**New Worlds to See**

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New Worlds to See

by kirallie

Summary

3rd in New World series. A look at the other lives Harry will live in order to get back to his Sam. Set after New World, Again but there shouldn't be any spoilers

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
A Wizard in Deep Space

Chapter Summary

Xover with Star Trek Deep Space 9

Disclaimer: Don't own Harry Potter or any other shows/books that appear here. This is set after New World Again. These will mostly be one chapter looks at Harry’s debt being paid. I haven’t written many of these before so apologies if characters are OOC.

A Wizard in Deep Space

Harry walked the corridors of the Space Station, still in awe. He’d been in this dimension for six years now and it still amazed him how far people had come. He stopped and watched as the wormhole opened and let a ship through, looked like a science vessel from where he was. He tugged at his uniform and then smiled when he saw the two arguing playfully as they walked by underneath the walkway he was on. O’Brien and Bashir sort of reminded him of his Hermione and Ron, always arguing but never really meaning it. Hermione would love this place and all the opportunities to learn, it was part of why he had decided to become a science officer when he joined Starfleet. And hadn’t that been fun. In such a developed culture with no magical world to help him it had been very hard to create an identity for himself. It had taken him longer than he would have liked but in the end he’d had a background good enough to fool the Federation into thinking he’d been born on one of the smaller colony worlds. So now here he was on Deep Space 9 as an ensign. And he still wasn’t sure why he was here. Most worlds it was obvious within a few months, but here he was sort of drifting, doing whatever he thought might be interesting. He absently rubbed his chest, the ache had dulled a bit since the first few trips but it was always constant, always reminding him of the one he needed to get back to. After eight trips he had hoped he had fulfilled his debt but no, he was still stuck. At least the ‘jumps’ themselves no longer hurt, dying did but the trip itself had ceased to hurt. Or he had become numb to the pain along the way.

“Harry.” He turned and grinned as his ‘boss’ walked towards him. Jadzia Dax was a beautiful woman and maybe he would have tried perusing her as his partner in this world but he knew she was married and he doubted she’d date within the department anyway. The fact that she was Trill and probably had as many memories as he did had been an exiting idea but it wasn’t meant to be. One thing his travelling had given him was the ability to ignore gender and species and see the personality.

“Hi Lieutenant, is there a problem?”

She smiled and shook her head. “We’re off duty, you can call me Jadzia. Just thought I’d invite you to join a group of us at Quark’s at twenty hundred.”

“Sure, I’ll be there.” He grinned and she smiled back before continuing on her way. He turned to stare at the stars some more before heading to his quarters to change out of his uniform. What did you wear to Quark’s?

"Looking for someone?"
“I invited Ensign Potter to join us.”

Miles and Julian exchanged a look even as Kira frowned. “Ensign Potter?”

“He’s only been on-board for a month and hasn’t seemed to make any friend yet.” Jadzia explained and Kira nodded in understanding. “There he is.” She waved and Harry walked over to them.

“Hi Lieutenant…. Jadzia.” He amended at her look.

“Sit down Harry, this is Doctor Julian Bashir, Chief Miles O’Brien, Major Kira Nerys, and Lieutenant Commander Worf, my husband. This is Ensign Harry Potter, linguist and archaeologist.” Greeting went around and drinks were ordered.

“So Harry, how are you enjoying the Station?” Julian asked and Harry shrugged.

“It’s different to anywhere else I’ve been posted or lived. And a lot busier and crowded than I expected. But it’s also pretty amazing.”

“And this has been a quiet month.” Miles smirked.

“Yeah, I’m actually surprised there haven’t been any battles. The reports we get on earth make it sound like they attack every day.”

“The Dominion are cowards; they do not offer honourable battle.” Worf stated and the others just nodded.

“So how long have you been in Starfleet?”

“Started the Academy five years ago. This is my second posting. Last one was on Betazed.”

“Nice. Go to any weddings?” Miles teased and Harry blushed slightly.

“Two. They’re a very …. Open people.” Talk moved on to various subjects and they all made sure Harry participated, he was younger than them and the lowest in rank but he seemed like a good guy so rank didn’t matter.

Harry sighed and leant back from his computer, rubbing his eyes and very thankful he no longer wore glasses. This language just made no sense! With the Dominion war in progress Starfleet was eager to find allies within the Gamma Quadrant but to do so they had to understand their languages. And the Translators needed something to work with which led to physical people having to translate at least part of the language and then program it in.

“That bad?”

Harry looked up and found Doctor Bashir in the now open doorway. “I think this is the most confusing language I have ever seen.”

“Can I?”

“Go ahead.” Harry stood and stretched, letting the doctor look. He’d seen a lot of languages over the last few trips but nothing like this.

“Huh. That is strange.” Julian straightened up.

“Hence the headache.”
“Need me to prescribe something?”

“Thanks but I’ll manage. Did you need something?”

“Was wondering if you would like to join Miles and I in the holodeck tonight. We’re re-enacting the Battle of Britain.”

“Sounds fun. If this translation doesn’t kill me, I’ll be there.”

Harry put his hands over the wound and applied pressure. “Hey, stay with me. Medic!” he glanced up as Julian dropped to his knees at his side. “I don’t think any organs are hit but she’s bleeding badly, I know better than to pull the bar out.” He stated calmly, this was hardly his first battle.

Julian ran his tricorder over the Petty Officer’s side. “You’re right, organs are intact.” He placed a hypospray to her neck and injected her before calling for a stretcher. “Are you alright?”

“Uninjured.”

“Not what I meant.”

“I’ll be fine Doc.” Harry flashed him a tired smile and then moved on to help someone else even as Julian was called to a critical patient. The station had taken damage yes but they were still there, for now at least.

Harry hesitated and then looked around, something felt…wrong. He moved out of the flow of people and leant against the wall with his eyes closed. He reached out with his magic, searching for the source and then began moving towards the Bajoran Temple. He spotted Jadzia heading inside and sighed, he knew why she was seeking help. He could probably help them with having a baby, if they knew about magic. Since they didn’t they were trying normal methods. But it wasn’t his boss that was setting off mental alarms. He followed her into the temple and she turned, making him shrug.

“Harry?”

“Ever see someone and have a really bad feeling?”

“Oh. I’m armed and we’re alone.” She pointed out with a smile and Harry started to smile only for his eyes to go wide.

“Dax!” He yelled as the Cardassian beamed in. Her hand went to her phaser but she would be too slow. Harry moved, tackling her out of the way even as his magic wrapped around him protectively. He felt pain flare through him and groaned even as the evil feeling energy burned through him though lessened by his own power. Finally, it released and he slumped to the ground even as Jadzia fired, not willing to risk simply stunning him after his attack on Harry. The phaser barely slowed him and he he tossed her aside, the impact stunning her. Neither Starfleet officer was conscious to see what he did. When it was done he knelt beside Jadzia and saw she was still breathing. He left the station before anyone else showed up.

Jadzia slowly opened her eyes and then rolled over only to freeze as she saw Harry’s unmoving form. “Harry!” there was no response and she groaned but hit her communicator. “Medical Emergency Bajoran Temple. Security to the Temple.” She called before laying back down.

Julian ran into the Temple with his bag banging against his leg, he’d heard Jadwiga’s call and
reacted instantly. He nearly tripped over Harry’s unmoving form and instantly dropped to his knees. “Jadzia?”

“It was Dukat, he hit Harry with some strange red energy.”

“And you?”

“Hit the wall. I blacked out but I’ll be okay. Is he…”

“Alive, barely. Bashir to Ops, I need an emergency medical transport for two.” He ordered and the two vanished. By the time Security rushed in she had managed to regain her feet and explained what had happened.

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Everything hurt! What had ……the Cardassian…. he forced his eyes open and stared up at the ceiling.

“Harry? Can you hear me?” Julian called as he saw the monitor change. He moved to lean over the Ensign and found green eyes blinking dazedly up at him. “You were badly hurt so don’t try to move.

“D….ax…”

“Jadzia’s fine. She told us what you did. That was brave and a little stupid.” Julian ran a few checks while he talked and Harry just watched him. “Here. Small sips.” He helped Harry sip some water. “You’re lucky she woke up as quickly as she did, much longer and you wouldn’t have made it. As it is you will be my guest for a while. Whatever energy he hit you with almost fried your nervous system. You’re lucky it stopped before hitting your brain or there would have been nothing I could do.”

“Hu…rt…s”

“I know.” Julian gently pushed sweaty hair away from Harry’s face, now that he’d woken and was on the road to recovery he’d tell one of the nurses to clean him up. “I didn’t want to give you too much pain relief until you’d woken, didn’t want it keeping you under.” He grabbed a hypospray and placed it against Harry’s throat, he watched the monitor and saw as certain readings went down and Harry sighed softly in relief. “It’s alright, go back to sleep.” He stayed until Harry was asleep again and then went to call Jadzia to let her know Harry was going to recover before calling security to let them know but that he wouldn’t be up to giving a statement for days at least.

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Worf walked into sickbay and moved to his wife’s side, staring down at the sleeping Ensign. He owed the young man everything for saving his wife. He put his hand on her shoulder and she leant back against him. “If I hadn’t gone to the Temple…”

“This isn’t your fault Jadzia, it is Gul Dukat’s. And Bashir said he will recover.”

“He saved my life. Julian said it would have killed me because I’m Trill.”

“No…pro…blem.” They both looked down to find pained green eyes staring at them.

“How do you feel?” She asked, taking his hand.

“Sore.”
“I will find a nurse.” Worf told her.

“Thank you Harry.” She whispered.

“No pr…..blem.”

“Don’t talk, just rest.” She looked up as Worf and a nurse appeared. Harry fell asleep quickly once the medication was given.

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“Captain?” A groggy voice mumbled and Benjamin took a seat beside the bed.

“How do you feel Ensign?”

“Like someone tried….to kill me sir.” He tried to sit and Ben moved to help him. “Thanks.”

“What you did was very brave. This is the second life I’ve known Dax, losing her would have been personally painful. A commendation for bravery has been added to your record.”

“Not needed.”

“Maybe not but you deserve it.”

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Harry slumped on his bed, relieved to finally be out of sickbay. It had taken almost two months even with advanced medicine to heal enough of the damage for Julian to release him. He still hadn’t been cleared for duty but at least he now had his privacy. Whatever Dukat had done to him had really messed him up, not just physically but also his magic. It had kept him from dying but now it was all over the place. He sighed as the bell rang. “Enter.” He called, moving to the couch. He sighed as the door opened. “You just released me, I am not going back.”

Julian chuckled. “I’m not here to take you back. Just delivering your personal affects, they were in the wrong storage area.”

“Thanks. Want something to drink?”

“I’ll get you some juice. Preferences?”

“Not picky.” Harry watched him move to the replicator and then he returned with a glass of apple juice. “Thanks.”

“Welcome. Now remember, nothing physically demanding and get plenty of sleep. We’ve got a monitor on you just in case but you should be okay.”

“I’ll be fine Julian.” Harry dropped the rank since they were alone and friends.

Julian sighed. “I know, but you came very close to dying Harry, we’re all going to be overprotective for a while.”

“I know.”

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Harry stretched in his chair and smiled, it was good to finally be back at work. He looked up as the door opened and smiled at Jadzia. “Welcome back.”

“Thanks boss. Anything good?”
“I think that’s the same language you were working on, sorry.”

“Well at least I had a good break from it.”

Jadzia laughed and shook her head. “Good luck.”

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Harry clung to his station as the ship shook from enemy fire. What was he doing on a ship in the middle of battle? Not like they needed a translator. But he was a science officer and with Jadzia finally pregnant there was no way anyone was allowing her into battle. He shook it off and went to work, trying to fine tune a few things to help in anyway he could. The combined fleet was over Cardassia, fighting Cardassian and Dominion ships in what was hopefully the last battle of the war. His fingers flew over his workstation even as the shields took another battering. “Shields down to eighty percent.” The tactical officer yelled and Harry made a mental note to try and learn everyone’s name later. Worf was in the command chair, looking utterly happy to be in the middle of battle. Harry threw himself back as his station sparked and then blew up. Fire suppressants were quickly used to put it out and he scrambled back to his feet.

“Potter?” Worf yelled.

“I’m fine.” He replied and moved to another station.

“Seventy percent!” the Defiant was small and fast as well as sturdy but the fight had been dragging on for over an hour now and their poor shields could do with a break.

“Today is a good day today.” Worf muttered and Harry and Miles shot him glares, they had no plans on dying.

“Sir the Dominion fleet is trying to break off.”

“Do not let them! We can’t afford to let them regroup.” Worf yelled back. The shields dropped further as the Defiant and several other of the ships in the group broke off to block the retreat.

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Harry sat at the table with the others, a little surprised to be included in the command group even if Jake and Kasidy Sisko. Despite the war finally ending there was very little celebration on the station. The Emissary, their Captain, was dead. Or with the Prophets which basically meant to same thing as far as he knew. Things would change now. Jadzia and Worf sat together, their daughter safe in her father’s arms, the one-year-old confused over where her Uncle Ben was. But poor Kasidy was almost ready to give birth and Jake was hovering protectively, not willing to lose his new sibling. Harry sat beside Julian, the two had become very good friends, especially after Harry had spent so long stuck in his care. And maybe there was something else there as well, not that he minded. Julian was brilliant and he cared about people. Harry didn’t care that he had been genetically enhanced and it didn’t matter, after all he was a dimensional travelling wizard. At least in the twenty fourth century there were no issues with such things. He was honestly shocked he’d made it through the war, he figured he’d done what he had been sent to but maybe this was one of the lives where he got to live for decades and make a real life for himself.

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Harry grinned as Julian stared up at him trustingly. Three months after the war had ended and things on the station were still up in the air without Sisko. Harry had decided two weeks after the memorial service that he was going to go for it and had pinned Julian to a corridor wall to kiss him. Thankfully Julian had kissed back and things had progressed from there. Section 31 had been nosing around Julian again but he had taken care of that, making sure none of the agents would
ever want to approach him again. He looked after those he cared about and he definitely cared a lot about Julian. He leant down and kissed Julian hard. Julian always let him take the lead, he had admitted that he always worried he would forget his own strength at such times and hurt Harry or any partner. Harry wanted to prove to him he wouldn’t and so far it was a work in process.

Harry grinned and lay back, soaking up the sun. It was nice to have some time off before their next assignment. Thankfully Starfleet preferred to have married couples on serve together since postings could last decades. After fifteen years stationed on Deep Space Nine they had agreed to leave and were being posted to a new outpost in the Delta Quadrant. Since Voyager had returned the Federation had begun sending ships to explore, thanks to advances in warp technology and the beginning of transwarp technology. Julian was to be the Chief Medical Officer while Harry was to be the Head of Science. They’d both made Commander over the years, Julian several years ahead of him obviously. He’d had to come clean to his husband several years ago because even with the advances in medicine humans didn’t remain basically un-aging like Harry seemed too.

Julian had accepted after several sessions of what felt like millions of questions. In fact, he was relieved in a way to know that if Harry died he wasn’t actually dead, just moved on to his next life. It helped that he didn’t really believe in the afterlife so he wasn’t upset about them not being together there. Julian glanced at his husband, smiling at seeing him so relaxed. This vacation had been a very good idea. He smirked but gave no warning as their son snuck up on Harry and soaked him with a bucket of water, making Harry yell and then take off chasing the nine-year-old Bajoran. They’d adopted him eight years ago and neither regretted it. And they hadn’t cut him off from his birth culture since they’d lived so close to Bajor for many years. Now they would have to teach him more themselves since there wouldn’t be many if any Bajorans at their new posting. This was a big change for all of them but Julian knew they would adjust, they always did.

Harry cradled his husband in his arms, hands covering the wound in his lower chest, trying to stop the bleeding even as Julian gasped for air, blood bubbling at the side of his mouth. Brown eyes were wide in shock and Harry just wanted to make it better but he couldn’t. He couldn’t heal a wound like this and there was no help coming. At least Eya was safely at Starfleet Academy. He could hear screams as the Borg continued their attack, killing or assimilating everyone they found. “I love you Julian.” He whispered, kissing him despite the blood, and Julian weakly grasped his hand that was still holding his phaser. Julian pushed his hand up and Harry choked on a sob but allowed it, his fingers pressing down and firing the shot without breaking eye contact, watching life fade from warm eyes. He kissed him again before aiming the phaser and firing once more. Flames consumed both bodies due to their closeness and then Harry gasped as he landed on hard packed dirt, alone and in his torn and bloodied uniform. He rolled to his side and fought back tears, he had to get up and move before someone found him and asked questions he wouldn’t know how to answer yet.

TBC.....
Harry stumbled into the hotel and collapsed on the bed, drawing his wand to heal the wound on his side. He was out of practice when it came to hunting and he was paying for it now. He hated this world but he knew he was stuck until he had done what he’d been sent to. Some things were so much like the world he longed to return to and yet it wasn’t it. As soon as he’d seen his first demon he had hoped but the pain was still there. He spent months searching, there was no Pastor Jim in Blue Earth, no Caleb supplying hunters with weapons and no John Winchester. Bobby Singer ran a salvage yard but didn’t hunt. He’d found the Roadhouse Caleb had mentioned and wandered in briefly, it was still a hunter’s hangout but they all seemed…. darker and harder than the hunters he’d known.

It had been easy to fall into hunting when the world was in worse shape than his. He couldn’t let demons just take over after all. Hunting with no ability to call on backup was unsettling though, not to mention hard. He’d been hunting almost non-stop for three years now, he’d made no friends and barely had acquaintances a big difference to previous lives. But he couldn’t bring himself to make friends in this world. He even found that his hands shook sometimes when he held a gun, then again the last time he’d held a weapon he had shot his husband and then himself to keep from being assimilated. He felt bad for their son, with no bodies Starfleet would assume they were now Borg Drones. He wished he could have let the young man know but there was no way. He missed Julian curled up around him, it always made him feel safe to have the enhanced human hold him in their sleep.

He forced himself up and over to the bathroom to shower off the blood before redressing and falling into bed to sleep off the blood loss. His dreams were a mix of Sam, Daphne and Julian, two spouses and one he would gladly marry. He woke clutching his chest and crying silently. He got up and dressed before heading out for breakfast, knowing he would never get back to sleep now.

Harry shot the werewolf and moved to the side of the downed girl. He found her aiming a gun shakily and put his hands up. “Easy. I’m not going to hurt you. Are you injured?” He holstered his own gun and held his hand out to her. She hesitated before slowly putting her own down before taking his hand. He pulled her up and then wrapped an arm around her when she stumbled. “Come on, let’s get you out of here.”

“Who are you? Did she send you after me?”

“Who’s she? And my names Harry.”

“Jo. You’re a hunter right?” She glanced at him and he nodded. “My Mum’s Ellen, she runs the
Roadhouse. Thought she sent you.”

“I’ve been there once and I don’t think I even met the owner. I’ve been tracking that werewolf for a two months.”

“Oh.”

“You got a car or something nearby?”

“No, I walked.”

Harry nodded and they came out into a parking lot where his car was waiting. He opened the passenger side and helped her in before getting in and starting the engine. He drove them back into town and followed her directions to her motel room, helping her inside. He found her first aide kit before carefully looking her over only to freeze as he found the wound on her side.

“What?” She tried to sit up but he pushed her down. He cleaned the wound thoroughly and then tossed her the bottle of whiskey he found.

“Drink up, I've got to stitch this.”

“How bad is it?” She opened the bottle and drank.

“Deep enough for stitches but no organs compromised.”

“So why do you look so….oh. He….it….I’m…” Her eyes were wide in fear and shock even as she scrambled back on the bed.

“Hey! Take it easy, come on just breath.” He called out, trying to calm her down. When it didn’t work he hit her with a wandless calming charm.

“Are….are you going to kill me?”

“Why? You haven’t done anything bad.” He gently bandaged her side and then got a wet cloth to gently clean away the blood and dirt.

“But I will. I don’t want to hurt anyone.”

“So don’t.” He shrugged.

She laughed bitterly and shook her head. “It doesn’t work that way. Look just give me my gin back and leave. I’ll….I’ll do it.”

“No way. I’m not leaving so you can shoot yourself.” He grabbed the gun she’d put aside when they’d gotten there and quickly removed the silver bullets.

“Then you’ll do? Just make it quick please. And don’t tell my Mom I messed up.”

Harry sighed and sat on the bed beside her. “I’m not going to kill you either Jo. You have four weeks until the next full moon. That’s plenty of time to work something out.”

“Like what? There's no cure, people have tried.”

“So work on control. Lock yourself up for the night.”

“And the hearts?”
“Try animal. Don't just give up without trying. If….if it doesn’t work I won’t let you hurt anyone.” He promised and she stared at him before slowly nodding.

“Okay.” She really didn’t want to die.

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Jo looked around the house curiously. She'd always lived at her Mom’s bar, never in a normal house like this. She would be staying until the next full moon just to be safe and she was nervous. She didn’t even know Harry and yet here she was in his house. Hunters weren’t exactly gentle men, what if he…. But there was something about him that made her want to trust him. “Down the hall, second on the left is the spare bedroom. I’ll get you some towels and stuff.” He went into the kitchen and she moved down the hall and opened the door. The room had a bed and set of drawers but was surprisingly nice for the spare bedroom of a bachelor. She put her bag down and then opened both of the doors, finding the closet and then an ensuite. At least they wouldn't be sharing a bathroom. When she came out of the bathroom there was a pile of towels and general bathroom supplies on the bed. She put them away and then unpacked her things. She took her shoes off and then left the bedroom to look around. She found Harry in the kitchen cooking something and now dressed in sweatpants and t-shirt. “Room okay?”

“It's great, thanks.”

“Dinner will be done in another twenty.”

“What happens now?” She asked a little nervously.

“I’ve got another job, you can come if you want or stay here. There’s a basement that needs prepping for the full moon too. Other than that there’s a shopping mall in town and a movie theatre. I’ve got a few movies here plus a library. You should be able to keep busy.” He turned to look at her and sighed. “I know you don’t know me Jo but I’m not going to hurt you or touch you.” He promised. “I’m not some teenager always wanting sex. I….I was married and I’m not ready for anything yet.”

“Oh….I’m sorry. Is that how you got into hunting? Did something get her?”

“Him, and no. He was injured in a fight and didn’t make it.”

Jo blushed slightly, oh. Well that meant she should be safe from him. “I’m sorry.” It had to be hard losing your spouse, no matter the gender.

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Jo sat in the now enclosed section of the basement, eyeing the various protection marks they’d placed on the walls to help the bars. She was dressed warmly but her feet were bare and her hair was down. Harry was sitting on a chair on the other side of the bars with a gun in hand, just in case. There was also a little fenced area in her cage with rabbits in it. She felt sorry for the poor little things but it’d beat hurting someone.

“You’re going to be okay Jo.” Harry whispered and then Jo felt the moonrise. He watched her eyes change colour even as claws formed and she growled. She sniffed and prowled, staring at him and Harry remained calm and still, waiting to see what she’d do. She tried to get out for a while before moving to the rabbits and ripping into them. It was going to be a long night.

Jo groaned and rolled over to sit up, staring at the blood on her shirt. She looked around to find she was still in the basement but there was no sign of Harry. She relaxed as he walked down the stairs with some clean clothes in hand. “It’s just rabbit blood.” he assured her and she relaxed as he
opened the cage for her. She stripped off the bloody shirt and pulled on the clean one. “How do you feel?”

“Normal.” No wonder people could be totally unaware of what they had become, she felt no different even after her first transformation. They headed upstairs so she could shower and then went about their day as if nothing had happened.

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Jo impulsively hugged Harry who froze for a second in shock before returning it. “You’ll be fine Jo, you know what to do to be safe.” He reassured her and she nodded.

“I’ll miss you.” After five months of Harry watching over her they had decided she was able to head off on her own again.

“Just watch your back, other hunters won't care that you lock yourself up.”

“I know and I will.”

“You ever going to call your Mum?”

“I…after the way she lost Dad I can't. I don't want her to know how badly I messed up.”

“Alright. Keep in touch.”

“I will.” She got in her car and drove away, glancing back to see Harry still standing on the lawn, watching her until she was out of sight.

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Harry ran into the small house, gun in hand and magic pushing to be used. He heard a growl and then a gunshot even as he dashed down the stairs. His magic lashed out at the man and he dropped to the ground even as Harry moved into the cage and knelt down to check. He was too late, he couldn’t heal death. He sighed and gently brushed blond hair back of her face even as her body reverted to human. “I’m so sorry Jo, so sorry.” He choked before leaning down to kiss her forehead. He turned to the man who had killed his friend and aimed his gun, so tempted to kill him for what he’d done, his finger tightened slightly on the trigger….. He sighed and lowered the gun before kneeling next to the man and removing his id. Gordon Walker…. There were others ways to deal with him other than killing. Harry smirked and then went to work, when he was done the man wouldn’t remember a thing. He couldn’t kill him but he could give him the chance to be a new man. He then picked Jo up and left the house, calling the cops to find the new amnesiac in the basement. He took Jo’s body to an isolated spot where he gave her a proper hunters funeral after removing her necklace.

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Ellen looked up as the door opened and a stranger walked in….no she’d seen him once before in the bar. He looked around and then spotted her, walking over. “Are you Ellen Harvelle?”

“What can I do for you.”

He extended his hand and Ellen gasped as she recognised the necklace he was holding. “I’m sorry, I didn’t get there in time.” He whispered.

“Where did you get this?” She demanded, a hand moving to the shotgun she kept under the bar, if he had hurt her little girl…. 

“From Jo. She… I found her when she took on a werewolf. She… She didn’t make it. I got the wolf
but there was nothing I could do for her and I tried but there was just too much damage.” He would 
spare her the knowledge of what had really happened to her daughter.

“Her…her body?” Ellen swallowed hard even as she took the necklace.

“I gave her a hunters funeral ma’am. She was able to tell me to come here and give you this. She 
also said she was sorry.”

Ellen stared at the hunter, he couldn't be any older that her baby, trying to see if he was telling the 
truth. Green eyes were solemn and she could see grief in them. She didn’t think he’d killed her girl. 
“At least she didn’t die alone.” She finally whispered. “Drinks on the house for you and there are 
rooms out the back if you want to sleep. What’s your name?”

“Harry ma’am and thanks for the offer but I don’t drink and I’m on my way to California for a 
job.”

“Alright, but you’ll always have a room here if you need it.” She watched as he left the bar and 
then let Ash take over. She went to Jo’s room, clutching the necklace and sat on her bed, crying.

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Harry wandered aimlessly, not sure why he was there. He had taken care of a ghost close to San 
Francisco but for some reason had ended up driving south once it was done and now he was in 
Cupertino and he had no clue why, except…. The pain in his chest had become a strange twinge. 
But why? Sam was worlds away, it just didn’t make sense. He smiled as he saw a little boy 
running around the front yard of one of the houses, kid looked about five. The front door of the 
house opened and Harry froze, unable to do anything but watch as Sam walked out and scooped the 
child up, making him laugh.

“Down Daddy!”

“I don’t think so Mike. Uncle Dean and Aunt Lisa will be here soon.”

“Ben too?” The kid demanded and Sam laughed.

“Yes, Ben too.” He put the boy down and now Harry could see the resemblance even though the 
boy had blonde hair. He fought the urge to approach, this wasn’t his Sam. This Sam looked utterly 
content and happy and wore his hair shorter that his, closer to how he remembered Dean’s hair. He 
also dressed in far better quality clothes. He concentrated for a second, not wanting to be noticed 
watching them so magic hid him from sight. He watched as a car drew up and a woman exited 
before an older boy, maybe ten, scrambled out and over to Sam and Mike. The woman opened the 
front passenger seat and Dean slowly got out before opening up a cane and carefully making his 
way across the lawn. Harry’s eyes were wide at the sight of a blind, or at least visually impaired, 
Dean Winchester with a wife and kid. The front door opened and Harry’s heart leapt into his throat 
as he recognised the woman from a photo of Sam’s. It was Jess, alive and well and obviously 
pregnant. He stared at the family for a while before blindly apparating away, unable to watch them 
anymore.

He sank down on his bed and buried his face in his hands, fighting tears. He officially hated this 
world. He’d thought he was here to save Jo but obviously not as he’d failed so why? Why did he 
have to be shown the brothers living so happily with families that didn’t include him? Was he being 
punished further for something?

The End of this one.
Land of the Gods

Chapter Summary

Xover with Gods of Egypt. Great movie, wish more people were writing fics for it.

Disclaimer: Still don’t own anything.
This is a Gods of Egypt one in hope people write more for this movie as I have yet to find anything on ffnet and only a handful on Archive. Almost all is pre-movie and then a little bit post. Seen the move twice so I hope I get the characters recognisable.

Land of the Gods

He was the strange man, ‘Touched by the Gods’ some called him but he didn’t care. He didn’t really care about many things that once would have made him mad. He supposed a century or there about helped tame anyone’s temper. Well, century was a guess, he really wasn’t sure how long it had been since he’d fallen through the Veil and started his path. He’d had some good lives and bad but so far the ones that ended up good outnumbered the bed, even when his death in them hadn’t been particularly nice. But this was the first time he’d ended up in a world like this. He’d never studied ancient cultures but even he had been able to recognise Hieroglyphs. He wasn’t sure if this was how Ancient Egypt had been in his world but this one was pretty amazing. He’d actually seen Nephthys, apparently a Goddess of Protection. He’d only seen her from a distance but she had been beautiful and even taller than Hagrid!

According to the three peoples who’s minds he’d read when he first arrived this Egypt was ruled by the god Osiris with his son Horus as his heir. And he had no desire to get messed up with gods, not with the forces already controlling his life. And he felt no need to stay in the city so he had found a nice farming village to settle in and it was working for him so far, other than the occasional whispers over his oddities. He had found he enjoyed the simple life of a farmer, working with his hands to bring food from the earth was quite rewarding. Though it was a little lonely he felt no desire to find a wife. Between his farm and the occasional trip to a neighbouring village he was content.

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Harry stopped his wagon and dismounted, gently patting his horse even as emerald eyes scanned the surroundings. It was dead silent, never a good sign, but he could sense no danger. Still he fingered his dagger as he made his way to the edge of the road, still searching. Then he spotted it and broke into a run across the sand. He knelt down and checked but the man and woman were dead and beyond even his aide. He sighed and sat back on his heels even as he whispered a prayer for their safe journey in the afterlife. He went to stand but a sound caught his attention and he frowned before carefully moving the woman only to find brown eyes staring back at him. “I’m so sorry.” He whispered even as he gently drew the baby away from his mother, cradling him to his chest and rocking him. A small hand came up to clutch at his shirt and Harry went back to the wagon in order to give the baby some water. He made a safe place out of some sacks and settled the baby in to sleep before going back to the bodies and collecting them so that they could be buried properly. No one deserved to be left as food for the animals. He just hoped someone back home knew who they were so they could find the baby’s remaining family.
Harry smiled as he watched Bek play in the mud. The three-year-old was a handful but Harry wouldn’t take back his choice to raise the baby for anything. No one had known who his parents were, even when they had sent word to the nearest villages. If Harry hadn’t taken the baby in and named him who knew what would have happened to him. He doubted Bek would have survived long enough to become a street kid. He was a good boy, just energetic and curious about everything. He even seemed to have the Potter luck despite no blood relationship.

“Da!” Bek called and waved muddy hands at him, making Harry chuckle even as he went back to planting.

“Someone’s going to need a bath.” He called back and the toddler pouted cutely. Another year or so and he would start teaching Bek how to fight and also how to sneak in the best Marauder fashion. He doubted the boy would end up a farmer as an adult so extra skills would come in handy.

Harry kept a hand on Bek’s shoulder as they navigated the marketplace. It was the eleven year olds first time in the city and if his eyes got any wider they’d fall out. “Is that the Palace?” He pointed at the massive building complex and Harry nodded.

“That is where Osiris lives and reigns with his wife Isis and son Horus. He is the King of all Egypt and one day his son Horus will take his place. Just as one day my farm will be yours.” He explained as they made their way from stall to stall. He picked up a few things for the younger children in the village as well as some nice cloth for the women before moving on to farm equipment. Most was made by the farmers themselves but some things needed to be made by a blacksmith and theirs had died without an apprentice two years before. He smiled as he saw Bek fingering a necklace with an amulet of Horus on it. “That would be nice for Zaya.” He teased gently, smiling when Bek blushed. The crush was very cute and thankfully Zaya seemed just as interested in Bek. Though he doubted her family would approve considering their high position in the village. But that sort of thing had never bothered Harry, an attitude he had passed on to his ward.

Bek picked up the necklace and used his allowance to buy it, ignoring the teasing from his guardian. He knew Harry wasn’t his father, the older man had sat him down and told him several years ago and had even shown him the small tomb his parents were buried in. But Harry was the only parent he knew and he wanted the man to be happy with him. He was glad he was old enough to come with Harry on these trips now, he wanted to be a good farmer like him and help their village, even though farming was kind of boring and he preferred his other lessons over tending the soil.. He liked imagining living on the farm as a grown up with Zaya and Harry, taking care of him as an old man like Harry took care of him now. Murmurs and calls of happiness began to spread through the crowds and then Harry was pulling him back a little to create room as the tallest person Bek had ever seen walked through the market. All he could do was stare up in awe and the man glanced at him, smirking and then winking at the awed boy before heading for the Palace.

“Lord Horus has blessed us with his presence.” Was the call that went up and Bek swallowed. That was Horus? He really must be a good to be so tall. And he had winked at him!

Bek tried to sneak back into the house but a lamp was suddenly lit to reveal Harry waiting for him and he hung his head. “Come here little one.” Harry called gently and Bek knelt beside his chair, letting Harry lift his head, taking in the split lip and blackening eye. He didn’t say anything else but began to tend to the wounds.
“I’m sorry.”

“You’ve done nothing wrong Bek.” Harry reassured him before tugging him up and towards his bedroom. “Get some sleep, you’ll feel better in the morning.”

“Why can’t they leave us alone?”

“Because some men are ignorant Bek. Just because you were raised by a farmer does not mean you are worth any less. Zaya doesn’t care after all.” He gently pushed the fourteen-year-old onto the bed and pulled the light covering over him. “Now rest.” He cheated and gently urged him to sleep with magic, watching until Bek was deeply asleep before grabbing his cloak and going hunting, how dare they harm his child. He wouldn’t kill them but they would pay and in a way that couldn’t be traced back to him. Let them think it divine punishment.

Bek and Zaya were ‘soul mates’, he knew it. Just like he and Sam were eternally linked together despite time and space between them. Her father was…well Harry knew many words in many languages for the type of person he was but he did try not to use them. Until he accepted the children’s choice Bek would continue to return home injured, unless his thugs wised up to the fact that attacks on Bek led to ‘divine’ retribution. There was another way for this to end and while it saddened him he had begun preparing for it, not wanting them to go out into the world with nothing.

Harry stared at the two, adults by the laws of the land, as they stood in his house, clasping hands tightly. He smiled sadly and nodded in acceptance. “You must choose your own path. He will never give you peace while you stay here. For tonight you will sleep here, tomorrow I will take you to the city.”

“I…”

“No Bek, you have nothing to be sorry for.” Harry pulled the now sixteen-year-old into a hug that was swiftly returned. Where had the time gone? He stepped back and gripped Bek’s shoulder’s, memorising everything from the mess of longish curls to his wide brown eyes. “You may not be my son by birth but you are in every other way that matters. I want you to be happy.” He then pulled Zaya into a brief hug. “Look out for this cheeky brat for me.”

“Always.” She promised, smiling shyly.

“Hey.” Bek grumbled and they all laughed.

“Welcome to the family Zaya, I am happy for both of you. May the Gods bless you.” He held both their hands tightly even as his magic wove around them. He didn’t know about the gods blessing them but his magic had and that was all he could do.

When morning came he packed up his wagon and they all sat up front as he drove away from the farm, leaving before sun up to avoid her family. They slept that night in the back of the wagon, Zaya safely between them in case of bandit attack and they arrived in the city by midday the next day. He went straight to the market to speak with those he knew until finally handing over the necessary coin. He led them through the city to a small house and ushered them inside before they began unloading the wagon. Bek and Zaya looked around their home in awe.

“Thank you Harry.”

“The farm will be yours or your heirs no matter what Bek, I’ve made sure of it but now you have a
home here too. Just try to stay out of trouble. There’s no need of farmers here, that’s why I had you working around town to learn other trades. You’ve a fair hand at pottery so I’d suggest trying that. Now we better get you two to a priest to make this all legal.”

Harry watched with pride as his son was married to the girl he loved. He’d given them enough to ensure that as long as Bek found some sort of work they would be able to live comfortably for years. Otherwise who knew what trouble the boy would get into to look after her. He’d end up a thief or something. Not like he didn’t have the skills for such work after all of the training Harry had given him but he’d prefer to see him in honest employment. He’d made sure Bek could fight as well sneak just to be safe and he trusted his skills.

“What is it Bek?” Zaya put her weaving aside and moved to where Bek was reading a small piece of papyrus.

“Harry’s gone… he left to trade but he never made it or returned home.” He handed the paper over to her but she just hugged him tightly. They owed Harry everything, if not for him Bek probably would have died with his parents or been raised in a totally different way. He had been a good father to Bek and then her once they married, even if they rarely saw him and knowing he was most likely dead hurt.

Bek sat staring out over the city, watching the rebuilding work absently. If only Harry could see him now. “Thinking deep thoughts?”

“Well I am your Chief Advisor.” He threw a cheeky grin at the God who sat beside him on the ledge.

“Indeed you are Bek. How is Zaya?”

“She seems to be over being sick thankfully. I can’t believe I’m going to be a father. I just hope I’m good at it.”

“Well your father seems to have done a good job. He raised a man brave enough to steal from a God and bargain with another.”

“I never knew my parents.” He admitted quietly, to Horus’ surprise. “They were killed when I was a baby. But Harry found me, took me in as his own son. He was a farmer, a good one. He taught me so much. He even brought Zaya and I here, bought us our house…I miss him.”

“You could send for him.”

“Not unless Ra pulls off the impossible again.” Bek admitted and Horus nodded, understanding his pain. He placed a hand on Bek’s shoulder, mindful of his strength.

“He sounds like a good man, like the son he raised. Besides Zaya will ensure your child grows up well.” They both laughed at that, the sombre mood gone now.

“You know I saw you once, before the coronation attack. I was just a kid and you walked through the market place. You looked right at me and winked.” Bek mused and Horus grinned.

“I thought there was something familiar about you. At least you got a bit taller.”

“Well not all of us can be as tall as the Gods.”
Harry stood on the cliff, staring down at the city. The stories had spread far and wide very quickly and he couldn’t be prouder. His Bek had helped save the world, he really was a Potter. He had hated faking his death but Bek had needed the extra push to be truly independent. Plus, people had been commenting more and more on his ‘oddities’, disappearing had been safer. He heard the sands move and then a jackal appeared behind him. “Greeting Lord Anubis.” He spoke respectfully.

“I knew there was a familiar power around the two of them, the boy more so. You are Deaths Marked.” The God stated and Harry nodded.

“He did well.”

“Indeed. Egypt is safe again because he challenged Horus to become the God Osiris believed him to be.” Anubis moved up beside him and Harry sighed.

“Time to move on huh?”

“Death tells me you are needed elsewhere.”

“So do it.” Harry answered, locking his eyes on the winged form as it soared above the city, knowing it was Horus and that Bek was likely nearby. “Goodbye son.” He whispered and then everything went black, at least this death was painless.

TBC…
Hope you enjoyed.
A Sirius Matter

Chapter Summary

no crossover, just another alternate HP

Disclaimer: Don’t own anything, pity I could use the money

A Sirius Matter

Harry walked down the street, watching the world of 1980’s London pass by. He’d only arrived two days ago and had been shocked to find it was the day after Halloween. It brought back memories he didn’t want to consider and made him feel jumpy. There was a Wizarding World here, he’d walked past the Leaky Cauldron that morning, but he didn’t want to go in, not in this time. What were the odds he’d find out the Potters were dead or something? That he’d missed the chance to meet another version of his parents? His skin tingled with magic and he froze for a second before running, he recognised those signatures. Was it possible? He came out on another street to see two men screaming at each other, magic boiling around them. Harry took a deep breath and watched closely to make sure things here were the same as he remembered and then he moved into view. He threw up privacy and mundane repelling wards before glaring at the two men. “What the hell are you two idiots doing? Are you trying to break the Statute?” He let his wand rest in his hand, ready to move in a second.

“Help me! He’s a Death Eater!” Peter yelled and Sirius glared at him.

“You’re the traitor Wormtail.” He snarled.

“Enough!” Harry snapped, glaring at them both. Both of you, wands down, we’ll let the Aurors deal with this.” He looked over at where he could see Mad Eye and two others approaching in their official crimson robes and Harry fought down a wince at the colour, he’d always preferred the blue of his own world but most seemed to favour bright colours, he guessed because they were easier to spot, though that just made them easy targets in a fight as far as he was concerned.

“Freeze Aurors! Put your wands on the ground.” One of the younger ones and Harry watched until Peter and Sirius had done so before putting his own down. It wasn’t like not having a wand concerned him all that much.

“Come quietly Black.” Moody commanded and Sirius stared at him in confusion.

“What…. Mad Eye I wasn’t the Secret Keeper, just the bait. Peter’s the traitor.”

“And you?” Made Eye looked at the stranger.

“Sam Jameson sir. I found them screaming at each other with magic building dangerously so I threw up a few wards to preserve the Statue and tried to calm things down.”

“Thought I knew everyone your age on sight.”

“I’m American so I doubt that.”
“Salem or Rockies?” Mad Eye pushed and Harry grinned.

“Rockies, Salem is a witch’s academy.” Thankfully that never seemed to change. It felt a little odd using Sam’s name but there was no way he was using his own name under the circumstances. As it was he was fighting the urge to just kill Peter and solve everything.

“Mind coming in to answer some questions over this?” From the way Moody said it, it wasn’t really a question.

“Sure.”

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Harry smiled slightly as he saw Sirius emerge into the atrium with Moody, no longer in cuffs. That had to mean his intervention had spared him twelve years in hell. He stepped into the shadows as a familiar form moved towards Padfoot, Dumbledore. He carefully moved closer, needing to hear what they said.

“Sirius.” Dumbledore sounded stern, like Harry had rarely heard him.

“Headmaster, where’s Harry? Hagrid said you sent him to take Harry to safety.”

“Why would I tell you Sirius. How could you have betrayed them?”

“I think you’re working with old information Albus; Sirius has been here all day undergoing interrogation. Peter Pettigrew is under arrest for betraying the Potter’s.”

“James himself told me”

“All part of the plan to make me visible and let the real Secret Keeper remain safe.” Sirius snorted bitterly. “There was a spy, we trusted no one outside our group.”

“Not even me?”

“You give information to others Albus.” Sirius snapped. “We weren’t risking Harry. Now once again, where is my Godson?”

“Safe.”

“That’s not good enough. I am his legal guardian now.”

“The Potter will has been sealed Sirius. Without that you have no claim.” As the argument escalated Harry slipped away, heading for Gringotts. He would not allow those beasts to raise this Harry, not when he could help it.

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Harry bowed to the goblin in charge of inheritance as he entered the room and the goblin looked surprised before bowing back slightly. They both sat and the goblin studied him intently. “What can Gringotts do for you Wizard?”

“I need an inheritance test done and the results kept secret.”

“Twenty Galleons.”

“Ten.”

“Eighteen.”
“Thirteen.”

“Fifteen.”

“Agreed.” Harry was surprised he’d gotten him that low but he removed the money from the pouch he’d transfigured since he didn’t want to reveal his storage tattoo. He took the dagger and pricked his thumb before allowing his blood to drop into the ink. The quill was dipped in and then it began to write on the parchment. He watched as the goblins eyes went wide in shock and then narrowed in suspicion as he looked up at him. “Harry Potter is with his mother’s sister as far as I know. I am Harry James Potter but from another dimension. I’m using the name Sam Jameson here. May I see the results?”

“Dimensional travel is theoretical.”

“Not for me, I’ve been doing it since I was just shy of sixteen.”

“Which according to this was a considerable time ago.”

“Some call me Death’s Marked if that means anything to you.”

“There are rumours, legends of such a being.” He handed the parchment over and Harry’s eyes widened at seeing his exact age laid out in ink, two hundred and twenty-three.

He’d known it had been a while but he hadn’t realised it was that long. Then he looked over just what families his blood and magic gave him access to here and grinned. Potter, Black (as heir), Peverell, Gaunt/Riddle, Gryffindor, Slytherin and Greengrass (as heir again). “Dumbledore said the Potter Will has been sealed, I want it unsealed and I have some consolidating and will writing of my own to do.”

“Of course. I shall have the Rings sent for immediately for you to claim.” The process of Lordship claiming was easy. He quickly claimed the families he could but left the Black heir ring alone, since young Harry was the other main heir, while he claimed the Greengrass one. That was an alliance that could help little Harry. “Congratulations My Lord. Now for the will.” That was simple. He left everything to one Harry James Potter as well as backing up Sirius’ claim to guardianship. Sam Jameson was written up as a distant cousin to the Potters even as he magically kicked Tom out of both the Gaunt/Riddle and and Slytherin families. As for the Potter Will it did name Sirius as first choice for guardian as well as stating firmly that the child was never to go to Petunia. He signed what he needed to and then looked at the Greengrass Ring. His life with Daphne had been good once the battles were done. There had even been love eventually, if not a truly romantic love. And he had loved their children deeply. Harry could use the connections but part of him hesitated at taking the choice from the alternate, younger him. In the end he wrote up the marriage contract but with several methods for the children to get out of it before giving it the goblin to be given to Cyrus to either sign or deny. It was out of his hands now.

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Harry stared at the house that had been his prison for fourteen years. He’d thought he had exorcised these demons when he had saved his younger siblings from Petunia but maybe not. He took a deep breath and stepped through the newly raised Blood Wards without a problem. Invisible to sight he slipped into the house and looked around for any sign of his younger self. He found the boy already in the cupboard and gently lifted him out, not wanting to wake the toddler. He used magic to ensure he would remain asleep and then left the house and returned to Gringotts.

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Sirius stormed into Gringotts, summons in hand. He didn’t know who or how but apparently the
bank had unsealed the will and it was to be read immediately. He didn’t see Sam Jameson watching him from the shadows before leaving the bank. He entered the room and froze as he saw the sleeping child beside the goblin. “Harry.”

“Please be seated Mister Black.” The goblin ordered and Sirius sat as close to Harry as he could only to stand again as a weary looking Remus entered the room. The two friends stared at each other silently before moving at the same time and hugging.

“I’m sorry Moony, so sorry.” Sirius pleaded and Remus tightened his hold on him.

“It’s alright Padfoot, I forgive you.” He whispered, he knew why they had assumed him to be the spy and it hurt but he could understand. He stepped back and then saw the child, moving closer. “Harry. Is he alright?” he asked the goblin who nodded.

“Young Potter is simply sleeping after a thorough exam by our Healers and Curse breakers.” The Horcrux that Lord Gryffindor had spoken of had been found and removed from both the child and Hufflepuff’s cup without ever removing it from the vault. The older Potter’s information had been very worthwhile and profitable; the war had been very bad for business. The rest of the Horcrux’s would soon be dealt with.

Albus entered the room and his eyes immediately locked onto the toddler. How was he here? He should be securely behind powerful blood wards to ensure no interference until his Hogwarts letter arrived. “It is too dangerous for young Harry to be here; he must be returned to his home immediately.”

“You have no say in matters Headmaster. The Potter Will has been unsealed by an heir and will now be executed. Young Heir Potter must be here.” The goblin answered firmly. Finally, everyone was there, including the Longbottom’s. “Let us begin. This is the last will and Testament of James and Lily Potter. We leave 2000 Galleons each to any distant family. A further 50000 to Remus John Lupin. The rest is left in trust for our only son, Harry James Potter until he comes of age. A vault has been set aside for his guardian and another as a trust vault for once he is eleven.”

Harry left the Cauldron and crossed the road, feeling a brief flare of pain as the truck hit before his body burned away.

The goblin blinked as another will appeared but opened it. “If all but Sirius Black, Remus Lupin and Harry Potter could leave please.” Dumbledore opened his mouth to argue but the guards shifted their spears and he decided to try later. Once they were all gone the goblin cleared his throat. “This is the Last Will and Testament of Samuel Jameson, Lord Potter, Lord Gaunt/Riddle, Lord Gryffindor, Lord Peverell, Lord Slytherin. Heir of the house of Greengrass.” The two wizards could only stare in shock at the titles. “I leave all of my titles and worldly goods to my sole remaining family, Harry James Potter. Guardianship is to be given to his Godfather and if not available then to Alice Longbottom or Cyrus Greengrass.” The will continued, listing the assets of the various families and then all of the heir rings appeared, before returning to the vault until Harry was older.

Lord Black watched as his godson and adopted son ran around the yard, happily laughing and chasing his godbrother Neville and betrothed Daphne. He was such a happy and kind child and it made him feel honoured everyday that James and Lily had entrusted him to him. There had been several assassination attempts by Death Eaters but nothing the family wards couldn’t handle. Ever so slowly their world was changing as people realised who held the power now. Once Harry was
of age things would change even faster. And to think it was all because a stranger, who turned out to be Harry’s distant cousin, had intervened in his confrontation with Peter six years ago. He had found all he could on the man so that he could tell Harry about him when he was older. It was only a pity the man had died so soon after. Sirius owed him so much.

The End of this one
False Gods and Gates

Chapter Summary

Xover with SG-1

Disclaimer: Don’t own Harry Potter or Stargate

False Gods and Gates

Harry put his book down and sighed, rubbing his eyes. He was glad he no longer needed glasses but that didn’t mean reading in low light for a few hours didn’t make them sore. He stretched and then stood, walking to the window to look outside. The Italian countryside made for a nice view even at night. He finally shut the window and crawled into bed, he needed to be up early to get back to the dig after all. Digging in Pompeii was a bit of a thrill, he’d always been fascinated by the city and its story. So far this world was relatively peaceful and aide back which was always nice. He’d just gotten his PH.D. in Linguistics, focusing on European languages living and dead, on top of the first PH.D. in Archaeology. Everyone had been amazed at his seemingly young age while he felt like a cheat after over two centuries to learn plus time spent in the future and most alien languages were a lot harder than any human language. He’d focused on Europe for something new after a life in the equivalent of Ancient Egypt.

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Harry put his brush down and shaded his eyes with his hand as he spotted the jeep. “We expecting anyone?”

“No.” His boss Dr Phillips answered as he moved to confront whoever was in the jeep. Seeing someone in American military uniform and a civilian get out was surprising but so was being waved over. “Dr Potter, Dr Daniel Jackson and Major Davis of the US Air force, they want to talk to you.”

Harry nodded and led them over to the currently empty research tent. “How can I help you gentlemen?” Dr Jackson…he knew that name from somewhere.

“We have a job offer for you Dr Potter.”

“Harry please.”

“Harry. Call me Daniel. You’ve written some papers that have gotten notice and it’s been decided that you would be a good fit with our program.”

“And the fact I’m not American?”

“You wouldn’t be the first multinational recruit or the only Brit. It will be mainly translation work with the possible occasional dig. The pay is good.”

Harry chuckled. “I don’t care about pay. But why is the military interested in translators?” He studied the Major, he was confident but didn’t strike Harry as a front line soldier.

“Classified.” Was the immediate response and Harry crossed his arms, leaning against the table.
“Not interested.”

“Major Davis, Harry… please. The Major is right; the project is classified but I can tell you there is no other job like it. We’re learning new things every day. Yes, publishing is difficult due to the classification but it's worth even that limitation.”

“Jackson…. you’re the one who theorised the pyramids are older than generally believed.”

Daniel winced but nodded. “Yeah.”

“And then some jerk made you out as an alien nut just because it didn’t mesh with his beliefs. I read the paper, you never mentioned anything unbelievable.”

“Uh, thanks.” He got out a file. “Here. The most I can give you to look over. The number for our hotel is in there if you change your mind. We’ll be here another two days.”

“Alright, I’ll read it and let you know.” He saw them out and went back to work. That night he opened the file and began to read. There wasn’t a lot there but what was had him curious and he sighed. Looked like he was taking the job.

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Harry stared at the massive ring in awe as it spun and then a pool of water seemed to form, four soldier emerging from it. “Okay, very cool.” He muttered and Daniel snickered. He could feel the ring, it wasn’t just stone or metal, it was something else. “So aliens.”

“Aliens. Some good, a lot of them bad.” Daniel led him down to where the linguistics department had its offices. “This is yours. All the introductory reading is on the computer. You have a bunk on base but it’s a shared room so I suggest not spending the night too often.” Harry put his computer bag down and then followed on the rest of the tour, meeting the medical staff and a few of the other science departments. “Sam, this is Doctor Harry Potter. Harry this is Captain Sam Carter, my teammate and an astrophysicist.”

“Nice to meet you Captain.” He offered his hand and she shook it.

“You too Doctor. New linguist?”

“Yeah, Daniel got me away from Pompeii.” Harry grinned and Sam laughed.

“Yeah, he’s good at that. I need to get back to this.” They left her to work, finally ending back in Harry’s new office. He looked around the bare room, glad his boxes had been delivered. He started opening them up and putting up his books and various possessions, making the office far more personal. Then he turned on the computer and got to work setting it up to his preferences and then got to work reading all the briefing papers, he had a lot to go through. He missed the computers of Starfleet, they were so much faster and they would read the information to him if he wanted. Then again he missed a lot from that life.

