping at Harry’s arrival, I catch a glimpse of their thoughts once again.

The first glance had me almost boiling in rage and jealousy. Most of the crowd were calling Harry cute, beautiful and…..kawaii.

Upon looking further I realised these women were more thinking of Harry as cute in a maternal way. Like they wanted to wrap him up in blankets and protect him from the world. Some of them seemed to be trying hard not to glare at me. Some evidently forgot or did not care about my title and were glaring at me anyway.

In fact the only thing that stopped them from running on stage and separating us is Harry practically lit up when he got near me.

“And here I was thinking you were going to have all the fun without me!” Harry remarked, smiling at me in a way that made me want to smile back. I kiss him instead and we sit down. His hands were shaking slightly so I took both of them in mine to calm them slightly.

“Welcome to the show, Lord Potter!”

“Thank you for having us, Rita.” His bashful face caused many of the females in the crowd to coo at him.
“Now, I am sure we are all wondering many things about you and his majesty, like how you met and such. But first, for the audiences piece of mind, would you please tell us your age.”

Ah, the crowd is angry for they believe Harry is underage. Just like everyone else does.

*It’s really annoying! I am an adult, not a child! It’s not fair that I am so short!*  
*Acting like that does not convince me of your maturity.*

“Um..I’m 19.” The glares towards me died down a bit after that pronouncement.

“Now onto the important and juicy details of your romance. First off, how did the two of you meet?”

Seeing as Harry was too embarrassed to answer, I did, “He actually pulled me from a dangerous car wreck.”

*You said it wasn’t dangerous. Were you lying?* His tone showed that he hoped I was not lying.

*No, I am merely over dramatising it for the sake of the audience.*

And it seemed to have worked. Many were horror struck to learn that I had been in a car crash. Of course, it was mentioned that Auror Moody was arrested for sabotaging and treason in the news, but not how or to whom the treason was to. I decided to wait and give the details myself during this interview to further paint the Order as bad guys.

“Hadrian graciously rescued me and then tended to my wounds…” *Wounds? You only had one head wound, Tom!* “He is a healer, you see, and a rather good one. Now, if my identity had been known I would have never been able to date Hadrian, and for that I am grateful.”

“For all of you not in the know, this car crash was caused by Auror Moody’s actions. He has been recently convicted of his crimes and I for one am glad such a dangerous man is no longer on the streets. For an Auror to commit such crimes, especially against you, your majesty, is unforgivable. Who knows how he would have treated the rest of us if he did such a horrid thing to the most powerful man in the world.”

“Thank you, Rita.”

“You know, he was really stubborn about the whole thing. He kept trying to stand up when a few minutes before he was unconscious in a car. I just wanted to make sure he was alright and he kept trying to hinder my progress!” Some chuckles rang out through the audience at my stubbornness.

“I ended up asking him on a date and that was probably one of the best decisions of my life. Right after asking him to marry me.” I say staring at Harry. The best part about this is that I am not lying.

Harry then looked down, smiling at his engagement ring. “The only bad part about your proposal was that Lucius appeared halfway through your speech.”

“Ah, yes. But I was too entranced by you to pay any attention to my surroundings.”

The crowd is awwing at us and our romantic story. Some have even commented it is just like a romance story…

Harry smiles that brilliant smile at me, “Sap. Who would have known that the Emperor would be such a romantic? Though with the amount of fanfictions about you and your love life….Actually, now that I think about it, that must be the reason why he is revealing himself. He couldn’t stand
reading or hearing about another inaccurate fanfiction about himself.”

His teasing words were clearly said in an attempt to reduce his ever growing nerves. Plus his rapid changing of the topic so as to avoid the inevitable question of where the proposal took place in, and therefore, his horrible treatment at the hands of the Dursleys. However, he did bring up a good point.

“Yes, that is clearly the reason why I thought it was time to reveal myself.” I remark sarcastically, “The amount of fanfiction that speculated about my appearance and love life has been astronomical. It appears that being anonymous has sparked many a person to surmise that I am an alien or something equally ridiculous.”

“Plus you have been paired with pretty much everyone and everything people can think of. I once saw you being paired with the corpses of Shrek AND Donkey.”

My face pinched up in displeasure at that; I could not prevent the unconscious reaction at the thought of such a pairing.

Rita then added her two cents to the discussion, merely creating more horrible imagery, “In fact, your majesty, I have even been paired with you.”

“And us revealing ourselves will just prompt people to write fanfictions of our love, perhaps with a few other people added to the mix. Come on, darling, it’s rule 34 of the internet.”

I give an exaggerated sigh at the thought, knowing what Harry said would inevitably be true.

Rita and the entire audience look amused by my predicament. Though at Harry’s use of the endearment many of them were restraining themselves from cooing at us because of the ‘cuteness’. It is times like this I realise why I generally prefer the company of males.

“How about we move on, shall we?” The crowd cheers enthusiastically. “I have a few questions I want to ask that you didn’t say when you were telling your story. Firstly, how long have you known each other?”

“We met last May, so about 8 months ago.” Harry answers, pausing slightly to calculate the exact number of months.

“Wow, that’s not very long ago at all. Now I suppose a follow up question, when did you propose, your majesty?”

“Just after resolving some of the Order issues in China which was early November last year.”

“You’ve been engaged for two months then? Okay, one final question, where did you propose? After all we need a place in which to picture your romantic proposal.”

Harry was the one sighing this time.

*Well yeah, because all my efforts in delaying and deflection were for naught.*

*My love, you knew it had to be brought up. I was always going to mention it in this interview.*

“I am afraid Rita that the location where I proposed was neither romantic nor the ideal setting you must be picturing. You see, I proposed to Harry in a hospital.”

Everyone looked shocked and confused, wondering how and why I decided a hospital was where I would propose. Harry leans more heavily on me in order to get much needed comfort and support
now that we are speaking about this topic.

“Were one of you injured?” Rita asks.

“Harry was admitted there because I discovered something disturbing about his life. The relatives whom he had lived with for about 18 years of his life had been abusing him.”

Gasps echoed throughout the audience and stage. Harry was now shaking against me, prompting me to put an arm around him to pull him closer.

“I will not go into the details, both because of the need to preserve Hadrian’s privacy and some of the details would be too graphic to talk about in this show. I will tell you that he is going to make a full recovery and the perpetrators are in a cell awaiting trial.”

“Can you tell us some of what he suffered at their hands and possibly who the callous abusers are?” Rita’s face was tight and her voice clipped trying not to betray her rage. I know that she herself has had trouble with miscarriages and stillborn. For her to hear of abuse must be even more disgusting.

*What details are you willing to reveal?*

*Um….can I have none of it?*

*I could just mention the malnutrition and the fact you lived in the slums as a magical child. Perhaps even that you once thought your name was Freak, and you lived in a cupboard for eleven years.*

*I don’t know, do they really need to know?*

*I will at least mention who your relatives are. Any other details are not needed and can remain private. However, it will provide sympathy for you and we can link it with the Order and make them look bad. Plus it would make your image look better as people who are poorer will be able to relate to you.*

*….Fine. But I’m only allowing this because you’re a manipulative dick.*

Rita was looking at me confused during our mental conversation and was about to say something when I started to answer her questions, “Hadrian was suffering from 18 years of malnutrition when he was admitted to the hospital. This is why he looks very small for his age. In fact, the healers said that with the lack of food he had he would have been dead from malnutrition long ago if he was not magical.

“Not only that but he was living with his relatives in the slums. As he was magical, and his family was aware of that fact, you can all imagine how that went.”

*Can I take over and finish this part?* I sensed Harry’s need to tell his story himself, which is understandable. And who am I to deny my angel anything?

My angel began in a monotone voice, “To say they hated me would be a severe understatement. If they could have gotten away with killing me, they would’ve. They liked to pretend I didn’t exist and so I spent the first eleven years of my life living in a cupboard under the stairs even though they had two extra bedrooms I could have slept in. They also called me by the name ‘freak’ and ‘boy’ rather than my name and I used to think that ‘freak’ was actually my name.”

The amount of sorrow in his voice caused many of the audience members to start looking for a handkerchief or tissue. Some are outright bawling their eyes out and making no effort to hide it. Rita’s makeup is running as well, showing she is very affected by this story.
Turning to face my angel I can see he himself is struggling to keep himself from tears. This tragic sight makes me pull Harry into a full hug and rub his back in comfort. The tears he was keeping at bay were now soaking my robe.

I continued where he left off so as to complete this as soon as possible, “Petunia Dursley, Harry’s aunt through his mother, as well as her husband Vernon Dursley are facing several charges in regards to Hadrian’s treatment. However, we are also investigating how he came to be in their….care, how it was never noticed and went under the radar and whether this means a third party was involved.”

“A third party? You mean you believe someone else had been helping the Dursley’s?” Rita demanded, angered at the thought anyone would help someone abuse a child.

“Do you remember the tragedy in which the previous Lord and Lady Potter lost their lives?” At her and the crowds affirmative, yet hesitant nod I expand, “Hadrian is their child, whom was believed to have been killed in the same tragedy. No one knew he was alive, which means whoever killed the late Potters and destroyed their home likely also was the one who placed Hadrian with the Dursleys.

“This was illegal, as he was the heir to a noble house, he could not be placed in their care without a magical guardian living nearby or being somehow in contact. It also broke a whole host of other laws. He was also living there without identification. The final point, he never went to Hogwarts, even though he should have or at least should have got his letter. He never did; which means someone who is magical is breaking several laws and is probably responsible for both the deaths of Lord and Lady Potter, and the placement of Hadrian at the Dursleys.”

During my long explanation of the events surrounding my angel’s abuse, Harry was able to center himself. Once I was finished he had removed his head from my chest and straightened up his posture. But he was still leaning on me and both of his shaking hands were held in my own.

“It has always been speculated that the Potters were killed either by the Order or,” She paused here rather then say that many people suspect me of having played a role in their deaths. In retrospect some of the blame for their deaths could probably be placed at my feet. But very little and ultimately I was not there that night. “Or some rogue serial killer. Do you believe the Order killed the Potters?”

“Now I have very little proof barring speculation and a few other things, certainly not enough to convict anyone at this stage. But yes, I believe the Order killed the Potters. Not only that but I have some people who I believe to be both Order members and involved in the abuse of Hadrian. As well as several other crimes.”

I pause knowing that it would build suspense and irritate Rita. She desperately needs to know everything about her guests, which is why she was in Ravenclaw. Many have said that she embodied the traits of a Ravenclaw so much that all of her friends began calling her ‘Rowena’. That, and she loves to hear people accuse others of things and get into fights and debates on her show. I can see her eye twitching as the silence grew.

*Yes, this pause is also irritating me! So get on with it. I hate when they do this in TV programmes just before they tell you who won….*

*Impatient much?*

*We don’t all have eternity!*  

*Oh, my love, you shall have eternity and anything else you so desire.*
Eventually the silence got too much for Rita who burst out with, “And who do you suspect?” The suspense made the crowd antsy for some answers.

“Albus Dumbledore.” Whispers instantly started flying at this name, many knowing of his high position and his hero status. The need for proof is prominent, many people mistrusting my words because of how well liked he is and how I have only revealed myself today.

Rita herself looks skeptical at the claim, knowing of my hatred of Dumbledore. But she does know that he is shady and is hiding something. “Why do you suspect him, your majesty?”

“Because he came to visit me.” Harry began. “Just after Halloween last year, I was home sick from work…” Instantly many people realised by ‘sick’ Harry really meant ‘I was so injured I could not go to work’.

“...And then he showed up and waltzed into the house. I had never met him before and he definitely looked like the kind of person the Dursley’s would have hated. Anyway, within minutes of his arrival I realised he was really rude. At this point I knew nothing of my parents, not even their names, and this man claimed to know them. But he wouldn’t tell me anything about them until later when it suited him.

“He just told me lots of information about the ‘injustices of the Empire’ which were so obviously not true. Things like dark magic is evil and how the Emperor hates non-magical people. At this point I didn’t know that the man I was dating was the Emperor, but it seemed stupid. Especially as Dumbledore followed it up with ‘he wants to kill all non-magical people’ although he called them muggles. Which, if you didn’t know, is a more derogative way of saying non-magical.