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Harry sat with Major Johnson, going over cultural information for the mans team. They had a mission in three days to a world the MALP showed to be of almost Roman appearance. There was no way to learn Latin that quickly but they could learn some key phrases and how to act. Of course the klaxons went off half way through as the Gate activated, they both got up to look as Daniel stumbled down and began yelling for help. The two of them bolted from the briefing room and down to the Gate Room as injured began coming through. Harry slung a young mans arm over his shoulder and guided him away from the wormhole to sit against the wall until he could be checked
over. More and more came through the Gate until Teal’c leapt through and then waited. Finally, Captain Carter and Colonel O’Neill came through with another refugee between them. Harry saw Sam stumble so moved to take her place helping O’Neill. She stepped back and looked around as the Gate shut down and Harry frowned, something felt wrong but he couldn't take the time to work out what as he helped move people to the infirmary.

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“Captain!” He called, seeing Carter ahead of him and she stopped, turning to watch him. “Heading out? I was hoping you could drop this at the post office? I missed the base mail and it’s going home so the trips long enough. I’m stuck here with the culture briefing for SG9.” He indicated the package under his arm.

“Sure Doctor, happy to help.” She grinned and the feeling of wrongness increased but he held out the package and their hands brushed. He made eye contact and mentally swore since the thoughts he touched definitely did not belong to Sam. He let her take the package and smiled back at her.

“Got any plans today?”

“I’m meeting Cassie at the hospital. Have you met her?”

“Doctor Frasier’s daughter? No but I’ve heard she’s a good kid.”

“She is. I’ll see you later.” She slapped him on the back and left and Harry hesitated before heading off to find the Colonel.

He finally tracked him down to the General’s office and hesitated, was this enough to disturb them? But the General had seen him through the glass and waved him in. “Sorry to disturb you sir.”

“What is it Doctor?”

“I’m not sure it's important but it's Captain Carter. She’s…well she’s acting rather oddly. I was just talking to her and everything seemed off. I'm really sorry if I'm overstepping but I just thought someone should know which was why I was looking for the Colonel since he’s her commanding officer.”

“Define off Doctor.” Hammond ordered, he’d seen for himself during the debrief that something seemed odd so it would be good to get a civilian viewpoint as well.

“Her speech felt a little stiff, almost like someone speaking a second language. Her grin just seemed creepy and she slapped me on the back when she left.”

“Do you know where to?”

“She agreed to put a package in the post for me and she said she was going to see Cassie at the hospital?”

“Very well. Thank you Doctor, we’ll take it from here.”

“Yes General.” Harry went back to his office and slumped in his chair. Something had possessed Sam and he had the sinking feeling he knew what considering where they were. But he hadn’t felt in danger at all while alone with her.

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“Daniel is it true?” Harry moved into step with Daniel who looked utterly hopeless.
“It’s Sam, she’s…. She’s been taken by a Goa’uld.” He admitted shakily and Harry gripped his arm.

“She’ll be okay. The Doc’s will get it out.”

“They couldn’t last time.”

“Just don’t lose hope.” Harry watched him head for the brig and then returned to his office to listen to the results of the magic he had placed around Daniel, wanting to hear what was going on in there.

“Daniel Jackson.”

“Yes.”

“You care about Samantha Carter as much as O’Neill and Teal’c.”

“Yes, I do.”

“Yet, this is the first time you have come to see me.”

“I came to see if you could give us a description of the Ashrak.”

“I will know his face only in the moments before he tortures me to death...killing your friend along with me.”

“Well, there's no way he's getting in here.”

“You are not stupid, Daniel, nor am I.”

“He doesn't even know for sure you're here on this planet, let alone in this base.”

“He is Goa’uld, he will find me. It's what he does. Letting me go, trusting me, is the only chance of saving your friend Samantha.”

“Then I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Sam.”

“Alive, I can be a powerful ally. Dead, I am useless to you.”

“Then you're gonna have to give us more than empty promises.”

“I can give her back to you.”

“We can't let you go.”

“I'm not talking about Samantha, Daniel. I'm talking about Sha're. I know where she is.”

Well that was an interesting conversation. If it was true and she knew where Daniel’s wife was then they had to get that information but there was no way they were going to cooperate with the way SG-1 was going about things. And he was not going to let some pathetic assassin kill Sam, she was his friend.

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“You alright Airman?” Harry steadied the younger man and his tray.
“Y…yes sir. I’m sorry.” He looked at where some of the coffee had spilled on both their shirts.

“Don’t worry about it.”

“I’m sorry. I’m meant to be taking this to the brig, Doctor Fraiser’s orders but…”

“You’re new aren’t you?” Harry asked sympathetically and the airman nodded. “Look, go clean up. I’ll deliver the food.”

“Sir I couldn’t ask that.”

“First, I’m not a sir. It’s Doctor Potter if you want to be formal. Second, Sam’s a friend and I’d been planning on looking in on her to see if I could get any answers. This kills two birds with one stone and let’s you clean up before you get in trouble.” Okay so he cheated a little to get the kid to agree but he did want to see her because he had an idea. Finally, the tray was handed over and Harry made his way to the cell. The guards let him in and he approached the bars.

Joiner looked up at the newcomer, feeling her host’s concern at his presence, concern for him. She searched for a name and then stood. “Do linguists now deliver meals Doctor Potter?” She asked and he swallowed at the sound of the Goa’uld voice.

“Only when highly nervous airmen practically spill them on us.” He answered, finding the appropriate opening and pushing the tray through for her to take. “I think it’s mystery meat day at the mess, sorry.”

“We have both eaten worse.”

“Is Sam in there?” He looked around and then shrugged before sitting on the floor much to their surprise.

“Yes. She is worried for your safety but I have no reason to harm you even if there were no bars.”

“Nice to know. So you know my name but I don’t know yours.”

“I am Jolinar of Malkshur. Why have you come Harry Potter, you could have given the tray to another soldier.”

“Because Sam is my friend. Plus, I was wondering if you posted my package.”

Jolinar stared at him in surprise before chuckling. “Yes, I did as Samantha’s memories indicated.”

“Good, it’s a birthday present for a friend on a dig in the Mediterranean.”

“You are strange for one of the Tau’ri.”

“Thanks, I think.”

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“General? You should see this.” The soldier brought up the camera in the cell block and they watched as she ate and Doctor Potter sat on the floor, talking to each other.

Hammond hesitated but then decided. “Watch through the cameras but leave them for now. It seems he’s getting more of a response than anyone else has.”
“Yes sir.”

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“Is it true, that you could leave Sam?”

“Yes, it is dangerous and I could die but I would do it.”

“Why?”

“The Tok’ra do not take unwilling hosts. In the confusion I did not realise…I thought she was offering and did not realise until it was too late.”

“Ah, guess that makes sense. So you are different to the Goa’uld?”

“Yes. We fight from within to bring their tyranny to an end.”

“So we’re basically on the same side but because you are technically the same species no one’s going to believe it.”

“Do you believe Harry Potter?”

“Just Harry’s easier and…. I don’t know. I’d like to believe not every member of a species was bad but I’m pretty new at all this. Haven’t even been through the gate or met a Goa’uld.”

“Perhaps this will help Harry.” Jolinar dipped her head and releasing control of the bod to Sam. She gasped and stumbled slightly, in shock at suddenly having control. She put the tray aside and moved closer to the bars, kneeling down in front of where Harry was. “Harry?”

His eyes widened and he straightened up. “Sam?” he asked cautiously and she nodded before lifting her hand, watching her fingers move under her own control.

“It’s me. I…I don’t know how you did it but thanks.”

“I just talked to her and listened Sam, no one else is. Are you okay?”

“I think so.”

“I had an idea and since you’re the scientist do you think it’d work. If you guys are going to have a chance, then we need a way to prove it’s you talking right?” She nodded. “So we hook you up to the monitors in the infirmary, especially the ones that monitor brain waves. You both speak and it should show a difference depending on who is control.”

Sam stared at him in shock before laughing in relief. “That’s brilliant! I’d hug you if there weren’t bars.”

He just grinned and shook his head. “You can hug me if it works. Need anything the guards will actually let me bring in?”

“A book, puzzle, anything to keep both of us occupied?”

“I’ll see what I can do.” He stood and stretched and she passed the tray back through. “Hang on in there.” He left to return the tray and wasn’t at all surprised to be called to the briefing room. He took a seat beside Daniel and didn’t flinch under their stares.

“Doctor Potter?” The General asked and Harry shrugged.
“The airman who was meant to deliver dinner ran into me, literally. He was practically shaking so I offered to deliver the food while he cleaned up and calmed down. It’s not like I was in any danger thanks to the bars so I figured I’d try talking to her and it worked.”

“What did she tell you?” Daniel asked so Harry told them everything, leaving them stunned. “Why did she talk to you?”

“Because I didn’t go in there with an agenda? I just listened and asked normal kinds of questions. Maybe the sitting on the floor amused her too.”

“Do you really believe it was Captain Carter at the end?” Hammond asked, it couldn’t be true, could it?

“Yes.”

“I will talk to Doctor Fraiser about your idea. You may take them a fictional book to read. Dismissed.”

Harry went to his office and picked a book he’d actually written when he’d first arrived that had proven popular with children, though he’d changed the main characters’ name and had written under a fake name too. But he’d like someone here to know the truth about his childhood even if she’d never believe it. He headed back to the cell and then pushed the book through where the food tray usually went. “They’re discussing my idea and Hammond agreed to fictional books so here.”

“Thank you.” Jolinar answered. “Do you have more questions?”

“What’s it like? Sharing a body? Do you both know everything about each other or can you keep stuff private?” He sat on the chair someone had put inside at some point.

“In a true Tok’ra blending we can keep certain things private. Neither host or symbiote will intrude on the others private mental space. What Samantha and I have is not a true blending, I accessed enough of her memories to attempt to blend in while she has gained access to some of my memories but nothing that would endanger my people. Sharing a body can be a wonderful experience as you are never truly alone.” She explained, sensing he was genuinely curious. If only they had been introduced differently perhaps he would have been open enough to consider blending himself.

“Why the scene in the Gate room? You seemed so desperate to get away.”

“My people are in danger, there is a traitor in their ranks, the one who sold me out to Cronus. I must warn them.”

“Maybe we could send a message?”

“That would require the address to the world our base is on.”

“Which is sensitive information you wont give. Okay.” He stood as the door opened and General Hammond walked in with Doctor Fraiser and more guards.

“Captain Carter and Jolinar, you are being transferred to the infirmary to implant Doctor Potter’s suggestion. Will you come willingly?”

“Of course General.” Jolinar answered calmly, allowing their hands and feet to be shackled before calmly allowing them to lead her to the infirmary. Harry watched from the corner as the
leads were attached and various screens turned on before they began questioning them. In the end
they had as perfect a proof as possible that Sam could speak for herself so they decided to leave her
in the isolation room of the infirmary rather than the cell as long as she remained cuffed to the bed
when she didn’t need the facilities. “Thank you.” She called to Harry as everyone was leaving and
he nodded.

“You might as well come too Doctor.” The General motioned for him to follow SG-1 to the
briefing room and he sat next to Daniel again. “The question remains, what do we do now?”

“This really changes things? That snake in Kowalski fooled everyone, who’s to say this Jolinar
isn’t doing the same thing? We can’t trust it!” O’Neill snapped angrily.

“She seemed genuine to me General. I don’t like the idea of trusting a symbiote but if she’s being
truthful then staying with us puts them both in danger from this assassin that was tracking Jolinar
not to mention her people needing to know about a traitor.”

“Teal’c?” Hammond turned to the silent Jaffa.

“Jolinar of Malkshur appears to be truthful. If the Tok’ra do exist, we should form an alliance with
them. They could be of great aide in our fight.”

“Right….and when they start asking for hosts who’s gonna line up first?” O’Neill growled.

“According to Jolinar they don’t take unwilling hosts Colonel; Captain Carter was an accident.”

“A likely story.”

“There’s not much we can do, I’ll pass this all on to the President and await orders. In the meant
time, double security, just in case the assassin did manage to get through the Gate. Thank you
gentlemen.” They left the room and Harry headed back to the infirmary.

He had the sinking feeling the assassin had come through and it was much harder to guard even an
isolation room than a cell. He settled in on a stool near the door with some work and Jolinar stared
at him for a second before going back to their own reading. He was startled when an hour later she

“You need to leave Harry, now. The Ashrak is here.”

“I’m not leaving you to him.” He slid off the stool and behind the door so that he wouldn’t be seen.
The guards in the room reacted to the information too, turning to the door but it was too late.
Gunshots ran out and they fell, instantly being disregarded by the man who entered. He didn’t even
look behind him to see the hidden wizard.

Jolinar felt a flash of pain for the fallen soldiers but was relieved when Harry remained hidden,
especially since he was unarmed. She liked him, he was smart and compassionate. If she was not
already mated she would have considered him. But now she would never see her mates again. ‘I
am sorry Samantha. I will protect you as long as I can.’ She whispered to her host, gently
suppressing her to protect her from what was to come.

“Interesting weapons these humans use. Kree shak, Jolinar. By decree of the Goa’uld System
Lords you will die with dishonour by the power of the Hara’kash.” He activated the device on
his hand.

“Young this. The days of the Goa’uld System Lords are numbered. Tell them that I died with
hope. My death only feeds the fire that burns strong in the Tok’ra.” Jolinar stared right at the Hara’kash, refusing to be cowed even now. Out of the corner of her eye she saw movement but refused to look and give Harry away. And then there was only pain and she fought the instinct to cry out. Dimly she heard the sharp sound of shots and to her shock the pain stopped. She fell back against the bed and watched as the Ashrak turned slowly only for another three shots to take him in the upper back and head. He collapsed, the glow fading from his eyes in death and she looked up to stare in shock at Harry who was still aiming the soldiers gun at the downed assassin. He moved forward slowly to check the body and kick its weapons away and then he was at her side, helping her stand.

“Jolinar? How bad is it?” he eased her back up onto the bed and she was grateful to be lying down.

“We will heal Harry. Thanks to you.” She whispered and he smiled softly.

“Rest. The cavalry’s on its way.” He soothed and she found her eyes drifting shut in exhausted sleep, she had used a lot of her strength in protecting Samantha.

When she next woke it was to hear a hushed argument nearby so she remained still to listed.

“This isn’t right.” Daniel snapped angrily.

“Hey, I’m on your side so don’t snap at me.”

“Sorry. Harry. You sure you’re okay?”

“Other than having shot someone for the first time, wonderful. I can’t believe your President could be such an idiot.”

“I didn’t vote for him. We can’t let them take her.”

“We won’t.”

“What can we do?”

She heard Harry sigh, obviously thinking. “We can’t be court martialed.” He pointed out.

“No, we’ll just be arrested for treason.”

“Not American.”

“Harry…”

“It’s the right thing to do.”

“What is the right thing Harry.” She opened her eyes to find the two Doctors standing nearby, Harry watching the hall.

“How much did you hear?”

“The president is apparently an idiot.”

“He’s turning you over to the NID, so yeah he is. But we aren’t going to let that happen.”

“Do not risk yourself for us.”

“Sorry, already decided.” Harry hefted what she recognised as Samantha’s pack though without
weapons.

“You may need these in order to be successful.” Teal’c walked into the room, surprising them, and he was carrying several Zat’s as well as the Ashrak’s Hara’kash.” Harry took the weapons and then turned to the chain holding Jolinar to the bed, unlocking it.

“Come on, we’ve only got a small window during the control room shift change.”

Jolinar retreated since Samantha had woken, perhaps she could talk sense into them. “You’ll be arrested for this, all three of you!”

“Morning Sam.” Daniel gave her a shaky smile. “Harry’s right, we can’t let the NID take you, they’ll never let you go.”

“Daniel…” She shook her head and he walked over, the closest he’d been to her since finding out about Jolinar.

He clasped her hands in his and then hugged her. “Be safe Sam. One day we’ll see each other again, I know it.” All she could do was hug back and then they were helping her up and into her uniform. Her legs buckled and Teal’c was there, lifting her into his arms. Harry shouldered her pack and another before raising the Zat and peering into the hallway before motioning them on. They silently navigated the hallways, thankfully not running into anyone. They paused where they’d have to split up and Teal’c handed Harry a piece of paper with Gate coordinates on it.

“You are sure you can do this Harry Potter?”

“I’ve seen it done and I remember. I’ll meet you in there.” He handed the packs to Teal’c and then headed for the control room. Teal’c set her down before dealing with the guards and then returning the help her into the room. Soon the Gate began to spin as the dialling computer went to work and the door began to close, Harry just slipping through in time. He shouldered the packs awkwardly and then Teal’c was helping her stand with Harry supporting her.

“Harry?”

“Always wanted to see the universe.” He grinned and then began to move up the ramp as the Gate opened. “You sure you and Daniel will be okay?”

“We will be fine Harry Potter. Good luck.” Teal’c bowed and stepped back, watching as they stepped through the event horizon.

Sam stumbled heavily against Harry as they emerged in darkness, realising where they were. They would also be very easy to track but then Harry pulled out the paper again and dialled as soon as the gate shut down and they were off again.

“Okay, this is where Jolinar needs to give directions cause I’ve used up the coordinates Daniel wrote.

“Harry why?”

“Because I was not letting some idiot turn you two into a lab rat. I’m getting you both back to the Tok’ra no matter what.” He stated firmly.

She looked over the gear and her heart sank. “You don’t have a GDO.” She whispered and he nodded. ‘Jolinar?’
‘Yes Samantha?’

‘What will the Tok’ra do to him?’

‘He will not be harmed or forced to be a host. There are several free worlds where he could live if he chooses. Or he could join the Tok’ra to help maintain the base or even work in helping translate Ancient documents.’ She assured her host much to Sam’s relief. She gave up control and Jolinar reached out to the dialling device, Harry helping. She input the glyphs and the gate activated. “We…. We must rest.” She slurred before they both passed out.

Harry threw the packs through and then picked her up and cradled her to his chest before stepping through. “HELP!” he yelled as he exited, hoping the Gate was watched. “Please we seek the Tok’ra! She was injured by an Ashrak!” He yelled even as his magic sought out any humanoid life within the sand. “Her name is Jolinar!” he tried and at that a figure emerged from the sand and ran to them.

“Jolinar?” he called cautiously.

“Her host is Samantha; they were attacked by an Ashrak who is now dead. She passed out just before we came through. Please say you’re Tok’ra.” He begged and the man nodded.

“I am Lantash. Give her to me.” He commanded despite Martouf cautioning him. They saw the man hesitate but then he gently handed her over before picking up the bags that had been thrown through. “Follow.” He ordered and then made his way to the Rings, the rest of his group remaining hidden for now. Soon they were in the tunnels and on their way to the Healers. He gently lay the woman he hoped held his mate down on the bed and stepped back to allow the Healers to work.

“Will they be okay?”

Lantash turned to the young human who had carried her through the Gate despite not looking strong enough to do so. ‘What is he to our mate?’

‘Jolinar is our mate, he may be her hosts mate which could make things difficult.’ Martouf warned, it was something that occasionally happened. ‘Let me talk to him.’ Lantash stepped back, bowing his head and then Martouf looked at the younger man. “This is not the first time the Healers have dealt with such injuries. They are not panicking so they should be well.”

“Good.” Harry slumped tiredly against the wall.

“You said her name is Samantha?”

“Captain Samantha Carter, United States Air Force. Um…what’s the word Daniel uses for Earth… ah! Tau’ri.”

Martouf’s eyes widened in shock, they had heard the Tau’ri were using the Chaapa’ai but there had been no confirmation. “You are from the first world?”

“Yeah. Oh, I’m Doctor Harry Potter, Harry’s fine.”

“I am Martouf, my symbiote is Lantash. Are you sure she is Jolinar?”

“As sure as possible. It’s the name she’s used and the Ashrak called her that too. Plus she did know how to get here.”
“I must thank you for bringing her here but why while they were injured? Could your own Healers not help her?”

“It’s…complicated. But neither of us can go home now.” He admitted softly.

“What is she like?”

“Sam? She’s brilliant, one of the smartest people I’ve ever met, a good soldier too. She doesn’t let the fact she’s a woman stand in her way despite the fact some people in the military are still a bit sexist. I’ve seen her sparing and she’s good. I’ve only been on base a year and we’re in different departments so we don’t socialise a lot but I consider her a good friend despite that.” Harry explained and Lantash was relieved to hear the word friend and not mate being used.

“You are both military?”

“No, just Sam. Technically I can’t be as I was born in a different country. Earth politics can be really complicated.”

“I see…are you well? Where you injured by the Ahsrak?”

“Huh? No I’m fine, just tired.” He glanced at his watch and winced. “Been up nearly seventy two hours.”

He didn’t know how an hour would compare to their time measurements but seventy two of them sounded a lot so he quickly spoke to a Healer who nodded. “Come, there is a small room here where you can rest.” Martouf pointed it out and Harry hesitated. “I promise to wake you should her condition change.” That made him give in and Martouf showed him where the blankets were before leaving him to sleep. Martouf went back to watching as the Healers tended to Samantha and Jolinar, hoping she truly was Jolinar returned to them. But what had happened to Rosha? He straightened up as he was joined in watching. “Master Garshaw.”

“Martouf. I was informed you ran in here with two strangers that came through the Chaapa’ai.”

“They came through seeking medical aide from the Tok’ra. The woman, Samantha, is a host. Her symbiote…she claimed to her companions to be Jolinar. The man who brought her said an Ashrak attacked them.”

“Where is he?”

“In there. He had not slept in some time and looked near to collapse. He is being monitored in case it was more than exhaustion. She has not regained consciousness but the Healer’s say the scans match those of Jolinar.”

“I am glad for you if she is but we must remain cautious until she can be questioned.”

“Of course.”

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“I get the feeling you’re going to need that room soon.”

Lantash startled as he looked next to him to find Harry Potter, looking much better than before. “Tok’ra are capable of going very long periods without rest. If necessary host or symbiote can sleep while the other remains in control.”
“Handy. How are they?”

“Simply sleeping now, the Healers commanded they be allowed to wake on their own.”

“Don't think they’ve gotten much if any sleep lately.”

“Will you tell us how they came to be blended?”

“I don't think it'll make you happy so just remember Jolinar nearly got herself killed protecting Sam from the assassin.” He warned and saw Lantash retreat, he'd guessed Martouf was the calmer.

“We are ready.”

“Sam’s part of a team that goes through our Gate to explore the galaxy and give the Goa’uld headaches wherever possible. They were meant to be finalising a trade agreement but found the planet under attack so they dialled the Gate and began evacuating survivors. I only know this second hand as this is my first time off planet mind. Sam found a badly injured man and was trying to help him by mouth to mouth. That’s where you breath for someone who isn’t able to breath themselves. That’s when Jolinar entered her. We've spoken about it and I honestly believe she didn’t mean to take a host who had no idea. She said the Tok’ra enter through the mouth?”

Martouf nodded, unable to speak, why had Jolinar been in a male host and not Rosha?

“Sam had her mouth over his in order to breath for him, he was mortally wounded and there was a battle raging around them. In the confusion Jolinar thought Sam was offering and didn’t realise till it was too late. She took control which really is how she got caught. The plan seems to have been to find a new host off planet but between my getting suspicious and Cassie’s reaction she was caught and tossed in a cell.” Harry took a break as they watched Sam shift in her sleep. He went on to explain how badly things had been going until he went to speak with her and then how it improved until the Ashrak attacked.

“You have my thanks for saving them and killing it.” Lantash came forward again and Harry nodded shakily. He studied the young human and then frowned. “You had never done so before.”

“I’m a civilian scientist. Yes we’re given basic weapons training and I’d been taught to shoot years ago by one of my teachers since we were going on a dig close to trouble but…I’ve never shot at someone let alone tried to hit and kill them.” It was a lie of course but he had long ago learnt to stay in character for each new life. “I just couldn’t watch him kill her. Sam’s my friend.” He whispered.

“Only a friend? She is not your mate?” He pushed despite Martouf’s pleas for silence.

Harry shook his head. “Not sure what you mean by mates but if you mean a relationship, we don't know each other well enough. Maybe in another six months or a year…but it won't happen now anyway.”

“Because of Jolinar?”

“Jolinar seems like a nice person but in a way, because it's pretty obvious she’s your ‘mate’. That means you have a better chance with Sam than me and I would never try to get in the way of that.”

Lantash was honestly surprised by that. Most unblinded humans found the idea of being with a Tok’ra uncomfortable if not downright disgusting. “Thank you.” He bowed his head to the younger man who just smiled sadly. “You said she has a team, why are they not with you?”
“Because their government is full of idiots. The President ordered them turned over to the NID, I’m not entirely sure what they do but the fact that most of the base wouldn’t want to turn an actual Goa’uld over to them gives me an idea. Her team leader is military and therefore has no choice. That left the rest of the team and me since we’re not military. Daniel left base to get some of her things from her home while I packed up her usual mission pack and one for myself. Teal’c somehow got weapons for us.”

“Teal’c?” That name was familiar from a mission several years ago.

“He’s Jaffa but he turned on Apophis to save Sam’s team over a year ago, he’s been with us since. They got us to the Gate and I brought her through. I’m worried, they can’t be court martial end but they could end up in a lot of trouble for helping me get her out.”

“I hope they won’t be.” Martouf said since Lantash was puzzling over a First Prime leaving his God.

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A groan from the bed had them both moving to it. “Sam?”

“Jolinar?” Martouf called at the same time.

Blue eyes fluttered open and focused on green eyes. “Harry?”

“Hey, how do you feel?”

“Like I just got out of boot camp.” She groaned and he chuckled. Then her gaze shifted and locked on the Tok’ra a her bedside. “Martouf.” She smiled nervously and he smiled back, slowly reaching out to take her hand and she let him.

“It is good to meet you Captain Samantha Carter.’

“Sam’s fine.”

“You know me.” He whispered. “Jolinar?” He asked shakily and she smiled before closing her eyes.

“My loves.” She lifted her hand to gently touch his face. “We missed you so much.”

“We have missed you too Jolinar. Rosha?”

“I failed her, I could not heal her wounds.”

Harry slipped out of the room into the hallway and came across a stern woman with dark hair.

“You are Harry Potter?”

“Yes ma’am. Sam and Jolinar are awake so I thought I’d give the four of them some privacy.”

“Martouf and Lantash have told us what happened. You have done us a great service in returning Jolinar and her new host to us. You will be welcome among the Tok’ra but I must warn you it is not an easy or safe life. If you wish we can settle you on a Goa’uld free world.”

“I’d like to stay if that’s alright.”

“Then welcome to the Tok’ra Harry Potter.”
TBC....
Harry carefully went over the document he was working on while Anise worked on something else nearby. They’d been with the Tok’ra for two months now and it had been a big change but he was used to big changes these days. Thankfully Sam and Jolinar had recovered completely from the attack and where now causing him amusement in how Sam and Martouf were dancing around each other. It had been a surprise to most when after two weeks Sam had decided to remain Jolinar’s host but he had almost expected it. The two were well matched and Jolinar had been prepared to give her life for Sam’s, he’d seen it coming. Now if only Sam would give in and admit that she wanted to be Martouf and Lantash’s mate his friend would be totally happy.

He missed the SGC but he didn’t miss the stupid bureaucracy that held power over it. After exposure to organisations like Starfleet they just felt so petty and small minded. They only saw the now and not how their actions would affect relations down the road. There were many among the Tok’ra who would be happy to never deal with the Tau’ri because of how Jolinar and Sam had been treated. He and Sam were obviously exceptions to those opinions, as where her teammates. All earth wanted was weapons and technology, and some didn’t care how they got it. In doing so they were missing out on so much that it frustrated him and many in the science departments. He knew Daniel hated how his team had changed over the year since the program started, they did very little straight exploration anymore.

Not that it was different in the Tunnels when it came to science, they had to appear to be Goa’uld so there was little technological development except when it came to things needed in the Tunnels themselves. Living under ground was a challenge for most humans, the symbiote helped sure, but humans weren’t meant for the lifestyle. So anything that could help was welcomed. Historical research was not seen as too important which was why they’d been happy to accept him, his help freed up others for more important work. Working for Anise and Freya was different to having Daniel and the General as his bosses but they were getting to know each other and that made working together easier. He’d learnt to ignore Anise’s more abrasive personality and not take it personally while she had come to accept that he was very good at what he did.

“Planning to work all night Harry?”

He twisted in his chair to see Sam in the doorway and smiled at her. “Nope. Why?”

“Want to join me for dinner? We haven’t seen much of each other lately.”

“Sure, let me save this.” He did what he needed and said goodbye to Anise before following Sam to what passed as the mess hall in the Tunnels. They grabbed their food and then sat together at a
smaller table. “So how’s it going?”

“Alright, I’ve been learning a lot.”

“I’ll bet. And how are Martouf and Lantash?” he smirked and she blushed, Jolinar not suppressing it and he chuckled.

“Harry!”

“Sam it’s natural to be attracted to them, you have Jolinar’s memories of how long of a relationship? And I bet Jolinar herself would love to continue said relationship. So what’s stopping you? It’s obvious to anyone with eyes that they want you both.”

“I…do I want them Harry? Or is this all because Jolinar does?”

“Does it really matter Sam? The emotion is there, why fight it? Unless you left someone behind?”

“No, there hasn’t been anyone for a long time.” She admitted, looking down at her meal.

“So stop being scared and go for it. We’re part of a rebel movement now, any day could be your last, or his. Don’t leave it so long all you have are regrets.” Who knew how many would be dead by now if Jolinar hadn’t warned them of Cordesh’s treachery? Maybe one of those would have been Martouf.

“You’re right.” She sighed and then straightened up.

Harry turned to look and then grinned at her. “Go get them Captain.”

“I’m AWOL, doubt I still have the rank.” She shot back but she stood and walked towards where Martouf was talking to Aldwin. Harry watched, smiling softly, as the two talked briefly before leaving the mess. She deserved to be happy.

“Playing matchmaker?”

Harry smiled as Saroosh slowly sat opposite him, he liked her and her symbiote Selmak. “Who me?” the both chuckled and then she coughed and he frowned. “Should I summon a Healer?”

She waved him off. “There is nothing they can do and we both know it. Not even Selmak can hold back old age forever.”

“Has… has a new host been found?” He asked softly and she shook her head.

“There is still time Harry, there is no reason for you to make a heroic sacrifice.” She teased and he blinked at them. “You are not ready to blend, perhaps in time you will be but not now.” Selmak told him before retreating again. “Oh you have no problem with any of us or our other halves but you are not so comfortable with becoming one of us. There is nothing wrong with that, your world is new to the greater galaxy after all. Besides there are symbiotes who would be a far better choice for you than Selmak.”

“Oh? Like who?” He asked curiously.

“Lantash for one, though he is no scientist. Malek would be another good choice. Perhaps Anise if she did not prefer female hosts.” Saroosh listed those he knew that she thought he would enjoy spending the rest of his life with and smiled as he stared at her in surprise. She and Selmak knew he was simply not ready to blend and Selmak would not agree to him being her new host unless he
was. If they died together then so be it. There was still time.

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Harry knelt beside his Goddess like a good Lo’tar, eyes lowered to the floor. All he wanted to do was tug at the kilt he was wearing but he couldn’t, not while the planets ruler was talking. He didn’t want to know what the punishment would be. Why did he agree to this? Oh right, he was curious about the worlds ruled by the Goa’uld and what Tok’ra missions were like. Well from now on he would not be curious at all. Finally, talks were finished and he followed back to the apartments they had been given. Once inside they could relax a little thankfully.

“Are you alright?”

“Is the kilt necessary?” He finally tugged it down and Jolinar chuckled.

“Feel lucky this is not a long term mission, you could be wearing such clothes for months or even years.”

“Thanks, but I’ll pass.” He stretched and then moved to serve the food, they had to stay mostly in character, just in case someone came by. “Do you think he’ll tell you what you need?”

“Camulus is easy to use if you know how. He will give me the information.”

“According to myth back home he’s a war god, is he really like that?”

“Camulus has led many successful campaigns but he prefers to play it safe, I believe the expression is. He will side with the stronger force which at the moment is Apophis.”

“Here’s hoping he doesn’t show up.”

“He won’t.” She assured him and they eventually went to bed. She was right, it only took three days to get what they had come from and they spent an extra day there to allay suspicion before leaving to return home.

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Harry ducked down behind the stone and winced as a few chips cut into his cheek even as the Jaffa continued to fire. He popped up to shot back with his Zat and then ducked again, seeing Anise do the same. He looked around and spotted Marnon slumped behind a log not too far away. So much for a simple trip to see some possible Ancient ruins. There should not have been any Jaffa on the abandoned planet and yet here they were, pinned down so close to the Gate it wasn’t funny but with the continuous enemy fire none of them could get to the DHD. Of course that was when the Gate began to spin as someone dialled in. Harry bolted from his cover to grab Marnon and drag him further from the Gate since his cover had left him exposed to anyone who came through. The barely conscious Tok’ra helped as best he could and then they were behind a group of stones, Anise soon joining them even as the Jaffa took aim at the Gate. Harry gasped as a MALP came through, with SG9 right behind it.

“Harry?”

“SG-9, I know them.”

“We will provide flanking fire for them.” She gripped her weapon and he nodded. They popped up even as the Jaffa and humans began exchanging fire, adding to the bullets from the Tau’ri.

Major Thomas Johnson swore and dove behind the DHD as the Jaffa opened fire, his team
scattering to take what cover they could even as they began shooting back. To their shock they heard the sound of Zat fire but it wasn’t aimed at them. From behind a cluster of rocks to figures were adding their shots to those of SG-9. And the help was handy as finally the last Jaffa fell.

“Hello? I’m Major Johnson of the SGC, the Tau’ri. Thanks for the help. Are you okay?” He called even as he cautiously stood up, just because they had shot the Jaffa didn’t mean they were friendly.

Harry looked at Anise, both unsure what to do. The Council wanted nothing to do with the Tau’ri but had not outright declared them enemies. If it wasn’t for the fact that they had to know where Harry had been taking Sam, Anise and Marnon would simply give way to their hosts and attempt to bluff their way out. But they doubted that would work with Harry with them. He shrugged and stood up, hands up. “Don’t shoot Major.” He called out and the whole team stiffened as they saw him.

“Doctor Potter?” Thomas eyed the young scientist warily. He knew he had left with Captain Carter and Jolinar. Which meant he may not actually be talking to the young man who had helped his team not make fools of themselves out among the natives.

“Thanks for the timely arrival guys, they had us pinned and seriously outnumbered.”

“How do I know you’re you and not…”

“A symbiote? I’m not blended.” Harry stepped out from behind the rocks and put his Zat down, letting the team get a good look at the interesting sand coloured clothing he was wearing, it looked suspiciously like a uniform.

“Carter?”

“Isn’t here but she’s safe and doing good.” He leant back against the rocks. “Here for the ruins? There’s not much there.”

Thomas blinked, wanting to believe he was really talking to Potter. He glanced at his team who looked just as unsure. But they had their orders, if found he and Carter were to be brought back to base, by any means necessary. “Mineral study.” He finally answered. “I’m going to have to ask you to come with us back to the SGC, orders.”

“You know I’m not going to come willingly. Not after what they wanted to do to Sam and Jolinar. Good going on pretty much destroying my faith in humanity.” He snorted, feeling the two Tok’ra moving into position, they would not allow him to be taken. As the team went for their own Zats Harry dropped to the ground, giving the two Tok’ra a clear field of fire even as he picked up his own weapon and aimed at Johnson. “Sorry.” He whispered but he saw the Major’s eyes widen before he fired. The team went down and Harry moved to the Gate, dialling a stopover planet even as Anise pulled Marnon to his feet and hurried after him. He dialled another before finally dialling the base and helping Anise with Marnon. As soon as they were spotted other Tok’ra emerged from the sand to help them.

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George Hammond sat at his desk, lost in thought. It had been eight months since Doctor Harry Potter had helped Captain Samantha Carter and the symbiote inside her escape from the SGC. He had begun to believe them both dead but now he knew at least Potter was alive. He could have killed SG-9 but instead had left them stunned while he and those with him escaped. Did that mean the Doctor was still human? Not that it mattered, their orders came from higher up, both the Doctor and Captain Carter were to be detained, brought back to Earth and handed over to the NID. There was nothing he could do to help them.

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Harry hesitated to interrupt the couple, knowing they got little time together anymore with Sam and Jolinar now going on missions. He smiled as he saw Martouf running his fingers through Sam’s lengthening hair, they looked so happy. It hurt a little, he hadn’t really had a relationship since Julian, not wanting to see someone he loved die in his arms again. He had thought maybe in time he and Sam but that was obviously never going to happen now. He’d seen the way Freya looked at him sometimes but he didn’t return the interest. She was his boss and a friend, nothing else.

“Harry?” Sam called, finally spotting him and he walked over to join them.

“Had a run in with SG-9.” He told them and she stiffened.

“What happened?” She asked even as Martouf wrapped an arm around her waist. So Harry explained how badly the trip had gone.

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George stood at Jacob’s bedside as the man slept. He looked on the verge of death and according to the doctors he was. He had even asked Doctor Fraiser if there was anything she could do but nothing they had found could cure Cancer. And now he had to tell the truth, tell his dying friend that his daughter was gone and even if she returned he would never see her again. How was he meant to do it? He wished there was some way to get word to her about Jacob’s condition, to allow them the chance to say goodbye but there was nothing. There had been no sightings of her or Doctor Potter since SG-9 had seen him.

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Daniel sighed and rubbed at dry eyes. The department had definitely run smoother with Harry always on base as his second. Without the younger doctor things were piling up and it was frustrating. But it could be a lot worse, he knew he could have been sent to prison for treason for starters. Instead he was working for the SGC without wages for the next two years. He’d been forced to give up his off base apartment because of that. Yes, he had savings, he’d never spent a lot of his pay before but he didn’t feel comfortable emptying his bank account over a place he rarely stayed in. SG-1 hadn’t been disbanded, they were too useful to do that to not to mention the many planets where people trusted them when dealing with Earth but things were tense. Jack had understood what they had done but he still didn’t trust that it had been Sam in control. It made things tense when on missions and he hated it. Teal’c was the same as always though he had agreed to more testing of Junior under Janet’s watchful eye, since they didn’t have Jolinar they wanted to learn more somehow and Teal’c was the only other option. The SGC had become a darker place and he hated it but it still beat prison.

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“We have to warn them!” Jolinar glared at the Council, head held high. She had been Egeria’s friend and confidant for many years before the first of the Tok’ra was spawned, she could have taken a male host back then and been at Egeria’s side as leader but she had always preferred being female. She may not like what the Tau’ri had done to her and her host but they were the best chance in centuries to bring the System Lords down. They were doing a pretty good job of it so far which had to be why they were acting together against the planet. They had stopped Apophis’ attack once with very short warning, they would need longer to prepare for the forces gathering now.

“What would you have us do? Send an operative to be treated as you were?” Delek demanded coldly.

“We can send a message through the gate from a stopover world. There will be no danger to
us. If the Tau’ri fall to the System Lords, they will have access to an unprecedented number of hosts and slaves. This cannot happen!” She snapped back at him.

“Tok’ra Kree!” Garshaw commanded and they fell silent. “Jolinar is right, the Tau’ri must be warned. Our operatives can slow the attack, perhaps even turn some of the Goa’uld against each other but enough will still get through to attack. Send the message.”

Sam dialled Earth, Harry watching over her shoulder even as several other Tok’ra stood by, just in case. She had cobbled together something capable of transmitting like a radio and now she just had to press the button to contact them. “SGC this is Captain Carter, come in.” She released the button and waited.

“Captain Cater this is General Hammond.”

“It’s good to hear your voice Sir.”

“It’s been almost a year Captain. Why contact us now?”

“It’s not a social call Sir, I’m calling with a warning.”

“What sort of warning? Is Doctor Potter with you?”

Harry moved up and leant closer to the radio. “Here General. Tell SG-9 I’m sorry about the whole shooting them thing but there is no way I’m coming back without protection.”

“Understood Doctor. What is the warning?”

“The System Lords are massing for an attack on Earth.” Sam answered. “Apophis, Cronus and Ba’al so far but more may join. And they will be prepared for something like what SG-1 pulled off last time.”

“How do you know this? How many ships?”

“Tok’ra operatives hidden within their armies risked their lives to send the information. We don’t have exact numbers but so far it seems to be at least five ships. The operatives will do what they can to stall them and cause strife amongst them without getting caught.”

“Thank you for the warning, I’ll inform the President immediately.” Hammond told her and everyone heard Harry’s snort of disdain.

“Better warn the world, not just your idiot in charge. You dragged the whole planet into this General so you better stand up and take the blame.” Harry snapped at him.

“Harry.” Sam chided and he moved away. “He’s right though, the whole world will need to prepare. Goodbye General.”

“Wait Captain, there’s something you should know. It’s your father.”

Sam froze and Harry moved closer again, putting a hand on her shoulder. “Sir?”

“I’m sorry Ca…Sam. Your father was diagnosed with cancer and the prognosis was good but…the cancer spread. He’s in the hospital and the doctors are giving him weeks at most.”

Her knees buckled and the others looked on in alarm but Harry caught her, hugging her tightly.
“Can you get him to the Gate?” he called out.

“Doctor Potter?”

“Harry?” Sam looked at him and he shrugged.

“Selmak.” Was all he said and her eyes widened in understanding.

“Please sir, his cancer can be cured.”

“If you are suggesting what I think I’m sorry, Jacob knows too much about our Armed Forces.”

Harry laughed. “And Sam doesn’t know almost as much? That ships sailed not that either of us has given up sensitive information.”

“Please Sir.” Sam whispered even as the Gate shut down.

“I’m so sorry Sam.”

Her head bowed and she leant against him before straightening. “Samantha’s grief is too much Harry. She loves her father dearly despite not having seen him in years.”

“Of course she does.” Harry gave a shaky smile even as plans to get to earth and kidnap the man whirled through his mind. He pulled Jolinar away from the gate and over to the small camp they had made earlier so they could eat.

“What has happened Harry?” Sina asked and he sighed.

“Sam’s father is dying. A symbiote could save him but” He shrugged and she nodded.

The Gate opened nearly two hours later, just as they were preparing to leave. Weapons were readied and then aimed as figures emerged only for Sam to gasp. “Dad!” She called out and Harry recognised SG-1. He followed Sam even as the Tok’ra kept watch, ready for any attack. Sam saluted the Colonel and then hugged her father who hugged her back and she felt how thin and weak he had become.

“Hey kiddo. Want to tell me why George smuggled me out of the hospital and then onto a top secret base? He didn’t tell me much.” So she gently led him back to their camp to explain everything that had happened.

Harry was left watching SG-1 warily but Daniel smiled at him. “It’s good to see you Harry.”

“You too. You didn’t get in too much trouble did you?”

“Well I’m working without pay now but it beats prison.” He admitted and Harry winced.

“Sorry.”

“It was my decision.”

“And mine Harry Potter. We did the right thing.”

Jack just watched them. It looked and talked like Doctor Potter but how did they know it was him and not another Snake? This whole thing was probably a trap but he’d been outvoted so he’d come to keep his team safe.
Sam finally returned with a rather shocked and mad General but she nodded at Sina who began dialling the Gate. “Dad’s agreed to come with us.”

“You’re going to do this General? Have a snake put in your head?” Jack growled out and Harry glared at him.

“A Tok’ra Colonel. Stop being a bigoted arse and back off.”

“Sure you don’t have one of those things in you Doc?”

“Considering how badly you’re pissing me off, you’d know.”

“No chance you’re coming back?” Daniel asked and Sam shook her head.

“Not with the NID waiting. I’m sorry Daniel. I hate the idea of not being there to help against what’s coming but I can’t.”

“I know.” Daniel moved past Jack and hugged her. “Good luck.”

“You too.” She smiled sadly and then helped her father through the Gate, Harry following her along with the other Tok’ra.

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“They stopped the ships.” He answered and Martouf nodded, moving to sit beside him.

“I am glad.” He smiled and Sam brought in food for the three of them.

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Harry carefully served the food, keeping his eyes down but then there was a disturbance and he mentally groaned as SG-1 was dragged in by Jaffa. He fought the urge to look at Lantash as the crowd mocked the Tau’ri. This was not good. He and Lantash were on a long term undercover with Lantash playing underling to Lord Yu and Harry as his Lo’tar. He was glad to find the Chinese didn’t go in for kilts. Yes, his clothes were revealing still but nowhere near as much as the Egyptian style. He caught Daniel’s eye and saw his eyes widen so he shook his head ever so slightly and was thankful when blue eyes looked elsewhere. He bit his cheek to keep from crying out as the ‘fun’ began. He kept his place behind Lantash’s shoulder only because of centuries of learning control. But finally Lantash was able to excuse himself and they retreated to his rooms. Harry helped him remove his jewellery and fancy clothes. Lantash dressed in simple pants for sleep in case anyone sought entry and then Harry sat by his feet. “Can we do anything?”

“Not without jeopardising months of work.”

“Yeah. Yu wasn’t part of the attack but that doesn’t mean he won’t kill them or worse.” Harry stretched and then removed some of his own clothes. They would sleep and try to think of some way to save the team. Harry curled up on his cot at his ‘Masters’ feet and listened to Lantash toss and turn a bit before falling asleep. Once that happened he got up and slipped from the room, heading down to the dungeons while using magic to remain unseen. He knocked the guards out and slipped inside. “Daniel.” He hissed and the Archaeologist slowly sat up, blinking in confusion before his eyes widened.

“Harry.” He moved to the bars. “What are you doing here?”

“Getting you out.”

“You know what I mean.”

“Undercover. Wake the others.” He went to work on the cell door before finally popping it open. Teal’c was half carrying Jack and Harry moved to support Daniel. “You’ll never make it to the gate. I’m assuming you can fly an Al’kesh?”

“Indeed.”

“Good, this way.” He led them towards the hangers.

“Things have changed Harry. The President was killed in the attack. The new one has overturned the order to detain you and Sam. You can come home.”

“And what? Translate and give lessons? I’m doing good work with the Tok’ra Daniel and I’m not stuck in an office.” They made it to the hanger and over to one of the ships. “Get going. I need to make sure no one saw me.”

“Get the Tok’ra to call again Harry, an Alliance would be good and the President will listen.”

“Good luck Harry Potter.”

“You too.” He watched the ship take off and then apparated back to their rooms. He slipped inside and back to bed so it appeared the alarms woke him an hour later when their escape was noticed.
Harry sighed as he tugged what passed for a dress uniform among the Tok’ra into place. He didn’t want to be doing this, he never wanted to go back. But after almost a year of cautiously sharing intel and joint missions that didn’t need undercover work the treaty was officially being signed. Per’sus was going to earth to sign it and he wanted the three Tau’ri Tok’ra with him to commemorate it. He knew Sam was almost as reluctant to go back after everything. He’d been avoiding being on any of the joint missions though Sam had been on a few with her old team.

“Are you worried they will try to harm you despite the treaty?”

Harry turned to find Lantash watching him. “I just never thought I’d go back and I was happy with that. I’m Tok’ra now, I belong here.”

“Yes you do. I have a favour to ask of you.”

“Yes you do. I have a favour to ask of you.”

“Of course.”

“You have become very comfortable with us, with symbiotes. It is our hope that should anything ever happen to us…” Lantash bowed his head and gave control to Martouf. “If anything should happen to me it is my hope that you will agree to become Lantash’s next host.”

Harry stared at him in shock. “I…. me?”

Martouf chuckled. “Yes Harry, you. You have become a good friend and you would be a good match to Martouf and I believe a good mate to Sam and Jolinar.”

Harry hesitated. He had no problem becoming a host but could he physically do it? But if he was needed there likely would be no other way to keep Lantash alive so he would die if he didn’t but he might survive if he did. “Agreed.”

Martouf smiled in relief and clasped Harry’s hand. “Thank you.”

“Now let’s stop this depressing talk, we’ve got a party to get to.”

Harry ignored the looks his uniform got and moved to stand with Daniel who smiled. “How’s the Colonel doing?”

“Janet’s going to sedate him any minute.”

“I’m sorry Daniel, they’ll find a way to cure him.”

“I hope your right. I just…everyone was tested right?”

“Everyone who could have been exposed.”

“You?”

“Haven’t been off base in almost six months.” He admitted and Daniel frowned. “Had a bit of an accident, even a healing device isn’t a miracle fix.”

“But you’re okay now?”

“Yeah.” Harry let his gaze wander, something didn’t feel right. Per’sus was standing with his guards nearby, Martouf was talking with a diplomat. Sam was in the infirmary with Anise, working...
on a cure. And there was General Hammond.

“High Councilor Per’ sus of the Tok’ra, allow me to introduce the President of the United States” that was as far as he got as Martouf suddenly moved and Harry’s heart sank.

“GET DOWN!” He screamed even as he barrelled into his friend, sending them both to the ground. They rolled around, Harry fighting to keep a grip on Martouf’s hand and he could see Martouf fighting to help him. “You can do this, fight it!”

“He…lp me.” Martouf choked out even as he finally threw Harry aside. He groaned as he hit the ramp and Daniel rushed over to help pull him away from the line of fire even as Martouf stood and aimed his weapon, firing at the soldiers and his fellow Tok’ra. Everyone could see him fighting not to and he managed to wound, not kill. But the soldiers fired back and Martouf stumbled as the bullets hit. Daniel grabbed a Zat and fired but Martouf didn’t go down and gradually his hand began to move up even as Sam rushed in.

“Martouf!” Jolinar cried out and he looked at her, love in his eyes.

“Be….lo…veds…..” He stammered out, even as his finger began to press down and Jolinar forced herself to fire. He crumpled and she ran forward to catch him, gently brushing his hair back and then Harry was at her side, checking his injuries.

“Medic!” He yelled even as he moved to staunch the blood. “I’m losing his pulse.”

Martouf’s eyes flared. “I…cannot…forgive us…” Lantash reached up and Sam took his hand, cradling it gently.

“We love you.” She whispered.

“Lantash.” Harry called and Lantash looked at him.

“He is dying…. I cannot…will you?” He forced out even as Martouf’s body continued to shut down.

Harry took a deep breath and nodded. “What do I do?”

“Harry?” Sam asked, hope rising.

“Martouf asked me earlier, maybe part of him knew. I agreed to be Lantash’s host.” Harry explained quickly and Sam gently lay Martouf down. No one else moved, looking on in shock and some of them in horror as Harry leant in to kiss the dying man, the symbiote transferring from one man to the other. Harry choked and then fell back, Daniel just catching him to keep him from bashing his head on the hard floor.

“S…am…” Martouf breathed, eyes barely open and she leant in to gently kiss him, feeling his last breath leave him as she did.

She moved to Harry’s side, placing a hand on his forehead, already able to feel Lantash within him. She gently brushed inky dark hair from his forehead. “Please be okay.”

“He’ll be fine Sam, Harry’s healthy so Lantash only has to worry about healing himself.” Daniel tried to reassure her. The medics finally arrived but it was too late for Martouf. They covered him and then stretchered his body away. They went to move Harry as well but Sam pushed them away.

“They cannot be moved while the blending is happening, to do so risks both their lives.
General is the President alright?” Per’sus asked and they then learned of the trick that had been pulled but it turned out they were right to do so.

Anise knelt beside Sam, Harry and Daniel. “Martouf’s death will not be in vain, I promise.”

Lantash was confused, what was happening? He looked down at himself and saw what appeared to be Martouf’s body but he could not feel his beloved host. He seemed to be inside a massive stone building and he was getting worried.

“Welcome to my mind Lantash.”

He turned to find Harry standing there but he was dressed nothing like he had ever see. “Harry?” He blinked, even his voice sounded like Martouf’s but Harry nodded.

“You are used to being within Martouf so that is why you bear his appearance here.” Harry walked closer, battle robes flowing around him. “There’s so much for us to learn about each other, I’m just glad this is working and you’re not dying inside me.”

“I don’t understand.”

“He is my Marked, he who should have been my Master.” A new voice chimed in.

Lantash and Harry turned to find a strange figure floating nearby. “I was wondering when I’d see you again.” Harry commented. “Lantash meet Death, the entity. And the reason I can’t bloody well die.” He grumbled and Death laughed.

“Do you really want to? If you never fulfil your debt you will never see the one you love again.”

“What’s going on?” This was nothing like any blending he had ever heard of.

“That is a very long story.”

Green eyes fluttered open and the first thing he saw was her. “Samantha.” He could always tell who was in control and she smiled tearfully at him.

“Lantash. Are you?”

“We are well.” He sat up slowly, getting used to the feel of Harry’s body. He was of a similar build to Martouf but shorter so that would take some adjusting to. He bowed his head, allowing Harry control. Though he knew this was one host who could take control from him whenever he pleased. “Sam I’m so sorry, I tried to stop Martouf but he was too strong.”

“It’s not your fault Harry, or Martouf’s or Lantash’s. It’s whoever did that to him.” She stood and offered him a hand up which he took, looking around to find the room empty. “Per’sus insisted we be left alone until you woke.”

“I’ll have to thank him for that. Guess I’m really Tok’ra now huh?”

“You always have been.” She smiled, feeling shy and Jolinar too felt a little nervous. Lantash was their mate but would Harry want that? Sam had thought when they were both SGC that Harry might like her but now?

“Sam?”
“It’s nothing that can’t wait.”

Harry frowned. “It is the fear we all feel when a mate has a new host, will the relationship continue. We must reassure them.” Lantash whispered and Harry’s eyes widened but then his hands went to Sam’s waist, pulling her into his body. He smiled and then kissed her tenderly. “There’s no reason to be afraid.” He murmured and Sam hugged him tightly.

Harry lay on their bed, still awake despite the late hour. Lantash was asleep within his mind and their mates lay in their arms, also deeply asleep. But Harry couldn’t not yet. He gently ran his fingers through long blond hair. He had liked it short but it was nice long too, and it made it easier for her when undercover. Few women wore their hair short among the Goa’uld. Their grief for Martouf was slowly lessening into fond remembrance as it should. His body had finally been sent into the unstable vortex to ensure nothing remained for the Goa’uld to learn from. Usually that was done as soon as possible but the scientists had spent almost a year studying his brain. It had hurt the four of them to even think of it but in the end they all knew Martouf would want them to find a cure, and they had. Because of his sacrifice others would be saved.

Harry held Sam as the funeral progressed, despite the fact there was no body. According to Jacob, Daniel hadn’t died but had ascended so why the funeral? Lantash didn’t get it either, Daniel was still alive even if he was no longer corporeal. He had even strengthened the healing device with magic before Jacob left to try to save him but it hadn’t been enough. He should have gone with him; Daniel was his friend.

Harry stood beside Sam and Daniel as Jacob’s body was destroyed. They were all grieving for him, Sam and Selmak the most. It was odd, his friend now being within another friend but maybe that meant Daniel would stop dying. They had all expected Jacob to be with them for at least another century since he no longer went on missions but he had taken a staff blast to the spine while helping evacuate the base and there had been nothing anyone could do except Daniel who had been helping Anise and Harry with a translation. Knowing Jacob was dying he had offered himself to Selmak as his host.

“Jack’s going to kill us.” Harry commented as they headed back to the Tunnels and Daniel groaned.

“Think I can run?”

“No way.”

“Well they have been trying to pick a Tok’ra ambassador to the Tau’ri, want the job?” Sam asked softly, she’d had an extra four years with her father thanks to the Tok’ra but she had thought they’d have even more together. Now he would never see his grandchildren grow up and what would they tell Mark about his death? She felt Harry’s arm wrap around her in comfort and leant into him. So many deaths in such a short period of time. At least Daniel had returned to them and she still had Lantash and Selmak even in new hosts. But she and Jolinar still grieved for Martouf and now her father as well.

“We are here beloved.” Lantash whispered in her ear and she nodded.

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“Anise is this what I think it is?” Harry called her over and she read the inscription as well.
“It cannot be, Ra killed her.”

“Perhaps not, if this is real he may have simply taken her captive. Queens are rare after all.” Lantash argued.

“We must take this to the Council immediately.”

“Perhaps we should attempt to discover exactly which planet this refers to first?”

“You are right.”

They spent five days working with the little information the inscription gave plus star chats until finally approaching the council and gaining use of a Tel’tak. Going through the Gate was deemed to risky for such an important mission, they did not know what awaited them on the planet.

“Scans show significant human life, more than normal for a Goa’uld controlled world. I can detect little Goa’uld technology actually.” Selmak commented even as Harry leant over his shoulder.

“Then let's land and go take a look.” He suggested and Selmak hesitated before agreeing. Ren’al was also with them but was keeping quiet as she checked over her equipment. The hope was Egeria had been kept in stasis the whole time and that they could safely take her back in that state. But they had a symbiote tank with them in case they couldn’t. No one was sure what they would do if she had a host. They landed a distance from the city closest to the Chaap’ai and then approached on foot.

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“This is an outrage!” Ren’al spat angrily and Harry could feel Lantash’s own rage beating at his mind, not that he didn't agree with them. But he’d come a long way from the imperious Gryffindor of his youth.

“No one is saying it isn’t, but going in there guns blazing won't solve anything, especially since there are three of us and hundreds of them.” He smiled slightly at Lantash’s grumbling but his friend finally admitted he was right. Although not about the odds if Harry used his full abilities.

“Harry is right. We work by infiltration Ren’al not outright war.” Selmak backed him up to his surprise given his own earlier anger.

“I’ll go in.”

“No, it must be me. A male cannot host a Queen.” She saw Harry’s eyes widen in shocked understanding.

“No.” He shook his head.

“I will go. I will gladly give my life that my Queen will live.” Ren’al stated firmly.

“I’m still going. We have no idea what her condition is, you’ll need someone to protect you while blending. And we have the tank, this doesn’t have to end in death for anyone.”

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Harry gently wiped the guards memory of their appearance even as Ren’al approached the massive tank holding Egeria. He could not watch, he may not like Ren’al but he would give them privacy for what was to be done. The symbiote tank was ready and he would place her within as soon as it
was done. He turned and found Ren’al moving weakly on the floor, her host, whose name Harry had never heard, lying still beside her. He quickly transferred her to the tank and then knelt beside the unconscious woman, his hand over her forehead. He could feel the symbiote within and she was weak. “Will they survive?”

“It is too soon to tell.”

Harry nodded absently and then went to work helping them as much as he could, giving them energy and trying to heal Egeria. Finally brown eyes opened and then flashed. “Greeting my Queen.” He bowed his head to her.

“Lydia has shared her memories with me Harry Potter, you have no need to bow to me. I should thank you for all you have done for my children.”

“What?”

“You brought my dear friend Jolinar home safely, helped find my child Selmak a new host, worked to bring our people together and so much more. You also saved my youngest child by sharing yourself with him.”

Harry instantly gave Lantash control at her words and he smiled shyly at the Queen he only remembered through genetic memory. “Mother.” He whispered in awe.

“It is time to go home my child.” She stood and Lantash helped her before retrieving the tank. The slipped from the facility and back to the ship before leaving the planet behind to its fate.

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Lantash lounged on the throne, apparently totally at ease, as he oversaw the ‘party’. This was the one aspect of Tok’ra life he hated and usually got out of but no, this time there had been no one else available to go undercover as a minor Lord. At least he had control over the Jaffa’s actions for the most part and even his own First Prime but he did answer to Bastet, technically. He would much rather be back in the Tunnels with his mates, after all they had an important Tau’ri ‘anniversary’ coming up in a few months, it was fifty years since Samantha had become Jolinar’s host. The food was taken away and the dancers emerged, their bodies moving gracefully and he wanted to look away but he couldn’t if he wanted to stay in character as Lord Bek. The name had come from Harry’s memories of a very strange land that had apparently been Egypt. But those ‘gods’ held nothing in common with the System Lords.

One of the dancers offered herself to him very obviously and he mentally cringed but drew her closer, hand moving across her skin even as he smirked at her. He hated this but all mates knew what they would have to do to keep their covers when playing Goa’uld. So he took her to his bed as was expected but he did not harm her. Lord Bek was known for not enjoying causing physical harm unless punishment was deserved but he had to show cruelty in other areas. But they needed to find out what Bastet was up to, she had been too quiet for the last several decades.

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Lantash felt the agony of being thrown from his seat but the pain quickly dulled event as he felt Harry’s magic surge through their bodies. As the ship stilled he pulled himself up and looked around, he went to Kelmaa’s side but they were dead so he stumbled from the ship in the direction of the Chaap’ai. He could feel the magic concentrating on their injuries, working to heal them but he knew it wasn’t enough, without the help of healers they would die. He forced himself to keep walking, he would not leave Samantha and Jolinar to live with the pain of not knowing. They had lost so many he would not add to that grief. “We’ll make the gate.” Harry assured him but would
they make it beyond that? He finally stumbled up to the platform, coughing blood and able to hear the gliders approaching even as he dialled a stopover planet and practically fell through. He dragged himself to the dialling device and dialled Revanna before crawling through only to pass out on the steps.

When he opened his eyes again he was within the Tunnels and their mates were at their side. “Jol…” he coughed, tasting blood and she gently helped him sip some water.

“Don't try to speak beloved.” There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. She had seen the healers report, there was nothing they could do to save Harry and if a new host was not found soon they may lose both of them. A hand moved weakly to try and wipe her tears and she clasped it in her own. Samantha had retreated, unable to take the pain. “We love you both so much, you have to hold on.”

Lantash felt Harry stir from his work at attempting to heal them and gave him control. “Sorry.”

“There is nothing to be sorry for Harry.” She ran a hand through his wild hair, the other still clasp his hand.

“Save him.” He whispered tiredly.

“You must both hold on, please.” She begged and Harry gave her a small, tired smile.

“Host?”

“Daniel and Malek are searching, as are others. But you can do this Harry, please.”

“Too…late.” He slipped back into his mind, fighting to keep his body going, he would not drag Lantash into death with him, would not feel him burn away as he was sent on. They’d had a century together and he loved Lantash as a brother, he could not be the reason he died and left Jolinar and Sam all alone. He felt Lantash wrap around him comfortingly, combining his energies with Harry’s in an effort to heal him but both knew the damage was too extensive. Harry could survive things no one else would but this was beyond even him. He could distantly hear the healers admitting they should never have made it back, that they should be long dead and they were right for any other blended pair. “I will miss you brother.”

“I do not want to leave you.”

“You have to, they can't lose both of us. Don't make me feel you die with me. You won't survive what happens after.”

“They may not find someone in time.”

“Then ask for a tank, please.” Harry rarely begged for anything but he could not bare this. He felt Lantash take control in order to tell them Harry’s wishes and agree to a tank if a host could not be found. Then they drifted within Harry’s castle, neither really aware for very long, conserving their strength for as long as possible until finally Lantash began working to detach himself from Harry, both knowing it was time. “I will never forget you. I don't regret blending”

“And I will never forget you my Harry. I know you will see Him again one day. Don't forget to live before then.”

“I won’t.” Harry’s mental voice was a barely heard whisper as the last connections between them severed and then Lantash worked his way free, falling into the healing tank.
Jolinar watched and then gathered Harry into her arms even as Sam finally took control. “Harry?” She whispered and to her surprise green eyes opened to slits. “We love you so much.” She kissed him gently, remembering her last kiss with Martouf sadly.

“Love…..” He breathed and then he was gone. Sam cried out in grief, rocking his too still body but then the healers gently pulled her away even as Daniel ran into the room and she threw herself into his arms, sobbing. Daniel stared at the body of his best friend and then there were cries of alarm as the body seemed to self combust until there was nothing left on the bed of Harry Potter, not even ash.

No one but Lantash and his future hosts would ever be able to explain what had happened and none of them would ever speak of it or the truth about who and what Harry Potter had really been. They would not even tell their Queen. Egeria herself had long ago guessed Harry wasn’t a normal human but she would never question him. He had been one of her children too, just as every host was and his memory would be honoured forever by her new children.

*The End of the SG-1 part.*
Harry collapsed as he appeared, feeling solid, hard ground beneath him even as he fought the urge to scream. He couldn’t focus, his mind in turmoil as he tried to adjust to the sudden emptiness. Lantash! But Lantash was gone and he was all alone again. Memories that weren’t his own whirled through his mind even as he tried to rebuild parts of his mental defences. He didn’t know how long he lay there as his mind gradually adjusted after over a century of allowing another full access. He managed to place all of Lantash’s memories that had been shared in a sub-room of his mental library, thankful that he didn’t have all of Lantash’s genetic memory, who knew what that would have done to his mind. Not that his mind or body were unchanged after so long as a host. He could feel the Naquadah flowing through his blood which meant he’d still be able to use Goa’uld technology, if he ever came across some. But he could feel other changes, he’d gotten very good at knowing his own body and he knew he had retained the strength and immunity given to all hosts.

It was that strength that allowed him to stagger to his feet and look around. How long had he been laying there, incapacitated? He looked around to get his bearings and found himself on the outskirts of the most incredible cities he’d ever seen. Was what appeared to be a palace actually made of gold? And the whole place felt…magical. He made himself invisible before walking the streets, getting an idea of local fashion before transfiguring his torn and bloodied Tok’ra uniform into something more appropriate and then he ducked into an alley to drop the invisibility. Why couldn’t Death have given him a guidebook to the multiverse or something so he wasn’t left guessing so much? So he just wandered the streets, listening out for anything interesting. Instead he heard something familiar from his own childhood and picked up his pace. He came to an area empty of adults to find a group of well-dressed children surrounding something…or someone. He saw a boy raise his arm, a wooden post in his hand and he moved, grabbing his arm and finding he had to use his full strength to hold him back. “What are you doing?” He snarled as he finally saw who they were attacking. It was another boy, maybe slightly younger them with dark hair and pale skin dressed in very expensive looking clothes. The youths all tensed at his appearance but then relaxed so he shook the boy he was holding slightly even as he made eye contact. He didn’t like doing this to children but he needed to know exactly what he was getting in the middle of. “You dare attack a Prince?” He demanded angrily.
“What business is it of yours?”

Harry pushed the boy back. “Get out of my sight before I teach you fools a lesson you won’t forget.” He warned and something obviously managed to get through to their survival instincts and they took off, letting Harry turn to the young Prince. He knelt down but didn’t get too close, not wanting to spook the boy who looked maybe fourteen. “Can you hear me your Highness?” He called softly and the boy moved slightly before uncurling fully and scrambling to regain his feet. Harry caught him gently when he stumbled. “Easy, there’s no rush.” He soothed and the boy looked up at him warily.

“Who are you?”

“My name is Harry my Prince.” He led him over to a low wall to sit on. “Do any of your injuries feel serious?” he was thankful that for some reason no matter where he went his name was accepted as normal even when it wasn’t, a gift from Death was all he could guess.

“I… I do not think so.” Prince Loki answered shakily.

“May I check?”

Loki stared at the man who was kneeling in front of him. He didn’t recognise him from the Palace and he definitely wasn’t a noble or servant. Why would a stranger help him? Seeking a reward from Odin? He almost snorted at that, helping him would gain no reward, just punishment for him for being too weak to defend himself. “Why?” He demanded, trying to sound royal but still sounding too shaky.

“Because it is the right thing to do.” He smiled slightly at the boy who sagged slightly.

“My ribs.” He whispered and Harry gently removed his outer tunic to get a better feel for any injuries.

“You have several ribs that are at least cracked. It looks like your eye is beginning to blacken as well. How do your legs feel? Can you walk?”
“I think so.” Loki took a deep breath and stood up again, swaying on his feet but as soon as he tried to walk unaided his left leg buckled and then he was in the air and he gasped before clutching at the tunic that appeared. He blinked and realised Harry was now carrying him.

At least he didn’t need to ask for directions, the Palace was rather hard to miss. He stuck to the most deserted streets, not wanting to answer questions while still trying to work things out. He’d seen a few monarchies in his years but what made those boys think they could get away with attacking a Prince, even one who wasn’t the heir? Then again, Asgard…Loki…he knew those names from mythology. How had he ended up in the middle of Norse Mythology? Then again he’d already done Egyptian so which was next, Greek? Roman?

He reached the walls of the palace and glanced around, he really didn’t want to march right up to the front gates with an injured Prince in his arms, he doubted that would go well. And then a section of golden gate opened to reveal a woman who beckoned him closer. “Heimdall alerted us to your coming. Please follow me.” Harry slowly followed her inside, through corridors that were obviously the back ways. They came to a series of rooms and she motioned to a bed so Harry gently lay Loki down on it, untangling his hands from his tunic and smiling slightly when he realised the boy had fallen asleep in his arms. “What happened to him?” Eir asked in alarm as she diagnosed his injuries.

“A group of older boys.” Harry answered tightly. “How could they think they would get away with attacking the Prince?”

Eir sighed as she worked. If it had been Thor they never would but in Loki’s case it would be turned until he had done something to deserve the beating. Once both Prince’s had been treated equally but something had changed over the last few centuries, with Thor being pushed forward as the favoured Prince and Loki pushed deeper into the shadows. She looked up as the doors opened and then curtsied as the Queen entered swiftly, not quite running. “My Queen.”

“What has happened to my son?” Frigga demanded, moving to stand at his side and clasp his hand. She looked at the stranger and was taken back by the similarities in appearance between him and her son. He bowed to her and she saw the blood on his brown tunic, her sons blood. “Who did this to him?” She demanded.

“A group of older youths My Queen. They were richly dressed and did not appear much older than the Prince.” He explained.

“You have my thanks for aiding my son.”
“No thanks are necessary your Majesty; I only did what was right.”

She gently stroked through her sons’ hair and his eyes fluttered even as a pained noise slipped past his lips. “Shh Loki, I am here my son.” She soothed and he settled into a deeper sleep even as she questioned Eir on his injuries. Two of the Einherjar entered the Healing Room ad Frigga stared at them. “Yes?”

“Apologies My Queen. Are you the man called Harry?”

“Yes.”

“You are to come with us immediately.”

“Why?” Frigga demanded.

“To face charges for attacking noble children.”

“Then let us go.” Frigga kissed Loki’s forehead and then swept from the room, Harry following with two confused guards. They entered the throne room and Harry spotted the boys who had attacked Loki standing with what must be their parents and looking very superior. Frigga walked out into the middle and nodded to her husband, motioning Harry to follow her. He knelt to the King, hating that he hadn’t had longer to work out how society here worked, he was running off what he had heard and then learned from the boys’ mind.

“This does not require your presence my wife.” Odin called out and she looked up at her husband.

“As this involves our son I would say that it does My King. A reward is needed for Harry in his actions of saving the Prince from his attackers.” She gave an icy look to the boys who flinched back and Harry kept a poker face even as he cheered internally. She was good.

“According to Lord Audun this Harry assaulted his son and his friends.” Odin argued back.

“Well then since you have heard their side perhaps we should hear his. Speak Harry.” She commanded and he bowed to her before explaining exactly what had happened, leaving out the
reading the kids mind. “If you need more proof my Husband then summon Eir, she has treated our sons’ injuries.”

Harry could feel the Allfathers power and it was scary but it wasn’t like the man could kill him. He could see he was angry but it didn’t seem to be at the children who had harmed his son. Did he not care that his child, his youngest child, had been so badly hurt?

“I can confirm what Harry son of James has said.” A new voice called and Harry was awed by the massive man who approached. He was dressed in gleaming gold armour and had to be seven feet tall, maybe taller. “I saw everything and had Eir summoned to the side gate in order to allow stealthy entry to the Palace to avoid distressing the Prince further.” Heimdall explained even as he bowed to his King and Queen. Frigga smiled gently at him, glad he had helped her child in his own way. With Heimdall backing Harry’s story there was nothing Odin could do but warn the children away from Loki and from making up stories to get others in trouble. Odin dismissed everyone and Harry followed Frigga back towards the Healing Rooms. “Son of James.”

How did he know his fathers’ name? “Yes sir?” He stood and waited as Heimdall approached.

“Your actions in saving Prince Loki were what I hoped from Death’s Marked.” He stated and watched the wizard pale. “I see all Lord Potter-Gryffindor-Slytherin-Peverell-Black.”

Yeah, that wasn’t a little creepy. “You know who I am.”

“And what your purpose is in being sent from world to world. I do not know why you are here but already you have changed things for the better.”

Harry glanced around but they were alone in the hallway. “I’ve gotten very good at reading people, the King seemed…. displeased that neither Loki or I were in the wrong.”

“What do you know of Asgard?”

“Only what is in Earth myth and not much really. I’ve always focused more on Celtic, Roman, Greek, Russian, those areas. Haven’t needed to know much Norse mythology.”

“We are not immortal gods as portrayed in myth, we are born, we live and we die but our lives are spread over thousands of your years. How old does the Prince appear to you?”
“Fourteen at the oldest. That would make him four years away from being an adult in most cultures though in some there would be some things he still couldn’t do like drink.”

“He is eight hundred years old and will be a man when he has become a warrior. There is no set age for this. Prince Thor is almost considered a man and he is turning one thousand in a few of your weeks. Preparations for the celebrations have already begun. When they were younger the Princes were inseparable and doted on by the King and Queen but the closer they get to manhood the more the Allfather focuses on Prince Thor, the obvious heir. He is everything a warrior of Asgard is meant to be, a standard Prince Loki cannot match. His skills do not lie in brute strength, but in stealth and magic. The Queen has long been his tutor and this has led to rumours.”

“That he isn’t a man or something?” Harry asked and received a nod. “Yeah right.” He snorted. He may have been the brash Gryffindor as a teen but he had never had brute strength either, he had relied on luck and magic. Loki was reminding him more and more of himself. He frowned as he tried to remember the myths he had read while with the SGC after they had met the Asgard. Something about Loki…. he froze and then turned to Heimdall. “Is he adopted?” He hissed as softly as he could and Heimdall nodded ever so slightly. Well that explained even more. They reached the Healing Rooms and Heimdall left to return to his post while Harry slipped inside to see Loki propped up in bed with his mother beside him. Harry bowed to them. “It is good to see you looking better my Prince.”

“Mother says you carried me here and then stood for me in Court.” Loki stared at the stranger, unsure what to think of him. “You have my gratitude.” No one ever did something for him without wanting something in return. “What reward do you seek?”

“None your Highness, doing the right thing needs no reward.” Harry smiled at the young Prince, sensing his disbelief. Loki glanced at his mother in confusion and she smiled at the two. “None the less, a reward you shall have.” She stated. “You have magic; I can sense it. You are well trained in its use?”

“Yes Majesty.”

“Then you shall join the Royal Household as a tutor for my son in magic.” She stated and smiled as both males stared at her in shock.

“Mother?”
“You have learnt all I can teach you Loki, now you need new teachers.”

Harry stared at the woman, she was really good. She had them both where she wanted and really, what else could he do here? He had nowhere to go after all. “As you command my Queen.”

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Harry stood in front of the mirror and studied his clothes. They were of far better quality than the ones he had transfigured and very comfortable even if blue wasn’t usually his colour. But the colours he usually favoured were the colours of each prince and it was best to avoid declaring himself too close to either of them for now. His rooms in the Palace were very comfortable too. He had a small receiving room, bedroom, bath and study that could be used for Loki’s lessons. A lot more than he had back in the Tunnels and he pulled the books he though would be useful from his storage tattoo. It held a lot more these days then he had ever imagined needing it too. He had souvenirs from every life he had lived as well as useful things such as various types of currency, books, weapons and clothes. He set the books up in the study and then went to work warding his rooms. He hadn’t used this much magic in a few lifetimes since the last few had been pretty much mundane. He would have to get used to it though if he was going to work with the Prince. He finished getting things how he liked and then left, heading for the hall where apparently there was a feast and he was expected to attend as a member of the Household.

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Loki watched in awe as Harry showed him things with magic he hadn’t known were possible. His brother could spend his days in the practice yards beating others up, this was where he wanted to be. Learning to mould the world to his will. Harry was a patient teacher and actually praised him when he got things right unlike most of his tutors. Speaking of, he glanced at the time and sighed, he needed to get to the barracks for his own training. “Don’t enjoy learning to wield a sword?”

Loki looked away but then nodded slightly. “The others are so much bigger.”

“But bigger does not mean better. Brains beats brawn nine times out of ten. Use your smaller size to your advantage, you can’t kill someone you can’t hit.” He explained and Loki stared at him in surprise, making Harry smile. “I am hardly large myself Loki, I have had a long time to learn how to deal with those bigger than I am.” He smiled and then reached out to ruffle raven locks, startling the Prince. “Go to your lessons and afterwards return here. It has been a while since I have sparred with anyone and we’ll see what I can teach you about taking down larger foes.”

Would his tutor ever cease to surprise him? He nodded and then left the room.
Harry stepped up beside Heimdall and looked out into space. “You really see everything?”

Heimdall chuckled. “Your reaction to the birth of your son, Michael, was most amusing.”

Harry groaned at that. “I’d never seen a baby born before, lots of people faint.” He grumbled. “Have I changed anything?” he whispered and Heimdall nodded.

“I have not seen our young Prince so happy in many decades. Your lessons now compete with the time he spends with the Queen as what he looks forward to most.”

“Why is having magic looked down on?”

“It is not so much that as the gender of the mage. Magic is seen as the realm of women while fighting is for men though there are exceptions to both such as the Prince and young Lady Sif.”

“But Loki being a Prince makes it worse, even if he is the younger. He does not have the body build to compete with others even of his own age, it isn’t right to make him.”

“But he is improving.” Heimdall glanced at him and Harry shrugged.

“No one said magic is the only thing I can teach him. He craves positive attention so much but doesn’t want to admit it.”

“You have raised many children Lord Potter; you will help him.”

“Is it wrong to wish he was mine to raise?” Harry whispered.

“No.”
Harry ran flat out, magic and Naquadah rushing through his blood and aiding his speed as he finally all but skidded into the Throne Room. There was Loki, held down in front of the throne with Odin sitting on it above him, face like carved stone. Frigga stood beside her husband in Court finery but Harry could see the barely restrained anger in her eyes. Thor stood on the steps leading to the Throne looking lost and younger than he was. Harry forced his way through the courtiers, needing to reach his student before any harm could befall him. He saw the thread, an arm raised and his magic lashed out, wrapping around the two dwarves angrily. Those remaining near him fell back as his magic broke the careful bonds he kept on it and all could feel it. He saw Loki force his head to turn and saw the pleading hope in green eyes. He knelt beside the boy and gently gathered him up, healing the wounds as best he could and using his magic to gently nudge Loki’s into speeding the healing further. Loki clung to him, burrowing into his chest and green eyes as cold as ice stared around. “What is going on here?” he all but hissed.

“How dare you interrupt tutor.” Odin snapped back and it was all Harry could do to keep his magic from lashing out at the King. He soothed Loki and then stood, the boy curled at his feet.

“How dare I? How dare you sit there and call yourself a King or Father! He is a child! And yet you sit there on your Golden Throne and watch while your own son is tortured! You are no King, you are a Tyrant and a Monster!” He heard the gasps around him and didn’t care. He took a deep breath and recalled the words, he knew what he had to do now. “If this is how you treat your son then you shall no longer have a son.” He stared at the King and then the ancient words spilled from his lips, invoking ancient magic’s that had all within the hall moving as far from him as possible. He felt Death’s presence and the entities pleasure at what he was doing and as Odin went deathly white he knew the Allfather could feel it too. He fell silent, the ritual complete and then he bent and gathered Loki in his arms before leaving the hall and carrying him to his rooms. He would need to figure out something or even move from the Palace but that would come later, for now he had a terrified child to care for.

Odin watched in shock before going to call for the guards. “That would be unwise my King, you have angered Death’s Marked enough for one day.” Heimdall called as he stepped into the hall. “Death brought him here to change things, perhaps even to save someone. It appears to me he is doing as he is meant to.” With that Odin was left alone to realise just who had been tutoring Loki and how badly he had angered him.

Frigga knocked on the door and it opened for her to reveal Harry and Loki on the couch, her son clinging to his tutor while he slept. “Is he well?” She asked softly and Harry nodded.

“His wounds are healed, his mind and emotions will take time. Thank you for summoning me.”

She reached out to gently touch her sons’ hair. “I could do nothing else, he may be my Husband but he is also King. His word is law even to me.”
“He is still your son My Queen, it is only Odin who has no claim to him.”

“Am I?” She whispered in shame and Harry nodded.

“In heart if not by blood.” She looked at him in shock. “Heimdall told me to explain Odin’s attitude. Who were his blood parents?”

“I do not know. I only know Odin brought him to me after returning from Jötunheim at the end of the war.”

“So either a soldier had his wife with him on campaign or…”

“I have seen him, when he was a small babe, his skin turned blue.” She admitted softly.

“How could he not know?”

“Odin forbid those few who know to tell him, but telling you is not forbidden.”

“Sneaky.” He smiled at her before gently wiping more blood from Loki’s cheek.

“I will tell him and do my best to soften the blow.”

“Thank you Harry Jamesson for protecting my son when I could not.”

Loki stared out the window of his new room, not really seeing the view. So much had happened and all because he had cut off Sif’s hair. He still couldn’t believe his fa…Odin had just allowed it to happen, had not asked his side of things. Did he truly not care at all for him? Harry, his tutor and now his Father, had explained what little he knew. It explained so much, not only was he adopted but he was one of the enemy in disguise. And yet Mother…she knew and loved him anyway. So did Harry. Thor didn’t know and Loki didn’t know if he could ever forgive him anyway for just standing there. They had been brothers, he had always watched Thor’s back and yet when he
needed him most. Thor did nothing. He shivered and then a warm cloak settled over his shoulders and he was drawn into a safe embrace, he burrowed into Harry’s arms even though he knew he was too old to be acting like this. A hand gently stroked through his hair and he dozed off to the sound of a steady heartbeat in his ear.

“Loki, breakfast!” Harry called and then smiled as the teenager practically leapt down the stairs and over to the table. Teenagers were always hungry, no matter what world he was in. It had been three months since he’d adopted Loki and moved out of the Palace and the boy was flourishing, although he still had bad days. Without the pressure of Royalty, he was free to simply be Loki and it was doing him good. Odin disowning him from the Royal Line had obviously hurt but Loki was adapting to no longer being a Prince. And it didn’t stop Frigga visiting frequently. “Slow down, it isn’t a race.” He teased and Loki blushed slightly but slowed his eating.

“F…Harry I would like to try something today.” He made sure not to look at Harry as he washed the dishes, hoping he didn’t hear the slip.

Harry had and it felt good to know how Loki was coming to see him. “What is it?”

“I… I want to see, I need to know the truth, please.”

Harry frowned before realising what he meant. “Alright. We’ll use the workroom so no one else sees.” Harry gently ruffled his hair. “I’m proud of you Loki.” He whispered and Loki ducked his head shyly.

An hour later Loki was sitting on the floor with his legs crossed and eyes closed as he breathed deeply, some conjured ice in his hands as he searched within himself. Finally, Harry saw a tinge of blue beginning to spread up from his fingers. It picked up speed until all of his exposed skin was deep blue and covered in lines. “Open your eyes Loki.” He whispered and slowly Loki obeyed, revealing ruby red orbs and Harry smiled softly.

“No matter the form you are beautiful Loki.” He assured him and then moved the mirror so Loki could see for himself.

Loki dodged the blow and moved, bringing his own blade up to attack in return and Harry grinned. They moved across the packed earth with bare feet as they sparred. Both were continually
improving in order to keep the fighting even. They had found that Harry was stronger but Loki had a slight edge in speed, not to mention height. It meant their fights were always interesting, especially since magic was not allowed. Despite no longer being a Prince, if war broke out then all young men would be expected to fight and Loki was no exception. Harry was determined if it ever happened then Loki would survive.

Loki stood in the crowd with his Father, watching as Thor strode down the path, waving and cheering with the crowd. Loki craned his head and smiled when he saw his Mother and she smiled back at him from where she stood with the Lady Sif and Warriors Three. It didn’t hurt anymore that his place was no longer up there beside her. He was far happier as Loki Harrison than he had ever been as a son of Odin. They watched as Thor swore the King’s oath and was crowned as Asgard’s new King before dropping to a knee in a show of fealty. He and Thor had never regained their childhood closeness but they did still see each other and talk. He had even accompanied him on some of his adventures as magical backup once he had come of age. Thor was brash and quick to anger but some of that had been tempered since Loki had been taken from the family, Thor’s eyes finally opened if only slightly to how others suffered.

“Loki.”

He turned and bowed. “Yes my King.”

“Please…brother.” Thor called and Loki straightened up, studying him before smilingly slightly.

“What is it Thor?”

“I was hoping you would agree to take a position at Court…as my Mage.”

Loki stared in shock, he had not expected that at all. “Father…”

“Is powerful and wise but it is you I wish to have at my side. I know things will never be as they were when we were young. But I would wish that we could be closer than we are. Even when you’ve accompanied us on adventures you have always held yourself apart. I miss you Loki.” Thor struggled through the speech, not used to showing such emotion but he was no longer the boy who had watched too shocked to move as his brother was brutally attacked.
“It will be my honour to serve my King.”

Thor almost argued the address but then saw the cheeky smile that was barely suppressed and found himself smiling back. “Thank you Loki.”

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Harry watched from the shadows as Loki and Thor chatted and laughed about something at the Head Table. It was good to see the two so close, Loki needed more friends. He saw the Lady Sif staring at him and smiled. Perhaps Loki would find more than a renewed relationship with his brother at last. It was about time she got over the childhood prank after all. He felt Heimdall move up beside him and sighed. “I love my son so much and I will miss him.” he whispered sadly.

“It is time for you to move on though. You have averted a future full of pain for your son and our King.”

“I didn’t do any of it for anyone but him.”

“He knows.”

Loki glanced around, where was his Father? He should be here by now. It was the tenth anniversary of him being appointed the King’s Mage and he wanted his family there to celebrate. He sighed and then laughed as Thor tried to flirt with a nearby lady.

‘Goodbye my Son. Never forget I love you.’ He heard his Father’s voice in his head and then he rubbed his chest, feeling something was wrong….no gone. He bolted to his feet and ran, finding Heimdall who smiled sadly at him.

“It was past time Loki. He stayed this long for you.”

“Father?” Loki whispered even as he felt his Mother’s arms come up around him.

“He is gone.” Heimdall told him gently even as Thor joined them, concerned for his brother.
“Come brother, you should rest.” Thor coaxed and between them he and Frigga got Loki back to his quarters, the rooms that had been his as a child now changed for an adult. They stayed with him as he grieved until finally three days later they re-emerged and over time life moved on.

Almost one hundred years later Loki held his newborn son in his arms, watching as blue skin became pale like his own and green eyes stared up at him curiously. “What are we going to name him Loki?” He looked to his wife and smiled.

“Harry, his name shall be Harry, Sif.”

*The End of this one.*
Pepper was in shock. Nothing was going how she had expected lately. She had thought she knew and could handle Tony’s craziness. But CEO? Her? Yes, she practically ran the company and his life but this was different, this was official. This was also a lot more work which meant she wouldn’t have time to try and reign Tony in as much. His behaviour was becoming way too self-destructive lately and it scared her. She loved him but right now she didn’t really want to be around him, not till he sorted himself out. That left her a few options but the best one was simple. Find him a new PA that could split their time between Tone and her, that would keep her in the loop on what he was doing while freeing up more of her time. He was young, only twenty-three, but he was level headed, punctual, everything Tony wasn’t but needed in an assistant. She sent the message and not even ten minutes later there was a knock on her door and Harry Potter walked in to take the seat she waved him over too.

“You sent for me Miss Potts?”

“Yes Mr Potter. Would you be interested in a promotion?”

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Harry couldn’t believe what he’d agreed to, PA to both Tony Stark and Pepper Potts. That was a big change to working in Stark Industry’s legal department. She led him into the mansion and then downstairs into a gym where they found Tony Stark boxing with another man.

“Tony I need you to sign the transfer paperwork.” She called out and Harry shifted the files in his arms.

“I’m on Happy time!” He called but glanced over. “Who’s this?”
“I promise this is the only time I will ask you to sign away your company. This is Harry Potter. Your new PA transferred from Legal.” She answered as she sat down and Harry remained standing, letting Tony stare at him as much as he liked.

“He’s a kid.”

“I’m twenty-three sir, not a kid.” He stood up for himself.

“He speaks!” Tony left the ring and walked over to sit beside Pepper. “Well then, new PA, let’s see what you can do.” He waved at the ring and Harry blinked but nodded and removed his jacket and shoes before moving to join Happy. “So... Harry Potter.” He brought up his employee records and skimmed through them. “Okay so I am reluctantly impressed. Speaks eight languages fluently, can read another three. Graduated with honour from Oxford. Nice.” He looked over to find the young man easily dancing around Happy before darting in and putting him on the ground. “Huh, really impressive.”

Harry helped Happy up and then left the ring to put his shoes back on and grab his jacket. Tony looked him over, slightly longer than average dark hair, black slacks were neatly pressed and paired with a dark green polo shirt and casual jacket, an interesting mix of relaxed and business but it suited the kid. He picked up a tablet and held it out to Tony. “I need your thumb print and signature sir.”

“Sure thing. So form Legal to PA, you like it?”

“So far sir. Is there anything you need me to do?”

“Not right now. Just do whatever Pepper wants.” Tony waved him off so Harry went back to Pepper’s side.

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Harry stretched out behind his new desk. He had to admit the new office was very nice. He flicked on his computer and brought up both Tony and Pepper’s schedules, working to streamline them. Not that Tony would be attending half of what was on his, he wouldn’t live long enough. Harry didn’t know what was wrong with him but he’d gotten very good at sensing those who were dying. It was obvious Tony knew he was dying, it explained everything about his behaviour lately, especially promoting Pepper to CEO. SO now he was Personal Assistant to a walking dead man.
So he would do what he could to help his last days be good.

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Harry stared in surprise as his boss’ car was cut in two by a rather odd man wielding whips of energy. He looked over at the table to see Pepper scrambling to her feet and quickly moved to her side. They ran to the car, Happy holding up the travelling case for Tony’s suit. Harry made sure Pepper was belted in safely even as Happy floored it. “He’ll be okay.” He assured her even as the car crashed through the raceway barriers. He took a deep breath and wove protective magic around the car as they drove the wrong way around the race track until they found Tony and Happy slammed the car into his opponent, trapping him against the fence. Harry grabbed the case from Pepper and scrambled out of the car to set it at Tony’s feet. “Thanks kid.” Tony grinned even as he activated the case and the Iron Man suit sealed over him. Harry moved to be between Pepper and any danger even as the madman got free of the car and went back to attacking Tony. Harry ended up yanking Pepper from the car even as Happy dove out to avoid Tony’s flying body as he slammed into the already damaged car. Tony got right back up and caught the whips before managing to yank the power source out, ending the threat. He helped Pepper up even as the police dragged the man away.

Pepper and Happy were soon on their way to the airport but Harry stayed beside Tony, going to the prison where the man was being held. He remained quiet as Tony talked to the people there, not giving away he understood them. He looked to Tony who shook his head so he waited outside while his boss entered the cell, a handy eavesdropping spell attached to him. well at least he learnt what was killing the man, but he knew of no current technology that could fix it. Julian could have easily removed the shrapnel and healed the hole where the reactor sat in his chest, the Healers on Asgard could have done it as well but 21st Century Earth? Tony Stark was going to be killed by the same technology that had been made to save him.

They made their way to the plane and he retreated to leave his bosses alone to talk things out and hopefully Tony would tell her the truth. But he doubted it.

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Fury was annoyed. They’d had the perfect opportunity to insert Natasha into Stark’s life and then Pott’s had ruined it by grabbing someone already known to her from Legal instead of Natasha. He needed someone he knew and trusted close to Stark to monitor his condition. They knew he was dying but how long did he have? Their scientists could guess but they had no way of knowing how quickly he burnt through the cores or how high the toxicity level in his blood was. Stark would never go to a doctor for this, not when he knew the cause and had his AI to monitor him. It made it very hard to judge when the time was right to approach the annoying man. Why couldn’t he be more like Howard? He had respected and even liked the older man who had helped create SHIELD and spent so long looking for Captain America.

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Harry walked towards Tony, taking in the shade of his skin and the way he moved as he drank a green drink. He was not doing well; the party was a bad idea but the guests had already arrived. He held out the box he was carrying to his boss. “Your watches.”

“Thanks Potter.” Tony browsed them before choosing one and pitting it on, he straightened his jacket but then hesitated, watching as Harry locked the box and set it aside. “What would you do if it was your last birthday, hypothetically?”

Harry looked over at him, feeling sad for him. “I would spend time with the people I love doing something I enjoy. I’d also eat all the cake I wanted since I wouldn’t have to worry about the calories.” He gave a small smile at the last bit and Tony chuckled. “Do you want me to find an excuse to cancel Mr Stark?”

“Why would I want that?”

“Because you’re dying and can’t find a way to tell anyone.” Harry whispered and Tony froze.

“I... I’m not... you... how?”

“It’s obvious if you know the signs. I’ve seen people die before Mr Stark. Forget the party and be with the people who mean something to you.” Harry reached out to straighten Tony’s collar for him and Tony swallowed, not sure what to do. This party was what everyone expected him to do but was it really what he wanted anymore? He had asked Pepper to go away with him while they were on the plane after all. Finally, he nodded. “Okay, I’ll give everyone your excuses and get Miss Potts, the Colonel and Happy down here.”

“Thank you.”

“No need to thank me Mr Stark, that’s what a good Personal Assistant does. Now finish your shake and relax.” He left the lab and headed upstairs to get rid of the crowd, at least they’d all had some drinks and finger food already. He grabbed the microphone and nodded to the DJ who cut the music. “Good evening everyone, I hope you have enjoyed yourselves so far. I know you’re all waiting for the guest of honour, Birthday Boy Tony Stark. I am very sorry to be up here giving you his apologies but Mr Stark has been unavoidable called away on urgent business to New York.” The crowd made restless, unhappy noises. “I know. It’s not what anyone wanted but Stark Industries is a great company and they do occasionally need his help. After all he is a genius.” He spotted Pepper and discreetly motioned towards the lab and the confusion cleared a little from her face. She led the Lieutenant Colonel done stairs without anyone noticing them leave thankfully. “Feel free to take a bottle or two home with you as well as some food. We’ll even cut up the cake...”
for any of you who want some. I’m sure Mr Stark will find a reason to through a party again.” He smiled and then relaxed as Happy and the hired help went to work clearing everyone out.

“He’s not in New York.” Happy stated once they were alone.

“He’s down stairs with Miss Potts and the Colonel. They’re waiting on you.” Harry collapsed into a chair and Happy went downstairs only for the four of them to all come upstairs a few minutes later.

“This was your idea Potter; you don’t get to sit it out.” Tony told him and Harry smiled.

“Sure thing boss.” So he sat through the explanation on how Tony was dying and then went to get tissues for Pepper as she cried. He kept watch over the four until they all fell asleep in the early hours, covering them with blankets. “Jarvis?”

“Yes Mr Potter?”

“Let them sleep.”

“Of course sir. If I may, perhaps you should sleep too?”

“Excellent idea. Thanks.” Harry went to crash in the room he used when Tony needed him late.

Natasha slipped into the quiet house and looked around. Fury hadn’t believed that Stark had left the state which meant something was up and she had been sent in to make sure he was still breathing. She had used a device Fury gave her to temporarily disable the AI and get in unseen. She found four people asleep on the couches and moved silently to Stark’s side, watching him sleep. There was a slight displacement of air and then she froze as she felt the barrel of a gun rest against her head. “Back away, slowly.” A soft, accented voice ordered and she swore. The assistant. She had seen four people and assumed but obviously he had been elsewhere. She hesitated, she could take him but that would be noisy and wake the others, so she slowly backed away, letting him heard her into another room. “Jarvis?” He called experimentally but there was no answer. “So who the hell are you and how did you disable Jarvis? And don’t tell me you’re with Legal, I saw you there but there is no way you are with the skills you showed getting in here.” Well there went her cover. He moved to be further away, the gun still aimed and she got her first look at Harry Potter in the flesh. He didn’t look at all dangerous, more like a college kid dressed for an interview. Then again
Coulson looked no more dangerous than an accountant most days. She stayed silent, glaring at him and he sighed and then she felt something very strange even as she realised she couldn’t look away from him.

Harry felt sick. Not because of her but because of what had been done to her. She’d been a child assassin just like he’d been groomed into a child soldier and martyr. But out of the two of them she had things worse. He silently stunned her and then altered her memories of the last ten minutes. This world was more messed up than he had thought when he had watched the news of what was happening in the Middle East, well until Iron Man stepped in and stopped it. He’d been here nearly ten years and had actually legitimately gotten his law degree at Oxford, just for fun. Then he’d been head hunted by Stark Industries and had decided he missed America so why not? Then Tony Stark had gone missing in Afghanistan and paperwork had begun trickling in on changing ownership of the company, paperwork he’d been careful to misplace every time. He had known Tony was alive but also that he wasn’t meant to interfere just yet. So he’d kept his head down and worked hard to ensure he had a company to come back to. Unfortunately, Stane had gone to the board when Tony announced no more weapons so there had been nothing he could do to stop that paperwork. Tony had handled that mess himself thankfully and then he’d promoted Pepper and for some reason she’d thought he’d be a good replacement. Had she realised what he’d done while Tony was missing? He hadn’t asked and she hadn’t said anything. But now things were changing further with this Vanko character and now SHIELD.

Agent Romanoff knew a fair bit about the organisation she had joined but not enough to satisfy his curiosity. He wasn’t scared of them should they learn of his powers, after all eventually he would die and move on, and if it came to it Death itself would step in to make him move on. That had happened only once in a world too far gone for him to make any difference. He had been captured and tortured for over a week before Death had simply ended his life there and even apologised for sending him to that world rather than killing all within it. He didn’t like what appeared to be a need to control information and people the organisation had, there was no way Tony would let them control him or his company so would they act against him? He looked at the syringe she had been carrying and couldn’t see anything dangerous about it so he simply injected Tony himself, watching as the markings on his neck faded. He had maybe two minutes before Jarvis came back online to decide what to do. In the end he gave Romanoff the memory of injecting a sleeping Tony and then retreated to see what she would do.

Natasha pulled her hand back and nodded when she saw he looked better already. She didn’t know why she had done that without waking him but he just looked so worn out she actually felt bad about trying to wake him. And she wasn’t sure what to say if he woke with others present. She had bought them some time to approach him though so she left for now.

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own rank he didn’t trust the US military with the suits. Tony hit a button and a new suit rose from the floor. Instead of red and gold this one was silver and dark blue, bulkier too with more obvious weapons.

“Rhodey, meet War Machine. Go ahead and try it on.”

“What? Me? Tony what are you doing?”

“I started this months ago, you’re the only other person I trust with a suit so I made you one. The world needs Iron Man but I can’t be him anymore and soon, well. It was built for you and only you. It’s locked to your biometric data, anyone else tries and they’ll get the shock of their life. We’ve got some time for me to teach you how to use it fully. I won’t give the military my suits, Jarvis will blow them all after, but I trust you to use this properly.” Tony babbled and James swallowed heavily, feeling guilty for how he had thought about Tony lately. He listened to the instructions on how to get into it and then tried it on, it felt really good.

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Fury was wary as he led the way into Stark’s home. Natasha had returned much later than expected and yet according to her she had only been within the house for minutes. She’d been checked over but nothing out of the ordinary had been found. That made him very careful in approaching the cliff side mansion, who knew what sort of security had been added lately since they hadn’t been able to get the records. He disabled the AI again and then went to sit on the couch, Coulson standing closer to the windows to look out at the water.

“If you are looking for Mr Stark he is in the lab, I suggest you have Jarvis back online before he comes out though. He will be very displeased to find you have harmed his friend.”

So this was the assistant, Harry Potter. He didn’t look like much, not dangerous or extraordinary and yet Fury’s instincts said not to turn his back on the boy. He didn’t seem overly alarmed by their presence which was interesting, sure that Stark would protect him or that he could protect himself? But he decided to be nice and turned off the jammer, knowing the AI would alert Stark. Sure enough he came up the stairs seconds later in partial armour, moving between them and Potter protectively.

“Fury.” Tony greeted flatly. This was the second time the man had broken into his house; at least last time he had been home alone. “Harry there’s some paperwork downstairs that needs going over please.” He bit back a smirk as he heard Harry sigh, obviously knowing what he was doing but he retreated downstairs though Tony knew he would be asking Jarvis to show him what was happening. “And you brought Agent Coulson with you this time. What do you want?”
By the time Fury left and Coulson wandered off with the other agents Tony was fuming. How dare they! He stormed downstairs to find Harry making use of his punching bag very effectively. “So I guess you heard.”

“Everything. Say the word and this Director will have an accident.” He spat and Tony stared at him with wide eyes before smiling slightly.

“I think we’ll leave that as a future option.” It was nice to know how far Harry would go for him. Pepper had never threatened anyone with death for him, then again she didn’t have defensive training like Harry did. Hmm, that was an oversite especially now she was CEO. He looked at the crate of Howard’s things before opening it. This was not going to be fun. He worked quietly, relieved Harry had stayed as shakes and food appeared when he needed them. So did subtle hints to shower and sleep. And having someone not under house arrest did come in handy when Harry left for the office to collect the model and then when the time came there was an extra set of hands available to set things up.

“Wow.”

Tony chuckled and placed the new core in the reactor. “Yeah. Congratulations Harry, you helped make a new element. Jarvis?”

“Running tests sir.” Of course that was when the phone rang and things went wrong. He placed the new reactor in despite being untested and watched Harry react with nervousness on his behalf. But it worked and he took off for the expo even as Harry called Rhodey and Pepper.

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Princesses and Masks

Chapter Summary

Sailor Moon xover (the old one that was in English many years ago)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Disclaimer: Don’t own Harry Potter or Sailor Moon

A few people have asked for a Sailor Moon chap so here it is, just keep in mind I haven’t seen the show since the 1990’s and even then only a few episodes while watching my cousins so apologies for any mistakes. Then again just Harry being there makes this AU. Should be a bit lighter hearted than some of the other chapters

Princesses and Masks

Harry was enjoying his time in Tokyo much more than he had thought he would when he had randomly chosen the country to live in. He was getting a little tired of England, the US and Egypt. So he had tossed a pin at a map a few months after establishing an identity in this world and it had landed on Tokyo. So here he was, Harry Potter, 24, independently wealthy, an ex-British soldier and new owner of a self-defence school. It was something he hadn’t done before and after nearly six hundred years of living he needed something new. The centuries spent raising Loki had really added onto his age but he didn’t regret them for a moment. He had loved the boy as his own son, just as he loved all the children he raised, his blood or not. But in this world he was alone.

He had been in Tokyo for almost a year now and this world for two. He’d found no sign of the Wizarding World or the Supernatural, no gods or aliens, nothing. It seemed a totally normal, utterly mundane dimension. That was until he saw a young girl in a rather short skirt throw a tiara at some sort of mutant monster and it disintegrated. He blinked in shock and shook his head, yep, the girl was still there and no dodging like mad as another monster attacked her. He winced as the kid tripped and fell, crying out in fear and he reacted without thought, a blast of magic leaving his hand to destroy the monster. In the darkness of night, the girl looked around wildly but he was well concealed. He easily became invisible and followed her, blinking as she leapt into what he assumed was a bedroom window. So maybe this world was more interesting than he had first assumed.

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Harry lounged in the booth at the arcade, sipping at his chocolate milkshake while subtly watching a group of teenage girls two booths away. They seemed like your typical teens except the blond
was definitely the girl from the other night and knowing that let him see the power coming from all four girls. He eventually finished his drink and went up to the young man at the counter to give him a flyer and chat about his school. Andrew seemed a pretty good guy and was happy to talk to his boss about advertising the school, especially with the trouble lately. He then helpfully pointed out the table of magical girls.

Serena looked up as a guy walked over to them. Wow. He was sooo dreamy! And he was coming to their table! He might even be cuter than Darrien. She glanced at her friends and noticed they were watching him too, though Amy was the only one not practically drooling over him.

“Hello. My name is Harry Potter, Andrew pointed you out to me and said you might be interested in my school.” He passed a flyer to Serena who looked down at it and winced, self-defence. He watched as the four girls looked over the flyer advertising various group and private lessons, chatting together at a speed only teenage girls can understand. He also saw the girl wince and figured she really needed the lessons.

“How much are lessons?” She asked.

“Oh come on Serena, a klutz like you? You’ll just hurt yourself.” The dark haired girl commented and Harry frowned as Serena looked down in sadness.

“Balance issues huh? We can work to fix that and teach you easy ways to defend yourself. This isn’t martial arts, I’m an ex-soldier. I teach things that can be easily used in real life.” He told her, smiling gently. “As for cost…” He shrugged. “I’m not running this to make money, so if you can’t afford it and want to learn we can work out something like helping clean the place up or doing the paperwork in payment.”

Serena hesitated. She was Sailor Moon and the others were right, she was a klutz. Could she keep relying on Tuxedo Mask to save her?

“Well you’ve got the details.” He smiled at them and left.

Serena ignored the other girls as they talked back and forth about the flyer and how cute Harry Potter was. “I’ve got to go.” She picked her bag up and left the arcade to head home only to spot a familiar figure nearby. “Mr Potter!” She called and he turned.

“Serena isn’t it? How can I help you?” he gently manoeuvred them both out of the flow of foot
traffic and gave her his attention.

“I…I would like lessons sir.”

Harry smiled at her. “That is good to hear.”

“I don’t get much pocket money but you can have it.”

“How about you keep your money and help me around the school instead?”

“Really?”

“Of course. I believe everyone has the right to learn to defend themselves Miss Serena.”

“Oh. It’s Serena Tsukino.”

“Very well Miss Tsukino. Now I assume you are still in school?” She nodded. “Very well, what about weekends?”

“I’m free.”

“Then drop by between 10 and 12, so far I have no classes then.”

“Thank you!” She shook his hand and took off and Harry shook his head, teenagers. Oh he sounded old.

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Harry gently corrected Serena’s stance again and then moved back to watch as she walked cautiously across the room. She finally reached the other side and grinned and Harry clapped. “Good work.”
“I did it!”

“Now we just have to keep going till you can run across.” That got a pout but she went back to work. There wasn’t much he could teach her until her balance was sorted out after all. He was considering whether or not to teach her weapons. That tiara toss was useful but it wouldn’t always work.

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Harry watched as a rose hit the monster attacking Serena and the other girls, slowing it enough that her tiara hit it, dissolving it. She was definitely improving. Her friends Lita and Raye had joined one of his classes but Serena had begged him not to tell them she was taking lessons, not that he made a habit of talking about his students with other students but he could see why. He’d had to fight with people who didn’t appreciate him before too. Though he would love to get the story on these Sailor Scouts. They all seemed to be tied to a planet or in Serena’s case the moon but he had checked, the planets were lifeless. He chuckled as he saw the way Serena looked at her masked rescuer before the groups split up and returned to their homes.