“He also exaggerated information as well. But the whole point of all that is to complete a prophecy. “The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives... the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies....” He surmised that it meant I had to kill the Emperor.”

“No only that but throughout the visit he tried to convince Hadrian to join the Order, basically admitting to being a part of it. In what capacity is unknown, though I believe he is certainly higher up in the Order.” Or the leader, I add silently.

“He never gave any proof that the prophecy actually exists by naming the seer or anything like that. I am also a healer, and someone who refuses to let anyone die in my care, so for me to willfully kill someone goes against all my morals. Which, if the prophecy was true, would mean I would die because I couldn’t “live while the other survives”. I have also no experience in combat or anything similar and even I had heard the rumours of the Emperor being immortal.

“After I refused, he got mad at me, and threatened to ‘make my life worse than it already is’ if I didn’t adhere to his plans and ideals. I thought that would have been it, but the very next day someone from the Order followed me home and continued to accost me into joining the Order.”

“Not only that but there is the glaringly obvious thing of Dumbledore being the Headmaster of Hogwarts, the school Hadrian should have gone to. It is hardly a stretch to presume he has the means to prevent people from going or even receiving their letters. He had the motive for doing so to Hadrian, added to the fact no one knew he was even alive, except maybe the goblins, no one was going to find out. In theory.

“We also later discovered that until Hadrian was eleven Dumbledore had taken vast quantities of
money from the Potter family vaults. When Hadrian failed to show up when he was 11 the goblins put the account on lockdown, which means they knew he was alive but they had no idea where he was. Likely any correspondence from them was being misdirected by someone, possibly Dumbledore.

“When his theft was discovered the goblins immediately rectified the situation. All the stolen assets, monetary and non-monetary, have been given back to Hadrian. Dumbledore’s accounts have been frozen pending the investigation into the thefts. One last detail that makes Dumbledore, in my mind, seem even worse is evidence that came out in the trial of Moody.

“During that trial Moody was able to lie under veritaserum, the truth serum for those not in the know. A memory surfaced showing that Moody was given a substance that enabled him to lie in such conditions, for around 6 months. This substance was given to him by Albus Dumbledore, or someone who looked like him, and it almost allowed Moody to get away with attempting to kill me.

“So yes Rita, I do have proof.”

The crowd sits gobsmacked with the overload of information, most if not all of it negative, about the great hero Dumbledore. Rita looks like she wants to research all this more.

“I am sorry to doubt you, your majesty, but it is well known that you do not like him very much.”

“A feeling which has dramatically increased with his treatment of my fiance. So yes, it may be fair to say that I am a little biased against him—”

“A lot, don’t you mean?”

If it were anyone else to interrupt and correct me in front of others, they would have been punished. But my angel will never receive such treatment from me, no matter how irritating. Unless…

*TOM! Are you seriously thinking something pervy right now? We’re on stage. ON LIVE TELEVISION! This is not the time or place. And don’t pout.*

*I am not pouting, that is undignified.*

*It is some form of sulking….perv.*

“Yes, I suppose I do mean a lot. But that is hardly surprising given that he has undermined my rule from the start, yes he is that old, and given recent events it seems my dislike was justified.”

“Just to let you know, Dumbledore is older than T-er his majesty. In fact he is so old I am wondering whether he should even be working. He isn’t immortal like his majesty, and I am not sure whether or not he is the best person to be headmaster. Wouldn’t you want someone young so they can relate to the students more and understand them? Rather than an older man who may not even remember being a child anymore.”

“I take it you don’t think much of Dumbledore either, Lord Potter?”

“Nope. You see, he is really very arrogant. When I met T-his majesty I thought he was very arrogant, the most arrogant man I had ever met. Then, within five minutes of meeting Dumbledore, he walked into the house uninvited, dismissed my questions as unimportant and then demanded I make him tea! It made me reconsider who was the most arrogant man in the world. Which is surprising given that Emperor is a far more prestigious title than Headmaster.”

This gave the audience some much needed laughs after the horrific description of Harry’s abuse.
“Yes, I remember you saying you thought he must think himself a god or something to have that level of arrogance. And really, you love my arrogance.”

“For some reason I find your arrogance somewhat endearing, Dumbledore’s is just annoying.”

I turn back to Rita to say, “We will be informing news outlets of all the known Order members or those who are suspected to have assisted Order and its members in some way in the next few days.”

“And what of the abuse? Are you going to be doing something about that situation? And of course the Order is gaining ground in abroad, do you have plans for that as well?” Rita asked apologetically, knowing that bringing it up again so soon may be a bad thing.

“The thing that has bothered me the most about all that is how I missed it. Hadrian and I had been dating for several months and not once did I suspect he was being abused. I suspected that something was wrong, but reflection has shown that the signs were there.

“I thought that I had already done enough to prevent such instances from occurring but evidently I did not. This needs to change. Looking over all the data I had on the subject it seems that many children may be slipping through the cracks of the system, most of them non-magical and a vast majority of them are minorities. I am going to be soon adding more laws and such to ensure cases like Hadrian’s are not happening anymore.”

Several members of the crowd look like they want to go around beating up the abusers themselves. Clearly they are dedicated mothers/fathers or people with a high paternal/maternal instinct.

“I am going to propose new health checks for every child starting school for the first time. These will be both mandatory and free so as to have no excuse to miss them. These will not only ensure abuse is not happening but it will help children from poorer areas get the medical help they need, such as vaccinations. Which will also be apart of the medical check ups. I will work out the details more later on.

“Another thing I realise is that high schools should also be closely monitored. This is because, as teenagers are wont to do, they will be experimenting with their sexuality and possibly even gender. This is key time for previously loving homes to become abusive if their child or children do not fit within their idea of ‘normal’. This will be more difficult to implement but it may be another change in the future.”

Harry added his input on the subject, “An additional change could happen in the slums. The way everything is right now isn’t working. We have the people who don’t live in it that think the reason those who do live there is because they have been forced to live there by the government. Which, by the way, they aren’t. Half the people there would rather live in poverty than get a decent job because they fear working with someone who is gay. Or magical. Or-, you get the picture.

“And then we have the people who live there. People so looked down upon by most others that they assume anyone who lives with them thinks the exact same way. Most of the time they are right, but in my case it meant that my teachers were blind to my abuse. The people who live there are very narrow minded which makes them dangerous. Not only that but they refuse any help from the Empire.

“So we will be looking for ideas on how to deal with this.”

“The final thing is in regards to the Order and their work overseas. They have managed to gain enough resources to start rebelling and causing real damage. There needs to be things done about the people stuck in battle ravaged places; something which you yourself have discussed quite a lot on
this show, Rita. Just a few weeks ago they were launching an attack in Rome, which caused significant property damage but luckily no deaths.”

“And something tells me it was more than luck. There have been rumours that you were both in Rome at the time of the attack. Plus, before the show you eluded to the possibility that you were there.”

I smirked at Rita, “We may have been.”

“Could you elaborate on that?”

“We were both in the main plaza where the attack was centred. I was the one who released the hostages the Order had taken, as well as held off the fighters and dismantling the anti apparation ward to allow Aurors to get to the area.”

“I was healing various people inside the restaurant after a blast destroyed some of it.”

“Many people would have died without his help and he also created a ward that meant there was a safe spot for the freed hostages to go.”

Harry blushed beautifully at the praise, “It was nothing really.”

“Do not sell yourself short. It was vastly impressive for someone with no formal magical education.”

An audience member shouted out a question, “Then why didn’t we hear about your efforts?”

“Do not sell yourself short. It was vastly impressive for someone with no formal magical education.”

At his nod I continued, “That was us, I removed any photos or video of us because I was not ready to reveal myself just yet. That holiday was actually for the both of us to enjoy the last of our anonymity before this interview. From now on I will not be removing pictures, videos, articles and the like from the internet, as there would not be much point.”

After answering the audience member’s question Rita said, “Well I think with this emotional rollercoaster we have been on we need a little break. I know I do, my make up is positively ruined. But don’t you worry, we shall have more time with their majesties, after the break. Be sure to tweet at me any questions you would like to ask them, as we may very well ask your question on the show tonight. See you soon.”

And with that a two minute break was announced allowing me to comfort Harry better even though he claims not to need it.

Chapter End Notes

Harry expressed my opinion on shows where they build suspense for literally no reason; I just want to know who won! Also twitter because I was too lazy to create an original social media.

If you would like you could participate in this interview by commenting any questions you have for Tom or Harry. Just mention before you write your question so I know it is for the interview.

Second off, would you mind if I kill off one of the side characters? There is a place
where I am planning it but if no one wants it to happen it won't happen.

Now, finally, as mentioned in the top author note I have been working on a spin off for this story. It will not be in Tom or Harry's point of view so I didn't think it fitted in the story but I really wanted to do it. So the story is several characters reactions to Tom and Harry revealing themselves on television. It's just a little one-shot and you don't have to read it. But if you want to read it, it should be up in a few days.

I will be putting this in the series (which this story is now part of), so it should be easy to find when I post it.
Tom and Harry have a mental conversation.....Oh and they are also being interviewed

Chapter Notes

Pretty much the character summary right there.

Anyway! I'm still alive and writing; believe it or not. Here is the next chapter!

Right, this is the part where I come up for excuses or something.....I got nothing. There is literally nothing but laziness and the fact I spent more time reading fanfiction than writing it by a large margin. Also, can't even use exams as an excuse cos they finished over a month ago.

Sorry for being shitty at updating regularly! I hope to work on this in the future, but expect erratic uploads more often then not.

DISCLAIMER: If I owned Harry Potter sex would have been mentioned more often, likely as jokes for some reason.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind Spoken*

Chapter 36:

(Harry POV)

During the break, which was essential considering half the crowd had running makeup and had run out of tissues, I took the time to compose myself. My story was pretty much out to the world, as is my identity. There's no going back now.

*...Also there will probably be several memes made about us by this time tomorrow.*

*Memes?*

*Nevermind Tom, you wouldn’t have understood anyway.*

Now we were sitting back on the couch ready for the next segment of the show. Question Time!

*You do realise the questions are likely to be extremely personal?*

*Yes, but anything is better than talking about the Dursleys.*

*Hmm...we shall see.*

Tom was holding my right hand on his lap while his left arm was draped over the back of the couch, looking as relaxed as possible. Also very composed, but when does he ever look anything less than calm?
But given his thoughts on what is to come on the interview it is clear he is a little apprehensive.

Rita then walked back on the stage with fresh makeup and signaled the rest of the crew to get ready. It appears the break is over and the interview is about to begin. I subtly squeeze Tom’s hand and receive a calming sensation through our bond. I can do this. Again.

“Welcome back everyone! I hope you have all recovered from the first part of the show and are ready to move onto some more lighthearted things now.” Rita opened, smiling at the audience and cameras.

“If you are just tuning in, I have with me on stage His Majesty, Emperor Voldemort and his fiance Lord Potter of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter. After that tear jerking opening I feel we need to have a more relaxed and fun second half. So of course, let’s begin question time! Keep sending in your questions for our guests and you may have your question answered.’”

She pulled out her phone from her pocket and began reading the questions from viewers.

“Ah, I think I shall begin with this one. Question from Stephanie Davis, when are you planning on having the wedding?”

“I am afraid that is going to have to be after the Order has been disbanded and all its members face justice for their actions.”

“Why, your majesty?” Rita asked, though it sounded almost like a whine.

“If we held the wedding at any other time the Order would no doubt try to find a way to sabotage, terrorise and/or use the wedding to promote their actions or some such. Especially as many high ranking officials are likely to attend, which would put them at risk. Even if we had high security for the event, they may try a major attack somewhere else to dampen the mood of the wedding as a whole.”

“Yes, that does sound wise. Also it adds a bit more incentive for bringing down the Order, as I for one am eager to have this couple married in a grand royal wedding. Oh, dear viewers, can you imagine? All the other celebrity weddings would pale in comparison to this one!”