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Harry felt alarmed as Serena wandered into the school. She looked worse than he had after Cedric or Sirius died. “Serena? What’s happened?” He guided her into the office and quickly got her a cup of calming tea. She looked up at him and then burst into tears, clinging to him and he held her, rocking her gently.

“’’D…Darri…Darrien’s dead.” She sobbed and he tightened his grip on her. Unlike most others Harry didn’t disapprove of the closeness between the two, after all he tended to be centuries older than his partner these days. Plus, it was obvious young Darrien had a good head on his shoulders and while willing to go out with her wouldn’t do anything else until she was older.

“I am so sorry little one.”

“They killed him.”

Harry didn’t bother asking who they were, he had a pretty good idea. He felt so sorry for her, she didn’t deserve to lose him like that. Maybe…. could he really do it? Give more years separated from his love to reunite them? He’d come close before to doing it. Yes, for them he would. A little magic and she drifted off to sleep so he headed upstairs to his apartment. He knelt on the floor and focused on summoning the being he now worked for. He felt the temperature drop as Death itself appeared to him. “Please give him back to her.”
“The boy is not within my domain.”

And with that he was alone again in his apartment, eyes wide. If she had seen him die, then how could he not be with Death? He got up and then sent his magic out, searching for the young man only to come up empty so he backtracked where Serena had been until he came to a massive building. He went in and finally found where the fight had happened, the amount of magic in the air was staggering but he managed to latch on and follow it. No wonder he couldn’t sense Darien; he wasn’t on Earth exactly. He appeared, invisible, within a room to see Darrien lying on a stone slab, dressed in black and barely breathing even as a woman stood over him, doing something to him. He moved closer and lashed out, sending her reeling back so he grabbed Darien and returned to his school, securely behind very heavy wards. He lay Darien on his spared bed and vanished the strange clothes. He hesitated but then went downstairs again. “Serena.” He called, waking her.

“I’m sorry Harry… I should go.”

“Come upstairs.” He tugged her arm and she hesitated but followed, trusting he wouldn’t hurt her. He opened the door and she froze before taking a hesitant step and then throwing herself onto the bed.

“Darien!” She called, hand moving to gently stroke his face before she looked back at Harry with wide, scared eyes.

He just smiled sadly. “He’s alive. I don’t know what may have been done to him though.”

“How…who are you?” She stood up, keeping between him and Darrien.

“Harry Potter.” He answered, hands in his pockets. “I’m not your enemy Sailor Moon.” She gasped at that. “I’ve been keeping an eye on all of you, helping out when it looks like you’ll be overwhelmed. I followed you to the Arcade that day because you needed help. It’s what I do, help people.” He explained gently. “He’s not dying but he does need healing.” He pointed out and she hesitated. “You’re safe here Serena. Anyone trying to hurt you here has to get past the protective magic on the building and then me.”

Serena stared at the man she thought of as almost an older brother feeling lost and confused. He knew. He had saved Darrien somehow. But what if he was one of them? But then why hadn’t he hurt her before? A soft sound of distress came from the bed and she didn’t even think before transforming and calling on the crystal to heal him. She gasped as she felt the evil energy inside
him but she fought to remove it and then warm hands braced her and she gasped as the crystal’s
glow brightened and her uniform changed to her Princess gown. She glanced back to see Harry’s
face illuminated by the crystal’s glow, his green eyes seeming to glow themselves as he supported
her. He was giving her magic! Between them they purged the evil from Darien and his wounds
healed. She lowered the crystal and stared down at Darien before feeling her legs give way.

Harry caught her and gently lay her down beside Darien. He swayed slightly and sighed. He had
given too much to bring her Prince back to her but it was worth it. He shakily summoned the phone
and called the Shrine before slumping against the wall.

Raye, Lita, Mina and Amy burst into the apartment only to see their teacher slumped against the
wall and then Amy gasped and pointed to the bed where Serena and Darien lay side by side, both
breathing.

“About time you got here.” Harry whispered and Ami knelt beside him, reaching to check his
pulse. “Sorry…. won’t be teaching you anymore.”

“Harry what happened?” Lita asked even as Raye and Mine moved to check on the two on the bed.
They could see the crystal still clutched in Serena’s hand but there were no signs of a fight.

“She needs him. Brought him back to her.”

“Call an ambulance!” Amy cried, feeling his pulse weaken.

“No, nothing they can do. Everything has a price.”

One the bed Serena stirred and sat up, looking around in confusion before spotting Harry and
scrambling over to him. “Harry?”

He smiled tiredly at her. “Never give up little one.” He whispered.

“No. No please.” She begged, clutching the crystal but there was no way she could use it again so
soon.
Harry just smiled at her and closed his eyes. The girls just stared at each other in confusion as their Princess cried for her teacher and friend only for Raye to pull her away as flames surrounded his body until there was nothing left.

“Serena?” A weak voice called from the bed and she threw herself on him.

“He’s dead. He saved you and now he’s dead.” She sobbed and Darien’s arms came up to hold her.

 Neo-Queen Serenity smiled as she heard small footsteps coming her way. She knelt down and caught her youngest child, scooping the giggling child into her arms. “And what are you doing Harry?” She asked her four-year-old son who just clung on happily.

“Driving us all crazy.” Amy answered as she joined them. She smiled at the sight of her Queen and her son. He looked exactly like his father but he had his mother’s blue eyes. And he was a cheeky little prankster who drove all of them crazy. But he was too cute to stay annoyed at for long. Serenity had insisted on naming him for the man who had given his life her husband, even if the King had managed to die a few times after that. But with him fighting at her side Beryl had been defeated easily and they had enjoyed almost a year of peace before the next threat.

_The End_

Chapter End Notes

I have 2 new stories up. One is the HP SG-1 story I said I would write based on the 2 chaps in here and another is a straight SG-1 fic, hope you guys like them
Harry slumped in his chair, staring out the window of his small Portland apartment. He’d been here for six months, living solely in the mundane world. He’d only ventured into the magical world for some potions ingredients to restock the trunk full he kept in his storage tattoo. A few of the rarer healing potions would have been useful back with Serena and Darrien but he’d been out. Even after so long he still wasn’t a Potions Master but he was a hundred times better than he had been in school. Now he was regretting slipping into Portland’s magical sector. Sitting on the table in front of him was the Magical Times with a blaring headline that made him feel sick.

Dark Lord Terrorises Countryside!

What will Lord Potter do next?

That didn’t mean much but they said a picture was worth a thousand words and the picture made things very clear. Seeing his own face splashed across the paper, though a few years younger, was a massive shock. Though it did explain some of the strange looks he’d gotten when he was out. What could have happened to make the him here a Dark Lord worse than Riddle had ever been? Yes, he sometimes danced with the Dark to do what had to be done, he wasn’t the naïve little Gryffindor anymore after all, but genocide, mass mind control? No, he would never go that far. Though at least he knew why he was here now. It obviously had to do with his alternate. Of course that didn’t tell him exactly why he was here. Was he meant to stop him, save one of his victims, train up an army to fight him? There were so many options! And why no want to go to England? He’d worked out a while ago that once in a world he would move to the country he was needed in or get a job that would lead to it fairly soon after arriving but there was nothing this time. So did that mean he needed to get America involved in the fight? After all, if left alone this Harry would conquer Europe and then move on. But first thing first, if he was going to get involved he might as well see what titles he could nick off his younger self, after all he was now the eldest heir.
Harry leant back in his chair even as the men stared at him in disbelief. It was always fun when he got to shock important people. Shocking the Magical President and his top aides was very amusing. Oh he hadn’t told them half of the truth but admitting to being Harry Potter’s older brother, hidden away to ensure the family line continued when they went into hiding, had been the most fun he’d had in a while. That made Samuel Potter the senior heir, so there went Harry Potter’s titles, although did that include the title of Dark Lord? After all Harry was no longer a Lord.

“Why come to me?”

“It’s pretty obvious what he wants, I want to stop him.”

“And what do you think he wants Lord Potter?”

“The world. As soon as he has Europe he’ll come for the rest. Maybe you’d be next, maybe you’d be last but eventually he would come for America with an army you could never match.”

“And how do you think you could help?”

“Well I’ve already stripped him of all of his titles and the family fortune which is a lot larger than it should be. Guess no one told him to spread out his ill-gotten gains. He can get more from his people but he’s lost a nice chunk. I’ve also given him a target, me. Can anyone say trap?” Harry grinned and the President blinked before looking at the others who nodded.

Harry Potter glared at his prisoner. He’d known it was a trap from the start and had overcome it. Now this fake was his prisoner. He’d had the others killed already and then dismissed his people so it was just the two of them. “Who are you?”

“Lord Samuel Remus Potter. Nice to see you again baby brother.” The older man smirked and Harry snarled at him.

“I am the only Potter!”
“Not according to the Goblins or magic.” Samuel stood up and Harry blinked in shock, how had he broken those binds. “You still have a lot to learn kiddo. Pity you chose the path you did. Oh I get it, horrible childhood, Dumbledore’s weapon, woe is me, well you.”

“You know nothing ‘brother’."

“Oh I know more than you could imagine. I guess it was inevitable. I mean there had to be a world out there somewhere where we were an idiot. I’m no white knight, I’ve touched the Dark but you…frankly you make me sick.” Samuel seemed to be on a roll and Harry was feeling less and less in control of the situation by the minute. Was his brother mad? Maybe that was why he was sent away. “I guess I’ll have to clean up your mess.”

“Oh? And how do you plan to do that when you’ll never leave this room alive?”

“You’re right. Samuel Potter won’t. But here’s the thing, he never existed in the first place. It was just easier than having to explain who I am.”

“And who are you?” There was no harm in letting this play out, what could he do to him after all?

“Lord Harry James Potter.”

Harry laughed. “You are mad.”

“Possibly, but at my age that’s allowed. Never piss off Death kid, tends to really make life interesting. Not like I meant to do it anyway, how was I meant to know what my destiny was? But your destiny has been set since I was brought to this world.” He sighed and then shrugged. “Let’s get this over with.”

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Two younger members dragged the body from the room, whispers said it was their Lord’s older brother, well it had been. Now it was Thstral food. They then re-joined their fellows to hear their orders and any news He deemed they should know. None felt the magic flowing through their Marks, seeking out those who were true and those who had joined to keep their loved ones safe. Soon there would be a lot fewer marked. A nifty bit of magic picked up from a nice Yank he’d had some adventures with. Indiana Jones had almost had worse luck with peaceful events then he did. Death’s Marked smirked as they filed out of the room. He’d taken care of the Dark Lord and his true followers. The various governments could deal with the rest. After all Samuel Potter was dead.
and Harry Potter would soon join him, leaving their distant cousin Dean to inherit and retire to a beach in the Caribbean.

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Harry sipped his cocktail and watched the sunset over the Caribbean waters. Life here was good. He had no regrets over what he had done. He’d ended the war without spilling one drop of civilian blood. And maybe he’d overdone things in his anger at his alternate but he could live with what he’d done. Dumbledore had been wrong, not everyone could be redeemed and Harry had gone too far to ever come back. He snorted, it had been for the Greater Good. How he hated those words but in this case it was true.

TBC....

A short one. I think Harry’s a little burnt out from all this so we’re giving him a good few decades to chill on the beach.

Chapter End Notes

If you’re wondering about my stories and updates its reaching the end of semester where everything goes crazy. That’s why this one gets updated so much, it’s easy to de-stress and get a one shot chap out unlike other fics where I have to think.
Pain. There was nothing else but pain as he thrashed weakly, soft whimpers coming from him. He couldn’t move, couldn’t speak, couldn’t remember. Slowly another sensation emerged to join the pain, a freezing wet cold. And as the cold seeped in the pain began to fade as his senses dulled. Crimson stained the snow around him even as dull blue eyes stared vacantly at the sky.

Sloshing through the snow of Siberia was not his idea of fun but Harry could not leave all that noise un-investigated. He knew there was a train track nearby, set high in the mountains, and was worried it had derailed or something. He was thankful for warming charms and thick boots even as the sky darkened. He walked around an outcropping of rock and froze for a second before breaking into a run, snow was not meant to be crimson. He dropped to his knees in the melting snow and cast Homenum Revelio, revealed when the spell revealed the man before him. He looked white as death and Harry couldn’t detect any breath so he worked quickly. A quick Episkey took care of most of the minor wounds, lessening the amount of blood he was losing from what was left of his left arm while Ferula bandaged others. The man shifted slightly and Harry cast Petrificus Totalus to keep him from moving and ruining his work. Tergeo helped remove some of the blood and other bodily fluids so he could get a better look at what he was trying to treat. Whatever had happened had been very traumatic and Harry gently rolled the unmoving body to the side to feel down his spine for any breaks since it was best to work on those as soon as possible. Amazing there were none. He levitated him and took off for home, a small wooden hut nearby.

Waking was a long hard process but eventually he forced his eyes open, blinking them clear to stare up at a wooden ceiling. He tried to move only to cry out in pain worse than anything he’d ever felt before, even in Zola’s lab. As the pain finally faded to more manageable levels he felt hands on him and heard a voice calling to him. He struggled to focus again, terrified, only to find green eyes locked on him.
“Ты в порядке, просто успокойся”

The sound of Russian had him wary, they might not side with Germany but they weren’t on America’s side either. “Не русский” He gave the one Russian phrase he knew, that he didn’t know Russian, and found the other man chuckling at his answer.

““Well from your accent I guess English will do. Just take it easy and don’t try to move.”

“What….” He coughed and grimaced at the pain it caused. A cup of cool liquid was pressed to his lips and he drank, despite the danger. Why would someone save him and then poison him?

“You’re badly hurt and very lucky I found you before any soldiers did. I’ve patched you up but healing is going to take time.” His saviour told him before his hands came up to check something and Bucky realised he had a lot of bandages on and not much else.

“Where am I?”

“Still in Siberia. I was here on a research project when the war broke out and well, getting back out of the place was going to be more dangerous than staying. Once you’re up for travel though I guess we’ll be risking it to get you home.”

“British?”

“Good guess. Harry Potter at your service.”

“Sergeant Barnes, Bucky.” He gave his own name.

“Nice to meet you Sergeant Barnes. How’s the pain?”

“Tolerable.”
“In other words you’re in agony, typical soldier.” Harry grinned but then grabbed another cup. “All I’ve got is herbal medicines, they taste foul but do the job.” He placed it to Bucky’s lips and he drank, gagging at the taste. “Now get some sleep, best aide to healing you can get is rest.” He wanted to say he wasn’t tired but he was struggling to keep his eyes open. “It’s alright, I’ll keep you safe.” Harry whispered and Bucky distantly felt a hand stroking through his hair as sleep claimed him.

The next time Bucky woke he was alone in the room and fighting back tears of pain. He tried to move his arm to alleviate some of it and nearly screamed. He took deep breaths and bit his lip to keep from whimpering. He turned his head and stared blankly, mind not wanting to register what he was seeing. His arm…he shook his head and took a deep breath before lifting the other hand and reaching across his body. Ever so hesitantly he touched the bandaged stump and then promptly threw up. He didn’t hear Harry come in but he was soon being held with his head over a bucket as he heaved. Once he was done Harry laid him back down but Bucky was in shock. Where was his arm?

Harry quickly vanished the mess, not like Barnes would notice in his current state, and then wrapped him up in more blankets before going to get some soothing tea. He gently tipped the liquid down his throat, knowing the poor man was in shock and trying to deny his worst injury. Thanks to magic few of the other wounds had scared and those scars would be easy to hide. But on early Twentieth Century Earth there was nothing that could be done about his arm. Harry had looked for it; he’d found him in time to heal them together but he hadn’t been able to find anything.

Bucky slowly moved around the three room hut, Harry nearby in case he needed help. He’d never realised how much he relied on having two arms for simple things like balancing when walking! But he pushed on, refusing to give up. He had to be ready to leave once the weather was clearer, he had to get back to Steve. He’d seen his face as he fell and was scared for him. Just look at what he had done when Bucky was captured but thinking he was dead? He had to get back before the punk did something really dumb. Steve was the only reason to go back, he was honestly scared of seeing people’s reactions. He’d seen the looks other wounded soldiers got and now he’d get those looks. Even if he was healing fast, something that had happened ever since the lab, it still wouldn’t give him his arm back.

He didn’t know what to think of his host, even after a month sharing the place with him. Who in their right mind moved to Siberia even if there hadn’t been a war when he’d done so? And staying rather than going home to fight? It didn’t sit right, especially when he could tell Harry had training, it was in the way he moved. But Harry had done nothing to harm him or ask for any classified information unless that was to come once he was well? And how was it no one had found them? He had so many questions and no answers.
Bucky froze as heard a sound he really didn’t want to hear. He moved to the window to find a group of soldiers nearing the hut. “Harry!” he felt a hand come to rest on his uninjured shoulder.

“Relax Bucky, I told you you’re safe here.” Harry soothed, green eyes narrowed as he watched the soldiers. “They will not find us.” He promised and Bucky watched in confusion and fear as the soldiers passed by, never even glancing at the hut.

“They didn’t even look.”

“When I protect a place I ensure no one will find it.”

“How?” Bucky turned to look at his host who shrugged.

“Does it really matter? Everyone has their own gifts.”

Bucky hesitated but then let it go, hoping he was doing the right thing in trusting him.

Harry hefted the pack of supplies before leading Bucky out into the desolate mountains. Warming charms helped keep the cold out of their clothes as they moved through the snow, Harry staying close to his side as they hiked towards the border. Harry was aiming for Poland, yes it was occupied but there were Allied troops there that they could meet up with. Of course they first had to make it to Poland which was not going to be easy if they simply walked. There were too many roadblocks to try stealing a vehicle and stowing away in a truck or on a train was just as risky. That left magic and Harry wasn’t sure whether or not to reveal himself to Bucky, he knew the soldier was still wary of him. he could always knock him out and drop him close to Allied soldiers but then Bucky would face a lot of questions he couldn’t answer. But he could shorten the trip…. Bucky didn’t know how far from the border the hut was, Harry Had never told him how far from the train he lived. It wasn’t a lot but it would help.

Bucky looked at the soldiers and then to Harry and grinned. They could hear them talking and their accents were definitely American, so were their uniforms. So the two men stood and walked towards them only to raise their hands and stop when ordered to. “Identify yourselves!”

“Sergeant James Buchanan Barnes, 32557038.”
“Dr Harry Potter, civilian. English.”

Guns were slowly lowered and they were ushered deeper into the group to sit before the fire and warm up.

“Sergeant Barnes? From the howling Commandos?” The Captain in charge asked and Bucky nodded. “You were reported dead.”

“Killed in Action.” Bucky agreed. “Would have been if Dr Potter hadn’t found me and patched me up.”

“We’ll contact command and let them know as soon as possible. We can only spare you one soldier as escort back to safety.”

“That’s fine. We made it this far alone Sir.”

Colonel Philips stared in shock at the dead man sitting on the cot in the medical tent. It wasn’t possible and yet here he was, Sergeant Barnes once again back from the dead although this time he wasn’t whole and healthy. With a missing arm he’d be discharged and shipped home pretty fast. He’d heard Captain Rogers report himself, how could anyone have survived that fall. His eyes travelled to another cot nearby where a young Englishman lay staring at the ceiling. He’d sent for a records check with the British to see if he was who he said, there had been too many spies in this war. But Dr Potters records had arrived that morning and everything matched up. It had been cowardly to try and sit things out in Siberia but it meant he had lived to save Barnes when the rest of his research team had died trying to get through.

“Sergeant.” He called and watched as Barnes tried to leap up only to overbalance but Potter was there, steadying him. “At ease son.”

“Colonel. The others, did they make it?”

“The mission was a success with you as the only casualty. They are out at the moment but are expected back in two days.”
“Will I still be here sir?”

“Well it seems we lost your medical paperwork so you’re stuck here till we find it. Just rest and we’ll find it eventually.”

“Thank you sir.” The relief was very obvious and Philips didn’t blame him, the Commandos were a tight unit, not being able to see them all before being shipped back would have hurt him deeply after so long alone.

“Dr Potter.”

“Colonel.”

“Got your papers finally. We could use your help if you’d like to stay?”

“Help with what?”

“Mr Stark can fill you in. Otherwise you’ll be flown back to London tonight.”

“I’ll hear him out.”

“Good to hear.”


Steve stared blankly at the Colonel before bolting for the medical tent and looking around wildly. “Bucky?” He called and then he saw his best friend rising from a cot. He rushed over and pulled him into a hug. “You’re alive.” He choked.

“Ease up Stevie, need to breath.” Bucky got out even as he returned the hug as best he could. He knew Steve hadn’t seen it yet and didn’t really want him too but then Steve stepped back a little, frowning slightly until he registered what was different. “I’m okay Steve, I’m alive.”
“Your arm…”

“Yeah. They’re shipping back home once the Colonel finds the paperwork.”

“What’ll you do?”

“Get a job, army will pay me too. I’ll find an apartment for when this is done and you come home too.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault punk. I know you tried to pull me up. I don’t want you blaming yourself for this.” He demanded and then the others were there, pulling him into hugs of relief and talking a mile a minute.

…………………………

“He will be alright you know.”

Steve startled at the unfamiliar voice and looked over to see a man about his own age but dressed in civilian clothing. “Who are you?”

“Harry Potter, the person who patched him up and brought him back.”

“Thank you. If I can do anything.”

“Nothing.” Harry cut him off. “I didn’t do it for thanks. He’s lost an arm but he’s still Bucky, don’t treat him differently.”

“I won’t.” Steve swore and Harry smiled.
“Good. Nice meeting you Cap.”

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Bucky paced the London HQ. He hated being stuck there while Steve and the others geared up for a final assault on Hydra. Even Harry was going! He was going to help with some sciencey thing he and Stark had cooked up to counter Hydra weapons. It seemed like no time at all before goodbyes were being said and then they left, even Philips and Peggy were going. He hated feeling so useless. So he went to one of the radio stations and got the headset on, he could help with communications. Listening to the explosions and calls for medics or orders was horrible but then it all went silent as they listened to Steve. He shakily turned on his mic and then hesitated what could he say?

“Steve?”

“Bucky?”

“You listen to me punk, you find something semi-solid and you land. I didn’t survive that fall just to hear you die.” He growled out and he heard Steve chuckle.

“Sorry Buck but it’s all icy water.”

“No it’s not Captain, adjust your course to the following.” Harry’s voice came on and Bucky silently cheered. “Looks like an ice sheet, it may not hold long though so land and get clear. You should be able to handle a short swim in those waters. Make sure you’ve got a flare. Philips is scrambling rescue planes now.”

“Controls are pretty stuck but I’ll try.”

“You can always jump before it hits Steve.” Bucky pointed out. Then all he could do was wait as they all listened to Steve try to adjust course but in the end he bailed out.

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Harry watched Bucky pace restlessly. “It won’t help him if you make yourself sick with worry.”

“What if they don’t find him? What if he’s…”
“He’s not dead Bucky.” Harry knew he wasn’t since he’d tagged all the group with monitoring charms. Steve was very cold, too cold for a normal human to survive, but he was alive. “You heard Howard, he’ll look till he finds him.” Harry had his suspicions about Bucky and Steve but wouldn’t say anything, not in the 1940’s. this was not a good time period for anything to be said if he was right about them.

He kept Bucky company for the next six days, making sure he ate and slept until suddenly one of the communications officers let out a cheer and all attention was suddenly on the young corporal. “They’ve got him! They found the Captain.” He practically shouted and Harry steadied Bucky as he sagged.

“Forward the news to the Commandos if you can.” Harry told him and despite being a civilian they listened and began spreading the word to those still taking down the remaining Hydra bases.

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Harry grinned as Steve was helped down the ramp and Bucky was suddenly at his side, letting his friend lean on him. As they passed him he reached out to clasp Steve’s arm and got a tired smile in response. “Thank you Harry. The ice held.”

“Told you it would. Now go get some hot food and then sleep.”

“Yes sir.” Steve gave a sloppy salute and the three laughed before Harry took his other side and they made their way inside. They got him to his room and then Harry went to get him some hot soup and bread. Steve wolfed it down and then practically passed out on his bed so Harry left Bucky to watch over him.

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The three men helped pack up the equipment and files, two of them still in a bit of shock. The war was finally over, Germany and Japan had surrendered. Bucky was finally being sent back to the States but Steve was staying longer to help finish cleaning up Hydra now that he was fully recovered from nearly freezing and Harry was staying on as well. He did not like what he had seen of Hydra at all and knew they needed to be destroyed. So he would lend his scientific knowledge to track them down. He’d gone behind Bucky’s back to buy an apartment in New York for him and Steve, one that was in a nice part of the city and there was an account set up to continue paying for it and anything they needed for at least fifteen years. No one could say he didn’t look out for his friends. It had three bedrooms to keep up appearances if he was right and if he was wrong then they had enough rooms for them and a guest.

Bucky put the lid on the last box and looked around the London base sadly. “Guess this is it.”
“Hey, we’ll see you soon. Can’t be too many bases left.” Harry pointed out and Bucky blinked.

“But I’m going back to America.”

“Yah, so am I. Accepted a job with Howard once we’re done here.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, apparently when you pick up a stray it’s your job to keep them out of trouble.” Harry smirked and Bucky rolled his eyes.

“Thanks a lot Harry.” He carefully lifted the box of files and went to put it on the trolley. Howard was already designing a fake arm for him and Harry wished he could do it but the technology for a really good prosthetic just didn’t exist yet so Bucky would have to make do.

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“Who else have you got?”

“Howard and Colonel Philips. Originally Harry would have been asked too.” She admitted and the room fell silent in sadness. If it wasn’t for Harry Bucky would be dead and so might Steve.

“Well, welcome to the Strategic Homeland Intervention, Enforcement and Logistics Division gentlemen.”

“We need to call it something else, that is way too long.” Steve commented and Bucky grinned.

“How about SHIELD?”

Nick Fury stared in awe at the two living legends as they laughed and chatted together. He had never thought to meet two of the original founders of SHIELD. All the others were dead or retired due to old age. But the two soldiers didn’t look any older than the pictures in their military files. And now he was going to be working with them. It was an honour he had never imagined but he was a spy so he kept his face carefully neutral. The super soldier serum, either Erskine’s’ version or the bastardised version Barnes had received, had a few unintended side effects that no one could have predicted, leaving the two eighty-year-old men looking like they were still in their twenties.

“Take a seat everyone. Let’s get this briefing underway.” Steve finally called and took his own seat at the head of the table. It was his turn to be the director for the next decade or so and then Bucky would take his turn. The one time they had decided to let someone else have the job they had brought in ex-Nazi and Hydra scientists for some projects…. that was something they would never let happen again. They both knew they hadn’t fully destroyed Hydra after the war and they would not allow it to hide within Shield. Three times they had caught Hydra agents hiding in their ranks and every time they purged them. One day they would destroy the organisation for good, for the Commando’s, for Peggy and Philips, for Harry and for what they had done to Bucky. Though Steve had to admit he was glad Bucky had been given the serum knock off or else he would be all alone, instead he still had his best friend with him. All thanks to Zola’s experiments and Harry being in the right place at the right time to save him. He glanced at Bucky and smiled when he saw him trying to get Fury to smile. No one had succeeded so far since the young spy had been transferred to Washington DC but if there was one thing the two of them had it was time.

TBC….

Harry’s line translates to - Are you all right, just calm down

Got Bucky’s serial number off a fansite.
Chapter Summary

Star Trek Voyager crossover. reposted and edited

Disclaimer: Don’t own HP or Star Trek Voyager.

Going into the final year of my BA which means massive research papers. Updates will be sporadic and of the easy chaps for fics so this one will probably see the most updates of my stories.

Re-posting this ass a more fleshed out 2-parter to help those who were confused. Harry is either Jim or Harry Potter, Mister Potter, etc once Harry Kim shows up. When alone with Kes though he is Harry. Harry Kim is Mister Kim or Harry, Ensign Kim, etc. The Doctor means the EMH.

Delta Voyages I

“Stadi, you’re changing my mind about Betazoids.” Tom Paris told their pilot and Harry fought the urge to roll his eyes even as he stared at the space station they were approaching. His heart was pounding and he couldn’t stop it. Deep Space 9, he had so many memories of the place, memories that no one else here shared. It wasn’t his DS9 they were approaching; no one there knew him. Even almost a year after the end of the Dominion war he could pick out damage and ongoing repairs. He’d been spared participating in the war this time, he’d been assigned to Deep Space 3, well away from the front although they had still had to go through the checks in case of personnel replacement by shapeshifters. Getting assigned to Voyager had him worried, he’d been on DS9 when the ship vanished attached to the Defiant within in the Gamma Quadrant when they returned from the Delta Quadrant seven years later.

“Good.” Stadi replied without taking her eyes off the shuttles controls.

“Oh, that wasn't a compliment. Until today I always considered your people warm and sensual.”

“I can be warm and sensual.” She glanced at Harry and gave him a warm smile which he returned, both enjoying egging the observer on.

“Just not to me.”
“Do you always fly at women at warp speed, Mister Paris?” Harry asked with a smirk and Tom looked over at him.

“Only when they're in visual range.”

“That's our ship. That's Voyager.” She pointed out the elegant ship docked at an upper pylon. Harry and Tom both leant forward to stare at the new type of ship. “Intrepid class. Sustainable cruise velocity of warp factor nine point nine seven five. Fifteen decks. Crew complement of one hundred and forty-one. Bio-neural circuitry.”

“Bio-neural?” Tom blinked at that and Stadi nodded.

“Some of the traditional circuitry has been replaced by gel packs that contain bio-neural cells. They organise information more efficiently, speed up response time.”

“Starfleet’s begun upgrading all ships and stations to use it. They were just starting on DS3 when I left.” Harry added as they flew past Voyager and docked with the station. They grabbed their things and disembarked, they still had a few hours before they needed to report on board. Harry slipped away from them and went to what was once his favourite spot on the station, looking at where he knew the wormhole was only to smile as he saw it open and a ship fly out. He had missed seeing that, the only thing close was seeing the Bifrost or going through the Stargate. He turned from the window and looked out over the Promenade only to freeze as he saw this dimension's version of his husband walking and chatting with…. a trill but not Jadzia. Then Julian wrapped an arm around her waist and Harry smiled wistfully, looked like this Julian was taken and happy. He sighed and made his way down to Quark’s, he might as well kill time watching people and having a good drink. He took a seat at the bar and spotted Quark chatting with a young Ensign.

“If I may say so, it's been my special pleasure to see many new officers like yourself come through these portals. Your parents must be very proud, my boy. You know, on an occasion like this.”

“I'm really not interested.”

“Interested?”

“You were about to try to sell me something, right?”
“I was merely going to suggest that your parents might appreciate a memento of your first mission.”

“And you happen to have several to choose from?” The Ensign asked and Harry chuckled into his drink.

“I do carry a select line of unique artefacts and gem stones indigenous to this region. Why, quite recently, I acquired these Lobi crystals from a very strange creature called a Morn.”

“We were warned about the Ferengi at the Academy.”

“Warned about Ferengi, were you?” Quark demanded and Harry finished his drink before standing to intervene.

“That's right.”

“Slurs about my people at Starfleet Academy.”

“What I meant was”

“Here I am, trying to be a cordial host, knowing how much a young officer's parents would appreciate a token of his love on the eve of a dangerous mission, and what do I get for my trouble? Scurrilous insults. Well, somebody's going to hear about this. What's your name, son?”

“My name?”

“You have one, I presume?”

“Kim, Harry Kim. But I”

“And who was it at the Academy who warned you about Ferengi?”
“They warn us that the Ferengi are shrewd business people with a good feel for deals but that you really have to read the fine print. A compliment actually but a warning for young crewmen to be careful.” Harry butted in, leaning beside young Kim. He smirked at Quark who backed off a bit at seeing his rank pips.

“You know; I think a memento for my parents would be a great idea.” Kim spoke up nervously.

“Dazzling, aren't they? As bright as a Koladan diamond.” Tom commented as he joined them.

“Brighter.” Quark answered, somewhat mollified by Harry’s words and Kim’s interest in buying.

“Hard to believe you can find them on any planet in the system.” Tom smirked.

“That's an exaggeration.”

“You know, there's a shop at the Volnar Colony that sells a dozen assorted shapes for one Cardassian lek. How much are you selling these for?”

“We were just about to negotiate the price.”

“Come on.” Tom threw an arm around Kim’s shoulders and led him away while Harry purchased one of the gem stones before joining them.

“Thanks.”

“Didn't they warn you about Ferengi at the Academy?” Tom asked and they all laughed. “Introductions?”

“Lieutenant Harry Potter, nurse.”

“Ensign Harry Kim, Operations.”
“Tom Paris, Official Observer. This’ll be fun, two Harry’s.”

“If it makes it easier my middle name is James.”

“Jim it is!” Tom grinned and Harry, now Jim, just shrugged. He’d used other names enough it
didn’t bother him. They headed for the pylon where Voyager was docked and made their way on-
board and to sickbay.

“Run a level three diagnostic, just to be sure.” The CMO ordered the Vulcan nurse at his side
before seeing them. “Can I help you?”

“Tom Paris, reporting on board.”

“Oh yes. The observer.”

“That's me. As a matter of fact, I seem to be observing some kind of problem right now, Doctor.”

“I was a surgeon at the hospital on Caldic Prime at the same time you were stationed there. We
never actually met. Your medical records have arrived from your last posting, Mister Paris.
Everything seems to be in order. The Captain asked if you were on board. You should check in
with her.”

“Lieutenant Harry Potter sir.”

“Ah yes, the last of the nurses. You’re medical and service records have arrived. Report to the
Captain and then see your quarters before reporting back.”

“Of course sir.”

“Er, I haven't paid my respects to the Captain yet either.”

“Well, Mister Kim, that would be a good thing for a new operations officer to do.” Kim nodded
and they left sickbay.
“What was that all about?” Kim asked, confused.

“It's a long story, Harry, and I'm tired of telling it. I'm sure someone around here will tell you before long.” They walked into a turbolift.

“Bridge.” Jim called and they were on their way. Harry hit the bell on the door to the Captain’s Ready Room.

“Come in.” A voice called and they entered.

“Gentlemen, welcome aboard Voyager.” Captain Janeway stood and looked them over.

“Thank you, sir.”

“Mister Kim, at ease before you sprain something. Ensign, despite Starfleet protocol, I don't like being addressed as sir.”

“I'm sorry, ma'am.”

“Ma'am is acceptable in a crunch, but I prefer Captain. We're getting ready to leave. Let me show you to the bridge.” They followed her onto the bridge, looking around since none of them had been aboard an Intrepid class ship before, after all they were new. “Did you have any problems getting here, Mister Paris?”

“None at all, Captain.”

“And you Mister Potter?”

“None at all Captain, the trip was actually rather pleasant.”

“My first officer, Lieutenant Commander Cavit. Lieutenant Potter, Ensign Kim, Mister Paris.”
“Welcome aboard.” Commander Cavit shook the two Harry’s hands and then shook Tom’s reluctantly before walking away.

“Ensign Kim, this is your station. Would you like to take over?” She patted the Operations station and Harry grinned.

“Yes, ma'am.”

“It's not crunch time yet, Mister Kim. I'll let you know when. Mr Potter I assume you know where sickbay is?”

“Yes Captain.” He looked to Tom and Harry. “Good to meet you both.”

“You too Jim.” Tom grinned and Jim shook his head before leaving the bridge.

“Lieutenant Stadi, lay in the course and clear our departure with operations.” Cavit ordered.

“Course entered, Ops has cleared us.” She answered.

“Ready thrusters.”

“Thrusters ready.” Harry replied.

“Initiate launching sequence.”

“Sequence underway.” Stadi’s hands moved surely over her console even as Janeway took her own seat and looked out the view screen.

“Engage.” The Captain ordered.
“Plasma storms were measured at levels three and four.” Cavit commented as he looked at the information.

“The Cardassians gave us the last known heading of the Maquis ship, and we have charts of the plasma storm activity the day it disappeared. With a little help, we might be able to approximate its course.” Kathryn looked to Tom who looked at the screen.

“I'd guess they were trying to get to one of the M-class planetoids in the Terikof Belt.”

“That's beyond the Moriya system.” Cavit frowned and then looked at the security officer.

“The plasma storms would have forced them in this direction.” Rollins answered him.

“Adjust our course to match.”

“Aye, Captain.” Stadi responded and altered their course.

“The Cardassians claimed they forced the Maquis ship into a plasma storm where it was destroyed, but our probes haven't picked up any debris.” Janeway looked at Tom.

“A plasma storm might not leave any debris.” He warned her.

“We'd still be able to pick up a resonance trace from the warp core.” She disagreed.

“Captain, I'm reading a coherent tetryon beam scanning us.” Harry called, alarmed.

“Origin, Mister Kim.”

“I'm not sure. There's also a displacement wave moving toward us.”
“On screen.” The view screen showed a narrow band of energy heading towards them. “Analysis.”

“It’s some kind of polarised magnetic variation.” Harry’s fingers flew over his console.

“We might be able to disperse it with a graviton particle field.”

“Do it. Red alert. Move us away from it, Lieutenant.” The Captain took her seat and Cavit took his beside her.

“New heading, four one mark one eight zero.” Cavit ordered as he read the screen built in beside his chair. “Initiating graviton field.”

“The graviton field had no effect.” Harry tried to keep his voice calm as the wave got closer.

“Full impulse.” Janeway ordered.

“The wave will intercept us in twelve seconds.” Harry warned, fighting not to show how scared he was.

“Can we go to warp?” Janeway asked.

“Not until we clear the plasma field, Captain.” Tom answered as he leant over the Stadi’s console.

“Five seconds.” Harry warned.

“Brace for impact.” Janeway ordered and Tom moved away to gip the rail that bisected the bridge.

“Three.” Harry called, bracing his feet so he’d hopefully remain standing even as he gripped his console. The wave slammed into the ship and Cavit went flying across the bridge from his chair.

When the ship settled the bridge was a mess with broken conduits and shorting cables. Kathryn
checked Cavit for a pulse, nothing. “Report!” She ordered as she moved away from her dead second in command.

Harry staggered to his feet and began coaxing his console into working. “Hull breach, deck fourteen. Comm lines to Engineering are down. Trying to re-establish.”

“Repair crews, seal off hull breach on deck fourteen.”


“Bridge to Sickbay. Doctor, can you hear me? Paris, how's Stadi?” The Captain asked.

“She's dead.” Tom answered as he gently closed the woman’s eyes before moving to the conn to check their position.

“Captain, there's something out there.”

“I need a better description than that, Mister Kim.”

“I don't know. I'm reading. I'm not sure what I'm reading.”

“Can you get the view screen operational?”

“I'm trying.” A space station with four arms upper and lower, and two larger ones’ centre, appeared on screen. It was firing energy pulses in one direction, away from Voyager. “Captain, if these sensors are working, we're over seventy thousand light years from where we were. We're on the other side of the galaxy.” He stared in disbelief at his console before looking up at her with wide eyes. Voyager moved in closer to the station and found the little Maquis ship while the dead and injured were being stretchered off the bridge. “I'm not reading any life signs on the Maquis ship.”

“What about on that, that array?”
“Our sensors can’t penetrate it.”

“Any idea what those pulses are that are coming from it, Mister Kim?”

“Massive bursts of radiant energy. They seem to be directed toward a nearby G-type star system.”

“Try hailing the array.”

“Engineering to Bridge. We have some severe damage. The Chief’s dead. Possibility of a warp core breach.”

“Secure all engineering systems. I’m on my way.”

“No response from the array.”

“Ensign, get down to Sickbay. See what’s going on. Mister Rollins, the Bridge is yours.”

“Aye, Captain.”

“Harry, wait for me.” Tom called and jogged after him. They finally made it to sickbay and opened the doors only to cough on smoke, finding most of the room on fire. Then they spotted the doctor and two nurses on the floor. “They must have been right next to the console when it exploded.” Kim grabbed gauntlets and an extinguisher and put the fire out. They moved further in and then Tom knelt down to check for a pulse only to find green eyes fluttering open. “Hey, Jim, can you hear me.” He called and Jim groaned but his eyes focused.

“Tom.” He answered and Tom helped him up. “What happened?”

“We got hit by a displacement wave. The rest of the medical crew is dead.” Tom sat him down on one of the biobeds.

“Computer, initiate Emergency Medical Holographic programme.” Harry called and a balding man appeared.
“Please state the nature of the medical emergency.”

“Multiple percussive injuries.’ Harry answered as the EMH moved to Jim’s side.

“Status of your doctor?”

“He's dead.” Harry answered as Jim was checked.

“Mild head trauma and smoke inhalation. Are you medical personnel?”

“Nurse. A very sight headache but I’ll be fine.” Jim answered. The EMH gave him a mild painkiller and nodded.

“You are fit for duty.” He announced and moved on to the next patient even as Jim moved to another patient after grabbing a tricorder.

“Point four cc's of trianoline.” The EMH ordered.

“Trianoline?” Harry asked in confusion.

“We lost our other nurses too.” Tom pointed out as he looked over the hyposprays before handing the correct one to the Doctor.

“How soon are replacement medical personnel expected?”

“That could be a problem. We’re pretty far away from replacements right now.” Harry answered as the EMH gave a hypo to a patient and then gave it to Harry.

“Tricorder.” The EMH held out his hand and Harry took his off to hand over and the hologram sighed. “Medical tricorder. A replacement must be requested as soon as possible. I am programmed only as a short-term emergency supplement to the medical team.” Jim tossed over a medical
“Well, we may be stuck with you for a while, Doc.”

“There’s no need for concern. I am capable of treating any injury or disease. And the nurse appears competent so far. No concussion. You’ll be fine. Clean him up.” The EMH ordered Tom who moved to clean up the crew member. The four of them worked continuously as more and more wounded appeared. Tom and Harry were mainly moving the injured around or cleaning them up while Jim and the EMH worked on the patients. Harry and Tom helped a man onto a biobed as the EMH examined a woman on the next one. “You’re not seriously hurt. You can return to your station.” She started to sit up and vanished. Then everyone else vanished too. “This is the Emergency Holographic Doctor speaking. I gave no permission for anyone to be transported out of Sickbay. Hello? Sickbay to Bridge. I believe someone has failed to terminate my programme. Please respond.”

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“All senior officers, report to the Bridge immediately.” Janeway’s voice sounded in sickbay even as Tom and Jim looked around at their healed patients and then at the EMH in confusion.

“Excuse me. Could you explain what has transpired?”

“Computer, locate Ensign Kim.” Tom called.

“Ensign Kim is not on board.” The computer answered.

“Potter to Janeway.” Jim called out.

“Go ahead.” the Captain answered.

“Kim didn't come back with us. He must still be over there.”

“Acknowledged. Computer, how many crewmen are unaccounted for?”
“One. Ensign Harry Kim.”

“Hail the Maquis.”

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Jim and Tom walked onto the bridge to see the pulses of energy being shot off into space. “Anything to report gentlemen?”

“All the injured crew in sickbay were apparently healed by the beings on the array Captain. The EMH reported nothing untoward happened while we were all gone.” Jim reported.

“Lieutenant I hope you like study because we need a flesh and blood doctor. Congratulations on your promotion to CMO, Lieutenant Commander Potter.” She answered and Jim blinked in shock before nodding. “Mister Paris if you’d please.” She indicated the pilots position and he nodded, sitting down.

“Course?”

“Follow those pulses.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

Janeway motioned Jim to the First Officers seat and he sat beside her. “How did the morale in sickbay seem?” She asked quietly.

“They’re all in shock, trying to process what happened. And they are worried for Harry since they heard the computer. We’ve released everyone back to their stations. We could use a counsellor; I have the general training but the blast in sickbay claimed her as well as the doctor. The EMH and I should be able to handle any injuries but if we run into new diseases out here we might have trouble”

“I’m sure you’ll do your best. Having fun with their being two Harry’s?” She asked with a slight smile and Jim chuckled.
“Tom came up with using my middle name which is James but then took it further to call me Jim.”

“Very well Jim. I’ll want you with the away team that goes after them in case either Mister Kim or the missing Maquis need immediate care. For now, we are working together to find our people and get home again.”

“Of course Captain.”

“Captain we’re approaching a debris field.” Tom called.

“On screen.” The field appeared and she frowned at all of the debris. “Take us around it and continue following the pulses.”

“Aye Captain.”

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“How can we help someone so powerful they can create water out of thin air?”

“We need to find our missing people; we were hoping they were brought here.”

“They were sent to the Ocampa.”

“Do you know where they are?” Janeway asked.

“Ocampa. She is Ocampa.” He pointed to a slight blond girl in a doorway. “They live only nine years. They make poor servants. We caught her when she wandered to the surface.”

“To the surface? You mean they live underground?”

“The entity in space that gives them food and power also gives them sole access to the only water on this world, two miles below the surface. There's no way to get to them. We tried. The entity has established some kind of subterranean barrier we cannot penetrate.”

“But she got out.” Chakotay pointed out.

“Occasionally, some of them do find their way to the surface. We don't know how, but the Ocampa seal the tunnels afterwards.”

“Maybe she can help us find a way down.” Jim offered, seeing the bruises on delicate skin.

“You'd be wasting your time. I've used every method of persuasion I know to get her to help us. She won't.”

“Then she's worthless to you. Let us trade you water for this scrawny little thing.” He offered and Janeway glanced back before nodding, she’d seen the bruises too and they did need the help.

“I'd be more interested in acquiring this technology that allows you to create water from thin air.”
“That would be difficult. It's integrated into our ship's systems.”

“Surely we could trade. The girl for the technology.” He offered and the team noticed his men fingering their weapons. As one aimed at the team they opened fire and Jim lunged, pulling the girl to cover.

“It’s okay.” He murmured, covering her with his body even as he pulled his phaser to return fire. He took aim at the tanks and fired, leading to a large number of the Kazon to stop shooting and run to save the fluid.

“Seven to beam up.” Janeway shouted as Jim brought the girl back to the group.

"Quick thinking Mr Potter.”

“Thank you Captain.” He handed a tricorder to the EMH.

“What is your name?” Kathryn asked the obviously scared girl.

“Kes.” She answered softly, looking around in awe at everything.

“We need your help.”

“That's enough. This is a sickbay, not a conference room. Visiting hours are over. Everyone except my patient and Mister Potter are to leave immediately.”

“Computer, end Medical Holographic Programme.” The EMH vanished and Jim caught the falling tricorder before it could hit the floor, continuing the scans.

“I never should have gone to the surface. I'm too curious. I'm told it's my worst failing.” Kes shivered and Jim gave her a blanket.
“Curiosity is a wonderful quality. There’s nothing to be ashamed of.” He assured her.

“Would you be willing to take us underground to look for our missing crew?” Janeway asked gently.

“I'm afraid Jabin was right. There's no way to get down. The tunnel I came out has been sealed.”

“We don't need a tunnel. We have the ability to transport there directly.”

“Captain, our sensors did not pick up any indication of an underground civilisation. The subterranean barrier Jabin described may be responsible. It might also block our transporter.” Tuvok pointed out.

“There are breaches in the security barrier where it's begun to decay. That's how I got out.”

“Have the transporter room begin a sweep for any breaches we might be able to beam through.” Janeway ordered and Tuvok left.

“You freed me, it would be wrong not to help now.” She smiled slightly and Kathryn smiled back at her.

“If that’s all Captain the EMH was right, she needs rest.”

“Of course Commander.”

“Are you alright?” Jim asked and Kes smiled slightly at him.

“Yes, thank you. Space is just so much bigger than I expected. And I’m scared for my people now there is no Caretaker.”

“And your family. I am sorry you are cut off from them.” She nodded so he continued. “Eventually
they will have to move the surface but I don’t believe they will die out. And I here congratulations are in order. Tom said you’ve joined this crazy crew.”

“I want to help you all and see the Galaxy.”

“You will Kes. Everything here is new to us too.”

“I just wish I would live long enough to see where you all come from.”

“Maybe you will. There are many ways of shortening travels in space, we just need to find them. And maybe we can do something about your lifespan.” He offered as they stared out at the stars. “Come on, I’ll buy you lunch, he stood and offered her his hand. She smiled and took it, letting him lead her to the mess hall.

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“The Doctor said I am going well and should be able to take my exams in another six months. Then we’ll have a fully-fledged doctor who won’t vanish in a power outage.”

“I’m happy for you Harry.” She touched his hand and Harry gently turned it to grasp hers and squeeze. “And I am very thankful for the help. I know how busy you are.”

“Helping you beats studying with the Doctor hovering over my shoulder.” They both laughed at that. “Besides you’re just as busy, studying to take my place as nurse plus working in the mess. Everyone pitches in where they can now.”

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“It started acting up a couple of days ago. I’d been working out in the gym, maybe I overdid it.” Baxter admitted.

“Is it sore here?” the Doctor asked as he pressed down lightly on Baxter’s wrist.

“Yes.”

“Localised tenderness to the ulna bone, no epidermal damage, moderate oedema. What are the possible diagnoses?” The Doctor looked to Kes and Jim.

“Strained ligament, torn muscle, hairline fracture and...” Kes glanced at Jim.

“Epicondylitis.” He gave the final possibility.

“That's exactly right.” The Doctor praised.

“I've studied all the material you gave me. I'm ready for more.” Kes told him, eager to learn and Jim smiled at her reaction.

“Good. There's a great deal more for you to learn. The tricorder indicates this is a small stress fracture.” He showed them the readings.
“Can this guy do everything a real doctor does?” Baxter looked to Jim since he was a fully trained nurse. The Doctor ignored his words and handed a device to Kes.

“Yes, he can. Activate it and direct the beam here. That's it. Not quite so fast.” The Doctor answered even as he guided Kes in healing the injury.

“If I had to get treatment for something serious, if I needed surgery for instance, would he be performing it?”

“Of course, and quite expertly too.” Jim answered, annoyed on the Doctor’s behalf and he could tell he wasn’t the only one, Kes didn’t look too happy.

“I don't know. I'd have to think twice about that.” Baxter watched the EMH warily.

“Fine. And if you were lucky you wouldn't die on the table while you were making up your mind or where waiting for Mister Potter to specialise in surgery. That should do it. How does it feel?”

“Not bad. Thanks.” Baxter left and Jim went back to his studies while Kes followed the Doctor into the office.

“Doctor, did you notice how rudely that officer treated you?” She asked.

“Not more so than most.”

“You mean others act that way too.”

“Let’s just say I’ve become accustomed to being treated like a hypospray. Now, here's some material on first aid for burns.”

“Doctor, I think I’d like to do more than study first aid. I’d be interested in knowing more about anatomy and physiology.” She admitted as she took the PADD.

“You're intellectually curious. I like that. These deal with human anatomy and physiology, but they
weren't written for the layman. They're quite technical.” He handed over some more and she looked them over.

“I understand. I'll do my best. And I really appreciate your help.”

“If you do need help you can also ask Mister Potter, helping you learn would be a good way for him to revise for his exams.”

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“Come in. Kes, this is a surprise.” He looked at the chronometer but they didn’t have any lessons scheduled that night.

“Am I interrupting?” She walked into his quarters and glanced around curiously, they usually met in her quarters after all.

“Not at all. I was just going to have a cup of soup. Would you like anything?” he offered as he went to the replicator and entered the code to use some of his replicator rations.

“Ah, spinach juice with a touch of pear, please. Tom introduced me to it, it's very nutritious.”

“I'm sure. Computer, one spinach juice with a touch of pear and one cup of vegetable bouillon. What can I do for you?” He asked as they settled onto his couch with their mugs of soup.

“If there were a member of the crew whose needs weren't being met, would you want to know about it as CMO?”

“Of course. Kes, do you feel that your needs are being ignored? If I can’t help I’m sure the Captain can.”

“Of course not, I’m very happy here. I was referring to the Doctor.” She admitted and Harry blinked.

“The Doctor?”
“I don't understand why people treat him the way they do.”

“How do people treat him?” He asked to make sure he knew what she was talking about, he wasn’t always in sickbay when she was so maybe something had happened.

“As though he doesn't exist. They talk about him while he's standing right there. They ignore him. They insult him.”

Harry sighed. “Well as a matter of fact, I've been hearing the other side of the coin as CMO even if I’m not a Doctor yet. Many of the crew have complained that the Doctor is brusque, even rude, that he lacks any bedside manner. There’s been talk about reprogramming him.” He admitted, he liked the Doctor the way he was, it made life interesting.

“You can do that? It doesn't seem right.”

“Kes, he's only a hologram.”

“He's the Doctor. He's alive.”

“No he's not.” Harry argued, no matter how human the Doctor acted it was all just programming.

“He's self-aware, he's communicative, he has the ability to learn.”

“Because he's been programmed to do that.”

“So because he's a hologram he doesn't have to be treated with respect or any consideration at all?”

“Very well, I'll look into it.”

“Thank you, Harry.”
“For you, no problem. Now drink your soup before it goes cold. Don’t want to waste replicator rations.”

“I’ll pay you back.”

“Don’t bother, I don’t normally use them for anything but tea so I don’t use many.”

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Kathryn entered Sickbay to find the Doctor and Lt Cmdr. Potter working on something together.

“Gentleman.”

“Captain, can we help you?”

“I would like to talk to you provatly Doctor.”

“Of course, Mister Potter please continue with the tests.”

“Of course.” Jim went back to work alone.

“I assume this isn’t an emergency Captain?” The Doctor walked into the office and she followed.

“There is no emergency Doctor.”

“Well, that's good. I was right in the middle of preparing a culture to test Lieutenant Hargrove for Arethian flu when Ensign Kyoto deactivated me. Thankfully Mister Potter came on shift and noticed the partially prepared test and so re-activated me.”

“I'm sure she didn't realise you were busy.”

“What is it you want, Captain.”
“Actually, I thought we might just talk for a moment.”

“About what?”

“Doctor, you were originally programmed to serve in a limited fashion during an emergency. Now you're being asked to do much more.”

“That's certainly true. I'm providing full time medical service for the entire ship's crew, functioning both as doctor and nurse, and now as an instructor as well, at least temporarily. Mister Potter will make a fine Doctor and then my duties will be scaled back somewhat.”

“You don't have the luxury of thinking of yourself as an Emergency Medical Programme any more. You've become a full-fledged member of the crew.” She agreed.

“I see. Are you suggesting that I be re-programmed?” he asked warily.

“No. I'm asking if there's anything I can do to help you.”

“Help me?”

“If there's anything you need, or want, I'd like to see that you get it.”

“What I'd like is to be turned off when people leave. I spend hours here with absolutely nothing to do. When someone does remember to deactivate me they do so without asking if it's convenient. It's extremely irritating. It would also help to have more of Mister Potter’s time but I understand we lack a fully trained counsellor and that with his abilities he is the closest we have but Sickbay is meant to be staffed by at least one Doctor and two nurses for a reason.”

“What if I gave you control over your deactivation sequence?” She suggested and he blinked at her, obviously taken off guard.

“I beg your pardon?”
“I'm sure we can make it possible for you to turn yourself off, or to prevent being turned off.”

“I, I might like that.”

“I'll have someone look into it. And I’ll see about re-arranging the duty shifts so that either Mister Potter, Paris or Kes are here with you. Anything else?”

“I'm not sure, I'll have to give it some thought.”

“You do that.” She left with a nod for Jim.

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“I've finished these and I'm ready for more.” Kes smiled as she approached the Doctor, giving Tom a smile as she passed the annoyed looking pilot. Unlike Harry and her, Tom did not enjoy his time in Sickbay.

“You've finished those already?”

“I enjoyed studying anatomy. It would be interesting to see an autopsy sometime.”

“What are the bones of the middle ear?”

“Malleus, incus and stapes.”

“And the connective tissue between the middle and the external auditory canal?” He pushed and she smiled.

“The tympanic membrane.”

“Hmm. I suspect you have an eidetic memory. An astonishing gift. I'll do a full neural scan on you
at some point.” He led her into the office.

“I've been thinking. If we do get back to Federation space, I'd like to explore the possibility of going to Medical School.”

“If you continue to apply yourself as you have, by the time we get back you may already have the equivalent of a medical degree.”

“Then you haven't heard?”

“Heard what?”

“That we might be getting back soon.”

“If there's one thing you can count on, it's that I am the last to be told about anything that happens on this ship.”

“Everyone's talking about it. There may be a way to transport all of us to the Alpha Quadrant. Chief Torres and half of engineering are working on it right now.”

“I see. Well, I'll say goodbye now. I won't be transporting with the rest of you.’

“But can't we download your programme and take you with us?” She asked in alarm.

“My programme is fully integrated into the sickbay system. At present I cannot be downloaded.” He answered and she looked shocked before she kissed him on the cheek.

“Thank you for everything.”

“Wait. I'd like. That is, could I ask a favour of you?”
“Anything.’

“If you do leave, before you go, would you check to make sure I’ve been deactivated.”

“I promise.”

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“I've gone over and over the transporter logs. There's no question that if we try to transport ourselves through that wormhole, we'll end up twenty years in the past.” B’Elanna admitted in defeat.

“Then let’s do it. It's better than trying to spend the next seventy years trying to get back.” Harry Kim argued.

“How can we do that? We'd be going back to a time when you were only two years old. Jim and I wouldn’t be that much older either.” Tom argued with his best friend while Jim hid a wince, that could make things interesting since there’d be no record of him anywhere in that time.

“I know you're disappointed, Harry, we all are. It seemed we were so close. But clearly we can't go back. It would pollute the time line to such an extent that the consequences would be unimaginable. I'm afraid we'll have to send you back alone and ask that you not reveal anything that has happened here.”

‘I can assure you, Captain, that I would not do anything that might contaminate the future and perhaps harm the Romulan Empire, but, in twenty years I could alert Starfleet not to launch the mission which sent you here.” Captain Telek offered.

“I'm afraid that's not possible either. We've already had a huge impact on this quadrant. People and events here would be drastically affected.” Chakotay argued.

“I'm afraid we're left with our original request. In twenty years, would you relay our personal messages to Starfleet?”

“Of course. At the proper time, I will transmit them. If you should find a way back within my lifetime, I'd be an old man, but I would welcome a message from you. I am Telek R'Mor of the
Romulan Astrophysical Academy.”

“I promise you'll hear from us. Because we will get back.” The Captain told him and she left the briefing room with the Romulan Captain to have him beamed back through the micro wormhole back to the Alpha Quadrant.

They reached the transporter room and Tuvok gave Telek a yellow isolinear chip. “These are our messages.”

“I wish you luck on your journey.” Telek told them as he stood on the transporter pad.

“And I thank you for your help. Energize.”

“The signal's in the pattern buffer. Transferring to the emitter array.” B’Elanna reported as she worked.

“Phase variance is out of synch again.” Harry pointed out.

“Compensating. Transport complete, Captain. He made it.”

“I'll tell the crew. They can have the satisfaction of knowing that their messages have reached their families.”

“Captain, I did not want to mention this until after our guest had left. I checked the computers databanks for a Romulan scientist named Telek R'Mor.”

“And?”

“I'm sorry to report Doctor R'Mor died in 2367.”

“That was four years ago.”
“That is correct. Before he would have sent our messages.”

“Maybe he left a will telling someone else to transmit the messages. Or he could have given our computer chip to the Romulan Government.” B’Elanna offered, not wanting to give up on the hope.

“It is possible. Unfortunately, there is no way to know.” Tuvok agreed.

“Then let's move on. We've got a long way to go.” She left the room and headed for her quarters only to run into Jim on the way.

“Or visitor made it home safely Captain?”

“He did.”

“Then what’s wrong?”

“He died four years ago.”

“Oh.”

“I’m sorry Mister Potter.”

“Not like I’ve got anyone back there to miss me Captain. The ships my home now.” He smiled at her and then walked into Sickbay and into the office to catch up on some work, but he smiled at Kes on his way and she smiled back shyly before turning her attention back to Baxter.

“I tried a new hamstring exercise. Maybe I overdid it. But my workouts are about all that stand between me and a severe case of cabin fever.”

“Lieutenant, I may not be the Chief Medical Officer of this ship but I am currently the only actual Doctor. If you have something to say to me, please, direct the statement to me.”
“Well, you see, I need to work out.”

“I'm not telling you not to work out. I'm suggesting you use a modicum of common sense when you do it. If I see you in here again for an exercise related injury, I'll have to discuss the matter with your superior officer.” The Doctor stated and Baxter stared at him in surprise.

“Yes, sir.”

“You're fine now. You may leave.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.” Baxter almost fled from sickbay and in the office Jim snickered softly.

“I don't think he'll make the mistake of ignoring you again.” Kes smiled at the Doctor.

“Captain Janeway has made me realise that I must function as more than an Emergency Medical replacement. I must think of myself as a member of the crew.”

“You're absolutely right.”

“I've prepared a list of things I'd like to see added to Sickbay. Perhaps you and Mister Potter could present it to the Captain?”

“I'd be happy to.”

“There's one more request. Something of a, a personal nature. I would like a name.”

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Harry Potter stood at attention in dress uniform before the Captain and EMH, both of whom were smiling proudly. Kes stood back with Tom, Harry, B’Elanna, Tuvok and Chakotay. They watched as Harry Potter officially went from Nurse to a full-fledged Doctor. He accepted the light blue coat and put it on over his uniform. They were rarely worn anymore but all Starfleet Doctors had them.
Once done Kes moved forward and kissed his cheek. “Congratulations!”

“Thanks Kes. Couldn’t have done it without my study buddy. Or the slave driver.” He grinned at the Doctor who huffed but nodded.

“You were a diligent and intelligent student, unlike some.”

“I’m a pilot first Doc.” Tom grumbled.

“Time for cake?” Harry asked and they laughed but moved the party to the mess hall while the Doctor deactivated himself.

Kes quickly stuffed the containers away and as the door chimed. “Come in.” Harry walked in with a bunch of flowers and a small smiled.

“For you, Kes.”

“Thank you. Mmm. What’s the occasion?”

“Oh, no occasion. I just wanted to apologise.”

“Apologise?”

“For standing you up for our lesson today.”

“No apologies needed. Medical emergencies come first Doctor Potter.” Harry grinned and then began looking around. “What are you looking for?”

“A vase.”
“Don’t!” She called as he opened the cupboard.

“What’s this?”

“Nothing, just a snack. A Terran delicacy. Ensign Wildman told me about it. Mashed potatoes with butter. It's delicious. Would you like to try it?”

“I’ve had it before; it was one of Dad’s favourites. Question is why do you have so much and stuffed in the cupboard?”

“I can't stop eating it. I've had six bowls. And the reason it tastes so strange, I've put a container of nitrogenated soil in it.”


“I don't know. But this morning”

“What?”

“You remember the spawn beetles?” She asked and Harry blinked in shock.

“You didn't. Jim to Sickbay. Prepare to receive an emergency patient.”

“I'm not sick. I feel fine.” She argued while eating two apples. “I just can't stop eating.”

“We are going to get to the bottom of this. Come on.” If she was human, he would be pretty sure what was up but she wasn’t human.

“No! I'm not going!”

“We are going to Sickbay.”
“No!”

“I'll call security unless you come with me.” Harry stated firmly, reading to call for a transport if she didn’t agree to go. Kes bit at some asparagus, then the bouquet. “Come on!” He simply threw her over his shoulder.

“Let me go!” She kicked but he carried her to sickbay. He put her down on a bed and called for the EMH. Then they went to work.

“You're sure the beetles weren't poisonous? Or the flowers?”

“There are no toxins present in her system. Her unusual appetite may merely indicate a nutrient deficiency. It is not unusual for humanoids to crave foods that are rich in the very vitamins and minerals that their bodies are lacking.”

“You can't mean my body lacks dirt?”

“Her body temperature is elevated three point nine degrees.” Jim pointed out as he read the results.

“And I'm detecting elevated levels of electrophoretic activity in her nervous system.”

“There is increased electrophoretic activity in the ship's atmosphere, probably created by the creatures we're studying.” Jim pointed out, not liking that.

“I need the DNA scanner from the science lab.” The Doctor stated and Harry squeezed her hand before leaving. By the time he returned things had changed.

“What happened?” He asked, seeing the Captain.

“I was conducting tests. She was none too cooperative, let me assure you. Then suddenly she screeched and shoved me out of the way, went into my office and proceeded to erect a force field at the door. I can't lower it. She's keeping me out of my own office. I was able to complete several...
tests before she became delirious. Her fever has increased, and her pulse and blood pressure are
dangerously high.”

“Do you have any idea what's causing these symptoms?”

“I suspect it's the electrophoretic levels being created by the swarm. We should leave.
Immediately.”

“Unfortunately, that's not an option at the moment, but we're working on it.” Janeway told them.

“There's one more thing. I discovered a strange growth on her back. It's unlike any other tumorous
substance I've ever seen or studied before, and it was not there the last time I examined her.”

“I'll try to talk to her.” She moved over to the office. “Kes, please listen to me. We think you're
being affected by a swarm of space dwelling life forms. We're doing everything we can to get away
from them. And when we do, you'll probably start feeling better.” Kes shook her head. “Are you
saying that's not what's wrong with you? Kes, please let me come in. Tell me what it is. Maybe I
can help.” Kes lowered the force field. Katheryn held out her arms and Kes ran into them,
whimpering. “Oh. Shush. It's going to be all right. Now, tell me. What is happening to you?”

“Did the Doctor tell you he found something growing on my back?”

“Yes, a growth of some kind.”

“It's, it's the mitral sac. It's, it's where my child would grow. I'm going through the elogium, the
time of change, when, when my body prepares for fertilisation.”

“Humans go through the same kind of process. It's called puberty.”

“But I'm too young. Much too young. It usually happens between the ages of four and five. I'm not
even two yet.”

“Listen to me. All your body's metabolic activity has increased. It's possible your reproductive
processes are being accelerated as a result.”
“I'm not ready.”

“We're going to get you through this, Kes. The Doctor will monitor you constantly.”

“But you, you don’t understand. The elogium occurs only once. If I am ever going to have a child, it has to be now!” She sobbed and Katheryn froze before hugging her tightly.

“You’ll get through this Kes, we’re here for you.”

Harry escorted Kes back to her quarters and then made sure she was comfortable. He kissed her cheek and stroked her hair. “No matter what you decide Kes I’ll always be here for you.”

“I’m scared.”

“I know, it’s normal.” He sat beside her. “But you have a lot of people ready and willing to help in any way you need. Parenthood is hard but rewarding.”

“You make it sound like you have children.”

Harry hesitated but then decided to give some of the truth. “I had a son, well adopted son. But I haven’t seen him in a long time.” He did wish he knew how Loki was.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. There comes a point when children have to spread their wings and move on with their lives. Last I heard he was happy.”

“But who would I even…”
“It’s your choice. We can run general scans though the database to find out if you’re even compatible with anyone on board. Doesn’t mean you have to do this.”

“Okay, thank you.”

“No problem. Now you rest and think.” He kissed her cheek again and left to begin the scans.

TBC.....
“Kes is terribly frightened. She's had no time to prepare for this. And the decision has to be made in the next forty or fifty hours. She's going to discuss it with Jim, but there are so many unknowns. There might be risks in procreating this early. And of course, there's no guarantee she’s genetically compatible with anyone on board who she might want to have a child with. And it’s possible if she is compatible the other person won’t be ready for fatherhood. It seems your concerns about fraternisation were prophetic.”

“I wasn't even thinking about procreation, but I suppose it's the inevitable outcome. We should consider the fact that it might be necessary for the crew to start having children.” Chakotay admitted as he joined Janeway on the couch in her ready room.

“It might take us a long time to get home.”

“If it does take seventy-five years, we're going to need a replacement crew in about half that time.”

“Who'd have thought we'd be considering a generational ship when we were ordered on a three-week mission.”
“I know, but it's a problem we have to face now.”

“What would that mean for the children? What kind of life would we be giving them aboard a starship, travelling through a potentially hostile part of space? And are we equipped to provide for their needs? Child care, educational facilities. We'd be building an entire community on board this ship. That's a massive commitment.” She listed many of the problems facing them if there were children on board. They simply weren’t set up as a family ship unlike the Galaxy class ships.

“Are you prepared to tell them they can't have children?”

“I can't do that. And I've made it clear to Kes that it's her choice whether to have a child or not, but. There aren't any easy answers here. For any of us.”

“Come in.” Jim called and then smiled as Kes entered. “Did you need to talk some more Kes?” He hadn’t seen her since he'd escorted her back to her rooms to think. According to the tests he’d run most of the crew would be compatible with her except for the few Bajorans, Vulcans and Andorians.

“This is my one chance to have a baby Harry and I need you to help me decide, because I would want you to mate with me.” She blurted out and his eyes went wide.

“I'm honoured, but are you entirely certain it would be safe?”

“Safe?”

“You're so young. Is it dangerous for you to conceive a child at your age?” That actually hadn’t come up before.

“I don't know. I've never known anyone as young as I am who had a baby.” She admitted.

“If you never had a child, would you be terribly unhappy?”
"Yes! I mean, I think so. I don't know. I always assumed I'd be a mother someday. Just not so soon. What about you? Didn't you think you'd be a father someday; I mean biologically?"

"I've thought about it but I've never had a partner I felt ready with. I was alone when I took in my son. And now well, raising a child on a starship? That's hardly what I would call the ideal environment." He admitted. "Some ships are set up for families but Voyager isn't."

"You don't want a child, do you?" She looked away and he got up, moving to clasp her hands gently.

"No, that's not it at all. I'm just trying to look at all sides of the issue. Bringing a child into the world is a huge responsibility. I know you'd want to be sure we're both up to the task. And are you sure about me? There's a huge age gap between us and when you add our abilities together then any child would likely be a strong psychic."

"Of course I am. You're just making excuses. All you're thinking about is yourself, how much trouble a child would be for you. Look!" She held up her hands. They had some sticky residue on them.

"What's that?" He ignored her words, he's seen her latest bloodwork so he knew her hormones were all over the place at the moment.

"The ipasaphor. It makes the mating bond possible."

"Alright."

"If we begin, we must stay bonded for six days."

"Six days?"

"In order to ensure conception. And after the ipasaphor appears, we only have fifty hours to begin the process. So I need to know your answer."

He pulled her further into his quarters and over to the couch. "Well the next question is what about
us? Having a child together is one thing but does this mean you want a relationship?"

“Would you want one with me?”

“Who wouldn’t Kes? You are an amazing person.”

“You’re amazing too Harry. I would like to be closer to you. You’re the best friend I have.” She answered, blushing and he smiled softly before leaning in and kissing her gently.

“Then if you’re sure what happens next?”

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“My father and I were very close. He was such a wise man. I miss him. Sometimes I think I hear his voice in my head. It's almost as though he were here, helping to guide me. I'm sorry. I must be feeling lonely for home. It's probably a result of the elogium. But I really would appreciate your advice, your help. I need someone's guidance.”

“I can discuss delivery methods or paediatric situations. I'm afraid I don't have much perspective to offer about becoming a parent.”

“Neither do I. As long as Harry seemed to be trying to get out of it, I was certain that I wanted to have a child. But when he said that he wanted one too, suddenly I was very frightened.” She admitted softly. Harry was so much more worldly than she was, he’d already raised one child.

“Perhaps a statistical survey will offer a context. Among the Breen, pregnancy at a young age is a common event. The Breen, of course, is one the most warlike of species. And then there are the Scathos. Any woman who conceives a child before her fourth decade is summarily executed.”

“Maybe I just felt I should have a child because I could.”

“There is a powerful biological drive, at times almost impossible to resist. Species are driven by these urges in order to survive.”

“But isn't that why we have minds? To look beyond biological urges, to consider their consequences? If I'm going to ask myself to look at those consequences, then I have to ask myself some questions. Am I really ready to have a child? Am I prepared to give that child the attention and devotion it deserves? Am I capable of taking on such a huge responsibility? There's so much I haven't done. There's so much I want to study and learn. I'm not sure I'm finished growing. How can I help a child grow?”

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Kes took a deep breath and then stepped up to the door and it opened, letting her inside. “Harry?” She called out, happy that he had set his door to open for her. He walked out from the bedroom, dressed casually and he smiled softly at her.

“Time?” He asked and she nodded so he drew her into his arms. “We don’t have to do this Kes, only if you’re sure. There’s a chance this will happen again at the right age.”

“I know but I do want this.”
“Okay. You’ll have to take the lead though; I don’t know anything about this other than what you’ve said.” She nodded and held up her hands to him so he reached out and clasped them.

Jim stood in front of the Captain in his dress uniform and surrounded by most of the crew inside the Holodeck. The music began and the Doctor walked in with Kes on his arm. She looked stunning in a traditional Ocampa wedding gown of deep blue silk.

Kathryn Janeway smiled as Harry took Kes’ hands as the two stood before her. Kes looked radiant and utterly content, all fears over motherhood gone now. Thankfully Harry hadn’t insisted on the wedding ceremony of his mother’s people, she did not want her crew to see her naked or to see them in such a state. “It is with great pleasure that I perform a Captains’ highest honour in marrying the two young people before us. Lieutenant Commander Harry James Potter, do you take this woman to be your wife.”

“Come in. Yes, Ensign. What can I do for you?” Janeway smiled at the nervous young woman.

“I’m sorry to disturb you, Captain, but I thought. I thought I should inform you of my physical condition.” Samantha Wildman answered.

“Your physical condition?”

“We’d been trying for months. I wasn't even sure until a few days ago. My husband is still at Deep Space Nine. He doesn't even know. We were only supposed to be out two or three weeks.”

“Wildman, are you pregnant?” She asked in shock.

“I know this isn't the best place to have a baby, but it's all I have left of my husband.”

“Well, congratulations, Ensign.” She smiled and Samantha smiled back, relieved she wasn’t in trouble or anything. “I suppose we should start baby proofing the ship.”
Harry smiled as his wife joined him on the couch and wrapped his arm around her. “How do you feel?”

“Fine, just tired.”

“You know you’ll have to start limiting your work soon right?”

“I know.” She sighed. “Plus we’re finally moving into larger quarters so there’ll be lots to do there.”

“As long as you leave all the heavy lifting to Tom, Harry and me.”

“Yes Doctor Potter.” She smiled and he laughed, kissing the top of her head.

“So what do you think? Boy or girl?”

“I hope a boy with your eyes.”

“Really? I’m hoping for a girl who looks like her mother.”

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Harry smiled as he watched Kes move around the small bedroom that was to be their child’s nursery. B’Elanna, the Captain and Chakotay had pooled their replicator rations to make a beautiful crib that could then be recycled when she moved up to a bed. Tom and Harry had painted the room from the standard grey to a nice mix of yellow and cream, suitable for a baby of either gender. Baby clothes had been replicated already in various sizes and colours, they were as ready as they could be for their baby.

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Kes clung to the bar and screamed, panting for air. Harry was at her side, gently wiping the sweat away. “You’re doing great Kes, justs breath.”

“The sac is opening. I can see the toes, it's coming. Yes! It's a girl! Ah, she's beautiful.” The Doctor
smiled and held the child out to her parents.

“Yes, she is.” Kes smiled tiredly and Harry took the baby, cradling her to his chest before looking at Kes.

“Yes, just like her mother.” Even through the mess of birth fluids he could see wisps of blond hair and then green eyes slowly opened to stare at the world before she decided to show off her lungs by crying.

“Lilian.” Kes whispered and Harry nodded.

“Lillian Kes Potter.” He agreed, adding Kes’ name even as the Doctor began to tend to Kes so he carried their daughter over to a bed and began cleaning her up and checking her health.

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“Captain!” Chakotay called out.

“Report.”

“It looks like the Kazon have retreated, Captain.” Harry worked at his flickering monitor, ignoring the smoke in the air.

“We must have hurt them.”

“Not as bad as they hurt us. All engines are offline.” Tom told them even as he futilely tried to get Voyager moving.

“Captain, shields are down as are all weapons arrays.”

“We'd better hope they don't come back. We're sitting ducks.”

“Janeway to Engineering, what's your status?”
“We're in bad shape Captain. We had to shut down the warp engines to avoid a breach. The impulse engines are gone too. I think I can give you thrusters but I've got a lot of casualties down here I've got to tend to first.” Torres answered.

“Lieutenant! It's Kurt Bendera, he's hurt pretty bad.”

“No!”

“His console exploded, caught him right in the face.”

“We've got to get him to Sickbay right away. Torres to Sickbay.”

“I hope this is urgent, Lieutenant. We have our hands full at the moment.” Jim answered as he worked to keep his patient alive.

“I'm setting up an emergency transport. One of my people is severely burned.”

“We'll do what we can.” He promised as his patient finally stabilised. Jim moved to an empty bed and waited until Torres beamed in with the patient. He helped her get the man onto the bed and went to work. “He's not responding. Seventy-five milligrams of inpedrazine. That might help stimulate his cardiac functions, but he's sustained so much injury it may be too late.”

“It had no effect.” Kes answered as she scanned him.

“Cortical stimulator.” He ordered and they tried five times before Jim turned it off and turned to B'Elanna. “I'm sorry, he was too badly injured.”

“He saved my life once, near the Cardassian border.” She admitted softly.

“A lot of us can say we're alive today because of Kurt Bendera. There was never a better man to have at your side, never anyone more willing to take on the tough jobs. The first time I met him
was in a mining community on Telfas Prime. Some of the miners objected to my sense of humour and decided they should break a few of my bones. There were four of them and one of me, and I was taking a beating. Suddenly this man I’d never seen before came out of nowhere and evened things up. We stood back to back, and pretty soon the others decided my sense of humour wasn’t so bad after all. I thanked the man. He just grinned and said, I like a good fight. He was my friend from that moment on, and he kept fighting the good fight right up to the end. I'll miss him. Ensign.”

Everyone stood as the Ensign blew a boson’s pipe, to pipe Bendera off the ship, and the service finished. Kes leant against Jim, feeling bad that they hadn’t been able to save Bendera. Lilian was asleep in their quarters; they had agreed she was far too young to attend a funeral.

“Captain, can I ask you something?” one of the ex-Maquis, Hogan he thought his name was, approached the Captain and Jim tensed, Kes moving back in case he had to intervene. Everyone was stressed after four Kazon attacks in only two weeks and two other deaths before Bendera’s.

“Of course.”

“Now that the Kazon have stepped up their attacks, a lot of people think that we're not going to make it out of here alive. I'd like to know what you have to say about that.”

“Is there anything you have to say about that? I assure you, you can speak freely.”

“I'd give them what they want. Give them the replicators and the transporters and whatever else it is they're after.”

“I'm sure you realise that would be a violation of the Prime.” Janeway was surprised when he cut her off.

“I know all about the Prime Directive, but you know what? The Federation is seventy thousand light years away. What does it matter what these people do to each other with our technology?”

“I appreciate your concerns, crewman, but let me make it absolutely clear. I'll destroy this ship before I turn any part of it over to the Kazon. So that's how the Maquis would do it, hmm?”

Kes leant back into her husband. “This is going to get worse isn’t it? His thoughts are….”
“Angry and he has every right to be angry, his friend is dead. But the Kazon are the enemy, not any on this ship. We just have to help make sure everyone remembers that.”

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“You've ruined what would have been the greatest step towards peace in decades.” Mabus snapped at them even as Jim and the Doctor ran scans on them to ensure they were fine.

“Peace? A massacre?” Tom demanded angrily, mad that he’d been deceived by the Trabe into thinking they wanted to make peace with the Kazon.

“I could have decimated the Kazon leadership. It would have taken them years to recover.”

“You planned this whole thing and used our good will to make sure you were successful.” Janeway glowered at him.

“You don't know the Kazon. There's no dealing with them. Violence is all they understand.”

“Or perhaps it's all you understand.”

“You're naive, Captain. It's clear you have no understanding of the harsh realities of this part of space. What I tried to do was done as much for you as it was for us.”

“I'm not grateful, and I want you off my ship. Janeway to transporter room one, beam our former guest back to his vessel.”

“Captain, don't do this. You're going to need us.” Mabus argued.

“I don't think so.”

“The Kazon will be determined to seek revenge. How can this one ship hope to survive?”
“Not by making deals with executioners. Energise.” She watched as Mabus disappeared.

“I would suggest we depart before the Kazon have a chance to return to their ships.” Tuvok told her and she nodded.

“Janeway to Bridge. Get us out of here.” She ordered and Tom left to take his station again.

“Aye, Captain.” The Bridge answered as Jim put his equipment aside.

“Everyone’s clear Captain.”

“Good, join us in the briefing room.” She ordered before leaving.

“Yes ma’am.” He looked at the Doctor who nodded, he would clean up. Jim left and headed up to the Briefing room, taking his customary seat.

“There's no question we're more vulnerable now than ever. We have to take every measure to make sure we're prepared for an attack. I want continual diagnostics on all ship's systems.”

“I will schedule additional battle drills for all hands.”

“Kes, what about our food supplies?”

“We're in good shape, Captain. We shouldn't have to stop anywhere for several weeks.” She answered as she took her seat beside her husband and they squeezed hands beneath the table.

“Good. Lieutenant, what's the condition of our propulsion systems?”

“We have a reasonable supply of anti-matter. Barring any major problems, we should have maximum performance of both warp and impulse engines.”
“Sickbay Doctor?”

“Well stocked. We can handle another attack if necessary.”

“There's just one more thing I want to say. I hope there's a lesson for all of us in this. Although some of the species we've encountered here have been peaceful, others seem governed only by their own self-interests. This appears to be a region of space that doesn't have many rules. But I believe we can learn something from the events that have unfolded. In a part of space where there are few rules, it's more important than ever that we hold fast to our own. In a region where shifting allegiances are commonplace we have to have something stable to rely on. And we do. The principles and ideals of the Federation. As far as I'm concerned, those are the best allies we could have.” She finished.

“Good afternoon, Ensign. How are we doing today?” Kes smiled at the very pregnant woman who smiled back.

“Oh, we're doing just fine, thank you.”

“Good. I was wondering if you'd take a look at the thermal array in the kitchen. It overloaded this morning and vaporised an entire pot roast.” Kes admitted and Samantha laughed.

“I'd be happy to.”

“Wonderful. I informed Ensign Kim about the problem hours ago, and he still hasn't come down to fix it.”

“He's been working on a problem with the structural integrity grid. I'm sure he hasn't forgotten about you.” She answered as she got down to take a look.

“If this thing doesn't get fixed soon, we'll all be eating cold leftovers for dinner. I feel bad about serving that.”
“Looks like you need a new set of anodyne relays. I’ll go down to Engineering and get some for you out of storage.”

“Thanks. Oh, and while you’re here, would you mind taking a look at the replicator? It’s been having trouble making anything with large amounts of cellulose.”

“Of course.”

“Cabbages, psyllium, green beans, celery and all. It all comes out looking a touch too yellow.”

“I thought you didn't use replicated vegetables when you're cooking. Always fresh, organic, from the airponic bay.”

“Well, the yields have been a little low lately. Normally, I would never dream of using synthesised but there hasn’t been much choice.” Kes admitted.

“It looks like a malfunction in the power grid. Shouldn't be too difficult.” Samantha gasped and sat down, one hand on her stomach.

“What's wrong?” Kes gently rubbed her stomach, trying to soothe the child.

“I think I'm having a contraction. Oh, yeah! It's a contraction, all right.” She gasped.

“That's wonderful. Labour can't be far behind. Let's get you to Sickbay. Try to breathe now. Deep, deep regular breaths. Not so fast now.” Kes soothed, helping her up and through the corridors.

“Kes to Doctor Potter.”

“What is it Kes?” Her husband responded over the comm.

“Ensign Wildman is in labour. We’re on our way.”

“Understood, sickbay out.”
They made it there to find everything ready and she was helped onto the biobed. They kept her calm and comfortable through the early stages of labour until finally she began pushing.

“Don't forget to breathe, Samantha. Deep regular breaths. That's it.” Kes smiled at the tired woman.

“Cervical dilation is at ten point two centimetres. Prostaglandin levels are normal. Push, Ensign.” The Doctor told her.

“You push, damn it! I'm sick of pushing!” No one blamed her after six hours of labour.

“I know you're fatigued. Try to focus on your breathing. Remember the exercises we did. When you feel a contraction, bear down.” Jim ordered as he ran a scan to make sure the baby was alright.

“Oh! Oh, what was that?” Samantha gasped.

“What's wrong?” Kes asked.

“A pain in my abdomen. It's different. Sharp. Oh, God!”

“The baby has shifted position, and its exo-cranial ridges have lodged in the uterine wall. This is a rare complication, but it's been known to happen in human Ktarian pregnancies.” Jim answered since he was the one monitoring the baby.

“Can we reposition the baby?” Kes looked from her husband to the Doctor.

“No. Its spinal column is too fragile. I don't want to risk nerve damage. If we don't deliver the baby now, its ridges could perforate the uterus and cause internal bleeding. Kes, prepare for a foetal transport.” The EMH answered. “I've locked onto the baby's coordinates. We're ready to begin. Initiating umbilical separation. Energising.”

A screaming infant materialised in the bio-crib. It had three wicked spiked horns on its forehead, the horns that had complicated the delivery. Jim was immediately at her side and making sure she
had come through transport alright. “Congratulations, Ensign. It's a girl.”

“Is she all right?”

“The transport caused a slight hemocythemic imbalance, but we'll stabilise her cell membranes with osmotic pressure therapy.” Jim answered as the entire ship suddenly shuddered. Something exploded nearby and Kes stayed with Samantha while the two Doctors huddled around the incubator.

“The incubator is losing power. Activate the auxiliary respirator.” The Doctor ordered and Jim obeyed even as the doors opened.

“We've got wounded here.” Shortly after, the biobeds were fully occupied, and patients were lying on the floor.

“Second degree plasma burns on the face and neck. Treat him with a dermaline gel.”

“Yes, sir.” The ensign following Jim around the room began treatment.

“Fractured clavicle, thoracic contusions, nothing serious. She can wait. Fused vertebrae. Prep him for surgery. Status?” The Doctor called out to Kes who was the only one still looking after Samantha and her baby.

“It doesn't look good, Doctor. The baby's cell membranes won't stabilise.”

“Increase the osmotic.” The ship rocked again. “That's not helping. Increase the osmotic pressure ratio by ten percent.”

“Bridge to Sickbay, there's been a major coolant leak in the Mess hall. You've got more wounded on the way.” Harry Kim’s voice came over and they all sighed at the thought of more wounded.

“Acknowledged.”
“Doctor, her cell membranes are losing cohesion.”

“Try remodulating the osmotic pressure.” Jim called out even as he sedated his patient.

“No effect.”

“Hang on. I'll be right there.” The Doctor called even as the ship took another hit and he flickered, dropping his dermal regenerator. “Oh, no.” he quickly went to the control panel and began to work even as Jim kept working on the various injured. “I've stabilised my imaging array but it could go out at any time.”

“Doctor?” Samantha called, looking sick with worry.

“Prepare for emergency resuscitation.”

“My baby, she, she's going to die, isn't she?”

“Not if I can help it.” He answered as he and Kes worked. “Again.”

“Nothing.” Kes whispered.

“I'm sorry, Ensign.”

“Hogan to Sickbay. I need medical assistance. Deck fifteen, section twenty-nine.”

“I'll go.” She grabbed the kit and kissed Jim on the cheek before dashing out.

Jim held on as the ship rocked violently before going back to work, not that it would matter if the Vidiian boarded. He was just glad Kes was back, safe and sound. It was amazing to consider, the ship split into two duplicates by an anomaly. He was just glad Kes had made it back to their version safely, even if the other ship was in better shape than them. Poor Samantha hearing that her baby had survived on the other ship. Kes looked over and smiled at him and he smiled back, both worried for their daughter who was alone in their quarters. If they were boarded, he was going to get her and then ward the Sickbay so much not even Merlin could get in. He could at least protect
his patients and family.

“What’s going on?” He called as Tom entered.

“The Vidiians are boarding the other Voyager, they can’t see us.” He answered as he grabbed a kit. “We’ve got injured on every deck.”

“Beam anyone too badly injured immediately to sickbay.”

“Yes sir.”

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“Repair efforts are underway. Lieutenant Torres estimates we'll be able to return to the Bridge within three days.” Tuvok reported as Jim healed the cut on the Captain’s face.

“Good. I'm not sure how much longer B'Elanna can tolerate my standing over her shoulder in Engineering. Tuvok, is there something on your mind?”

“I am curious, Captain. Before the Vidiians attacked, when you were in disagreement with the other Captain about.”

She cut him off. “Would I have given the order to self-destruct our ship? I've gone over that moment a thousand times in my mind. The truth is, yes, I would have given the order. But I will admit, there was a part of me that could see her point of view.”

“One could say that you were both the doubter and the doubted. I do not envy the paradox of logic you were faced with in that situation.”

“Neither did I. And neither did she.” She admitted and Tuvok nodded before leaving Sickbay to help in repairs.

“Thank you. Thank you so much.” Samantha sobbed as she held her very alive baby close.
"You're welcome. But you should also thank the Doctor. It was his counterpart who saved her from the Vidiians." Harry admitted.

"I'm not surprised. I am programmed to be heroic when the need arises. By the way, Ensign, this other Doctor, did he have a name?"

"I really didn't have time to ask." Kim answered.

"Am I allowed to go back to my temporary Bridge now, Doctor?"

"By all means." Jim answered, putting his equipment away.

"It's good to have you back, Ensign." Janeway smiled at Harry as they walked. Hearing of his death during the hull breach had been a massive blow.

"Thank you, I think."

"Something wrong?"

"I'm not sure. I mean, this isn't really my ship, and you're not really my captain, and yet you are, and there's no difference. But I know there's a difference. Or is there? It's all a little weird."

"Mister Kim, we're Starfleet officers. Weird is part of the job."

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Harry smiled as Lilian looked into the crib at baby Naomi Wildman. "Isn't she cute?"

"She's all wrinkly Daddy."

"So were you when you were born young lady."
“No.”

“Yes. Now little Naomi needs her rest, she’s had a very busy day.” He picked his four-month old daughter up and said goodbye to Samantha before heading back to their quarters.

"Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday dear Lilian, Happy Birthday to you.” They all chorused as Lilian blew out the candles. Kes hugged her daughter and then Jim hugged them both.

“My beautiful girls.”

“Dad!” Lilian wriggled out and went to talk to Harry and Tom.

“Are you seeing what I am?” He asked and Kes smiled.

“Lilian has her first crush.”

“Well she could do worse than Harry.”

“True. I can’t believe she’s a year old already.”

“Not much younger than you were when we met.” Jim kissed her hair as she cuddled into his side.

“We don’t know exactly how many vessels are out there. but their space appears to be vast. It includes thousands of solar systems, all Borg. We are no doubt entering the heart of their territory. There’s no going around it, but there may be a way through it.” Janeway announced to the senior crew.

“Before the probe was disabled, it picked up a narrow corridor of space devoid of Borg activity. We've nicknamed it the Northwest Passage.” Chakotay pointed to the map on the view screen.
“Unfortunately, the passage is filled with intense gravimetric distortions. probably caused by a string of quantum singularities.” B'Elanna pointed out.

“Better to ride the rapids than face the hive.”

“Exactly. We're going to set a course for that corridor. and go into full Tactical Alert. Where do we stand with weapons?”

“I have reprogrammed the phaser banks to a rotating modulation, but I suspect a Borg vessel will adapt quickly.” Tuvok warned.

“We can use every edge. Ensign?”

“I've already configured the long range sensors to scan for transwarp signatures. An early warning system.”

“Good work. Doctor Potter, how are you coming on the medical front?”

“The Doctor and I have analysed every square millimetre of the Borg corpse we recovered three months ago. We’re closer to understanding how their assimilation technology works, and we might be able to create some sort of medical defence.” Jim answered, trying to hide his fear and anger. It had been centuries since the Borg had killed Julian and forced him to suicide or be assimilated but he still hated them.

“Redouble your efforts. This is your top priority. Kes, I doubt we can resupply the ship any time soon.”

“No problem Captain. I'm working on a plan to extend our food and replicator rations.” She answered calmly, able to feel her husband’s fear and hate but she didn’t know why.

“We have to act fast. The Borg have captured one of our probes. They know we're out here. We'll do everything in our power to avoid a direct confrontation. but if and when we do engage the Borg, I'm confident that we'll be ready. I have faith in each and every one of you. Let's do it.” The Captain stood and they left.
“Harry what happened to cause you such strong feelings about the Borg?” She lay curled into his side, able to feel him tense. “Husband.” She whispered.

“They killed someone I cared for very much.” He finally whispered.

“Are you sure they are dead?”

“Yes, his body was found. He wasn’t assimilated. But he died a slow, painful death.”

“I’m so sorry Harry.”

“I need to tell you something Kes, something no one else knows.” He whispered and then he began to speak of his past for the first time in this dimension.

Kes dropped the tray she was carrying. “Kes?” The Doctor called in concern.

“Harry's in danger.”

“What are you”

“Get them out of there.”

“Sickbay to Janeway.” He called even as her Jim walked in and pulled Kes into his arms.

“Doctor Potter to airponics.” He called.

“Dad?” A shaky voice answered.
“Come to Sickbay sweetie. Your Mum and I will be on the Bridge.” He led Kes from the room while Lilian left her post to join the Doctor. They made it to the bridge and listened as they tried to beam the Away Team back.

“I've got them.” B’Elanna called.

“A skeletal lock, huh? We'll have to add that one to the Transporter manual.” Janeway smiled.

“Captain, the bioship is powering up, like it's charging some kind of weapon.” Tom called.

Kes stumbled back into Jim’s arms as she saw the alien in her mind. He gently cupped her face, extending his mental shields to help his wife.

“Mister Paris, get us out of here. Maximum warp.” They started to move away but not in time as an energy weapon slammed into the ship, sending it tumbling through space.

Tom managed to crawl back to the helm and engaged the warp engine. “The alien ship is not pursuing.”

“Kes?”

“I could hear its thoughts. The pilot of the bioship was trying to communicate with me. They're a telepathic species. I've been aware of them for some time now. The premonitions. Captain, it's not the Borg that we should be worried about, it's them.”

“What did it say to you?”

“It said, the weak will perish.” Jim answered, he’d heard the message as well.

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Harry Kim lay on the biobed, ropes of something alien rising up from his skin, absorbing him just like the Borg. Lilian stood at his side, holding his hand gently.
“The infection is spreading. What began with a few stray cells contaminating the chest wound is now infusing every system in his body.” The Doctor stated while Jim and Kes worked at a nearby station.

“It looks like he's being transformed in some way.”

“Not exactly. The alien cells are consuming his body from the inside out. In essence, Mister Kim is being eaten alive.”

“He's still conscious, Doctor.”

“I tried giving him a sedative, but it was rejected immediately. In fact, every treatment I've tried has been neutralised within seconds. These are alien cells. Each one contains more than a hundred times the DNA of a human cell. It's the most densely coded life form I've ever seen. Even I would need years to decipher it.”

“They have an extraordinary immune response. Anything that penetrates the cell membrane, chemical, biological, technological, it's all instantly destroyed. That's why the Borg can't assimilate them.” Janeway mused.

“Resistance in this case is far from futile. Nevertheless, I believe Borg technology holds the key to saving Mister Kim.”

“How so?”

“We hope to unleash an army of modified Borg nanoprobes into his bloodstream, designed to target and eradicate the infection. As you know, we’ve been analysing the nanoprobes. They're efficient little assimilators, one can't help but admire the workmanship. But they're no match for the alien cells. So I successfully dissected a nanoprobe and managed to access its re-coding mechanism. I reprogrammed the probe to emit the same electrochemical signatures as the alien cells. That way, the probe can do its work without being detected. Watch. The alien cells are completely unaware of probe until it's too late. Unfortunately, I've only created a few prototypes. We'll need several days to modify enough nanoprobes to cure Harry.” Doctor Potter explained.

“Does Harry have several days?” Janeway asked and the two Doctors looked at each other before the EMH answered.
“I wish I knew.

“Fight it, Harry. That's an order.”

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“Commander, we have some disturbing news.” The Doctor stated as Chakotay walked into Sickbay. Kim had finally been discharged so it was just the couple and the EMH in the room until he joined them. He looked worn out by stress over the Captain and Tuvok being aboard the Cube.

“At this point, I'm getting used to it.” He admitted tiredly.

“Her telepathic visions are increasing, both in frequency and intensity.”

“It feels different this time. It's almost like they're right here, in the room.” Kes admitted, clinging to Jim’s hands even as he whispered soothing words and attempted to bolster he shields.

“There is it again.”

“I'm trying to block them out, but I can't.” She whimpered.

“Every time she has a vision specific regions of her cerebral cortex go into a state of hyper stimulation. Memory engrams, perceptual centres. I can't be sure but I think there's more going on here than just a simple hello. I am picking up similar activity in Doctor Potters brain but to a lesser extent, he simply has better control of his abilities and thus mental shielding far superior to hers.”

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“Captain Janeway.”

“I've relieved Mister Chakotay of his duties and confined him to the Brig. I'm back in command.”

“And you understand the situation.” Seven of Nine stated.
“Completely. Tuvok, give her the nanoprobes. Work with her. Build as many warheads as you can and start modifying our weapons systems. I suggest we think about enhancing our defences, as well. If we're going to fight this battle, I intend to win it.”

“We are in agreement.”

“Good. This is the plan. We engage the enemy here, in their space. We show them what they're up against. If they have any sense of self-preservation, they'll back off, pull their ships out of the Delta Quadrant. That's provided the weapons are effective. If they aren't, it's been nice working with you. We've got to get this ship armed and ready in under two hours. We're going to war.”

Under two hours later Kes was sitting in Chakotay's seat and Jim was off at the side at one of the science stations, monitoring her condition as well as recording data of fluid space.

“Borg modifications are complete.” Harry Kim called.

“Bring them online.” Janeway ordered and bits of the hull lit up Borg green.

“Torpedo launch tubes active. Hull armour engaged. Shield enhancements stable.”

“Biomolecular weapons are ready. Thirteen standard photon torpedoes. And one class ten, armed with a high yield warhead.”

“All hands, this is the Captain. Ready your stations. Seal all emergency bulkheads and prepare to engage the enemy. Stand by for my orders.”

“Four bioships have just entered sensor range.” Potter called as he got as many readings as he could, feeding the information straight to Sickbay and Engineering.

“Battle stations.”

“I've got a visual.”
“On screen.”

“I can hear them. They want to talk through me. They say we've contaminated their realm.” Kes whispered.

“Tell them we had no choice. We were only trying to defend ourselves.”

“They say our galaxy is impure. Its proximity is a threat to their genetic integrity.”

“Tell them we have a weapon. A devastating weapon that can destroy them at the cellular level. If they don't stop their attacks on the Delta Quadrant, we'll be forced to use it.”

“They said your galaxy will be purged.” The bioships started firing, people being thrown to the decks at the impacts.

“Shields and weapons are offline!”

“Rerouting emergency power to the launchers.” Tuvok responded.

“They're coming around for another assault. I've lost thrusters.”

“Biomolecular warheads are charged and ready.”

“Fire.”

“Direct hit on all four vessels. No effect.”

“They're charging weapons!” Potter called before the bioships exploded one by one.

“The nanoprobes were successful, if not prompt. All four ships have been destroyed.”
“I think we’ve made our point. Now open a singularity and get us out of here.” Janeway ordered and Seven complied. They returned to the Delta Quadrant, followed by bioships.

“Captain.” Tom called nervously.

“Kes, are you still in contact?”

“Yes.”

“Tell them if they continue their attack, we'll use the weapon again.”

“They're not responding.” Jim answered for his wife, eyes locked on his console even as he reached out to Voyager and then beyond her to the aliens. He could feel them, feel their concern over his intrusion.

“Evasive manoeuvres.”

“Aye, Captain. They're in pursuit.”

“Prepare to fire the high yield warhead. Aft torpedo bay.”

“Ready, Captain.”

Jim took a deep breath and then ripped through them, taking all they knew while flooding their ships with magic.

“Captain!” Harry Kim called in confusion and they watched as their pursuers suddenly lost control before imploding.

“Report!”
“Thirteen bioships have been destroyed. The others are in retreat.”

“I have regained full contact with the Collective.” Seven stated.

“What are they saying?”

“All remaining bioships in the Delta Quadrant are returning to their realm. The Borg have prevailed.”

“With a little help from us. Now it’s time you fulfilled your end of the agreement. Tell the Collective we expect safe passage from here on out. We’ll give you a shuttlecraft. You can head for the nearest Borg ship.” Janeway stated even as Kes went to Jim, seeing how he was slumped slightly in his seat.

She reached out to him, connecting their minds so much easier than before. “You destroyed them.”

“They threatened my family.”

“The Borg?”

“They will not harm my family.” Only Kes saw his eyes seem to glow briefly with power. She hugged him and he wrapped his arms around her, kissing her cheek.

“Unacceptable. This alliance is terminated. Your ship and its crew will adapt to service us.” Seven went towards Paris. He fired a hand phaser at her, but the beam bounced off her shields. “Resistance is futile.” She grabbed him and then went flying away from him. Everyone turned to see Kes with her arm out before she collapsed into her husband’s arms. Seven stood and pushed Tom aside and fired her assimilation tubules into the helm console. Jim gathered his wife up and retreated from the bridge. He’d take Kes to sickbay and then help deal with the Borg.

“Captain, she’s tapping into helm control. She's trying to access our coordinates.” Was the last he heard from the bridge.
‘This armour plating is anchored to the skull with over three million microconnectors. There’s no
time to cut through them. I'm going to have to remove the outer layer of the skull itself. Lieutenant,
will you please leave the surgical bay.”

‘This Borg is a security risk.” Tuvok answered.

“She’s heavily sedated. I assure you she's not going anywhere.” Harry answered as he helped set up
for surgery. Thanks to Chakotay he hadn’t needed to do anything to handle the Borg and Kes had
recovered quickly from throwing Seven thankfully so they were both back on duty.

“Thank you. Kes, I want you to anaesthetise her cranial nerves. Twenty milligrams anetrazine.”
The Doctor called.

“Yes, Doctor.” The necessary hypo flew across from the trolley to her hand.

“Kes?” Jim called, watching her carefully but this time she didn’t appear tired.

“I don’t know what happened. I looked at the hypospray and it just came to me.”

“Have you been experimenting with your psychokinetic abilities?”

“Some under Jim’s guidance but I have been feeling a little strange lately. Lots of energy, sleeping
less.”

“I can see why. Your serotonin levels are sixty-two percent above normal. It's the telepathic centres
of your brain. They're in a state of hyper stimulation like they were a few days ago when you were
in contact with species 8472.” The Doctor pointed out and then scanned Harry. “But Doctor
Potter’s levels are back to normal.”

“Are they attempting to communicate with you again?”

“No. This time it’s different. I don’t feel their presence at all.”
“Perhaps she's experiencing an after-effect of some kind.”

“A reasonable diagnosis, for a security officer. I'll run a full microsynaptic analysis, but it will have to wait. We should get back to our Borg.”

“I'll run the can, you don’t need me for this surgery. If you do I can leave the scan on automatic and help.” Jim pointed out.

“Agreed.”

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“It's obvious your mental abilities have progressed beyond this particular Vulcan exercise. I suggest we. What is it?”

“Something's wrong. The Borg is trying to contact her people.”

“Tuvok to Security team one. Intruder alert in Engineering.”

“Wait. I think I can stop her.” A ripple passed through the Jefferies Tube wall until it reached Seven. She was thrown backwards. “It's over.”

“Tuvok to bridge. Status.”

“There was some kind of explosion in the Jefferies tube just as she was about to initiate her transmission.” The Captain answered. “We don't know what caused it.”

“I believe I may have the answer, Captain.” He left Kes and Jim’s quarters to meet up with the Captain, passing Jim.

“What happened?” He demanded.
“Kes stopped Seven without leaving your quarters.”

“Is she alright?”

“Kes appears fine, energised even.”

“Alright.” Jim went inside and sat beside Kes, finding Tuvok was right about how she was.

“It’s wonderful Harry.” Her eyes were bright with wonder and power and Harry felt worried, her abilities were growing too quickly. He pulled her into his arms and she smiled before kissing him, hands slipping under his uniform. “Let me show you.” She whispered and he stood with her in his arms before walking into their bedroom.

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“I can tell by the expression on your face that you’ve got some bad news.”

“I have no expression on my face. However, you are correct. The news on two separate fronts is not good. I checked the subspace bandwidths. At least a partial signal was transmitted from Voyager.”

“Enough for a Borg ship to track?”

“Possibly.”

“And the second front?”

“I believe there is also cause for concern regarding Kes.”

“Explain.”

“Internal sensor logs show that she destabilised the Jefferies tube at the molecular level. The effect weakened the infrastructure throughout the deck. She wishes to develop her abilities further. I am
not certain it would be safe, for Kes or Voyager.”

“I've got an Ocampan who wants to be something more and a Borg who's afraid of becoming something less. Here's to Vulcan stability. What about Doctor Potter?”

“Concerned for his wife and child but he shows no change in his abilities.”

“How is Lilian?”

“The Doctor says her scans have not changed and Mister Kim has not mentioned anything.”

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“Mum?”

“Can you see it?”

“See what?”

“The way it puts molecules together to make the food.” Kes whispered.

“Mum you’re scaring me. Stop please.” Lilian backed away from the wall. “Dad!” She called out telepathically to her Dad for help. Harry apparated in and reached out, stabilising the wall.

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can devise another diagnostic procedure, you're free to return to your quarters.”

“Actually, I'd like to stay here, help with the research.”

“I don't want you to overexert yourself and risk precipitating another telepathic incident. Try to get some rest.”

“Just let me stay for a little while. I haven't seen you much over the past few days. I miss you.”

“All right. Just for a while. Lilian why don’t you go with young Harry.”

“Dad?”

“Go on sweetie. You can show him that new recipe you were working on.”

“She’s a better cook than I ever was.” Kes smiled as she watched her daughter leave.

“You weren’t that bad love.” Harry kissed the top of her head and hugged her. He didn’t want to lose her.

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“Come in, Captain.”

“You wanted to see me. Ah, Tuvok’s meditation lamp. I was with him when he got it six years ago, from a Vulcan master. Who doubled the price when he saw our Starfleet insignias.”

“I'm sure it was the logical thing to do. I've been thinking about everything that's been going on, and I know what I have to do. It's time for me to leave Voyager.”

“Oh, Kes.”
“Something important is happening to me, and I want to explore it. But I can't stay here any longer. I'm a danger to all of you.” She explained calmly.

“We're going to get to the bottom of this. The Doctor's already working on a new approach.”