*Her starry eyed look is starting to creep me out…*

*We best tread carefully, else we shall talk of nothing but the wedding for the rest of the interview. And somehow that will end with the rest of the world thinking they can plan our wedding.*

I narrow my eyes slightly at the thought of others planning MY WEDDING!

*Our wedding, my angel. Which means should we not plan it together?*

*Shut up, or you’ll only be going for the food. I’m planning our wedding, because we both know you hate large parties and you would allow the twins free reign on our wedding for your own amusement.*

*That is probably a good idea as I have no idea how to plan a wedding nor do I want to. However, I shall be deciding what we are wearing, as well as what the other groomsmen are wearing.*

*That is acceptable.* I said, imitating Tom’s posh speak.

Tom smiles charmingly at Rita, “I would suggest, Rita, that you save your speculation until after the Order has been dealt with.”
“Damn...I was so excited that we were finally going to have a royal wedding!”

“If you are patient Rita, you might find that the wedding will be closer than you think. Also I think you should calm yourself and move onto the next question; you no doubt have a fair few other questions your viewers wish to ask us.”

She pouted slightly before moving on, “Alright. We have another question specifically for His Majesty Emperor Voldemort. Is ‘Voldemort’ your real name?” She turned to face Tom, curiosity evident on her features.

“No.”

After a few seconds of silence where Rita was awkwardly waiting for the prick to elaborate, she continued, “So what is your real name, your majesty?”

*Not even Rita, the most thorough journalist when it comes to all things gossip, knows of your real name?*

*Obviously not. If she had she would have spread it immediately.*

“I am afraid, Rita and everyone else who is watching, that I shall not be telling you that information. If you wish to know you will simply have to look yourself.”

“And how might we go about that? Your Wikipedia page doesn’t even say that ‘Voldemort’ isn’t your real name.” She said, looking at her phone which presumably was on Tom’s Wikipedia page.

“If I told you how to find my name I might as well just tell it to you myself.”

“Google cannot seem to find it.” Rita almost sounded shocked at this news. Google, not knowing something? Gasp! The horror! “Is there a specific site or...?”

I decide to interject, sensing that this conversation is going to go nowhere, “Rita, he’s 146! The internet didn’t even exist when he was born; so don’t expect to find the answers online. And if it was, surely everyone would know by now ’cos nothing stays a secret for long once it’s online.”

Rita seemed to be pouting at having her easy access of information failing her.

Someone from the audience decides to add their question to the table, “Your Majesty, what is your date of birth?”

“I am not going to give you the exact date; it would be far too easy to find my name then…”

*Yes, it will be found in a month to a week rather than just a day.* I sarcastically remark.

“But you can work out the approximate year if you use mathematics.”

The audience member groans, “Aw, but that takes effort! And maths!”

“Oh you can find someone willing to do the maths for you.” I add for the audience member’s sake. I am pretty sure maths is what a major part of that old religion Christianity’s hell would be like.

*Maths is not that bad, my angel.*

*You only say that because you’re smart and have a super memory, Tom! Us normal people have to make do with trying to translate the gibberish which makes Chinese look easier to read!*
*I take it you were not fond of maths at school?*

*No, it was a special form of torture.*

The audience were already speculating how to find out Tom’s name and identity.

*Tom! By the sounds of things your name is going to be known in a week!*

Tom mentally scoffed before answering, *Hardly.*

*What?*

*I have already sealed any documents pertaining to me and have labeled it classified. Anyone who reveals my name or identity is likely to be shot for treason.*

*Fucking hell! Isn’t that a bit harsh?*

*I am not taking chances of people knowing my name; then nobody would address me by my proper title-*

*Arrogant snob.* I interject.

He ignored my interruption, *-Also I was kidding about the last part. They would only get imprisoned for life.*

*Tom….there is a time and place for dark humour, and inside our heads during an interview on live television isn’t the place. Or time.*

*Fine. I merely sealed the documents and had them hidden in a parseltongue activated vault. My name will eventually get out but by that time people should know and think of me as ‘his majesty’ so it will not matter.*

*That’s a very optimistic view of the situation. You see how often the twin’s use your name, so there are going to be several million people who do the same. Or even larger.*

*Fine. But in my presence they must refer to me as ‘your majesty’.*

*Must keep up your ego somehow.*

Meanwhile, Rita was was furiously searching the internet for any information about Tom to help her locate his name. By how she was tapping her screen it was clear she was finding absolutely nothing. Once we had finished our conversation she appeared to have given up the search…..for now.

“Right; I suppose I shall have to move on. But rest assured, dear viewers, I will continue to hunt for his majesty’s name. If I find it I shall inform all of you either on twitter, or on this show.”

The determination in her eyes was, frankly, terrifying.

She read off a question from her phone to distract her from researching further, “Here’s another question, for Lord Potter this time. When did you find out about his majesty being the Emperor of the World and what was your reaction?”

“Oh…well it was right after the proposal. You see, Lucius had walked into the hospital room after the speech and was really awkward. I was really confused, I mean, why would the famous Lord and the man known to be the Emperor’s right hand be visiting my hospital room. So his majesty had to explain just who he was to me.
“I was of course shocked, though perhaps a bit more about him being over 100 years old than him ruling the world. But the thing that was more freaky to me was that by marrying him, I would have to be addressed as his equal. This terrified me. Going from a simple healer to Emperor’s Consort was a very large jump.

“I decided that, though it was a large step up that no doubt would come with extra responsibilities, it was worth it if I got to spend the rest of my life with the man I love. I wasn’t going to break the engagement over a silly thing like his title. The lying, while necessary in his position, was a bit irritating. However, as long as he doesn’t lie anymore especially about important things we should be fine.”

“Do not worry, my angel, I shall endeavour to never lie to you again. Except if I wish to surprise you with something. Perhaps?” He breaks off to conjure a bunch of flowers which he promptly gives to me. “a present to show how much you mean to me.”

Flushing, I accept the flowers and sniff them. They smelt amazing; it was hard to believe that only a few seconds ago these didn’t exist.

I murmur to Tom, though the microphone bracelets mean the crowd can hear, “You don’t need presents to prove you love me, I already know. I love you, especially if you’re being good.”

*Why does it seem that you are comparing me to a well trained dog?*

*I suppose it’s good that I like puppies, especially when they’re trained. With some training you too could be well behaved.*

*What happens to me when I am being naughty?*

*Well, you’ll have to be punished!*

Tom seemed to be mentally smirking, *And how shall I be punished?*

A quick glance on his train of thought has me realising the ways he wishes to be punished didn’t match up with how I thought about punishing him. It also has me hiding my face in the bouquet as he smirks at me.

*Pervert! I meant restricting your reading time!*

His eyes narrowed, *You would surely not be so cruel.*

*Okay, I probably won’t do that. But only because I know you would just annoy me until you could read again. Honestly, you’re such a nerd sometimes.*

I stare at the flowers, considering what to do with them. *How long will these last, Tom?*

*I have no idea. How about you place them on the seat next to you and we shall see whether they are still there at the end of the show?*

With sweet smelling flowers now next to me I turn to face Rita who looks to be ready to read the next question.

“Ah, now this is a question even I can answer! Your majesty, are you really related to Salazar Slytherin?”

“Yes, I am. Through my mother.”
“Your mother?”

“Ah, yes, she died giving birth to me so I never knew her. I only found out my relation to Slytherin when I went to Hogwarts and discovered that speaking to snakes was not a normal thing for a wizard or witch to do.”

“Ooh! Could we hear you speak the language of serpents, your majesty?”

“Certainly.” ~My angel makes the most amazing sounds when he--

~Please don’t say things like that Tom! I’ve already blushed enough and probably look like a complete fool.~

Suddenly serious, Tom replies ~You could never look foolish to me. It does not really matter what the others think, though currently I believe they think you are adorable.~

~I’m not adorable! Puppies, kittens, and small humans, yes. Not a 19 year old man!~

Rita was looking at us shocked before recovering and coughing to bring attention back to her. “Ah, yes well, that was…..uh….quite something.”

~It appears she and most of the audience finds us speaking parseltongue incredibly attractive.~ The bastard said this as he smirked at the crowd and Rita.

“So...uh...your majesty, is that why you have such a strange, exotic accent?”

~She is now trying to distract herself by asking us questions.~

~Then answer her! And stop speaking in parseltongue so we can continue the interview.~

~You are still speaking it.~

I shut up after that rather than reply to him and destroy my point. Tom then deigns to answer Rita’s question, “Yes, that is why my accent is so odd.”

She coughs again to focus herself, “So, if you are able to speak the serpent tongue because you are related to Slytherin, then how does Lord Potter speak it?”

Tom acts perplexed for a moment before answering, “Well, I suppose I do not really know-” Half truth there. “-but magic is strange that way. And no, Hadrian is not related to Salazar Slytherin, though in some way he is probably distantly related to me through his father. Purebloods in times past tended to seek marital partners among each other and so many pureblood families are closely connected to each other.”

Tom mentioned to me before hand to not mention our magical and mental bond as it would ‘give us an advantage. Knowledge is power after all, and we cannot have Dumbledore gaining more information then I want him to.’

“Another mystery for us, your majesties?”

“One which would be perhaps even harder than the other, as only people with extensive knowledge of magic and how it works would be able to solve it.”

“Ah, well, I already have a far more thrilling mystery to solve. Now, this is a question I personally came up with!”
*Hmm, yes, that must have taken quite the effort I am sure.*

*Darling! Don’t be mean!* 

*I was merely teasing, Harry.* 

“If you don’t mind, Lord Potter, may we have a look at your engagement ring?”

I had to lean over Tom to offer the hand with my engagement ring which sparkled in the glare of the stage lights. Rita gasped slightly and signaled the camera to zoom in on the ring.

“Wow, this is truly beautiful.” She gazed at the ring in awe, before glancing up at Tom. “Did you have it custom made, your majesty?”

“Ah, no. It is my ancestor Salazar Slytherin’s wife’s ring. I merely recovered it from one of his hideouts. But I will be getting custom wedding rings, I think.”

“What are the stones on the ring?”

“All diamond, the green stones are green diamonds.”

The crowd is looking amazed at the ring which probably cost more than a house and looked absolutely stunning.

*Just like its wearer.*

*Did I accidentally walk onto the ‘Let’s make Harry blush’ show?*

*What an oddly specific title for a show.*

*Shut up! Rita is trying to say something.* I say to distract Tom as I retract my hand from Rita.

Rita then read the next question once she observed she had our attention. “Lord Potter, what is it like dating a man who is old enough to be you grandfather? Isn’t it weird?”

I huffed a laugh at this question, “Um, well, he doesn’t really act like an old man, nor does he look like one. I mean, I couldn’t tell he was not the age he said he was apart from the fact he seemed very experienced at dating for a 21 year old. Once I found out he was over 100, some other little things became more obvious.”

“Like what?” Tom asked out loud, sounding slightly affronted. Though from the audience’s reaction he came off as a bit confrontational.

“Now, now dear, no need to act so huffy.” Tom stared at me silently begging me to explain what I meant. “Okay, so your interaction with technology, especially recent things and your ignorance on pop culture are the biggest ones. But you also act a bit more old fashioned and formal than people who actually are the age you appear. Don’t worry, you don’t act like the really old ladies I’ve met, but you seem to have the same level of old fashioned-ness.

“You’re also more mature than people in their 20’s acting at least with the maturity of a 40 year old. And the only thing that you seem to stay up to date on is fashion trends. So you act old fashioned but never where something which would be counted as ‘old fashioned’.”

“Are you quite done exposing me to the world?”

I give him a kiss on the cheek before saying, “I still love you, even though you lied about your age
and are a little old fashioned.”

Tom’s gaze softens at this admission and the public declaration of love. I get the feeling there has never been anyone who has genuinely declared their love for Tom publically.

The crowd was seems to be cooing at us after this. Kind of annoying.

“You two are make a very cu-” At Tom’s slight glare she changed her word mid way through, “-stunning couple.” Tom nods slightly to indicate he approves of the word.