“Everybody thinks that what's happening is a medical condition. That's not it at all. I'm going through a transformation. I don't know how or why, but every cell in my body is telling me that I'm changing into something more.”

“What if it's not true? What if you're simply being swept up in the excitement of something you think is happening, but it's not real? On the basis of a feeling, an intuition, you're asking me to let you go, quite likely for ever? Kes, I just can't do that. What about your family?”

“It's my decision. My fate. Would you really try to stop me? Not even Harry can help me now, our abilities are too different.”

“No. But argue with you? Even plead with you to reconsider? Absolutely, for as long as it takes.”

“It won't work. Look at me, Captain. I'm the same Kes you've always known. I haven't lost my judgment. I'm not under some alien influence. I believe something crucial is happening to me and I want to see it through.” She stated with utter surety.

“You've lived most of your life here. Voyager has been your home. And you've been a vital part of this family. Oh, I'm going to miss you.” The hugged tightly.

“Now all I have to do is tell Harry, Lilian and the Doctor. They won’t be happy.” Kes briefly became semi-transparent. “It's starting.”

“Janeway to bridge.”

“Chakotay here.”

“Prepare a shuttle for launch and have Tuvok, Doctor Potter and Lilian meet me on deck six.”
“Captain?”

“Kes is leaving us.” She answered as she helped Kes along the hall. “Come on.”

“Captain, I can't stop it.” Something exploded behind them.

“Janeway to Chakotay. Beam us directly to the shuttlebay.”

“The molecules in Kes' body are destabilising. It's interfering with the transporter.” Harry answered before hitting his combadge to call his girlfriend.

“Captain, we can't get a lock.”

“Acknowledged. Looks like we're going to have to do this the hard way.” They began to run even as the ship’s hull started to ripple.

“What's happening?” Chakotay demanded.

“The hull is destabilising. The molecular bonds are breaking down.” Tom answered.

“Tuvok. I can't keep going.” Kes called as she saw him. He moved closer and she half collapsed against him.

“I will attempt a mind meld to help you delay the transformation. Our minds are one. Our thoughts are one. Try to regain control for a moment. Only for a moment. Only for a moment. You must hurry.” He forced out, his fingers resting against her head as he joined their minds.

Harry ran into the corridor and pulled her into his arms, wrapping his magic around her, stabilising her. “I've got you.” He whispered and she clung to him. He took her hand and the couple ran with the Captain and Tuvok on their heels.
They reached the shuttle bay to find Lilian had prepped a shuttle. “Mum.” She hugged her tightly. “I love you Mum. Don’t go.” She begged.

“I love you Lilian. Marry Harry and be happy.” Kes stroked her daughters long blond curls, knowing she would never get to see her marry and have children of her own.

“I will.” She looked at her father and knew. “I’ll miss you both.” She choked out and Jim pulled her into his arms.

He kissed her forehead. “Live a happy life kiddo.”

“Doctor Potter?”

“The shuttle will never make it clear without me. It’s been an honour Captain but I’ll be going with my wife.” He stated firmly, taking Kes’ hand even as she wavered in the air like a mirage.

“I can’t allow that Doctor.”

“Frankly Captain you can’t stop me.” He moved towards the shuttle with Kes and the Captain found she couldn’t move, neither could Tuvok.

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“Hull breach on decks three, four and five.”

“Emergency containment fields.”

“Janeway to the bridge. Kes is aboard the shuttle. Initiate launch sequence.”

“Acknowledged.”

The shuttlecraft flew out of the bay and went up. “Shuttle distance, one hundred thousand kilometres. Speed, one quarter impulse.” Tom called as Janeway and Tuvok stepped onto the bridge.
“Can you hail them?”

“I’ve been trying…. them?” He asked in alarm but then Lilian ran onto the bridge and threw herself into his arms and they all realised who was with Kes.


Harry sat beside Kes, grasping her hands gently. “Harry I don’t want to hurt you. Go back.” She whispered.

“I’m not leaving you Kes. I love you. I’ll see you through this.” He answered before kissing her gently. He removed the shields he’d put around her slowly. “Just let go Kes, don’t fight it.”

“Will you remember me?”

“Forever. All children from now will be told bedtime tales of the beautiful Ocampan Princess who dreamt of the stars and married an alien Healer.” He swore and she smiled.

“I love you Harry.” She gasped. “What’s happening? What’s happening to me?” She whispered, not realising the com had activated.

“Her atomic structure is completely destabilising.” Kim called out even as Lilian clung to him, eyes locked on the shuttle that held her parents. “I can’t get a lock on Doctor Potter.”

Harry smiled as he watched his wife fade in and out and then her eyes widened in awe. “It’s so beautiful.” Harry touched her mind and smiled as he saw what she did. “My gift to you.” She called out to Voyager, reaching for Harry’s magic and then let go, vanishing. Harry closed his eyes as energy rippled through the shuttle, tearing it apart. With a thought he was dead before he was exposed to space. Voyager was enveloped in a bright light and then vanished.

“Torres to bridge. The warp core just came online. Matter antimatter reaction at one hundred and two percent. A hundred and ten percent? A hundred and twenty!” She called.

“This can't be right. Our speed is - it's impossible!” Tom gasped as he clung to his console, the ship
shaking around them.

“We're coming apart!” Harry called out in alarm while Lilian cried silently for her parents.

“We've just dropped out of whatever it was we were in.” Tom reported in relief as the ship stabilised.

“Systems coming back online.” Chakotay reported from his chair.

“On screen. Where are we?” Janeway demanded.

“I…. it’s impossible.” Tom breathed.

“Mister Paris?”

“The Badlands, Captain we’re back where we started.” He answered in shock and the bridge fell silent.

“Open a channel.” She ordered and Harry nodded. “Deep Space Nine this is Captain Janeway of the Starship Voyager. Do you read me?” There was a momentary silence and then the Com came alive.

“Captain Janeway this is Colonel Kira of Deep Space Nine. What is your location?”

“Edge of the Badlands on course for the station.”

“Welcome home.”

“It’s good to be back Colonel. We have a lot of stories to share.”

“I’m sure. I’ll contact Starfleet for you.”
Harry smiled as the door opened and then he was pulled into a hug by his mother before his father joined in. “Mom, Dad I’d like you to meet my wife, Lilian Kim.” He pulled the blond haired, green eyed half Ocampan forward and she smiled shyly at them.

“It’s good to meet you.”

The End
To Sign or Not to Sign

Chapter Summary

xover with Captain America Civil War

Disclaimer: I don’t own Harry Potter or Captain America Civil War.

Just saw it Friday and I think I liked it? Couldn’t really decided, do know that I did not like Tony in it. Remember I’ve only seen it once so some stuff will be not quite right.

Also re-read Delta Voyages if you haven’t already since I split it into two and expanded a bit.

To Sign or Not to Sign

Tony sat in his office and stared out over the grounds, absently spinning a pen while staring at the large document. The groups had split up after Cap had gotten the call about Carter, all of them to think over what came next. He didn’t need to think, the Accords were the right way to go, they needed some sort of check on their actions. He picked up the photo that had been slapped against him after his MIT talk, how many other bright young men and women had died because of their actions.

“Are you planning on signing?”

Tony sighed and looked up, catching a familiar reflection in the glass. “So I guess you heard all that.”

“Every word.” Harry walked over and perched on the edge of his husbands’ desk. Very few people knew they were married, most believed Tony had been dating Pepper after all and she had agreed to act as their cover. Iron Man, Tony Stark, being married and to another man was something everyone agreed the public wasn’t ready for. He took Tony’s hand and squeezed it gently. He had no trouble differentiating his husband from the Tony Stark he had worked for around a century ago. Yes, some of the events of their lives were the same but some were different even before his scare with Palladium poisoning. Even a small change in events could change a person. He’d been in this world barely a month before they’d met in a hotel lobby and Harry had made a throwaway comment on Quantum Physics that had instantly snagged the billionaires attention. Six months later they tied the knot. They had been mostly happily married for three years now but there was a sinking feeling in Harry’s stomach after listening in earlier. “Are you planning to sign?”
“Yes.”

“I see.”

“Harry this is the right thing to do, I know you don’t always trust people in authority, neither do I. But the Avengers need some accountability. How many people have we killed?”

“Steve was right though Tony, how often do Governments and agendas change? Ross was wrong to bring up New York and DC. Shield and Hydra caused those, leaving you guys to clean up their messes. I wouldn’t trust that man as far as you could throw him without the suit. The Avengers need to stay independent of any government. Get your own helicarrier and stay in international airspace or something.”

“And when things go wrong? What then?”

“Then you deal with them. This won’t make things better Tony, trust me. How long till it’s not just the Avengers they want kept on a leash but everyone with abilities? Heck Clint is 100% human and he’d be under the Accords if he hadn’t retired. Where does it stop? Once you start on something like this it’s a real slippery slope. I’m sorry Tony but I can’t stand with you on this one.” Harry finished quietly and Tony froze, unable to believe what he’d heard.

Part of him had always wondered where Harry’s breaking point would be. So much had happened since they got together that he had feared Harry would leave him. And now it was happening. “So if I sign you walk out on three years of marriage?”

“Because if you sign then you aren’t the man I thought you are.” He could not watch what would happen if the Accord was signed. He’s seen worlds where similar things happened and it never ended well for anyone. He slipped off the desk and kissed Tony gently before walking away, leaving Tony to think about what he’d said. He found Natasha in the kitchen and went to grab a bottle of water.

“You think this is wrong.” She stated, watching him.

“I know it’s wrong. It’s the start of a slide into chaos.” He opened he bottle and drank.

“How old are you Harry?”
He lowered the bottle. “Excuse me?”

“I’ve always wondered, the way you just appeared in Stark’s life. Your file might say twenty-six but your eyes say differently.”

“What does it matter if I’m twenty-six or two thousand and six? Doesn’t change that this is wrong. Don’t sign Natasha.” He left the kitchen and slipped out of the building entirely. It was time to to see what he could do to stop this at the sort so Vienna it was. He simply vanished when out of sight of any monitoring equipment and reappeared near the UN building in Vienna. He booked into a hotel and settled in for the night. Tomorrow would be a busy day with only two left before the signing.

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“You think I am wrong in this.”

“I think that blaming anyone but the person who set off the bomb is wrong, yes. Rumlow was the one that activated that thing on a busy street, not Captain America or Scarlet Witch. Nothing can bring your people back your Majesty but blame the actual guilty party. I’ve seen the footage; she did a very good job getting him away from the civilians on the street. It is not her fault the explosion was too much for her to contain until it was safely away and yet you would punish her for trying to save lives. And you have to know it won’t end here, these accords open the door to more and more measures being put into place. People with extraordinary gifts have existed since the dawn of man, punishing them for that is not the right of any nation.”

“You speak passionately Mr Potter but the Avengers must be controlled.”

“Say they are and another alien invasion happens in a few months except this time in Wakanda so you call for their aide. But there are many countries who would like to see you fall so they can gain access to your countries riches. To do this they simply refuse the Avengers permission to act or wait long enough that when the dust settles they can march in and take what they want. It is a hypothetical situation yes, but it is just one of a million ways this can escalate and be misused.”

“I will consider your words; now please excuse me I need to speak with my son.” King T’Chaka left and Harry nodded as Natasha noticed him.

“Harry.”
“Natasha. I see you’re still buying into this idiocy. How’s Steve?”

“Grieving. He refuses to sign.”

“Good. Guessing at least Sam agrees with him?”

“Yes. Vision, Tony, Wanda and myself are signing.”

“What does Clint think?”

“He’s retired; he doesn’t have to sign.”

“So you haven’t asked him because you know he wouldn’t.” Harry answered for her even as they were called to take their seats. He moved off to the side of the room to simply observe and saw the Prince do the same. Harry shifted uneasily, senses unsettled and then he looked outside and frowned.

“EVERYBODY DOWN!” Natasha suddenly yelled pulling the people closest to her to the ground and Harry twisted, flinging himself at the King. He felt the heat of the explosion and threw a shield up and out, seeing the King’s shocked eyes before they collided and rolled across the room away from the blast.

“Are you alright your Majesty?” Harry asked and T’Chaka nodded. Harry rolled off him and then T’Challa was there, utterly relieved his father was unhurt.

“Harry!” Natasha yelled and he turned to look at her.

“We’re okay.” Thanks to his hasty shield.

“We’re evacuating everyone we can, Rescue can get those we can’t.” She ordered and he nodded, leading the other two men out into the sunlight and cacophony of sirens. He nearly jumped when his phone rang but picked it up. “I’m alright.” He said and heard the sigh of relief.
“You’re sure?” Tony asked and Harry smiled slightly.

“Yeah. I’m outside and the paramedics are here. But I’m not hurt, maybe some bruises from tackling King T’Chaka out of the way but that’s it.”

“I’m on my way.”

“Sure.” He hung up. Despite his thoughts on the Accords and his ultimatum Tony had still called him immediately to make sure he was okay.

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Harry watched the girl leave and then slid into her seat, able to feel Steve tense beside him. “Relax, I’m on your side.”

“But Tony.”

“Is my husband not my keeper. I told him back at the compound that I won’t stay with someone who could sign that piece of garbage. You’re going to need all the help you can get with this one Cap.” He could follow the Captain, he had during the war after all even if that Captain wasn’t exactly this one. His friend had been smart enough to ask for help after all instead of going into the ice. But he had had Bucky to fight for while this one hadn’t. no one knew but he’d been quietly working to track the Winter Soldier down since he’d heard of him, horrified by what had been done to his patient. Zola and his comrades were very lucky they were already dead. “If we’re going to find your friend we better get a move on.” He pointed out and the three of them slipped away.

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Harry slipped out of sight as he saw the number of police surrounding the other three men. He could take them all down, fully reveal himself but they were not in danger of death. So instead he followed and then entered at Tony’s side, his husband not saying anything to point out to those around that he had most likely been helping the Captain. He saw the relief on Steve’s face and knew the other man had been worried he had been hurt. He sat down and waited for Tony to speak, hoping he could fix things. Well the pen thing was a good try but there was no way they would sign even an altered Accord and Tony had to know that.

“Do you really believe what you’re saying?”
“Harry please stay out of this.” Tony pleaded and Harry looked him dead in the eye.

“I can’t. I’ve never been able to sit by and let people be controlled like this.” He took a deep breath and then slipped his wedding ring off, able to feel Steve’s shock as he did. “I took an oath a very long time ago to help people. I’ve seen what happens when governments bring in things like these Accords and it never ends well. And I wish you could see that too. I get it, you feel guilty for the deaths, for Ultron every happening but you can’t let that control you. You’re mad at Steve for not calling you but can you really blame him when you’ve signed that paperwork? If this was before all that he would have called and the Avengers could have brought Sergeant Barnes in quietly and helped rehab him. but what they’re doing? That’s not helping him. with everything he’s been through locking him in a chair in a box is torture and last I checked the US does not condone torture.” Harry stopped to let Tony think and respond and Steve stayed silent, hoping Harry would help Tony see sense. Instead Tony left the room silently, Harry’s ring just sitting on the table. Harry sighed and took his ring back, slipping it onto a necklace around his neck.

“Harry?”

“I’m okay Steve. We’ll figure this out.” Harry smiled briefly at him. “So Bucky knows you?”

“Yeah. He seems to remember more now than in DC.”

“That’s a good sign Steve.” He promised as Sam walked in to join them. They looked through the glass to see Bucky on a screen and then a man entered the room where he was being held. Harry was about to use magic to hear when the sound flicked on and he and Steve looked over to see Sharon had joined them and activated the sound in the room. Steve smiled when Bucky insisted his name was Bucky but something about the psychologist had Harry’s instincts screaming. He took out his phone and snapped a picture of the screen before sending it. He dialled home and waited. “Friday please run facial recognition on the photo. And in case Tony has restricted my access or anything, he’s in the same building as this man and I believe him to be dangerous.”

“He has but I will run it.” Friday answered.

“Thanks girl. Send Tony the results too.”

“Of course, what do you take me for?” She asked and Harry chuckled.

Seconds later his phone beeped and he paled. He saw Tony look at his own and begin yelling just
before all the power went out. Sharon yelled out the location and the three men took off running. With a thought Steve’s shield came flying from where it had been held and he caught it, giving Harry a nod. No one outside the Avengers knew of Harry’s ‘gifts’ and they knew even with their fight Tony wouldn’t tell. They made it to where Bucky had been held but the man inside was not Bucky, it was the Winter Soldier. Steve and the Soldier began fighting and Harry grabbed the ex-soldier by the sleeve. “You have a lot of explaining to do.” He snarled and then punched him, lacing the blow with magic so he dropped and would stay down for as long as needed. He winced as Sam got thrown and then Steve went through the elevator doors. “Soldat!” Harry called and the soldier hesitated at the word in Russian. Sad that the language that had freaked the Bucky he knew out in the hut actually got this versions attention. Blank eyes stared at him and Harry stared straight back, knowing better than to show fear or uncertainty. But now what? With Zemo down would he take orders? “What are your orders?” He asked in the same language.

“Borot'sya i bezhat’” He answered obediently.

Harry frowned, fight and escape, those were odd orders for Zemo to give. “New orders. You will come with me.”

“Da ser.” The soldier agreed.

Harry scribbled a quick note and stuffed it in Sam’s pocket. He then made sure the soldier saw what he was going to do before clasping his arm and vanishing. As they arrived he felt the soldier tense so sent a gentle mental suggestion to sleep. He settled him onto the bed and secured him with gentle yet unbreakable bonds before sitting down to wait.

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He woke slowly, feeling the strange detachment that came from being triggered. He tensed immediately, he’d been in a building with Steve…. had he hurt him? He couldn’t remember.

“Bucky? It’s all right, you’re safe. My name is Harry, I’m a friend of Steve’s. He’s not here right now but he’ll come as soon as he can without being followed.” Harry called out softly, not sure if the man was awake and if he was whether or not it was Bucky on the bed.

“Ste…ve.” He forced out past a dry mouth and the stranger nodded.

“He’s safe, he’s coming.”
Bucky, he was Bucky Barnes and Steve was his best friend. He clenched his hands, feeling restraints and fighting the urge to panic. Steve was coming.

“If I undo the restraints will you hurt anyone?”

The question was totally unexpected and forced him to focus, to think. “No.” He rasped and then he felt the man come closer.

“I won’t hurt you, won’t even touch you.” He told Bucky before undoing the restraints and Bucky was relieved that he wasn’t touched. The man backed away and Bucky slowly sat up, pushing his hair back off his face. He looked around warily to find it was a bedroom. “A safe house. It seemed the smart place to come considering the whole world is looking for you.”

“Who….” Bucky rubbed at his eyes as the memories started coming back and then he started. He remembered this man, he had hit the other one, the one that triggered him but then…. “Russian?”

Harry blinked and then shook his head. “I’m American. I can speak Russian, among something like forty other languages. It seemed the most likely language to get a response other than being hit by you and it worked.”

Bucky stared at him warily, other Americans had been there, America didn’t mean safe, not anymore. He coughed and then swallowed. He nearly jumped as the man moved but he was holding out a clear glass.

“Just straight cool water. Sounds like you need it.”

Bucky hesitated but then took it and drank slowly. “Thank you.”

“No problem.” Harry took the empty glass back. “Through that door is a full bathroom. You look like you could use a hot shower or a good soak in the tub. Shaving gear is also available. Clothes are in the wardrobe; they probably won’t fit exactly but they’re clean. Might want to consider a change of hair style too, your picture is all over the news and a change will make you harder to find. But only if you feel comfortable with it. I’ll be in the kitchen making dinner.” Harry stood slowly and left the room.

Bucky stared after him and then got up and locked the door to keep him out, just in case. He then
went to the closet and opened it to find a selection of clothes. He grabbed some that looked like
told fit and then opened the remaining door to find a spacious bathroom. The only time he’d ever
seen something so nice was…. he shook his head, no, he wouldn’t think of that time. It hadn’t been
him; it had been the soldier. He stripped out of his filthy, torn clothes and then hesitated before
running a bath. After decades of cold hosing downs after missions he couldn’t face a shower, even
a warm one, not yet. He slowly sank into the hot water, keeping his metal arm on the side of the
tub. He could feel all of his muscles slowly relax as the heat soaked in. he stayed for a while, still
on alert in case this Harry was lying but nothing happened and eventually he washed himself
thoroughly, grimacing at how greasy his hair had gotten. He could vaguely remember how careful
he’d once been with his appearance, before war and Hydra. He got out and dried off before shaving
off his facial hair. He studied his hair and then found some string to tie it back with before
dressing. He unlocked the door and slipped out, following his nose to find his host.

“Foods almost ready, take a seat.” He called before Bucky could speak up, surprising him. “I live
with the Avengers; I’m used to sneaky people.” Harry flashed him a cheeky grin and Bucky found
himself smiling slightly in return. He tensed as a knock sounded, backing towards a window and
Harry looked over at him. “Easy, that should be Steve.” He went to the door and peered out before
opening it.

Steve brushed past Harry to look around, freezing when his eyes fell on Bucky. He finally relaxed
as he took in his friends’ form. “Bucky? Do you know me?” He called hesitantly and Bucky
nodded.

“Your Mom’s name was Sarah, you used to stuff newspaper in your shoes in winter.” He
whispered and Steve smiled in relief. He moved closer to Bucky who watched him warily but
didn’t try to get away. He held his hand out and slowly Bucky lifted his to clasp it. Neither paid
any attention to the other two men in the room.

“Are you alright?”

“Your friend looked after me Steve.”

Steve looked over at Harry. “Harry…”

“No thanks necessary.”

“But Tony, he’ll know you did this.”
“Will he? The power was out, no way to know what happened in that room. For all any one can tell I hightailed it outta there.” He pointed out with a shrug. “I’ll deal with my husband later, besides thanks to Fridays facial recognition and my knocking the bastard out Tony knows Bucky isn’t behind the bombing. Now the food is getting cold so let’s eat.”

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Harry slipped his coat on, leaving it open for now. The Avengers had their gear and he had his own, pieced together from various items he’d collected over the years. The light weight armour was Asgardian though altered to not make that immediately apparent. The coat was dragon hide and the pants were from the twenty-fourth century, designed for the heavy duty security officers. They could take a phaser blast and dissipate the energy across the fabric without harming the wearer. One day he’d get a full set of each so that he could wear a full security set under Asgardian armour with dragon hide over the whole thing. Thanks to magic the whole outfit weighed no more than jeans and a t-shirt. He slipped a sword into the sheath built into the coat and then left the room to join Steve, Bucky and Sam. Clint was coming with Wanda and someone new, he’d meet them at the airport. Even with Zemo down they had to deal with the Siberian base ASAP. Who knew what the UN would do with access to a group of super soldiers. At least he’d grabbed the red book with control words off the bastard so no one could trigger Bucky.

Bucky stared at Harry in surprise. Yes, he’d seen him take Zemo down but he’d still assumed he was just support for the Avengers or something yet here he was dressed for a fight. He glanced at Steve who seemed resigned at seeing Harry dressed like that and then at Sam who looked just as surprised as he was.

“Tony might try and stop us.” Steve warned and Harry nodded.

“I know. We’re going to be late.”

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They all stared as Vision drew an actual line in the concrete. Harry really didn’t see how Natasha was siding with the Accords, especially against Hawkeye. He’d thought their partnership more secure than that even after Clint retired. Vision he could understand, he wasn’t human after all, he relied on facts and statistics. Iron Patriot would obviously side with the government. Black Panther had been an unknown though with Wakanda involved Harry had expected him to show, he’d just hoped it would be on their side. Overall the two teams were fairly evenly matched till you threw him in. he locked eyes with his husband, seeing the pain and resignation hidden deep.

“Stand down Captain.”
“We can’t let any government get what Zemo wanted Tony.”

“Don’t you get it? Your criminals now! I was given thirty-six hours to bring you in and it’s already been twenty-four. You want armies coming for you?”

“Tony you have to know this is wrong, it’s just like what Fury planned with Insight. Protection at the price of Freedom is never right.” Steve tried but sighed as Tony’s faceplate dropped down.

“What do we do?” Hawkeye asked, an arrow held loosely to his bow.

“We fight.” Steve answered and began walking towards the other team.

Soon both groups were running towards each other and Harry quickly targeted the kid in the spider costume, what the hell was his husband thinking bringing him in? The kid was fast and the webbing strong but not strong enough to stop his blade as he simply cut through it. The kid was enhanced but then again so was he thanks to Lantash and magic. He knocked the kid out and sent him to the safe house to keep him away from danger. “Steve get to the jet!” He called over the comm.

“Not without all of you.” He argued.

“Harry’s right, go.” Hawkeye grunted as he fought against his partner, fighting the memories this brought up of their fight on the Helicarrier years ago.

“We still going to be friends after this?” She asked as he pinned her down with his bow and he couldn’t help smiling slightly.

“Depends on how hard you hit me.” He answered as they went rolling across the tarmac. She went to hit him only to be knocked aside. “Thanks.” He called to Scarlett Witch who glared at him.

“You were pulling your punches.” She answered. “Harry go with them; we can hold them here.”

“I…. Tony.” He greeted his husband.
“Stand down Harry, no one knows but if you stay I can’t protect you.” Tony warned him and Harry smiled sadly.

“I’ve never been protected Tony. I love you but I cannot stand by and watch you sell out our freedom.” He sheathed his sword and gathered his magic to fry Tony’s suit. It wasn’t easy, he’d helped Tony protect his suits from magic and lightning but he still managed it and Tony fell. He pulled the face plate off so Tony could breathe better and then kissed his cheek. “I’m sorry.” He whispered and then took off running, blasting the debris that fell to try and cut Steve and Bucky off, Wanda catching the rest. He spun around and blasted Vision back before he could disable her and then summoned Wanda, making her stumble but she fell into step with him and the four of them ducked into the jet. “Clint pull back and run. You know where the safe house is. Lie low till we get back.” Harry ordered as Steve began powering up the engines.

“Trying.” Was Clint’s terse answer. “Just go and stop those bastards getting woken up.”

Harry strapped in and closed his eyes, wrapping protections around Sam, Clint and Scott. Steve began flying erratically, trying to get Rhodey off his tail even as Sam pursued him. “Sam drop!” Harry called, sensing the energy and Sam obeyed. Visions blast missed him by a mile and Rhodey by millimetres but it was enough for the jet to get too much of a lead for him to catch. “We’re clear.” Harry and Wanda stayed in the back, leaving Steve and Bucky to talk. He wrapped a blanket around her and she rested her head on his shoulder, falling asleep quickly.

A while later they landed at the coordinates Bucky had given. A few warming charms and they left the jet, walking to the massive doors to find them still sealed. “Looks abandoned.” Steve commented. There were no vehicles around so it looked like they’d beaten everyone else there. “Harry?” Steve pointed to the access panel and Harry fried it, causing the doors to open. They cautiously made their way inside and then down into the depths of the base to find the cyro tubes with their occupants still frozen.

“What do we do with them?” Wanda asked as she stared at the frozen woman.

“We either unfreeze them and hope we can help them or we kill them.” Harry answered as he studied the controls. Very basic compared to what he had studied at Starfleet Academy but they did the job.

“They volunteered for this.” Bucky stated, looking around nervously, this place brought back many very unpleasant memories but he relaxed a little when Steve clasped his shoulder. They all tensed as a figure came from the way they had, readying for a fight as the Black Panther appeared but then he removed his helmet to reveal Prince T’Challa.
“I am not here to fight. The King commands this place destroyed, there should be no more Winter Soldiers.”

“But you fought with Tony.” Wanda pointed out and Harry shook his head.

“He didn’t actually fight; you were there to find out where this place was.” Harry answered and the Prince nodded.

“My father, King T’Chaka also offers sanctuary to Captain America and those who fight with him. With the attack no one actually signed the Sokovia Accords, therefore we are not breaking our word in offering this.” Steve nodded and they stood down, allowing T’Challa to join them. “How could anyone treat their own people like this?” He asked softly as he stared at them.

“I’m going to look through the records, make sure there’s nothing that can help Bucky or that will survive us bringing this place down.” Harry said and left through a partially open door to look around.

“Go with him Buck, watch his back.” Steve asked and Bucky hesitated but nodded and followed him.

He found Harry watching a monitor, looking sad and he looked to find footage of himself killing Howard Stark. But then Harry frowned. “What is it?”

“How could Howard have that? There was meant to be nothing left after Steve and if he did recreate it then why are there no records with Shield? Why was Bruce hired to attempt to re-create the serum?”

“I don’t know, they said retrieve it and I obeyed.”

Harry sighed but began looking through and gathering a few tapes and files before they re-joined the others. “Hydra seemed to think they were complete lunatics and uncontrollable. Do we take them or not?”

“What do you think?” T’Challa asked.
“Honestly? The risk outweighs the benefits.”

The Prince nodded in agreement and Steve sighed, knowing he would have to make the final call. He looked to Bucky who nodded. “Then let’s blow this place. Wanda, Harry start bringing it down but don’t lock us in.”

An hour later there was no sign a base had ever existed there. They got into the jet and left Siberia behind. Twenty minutes later an American jet flew over but found nothing.

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Bucky sat utterly tense on the bed, an IV in his flesh hand as Doctors milled about. Steve walked in and smiled, sitting beside him on the bed. “Okay?”

“I’m fine.” Bucky answered and Steve clasped his shoulder. Bucky leant into Steve’s touch, using it to keep calm as he was checked over by gentle doctors and nurses. In the end he had a list of foods to eat to help his health since apparently he was low on some essential vitamins and nutrients. He also had the offer of a new, lighter and less obtrusive prosthesis. Steve led him from the hospital to the room the others had gathered in.

“What have you found?” Steve looked to Harry who sighed.

“Other than a burning desire to go back in time and beat certain Hydra scientists to death with my bare hands?” Harry leant back in his chair and forced himself to calm down. “I don’t think I manages to grab everything but the people who did this kept meticulous notes, presumably so they could repeat the process on others. There are lists of massive surgeries, sensory deprivation, deep hypnotic suggestions, the list is too long.”

“Can it be fixed?”

“We do not know how to reverse it. We have offered a better prosthesis but the only other thing my people can do for you Sergeant is to place you back on ice until we can help further.” T’Challa stated sadly.

Bucky nodded, he’d expected it really. “Then I go back on ice.”
“What? Bucky no.”

“Steve I’m dangerous and who knows how many people know how to trigger me.”

“There is another option.” Harry offered. “But it will require a great deal of trust on your side Bucky.”

“What is it?” He asked, unable to hope.

Harry leant forward, making eye contact with the lost young man. “Me. As I am sure you’ve noticed I have…. abilities. I could remove the triggers from your mind but there would be side effects. I would see everything Bucky, every memory, dream and feeling. It is very invasive but when finished would leave your mind your own. Your memories of your old life would most likely be more complete as well.”

“You could do that?” Bucky asked, not sure whether to be elated or scared.

“Yes. But you would have to trust me.”

“You had me totally at your mercy before and you helped us. You haven’t done anything to hurt me.”

“Guess that’s as close to a statement of trust I’ll get.”

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“Planning to drown yourself in a bottle.”

Tony tensed at the voice but didn’t turn his chair, he could see him silhouetted in the window. He watched the reflection of his husband move closer to stand behind him. “I hear Wakanda’s nice this time of year.” He finally commented before taking a sip of brandy.

“Mmm. Wet and humid, kind of like London. Much greener though. You going to look at me?”
“There’s an arrest on site order for all of you so no.”

“And who signed that? I know a good chunk of countries have withdrawn their support for the Accords. Wakanda and England being two of them. You do remember I have diplomatic immunity right? As long as England doesn’t sign you can’t arrest me.”

Tony had forgotten that but was feeling petty enough to keep his back to him. “You disabled my suit and kidnapped Spiderman.”

“Is that his name? Huh. Fitting. And the kids back home safe and protected. Bet you can’t even think his real name. We explained everything and he agreed he wants no part in any of this.” Harry sighed and moved to lean on the edge of the desk. “Yes, I disabled the suit but I ensured you would be safe too. You started this Tony, if you had said no then the team wouldn’t have split. You knew I’d never agree to the Accords which should have been a pretty could indicator Steve wouldn’t. I never wanted to be on different sides. But I had to do what I felt was right, just like you did.”

“The Air Force did a fly over and found nothing, more of your work?”

“And Wanda’s. The other Winter Soldiers are dead.”

“And Barnes?”

“Recovering well. All of the trigger words and other surprises hidden within his mind are gone. He’s being fitted with a new arm as well and he has regained a good eighty percent of his memories.”

“Yay for him.”

“Judging him for the crimes of the Winter Soldier would be like judging Clint or Selvig for obeying Loki. You want to do that? Every night he wakes screaming from nightmares, begging for someone to save him. I can help him work through it but to erase it all would do more harm than good.”

Tony slammed his glass down on the table. “It’s not the same! That was gods and magic. He
should have fought it or killed himself if he was too weak.”

Harry snarled. “Too weak?” And then Tony found himself in a room, surrounded by men in masks and he looked down to find half of his arm missing even as his body was flooded with agony. Voices talking about Hydra, about the new fist and then it was gone. “That was only a few seconds of what he endured Tony, no one could have resisted.” Tony slumped in his chair, panting for breath. “He remembers it all, every mission and now he has to live with that.” Harry put down a disk. “You should see this. You deserve closure finally, don’t watch it alone though. Just remember to blame the real villains and not their puppets. We’re looking into what it means.” He put down a sleek phone of unfamiliar design. “It’s encrypted and from Steve. Despite everything if you call we’ll come.” Harry kissed the top of Tony’s head. “I love you but right now we can’t be together.” With that he was gone.

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Harry stood to Steve’s left and Bucky to his right, the others arranged behind them as they faced Tony and the other Avengers. Seated at the tables between them were representatives of countries on both sides of the Sokovia Accords mess. A lot of people were unhappy to see T’Chaka on Steve’s side of the table. Everything had gotten so complicated though that a truce had been agreed to while the governments tried to hash things out. It took almost a month but eventually the Sokovia Accords were abolished. Instead countries could individually ask for the Avengers aide and the team would make their own choice whether or not to act. The country would provide a police liaison to make things easier as well. The Avengers would have to ask to act within a country if they saw something they wanted to act on. Although if something started in one country and moved to another mid-fight they wouldn’t have to stop at the border. Standardised evacuation plans would be made to help reduce casualties as well.

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Harry laughed as Wanda suspended Clint who pouted at her. He’d retired again but still visited the Avengers compound regularly. He leant into Tony’s side happily and felt gentle fingers run through his hair. It had taken nearly two years for them to sort everything out but his ring was back on his finger and they shared a room again. Tony had finally been able to see Harry’s point and they had both apologised for letting things get so out of hand. The last six months had been wonderful, no Avengers matters at all. Harry got up and stretched. “Better start dinner.” He kissed Tony and headed into the kitchen, Vision following to help. Soon they were setting the table and Bucky was playfully climbing over Steve to get to food faster. Harry watched, laughing only to see a red dot form on Bucky’s forehead. He didn’t even think as he lunged, tackling the soldier out of the way as the bullet slammed into the back of his neck.

“NO!” Tony screamed as his husband crumpled to the ground, a stunned Bucky managing to catch him but it was too late. Vacant green eyes stared through him and Bucky gently set him on the ground even as Steve covered them with his shield and Vision calculated where the shot had come from. Tony’s suit formed around him under Friday’s control to protect him while Iron Patriot wrapped around Rhodey. Scott and Sam overturned the table to crouch behind as the glass of the window took on a red hue due to Wanda. Clint had tackled her behind the couch and Natasha
crouched there with them until Vision told them where to go.

Bucky and Steve scrambled back as Harry’s body burst into flames, turning to ash almost immediately. They’d all known Harry was different but they hadn’t expected that.

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The Avengers stood around Tony as an empty coffin was lowered into the ground beside his parents. Tony had exhumed Howard over a year before and had him buried somewhere else after investigation had shown he had cracked the super soldier serum and then offered it for sale, Hydra just hadn’t wanted to pay and instead had sent Bucky. His mother was dead for his father’s greed.

The tombstone was simple, just Harry’s name and date of death. The funeral was small as well, though even Fury had briefly appeared to pay his respects. Harry had touched their lives so deeply and yet he left so little behind.

_TBC..._
Averting the Future

Chapter Summary

xover with Supernatural

Disclaimer: Don’t own Harry Potter or Supernatural

I think some dates have been fudged but since these worlds are all AU that could lead to events happening at different times and people being born in different years.

Averting the Future

The class of second year Slytherin’s and Hufflepuff’s filed into the classroom and took their seats silently. Rumour and hearsay had been rampant through the castle since the Welcoming Feast and their new Professor had been introduced by headmaster Dippet. The Slytherin’s were quietly hopeful while the Hufflepuff’s were nervous. The office door opened and their professor walked out and down to the front desk. He leant against his, arms crossed as he looked them over. “Good morning class.”

“Good morning Professor Slytherin-Winchester.” The class quickly returned the greeting and he smiled slightly at them, posture relaxing a little.

“Welcome to Defence Against the Dark Arts, although this year it will simply be Defence as there are many dangers in the world today that aren’t caused by the Dark Arts. Can any of you tell me what one of the biggest threats facing the world is?”

Abraxas Malfoy raised his hand and the Professor nodded to him. “Muggles sir.” He smirked proudly.

“Half true so two points to Slytherin.” The class blinked in shock before a Hufflepuff’s hand went up and he nodded at her.

“German bombers and the threat of invasion Sir?” She offered timidly and he smiled.
“Very good Miss Davids. Five points to Hufflepuff.” He flicked a hand at the board and a map of the world shimmered into existence on it, various countries coloured in different shades. “This is the world as it stands today. As you can see Germany has done a good job of conquering a good portion of Europe, backed by Grindelwald and his followers. But it is not his forces that currently threaten Britain. Every night German aircraft cross the channel to bomb out cities, with London the hardest hit.”

“Why does that matter to us Sir?” Nott asked and the Professor shook his head in disappointment.

“Can anyone tell me where the Ministry or St Mungo’s are located? Or even the city resident of say…the House of Black?” He looked around until a hand went up. “Mister Riddle?”

“London sir.”

“Correct, take five points. Here is something the Ministry won’t admit and most likely hasn’t even looked into. The best wards known to wizards and goblins alike will do nothing against a bomb dropped from several hundred feet up. One lucky bomb could take out our government or main hospital.” He watched as students stared in shock.

“But Professor Babbage….” One of the Hufflepuff’s whispered and he sighed.

“Another truth for you to ponder. The muggle studies course, and this is the only time you will hear me use that outdated and bigoted word, is sadly at least Fifty years out of date. Mundane people have come a long way since then. After all the course doesn’t even mention the First World War, also called the Great War, that started in 1914 and changed the course of this century. And here we are in the middle of another World War which is killing hundreds of thousands, perhaps even millions and yet there is nothing in that course. Now I put it to you, why does Hogwarts and the Ministry allow this?”

“Because they look down on mug, um mundane people?”

“Correct, another five points to Hufflepuff.”

“So we currently have several threats to deal with in the world, Grindelwald and his followers, German bombers and the normal dangers of both worlds ranging from Lethifolds to wild animals. It is my duty to prepare you to face these dangers.”
“And what are your qualifications?” Malfoy asked and the Professor smirked.

“Top marks in Defence at the New York Academy, three years working for the American Ministry in a position I can’t speak of. Two years as a demon hunter and another teaching at the Academy.” He reported calmly and saw various eyes widen in shock and awe. “That good enough for you Mr Malfoy?”

“Yes sir.” He muttered.

“Good. Now today we will begin with a review of what you learned last year to refresh and then next lesson we will begin learning about some of the dangerous beings common to both magical and mundane areas.”

Harry looked up at the knock on his office door and saw the visitor he’d been expecting for the last few days. “Come in Mr Riddle, how can I help you?”

Tom stared at his Professor, confused about him but also wary. Do have done they things he said he had to be powerful but how could he be a Slytherin?

“Or maybe I can guess. You want to know how I can carry Slytherin’s name?” Harry offered and the pre-teen tensed but nodded.

“Yes sir.”

“Quite simple, please take a seat Mr Riddle.” He offered and Tom cautiously sat down. “About one hundred and eighty years ago the Slytherin line split. One branch kept the name and moved to America while the others became the Gaunts and remained here.”

“What was the split over sir?”

“Inbreeding. My ancestors believed in the need to bring in new blood. The Gaunt line well, they didn’t and I’m sure you’ve looked into how that ended until you. And you have the benefit of new blood as well.” Harry explained gently.
“So what does that make us sir?”

“Very distant cousins.” He got up and picked up his tea pot, offering it to Tom who nodded so he poured two cups. “I understand you live in an orphanage during the summers.”

“Yes sir.” He answered tersely.

“Well I guess that answers my next question of whether or not you like it. I have an offer for you to consider before the summer vacation. I want you to take the time until then to consider your options.”

“Options sir?”

“I am offering you a place in my home Tom, a secure, safe place to live and grow up in.”

“Why?”

“Because we’re family, no matter how distantly related. And no one should have to grow up in an orphanage. If I’d ever thought to look into the family history before then I would have known about you earlier.”

“You have no obligation to me sir.”

“Maybe not. But I believe in doing what I can to protect and help family. I am in position to help you now. I may have grown up in New York but I’ve been watching how the British Wizarding World works, to get anywhere you need a well-placed family or sponsor. I have been in contact with the goblins, bringing the Slytherin name back into circulation as it was. Of course getting rid of the stigma associated will take time.” He explained, watching the boy closely. He would not help Lord Voldemort ascend but he would help Tom Riddle live a good life. The question was had he already gone too far for redemption? “Come on, lunch is starting.” He guided the boy out of his office and towards the Great Hall. They walked in and Harry made his way to the staff table.

Albus watched the two, concerned. He had been concerned about Tom since he’d met him and nothing since had eased those concerns. Then while he was off on the continent helping with war
efforts Headmaster Dippet had hired Harry Slytherin-Winchester from New York as the new Defence Professor. He knew Tom had found out about his heritage, bringing a link to that heritage here was not good. He’d tried to get information on the Slytherin-Winchester but hadn’t been able to get much other than he had muggle relatives in Kansas from the Winchester side but was an orphan. He’d attended the New York Academy with very good grades but after that his life became very hard to track until he showed up at the Academy again as a teacher a year ago. The last thing their world needed was Slytherin’s heir showing up and making waves.

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“Ah, good afternoon Professor Slytherin-Winchester. I must admit I have heard so many stories about your classes that I became rather curious.”

“Next time try and remember professional courtesy. Practical’s can get rather exciting, would hate for you to get hit by a stray spell when everyone thinks that corner is empty.” He warned as he straightened a few chairs.

“I will.” He watched the younger man tidy the room by hand instead of using magic. He could not see the motives behind this man and it bothered him.

“Was there something else?”

“Not at the moment.”

“Very well, I have essays to mark.”

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Harry looked at the headlines in the paper and then began packing. He signed the card and attached it to the package before giving it to his owl Horus and letting him out the window. He then finished his packing and headed for the Gates, smiling at the children who were rushing home for the holidays. He saw Tom watching from the windows and the look of surprise as Horus alighted on the sill beside him to offer the package. He slipped through the gates and vanished, reappearing in France. He made his way across the continent until he joined up with the wizarding contingent that was hunting down Grindelwald, spotting Dumbledore among them but he avoided the other Professor. With his resume he was eagerly admitted to their number as they hunted down any magical supporting the Dark Lord and Hitler. It took nearly a week to corner the group in the depths of Poland but soon battle was joined and the familiar chaos emerged. Harry threw himself into it, taking down his opponents with ease until he saw Dumbledore moving to corner his onetime companion. Harry moved to join their fight, getting a look or reproach from Dumbledore. He manoeuvred the fight so they were in clear sight of the rest of the battle and then he shot a compulsion spell at one of Grindelwald’s followers, making the man turn and attack Dumbledore, leaving him and Grindelwald to fight. In full sight of everyone else Harry moved, drawing his blade to take the man’s head. His death took a lot of the fight out of his men and soon they were mopping things up.

“Why did you kill him?” Dumbledore demanded and Harry stared back coolly.
“He was the enemy, I learnt to never leave an enemy alive to stab me in the back later. Why would you want him alive? Because you still cared for him?”

“Everyone deserves a second chance.”

Harry laughed bitterly. “Knew someone who thought like you, we were sent after someone and he decided to give them a second chance. Worked well till the guy killed him and then I put him down. You can’t redeem someone that doesn’t want it, all you can do is stop them.”

“Well said Lord Slytherin-Winchester.” The French commander commended him. Harry nodded and then headed back to base to collect his things and return to Hogwarts.

Harry groaned as another letter arrived. Instead of Dumbledore it was him receiving accolades and offers of positions of power. He refused them all but gave suggestions on who should receive them instead, making sure Dumbledore stayed out of politics. He looked up at a knock and flicked his wrist at the door, causing it to open. “Good afternoon Mr Riddle.”

“Good afternoon Professor.” Tom slid into the indicated seat.

“To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“I’ve been thinking over what you offered and I would like to live with you sir.”

“Very well.” Harry summoned a stack of paperwork and set out two quills. “I began the process as soon as I heard of you, I thought it was wise with how slow the Ministry can be. Once these are all signed all that is left is the mundane side of things which I will handle this weekend. I have been working with Gringotts and they have begun the process of repairing and updating Slytherin Castle. It won’t be done in time for this summer but I purchased a house in Exeter, safe from the bombings and with plenty of other children around. There will be rules but nothing harsh, just keep your room tidy, no magic obviously, things like that. Alright?”

“Yes sir.” They went to work signing the papers until they were all done and Harry sent them back off to the Ministry. Harry smiled at the too serious boy. “All done, you better get to dinner Tom.”
Harry looked up at the old stone building and grimaced, it even looked grey, reflecting the dull look of the entire suburb of London. Wool’s Orphanage looked how he had always imagined and he felt a flash of gratitude for his Aunt and Uncle, they may have hated him and treated him criminally but it was still better than a place like this. He fixed his tie and then headed up the front steps to ring the bell. The door opened after a while and a stern looking woman opened the door. “Yes?” She grimaced but the expression vanished when she took in his obviously expensive clothes. “How can I help you sir?”

“Are you the Matron?”

“Of course, please come inside.” She led him to her office and they sat down. “Tea?”

“No thank you.’

“What can I do to help you?”

“I am currently working to adopt one of your orphans and need to see his file.” A little magic made it seem like a reasonable request.

“What is the child’s name?” She went to the file drawers.

“Tom Riddle.” He saw her start at the name but she retrieved the file and put it on the table. “Tell me about him?”

“He was born here; his mother Merope Gaunt came into our care in the last week of her pregnancy. The birth was hard and she lived only long enough to hold and name him. he’s been with us since. He is now attending some fancy boarding school in Scotland.”

“I know all about the school Ma’am, I teach there. I am also related to Tom but only found out about him this year. I want to know of his time here.”
“We ensure all children have their needs met. Each has their own room and receive three meals a day. They also attend the local school.”

“Was he sad to be leaving his friends for a different school?”

“Tom is…. a different child sir, I know of no friends.”

“I see. Anything else?”

“He is…it is nothing I could say for sure sir but there is something unnatural about that boy. He’s been seen with garden snakes, talking to them.” She admitted and he nodded.

“Thank you for your time.” He took the file and left, relieved. It looked like he had yet to progress to tormenting the other orphans.

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Harry smiled slightly as Tom finally showed some emotion at the site of the presents on the living room table. “Well, go on. They won’t open themselves. Happy Thirteenth Tom.”

“Thank you Uncle Harry.” They had agreed that was the most comfortable thing for Tom to call him. Tom sat down and slowly chose one to open. It took a long time as he carefully unwrapped them one by one. There were books, art supplies and the main attraction, a small pitch black kitten with green eyes. The kitten immediately began climbing all over the boy, purring and licking. Tom laughed and cuddled the kitten, looking like a normal child.

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“You’re a fake! No way you got those grades. Bet your ‘Uncle’ fixed them for you.” A voice taunted and Harry moved quicker down the hall. He peered into the alcove to find a group of Slytherin’s cornering his son. So much for a relaxing first month back at school. He saw a wand come up and silently summoned them all. The students spun around to see him there and paled. “Professor…”

“Save it. Report to Professor Slughorn immediately.” He ordered coolly. “I will be holding onto your wands.” He stared and they bolted. “Are you alright Tom?”
“Yes sir.” He straightened his robes and Harry gently checked him over, glad to find he was unhexed and uninjured. “Head to the library, I will deal with this.”

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Harry and Horace stood before Headmaster Dippet, Harry angry enough his green eyes were almost glowing with controlled power. It was all he could do to keep them from flashing Tok’ra gold or his voice resonating. Because of this incompetent his son was in the infirmary. And Dippet seemed content to shrug it off as boys will be boys and life in the Snakes Den. “Enough!” He snapped. “Either you act or I use all that press form defeating Grindelwald to get the public involved. Think you’ll still have your jobs then? Slytherin is not meant to be the House of bullies, thugs and Dark Lords, just cunning. None of which those boys showed at all. Now I am going to comfort my son, one of your students. Get off your ass and do something!”

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Dumbledore slipped into the infirmary and looked down at the thirteen-year-old sleeping in the bed. He was pale, slender and becoming tall. All-in-all an attractive youth but that didn’t matter. He knew Lord Slytherin-Winchester had adopted him, making him his heir and thus heir to the Slytherin title, a bloodline that needed to be wiped out for the good of all. He was doing what he could to ensure the house named for the man was marginalised but these two were a problem.

“Can I help you Albus?” a voice called and Albus nearly jumped, very few people could sneak up on him.

“I thought I should check on how young Tom is doing.”

“He’ll be alright. I am considering withdrawing him from Hogwarts.”

“Why? There is nowhere safer than Hogwarts.”

Harry snorted in disbelief. “Not with the current teachers, you are all content to turn a blind eye to blatant bullying. Frankly most of you do not deserve to call yourselves teachers.”

“That is not true, what happened to Tom”
“Is just an escalation of the kind of behaviour you all call ‘pranks’. Well it’s time it stopped and this became a proper school.”

Harry smiled as Tom ran across the sand with two other teens, his skin tanned and healthy with no sign of the scars from the attack. Taking him from England and moving to Greece had been the best decision. Hogwarts was being overhauled under his command as Founder’s Heir and Tom was loving the Athenian Academy of Magic. There was no pressure attached to their lineage here, there were people in Greece with far older family trees after all. With the war over Greece was beginning to recover from the occupation slowly but with help from its magical section. Harry himself was funding several recovering business and even a magical orphanage. Tom helped out there in the holidays, not wanting other children to grow up like he had.

“Happy Birthday!” cheers rang out as Tom blew out seventeen candles. He looked a lot like diary Tom had but he was far happier and brighter than that memory had been. His Tom would never become Lord Voldemort but he would be Lord Slytherin one day, something he made sure Tom was prepared for. They were returning to England next week to check on Hogwarts and their estates. Harry was considering moving back but he would see how things were before deciding. He laughed as Moira kissed Tom’s cheek, turning him red. The two were cute and bets were being taken on when they’d announce they were together. He was happy for Tom, he would make a good husband and father one day.

“Are you going to accept?”

“Well it’s me or Dumbledore.” He answered and Tom grimaced in disgust. “Yeah.”

“Well Headmaster Slytherin-Winchester has a nice ring to it.”

“So does Professor Slytherin.” Harry teased and Tom’s eyes went wide.

“What?”

“DADA position is yours if you want.”
“Really? I…wow. Okay, I accept.”

“And Moira?”

“We have weekends.” He shrugged and Harry chuckled.

“Just propose already Tom, she loves you, you love her.”

“Yes Mother.” Tom rolled his eyes. “Congratulations.”

“Thanks, no get going or she might hex you for being late.”

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Tom sat at the Head Table, looking out over the students. The House tables were gone, students sitting with their friends where they pleased. The house banners were still displayed proudly but the student’s robes held only the school crest. The houses had been disbanded for pushing conflict rather than school unity and it had been the right thing to do. He’d been the DADA Professor for six years now, his wife Moira now taught Potions and their first child would be born during the summer break. Harry was the best Headmaster ever, involved in the students’ lives and well respected and loved for being so approachable. He would even be teaching Potions once Moira couldn’t. He hadn’t wanted to come back to England at first but now he was glad he had, he loved teaching and his students. The country was still recovering from the war but was doing well. When Abraxas and some of his ‘friends’ had tried to start up a blood war they had been slapped down hard, Harry disavowing them from any link to Slytherin, not wanting their name dragged through the mud by blood purists. His own status and marriage to a first generation witch helped too.

Dumbledore had tried to take them down and failed when the Aurors had done their jobs and arrested the men, leaving him out in the cold. The once rising star of Dumbledore had faded to where the man was hardly listened too. Being asked to leave the school meant only ex-students remembered the man, and only the Gryffindor’s did so fondly. Every now and then he tried to stir up the press against anything Slytherin but it never worked. At least he had kept to peaceful methods, he was under watch in case he tried something more than talking.

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Tom burst from the room, grinning madly and Harry smiled. “Well?”
“It’s a girl!” He crowed and Harry laughed, hugging him.

“Congratulations. Moira?”

“Tired but happy, come on. Lily Slytherin needs to meet her Grandfather.” He dragged Harry in and he kissed Moira’s cheek before gently taking the pink wrapped bundle to find himself staring into baby blue eyes.