I believe he disapproves of he and cute being used in the same sentence. Despite the fact I think some of the things he does are cute.

*Oh please, like what?*

*I shouldn’t say or else you may never do the things again. Which would be a shame.*

He seemed slightly irritated by this, and focused back on Rita so as to show he didn’t care to know what actions he does that are cute. In reality he was probably scheming how to get the answer out of me at a later date.

Rita squealed slightly as she read the next question, “Ooh! I am myself am interested in this. What was your first date?”

“We went to Le Canard de Chance for dinner.” Tom was able to pronounce the name correctly which I am forever jealous for.

*You know, if you put in the effort, you could learn an additional language..*

*Or….I could acquire the memories of someone who speaks another language and learn it that way.*

*That is what I meant when I said ‘put in the effort.’ I never said you had to put in a lot of effort.*

*Okay, Mr Technical.*

“It was a really expensive place, especially for the first date. A glass of wine cost $600! Of course, the date location is pretty typical for his majesty as he is a bit of a snob.”

*Excuse me for not finding Mcdonald's romantic enough and wanting to have decent food.*

*I never suggested we go on a date to McDonald’s! I merely suggested that we go to a restaurant that would not exceed my weekly income for a bloody starter!*

“It was exactly what you expect from a first date with a relative stranger. We made awkward small talk, I lied through my teeth and Hadrian stuttered throughout the entire meal. However, it was far more interesting than any dates I had been on previously and so things continued from there.”

Rita’s eyes sparkled with intrigue at the ‘scandalous’ relationships Tom could have gotten into before he met me.

*I do not think it is particularly scandalous that I used to date several people and it did not work out.*

*They apparently cheated on you, I’m sure Rita would be interested in that.*

*Perhaps.*
Rita was staring at her phone for a while before she finally asked the next question, “Question from Terrence Richards, are you virgins?”

Given how at this question I blushed bright red like the virgin I am, I’m pretty sure everyone knew what my response was going to be.

Tom merely scoffed, “I am 146, what do you think?”

“Yes, of course, because age definitely will tell them the answer…”

“So I take it his majesty is not a virgin?”

“Obviously. I am over 100 years old, it would be a bit strange if I had not had sex at least once. I even know some ace people that are not virgins.”

“Okay, the person has just added a new question. Um…” She coughed awkwardly, “What’s your sex life like?”

“Well as I am still a virgin, I’d say it’s pretty much non-existent.”

Tom looked to be refraining from rolling his eyes at my response, “Even if we did, I have no idea why we would be sharing those details with the world. They are after all private. And for anyone who is thinking about asking or looking for a sex tape of us in the future I am going inform you right now that you will not find one, ever.”

“Sounds like you’ve had someone ask you that before, your majesty.”

“Yes, I was not expecting the question at all, especially given the formal setting. Additionally, I have never created a sex tape of any of my previous encounters so I have no idea where this person got the idea I would have made one of my fiance and I.”

“Odd.” She looks down at her phone, getting a pinched look on her face, “I really wish I didn’t have to ask this question but clearly everyone wants me to. Have either of you had a threesome or are you ever considering having one?”

The question turns my face into a tomato, “Of course not! I’m still a virgin, for fu-goodness sakes.”

Gotta keep it PG, Harry. I turned to look at Tom who was refusing to look at me.

*Tom? Is there something you would like to share?*

*Hmm...perhaps…*

*If I can mention the Dursleys and what they did to me, you can talk about your previous sexual encounters.*

Tom clears his throat, his emotions showing a slight hint of embarrassment, “It was back in the 70’s, the 1970’s that is, when I just came to power. Because of all the restrictions of homosexual, interracial and polyamorous relations were abolished, people could enter into pretty much any kind of relationship. So, for many, it was a time for free exploration of their sexual identities, generally in a more physical sense. Something which would not have been possible before then.

“It was during that time period I, myself, explored a bit with sexuality. After a few encounters involving more than two participants I discovered that it was not for me so I am not inclined to try again. Besides, I would prefer to have Harry all to myself. So if you know anyone who was between the ages of 16-50 during that time period they likely went through the same experimental phase that I
did.”

After a slightly awkward silence I blurted out, “How did you turn the question about threesomes into a history lesson?”

“How did you turn the question about threesomes into a history lesson?”

“Would you have rather I gone in great depth about the who, what, why, how?”

“Point taken.”

The audience were laughing at our banter, showing that they have really recovered from the stuff from before the break.

“Um...your majesty...have you ever, um, participated in, uh, BDSM?”

“And here I was thinking that your show was PG, Rita. First, questions about my sex life then about threesomes and now about BDSM? What is next, I wonder, on your ‘child-friendly’ show?”

“It’s hardly my fault some of my viewers are perverts and come up with questions such as these. I have no idea what’s gotten into them though they usually are quite reserved.”

“That is because they do not really know me and so cannot ask very specific questions without going into politics or laws I have created. Which would probably be quite tedious for this show. As such they feel they can only ask general questions on things they presume everyone does; like sex.”

“Okay, I suppose that makes sense.” Rita said nodding along with Tom’s explanation.

*Um, Tom, what’s BDSM?*

*Never you mind, my love. You are far too innocent to know of such things.*

*Now I really want to know. And I’m not too innocent!!!*

*Penis.* At that word I blushed, therefore proving Tom’s point. Fuck! I hate proving the prick right!

*You are aware ‘prick’ is another word for penis, correct?*

*Dammit Tom! Stop making me blush! People are going to think I’m like you; a pervert!*

*I cannot when you make it so easy for me.*

I decide to ignore the git as he thinks more and more sexual things. Instead I smile and wave at the audience while Tom starts to get irritated at the lack of my attention.

“Oh for goodness sake!” Rita exclaimed as she gazed at her phone. “Right, I suppose we should stop taking questions from twitter, especially as they mostly seem to be sexual at this point.”

“I think they’re just taking the piss now.”

“Perhaps. So, your majesties, tell us about yourself. Do you have any hobbies or things you do in the time you’re not running the world?”

“Yes I-”

~If you say anything sexual I will be removing your ‘crown jewels’ post haste.~

He glares at me before continuing, “I happen to enjoy reading a lot.”
“Really? Have any favourite authors or books?”

“I must say I prefer the classics, Dickens and Deirdre Nott are just some of the examples. But there are a few modern novels that interest me as well.”

“And Lord Potter? Do you enjoy reading as his majesty does?”

“Not really. Occasionally I pick up a book and read it, though this is less often since I left school.”

“What do you prefer to do with your spare time then?”

“I like gardening, cooking and baking. Sometimes I cook us dinner or bake cookies.”

“How interesting! This should dispel any rumours that royalty doesn’t know how to cook for themselves and require house elves or servants to cook for them.”

“I would cook more often but I’ve been learning magic, working and setting up the hospital wing so I’ve been busy.”

We continued the interview for a few more minutes answering questions, which were more about our hobbies then our sex life, and Tom announcing the competition.

“Now, this has been the most wonderful interview of my career! It has been an amazing opportunity to talk to both of you and find out about how you came to meet and fall in love. I am sure my dear viewers have enjoyed it just as much as I have!”

“It was certainly an experience coming on this show. I have heard of Lucius’ experiences on the show for years so it is intriguing to see what all the fuss was about.”

Rita laughed, “Yes, he is often on the show.”

“Rather full of himself, Lucius is.”

I scoffed, “You can talk.”

“Anyway! We are seriously running out of time, so we’ll have to leave it there. Thank you, your majesties, for being on my show. I hope in the future we can have you both on here again, perhaps with the sound of wedding bells in the near future?”

“Indeed Rita, thank you for hosting us.”

“Everyone give a bow and round of applause to our guests!”

With the standing ovation and bows, Tom and I stood and left the stage. I held Tom’s hand in a tight grasp as relief washed over me from the interview being over. My other hand was clutching the conjured bouquet which still hadn’t vanished.

Tom lead me to the entrance of the studio where we could apparate out from. He somehow remembered the way there; how is unknown.

*Let us go home. You are probably exhausted from the interview; I know I am.*

*Yes please! Before the audience, the crew or Rita decide to accost us.*

And so we apparated back to the palace where I promptly collapsed on our bed, emotionally exhausted from the interview.
I vaguely felt Tom change my clothes to pajamas and tuck me in before I was out to the world.

Chapter End Notes

Apologies if this chapter seems disjointed because I wrote it in parts that I clumsily joined together. But I hope you got a few laughs. Also if this chapter seems like romantic trash I have no reason for why it is; it just happened.

"Deirdre Nott" is a magical 'classical' author; as I felt the magical world would have their own 'classics' to compare with our classics. Plus I didn't want to say he enjoyed Austen or the Bronte sisters (who were for some reason the only classical authors other than Shakespeare I could think of) as they don't really seem to have written the types of books Tom would like. (Romances don't really seem his thing despite the fact he's living in one....)

Side note: I shall be working on this story more than my other one as I am going to try and finish this one seeing as it is nearing the end. (Hard to believe, I know)

Anyway, Merry Christmas to all of you reading this! Hopefully another chapter won't take a month or more this time.
The Dursleys Get What's Coming To Them

Chapter Notes

So...how many people thought I was dead? And how many people wish to kill me right now?

Right so here is the next chapter! Finally!

GRAPHIC DEPICTIONS OF TORTURE AHEAD! They will be marked by !!!!!Torture!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~Parseltongue~
*Mind Spaken*
!!!!!Torture Scene!!!!

Chapter 37:

(Tom POV)

The time has come.

I have been waiting as patiently as I could for this opportunity.

They say that revenge is a dish best served cold; but I have never really had the patience for waiting to exact my revenge on those who have wronged me. The people who hurt Nagini learnt this fact.

But justice had to be done the legal way this time, apparently. If I had tortured the Dursleys before the conviction Dumbledore would have used it as evidence of my malevolence.

The trial only lasted a few hours, most of which was spent discussing Harry’s extensive medical record of the abuse. Just thinking of that long list has me burning in anger at the Dursleys. It is unbelievable that these scum got away with such actions for so long.

The Dursleys testified as well, mainly to answer questions of the money they received for….caring for Harry, and how they came to have custody over him.

The money was received in the post each month, about $20,000 a month, in the form of a cheque. These cheques are currently being traced. How they came to be in possession of a young Harry was just as he said, by him being found on their doorstep having been placed there sometime late at night. He had a blanket but little else to protect him from the cold which had me muttering curses in my head.

Petunia Dursley was adamant that the letter that came with Harry threatened them if they did not take him. This provided little sympathy for her because even if she had to take the child she could have treated Harry properly. Given how she did not still have the letter nor were the Auror’s informed of such a threat many were disbeliefing of it.
With all the information and evidence against the Dursleys it proved unnecessary for Harry to give testimony. He was very grateful for this having not wanted to talk about the events, or see his abusers, ever again.

However, I was required to give testimony as to how I rescued Harry. Though this was done on purpose, given that the trial was televised, I used it to further make myself look better. During my testimony and the medical evidence several people in the courtroom had to leave or were forced to leave after attempting to kill the Dursleys, or being too upset/angry to handle the rest of the evidence. Naturally most of it had to be censored for the televised broadcast as the details were considered too graphic or private to be made public.

All this culminated in the elder Dursleys being charged with several charges of child abuse, neglect and endangerment which meant they were to serve a life sentence in my dungeons without a chance of getting free. The main judge, a father himself, gleefully informed the pair that they were approved by the Prisoner Testing act.

I am sure Severus and the twins will delight in being able to use the two to test their potions and pranks. Perhaps even Harry would participate in such a thing; provided someone else observed the actual testing process.

Dudley Dursley received 5 years in a minimum security prison for his part in the abuse, which was not as serious and likely would not have happened without the influence of his parents. Hopefully his time in prison will get him to change his views but I am not anticipating such a difference.

The judges also recommended the opening of the case for who left Harry with the Dursleys illegally and who was paying them for it. They suggested it be linked to the late Lord and Lady Potter’s murder as Harry was placed on the Dursley’s doorstep within 24 hours of his parent’s murder.