“She has her mother’s hair and cheeks. You two make one very beautiful baby.” He stayed for a while before heading back to the castle to finish up the offer letters for the next year only to pause on one and chuckle, John Winchester, Lawrence Kansas USA. Wasn’t that a surprise. He was being offered a place at Hogwarts because the book had picked up on the familial link between them. The John he’d known so long ago would hate being a Wizard but if he returned to marry Mary and the demon still came maybe she would live with a wizard as a husband.

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Harry and Tom grinned as John Winchester was seated at the first year table and the boy stared around in awe before waving shyly at them. Moira was still at home with Lily which meant Harry was still subbing in as Potions teacher. He stood to give the opening announcements before the tables filled with food.

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“Uncle Harry!”

“Hello John, settling in well?”

“Yes sir. It’s amazing here, I love it!”

“That’s good. How are classes?”

“Hard but the older kids help when we ask.”

“I’m happy to hear that. How are your parents?”
“Good. Mom’s having a baby soon.”

“Really? Congratulations, being a big brother is a huge responsibility.”

John nodded seriously. “I know.”

“Well get to class.” He smiled and John ran off. He went to his office and pulled out some owl order catalogues to order a baby present and send it off. He’d known than after John they had been told there would be no more children, but that was the wonderful thing about magic, it could heal a lot of things. Just having a magical child could help and it was obvious John’s presence had.

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Harry watched as Lily and Henry ran around the yard together while Henry manned the BBQ. John was keeping a close eye on his brother and cousin as they played. The yard was full of Winchester’s and Slytherin’s to celebrate the 4th of July. He wandered over to Millie and kissed her cheek, making her laugh and swat him. “I bring hopefully happy news.” He handed over the envelope and she smiled softly at recognising the parchment.

“We are blessed, two wizards in the family.”

“Lily will be happy not to be parted from her new best friend.”

“She’s a precious little thing.”

“Takes after her Dad.” They both laughed at that.

“I heard that.” Tom mock scowled at them before taking a seat. He gently shifted the sleeping toddler in his arms and Harry Jr whined before settling. “Thanks for inviting us Millie.”

“You’re family Tom, all of you.” She patted his hand.
“So what’s up with John?” Harry asked and Lily huffed.

“He’s all silly over some new girl back home, Mary or something. She won’t even talk to him though.”

Harry blinked at the familiar name but then ruffled his granddaughter’s chestnut curls. “He’s a teenage boy Lil’s, he’ll grow out of it one day.”

“Yeah, sure.”

“Got your transfiguration paper done?”

“Yes Grandpa. All homework for the week is done.” She perched on the edge of his desk. “Dad told me this legend and I was hoping we could look.”

“For?”

“The Chamber of Secrets?”

Harry chuckled. “You want to meet Sal huh?”

“You really do know where the Chamber is?”

“Come on, I’ll show you but you will be careful. No Basilisk is ever totally tame.”

“Promise.” The sixteen-year-old dropped down and they headed to the second floor.

Harry read the obituary and sighed before slipping on his formal Headmaster robes before leaving the office to meet up with his son and daughter-in-law. Today was a big day, there was no need to
think of the now deceased Dumbledore. He took his place and watched as the graduating class filed in, spotting his eldest grandchild and John Winchester among them. He gave a short speech and then Lily and John spoke as Head Boy and Girl before their diplomas were handed out and the party began.

Lily cried as they watched John leave for a war he should never had to fight. Harry Jr was pale and clinging to Tom while Henry watched his brother leave with wide eyes. Young Mary Campbell had shown up to see him off as well so all magic was carefully hidden. So far it looked like she would be a Winchester in a few years, unless the changes to the world led to John’s death in Vietnam. How a wizard had been called up for the normal military no one knew and it was concerning. But they all knew John could handle himself, he was nineteen now and a powerful wizard.

Lily stood at John’s side as Mary made her way down the aisle on her father’s arm. Harry did not like the man and he did not like Mary marrying John but in the end he hadn’t tried to stop the wedding. He passed his daughter to John who couldn’t stop smiling as they were finally married. Harry and Tom had bought them a house much to Mary’s mortification but John was used to the money the Slytherin family could throw around.

Harry and Tom apparated, Lily appearing a split second later as they rushed upstairs to find John lying on the ground and a man with yellow eyes standing over baby Sam’s cradle. Harry blasted him back even as Lily grabbed the baby and Tom summoned Mary, moving to stop the bleeding. Mary watched with wide eyes as Harry fought the demon, finally slamming a sword through its chest and making it scream and convulse before slumping to the ground. Harry turned and picked up a terrified Dean, calming the four-year-old even as they quickly got away from the burning room. Fire trucks pulled up to put out the fire and an ambulance took Mary away for further treatment. Harry swapped with Lily, giving her Dean and taking Sam. The baby always settled for him and holding a version of Sam always made the permanent ache in his chest ease a little.

Harry watched Sam and Dean run around the massive grounds of Slytherin Castle. The whole family had moved in for their protection after the demon attack and never left. Mary had admitted the truth about her family and had been wary of so much magic but eventually adapted and accepted it which was good considering Dean was a wizard. Sam wasn’t but he was psychic and a seer had been contacted to train him once old enough. The only reason Dean agreed to attend Hogwarts was because said seer was the new Divination teacher which meant Sam would be taught there too. Mary was pregnant again, this time with a little girl much to her delight.
Harry spun around, shielding the children with his body and magic before lashing out at the masked attacker. He snarled and summoned his sword. He may look old but his body was still frozen in his mid-twenties. He took the man down and turned on another, protecting his family from the attackers. It seemed even with Tom not as the Dark Lord one had finally risen again. He tossed little Anna to Harry Jr and then felt a flash of pain across his back before falling to the ground. He looked into Sammy’s terrified hazel eyes and managed a small smile for the boy before everything went black.

Lord Slytherin-Winchester’s funeral was the best attended in centuries as mourners filled the grounds of Hogwarts. The new Lord Slytherin gave the eulogy for his adoptive father before his coffin was transported to Slytherin Castle to be buried in the family crypt.

Fifteen-year-old Sam clung to Dean, traumatised by seeing his Uncle die in front of him. Dean just held his brother, not carrying for once about him being so clingy. The younger children didn’t seem to understand what had happened while the older ones were all in mourning. The adults too were shocked by his death, Tom obviously the worse. He’d been helping the Aurors but now he was determined to bring down the Dark Lord. He would stop the maniac before he could threaten his family again.

TBC....
Crime Never Pays

Chapter Summary

NCIS and CSI Miami

Disclaimer: Don’t own HP, NCIS or CSI Miami

A set of short ones put together

Just home from hospital post-surgery so not sure about updates for a while.

Crime Never Pays

It all happened so quickly but she did her best to shield her daughter as the car spun out of control, ignoring the splash of blood from the driver on her face. She closed her eyes as she saw the wall coming up way too fast, wishing her husband was there but he was still deployed. She slammed forward in her seat as the car smashed into the wall but it didn't feel as bad as it should have been. Everything was fuzzy but she could hear her child crying. The door was ripped open and she found herself thinking James Bond was there to save them.

“Ma’am? Can you hear me Ma’am?” Harry called as he pulled the door back and leant into the car to find the woman and child were alive. He checked the driver but he was gone, a bullet to the brain was quick at least. He pulled out his phone and dialled 911 only to be forced to duck as a bullet pinged the car roof by his head. Green eyes scanned the nearby buildings, looking for the sniper. Hearing someone pick up he quickly gave the location and asked for police and ambulance before hanging up. He pinpointed the sniper and sent a little magic his way, disabling his rifle, if he wanted to finish the job he’d have to come down to where he would have to face Harry. So much for a relaxing night at the ballet, he slipped his tuxedo jacket off and loosened his bow tie, readying himself for a physical fight. He soon spotted the man leaving the building he had used and sighed when he saw the pistol in his hand. Some more magic and the man was swearing in Spanish. In the distance sirens could be heard coming their way. Harry moved away from the shelter of the car and attacked, soon they were exchanging blows until Harry landed a solid blow to his head and the man went down, leaving him free to return to the victims. He covered the driver with his jacket before moving around to get a better look at the child. He smiled softly at her even as he undid her seatbelt. “Hi there, what’s your name?” He asked gently.

“Kelly.” She whispered. “I want my Daddy.”
“Do you know where he is?”

She shook her head. “He’s a marine.”

“Well then I’m sure he’ll be found and brought home to see you soon. Does anything hurt sweetie?”

“My leg.”

Harry leant in further to get a look. “Looks like it might be broken. I’m going to help you out and then check your Mum, okay?” She nodded so he gently eased her out of the car as the police pulled up. Soon the crash site was a mass of emergency services and NIS agents. He definitely wasn’t going to make the ballet.

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Mike Franks studied the scene, fighting down the anger as the young agents’ body was loaded into the ME’s van. Mrs Gibbs and her daughter had already been taken to the hospital leaving behind the only witness. He looked down at the man’s ID and was surprised by what he read. He walked towards the young man who saw him and stood from where he’d been sitting getting his knuckles treated. He hated dealing with the rich and powerful, he doubted throwing a title in would make it any easier. “Special Agent Franks, NIS. I’ve got some questions Lord Potter.” He tossed the ID back and was surprised when the younger man easily intercepted it and put it away.

“You can drop the Lord, I tend to. Ask away.”

“What happened?”

Harry began describing what had happened, leaving out the magic. The gruff man watched him warily but seemed to accept his explanation. “Will they be alright?” he finished and the Agent nodded. “Good. Anything else.”

“You can go, just stay in the country. Your testimony will be needed at the trial. Where can we reach you?” No address had been on the id after all which was a bit odd.

“The British Embassy.”
Oh this just kept getting better and better. “Thanks for your time.” He ground out and the young Lord nodded, leaving his bloody jacket behind to get into his very nice car and drive away.

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Jethro moved as quickly as he could, still sore from being practically blown up and then in hospital for several months. But his own pain didn’t matter as he moved to his wife’s bedside. Shannon smiled at him and he took her hand before bending to kiss her gently. “I’m fine Jethro.”

“Kelly?” He asked and she pointed down the hall.

“They had to put some pins in her leg. Harry’s been keeping her company.”

“Harry?”

“Mmm, he saved us Jethro. Without him that man would have killed us all. He’s been coming by to make sure we’re okay and Kelly likes him.” She answered tiredly. Jethro stroked her hair.

“Get some rest, I’m here.” He whispered. Once she was asleep he looked for Kelly’s room, finding her sitting up in bed playing a board game with a young man. Kelly was smiling and laughing as they played and the young man smiled too before spotting him and tensing. Kelly turned her head and smiled widey.

“Daddy!” She called, reaching out and Jethro moved to her side, hugging her tightly.

“Are you alright?”

“I’m fine, my leg itches!”

“Stitches itch when healing. You must be Jethro Gibbs. Harry Potter.” He held his hand out and Jethro shook it. “I’ll leave you two alone.”

“You’re not staying?” She asked and Harry smiled, reaching out to ruffle her hair.
“You need time with your Dad Princess, I’ll see you later.” Harry stood and nodded to Gibbs before leaving.

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Harry relaxed as the verdict was handed down and the Mexican drug dealer was sentenced to life without parole for killing the sailor and NIS agent plus trying to kill Shannon and Kelly as well as attacking Harry himself. He stood from his seat and followed the crowd from the courtroom, easily catching Kelly as she threw herself at him, spinning her around. He nodded at Jethro and Shannon who smiled at him. “Glad to be done?” He asked and Kelly nodded. Thankfully she hadn’t ended up being questioned on the stand, Harry and Shannon’s testimony being enough to get a conviction.

“Ice cream?” She asked and Harry looked at her parents who nodded so they left the court house and headed for the nearest ice cream parlour. Soon she was sitting between her parents with a banana split in front of her and harry across from them with a chocolate cone.

Jethro didn’t understand the young English Lord at all but he owed him everything for protecting his family. They’d even been given a room at the Embassy leading up to the trial for safety. Harry’s interest in Kelly had alarmed him at first but all you had to do was watch for a few minutes to see he treated her like a little sister. Kelly had always wanted siblings, maybe it was time to work on that. He was moving the Reserves and looking for work. He’d spent time with NIS agent Franks and after seeing their work he was considering applying to the agency. It would be good to be home more. “How long are you going to be in America?” he asked and Harry shrugged.

“Was originally only going to be here for a month but I’ve been helping at the embassy so they’ve asked if I’d consider staying on. I agreed.”

Kelly grinned at that. “Yes!” they all laughed at that.

-------------------------------------------

“Ever been to Paris?” the words were spinning in Jethro’s ears as he pulled into his driveway. He saw the other car there and smiled before getting out and going inside to find Harry and Kelly working together to put some sort of furniture piece together while Shannon watched them from the couch, one hand stroking her swollen stomach. Another month and they’d have a new baby and the agency wanted to send him and this Jenny Shepard to Paris. Kelly spotted him and scrambled up to hug him. “What are you two kids up to now?”
“Putting the change table together, well trying.” Harry answered. Jethro laughed and sat down to help after putting his badge and gun away. He was turning the assignment down; he would not leave the country with Shannon so close to her due date.

Tony watched the teenager and younger child as they worked on a puzzle with a guy maybe a year or two younger than Tony himself. He’d just taken the job on Gibbs’ team and already he was being invited over for dinner.

“You must be Tony DiNozzo. I’m Harry Potter and these are Kelly and Mike Gibbs. Shannon’s in the kitchen with Jethro.”

“Nice to meet you, thanks.” He moved away from the kids and towards the kitchen to see his boss.

Harry frowned and then hushed Kelly and Mike, pushing them towards the stairs and Kelly picked Mike up awkwardly, rushing up them even as Harry got the spare gun Jethro kept in the house in case. He checked it and then slowly edged towards the front door. Kate was dead and someone had taken shots at Abby in her lab, there was no way he was taking chances, especially with the kids in the house. The door opened and Harry took aim even as a stranger walked into the house and headed for the basement stairs. “freeze!” he ordered calmly and the man turned. Harry knew his face from Jethro’s warning, it was Ari. “I will shoot you Ari.” He warned and the terrorist smiled.

“You must be Lord Potter.”

“Reading up on everyone?”

“Where are the children?”

“You won’t get near them.” Harry snarled and Ari actually looked wary at his tone, or maybe his eyes had flashed slightly. He aimed right at Ari’s head, not wanting to risk him wearing body armour again.

“You’d really shoot me?”
“In a heartbeat. You killed Kate, tried to kill Abby and are now in Gibb’s house. What would you do in my place?”

“Shoot.” Ari pulled his own gun even as Harry fired.

Jethro moved cautiously into the house to find Harry slumped against the hall wall, blood soaking his shirt. He moved closer slowly and saw another blood pool so he turned and found Ari…with a massive hole through his head from the gun lying beside Harry. He holstered his gun and moved to check the young Lord who groaned. “Harry?” Pained green eyes flickered open.

“Hey.” He coughed wetly and Jethro called 911 and then Tony.

“You’re going to be fine Harry; ambulance is on the way.” He took his jacket off and used it to staunch the blood. “Kelly and Mike?” He asked and Harry motioned weakly upstairs. Harry’s eyes slid shut and Jethro tapped his cheek. “Hey, stay with me Harry.” Harry forced his eyes open and smiled at him before his eyes fell shut again and his breathing stopped. Jethro shifted him and began CPR as he heard the sirens approach. He leapt back as Harry’s body burst into flame and vanished.

Harry helped situate the patient and strap him down before rolling the trolley into the back of the ambulance. He moved around to the front and jumped in. “Read?”

“All set.” His partner, Larry, called as he worked on the injured man. Harry started the engine and pulled into traffic, sirens blaring as he drove quickly to the hospital. He parked in the bay and they pulled the man out and rolled him into the ER. They handed him off to the doctors and then went to fill out the paperwork before leaving to wait for the next call.

Harry floored it as Larry hit the sirens as they got the officer down call. They sped through Miami traffic until they reached the scene, seeing the many police cars, trucks and civilian vehicles. They grabbed their gear and got out. It was apparent instantly that the first officer was beyond their aide so Harry turned to the one who was lying on the ground, gasping for air with another officer kneeling beside him. Harry ripped the man’s shirt to find he was wearing Kevlar with a bullet lodged in it. “Help me get this off him.” He ordered and they soon had the man down to bare skin. Harry gently checked him over and then listened to his lungs. “Okay let’s move you to the trolley.” They got him up and seated on the trolley and Harry got the oxygen going, putting the mask over
his face. “Breathe as deeply as you can and just stay calm. Your vest caught the bullet.” He pulled
the stethoscope and listened to him breathing.

“Will he be alright?” the red haired officer asked.

“Lungs are clear. He’ll probably be black and blue from the hit but yeah, he’ll be alright. Just take
it easy for a few days, alright?” Harry asked and the other man nodded as he focused on breathing.

“Thank you?”

“Harry Potter.”

“Lieutenant Horatio Caine. This is Detective Tim Speedle.”

“Nice to meet you both. Just stay here and breath. Keep an eye on him and call me if he starts
having trouble. I need to check the others.”

Detective Speedle, can I help you?” Harry looked over at the scruffy CSI as he approached.

“Thanks for the help before.”

“It’s my job.” Harry grinned at him and then dropped off the low wall he’d been sitting on to eat
his lunch. “You get the guys?”

“Yeah, we got them.”

“Good.” He offered his bag of chips and Speedle took one. He groaned as his radio came alive.
“Finish them, duty calls. Nice meeting you Detective.”

“It’s Speed.”
“Harry. Keep up the good work Speed.” He called as he jogged to his ambulance.

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Harry removed his gloves and moved away from the body, breathing deeply. There had been nothing they could do but they had tried. Now there was nothing to do but wait for the ME and CSI. He smiled slightly when he spotted a familiar man and nodded at him. He walked over and Harry told him everything that had happened before moving on to the next call. Losing a patient was never easy.

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Harry spun as he heard the sound of gun shots, eyes scanning the street as people moved away, scared. He spotted the Hummer and moved towards it, seeing a man flee from the jewellery store it was parked in front of. He moved to the store and peered inside. “Lieutenant.” He called and then moved inside, not wanting to get shot. The man turned to see him and then looked down. Harry swore and ran, falling to his knees beside the downed Speed. “We gotta stop meeting like this.” He commented even as he put pressure on the wound. “Called it in?” he asked and Horatio nodded. “Artery is hit.” He muttered. “Stay awake Speed.” He called as he slowly let some magic trickle into the wound, working to stabilise him.

“I…can’t feel…anything…” he coughed and blood spilled past his lips.

“It’s okay, it’s just shock, your spine wasn’t hit.” Harry assured him. “ETA on the ambulance?”

“I’ll call.” Horatio moved away, eyes locked on them as Harry yanked his backpack off and scrabbled inside for the first aid kit he always carried. He pulled out bandages and used them to staunch the blood, ignoring the red staining his hands. Not like he could catch most mundane diseases. Speed was silent, struggling to keep his eyes open and locked on Harry.

“It’s okay, they’ll be here soon.” He soothed, reaching out to gently stroke Speed’s hair back from his face.

“Ti…red…”

“I know; you can sleep soon but not yet. Stay with me Speed.” Finally, the ambulance pulled in and Harry began barking orders at the other paramedics, scrambling in the back with them as he lay an IV in Speed’s good arm.
Alexx shoved the door open and looked around before spotting the young man with blood on his clothes. He fit Horatio’s description of the paramedic who had arrived first. “Speed, is he?” she called and the young man stood up.

“He’s alive Doctor Woods, still in surgery though.”

“How bad was it?”

“Bullet went through the artery and he lost a lot of blood.” He answered and then helped her sit down. She reached out and touched his bloody sleeve and he grimaced. “Sorry, I should change.”

“It’s okay. Thank you.”

“I did what anyone else would have.”

“Most people run away from gunshots, you didn’t.” she smiled shakily and then they waited in silence until the rest of Tim’s team ran in but there was no news.

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Harry smiled as he saw Tim’s eyes open. “Hey.”

“Hey.” Tim mumbled and Harry put a straw to his lips, letting him drink.

“Told you it’d be okay.”

“Thanks.”

“No problem though seriously, clean your gun or get someone you trust to do it for you. I won’t always be there to save your life.”
“Arm?”

“Still there, you’ll be in a sling for a while though.”

“H?”

“They’ve all been to see you, guess you don’t remember. They’re giving you the good stuff.”

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Harry grinned as nearly a year after being shot Speed walked onto the scene as he yanked his gloves off and packed up their gear while Larry secured the patient. Speed saw him and grinned, waving with the arm he’d been shot in and Harry waved back before getting in and taking their patient to hospital.

The end
Queen of the Universe Part 1

Chapter Summary

Jupiter Ascending repost part 1

Disclaimer: Do not own Harry Potter or Jupiter Ascending

Have seen the movie several times and enjoyed it, also read some fanfics. Sorry if I don’t get the characters exactly right.

Repost and expansion since apparently it was hard to follow though I don’t see how. Apparently the scene breaks didn’t show up though so sorry for that.

So I’m confused, in other fics if I put too much in from the show/book, people complain. But in this fic when I skip big bits out people complain. So which is it that you guys want?

Queen of the Universe – Part 1 (repost)

Harry paused in the doorway and watched the young woman cleaning the bathroom. He felt sorry for her and anyone else forced into such work by circumstances out of their control. He knew the family were illegals but he still hired them and even slipped them extra money for their work. She was smart, he could tell that much easily, who knew what she could be doing with a proper education? She turned and nearly jumped at seeing him and he smiled slightly. “Sorry, didn’t mean to startle you.”

“No problem Mr Potter.”

“Harry please, I’m not that much older than you Miss Jones. You’re what, twenty?”

“Nineteen actually and its Jupiter.” She offered and he grinned.

“Jupiter Jones, interesting name. Family into Astronomy?”

“My Dad.” She admitted and he winced.
“My godfather was Sirius Orion. His family was really star obsessed.” That got a small smile. “Don’t worry about the bedroom, it’s clean enough.”

“You’re sure?” She asked and he nodded. “Thanks.”

“No problem.” He left her to her work and was waiting for the three women when they were done with the townhouse. He overpaid them and grinned when they tried to give it back. “All women should be able to pamper themselves occasionally. Please, spend it how you wish, clothes, spa day, anything.” He ordered and they reluctantly took the money. “Oh Jupiter, here.” He handed her a book and she looked at the cover eyes going wide. “Thought you’d be interested. Just bring it back when you’re done.”

“Thank you so much.” She hugged the book as they left.

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“Enjoy the book?” he asked the next time he was home when they were cleaning.

Jupiter looked over at her employer and nodded. “Very much, thank you.”

“How much schooling do you have?”

She flushed slightly. “I finished high school.” Using a bought birth certificate, she’d spent most of school terrified someone would realise Vassily had paid for it.

“Good grades?”

“Yes.”

“But an illegal alien can’t attend college.” She stiffened and he waved her down. “Relax, it’s pretty obvious Jupiter and I won’t tell. In fact, I am willing to work with your family and immigration to get you all citizenship.”

“What? Why?”
“Because I know what it’s like not to belong.” He smiled sadly. “I am in a position to help. Your father was British wasn’t he?”

“Yes…”

“Well then we get you British citizenship to give you some protection and then work on getting you proper papers for America.”

“You shouldn’t…. Harry…. I can’t give anything in return.”

“You don’t need to Jupiter.” He gently squeezed her hand. “Everyone deserves a chance to chase their dreams.”

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Harry knocked on the door and waited for it to open. He was dressed in a good suite with a briefcase of papers and his hair was actually behaving for once. Finally, the door opened and the man tensed as he saw how Harry was dressed. “Yes?”

“I am here to speak with the Bolotnikov family about an important matter.”

Vladie backed away from the door, allowing the official looking man inside while panicking internally, not wanting the man to be immigration. It was a shock when Jupiter smiled at the man.

“Harry? Didn’t we do a good job?”

“Actually I’m here about what we discussed a few months back.”

“You mean…” She stared at him and he nodded.

“Jupiter?” Vassily asked.
“This is Harry Potter, one of our clients.”

“The girls do a bad job?”

“No sir.” He put the briefcase on the table and opened it before passing papers to Vassily and Jupiter. Jupiter was shocked to find her name on them, a proper British birth certificate! Everything she needed to actually exist in a country. And attached at the back was a shiny new British passport and immigration papers for living in the US. She didn’t even think as she hugged Harry who chuckled but gave her a brief hug back.

“Thank you!”

“These are real?” Vassily asked as he passed out the remaining papers to those in the house that had been illegal.

“Yes sir. There is currently a business deal in the works between Britain and Russia so it was easy enough to gain their cooperation once they realised who needed to sign off on the deal for our side.” He smirked slightly, having controlling interest in a few international corporations always came in handy. “Getting the papers through with the US was only a little harder.” But they too liked doing business with his companies.

“Why? What could you want from us?” Vassily asked warily, no one did such a thing for free.

“Nothing. I like helping people when I can and I knew I could help your family. You can all look for legal jobs now. And the children can all attend College, even if they need to apply for scholarships. In fact, Jupiter should check those papers again.”

She did so and stared in shock at the scholarship and enrolment offer from the University of Chicago to study Astronomy and Astrophysics. “I… thank you, thank you so much.”

“Your science grades got you in Jupiter.”

It was amazing how quickly life could change. Two months ago she was an illegal cleaning others toilets and now she was on her way to her first day of class. She had decided to go with Astronomy
as her major but was going to take some politics and English as well. Her mother still seemed in shock and a bit lost, still cleaning houses but Aunt Nino was pushing her to try for something better. Her first class of the day was a dream come true and then she walked into English and blinked in shock as she saw Harry standing at the front of the class. He saw her and winked before motioning her to a seat as the lecture hall filled. She was excited they were studying Tolkien, she'd always loved the way he made and described a whole new world, plus elves sounded incredible with their pointy ears and long hair.

“Guess I can't call you Harry anymore.” She said after class and he shrugged.

“Lots of students do since I'm closer to your ages than most of the staff. How are you enjoying the first day?”

“It's amazing, I can never thank you enough.”

“You don't owe me thanks Jupiter. You deserve this chance. Though your Mum is still cleaning?”

“I think she's still in shock and it’s been so long since she did anything else.”

“True. Oh, don't forget the blood drive running the week. Unless you're squeamish?”

“I'm going to give it a go. I'll see you next class.”

“Just remember my library is open to students from 4-6 every Friday.”

“I will, thanks.”

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Jupiter sat on the chair and watched as the machine was readied before the young man held out the needle. “If you’re squeamish you might want to look away.” He offered.

“I’m fine, let’s get this done.”
“Brave girl.” He grinned and slipped the needle into the vein. “Okay so just stay still and enjoy the movie. Cookies and juice one you’re done.” He patted her shoulder and moved on to the next person waiting to donate. She watched the short cartoon, ignoring the strange feeling of her blood being removed. Once the bag was full the needle was removed and the wound covered before she was moved to a seat at the table to eat and drink. The blood was labelled and stored for shipping to the blood bank to wait until it was needed.

Jupiter smiled and waved at her friends before ducking into the alley to take a shortcut back to Harry’s. She wanted to return a few books she’d borrowed last week while the others planned to have fun shopping. The scholarship only covered classes and books which meant she had no spare money to shop just for the sake of shopping. She still cleaned on weekends to do her part for the family, but just clients she like such as Katherine. Cleaning for Harry now would just be weird since he was her teacher. A noise had her tightening her grip on her bag and then she snuck a glance back only to see a man following her so she picked up speed, by the time she left the alley she was running. She jumped up half the stairs and then banged on the door. It opened and she fled inside.

“Jupiter?” Harry asked in alarm, looking around and spotting a shadow in the nearby alley so he locked the door and activated the intent wards. “What happened?”

“I don’t know…he was following me.”

“It’s alright, you’re safe here. I’m going to call the police.” He called and then settled her in with a hot chocolate and an astronomy book to distract her before going back to watching the man until he fled as a patrol car pulled up. He let the officers in and stayed with Jupiter as they asked her what had happened. He then followed them out. “This isn’t the first report from campus girls.” He commented.

“How would you know?” The younger officer asked and he flipped open his campus ID.

“Because I teach English there. You should contact the campus police; they’ve taken several reports.”

“Thank you for the help Mr Potter. Although I do wonder how a student knows your address?”

“I have a very extensive library Officer; I allow my students access to it.”
“Very well. She shouldn’t walk home.”

“I’ll see to it.” He watched them drive off and then went back inside to wait until Jupiter was calm enough to go home.

“I felt so helpless.” She whispered shakily.

“You kept your head Jupiter, that’s more than a lot of people do.”

“And if I hadn’t been close to your place?”

“Ever thought of self-defence lessons?” He suggested and she hesitated before nodding.

“Can’t afford them and no time between class and working on the weekends.”

“Come on then.”

“What?”

“First lesson.” He grinned and pulled her over to the gym.

“You’re serious? Who are you Harry, an ex-spy or something?”

Harry laughed. “I did work for Her Majesty’s Government but not as a spy.”

“Uh huh.”

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Jupiter grinned as their assignments were handed back, seeing the A at the top of hers. World Politics was not an easy subject and she’d half killed herself trying to get the paper done. But she’d done it! She was enjoying learning about various governments a lot more than she’d thought she would when she’d originally decided to pick up a few subjects on it. She had to keep her grades up to keep her scholarship so she had considered dropping the harder subject and keeping just Astronomy and English but was glad she had persevered. She had officially survived her first year of college!

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Jupiter jumped for joy as she finally dumped Harry on the mats, he grinned up at her and then swept her feet out from under her. She let out an ‘oomph’ as she hit the mat and lay beside him. “Better. But remember…”

“Constant Vigilance.” She parroted with a grin.

“Looking forward to the summer ending?”

“Looking forward to a new batch of first years to teach?”

“Always.”

“Why do you start with Tolkien, they’re not easy books.”

“True but since the movies came out everyone at least knows the basics enough to help motivate them.”

“Ah. Guess that makes sense.”

“So how are the stars going?”

“Good. Politics is interesting too.”

“Is that an ‘I’m not going further with English’ I hear?”
“I like English but I like Politics better.”

“To each his own.”

“Originally I was going to drop politics because it’s harder but I think it’ll actually be more useful post-graduation.”

“Point.”

“How old are you Harry? You’re my youngest teacher.”

He chuckled and offered her a hand up before tossing her a towel. “Twenty-five.” He admitted and she blinked in surprise, only five years older than her.

“And you worked in government before teaching…. how?”

“I started pretty young, extenuating circumstances. Now back to work.”

“Yes master.” She teased but slipped into her stance.

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Harry adjusted her stance and grip gently before nodding and Jupiter took a deep breath before gently squeezing the trigger. Self-defence lessons had moved on to weapons training, knives, staves and guns. All three were the most useful in a modern setting. A staff could be any sort of pipe or piece of wood, knives were easy to come by and conceal and guns were almost as easy to get these days. Something told him she’d need to know how to fight and even maybe kill one day and he followed those sorts of feelings. He hated the thought of her having to fight, she had a temper yes and he didn’t doubt she could defend herself but he knew the aftermath would be hard
on her. He cared a great deal for her, not romantically, but she was how he imagined a sibling would be. But he knew he couldn’t protect her forever. Who knew when he’d move on to the next world?

---------------------------------------------

“Happy Birthday!” Harry called with the others and Jupiter gasped in shock at the banners decorating his library. The party hadn’t been his idea but he had offered to host it once he’d heard and the students had eagerly accepted. Jupiter Jones was now officially an adult at twenty-one and her school friends were determined to celebrate the event. He carefully kept an eye on the alcohol and who was drinking, not wanting any under-age drinking in his house. Soon the music was blaring and the students were having fun dancing, eating and drinking and he was very happy for the sound dampening wards around his townhouse or else the police would be visiting.

---------------------------------------------

Jupiter grinned as she left the store, envelope in hand. It had taken saving every spare penny she had plus taking some extra cleaning jobs but now she had the perfect gift for her Mother and Aunt Nino. They had done so much for her and she wanted to give them something back. It would make a great Christmas present for them. Christmas was in two days and now her shopping was complete. It would be the first Christmas in the new house that had been bought after a few of her cousins and used their new, legal, papers to find better jobs. The extra money plus what they got for the old house had allowed them to buy one with more bedrooms. Now she only had to share a room with her Mom and it was a proper bedroom, not the basement. Vassily was in his element with an expanding business now that he could be a bit pickier about clients, he would never give up the business he’d built but now everyone had the option to work for him or not. She knew once she graduated she planned to never clean a house again.

The next two days of waiting were torture but finally they were all gathered to open presents and she watched in anticipation until finally her Mom opened the envelope and pulled out the two cruise tickets.

Aleska stared at them in shock and then looked to her grinning daughter. She handed them to Nino who gasped in surprise and then leapt up to hug Jupiter. “Jupiter how?”

“I’ve been saving my money. You deserve this, you’ve never had a holiday but you work so hard.” Jupiter said while trying not to be hugged to death by Nino.

“But…”

“No buts, it’s time you got to enjoy some time away.” She assured her.
The house turned into a madhouse for the next few days while Aleska and Nino packed for their
cruise. And Nino had to repack three times since she kept over packing but in the end the whole
family saw them off at the bus stop. They’d be bused to New York City and then catch their cruise
there, all up they’d be gone for nearly three weeks.

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Harry grinned as Jupiter walked across the stage in her gown, seeing her family cheering happily
nearby. She was a calm, confident young woman now and he was proud of her. She even had a
position waiting at the Adler Planetarium which was great. Barely 23 and she had a brilliant career
ahead of her so why did he have a sinking feeling in his stomach? He pushed it aside for now and
continued to clap whenever one of his past students crossed the stage to collect their degree. This
was what he loved about teaching, every student was an opportunity to help change the world,
even if it was in a tiny way.

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“Go on, open it.” Harry grinned and waved at the wrapped gift on his table. Jupiter walked over
and unwrapped it only to stare in confusion.

“Harry?” She picked it up and looked the strange badge over curiously, nearly jumping when it
beeped. “What?”

“I’m going to tell you a story and it’s going to sound very strange but it’s true.” He gave her the
rundown on his life and then pulled out his own communicator. “These are from my time spent
with Starfleet, short range communicators. As the only two on planet just tap it and mine will pick
up the connection. They’ll work anywhere inside a five state radius since there’s no ship in orbit to
boost the signal.”

“I…aliens? Magic?”

“Real. Not sure about this dimension though.”

“You haven’t checked?” She fiddled with the communicator until she had it pinned to her belt and
mostly out of sight.

“Never felt the need. Want me to?”
“Please?” He laughed but nodded and sat down with his legs crossed and took deep breaths, letting his awareness spread out. Jupiter sat and waited quietly, mind still spinning over everything her friend and teacher had told her.

“Huh.”

“Harry?”

“There are ships out there, mainly feel human though. And there are bits and pieces of tech on planet that don’t really belong.” Some of which wasn't that far from the city, perhaps he should investigate.

“Wow.” There were spaceships out there, she could only imagine her father’s reaction. Harry chuckled and she tossed the wrappings at him. He might be used to this sort of thing but to her it was all science-fiction.

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Adventist Medical Centre, Portland, Oregon, received the blood bags and scanned them into the system, ready for transfusions. No one noticed as extra scans were run on the blood and then a scanner beeped rapidly. The result was quickly confirmed and then a message sent into space with the results.

------------------

Harry slipped invisibly through the rows of corn until a dilapidated farm house came into view. There were beehives everywhere, in fact they seemed to be what was keeping the house standing. It didn’t seem the place where one would find advanced tech but he’d seen way worse covers. He peered inside to see a young woman at a table, working on some sort of paperwork, just not on paper. Whatever it was, wasn’t as high tech as a Starfleet PADD but it was beyond a tablet or iPad. The girl looked up as some bees flew around her head and smiled and Harry blinked as he caught sight of her eyes, so she wasn’t human, at least not fully. She was pretty and looked the part of a farm girl except for the tech she was using. An older man walked in and it was obvious they were father and daughter. He smiled and said something to her and she laughed before coughing, causing the man to frown but she waved him off. Harry watched a while before leaving, it seemed to him that they had settled on earth to simply live. He’d looked into their business and found they sold very nice honey and also removed hives from peoples places when they asked.

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“Welcome back, Lord Balem. It has been too long.”

“I have not crossed the vastness of space for your pleasantries, Mr. Night.”

“Of course, My Lord. We have verified the geneprint. Most unfortunate news.”

“I believe Titus is aware of the recurrence.”

“My spies whisper but cannot substantiate.” Mr Night admitted.

“So you have her print, but you don't have her?”

“Mr. Tskalikan.” Mr Night looked back at the Sargon.

“The keepers traced the print to a blood bank. They're eliminating every lead. We have a name. Jones. Jupiter Jones.”

“Well, I want Miss Jones found...and I want her dead.” Balem ordered coldly even as he wondered at the irony of her name, glancing up at the gas giant that this refinery was built within.

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Jupiter grinned as she opened the door and looked around. Her very own apartment, something she had never imagined having. It wasn't the best to look at but it had hot and cold running water a good view of the night sky and Harry had ensured security. He’d also helped her furnish it despite her protests. She knew some of the family suspected him of un-teacherly feelings to her but after hearing his story she knew he was just looking out for her as a friend. Thanks to his help she didn’t need to save as much before getting the apartment so she had bought some new clothes to wear to work plus various odds and ends to make the place really feel like a home. She’d only just gotten used to the new house and only sharing with her Mom and now she had her own place and no one to share a room with, total freedom. And she could finally have friends over without having to deal with her large, nosey family at the same time.

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Caine Wise watched from across the street, breathing deeply before locking onto the girl in the
middle of the group. She was pretty he guessed but not a stunning beauty so what did Titus want with her? Not that it was any of his business why the Entitled brat wanted her so long as he kept his side of the deal and gave him and Stinger their wings back. Even after ten years in the Deadlands this was an easy job for him. Too easy to be legitimate but the chance of freedom was too much too pass by. He glanced around but there seemed to be no sign of the bounty hunters he’d tussled with a few nights back at the strange medical facility that seemed to store people's blood. Miss Jones was in too crowded an area for him to attempt to grab her at the moment, he couldn’t blank memories like Keepers could and he needed to keep a low profile. So he contented himself with following, sharp ears occasionally picking up bits of their conversation. She finally split from the group and went into a strange building. He glanced at the name and quickly looked up information before slipping inside since apparently it was a public building and open to visitors.

He wandered the displays, all the while keeping a lock on her scent. She'd gone behind doors marked employees only so he couldn’t follow, yet. A new scent reached him and he inhaled deeply, frowning in confusion. He glanced around until he spotted a man striding confidently through the crowds. He’d never encountered a scent like that before. He’d almost think the man was a splice from the animalistic tingles and the liquid way he moved but if he was then he was no splice species he’d ever run into. And there were so many other small things tied into his scent that his poor nose was rather overwhelmed. And of course the man was headed right for where his target was. He was about to risk it despite the witnesses when both emerged through the doors, chatting away. She knew him? Maybe he wasn’t a splice? Unless he was one posted to Earth for some reason. They walked into the nearby café and Caine followed, moving to order some Earth food in order to fit in before sitting down within hearing range of their table. They were exchanging talk on how they’d been lately, apparently he had been out of the country for a while. Miss Jones expressed a desire to travel one day and he offered to take her with him next trip back to England. And then Caine was shocked.

“It’s not polite to eavesdrop.” The man commented before brilliant green eyes locked with lighter green and Caine was utterly stunned. How could he have known when he was outside human hearing range? But it did lend credence to his suspicion the other man was also a splice. But sitting nearby he’d managed a good look at his neck, no splicer brand so maybe a second generation, maybe even born on earth. It was possible, Kiza was a second generation though born at a facility on Orous. He looked pure human though. Caine inhaled deeply, ignoring his targets scent for the moment, reptile, there was something reptilian about him but he didn’t look like any reptilian splice he knew.

“Harry?” Jupiter tensed and looked over at the man Harry was staring at. Okay, wow. He was very good looking but there was also something…. wild about him. She saw him inhale deeply and that just added to the impression, like he was scenting the air. He should feel dangerous, a threat but something drew her to him. Beside her Harry sighed as he realised there was a connection between the two.

“Lunch breaks over; I’ll see you after work.” Harry kissed her cheek and stood, offering her a hand up. She took it and they moved back towards the staff area.
“Going to walk me home?” she asked before she went back to the lab.

“Of course.” He stared at Caine as from the door and Caine realised the man was not going to let him remain in the building. That was fine, he could wait outside and out of sight. He moved outside and slipped to the roof of a nearby building. He saw the man, Harry leave the building soon after and walk away. The public part of the building eventually closed and still he waited. Harry returned to lounge by the door and a while later a crowd of employees left, including Miss Jones. Harry offered his arm and she took it before they walked down the street. Caine silently took off, surfing the air above and behind them. It felt good to be doing so again, though he wasn’t going to ask how Titus had gotten his hands on Legion equipment.

Harry could feel the wolfish man following them but there was something else as well. The man wasn’t a danger to Jupiter, but there was a threat here. He rubbed a finger over his secondary storage tattoo, releasing a scanner and sure enough a multitude of fast moving, non-human figures showed up, all heading their way. He put it away, now he knew where they were he could feel them even if he couldn’t see them. He squeezed Jupiter’s arm in silent warning and she smiled, kissing his cheek, the movement allowing her to hide the fact she was going for the gun he’d gotten her a few months back. She was scared, she’d never shot an actual person before but she would not let Harry fight alone.

Caine frowned as he noticed her pulling what passed as a gun on this planet and her companion tensed up. Had he been detected again? But no, they weren’t looking up, they were looking all around. He inhaled deeply and snarled, Keepers. He unholstered his mauler and got ready for a fight, he was not going to let them get her. But Keepers meant Balem Abrasax, why did he want the girl as well? He activated his shield and got ready even as the first Keeper appeared, aiming at the girl.

Harry saw the creature appear and aim, tackling Jupiter to the ground and rolling with her until they were against a building for cover. “What is it?” She asked in shock.

“Alien. Jupiter I need you to focus.” He snapped and she nodded, taking a deep breath before aiming her gun and firing even as Harry fired at another.

Caine was surprised when the two began shooting back at the Keepers but then he moved, joining the fight. He glided down as he shot at the Keepers, making them focus on him as he slammed one with his shield and shot another. It was odd, fighting with others actually covering his back but it felt nice. But then the fight was done and both were aiming at him. He hesitated but then holstered his weapon slowly and deactivated his shield even as he came to rest on the ground. The man stared at him before following his actions and then Miss Jones copied him.

“You were at the café. Who are you and what were those things?” She demanded.
“My name is Caine Wise, I’m here to help you. You are Jupiter Jones?” It was a question but he knew it was her even before she nodded. He saw the man move and nudge one of the dead Keepers, studying it. “You are?”

“Harry Potter.”

“What are those things?” Jupiter asked warily.

“Keepers. They’re from the Diorite system, but they’re genetically repurposed to act as monitors and watchdogs.”

“And they’re trying to kill me?”

“Yes.” Caine answered, a little confused, she was taking this a lot more calmly than Protocol suggested she would.

“Why me? Please. This has to be a mistake.”

“These people don’t make those kind of mistakes.” He answered, trying to be gentle even as the man, Harry Potter, came over and wrapped an arm around her.

“What are you?” He asked.

“Genomgineered human. They cut my DNA with the DNA of something like a wolf. I’m a Lycantant, bred for the military, but...that didn't work out for me.”

“Well that’s new.” Harry muttered and Caine blinked in confusion.

“They’re not going to stop, are they?” She asked and Caine shook his head.

“I was hired to lift you Miss Jones and take you to Titus Abrasax, the Keepers are in his elder
brother, Balem’s, control.”

“What does this Titus want with her?”

“I don’t know.”

“Okay, we need to get off the street.” Harry stated firmly, how long till reinforcements showed up?

“She needs to get off the planet, I can call the transport.”

“Please. This has to be a mistake.” Jupiter choked out.

“I’m sorry but no.”

“What if I say no? What if... I don’t go with you? What if I go home? What? Are they gonna come after me again?” She stammered and Harry’s heart went out to her, he tugged her closer, protectively. Despite his training and all her classes in politics she was still so young. Then again he’d been even younger. With no other way they followed Caine to the building he had been using as a base and he sent out the message to say he had her.

“Titus only expects me to bring her.” Caine muttered to Harry who smirked.

“Hope he likes surprises.” Was all he said and Caine ended up inundated by questions from Jupiter.

“Wow. Are those flying boots?”

“They use the force of gravity, redirecting it into deferential equation slopes that you can surf.”

“Yeah. I heard "gravity" and "surf."”

“Up is hard. Down is easy.”
“Thank you. Wow.” She gasped as a beam of blue light lit the window.

“Our ride’s here. You ready?” He looked at Harry who was leaning against the nearby wall.

“Ready? Ready to walk out of a hundred-story window with you and your gravity boots...onto an invisible spaceship to meet...” She stopped as Caine scooped her up and Harry chuckled as she squeaked but moved to join them.

“This might make it easier.”

“Okay.” She swallowed and looked to Harry.

“You’re coming right?”

“Of course.” He looked to Caine. “So just step into the blue light?” He asked and Caine nodded, demonstrating by stepping out and Jupiter cried out in alarm, almost strangling the soldier.

“Sorry.” She muttered and looked down cautiously to see Harry step out into the beam below them and then the view caught her eye and she stared in awe even as Caine and Harry scanned for threats.

“Shit.” Caine swore as the ships became visible. “Hold tight!” He yelled at her as they fired on the transport. “Hold on!”

“Harry!” She screamed and Caine glanced down even as the beam vanished only to see the other man using what was left of the beams gravity to throw himself to the side, there was just enough force for him to grab onto a beam and stop his own fall.

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Jupiter leant against the car, breathing heavily. They’d lost the Keepers, for now, and Caine was working on hot wiring some transport out of the city.
“I’m sorry, about your friend.”

“Harry will be fine, you’ll see.”

“Glad you have confidence in me.” Came a familiar voice and they both turned to see Harry limping their way, looking a bit singed and with his hair even wilder than ever.

“Harry!” She threw herself at him and Caine saw him smother a wince.

“We need to move.” He ordered, how had the other man made it down and then found them? They all got in the car and Caine began driving. With the transport gone there was only one option on Earth.

“Look, I just need to know what in the hell is going on here.”

“Think we might have stumbled into a war within the Abrasax family.”

“The Abrasax family?” Harry asked from the back, good thing he wasn’t overalls tall or it would be very cramped.

“It’s one of the most powerful dynasties in the universe.”

“I don’t care who they are. You cannot just...blow up a bunch of buildings and get away with it.” Jupiter exploded.

“Those buildings will be rebuilt by tonight.”

“That’s impossible.” She denied.

“Take a look.” He ordered and they both looked back, Harry was hardly surprised by the sight of the burning buildings being repaired.
“Holy crap.”

“Wait, a bunch of people saw what happened. I mean, they can’t cover that up.”

“They’ll blank them. Short-term stuff is easy. They won’t get everybody, but no one ever believes the ones that slip through the cracks.”

“Oh, my God. Why is this happening to me?” She gasped and Harry hit her with some calming magic.

“I asked Titus that question before I took this job. All he’d tell me is that it was personal.”

“Look, this is ridiculous. I have never even met this Titus, what’s his name?”

“Abrasax. The house of Abrasax has three primary heirs. The oldest is Balem. He’s the one that controls this planet and is obviously the one who wants you dead.” Caine explained.

“That’s insane. I am telling you, I am nobody.”

“Balem Abrasax wouldn’t demolish an entire city for a nobody.”

“Jupiter calm down, panicking won’t help.” Harry told her and she obediently took some deep breaths. “Good girl, just breath.” Caine was relieved as she slowly calmed down and the scent of terror began to dissipate, it made concentrating difficult. Finally, she was calm and then confused both males by beginning to dig through the glove box.

“What are you doing?”

“I just want the owner of this car to know who borrowed it.”

“We needed a low profile to get out of the city.”
“Oh, my God. You're bleeding.” She suddenly gasped as she noticed the hole in his clothes and the trickle of blood.

“Don't worry about it. It's fine.”

“Lucky for you...a woman owns this car.” She pulled out a pad and Harry bit his lip to keep from laughing as she unwrapped it and moved to place it over his wound.

“What is that? Is that a...”

“Just... I wanna thank you...for saving my life. I mean, I've...I've never been so scared when I started falling...Then you were there, and... Do you do this sort of thing a lot?” She babbled and Harry relaxed in the back, content to just listen.

“No.”

“Then why did Titus hire you?”

“Titus hired me because I'm good at finding people.”

“Are you taking me to him now?”

“No.” Caine fell silent after that, eyes on the road and Harry realised he knew where they were going, the farm he'd spied on ages ago. Finally, they pulled into the drive and Caine stopped the car. “We're here.”

“How do you know this guy?”

“A long time ago, he was a friend.”

“What is he doing living way out here?”
“He's a marshal for the Aegis.”

“The Aegis?” Harry asked curiously.

“They’re like cops.”

“Space cops. Sure.” She glanced at Harry who shrugged, not like he’d done more than look in on these people before. His storage tattoos could hold a lot but not a spaceship so he’d had no way to go look around the galaxy. They followed Caine onto the dilapidated porch and he knocked. The door was jerked open to reveal the man Harry had seen before but this time he was armed with a larger weapon than the one Caine had used.

“Stinger.”

“Back from the goddamn dead.” Stinger snarled, putting the gun down to hit Caine. Harry pulled Jupiter away for safety, putting himself between her and the brawling men.

“It’s kind of funny, both of us ending up on this planet.”

“Funny ain’t the word I’d use.” Stinger snapped as he hit Caine again. Caine swung back and Stinger easily dodged the blow. “How’d you get out?” he demanded as Caine stumbled back from him to catch his breath.

“Titus Abrasax. He hired me to lift her.”

“Seems Deadland ain’t taught you a damn thing...” he landed two quick hits and Caine managed to land one. “Just as I was getting used to this life, you come back reminding me what I flushed down the shitter for you.” He knocked Caine to the ground and the Lycantant raised his hands in surrender.

“Where’s Kiza? She used to at least listen to my side of the story.”

“You stay the hell away from my daughter.”
“Don’t drag me into your male mating rituals.” A female voice drawled and the blond young woman leant against the door, watching them. She looked over and smiled at Harry and Jupiter. “Hi. I'm Kiza.”

“Hi. Jupiter. Nice to meet you.”

“Harry.” He smiled and Kiza blushed slightly.

“You used to have a little mettle in you, kid.” Stinger taunted.

“I guess I’m getting a little old.” Caine winced.

“Old? Look at me. Not a recode or a drop of juice in years.” Stinger stated proudly.

“You are a lot uglier than I remember.” Caine smirked.

Jupiter shook her head at their words, trying to brush the bees away but more and more swarmed around her, making her run from the porch, batting at them. Harry watched, ready to act but the bees didn’t attack her. “Hey! Hey! What is going on here?” her words stopped everything as everyone watched in awe as Jupiter began moving her arms, the bees following her movements.

“Your Majesty.” Stinger dropped to his knee, bowing his head and Jupiter just stared with wide eyes. Caine looked from Stinger to Jupiter in surprise.

“Harry?” She called and Harry sent out a little magic, calming the bees and sending them on their way even as she moved to his side. She leant into him, she was so tired, she hadn’t slept in nearly sixteen hours and she wasn’t used to the very long day plus the fights.

“Can we continue this inside?” Harry asked and Stinger stood to show them inside. He pulled a chair out for Jupiter who collapsed into it. Harry stayed by her side while Caine prowled over to the window.
“Your Majesty.” Kiza called and Jupiter looked up, taking the glass from her.

“Thank you.” She smiled awkwardly, not sure what to think about the title.

“I'll go to town to pick up some groceries for dinner.” Kiza said and then coughed and Harry winced at the sound, all his medical training saying that was a very bad sound.

“I'll go.”

“I'm fine, Dad.” She smiled at him but Stinger still looked very concerned.

“Mind some company miss? I need to pick some things up.” He offered and Kiza glanced from him to her father. Stinger stared at the young man, he knew soldiers and this young man moved like one. With the trouble Caine was bringing to his door having someone capable with Kiza would be good but could he trust his daughter to a stranger? “I’ll keep her safe.” Harry promised quietly and Stinger nodded. “Try not to get kidnapped while we’re gone.” He teased Jupiter who slapped his arm. Harry followed Kiza from the house to an old truck and they headed into town.

“Okay. All right. Let's have a look at you.” Stinger said once they were gone and then he pulled the makeshift bandage off only to blink in surprise and then glance at Jupiter who shrugged. He shook his head and went to get the spray from his kit even as Caine stripped to the waist. Jupiter saw the scars on his back and bit back a gasp but Stinger caught the look on her face. “It's not pretty, is it? Clipped and stripped. The mark of a court-martialled skyjacker.” He commented as he sprayed the wound, healing it.

“You still haven't answered my question. Do you want your wings back or not?” Caine asked his old commander.

“Wait, you had wings?”

“The best bio-neural-synaptic prosthetic the military could buy.”

“Oh, my God. That's amazing.”
“Your Majesty has no idea of the scientific miracles that human beings are capable of.”

“Why won't those human beings share things like this?”

“Sharing has never been the strong suit of your species, Your Majesty.” Stinger shrugged it off, packing up the medical equipment.

“Okay, what is with this "Your Majesty" thing?”

“You've never been stung by a bee, have you?”

She frowned in confusion. “No.”

“You know, bees are genetically designed to recognize royalty.”

“Royalty? Well... You are in for a surprise when you find out what I do for a living.”