In the period between the interview and the trial I did not sit idly. I began organising a smear campaign for the Order and Dumbledore, enlisting the help of all my spies, my elite, Narcissa and Harry to present all the negative information on them.

Due to the campaign we have been employing against them Dumbledore and the Order have already lost a great deal of power and popularity over the last few weeks. This is only expected to rise in the coming months as we continue. The number of people being recruited into the Order has decreased rapidly with the campaign.

The campaign has mostly been based on facts and exposed many people as Order members. Some people who were outing as Order members have fled to remote parts of the world to avoid persecution while others have openly announced that they are Order members and that what they are doing is ‘best for everyone’. Plus some of the people Dumbledore has hired have been less than respectable. Thieves, con artists, ex convicts, arsonists, etc.

Dumbledore probably hired them out of desperation because very few people want to join a terrorist group that is pretty much against the entire world.

His previous actions against my consort have also been explained in greater depth. The goblins have even come out and confirmed that they are investigating him and various other confirmed Order members. They also, much to my surprise, have announced that they support my actions against the group and my ruling in general. Though the latter was done in an underhanded way that many would not have realised they said it.

All this information that has come to light has culminated in Dumbledore, finally, being removed from Hogwarts. Given how I suspect most of the respectable people in his Order were swayed by
him when they attended Hogwarts this is an excellent development. I am only chagrined at the fact this happened so late and he was able to use the school as a recruitment place for terrorism for decades before this. So many people could have still been alive if this were the case; Harry’s parents being a prime example.

They would not have needed to be spies in this if Dumbledore had not got as powerful as he had.

I still remember the day I first met the Potters, though they were not married at the time, and asked whether they would like to work as my spies in Dumbledore’s Order. They were both so young, just finished high school, their whole lives ahead of them. Lily was the first to accept, which I believe came from her inability to decide exactly what she was going to do at this time.

She was certainly not going to rely on her rich boyfriend to get by; but to do so she needed a lucrative job.

James was more hesitant but eventually agreed to help, in his mind, protect Lily from the Order. He did not openly say that, likely fearing an argument with his girlfriend over her independence and how she did not need anyone to protect her. I am pretty sure she knew though. It was such a chivalrous Gryffindor move that was typical of James’ personality.

I even attended their wedding. Heavily disguised, of course, as they were deep undercover and had to pretend to dislike me.

Their deaths really were tragic, especially as they had nothing to do with the Order in over a year and so there was no reason to kill them. What did they die over, their refusal to adhere to a stupid prophecy? One which would see their son targeted and possibly killed? Even the most devout Order followers would have at least paused at such a thing.

I discovered after their death that the two were very close to passing University. James only had one more exam he needed to pass to complete his Bachelor of Psychology and Lily was quite the way through her dual Charms and Potions Mastery.

However there is no use dwelling on the past any longer; especially as there are far more satisfying things to be done.

I felt Lucius approaching my office, hopefully bringing the greatly anticipated news; given the malicious smirk he was not even bothering to conceal as he entered he indeed was here for that.

I sat up in my chair, sadistic excitement rushing through my entire body. “Lucius if you are not here to deliver the expected news-”

“Your Majesty,” he interrupted and for once I was not going to curse the impertinence of the move. “The Dursleys have just been transferred to your dungeons, under heavy protests might I add.”

“Excellent. I suppose I should go down and give them an appropriate welcome, to insure they fully enjoy their stay.” A dark smirk accompanied my statement.

“If ever you feel they are not getting the correct treatment, please inform Severus and I as we shall both be happy to be of service, your majesty.”

“Certainly, I cannot disagree seeing as you volunteered so readily.” I paused, dropping the charade for a moment. “But if you would make sure that Hadrian is otherwise engaged for a few hours…”

“Your majesty, I shall attempt to do so.”
“Use discretion.” My voice neither shook nor hesitated with the nerves I currently felt.

Lucius bowed and exited the room, sensing his presence was no longer wanted nor required. I have no idea how he was going to keep Harry occupied, especially given how little contact they have with each other.

I sighed. I honestly have no idea how Harry would react to this other side of me; this sadistic part of me that wants, no, needs to cause pain to others. To watch their blood drip from their helpless bodies. To hear their screams of pain as I inflict it upon them.

If he is disgusted with me, or horrified, or perhaps worst of all, afraid of me…..I cannot bear to think of what would happen. How would he react? Would he refuse to speak with me or be in the same room as me?

Would he no longer welcome my touch and instead shrink away from me? Never have I had such doubts about what I have come to accept is a large part of who I am. Always I have such confidence with myself and my actions, but one person’s opinion, one person’s feelings could shatter all of it.

If he asked me to stop…would I? Could I?

If he…if he left me because of this…

No. He would not leave me for this. But our relationship could be drastically changed forever. I somehow do not see kind, sweet, shy and beautiful Harry accepting this part of me.

Harry, having sensed my turbulent thoughts and emotions, endeavoured to communicate with me.

*Tom?! What’s wrong?* The amount of concern flowing from his side made me frown a bit. How was I going to conceal this from him?

*Conceal what from me?*

*Nothing, darling.*

*Bullshit! Tom, you will tell me what has you so upset, and don’t bother trying to conceal anything from me.*

His tone had me flinching. I know how much he hates things being kept from him; especially as we have both promised to tell everything about each other.

*Later. I am very busy right now.* Guilt flowed through me.

*You will be telling me tonight then.* His tone softened. *I’m just concerned what has made you feel such nervousness and fear.* Left unsaid was the fact I am generally too confident, or arrogant in Harry’s mind, to feel these emotions often.

*Of course I wouldn’t say it when you’re so upset. Are you sure you’re too busy to tell me? Because right now it seems like you’re not doing anything…*

*I was just about to go do something very important. I love you, my angel.*

*Love you too.*

I apparated to the dungeons to greet the new arrivals.

(Harry POV)
Well that was odd. Tom has never felt nerves like that before. What was he thinking of that has the usually arrogant and self assured Tom fluttering with nerves?

Unfortunately I was busy dealing with a particularly unruly patient so wasn’t aware of his thoughts.

“Ooh! I am in such pain! I am dying! AH!” Rodolphus, one of Tom’s elite, shrieked in apparent pain.

Really the man just had a mini splinter; nothing to complain about.

“The pain is so bad! I think I need a pain potion.”

“What you really need is to grow a pair of balls and man up….” Poppy muttered as she marched past me intent on shutting up the complaining bastard.

The woman sitting in the bed opposite him is glaring at him, having burnt a portion of her arm in a duel. Yet despite such an injury she continued, perhaps a little idiotically, and won the duel. In fact, the man who caused the injury had to have half his bones regrown. Note to self: never piss off Daphne Greengrass.

I decided to ignore the activities going on in the hospital wing to focus on my problems with Tom. Why is he being so secretive? He’s never been ‘too busy’ to tell me what’s wrong before. Though to be fair he hasn’t ever felt negative emotions this intense before.

Except anger. But that’s really a given with Tom.

It just makes it all seem very suspicious. I’ve tried to ignore the feeling that something is up with Tom. He’s been different lately, excited and happy almost all the time.

At first I thought it was because the Dursleys’ trial was finally happening but he continued feeling excited after the sentencing which confirmed all my hopes. What does he have to be so excited about? The trial is over and the Dursleys won’t bother me ever again.

The conclusion I have tentatively come to….is that he may be cheating on me.

I don’t want to believe it. I’m fairly certain he loves me, at least everything he does seems to show this. I hope I’m wrong.

Plus he has rejected multiple people who have propositioned either him or both of us immediately whenever he is asked. But I can’t help but think otherwise. I hate this; how can I doubt my fiance in such a way? He loves me, I feel it all the time.

….so maybe it’s just a physical thing.

Maybe it’s because we haven’t gone all the way yet. So he’s desperate or bored and needs to have sex or something.

Especially as we haven’t done anything sexual in a while. I just haven’t been in the mood what with the Dursley’s trial and constant bad sleep. Nightmares and memories of the past have all been raked up by the trial and have taken up all my thoughts for the past month. Maybe that’s why?

If it comes to it, can I have sex with him to keep him faithful?

Stupid! Why do I keep thinking of this? Why am I so quick to accuse my love of cheating? Am I such a shitty person that I can’t trust my own fiance? Is this why no one has attempted to love me
before? Because I’d just accuse them of cheating or something else?

Besides, he promised to talk about it, so it can’t be that...

But then, why am I feeling lust from his side of the bond?

(Tom POV)

After arriving in the damp, gloomy dungeon I marched over to the cell containing the new residents. It was not difficult to find them, especially considering how the male was yelling his lungs out about how he does not deserve to be here.

“YOU FREAKS! THROWING GOOD, HARDWORKING, NORMAL CITIZENS INTO PRISON UNJUSTLY!”

“WE DON’T WANT ANY PINEAPPLES HERE, MISSY!” Came a shout from Lockhart’s cell.

That confusing statement shut Vernon up, who gave up yelling to shake the cell bars. Likely looking for an escape; pity that they are magically reinforced and covered in more spells and wards then even a museum displaying jewels.

“That will not do much, you realise. Certainly not enough to allow you to escape.”

Vernon appeared to find his voice as he shouted accusingly at me, “YOU! The freak’s disgusting sugar daddy.”

I tilt my head in confusion, having been certain I had been introduced at the trial let alone before that. Perhaps Vernon is being deliberately obtuse.

Magic swirls around me before slamming into Vernon, shoving him into the back of the cell. Something gave an intense crack at this, audible even over the high pitched feminine shriek coming from Petunia. I smirk viciously at the thought of having already broken something.

Groaning Vernon tried to stumble to his feet but given his girth, the feat is nigh on impossible. Luckily the weeks of starvation which are imminent will solve this problem for him.

I tsked at him, “Such disrespect. Do you not remember who I am?”

“The fr-boy’s fiance.” Comes Petunia’s hesitant reply. She caught herself from once again insulting her own nephew. I would have found it unbelievable for someone of the same flesh and blood to insult someone in such a way but I remember my father.

“While that is true, I hold a far more important title. A title which will ensure that you will never leave these dungeons, except in a coffin. And that shall be a long while from now.”

Neither of them could answer me, making me wonder how they got away with their crimes if they share four brain cells between each other. Dumbledore cannot be powerful enough to cover for all the fuck ups the Dursley’s no doubt caused over the years.

I sigh. “Apparently that shall be my first lesson for you. Hopefully you are both as slow learners as you appear to be, because then I shall have to spend more time training you.” I smile innocently at them.

They both stared blankly at me, though Vernon who was still on his back appeared to be turning purple.
“YOU WILL LET US GO YOU FUCKING FREAK-”

!!!! Torture Begins!!!!!

“Crucio!” All the anger and hatred for the two I had been bottling up over the past few months came out in one spell. Vernon felt the full brunt of my fury, but the spell also hit Petunia and to a lesser extent all the other inmates.

The dungeons filled with beautiful screams, none as loud or as magnificent as the twin screams of the Dursleys. This is only the beginning of their torment, the justice they deserve for putting my angel through hell for years.

Just thinking of the things they put him through makes my magic increase the temperature of their cell to near scorching. Unfortunately, if I want to continue punishing them I cannot simply kill them or make them insane.

With a snarl I drop the spell. It takes several minutes for the pathetic duo to stop screaming and writhing on the floor. Once they stop, they turn to stare at me in horror but say nothing, thankfully. Their speaking voices are enough to grate on anyone’s nerves.

“Nothing to say? Good, you will need your vocal cords to scream later. Now, did that little jolt refresh your memories?”

Vernon sneered at me and somewhat raspily said, “Doesn’t matter who you are; you’re just as worthless as the-”

Having anticipated his answer I raise his hand with magic and break his pinky. He howls in pain bringing a cruel smile to my lips.

“You have no right to speak of him. At all. He has more worth in his fingernails than you, your stupid ugly horse of a wife, your moronic brutish pig of a son and the hovel which you call your home. Do not mention him again, and so help you if you continue to insult him.”

Vernon splutters angrily at the insults but does not say anything as Petunia shakes her head at him. She turns back to me and whispers, “You’re the Emperor-”

“Hmm, took you long enough. Now I know you are both aware of my title you will address me as ‘your majesty’ whenever I speak to you. Any other name and you shall not like the consequences. You will also not speak unless given permission. This is not a holiday, this is hell. Your own personal hell, where you shall be treated as the scum you are. Understand?”

Vernon mumbles, “This is all the freak’s fault.”

My magic lifts him up from his neck, squeezing it slightly causing him to gasp as he struggles to breathe.

I give an ominous chuckle. “You really are slow learners...oh this should be fun. I love training slow learners...” Arousal comes as I enter the cell, seeming to walk through the bars and causing another shriek from the human horse.

!!!! Torture Over....for now!!!!!

(Harry POV)

“Harry, you seem distracted. How about you take the rest of the day off; there are so few patients
anyway that I won’t need anyone else’s assistance?”

I turn to face Poppy, “Are you sure? Some of the patients are pretty serious.”

“Nothing just one of us can deal with, and I know you didn’t sleep well last night.”

Sensing it was foolish to argue with Poppy when she was so determined I left the hospital wing with a sigh. At least this means I can go find Tom and discover why he is so aroused.

If he’s just having some….alone time, then I suppose I can interrupt and, I blushed as I thought this, assist him. I feel slight lust at the thought.

After all, he deserves it after putting up with me over the past month. I mean, he was always comforting me from nightmares and cuddling me when I was too upset and wound up to sleep.

I scowl slightly, how could I ever think he would cheat on me when he does things like that for me and sacrifices his sleep which is something I know he values highly.

Feeling through the bond, I sensed that Tom was on the other side of the palace in the private wing. Though he appeared to be...underneath it?

It can’t be the garage as the garage is at the back of the mansion. Plus why would he be there, he never uses the cars. Is there a basement?

Would not surprise me if he had several cellars there, especially given his appreciation of fine wine. Plus given how big the palace is I am not surprised that there are still rooms I don’t know about.

I begin to make my way in the direction of Tom, keeping an eye out for a place to go downstairs.

(Tom POV)

!!!!!Torture Begins Again!!!!!

Vernon was still struggling with the unseen force that was holding his neck in a chokehold, slowly turning an even brighter purple.

I drop him and watched in amusement as his obese body slammed hard on the ground. Perhaps using magic to accelerate his fall was unnecessary….

His bones, already under a lot of strain from carrying his rather large girth, cracked with the fall. I can count at least three bones broken from that short fall.

His yell of pain was loud but I could still hear the small sob given by Petunia.

It appears that whatever the numerous faults the two have, they do appear to genuinely care for each other. Well, it should make torturing them even more exciting as they shall not just be reacting to their own pain but that of their spouse.

How fortuitous for me.

I stalk closer to Petunia, causing her to redirect her attention from her fallen husband to me. Where it should always be....

“It strikes me as rather strange how normal you appear. Just like any other non-magical-” I noticed she twitched as I said this making me mentally raise an eyebrow, “But you are not are you. Perhaps I should try making you more normal? How would you feel about that?”
She looked at me in incomprehension. I tsk at her, “You know, when your Emperor asks you a question, it is considered very ill mannered and not normal to stay silent.”

“Yes, your majesty.” She spoke with a barely noticed wince at my title. If I had not been as observant as I am I may have missed it. Though such things rarely escape my attention.

“Good.” My smirk caused her eyes to widen in fear before my magic forced her to turn her back towards me, kneeling in what I hoped was an incredibly uncomfortable position. After all, the dungeon’s floors are hard stone for this very reason.

Vernon yelped at his wife’s position before attempting to get off his arse and help her. Unfortunately the feat proved impossible as he had to try standing his obese body with a broken leg.

Just to make sure I redirect some of my magic to forcing him into the wall, part of the wall melting to keep him against it as well as keeping his face directed at his wife.

I then refocus my attentions on Petunia and ignore the grunting of a whale attempting to escape his new bindings.

“Hmm...true normal people would never bother with such things as unique names. So I suppose it falls onto me to give you a truly average name….like say Girl or perhaps Woman. How does that sound Woman?”

Woman splutters, “My name is-”

“Woman. So glad you agree. After all, you decided to give someone else a name not befitting of their station in life, I decided to return the favour. It is only normal for this to happen.”

“Now you listen here-”

I mentally cast the cruciatus curse at his wife, knowing it would overall cause him more long term pain. Both screamed in agony, though Vernon felt no physical pain.

“Did you already forget the first rule? Tut tut and you were doing so well.” I say sarcastically. “Now I do believe you should apologise...Man.”

Man appeared to be gritting his teeth in anger before he spat out, “Sorry, your majesty.”

“Hmm....should I accept such an insincere apology?” I ponder, pretending to be in thought as Woman continues to scream in agony.

“I’m sorry, your majesty. Just please stop hurting my wife.”

“You mean Woman?” Sighing in faux annoyance I comply, “Fine, but only because I need to teach you a few more lessons until we are finished here. I cannot exactly do that if Woman is insane already...”

Woman slumps down slightly to recover, limbs twitching from the curse. She cannot fall too much as my magic is still keeping her upright. And it may or may not be giving false senses of insects moving on skin just for Woman’s enjoyment.

Watching her squirm under the sensation almost makes me forgive my magic for doing this without my permission. Apparently it does not like how Woman and Man treated my beloved angel either.

I believe the only one who does like it, apart from the two in front of me, is a certain old goat.
Deciding I spent enough time dancing around, I sent a cutting curse at Woman’s top and bra exposing her back. This seemed to anger Man but he was not stupid enough to comment on it.

“First I must proclaim you as normal, just as I proclaim my other prisoners by their crimes.” I conjure a knife which I may or may not be covered in the Pixie’s acid I summoned. This particular acid was left to ferment for a while, ensuring it brought maximum pain.

I often use it to torture my prisoners, especially my extra special ones. This batch was personally acquired from a particularly nasty pixie for this very purpose.

I then ‘carefully’ carve ‘Normal’ onto the back of Woman, making sure I take as long as possible carving out each letter. Of course I want the letters to be as neat as possible!

Her shrieks and screams of pain bring me more pleasure than usual. This may be because of Man’s horrified yelps and pleas to stop. But really I believe it is because I am finally torturing those who have abused and neglected the man I love for almost two decades.

Every howl from her brings more pleasing shivers throughout my body, thinking about how I am avenging my angel.

Every sob from him merely excites my sadistic side, encouraging it to come to play.

With the words finished and a heavy amount of blood coming from the open, festering wounds, I decide to be kind. By ‘kind’ I meant I would cauterize the wounds using an extremely painful outdated healing spell. The only reason I know the spell is because of its uses in situations such as these.

“Incentendius Honorictum!”

She screamed again, the wounds steaming from the heat. Another reason the spell is no longer used is if you do it even slightly incorrectly it would take minutes to heal rather than seconds.

So blood still fell and pooled on and around Woman’s legs. And, of course, a significant portion has fallen on my hands and robes. Honestly I am a little surprised she has not passed out from pain or blood loss yet.

Unfortunately for me, the torment did not last nearly as long as I would have wished. I keep imagining the very noticeable burn on Harry’s delicate wrist and how much pain he had to have been in. The burn I caused to Woman was mild compared to that.

“I think it is time for the next stage in achieving normalcy, do you not agree Woman?”

She panted a bit before replying in a hoarse voice, “Yes, your majesty.”

“Good.” She was forced to turn and bow before me showing her new scar, then rise again to the kneeling position. She was glaring hatefully at me, her unattractive horse like face made more so by the action. I found the sight amusing especially as she had just debased herself on the dirty floor like an animal.

No doubt she is feeling very humiliated which heightens the sadistic pleasure I got from forcing her actions. I can only hope that Harry is willing to help me do something about my growing problem or else I shall have to get rid of it another way. Of course I shall have to clean the blood off first...

“Now, unfortunately for you Woman, your face does not seem very normal at all. But it seems that fortune is favouring you for I can help you with this.”
Her horrified wide eyes show how much she does not want my ‘help’ but she is not in control here. She will never be in any kind of control again.

First things first on this makeover….

“Let us start with your hair, shall we? I know you love having your hair a perfect bleached blond but that just is not normal enough. All normal people let their true hair colour show…”

Using a spell the Weasley twins created to age something rapidly on her hair I watched as it began to grey rapidly. The extra spell I mixed in just caused it to grow rapidly, causing mild discomfort. She was screeching in rage yet seemed surprised that she was not under any true pain.

That comes now. “We cannot have your hair growing too long or else it will not be a normal length. Here let me stop it growing out more.”

Using magic to forcibly stop the hair growing outwards was a little trick I learnt after testing the spell on Gilderoy. But I did not stop the hair growth.

Oh no.

It merely grew inside instead of out. Sure enough soon the horse was squealing in pain again whilst using her hands to try and rip her hair out. I let her, making it slightly easier for her in the process and soon she was causing herself even more pain whilst doing it.

Adding another spell into the mix, I just have to test my transfiguration out, which transformed the ends of her hair into hooks. So now as she was clawing her hair out not only were her already long nails scratching her scalp but she was also causing large hook shaped wounds as each hair end was removed.

I stopped the hair growth spell before the ingrown hair could start causing real problems to her insides. She still continued to rip her hair out for a while before stopping when the pain became bearable. The ingrown hair, while painful, was less so now that it was not growing.

Now she looked quite a sight, what with a bleeding bare scalp and red tinged grey hair. She gazed forlornly at her bloody hands containing several tufts of grey hair and started sobbing. I merely smirked maliciously, my hard on throbbing from all the torment I have just put her under.

Man, meanwhile, seemed to be very queasy and had just thrown up what little food he had eaten today. I vanished the vomit absentmindedly. As much as I would love to have left it here for them to suffer the smell of I did not particularly wish to smell, or Salazar forbid, step in it for the duration of my time here.

“Do you not think your wife makes a prettier picture like this, Man? I certainly think so. It distracts from the conceited horse like look she usually sports. It is definitely more normal.”

“This isn’t normal.” Woman wheezed, her voice almost gone from the torture.

“Did I ask you a question Woman? No? THEN DO NOT SPEAK WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!!” I shout letting some of my bottled up anger out.

I have to spend a few moments calming myself before continuing, “And you are wrong. This is my definition of normal. After all, what is normal but an individual’s perception of what they believe it to be.”

I stare down Woman, watching as she cringed away in fear from my potent magic that was still
seething with my previous anger. My magic does not seem to have the same level of control over emotions as I do; I shall need to fix this as well as investigate why this is beginning to happen now.

Pacing in front of her I let a bloodthirsty smirk onto my face that had her cringing even further. I laughed lowly under my breath as arousal flooded through me. Oh I so hope Harry wants to ‘tame my basilisk’ after this. Even the mere thought of that increases my lust.

“Speaking of, Man you never answered my question. Does she look more attractive like this?”

“No.”

I turn and glare angrily at his lack of respect and get him to alter his alter his answer, “No, your majesty, is the answer you should have said I believe.”

He merely whimpers as my magic envelops him in what feels like icy needles. Hmm...actually…

Actual needles soon were forced into his body, a mixture of freezing cold and burning hot caused great bellowing wails from Man and more sobs from Woman.

The needles then began to widen creating bigger holes. All the while his screams and curses made my blood sing with pleasure. My lids slid halfway shut at the feeling of my magic causing him pain and the sounds both of them are making.

Feeling like the pain was beginning to overwhelm the man and force him to pass out I suddenly ripped the needles from the skin, rich red blood following soon after. The blood covered most of the cell including me and Woman; which served to excite me further.

This sudden influx of pain finally had Man passing out which really was a shame. I absentmindedly cauterised the wounds so he would not bleed out and die on me. He needs to suffer for years before I even consider ending his life; indeed he needs to suffer more than his wife for his part in the abuse.

Woman looked like she wanted to run over to where Man was held against the wall to comfort him but my magic still held her in place.

“You monster!” Her croaky voice choked with tears amused me despite the disrespect and the fact she used THAT word.

“Thank you for reminding me that I had yet to punish you for your disrespect. And you have just given me yet another excuse to hurt you. Not very smart of you.”

I stalked back over to where Woman was having moved closer to Man during the needle experiment. I must remember to do that again because the feeling was...intoxicating.

“And is it not very hypocritical of you to call me a monster when it was YOU who locked a child in cupboard and deigned to call it his room.” I hiss at her, almost speaking in parseltongue in my anger.

She flinches again in the face of my anger but shows no remorse for her actions. This merely increased my anger towards her. HOW DARE SHE NOT EVEN REGRET HURTING HARRY!?!?!?!

My voice drops low as I coldly announce, “I see you still show no remorse to treating your nephew, your sister’s son, in such a callous manner-”

When she made to interrupt, likely over the sister comment, I sent a coughing hex preventing her from speaking.
“-And yet you still cling to the idea that you are normal.” I sneer down at her pitiful form, made even more so by the torture I have just put on her. She was still kneeling and it looked like the position was causing her a lot pain for her knees, but I would not let her up for anything.

I enjoy seeing her debasing herself in front of me, showing how truly low she is in society.

“How about I continue educate you on the true meaning of normality?” I continue with a malicious smirk on my face as I prepare the next ‘lesson’.

!!!!!!Torture ends!!!!!!

(Harry POV)

I finally, FINALLY, managed to find a way to get downstairs. Turns out I was right, Tom does have a cellar.

In fact, he has several. What a twist! And of course, the cellars were all stocked to the brim with thousands of expensive and old vintage alcohol. Some of which I may have had during my time in this huge palace.

So after having spent an hour finding ways down to find Tom and exploring the subterranean levels, I finally managed to find something that looked promising.

The other cellars were just one big expanded room whilst this one was a corridor. Funnily enough it was rather close to Tom’s office.

Moving down the basement corridor, it was evident that this place must have been fashioned after old dungeons because it was damp and dark looking. It isn’t, which makes me wonder why someone went to great lengths to make it look that way.

I turn another corner, feeling that Tom was close, wondering why he would come down here. It certainly doesn’t fit with my cheating theory.

Unless….it has to do with BDSM?

...Only a few more hundred metres to go to reach Tom. I huff, honestly why does Tom need such a big palace?

(Tom POV)

Woman’s body lay prone on the bloody floor, wounds covering most of her exposed skin. Her last torment was brutal and long as I punished her for her actions.

I may have let my anger take over a bit as she was breathing very shallowly a few minutes ago. But luckily the little healing spells I do know were able to prevent her death.

She appeared a shell of her former self, but her torment was only just beginning. That thought only had my pleasure growing, already I was dangerously hard from what I just had put Woman and Man through.

I heard what sounded like footsteps down the corridor but disregarded it thinking it was one of the wardens coming to do a check on the prisoners.

That is until...

“Tom!” A familiar, breathless voice had me turning swiftly to face the beautiful face of my fiance.
My dread grew as I looked into emerald eyes fearing their recipients response...

Chapter End Notes

HANGING THE CLIFF RIGHT THERE!!!

God Lucius is terrible at his job....

Pixie’s acid - made up. Comes from a Pixie (obviously) and when used as Tom is using it here it makes the victim feel as if acid is being placed on the wound. What it is actually doing is rapidly infecting the wound with a pus like substance and making it easier for gangrene to occur in the wound.

The spell name I got from a random spell name generator and has no real meaning. I just thought that there had to be obsolete spells that didn’t work as well and so used it for this.

For those that didn’t read the torture scenes, there is one fact you need to be made aware of. In Tom’s mind, the adult Dursley’s shall be referred to as ‘Woman’ and ‘Man’ in reference to what they did to Harry by denying him a name.

And the part about Lily and James was just some personal head cannons for Harry's parents in this universe. I may, in the future, write a story (or more) about their adventures in school. It will include other characters like Lucius and stuff. (It will probably be after this story is finished, let me know if any of you are interested.)

FINALLY! To end this long author's note, I am going on holiday for about 3-4 weeks. During which I probably will not be working on either of my stories. So there may be an even greater delay in chapter frequency. Sorry! (Especially sorry for the cliffhanger, I wanted to finish the next chapter before I went away but it didn't work out...
Communication is Key

Chapter Notes

This was long overdue.

I did not mean to leave this for so long! Especially as I left it on a cliffhanger...

The chapter does include a saucy scene in it; if you don't want to read it I have marked it out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(POV Change/Time Skip)
~ Parseltongue ~
* Mind Speaks *
!!!!! Warning !!!!!

Chapter 38:

(Tom POV)

His beautiful jeweled eyes were wide with shock as his hand came up to cover his lips. But then I noticed something odd about his stance, something that caused me to check our bond. There appeared to be no fear or disgust in his body language.

Once I had waded through the overwhelming feeling of arousal to Harry’s side of the bond, I almost gaped. However, my iron control only allowed for a slight gasp. I found that not all of the arousal I was feeling was my own. That Harry, despite the no doubt horrific image of me standing bloody over Woman’s battered body, was still feeling lust. Harry, sweet Harry, can hear their screams as I tortured them and only feel desire.

This realisation incited a flame in me that I rarely felt before I met Harry. Now though….now that feeling threatened to overwhelm me as thoughts of what we could do right now filled my mind.

No longer was I thinking of inflicting more pain; that could come later. No, now I was thinking about my amazing Harry. And how he was just like me.

I stalked over to him, walking through the barred door, and placed my bloody hands on his face. His breath hitched further as his aroused eyes locked on mine.

“Tom…” His breathless plea merely spurred me on. It incited me to go further. Further than we have gone before.

!!!!! Slash Ahead !!!!!

In the blink of an eye I was on my knees in front of him, keeping my eyes locked on his to make sure there were no doubts. Also because Harry looks simply beautiful even with the smeared blood on his porcelain skin. Though perhaps I am a little biased.

Moments later I had his trousers down and was rubbing his erect length through his underwear. His
emerald eyes closed at the touch as he gasped again.

A moan of pain in the background made me realise we had an audience, but with some magic that was easily taken care of. No one shall ever see or hear my angel in such a state except for me.

With all the prisoners now unable to listen or witness us I decided to get more blood. Arousal spurred me on as I started to grip Harry through the soft material. Already there was a wet patch, indicating how much Harry was enjoying this, though I wanted more. I wanted him begging my name as loud moans escaped his lips.

My hand slipped under the fabric to touch the skin that lay beneath. I let my eyes once again lock on with Harry’s as he moaned.

I said teasingly, ~Do you like this Harry?~

~Yes, Tom, please more!~ he hissed out, my own use of parseltongue bringing the hissing language out of his lips.

~More what, my love?~

His frustrated and aroused eyes bore into mine, ~Just do something!~

Deciding I quite agreed I pulled away his underpants and kissed the tip of his cock. Pre cum transfers onto my lips and I licked it off watching as Harry’s eyes traced the movement. Chuckling I pulled my gaze to the task at hand and proceeded to swallow the head of the penis in front of me.

He gave a hiss moan, ~Tom..~

I swallowed more of the hard length causing more moans to echo around us. Luckily I had already trained away my gag reflex, because despite how Harry may look he is not small man downstairs.

I continued to suck hard on the length in front of me causing Harry to buck his hips slightly. Holding his hips, I swallow right down to the base glancing up at Harry as I did so.

~Tom! You’re so good at this...~

His slightly surprised hiss causes me to smirk. More moans escape his gorgeous lips and he tries to cover his mouth with his hand to prevent the loud sounds not knowing of the silencing charm. Or perhaps being embarrassed from the wantonness of the moans.

His other hand came to rest on my head helping me go further in giving him pleasure. Fingers lightly tangled in my hair and in any other situation I would have snapped at the person who did so.

But not my Harry.

I hummed around the cock causing Harry to gasp in pleasure.

His hips started thrusting more fiercely indicating he was close and his moans become more desperate and pleading. I swirled my tongue whilst stroking his hip with one of my hands.

~More! Tom.~ His words were almost incoherent with pleasure.

My other hand snuck around to his arse and squeezed on of the cheeks gently.

~TOM!~
With that, Harry’s thrusts became erratic, his fingers tightened in my hair and he gave a screaming moan that his hand was unable to conceal. Soon hot cum was spilling into my mouth and throat all the while I steadied my angel.

I removed my mouth from his cock, swallowing the cum with practised ease, the bitter taste leaving a minor after taste in my mouth. Just after I had done that he collapsed onto the ground beside me, panting harshly. We sat together for a moment with Harry basking in the sense of having just achieved bliss.

“That was amazing, Tom.” Harry whispered as he caught his breath. His still lust dazed eyes were locked onto mine as I smirked.

“Of course! You should know by now that everything I do is amazing.”

He hums to himself before a smirk of his own appears on his face, reminding of the fact I still have not released when my aching cock twitches. His face still smeared with now dried blood looked like a fallen angel’s.

Slowly he approached me, looking very much like a cat with a canary, all the while purring, “Oh, but Tom? I don’t think we’re quite finished.”

His face was now inches from mine and with that little show I could not resist. I locked lips with Harry pushing my tongue into his delicious mouth will little resistance. Slight surprise echoed through the bond as Harry tasted himself on my tongue.

His own tongue came to play with mine as his hand slipped into my trousers to touch the hot hard skin beneath it. He began to build up a rhythm that had me moaning Harry into his lips.

Embarrassingly enough it only took a few strokes of my angel’s delicate hand for me to release. Both the sadistic pleasure of the torture and the sight of Harry undone by my hands, and mouth, proved too much for me.

~Harry~ I hissed somewhat lethargically as I saw him lick his fingers of my cum.

He grimaced at the taste, not liking the bitterness no doubt.

I chuckled at his expression before commenting, “Yes, it does not taste that good. Especially for one who loves sweets as much as you do.”

“It’s very strange. Not what I was expecting at all.” He banishes the rest from his hand as he says so.

!!!!Slash Over!!!!!

I hum in agreement relaxing with my fiance in my arms. He snuggled further into my arms, his shy nature causing him to hide from the world. Unfortunately despite how incredible it is to cuddle with him, the hard, cold and somewhat damp looking dungeon floor is not very comfortable.

Plus we, especially me, are both filthy. Dried blood and come plus sweat leaving us feeling grotty.

*Perhaps we should shower then?*

*Together, my love?* I mentally asked, somewhat surprised.

*Well...you’ve already practically seen me naked. And after what we’ve just done…*

*You will hear no objections from me.*
*Really?* He remarks sarcastically. *But still, nothing sexual, you pervert!*

I kiss his cheek *Of course. First though, there is something I need to do.*

Harry released me so I could stand while straightening out my robes as well as I could with them being covered in dried blood. I pulled Harry up beside me supporting his almost boneless body.

He glanced around, finally realising that what we had done in this place in front of all these prisoners. He blushed and hid his face in my chest, embarrassment flooding from his side of the bond.

*We did...THAT….in front of all of them…*

*Certainly not! I am not that kinky….*

“Oh…” He noticed the hum of the silencing and concealing charms around us. “So they can’t see or hear us.”

“Yes, there was no way I was going to let anyone see you in such a state, even if it would have traumatised your...relatives.”

“Perhaps we should allow them some movie time then...” Harry mumbled mostly to himself. But the images that flowed through his mind showed the deviousness of my angel.

I smirked sadistically, “I suppose that could be arranged, for good behaviour of course. But, for now...”

I turned to face that contained Woman and Man and dissipated the magic concealing us. Harry was practically glued to my side arms encircling my waist in order to partially hide his face in my chest. I placed my arm around him to support him.

Woman and Man had not moved much in the time they have been concealed from our sight. Woman was sitting cross legged looking concerned over at Man who had only just regained consciousness due to the jolt of magic I sent his way. Clearly, Woman wanted to go over and comfort him but the pain she was in prevented it.

I clear my throat causing both occupants of the cell to turn their heads towards me. Woman immediately tried to sneer at the both of us but fear and pain prevented it from being anything other than a grimace.

Man glared angrily at Harry despite the fact he should know by now that it is a terrible idea. Harry snuggled deeper into my side in response.

To minimise my love’s discomfort, I used a quick optometry spell. This spell is meant to correct vision which is painful in itself; but if you have perfect vision it causes severe pain around the eyes as it attempts to reshape the eyeballs that are already perfectly shaped. It may even cause eye damage resulting in far sighted or near sightedness.

Plus it will leave him temporarily blind making it hard for him to glare at Harry.

His whimpers in pain and drops his gaze.

“Good. I am afraid I will have to visit you again later. You clearly have not even learnt the most basic lesson I set for you today.”
I set a silencing charm on them having realised that both were trying to speak at my statement.

“So until I see you again, I will leave you with this. You two shall spend the next week without food pondering your position in life. That is, below everyone. Below even the other miscreants, rapists, serial killers and terrorists of whom you are now neighbours. You are less than all other people, less than human. You are scum without proper names. You are things not even worthy of touching the ground I or my fiance touches. Remember that.”

With those parting words, I apparated Harry and I into one of our bedrooms. By the looks of things it was ‘Harry’s’.

*Warn a guy before you do that!* Harry was a little shaky from the unexpected apparation.

I chuckle and summon clothes for both of us. Harry bites his lip, which, if I was not exhausted I would have been tempted to ravish those lips.

“We do not have to if you are not ready, Harry.”

He thinks about it for a second before nodding his head in determination.

“I want to. Besides it’s not like we’re having sex. It’s just a shower. Naked. With you.” He says mostly to himself.

Smiling down at him I lead him into the bathroom. Soon we were standing in front of the shower with Harry staring at it in apprehension.

“It’s just a shower.” He repeats to himself. His thoughts seem nervous and it appears that it is not just based on the fact he will be naked in front of someone he thinks of as a pervert.

No, it appears to be more along the lines of ‘my fiance is going to see my scarred and still malnourished body properly for the first time’.

“If it helps, I could strip first, my angel.” The endearment seems to calm him some what and he nods not looking away from the shower.

I quickly strip the bloodied clothes from my body dumping them into the laundry basket. Once finished I reach out to touch his shoulder and offer reassurance. He turns to face me, his eyes slowly taking in my nude body. His cheeks flush when he realised what he was doing and he turned his head back to the shower.

“The with a body like that it’s not hard to believe you’re never insecure.”

“Believe it or not, even I have had my moments of insecurity. When I was younger, I used to fear people’s reactions to the scars on my back. So much so I never took off my glamours in front of others even during sex and was reticent to have anyone touch my back. Because even though I covered them up I thought people could still tell that I had them if they did touch my back.

“I got over it when I realised that many of my partners compared themselves to me and found themselves lacking. Harry, almost everyone feels insecure about their body. At the end of the day looks will not, and will never be, the reason I fell in love with you.

“You may not believe you are beautiful, like I know you are, but you still are one of the kindest people I have ever met. And that is far more important than how you look.” My rambling attempt at comfort seems to have worked as tension bleed out of him.
He began to slowly remove his clothes handing them to me. With every inch of skin revealed, I felt none of the disgust my angel was thinking I would feel. His chest and back may be covered in scars but all the show is that he survived. He was strong enough to survive through a form of hell and live.

Harry’s confidence increases at the train my thoughts are following and soon he is pulling of his trousers and pants. His flesh was now fully free for me to ogle and ogle I did.

“Pervert.”

“Your pervert.”

“So you admit it then?” He says looking at my face with a smile, my continued lack of disgust making his self confidence grow. It appears those thoughts upset him for his smile fades.

“I can’t believe you aren’t feeling any revulsion from looking at me. My scars are all I can see when I look in the mirror.”

“Perhaps it is because I have the rare ability to see beyond them to glimpse at the beauty within.”

Harry rolls his eyes in disbelief.

*Well if you are not going to believe me, then I shall have to spend the rest of eternity convincing you otherwise.* I state matter of factly, Harry’s blush intensifying at my determination.

“Tom, look at me!”

“Believe me I have not taken my eyes off of you from the moment you started taking your clothes off.”

His blush and stutter halts whatever bullshit was about to exit his mouth. Harry’s eyes drop down in shyness and it appears he will not back down on this matter.

I sigh and slowly wrap my arms around him. His face flamed red as he realises that we are both naked and that hugging has brought our bodies closer together. He shyly looks up at me through lashes looking like sin personified.

“If you are going to look at me like that I might have to rescind my no sex promise….”

Harry nods but does not let up the look the teasing bastard.

“Should we continue this in the shower?” Harry asks not letting go of me or making any move to get in.

Sighing I step away from Harry and into the shower, offering my hand to my angel as I did so. The shower immediately activated as I entered, water already starting to wash away the dried blood and sweat from my body.

My angel grasped my hand and allowed me to lead him into the spray. The blood on his face quickly washed away especially as I was stroking his cheek lovingly.

We spent some of the shower cleaning each other, but mostly we comforted each other and relished in the feeling of holding and being held. As promised, I did not initiate anything sexual though we did exchange a few kisses when I could not help myself. I even kept my hands strictly above his butt.

Quite an effort in self restraint, I assure you.
Afterwards we got dressed sneaking looks at the other Harry’s eyes were bright with happiness and love. His happy smile brightened the room exponentially. Just seeing it improved my own slightly exhausted mood and I sent him a loving smile back to him.

Soon we were back in Harry’s private living cuddling on the couch in front of the fireplace the house elves had just lit.

The roaring fire and my arm around Harry calmed us both and we fell into a content silence.

After a while my angel decides to deal with his hair and I felt it was time to bring up the topic that was currently weighing heavily on our minds.

“I must admit I was very...nervous about bringing up my sadistic nature to you. You are the only one of my past partners to know of it and most people do not react favourably to torture. I felt that with your experiences with your...relatives that this feeling would be exacerbated.”

“Hmm…” Came Harry’s content hum. “I suppose I should have. But ever since I was a teenager I was plotting their demise in increasingly gruesome ways. It...was kind of like a coping method. A way to make me feel better. I don’t know when or why but it started to...excite me.”

“It is okay, Harry. I just love that I can share this part of myself without you cowering away from me in fear. But I have to wonder, why and how did you find yourself in the dungeons? I thought you were working in the hospital wing today?”

Also Lucius is a failure, though in this case it worked in my favour. So I will not punish him...much.

“This is going to sound really stupid.” My emerald eyed angel mumbles concentrating more on brushing his hair then the conversation.

I smirk down at him, “Somehow I doubt that.”

“I...no, it’s stupid. I was just overthinking things.”

I was beginning to get annoyed as it is clear he was upset about something. “It cannot be stupid if it makes you upset.”

“But it’s really-”

“If you say stupid one more time…”

Harry sighs biting his lip and looking away. He rushes out in a small voice, “I thought you were cheating on me!”

The instant he said that he turned to face me his eyes glistening with tears. Not because he still was upset over the possibility of me cheating; but because of his perceived stupidity of having thought that. Perhaps he thought I was going to laugh at him for even thinking such a thing. Additionally I sensed that he believed I would cheat because of his low self worth and belief that I could do better.

Nevermind the fact that I have never met anyone who I could have ever thought of as an equal before him.

I raise my eyebrow at him, “Okay and why did you think that?”

“Well you were being secretive today and the Dursleys trial has put me in a bad mood and you were always comforting me and never getting anything back and I know I haven’t done anything with you
for a while and your other relationships have gone at a much faster pace and you’re probably been really bored and I…” Harry blurted out, shameful tears burst out making it hard for him to speak as he got more and more upset.

My arm started to rub soothing circles onto his back but it was clearly not enough to calm him. Rather, in his current state of mind, it upset him further.

Soon he was loudly sobbing, fear of me leaving him evident by the way he clung to me. “How can I doubt you?” and other nonsense escaped his lips and soon he started hyperventilating. Knowing I needed to help him calm down I summoned a calming draught and quickly coaxed him into consuming it.

I tightened my hold on him and placed his precious head on my lap. Speaking soft comforting words to him whilst running my hand through his hair helped calm him somewhat. It still took several minutes for his sobs to subside and breaths to calm. The potion worked quickly though and within ten minutes he was calm again, if feeling a bit grotty.

“Winky.” I called for the head Kitchen elf.

She appeared promptly and curtsied, “Your majesties.” Her concerned face latched onto Harry’s tear stained one.

“Winky, could you please bring us some afternoon tea as well as some tissues?”

“Winky will do so your majesty.” She popped away and came back with afternoon tea fit for a dozen people and a box of tissues. Harry took the box from Winky giving her a quiet thank you.

He started to clear up his face of tears and snot whilst I poured him and myself some tea. One of the many, many benefits of magic is that I merely have to float the cups and teapot to do this! Salazar I love magic.

All this time gave me a chance to formulate a good response to his thoughts. Hopefully, while they may not offer much comfort now considering Harry is too embarrassed by his panic attack, they will be remembered and offer comfort in the future.

“Harry, I have never in my life cheated on someone. I have been cheated on, yes, but never have I considered doing the same thing back to them. Maybe I am old fashioned for thinking like this. But I will never cheat on you, even if for the simple reason that there never could be someone as incredible in all aspects as you.

“As to the slow pace of the relationship...I do not mind. In my previous relationships I have definitely already had sex by now, multiple times in fact. But look at how long they have lasted! I barely was with anyone for longer than 6 months. They could never keep my attention for long and sex was the only way to keep the relationship interesting.

“With you I never have felt that. I do not need to have sex with you to keep things interesting. I just need to spend a half hour in your presence talking to be enthralled. I know I am going at a slower pace than usual, yes, however I do not want to push you into something you are clearly not ready for. Plus you have not been well, both physically and mentally. What if I got you pregnant? Or harmed you? I could never live with myself if did that.

“So yes, I have not had sex for almost a year, but what of it? From the things we have done I can tell that when we finally do have sex, it will be the most amazing sex I will have ever had. Because it will be with the man I love and am marrying. Plus, my possessive side loves how I will not have to
At the last statement Harry gave a muffled giggle still cleaning his face of tears. He sat up, still encased in my arms, and started drinking the tea I had prepared for him to calm himself further.

We sat in silence for a while as Harry started nibbling on various cakes Winky had provided.

“You know all those things they said about you are not true.”

“I know…it’s just that I finally have the chance to actually start believing it.”

I smile down at him.

“I hope, in the future, you are open about your insecurities with me or someone at least.”

“In return I could help you destress by talking or I could give you a massage! The clinic taught me the best way to give a massage.” He gives me a flirtatious wink as he says this.

“Of course. Poppy was always more perverse than Healers usually are.” I stroke his head, with him leaning into my touch, “Do you want to do anything with the Dursleys?”

“Nah. I think I’ll just watch you sometimes when you go er…’visit’ them.”

“As you wish. I will always make sure they cannot see you though. No need for you to be exposed to their vitriol any further, but to be sure seeing them suffer may help bring closure. I certainly have no objections to you being there.”

“With my reaction you may even encourage them.”

“I will neither confirm nor deny…”

“Perverted prat.”

“But seriously, I think you should do whatever you think is going to help you get past all that happened to you. You do not need to join me again if you think it will bring up bad memories. Not unless you intend to replace them with good ones.”

Harry sighed, “You’re always so kind to me, Tom. What would I do without you and your love?”

“Probably go stark raving mad.”

He laughed. “No Tom, that would be you if you don’t catch a glimpse of yourself in a reflective surface at least once a day.”

I smirked, “That is probably true.”

“Y’know, I finally found there is a time when you don’t look absolutely perfect...and yet somehow I still thought you incredibly attractive like that.”

“And hear I thought you were trying to do everything to contain my ego….”

“Shut up.” He grumbled, though despite the annoyance in his voice he snuggled further into my side.

“Perhaps I shall get a good night’s sleep tonight.”

“Let us hope, my love.”
So I will try to finish the next chapter as soon as possible as I am mostly free at the moment but that will depend on my muse...

Please give constructive criticism! If you see any errors, nicely point them out to me and I will try to fix them.

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