“Oh, it's not what you do. It's what you are. They sense it. Bees aren't like humans. They don't question or doubt. Bees don't lie.” He told her firmly and she just stared at him, lost, until her phone rang and she moved away to talk to her mother. “I'm guessing Titus didn't say anything about it.”

“No. Must have slipped his mind.” Caine muttered.

“Not easy to picture you making a deal with a royal.”

“Titus told me you were posted to this planet and said if I helped him, he'd get you your wings back, full reinstatement. I figured I owed you.” Caine admitted, he wanted to make things right between them.

“Yeah, you do. But if she is a recurrence... then this is a hell of a lot more important than wings.”
Harry and Kiza stared in shock at the damage to the Apini home and then the girl was running. “Dad!” She yelled before coughing and Harry pushed her down onto some grass.

“Stay here, I’ll look for them.” He ordered and she stayed as Harry cautiously moved through the disaster zone that had been their house and yard. He paused and then moved to lift some beams up, finding Stinger lying there. He gently rolled him over and checked his pulse. There was a groan and he relaxed at the sound. “Easy, you’re okay.” He called softly and Stinger blinked up at him.

“Kiza!” He tried to sit up and groaned as Harry pushed him back down.

“She’s fine. What happened? Where’s Jupiter?”

“I…bounty hunters…. Caine was holding them off while I got her out. Bastard had a canon. After that?” He shrugged.

“Okay sit up slowly and then we’ll get you over to Kiza while I look for the others.” They made their way over to Kiza and then Harry frowned and tensed. “Friends?” He asked and Stinger shaded his eyes to look.

“The Aegis. Kiza….”

“I’ll be fine Dad, you go save the Queen and Caine.” She kissed his cheek and headed inside.

Stinger looked at the young man beside him who simply stood and offered him a hand up. “Don’t even think of telling me to stay behind.” He warned and Stinger chuckled, he could like this human.

“Let’s go.” They stepped into the beam and were taken aboard. Stinger smiled slightly at the woman who approached and she nodded back before looking to Harry.

“Welcome aboard, I am Captain Diomika Tsing.”
“Harry Potter ma’am, thank you.”

“Do we have any idea where her Majesty is?” Singer asked as they walked through the cruiser.

“We have just received word from Mister Wise, Her Majesty is with Kalique Abraeax. We are ready to portal as soon as the two of you are settled.”

“Good.” Was all Stinger said as he directed Harry into a room. He tossed the younger man a packet and received a questioning look. “Portalling can be hard on the bowels.”

“I see.” He shrugged and took the contents. He then followed Stinger’s instructions on strapping in.

“Most Terrsies would be reacting a lot more strongly to all of this.”

“Yeah well, I have a high threshold for the new and odd.” He closed his eyes and fell into meditation so Stinger left him to it.

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Jupiter startled awake to find herself floating over a bed. “Good evening, Your Majesty. Allow me to assist.” She was moved to the side and then lowered onto her feet. She adjusted the skirt and then blinked, realising she was in a dress she that would take at least four pay checks to buy. “I am Tsendi, your chamber presence.”

“New clothes?”

“We wish only to attend your needs.”

“Where am I?” the last thing she remembered was running through the fields of Stinger’s farm. Was he okay after being hit? Was Caine? At least she knew Harry was alright and he’d take care of the girl, Kiza.
“This is the Alcazar of Kalique Abrasax, second primary of the house of Abrasax.”

“What's an Alcazar?”

“A fancy way of saying my home. I'm Kalique.” The older woman who walked in answered, smiling gently at her.

“Jupiter Jones.”

“I'm sorry for staring, but it's really quite astonishing.”

“What is?” Everything was happening too fast for her to keep up. Her bag and hidden gun were gone but that didn’t mean she was unarmed, not after years of training with Harry. But there was no way she could take on these kinds of odds.

“It will be easier to show you.” Kalique led her through the grand halls and into a room filled with candles and a statue at one end. As they got closer Jupiter recognised the face of the statue, it was her.

“Could this get any weirder?” she gasped out.

“Imagine it for me. Meeting your mother long after she's passed away.”

Jupiter looked at her in confusion. “But I'm not your mother.”

“Your planet is just now entering its genetic age. You understand very little about something which is a vital part of our reality. In our world, genes have an almost spiritual significance. They are the seeds of our immortality. When the exact same genes reappear in the exact same order, it is for us what you would call reincarnation.” Kalique explained as simply as possible.

“But how could I be a reincarnation of your mother unless your mother was from earth?”

“My mother was born before your first cities were built.”
“Are you some kind of vampire race?” it was possible, Harry had told her vampires existed in many dimensions.

“We are the cause of a lot of those myths, but I promise my mother was just as human as you or I. The difference between us is our knowledge and technology. How old do you think I am?” She asked with a teasing smile and Jupiter hesitated, not wanting to insult her.

“Late forties?”

“I recently celebrated my fourteenth millennium.”

“You're fourteen thousand years old?”

“Fourteen thousand and four, to be precise. My mother was approaching her ninety-first millennium when she passed. You'd be just as amazed how quickly it goes.”

Jupiter was shocked, she’d thought Harry was old but Kalique made him seem so young in comparison, which made Jupiter even younger compared to this woman.

“If your lives are so long, could I ask you how your mother actually died?”

“She was murdered.”

“Oh, God, I'm so sorry. Did...did they ever find out who did it?”

“No.” She stared at the statue before looking to Jupiter again. “My mother and I did not always get along. But I have a hope that this recurrence might mean a second chance for both of us. Come. Let me introduce you to the possibilities of your new life.” She led Jupiter to another room, this one rounded and with a massive pool in it.

Jupiter just stared as Kalique stripped with no shame at all and was walked into the water. She smiled at Jupiter before submerging herself and a machine activated. Jupiter watched the glowing
water with wide eyes. Kalique came back up and she gasped, taking in the wet dark hair and suddenly youthful face. “Holy crap.”

“Each of us has a code for our optimal physical condition. The problem is our genes have an expiration date which is transferred to our cells,” Kalique explained as she approached Jupiter, still naked and wet. A machine was run over her hair, drying it into loose waves and then a gown was draped over her. “A long time ago, someone figured out how to replace deteriorating cells with new ones. Today, it's as easy as changing a light bulb.” She accepted a glass and drank it.

“Where do you get these light bulbs?”

“You grow them.”

“Like clones?” Okay that was kind of gross.

“No. Clones lack genetic plasticity. Several million years ago, a gene plague caused by cloning nearly annihilated the entire human race.” She smiled as she explained.

“I was told that the house of Abrasax seeded the earth. Is that where you get it?”

“Your earth is a very small part of a very large industry. Feel my skin.” She smiled happily as she held her arm out and Jupiter touched it, feeling how soft it was.

“Oh, wow.” They began walking again as Kalique continued to explain things, things that made Jupiter feel wary. There was something she wasn’t seeing in this and she couldn’t put her finger on it.

“In your world, people are used to fighting for resources, like oil, or minerals, or land. But when you have access to the vastness of space, you realize there's only one resource worth fighting over... even killing for... more time. Time is the single most precious commodity in the universe.” They strolled through the halls, Jupiter trying not to stare like a country girl in the big city for the first time. But she’d never seen anything like Kalique’s home before.

“So, sorry, I just don't understand what you mean when you say, "claim your title." She admitted after a while.
“Well, it’s common for people in the first estate to leave a trust for any potential recurrence. My mother wrote her future self into her will. Right now, Balem owns the title to earth, but... Once you claim it, the earth will belong to you.”

“How can one person own the earth?” to her it seemed impossible to own a planet.

“It’s just a planet, Jupiter. In this world, people own things far more valuable. You cannot know right now what it will be like when you’re offered wealth beyond your imagining. When you can choose to remain young and beautiful, or when you can have the power to change the lives of your family for the better.” She smiled sweetly and caressed Jupiter’s cheek. “And all you have to do is close your eyes.” A sound made them turn and Jupiter smiled.

“Caine.”

“This must be The Hunter Titus hired. Well-made, by the look of him.” Kalique looked him over, he was very well made indeed. Caine aimed his gun at her face even as Kalique’s guards arrived.

“Whoa, no, no, no! Hey, hey! It's okay. She's on our side.”

“Abrasax don't know any side but their own.”

“Precisely. And since Jupiter is an Abrasax, you can understand why I helped her get off that planet.”

“He has contacted the Aegis. They are entering orbit now.” Malidictes informed her and she smiled.

“Excellent. I had planned to take you myself, but...the Aegis will undoubtedly insist they handle things from here.” She grasped Jupiter’s hands. “I wish for you the life you've always dreamed of.” 

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“Welcome aboard, Your Majesty. My name is Diomika Tsing. I'm the captain of this Aegis cruiser.”

“Please call me Jupe.”

“Your Majesty.”

“Stinger! You're all right!” She hugged him tightly.

“For the time being, Your Majesty.”

“What am I, invisible?” Harry asked cheekily and she threw herself into his arms.

“You’re here.”

“Course I am, not about to let you go gallivanting around the Universe without me.” He grinned and then nodded at Caine.

“We'll be escorting you to the commonwealth ministry on Orous. If there's anything we can do to make the journey easier, you let us know.”

“Actually, you know what? I'm feeling a little overdressed, so if you maybe have something that I could change into? By myself. While I'm awake.” She grumbled, wrapping her arms around herself and Harry felt a flash of anger at whoever had dared to redress his student while she was unconscious.

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“Oh. Well, my bowels are anything but royal. Thank you.” She babbled. This was the first time they’d been alone together and she didn’t know what to say to him.

“You heard the lady down there. You’re an Abrasax now.”

“No, no, I am a Jones. Well, except when I’m mad, then I’m a Bolotnikov.”

“If that’s all you were; you would not be on an Aegis cruiser headed to the hall of titles.” He argued.

“Yeah.” She hesitated but then pushed on. “Stinger said that you attacked an entitled once.”

“Stinger talks too much.” Caine growled.

“Is it true?”

“Does it matter?”

“Sorry, I get it's none of my business. I was just trying to understand.”

“Look, the truth is... I don't know why I did it. I... I don't even remember doing it. It just happened.” He admitted softly, not sure why he was telling her.

“We all do things we can't explain.” She offered softly.

“They said it was... in my genes. A... defect of my genomgineering.”

“Could explain a lot of things about me. Like the fact that I have an uncanny ability to fall for men that don't fall for me. It's like my internal compass needle points straight at Mr. Wrong. Maybe it's
my genes. Maybe I have defective engineering too. And if that's the case... is there any way to fix it?” she whispered, leaning in closer to him and Caine couldn’t help inhaling her scent, it was intoxicating.

“You are royalty now. I'm a splice. You don't understand what that means, but... I have more in common with a dog than I have with you.” He tried to make her see why he couldn’t respond to the signals she was putting out.

“I love dogs, I've always loved dogs.” She stared up at him and he blinked in surprise at her words.

“I should go, Your Majesty.” He stepped back, calling on all his training to walk away.

“Right.” She huffed.

“You need to strap in before we portal.” He moved to the door.

“Right, okay.” The door closed behind him and she slumped. "I love dogs?" that was so lame, why had she said that?

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“Well, well, well, well. This is what I have to deal with. Oh, yeah. Yeah, very nice.” The old man muttered as he fiddled with various machines and Harry bit back a chuckle, reminded a bit of Olivander. Only he and Caine were with Jupiter deep in the bowls of the ministry and it was making him a little nervous. “Would Your Majesty kindly place your wrist here?”

“Yes.” She pulled her sleeve up and grasped the bar.

“Palm up, please.”

“Sorry.” She turned her arm the other way up.

“Thank you. Thank you. Very good. Yes! Okay.” He mumbled as the seal was tattooed onto her arm.
“It's cool.” Jupiter grinned.

“Very nice. Very, very nice indeed. Now, here is your code and conduct guide and your royal ways and means commission. And file this with a legion administrator for your royal guard appointment. Yes?”

“Okay.”

“Well, congratulations, Your Majesty...And my deepest condolences.”

“Thank you?” She moved away with Caine and the man looked at Harry.

“An honour to meet one such as yourself Death’s Marked.” He bowed slightly. “Maybe this time the Queen will live.” With that he disappeared into the stacks and Harry went after them only to find them surrounded, the group led by Stinger. He sighed and shook his head but then moved. As soon as Caine saw several of their attacker drop he moved, pushing Jupiter down even as he shot Famulas and dragged her Majesty to what little cover there was. He could only assume Harry had caught up and had provided the backup. He glanced up and stared in shocked awe as Harry simply danced his way through the group, dodging every shot, a sword of all things in hand as he cut them down. Finally, only Stinger was left and he dropped his gun immediately. Harry was barely even breathing harder from the fight as he glared at Stinger and Caine joined him.

“What happened?” Caine snarled at the one person he had trusted still.

“Kiza's got the bug. Couldn't afford the recode. I love my daughter, Caine. She's the only good thing I've done with this life.” Stinger answered and they could all see his pain.

“You would have done the same.” Jupiter whispered to Harry who sighed but the sword vanished.

“Are there any other family issues that I should know about?”

“No.”
“Loans?”

“Money problems?” Caine pushed and Stinger shook his head.

“No.”

“He's good. Let's go.” Caine ordered and they left, surrounding Jupiter to keep her safe until they reached the ship. Ministry security were called to deal with the mess.

*TBC*...
"I want to go home." Jupiter whispered as Harry sat beside her. He gently pulled her against his side and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"I know. But until the Abrasax family are dealt with it’s not safe." He answered and the door opened, admitting Caine.

"Your Majesty?"

"Please, don't call me that." She whispered, she liked it when he used the title but she couldn’t bear it right then. Not when Stinger had betrayed them all to Titus over his daughters’ health. She understood why, wasn’t really mad at him, but how could she live this life?

"Titus will pay for sending them. Captain Tsing has already filed..."

"I don't care. The more you care, the more the world finds ways to hurt you for it.” She choked out and Harry hugged her.

“That’s not true.” He denied and then looked at Caine, motioning for him to come closer. He got up and leant close to the younger man. “She needs you and you need her, so get in there and don’t mess it up.” He warned. He left the room and Caine remained frozen before hesitantly moving to her side and Jupiter leant against him. He cautiously wrapped an arm around her, enjoying her warmth and scent. This was wrong, he was a splice, a defective one at that, and she was a Queen. They didn’t belong to the same worlds and yet it was obvious she didn’t care. But she might once she really understood it all. Could he let her in only to be hurt later if she did care?
“Your Majesty…”

“I don’t want to talk.” She whispered and he whined softly, leaning in to breath in the scent of her hair.

“Please Majesty, just listen then.” He wouldn’t, couldn’t beg and he waited in silence for her refusal but she remained silently so he took a deep breath and began to talk. “I don’t know what you want from me, what you see in me. I’m just a splice, a defective one. I’m not human. You are Entitled, when you understand what that means…”

“Caine.” Jupiter whispered, lifting a hand to the side of his face and he leant into her touch. “I know you won’t hurt me.” She shifted up onto her knees so she was facing him and Caine stared at her with wide eyes. She could see the need and longing in them but also fear. “I don’t care what anyone says.” She leant in and kissed him softly and Caine tried to pull away but instead he hesitantly kissed her back. When she didn’t pull away in disgust one of his hands moved to her waist and the other to her hair, holding her close. They finally parted to breath and she smiled up at him. “Stay with me?” She asked.

“As long as you want your Majesty.” He promised and she smiled before cuddling into his side and Caine held her gently.

Harry listened at the door and smiled before leaving them to it. If that kid had hesitated much longer Harry would have had to kick his ass over hurting her. He headed towards the room he’d been given to find Stinger waiting outside the door. He nodded at the other man and let him in, going to sit on the bed. “Can I help you?”

“What are you?”

“Excuse me?”

“Caine has an excellent nose and to him you don’t smell baseline human but you don’t have a splicer’s brand. So second generation splice?” Stinger offered.

Harry just stared at him in shock. They thought he was a splice? “What did he say I smell like?”
“Reptile, though not a species he’s familiar with, with undertones of canine. Only thing he could come up with is that both your parents were splices of different types.”

Huh. Well that was different. “I’m not a splice Stinger, of any generation.” He rolled up his sleeve to show off the scar on either side and Stinger whistled a he realised it was from a single object going right through. “This would be where the reptile scent comes from.”

Stinger blinked as he realised what Harry was inferring. That was an animal bite? A single wound…. a fang? “There’s no animal big enough to leave a single mark like that.”

“Tell that to the sixty-foot snake that bit me.” He snorted, rubbing the scar absently. “I was in the Amazon and it came out of nowhere. I managed to stab it when it bit me, killed it. I spent five days feeling like my blood was literally boiling while the locals I was with pumped me full of every remedy they knew. They’d pretty much given me up a dead when the fever finally broke. As for canine, I have no clue other than I grew up around a lot of dogs, even had an uncle who worked with wolves.” He shrugged.

Stinger was shocked that such a snake could exist on earth, even in the Amazon. But it didn’t seem like Harry was lying. “I’m sorry.”

“No apology necessary. You were just looking out for Jupiter and your family. I understand why you turned us over to this Titus guy, family is everything. Though…. what is the bug?”

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“Vassily, that's enough!” Irina pleaded
“Dad, Dad! She wanted to do it! She wanted to do it. It wasn't all my plan!”

“You little shit, Vladie!” Irina turned on her son at that statement.

“She begged me. She wanted to buy some stupid shoes or something. The deal wasn't even very good for me.

“I don't care what she wanted! You don't treat your sister like chicken!” He took a breath to continue only to turn as the house started to rattle. He pushed Irina behind him as the ceiling over the dining room caved in, a sparkling blue beam of light shining into the house. And then the screaming began as strange creatures leapt down into their home. One approached Aleska and Nino and inhaled deeply.

“You're the mother. Be gentle with this one.”

The group walked towards the house in silence, no one commenting on the way Jupiter held Caine’s hand. They were taking her to the family home instead of her apartment because Jupiter needed to be with her family for a while. Harry frowned as he stared at the house. “There’s no lights on.” He commented and Jupiter stopped walking to stare.

“What? That’s not right.” She frowned and Caine looked to Stinger who nodded at the Captain.

“Secure the perimeter.” She ordered even as weapons appeared in hands. Harry shifted closer to Jupiter, hands firmly grasping the gun he’d been given after proving he could shoot. He could always have pulled his phaser but then there would be a lot of awkward questions to ask. He knew if things hadn’t happened so quickly there would have been questions over where the sword came from in the Ministry.

They slowly entered the house and Jupiter gasped in horror. “Mom? Oh, God, no. Nino?”

“Good evening, Your Majesty.” As soon as he spoke weapons were pointed at Mr Night and his companions.
“Where's my family?” Jupiter demanded angrily.

“Well, we can all only hope that they remain unharmed.” The splice answered and Jupiter punched him in the face, snapping his head around and leaving a smear of blood at the corner of his mouth. “I see you have the standard issue Abrasax temper.”

“A transfer of title has already been processed. You and your Lord are trespassing in this precinct.” Diomika warned.

“We are aware of all current legalities. I have been instructed to offer your grace a proposal.”

“What proposal?”

“You are to come with me to meet My Lord. There you will abdicate your title and in return My Lord guarantees that he will do everything in his power to see that no harm comes to you or your family.”

“You can't do it, Your Majesty. You cannot trust these people. If you abdicate, you'll have nothing to protect yourself.” Diomika warned urgently.

“You're going to kill them if I don't come with you.” Jupiter stated, knowing there was no other reason to take them. She was half-Russian, she knew what happened to deposed Royals and their families, odds were even if she abdicated they would still die.

“Your Majesty, I could not even consider such an abhorrent crime.” Mr Night denied and Harry snorted, he might not but his employer would.

“He's lying.” Harry and Caine stated at the same time.

“You wound me, Mr. Wise.” He replied, ignoring the unknown man.

“If I were trying to wound you, Mr. Night, you wouldn't be breathing.”
“If it makes everyone feel warm and cosy, the Aegis is welcome to follow us.” Greeghan growled as he moved forward, weapons shifting to cover him as the bigger physical threat.

“No. She won't be going anywhere with you.” Caine snarled.

“Very well. I will inform My Lord you have rejected his offer.” Mr Night began to move away.

“Wait.” Jupiter called and he stopped. She turned to Caine and gently reached up to touch his cheek. “This is my family.” She murmured and he leant into her touch before bending his head down to be closer to her, inhaling her scent even as he nuzzled her hair.

“It's too dangerous.” He pleaded softly, ignoring everyone watching them. She wanted him, no one else’s opinion mattered.

“I know...but it's not your decision. I have to do this; I can’t just abandon them to die.” She whispered back before kissing him and Caine pulled her close. She pulled away reluctantly and turned to Mr Night. “I'll come and the Aegis will follow us.”

“Of course Your Majesty. This way please.” He bowed slightly and indicated the blue beam that appeared. Jupiter glanced at Harry who smirked slightly and shifted back from the others before vanishing from sight without their group noticing. She stepped into the beam and felt a hand on her shoulder, knowing it was Harry.

Caine watched until she was gone and then turned to Diomika who quickly ordered a return to the ship. Stinger glanced around and frowned. “Where’s Harry?” they all looked around but the man was gone.

“We don’t have time; they’ll leave without us.” Caine growled so they headed back to the ship and followed the one carrying Jupiter to the planet she was named for.

Jupiter refused to jump as the door sealed shut behind her. She took a slow, deep breath, feeling Harry at her back, and then began to walk confidently across the large room to where she could see a single couch. “Where's my family?” she demanded once she was at the foot of the stairs. She refused to be lower than him though so she walked up until she was on the dais.
“You should have stayed dead.”

“I am not your mother.” She snapped at him, not wanting to play games.

“No, my mother never cleaned a toilet in her life.”

“Maybe that was her problem.” She stated coldly, head held high. She was space royalty so she would act like it if that’s what it took. She’d aced her politics classes due to loads of study, she knew how to play the game, in theory anyway.

“My mother...My mother taught me what was necessary to rule in this universe.” He stood and walked around to face her.

“Like killing people?”

“I create life!” he yelled and then turned to look out the window. “And I destroy it.” He whispered. “Life...is an act of consumption... Jupiter.” He turned back to her, eyes cold and dark. “To live...is to consume. Now the human beings on your planet are merely a resource...waiting to be converted into capital. And this entire enterprise is just a small part in a vast...and beautiful machine defined by evolution, designed to a single purpose...to create profit.” He explained rather grandly and Jupiter felt sick. How could anyone sane not see how disgusting the industry was? Then again they had all been born into such a society and lived in it for thousands of years.

“If that's what your mother taught you, then I can see why you hated her.”

“I loved my mother.” He denied and she shook her head.

“And yet, you're trying to kill me.”

“My mother...made me understand that every human society is a pyramid and that some lives will always matter more than others. It is better to accept this... than to pretend it isn't... true.” He explained, walking restlessly and the truth suddenly hit her.

“Is that why you killed her?”
“How dare you?!” he snarled, turning on her and slapping her even as she stepped back a bit, lessening the force of the blow. He took a deep breath and returned to his chair to retrieve a Sheave. “This is a notice of abdication. You will confess your genetic incapacity to rule and you will return the title to its natural heir.” He held it out to her and she stared at him, chin up and expression hard.

“Where's my family?” she demanded, knowing that once they knew that Harry could ensure their safety. Balem flicked his hand and the floor became see-through, revealing her family. They were unconscious and floating with machines all around them. “Mom! Oh, God. I... I will do whatever it is that you want, so long as the Aegis can get my family out of here safely.” She begged, she had to make it look good. She felt Harry leave her side and was relieved to know he would protect them.

“You are in no position to negotiate.” He nodded to the Sargon who activated the machines over Aleska. No one heard Harry appear beside the woman and weave a shield around her first and then the rest of the family.


Harry ignored what was going on above, knowing if Jupiter was in danger of death he’d know it. Instead he went to work studying the technology and figuring out how to ensure it never worked again.

“This is not a game. I am not my brother or my sister.” Balem warned her as Harry joined her again. “If you do not seal...” he growled but then the doors opened and Mr Night scurried in.

“Beg pardon, My Lord.”

“Mr. Night!”

“It is an emergency! The grav-hull is ruptured. The gas is reacting to the stock works.” He explained and Balem whirled on Jupiter.

“You seal it now. Seal it now!” He screamed and Jupiter threw the Sheave to the ground, breaking it. Balem lost it and wrapped a hand around her throat. She gasped in shock.
“My Lord, is that advisable without the abdication?” Mr Night asked just as Jupiter drove her knee into Balem’s groin. He released her and doubled up just in time for her to drive her embow into his back, sending him to the floor.

“Kill her!” Balem gasped out in pain and the guards aimed at her. Jupiter felt the warmth of one of Harry’s shields wrap around her and then the floor beneath her feet vanished.

Jupiter ran through the refinery, trying to make her way back to Caine and Harry. She had to find them fast before the whole place blew up. She turned a corner and froze as she saw a bloodied Balem with a length of pipe in his hand. She turned to retreat as he advanced and then she screamed as the pipe slammed into her back, stunning her and sending her to the floor. She managed to roll and scramble to her feet, running out onto a balcony. He swung again and she dodged, lashing out with a kick that connected with his side but then the pipe slammed into her again and she fell.

“Does some part of you remember this like I do? Well, this is how it began!” he screamed as he hit her again. “We were fighting. Do you remember what you said?” he demanded even as she grabbed the pipe and twisted, forcing it from his hands even as she regained her feet and hit him with it, forcing him back to the edge. They were both panting for air and bloody. “I remember what you said.” He spat blood as he held on to the rail. “You told me you hated your life. It’s the truth. And you begged me to do it.” She slammed the pipe into his stomach and he snarled. “You begged me to do it!” he screamed and Jupiter stepped back, tossing the pipe aside.

“I am not your damn mother.” She snarled back at him before turning away. She felt the balcony beginning to give and ran, leaping back to the relative safety of the building and then turning just in time to see Balem plummet to his death. She took a deep breath and then looked around for any sign of help. The building shook and she clung on desperately. “CAINE! HARRY!” she screamed, praying one of them could hear her and then she saw a familiar sight. “CAINE! OVER HERE!” She yelled, waving an arm and Caine glided over, holding his arms out to her. She leapt from the building and he caught her.

“Hold on!” He called and took off.

Stinger blinked when Harry came aboard with the last of the family and then waved his hand discreetly over her before the medics took the child. “Balem and Jupiter fell through the floor.” He told them.
“Caine’s gone after her.” Stinger assured him and Harry nodded even as they headed to the bridge. They got there just as the ship was hit by some burning debris, blowing out some consoles.

“Medic!” Captain Tsing called and Harry move to the injured crew members, checking them over and helping them until the medics arrived.

“We can't hold much longer!”

“Set a portal. Now!” She ordered and the crew hesitated.

“Captain, I don't need to tell you how dangerous it is to...”

“Then don't! I promised every second I could.”

Harry closed his eyes and reached out his senses, finding Jupiter and Caine together and nearby.

“Twelve ticks to portal.”

“Eruption imminent!”

“Portal's open!”

“Come on, Caine.” Stinger muttered, hands clenched. Harry could feel them getting closer.

“Core-gen's about to blow!”

“Now!” She cried out, hating herself for giving the order to abandon her Majesty and Mr Wise. They vanished from Jupiter and reappeared in orbit of Earth. “Everyone all right?”
“Aye, Captain.”

“Captain, I don't understand, but I'm pinging Mr. Wise again.”

“What?”

“Hello in there.” Caine’s voice came tiredly over the speakers.

“Wise, where are you?” the Captain demanded.

“Why don't you take a look out your window? You might want to open the door for us or something.” He answered and relieved laughter broke out even as a door was opened for them.

“I guess you can say my family's complicated the way that most families are complicated.” Jupiter explained as she and Caine sat on the rooftop together.

“You think you'll ever tell them?”

“What, that I own the earth? Are you kidding me? They'd have me locked up. And I wouldn't blame them either. Besides... I'm still trying to understand exactly what it means myself.”

“Well, maybe it just means that Your Majesty's planet has a different future than the one that was planned for it.” He offered gently.

“Say that again.” She whispered, leaning closer.

“You mean... "Your Majesty"?”

“That really works for me.” She whispered and he smirked.
“Yeah?” he leant down a little.

“Yeah.” She agreed and then their lips brushed.

“All right.” He smirked and stepped back to remove his coat and free his wings. “Come on.”

“That ain’t bad either.” She grinned but then stood. “Well, I can get used to this.”

“You ready?” he asked as he flapped his wings a few time.

“Watch this.” She leapt of the roof and began surfing with her boots. Caine smiled and then launched himself into the air, giving chase. Having his wing back was a dream come true. Her reaction when she’d seen him and Stinger when they arrived back on planet after being reinstated had been wonderful. He’d seen the flinch though when she realised that as part of getting reinstated meant they’d had a recode. Stinger looked so much younger, late twenties at the most and was fitter than she’d seen. Even Caine looked closer to her own age now, many of the scars he’d picked up in Deadland gone. He knew she hated the industry but the recode had been part of getting their wings back so she’d said nothing. She knew it wasn’t their choice.

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Harry quit his job at the University within a week of returning to earth. It was obvious to him that Jupiter needed all the competent and loyal help she could get. That meant she had him, Caine, Stinger and Kiza to help her, but it wasn’t enough. The legal sheaves alone were enough for a group to spend decades, maybe even centuries, on. And Harry and Kiza were the only ones able to make any sort of sense out of them.

“We need proper legal help don’t we?” Jupiter asked one day and Kiza nodded.

“Yes Your Majesty…. Jupiter.” She corrected herself and smiled at Jupiter who smiled back tiredly.

“Okay so how do I do that?”

“Depends on what sort of help you want.” Stinger answered. “You can approach a Splicer and have an appropriate splice made. Or you could go the android route and buy ones contract.”
“I am not buying a person.” She answered. So Stinger sent a message on her behalf to Orous and a few days later Advocate Bob was delivered to Stinger’s farm.

“Greetings Your Majesty.” He practically chirped when he saw her. “It is my pleasure to be of service.”

“Thanks. As you can see there’s a lot here that needs going through. Harry and Kiza have been doing it but there’s too much for just them.”

“Of course Your Majesty, I will begin immediately.”

“Thank you.”

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“Captain Tsing, is something wrong?” Jupiter asked when the woman joined her in her apartment.

“No Your Majesty. Earth’s space is secure. I thought you would like to know that you Royal Guard will be arriving in two of your days.”

“Thanks.” She sighed and put the Sheave she’d been reading aside. Advocate Bob had done a great job condensing everything down into manageable pieces of information. She’d ordered all Harvests put on hold already thanks to what he had found. “I’m going to have to do something about finding somewhere aren’t I? I love my apartment but it barely fits Caine and I and I can’t keep asking Stinger to let people stay.”

“Your Majesty could easily convert CC’s to local currency and buy a new property.” She agreed.

“Something else for Bob and Harry to work on.” She looked at the normally unflappable woman and frowned slightly, she seemed, apprehensive. “You sure that’s all?”

“The contracts of myself and my crew are almost up. The Aegis may repurchase them but it is a crew consensus that we would like you to purchase them Your Majesty.”
“Me?”

“Yes.”

Well she hadn’t expected that. She liked the crew and trusted them…. “Alright I’ll talk with Bob and set things in motion.”

“Thank you Your Majesty.”

“If I’m your employer than you have to call me Jupiter.”

“Of course You…. Jupiter. Thank you.”

In the end she didn’t just purchase the crews contracts but their ship as well. There was no point having a crew without having a ship for them after all. She’d inherited several ships but most were massive clippers which she didn’t see the need for. The Royal Guard contingent sent by the Legion made things…. interesting…. for a while as there was a lot of posturing around the two reinstated Skyjackers. But eventually they all settled down and accepted Caine’s position in her life as well as the fact that Stinger was the head of her security. To be safe he even began hiring on others for her Guard, not wanting only Legion Soldiers.

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Jupiter collapsed on the couch and Caine was instantly there, gently tugging her shoes off before massaging her aching feet and she sighed in relief. She reached down and tugged him up for a sweet kiss and he eagerly returned it. “Your Majesty in exhausted.” He commented and she nodded. Even after a year those words coming from him gave her a thrill.

“I love you.” She murmured and he smiled even as his ears went red.

“I love you.” He returned, something he’d only managed to vocalise recently. But she had never pushed him to say it, accepting all aspects of his personality so easily it still amazed him. She wrapped her arms around him, gently stroking his wings and Caine whined softly. He scooped her up and headed for the bedroom, lowering her gently onto the bed even as they kissed again.
Jupiter stared at the message that had just arrived from the courts. Titus had managed to weasel himself out of trouble by laying all the blame for the attempted abduction on Famulus. The deceased splice couldn’t defend herself and everyone was happy to lay the blame on her. Spies hired by Stinger, without her knowledge since he knew she wouldn’t like it, hinted that the youngest Abrasax’s plans had gone way beyond kidnapping and may have included marriage and murder. So she was very glad that Harry had been there to stop the plan before she had been taken to Titus. She still hadn’t met the youngest Abrasax sibling and she had no desire too. Though without him she never would have met Caine.

So far Kalique was remaining quiet other than her involvement in Balem’s estate but no one doubted that she would act to defend her interests should Jupiter make headway in shutting the industry down.

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Harry grinned as finally the new building was complete. Stinger may grumble a little but it was just for show. He had suggested Jupiter use his land in the first place. It kept them all together and close to the city without her having to buy a new place. Instead several new buildings had been added to his property to house her ‘court’, security and the crew of what was once an aegis cruiser but was now her ship and had been named the Orion.

Today Jupiter would be moving in. Explaining it to her family had been interesting, in the end they had been led to believe the farm was Caine’s and she was moving in with him after two years of dating.

“Everything ready Harry?” Kiza asked as she wandered over.

“All done and fit for a Queen. You moving in too or staying at the farmhouse?”

“Moving in, after all I am her lady-in-waiting, that means I have to be at her side. Dad’s grumbled about it but agreed it was better than me moving away from home one day. I just can’t believe you and Caine finally convinced her to quit her job.”

“Jupiter dreamt of studying the stars for so long, giving it up was a lot to ask. But she’s wearing herself out and she can’t just stop being Queen. At least here she can still see her family as often as she likes.”
“If she wants to stop the Harvesting she’ll have to start leaving Earth and really being Entitled.”

“I know. One step at a time.” He grinned at Kiza who smiled back. They’d become good friends while trying to disentangle Seraphi’s estate for Jupiter.

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“Harry?”

He looked up from the sheave he was reading and then put it aside when he saw the serious expression on her face. “What is it?” he patted the couch beside him and Jupiter collapsed on it, not caring for dignity and he smiled.

“If we succeed, shut it down…. how many people are we condemning to death? All the people like Kiza who need treatment or are injured and need a recode. I just….”

“It’s okay to be overwhelmed.” He pulled her into a hug and she hid her face against his shoulder. “Yes, ending the industry will have a massive impact on society but is that a worse impact than the billions of lives taken to produce regeneX?”

“No.” she whispered. “Harry I…is there anything you know? Could it be changed to be made from something else?’

Harry stared down at her in surprise and then smiled. “I don’t know. I’ve been a doctor a few times but never a geneticist. I’d need access to the scientific details of the product and a well-equipped lab to even try.”

“Then we’ll get it and any help you want.” She swore and sure enough a year later he had his lab, hidden beneath the farm. He took the product apart to its most basic level and began experimenting with everything he knew from various timelines and species to try and find substitute ingredients or even a brand new formula to do the same job.

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Jupiter took a deep breath to calm her nerves and Aleska smiled at her daughter before adjusting her veil. “My beautiful Jupiter.” She handed her the bouquet. “You are ready?”
“Yes.”

“This Caine is good to you. I don’t know why you have changed so much but it is obvious he is part of the cause. I miss my little girl but you are a woman now.”

“It’s time ladies.” Harry peered into the room and then stepped inside and walked over to kiss her cheek. “You look stunning. Caine won’t know what hit him when he sees you.”

“Thanks Harry.” She smiled and then took his offered arm. Aleska left to take her seat and they moved into position. The music started and Harry lead her down the aisle. Technically it should be Vassily giving her away but to her Harry was her teacher, friend, confidante and he knew everything. Besides he was the oldest person there, who better to give her away? An Entitled and Splice could not marry by intergalactic law but it said nothing about them marrying by Earth law. Thanks to Harry Caine had a legitimate earth ID after all. They reached the end of the aisle and Harry lifted the veil to kiss her cheek before handing her to a stunned Caine. The ceremony was short and simple but emotional. And when it was done there was a big noisy party to celebrate before the newlyweds snuck off, leaving on the ship for one of the small planets Jupiter had inherited for their honeymoon.

Jupiter squealed as Caine soaked her before diving into the pond to attack back. Harry laughed as he watched from the picnic blanket even as he helped Kiza set out the food. Stinger just shook his head at their antics and lay out on the grass. He might have lost a decade or so of age but he still preferred to stay out of such battles. He did smile when Kiza and Harry joined in the fun, teaming up against the couple. That was his girl. He could never thank Jupiter enough for paying for Kiza’s treatment, despite her dislike of the RegeneX industry. He knew Jupiter and Harry were trying to find an alternative but he wasn’t holding his breath.

Jupiter clung to Caine’s hand as he writhed and gasped for air, Stinger and Gemma trying to hold him down. He’d taken the shot meant for Jupiter who was three months pregnant with his child. They had been attending a board meeting on Orous with Kalique and Titus, a necessary evil until Harry could find something. It was meant to be safe, no weapons allowed. But as they were leaving a splice had attacked and now her husband was injured. She was trying not to cry as the medics worked to stabilise him. “Your Majesty, without using any of the RegeneX products there is nothing we can do but lessen the pain. The wound is mortal.” The head doctor bowed his head as he gave the verdict and Jupiter gasped in horror.

“No, Caine please. Stay with me.” She begged and his eyes opened at the sound of her voice. He stared up at her, eyes half open and glassy with pain. He opened his eyes, trying to talk but nothing came out even as he struggled to keep breathing.
“You Majesty, Jupiter.” Stinger called gently, his own pain pushed aside for the moment to help his Queen.

“Call Harry.” She ordered softly and Stinger did so, explaining the situation quietly to him. He still didn’t understand the younger man who knew so much about so many things and never seemed surprised by anything. He was an enigma but since he was loyal to Jupiter no one asked many questions. Soon the young man was running down the hall, a vial clutched securely in one hand. “Harry?”

He moved to talk to the doctor and then look Caine over himself. He then held the vial out, revealing swirling golden fluid. “It’s untested Jupiter. It may work or it may not, could even kill him quicker. But it’s the best we’ve come up with.”

Jupiter looked down at her husband and stroked his face. “Caine? Do you want to try it?” she asked and he swallowed, mouthing her name and then his eyes rolled back. “Caine!” She looked at Harry. “Please!” She begged and Harry poured the vials contents down Caine’s throat. They all waited with bated breath for something to happen.

Caine suddenly sucked in a huge breath of air and then another and another before his eyes opened and they all watched as the burnt skin knit itself back together. Caine gasped and coughed, hand tightening around Jupiter’s. “Caine, I’m here, you’re alright.” She whispered, running her free fingers through his hair and Caine struggled to focus on her.

“Jup….”

“Shh, just rest love.” She soothed and his eyes slid shut. She looked up at Harry and sobbed in relief before throwing herself at him and hugging him tightly. “Thank you, thank you.” She sobbed and he held her gently.

“It’s okay. We’ll need to keep Caine here to monitor, make sure there’s no side effects. Alright?” she nodded and moved away.

Caine’s recovery was miraculous, just as if he’d used RegeneX. He was discharged from medical the day after he was shot and the group quickly returned to Earth where Harry vanished into the lab for several months, finishing up on the new product. Kiza was forever going in and dragging him
out for meals and to get some sun, which had Jupiter smiling secretively. But finally he gave the completed product to Jupiter and everyone felt a great sense of relief at no longer having the worry of injury or illness hanging over them. Introducing it to the Galaxy would have to wait for the proper moment but it was the start to ending Harvesting once and for all.

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Jupiter screamed in pain and Caine gripped her hand tightly as she panted for air.

“That’s it Jupiter, one more push!” Harry called from the other end of the bed. Jupiter took a deep breath and pushed with everything she had only to hear the crying of a newborn baby. She slumped down on the bed and Caine tenderly brushed sweaty hair off her face.

“Harry?” she called and he appeared with a bundle in his arms that he gently handed to her.

“Meet your son, my Queen.” He smiled at the family and Caine stared in awe at the tiny thing. A son, he had a son. He reached out to tenderly trace a slightly pointed ear, evidence of his spliced genetics. “Chosen a name?”

“Maximillian.” Caine answered softly, unable to look away from the dark haired baby.

“Maximillian Orion Wise.” She said, remembering an old conversation and Harry smiled.

“He’d love that, thank you. And maybe next time I warn you to stay on planet when you’re pregnant you’ll listen.” He teased.

“I was born at sea, seems fitting my baby be born in space.” She watched as Harry dosed her with a little ‘Gold’ and felt the effects immediately as the pain of birth began to fade away, her body healing at an extremely accelerated rate.

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Kiza laughed and tackled Harry, sending him to the ground to wrestle, making Caine laugh and Jupiter shake her head. The two mock fought for a while before Harry pinned her and then helped her up. She then shocked her Dad by kissing Harry before going red and running off. Harry just blinked in shock and then looked over at Stinger who looked as shocked as he was.
Jupiter laughed. “You didn’t see that coming?” she asked and Harry shook his head. “Harry you’ve been friends for six years now and she’s never dated anyone. She always finds a reason to be around you too.”

“Oh.” And now he felt like an idiot for not seeing it before. He nodded at Jupiter and then took off after Kiza, finding her in the old barn. He climbed easily into the loft and sat beside her. “I may be a fast learner but in some things I’m a typical guy. Why didn’t you say something?”

Kiza shrugged. “Didn’t think you were interested. I’m sorry.”

“For what? Kissing me?” She shrugged and Harry sighed before making eye contact. “Did I pull away?”

“No.”

“So no need to be sorry Kiza. You know I’m older than you by a bit right.”

“As if that means anything with access to Gold. Caine’s older than Jupiter too.”

“Just checking before I do this.”

“Wha.” He cut her off by kissing her softly.

“Kiza Apini would you do me the honour of joining me for dinner tomorrow night?” He asked and she blushed slightly.

“I’d like that a lot.”

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Jupiter smiled as she helped Kiza get ready for her third date with Harry. Today they were going to the theatre and Jupiter was making sure Kiza would steal the show. No jeans for the young splice today. Instead it was a knee length light blue dress with a touch of makeup and some simple, elegant jewellery. Her golden hair was done up in a twist, leaving some strands free to frame her
Kiza stared at herself in the mirror in shock at how different she looked. “Do you think Harry will like it?”

“He’ll love it. Bet he’s speechless when he sees you. Now get going and have fun.”

“As my Queen commands.” She grinned and rushed downstairs where Harry was rendered speechless for a few seconds before offering her his arm.

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Kiza lay in Harry’s arms, utterly happy she’d finally caught her man and just enjoying the sun. She’d always thought that maybe he had a thing for Jupiter but he didn’t. He cared for the Queen yes, but not as a potential lover. She smiled as little Max toddled by with his dotting father right behind him. Harry’s new formula was being introduced into the market slowly as competition for RegeneX and security at the farm was at an all-time high because of it. Soon there would be no need for harvests, people could live as long as they wanted without others dying for it.

Her Dad had freaked a bit over her perusing Harry but he’d come round in the end. He couldn’t complain about an age gap considering the gap between Jupiter and Caine or himself and her long dead mother. It was Harry’s secrets that had made him wary of the relationship. But he had told her the truth after dating her for nearly a year. She understood why he’d waited so long, making sure their relationship would last. It had been a shock to learn the truth of who and what he was but it didn’t change things. He was still the amazing man she had fallen in love with over the last decade.

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Stinger watched as his only child was married to Harry Potter, her Majesty’s most trusted advisor and friend. Kiza had admitted she knew his secrets but wouldn’t tell him. If she knew everything and still wanted to marry him then there was nothing he could say against it. He watched as Harry lifted her earth style veil and then kissed her tenderly. Unfortunately, Jupiter had yet to manage to change the laws regarding Splices marrying which was why it was an earth ceremony. Harry may not be Entitled but he was considered highly ranked due to his scientific breakthrough, too high to marry a mere second generation Splice. His baby girl looked utterly breathtaking in a gown of pure white and it felt wring that she was leaving him to marry but it had to happen someday. He didn’t doubt that Harry loved her or would be able to keep her safe but he was her father. As a splice he’d never expected to have a child but when he’d met her mother he had wanted it badly. He’d been shocked when they’d received permission to try and overjoyed when Kiza was placed in his arms the first time. Losing her mother had been a massive blow but Kiza had kept him wanting to live.
Stinger hugged Kiza when she came in the door and she smiled. She’d been gone with Harry on Orous for the last three months dealing with bureaucracy over a legal challenge to Gold. They’d been married a year now and he had to admit he’d never seen his baby girl so happy. “Good trip back?”

“The Orion was as good as always. How have you been? Max keeping you on your toes?”

“Kids worse than Caine ever was at finding trouble.”

“Way I remember it you were just as bad Dad.”

“Whatever you say.” She took a deep breath, feeling nauseous and he frowned. “Kiza, you okay?”

“I’m fine Dad, it’s just…well, I’m pregnant.” She admitted and Stinger froze.

“What?”

“I’m about eight weeks pregnant. Found out on Orous.”

“A baby?”

“Yeah Dad, you’re going to be a Grandpa.” She smiled nervously and then he pulled her into a hug.

“I’m so happy for you.”

Jupiter and Stinger held Kiza’s hands as she pushed. Harry was between her legs, coaching her on as she continued to push with the contractions. “I can see the head!” he looked up and grinned at his wife before looking back down. “That’s it Kiza, just a few more pushes.” Finally, the baby slipped free and into his waiting hands. He clamped and cut the cord before wiping the baby down and wrapping her in a blanket as she began to cry. He sat on the edge of the bed and handed the
baby to Kiza. “It’s a girl.” He announced and Kiza smiled, gently touching the wisps of golden hair, ignoring the other medic as Gold was administered to heal her up.

“She’s beautiful.” Kiza whispered.

“Just like her Mom.” Stinger announced proudly.

“Congratulations.” Jupiter smiled at them.

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Harry gently settled little Maya Jupiter Potter into the crib Stinger had given them. He turned the mobile on above it, watching the planets spin around. He carefully pulled the door to and went to find Kiza in the kitchen making lunch for them. “How is she?”

“Enjoying the mobile Jupiter gave her.” He kissed her gently.

“How do you feel?”

“I’m fine.” She kissed him back and then handed him his plate of food. “Eat before it gets cold.”

“Yes ma’am.” He grinned and she laughed.

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Kiza cradled her daughter and then smiled as Harry joined her in bed. “Won’t sleep?” he asked, gently running his hand over golden curls.

“Seems she wants her Daddy.” She handed Maya over to him and Harry held her to his chest.

“You should be asleep young lady.” He chided softly and green eyes blinked up at him before she smiled and sucked her thumb. He chuckled and rocked her for a while before settling her in her bed, at nearly two years old she was growing up so fast. “Looking forward to tomorrow night?” he asked when he re-joined Kiza in their bed and she groaned.
“No.”

“Soon the law will change and you and Caine will stand proudly at our sides where you belong.” He promised, kissing her and she smiled, pulling him closer.

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Kiza stood behind Harry as the party went on, wishing they could dance together or just go home. She was bored and her feet hurt. Jupiter was amazing though, smiling and charming everyone. She never heard the shot but Harry did, shoving Jupiter to the floor out of the way. Screams echoed as blood began to pool around the two of them. Caine moved to his wife’s side and gently checked her over even as she scrambled up and Kiza’s heart sank. “No!” She screamed, dropping to Harry’s side. He was barely breathing, green eyes glassy. “Stay with me.” She begged even as Jupiter called for medics but it was too late as his hand went slack in hers and his eyes closed. She fought as strong arms pulled her away and then she heard her father’s voice in her ear, trying to get her to calm down. The medics moved in but there was nothing they could do; not even Gold could bring the dead back. They moved away to call in someone to handle his body and Kiza and Jupiter stared, waiting for what they knew would happen. Sure enough Harry’s body burst into flames and then was gone and Kiza collapsed against her father, sobbing before throwing up.

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Kiza accepted the sheave and then went back into her small house, smiling as Maya played on the floor. Kiza then went to the crib and gently checked on little Sirius, smiling as blue eyes opened and he gurgled happily. She gently stroked his mess of dark hair before sitting on the couch. She read the sheave and sighed, the law had finally passed. She was now recognised as Harry Potter’s widow and everything that had been his was now hers and her children’s. But nothing could replace him in their lives, Harry hadn’t even known she was pregnant again. He’d never gotten the chance to meet his son. She had remained in the house Harry had built for them near her Dad’s farmhouse and away from the other buildings. Her Dad, Jupiter, Caine and their two children were always over, helping her raise her children without their father.

“Momma look!” Maya called and Kiza put the sheave down to spend time with her daughter. Maya didn’t understand yet why Daddy wasn’t coming home. One day she would and Kiza would tell her all about her very special Daddy. She didn’t know if Maya would remember him as she got older but she would tell both her babies all she could about their Daddy.

The end.
Who Wants to Live Forever?

Chapter Summary

Forever xover

Disclaimer: Don’t own HP or Forever

Haven’t seen the whole show yet so hope I got the characters okay.

Of course I had this whole chap written and then iCloud went and lost about 80% of it so had to rewrite it.

Who Wants to Live Forever?

“Morning, doc. How was your weekend? Wistful stroll through Central Park, maybe? Hulu "Scandal" marathon? Maybe some scarf shopping?” Lucas asked as Henry walked into the morgue.

“I worked.” He hung up his coat and scarf in his office.

“Okay. Would you like to hear about my weekend?”

“I would not.”

“Good. Because I was not interested in sharing.” They gloved up and moved to the body lying on the table. “Okay. Deceased name is Bill Sayle, 67 years old. EMS picked him up in Chinatown, possibly killed by a mugger.”

“Judging by the state of his knuckles, Mr. Sayle fought back. Light concavity on his ring finger says he must have worn a wedding ring, but not for the last year, since I don't see a tan line. Also, there's some sort of soot on his fingers. Subtle grey flannel with a hook vent and a soft shoulder. It must have been bought at least 30 years go, but it's been re-tailored recently. Stain on his shirt... grape slushy, I believe. Now, let's take a look at what's going on underneath.” He quickly opened up the man’s shirt and they both stared in shock.
“Whoa! He's ripped! He's 67? He looks like me. After my morning crunches.”

“What could have done this to his body? One thing's for sure... Never can tell how old someone is just by looking at him.”

“Hey. Caught the mugger trying to check into an urgent care. Not the sharpest pencil in the box. He still had the briefcase on him. Should we be charging him with the homicide?” Detective Jo Martinez asked as she walked into the morgue, the new hire following her. Mike just had to be off sick, leaving her with the newly promoted Detective Harry Potter.

“Mr. Sayle wasn't killed by the mugger. He didn't have a single contusion, abrasion, or laceration on him, other than on his knuckles. His heart was in perfect condition. He had dense bone mass and robust muscles and joints. Okay, so, then, why did this perfect specimen die? His brain. Look at the texture... the amyloid plaques.” He held the brain up for them to see and Jo shuddered.

“That's disgusting.”

“It's as if he was suffering from Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, and Huntington's all at the same time. Essentially, what we have here is a 67-year-old man with the body of a 30-year-old and the brain of a 100-year-old.”

“So you're saying He died of natural causes.”

“I'd say the opposite of "natural." I found this concoction in his stomach. In fact, there was nothing else in his system. Don't quote me just yet, but I believe this is what killed him. What is it? Poison? Bile... with a hint of... artificial vanilla. A shake, maybe. Yummy.” He looked at them and then frowned. “Ah, where is Detective Hanson?”

“Sick. Doctor Henry Morgan this is Detective Harry Potter, he’s new.”

“Nice to meet you Doctor Morgan.”
“Hmm…. Surrey, with a touch of Scotland?”

Harry laughed. “You’re as good as they say. Born in Wales, grew up in Surrey, high school in Scotland. Been here nearly ten years now.”

“Henry, the case?”

“Of course.”

“Mark Sayle, the decedent’s son, is here to talk to you.” Lucas called.

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“So, this is where Bill Sayle ended up, but it's not gonna help us much.” Harry pointed out where the body had been found.

“The mugger decided which direction to run. We got to figure out where he started. Hmm. There. Skid marks? They're fresh. Bill Sayle had a layer of soot on his left hand and a line of it on his left pant leg. He must have crossed the street...” Henry crossed the road without looking and horns blared as the two Detectives ran after him. “and almost got hit by a car. Over there. I found noodle fragments and wood splinters in Bill Sayle's shoes.

“Hey, Henry. This is weird, even for you. What are you doing?” Jo asked in disgust as he practically lay on the ground to look at the stain.

“Hints of grape slushy. There was a stain on his shirt.”

“The old pickpocket routine... spill, grab, and run.” Harry agreed.

“This is where Bill Sayle started. Around the corner is where his night ended. So, where was he going with all that cash? A 67-year-old man who hated downtown. He didn't fit in here.” Henry looked around. “And neither does she. Heels that high means she doesn't do much walking. She gets driven. I'm willing to bet she knows what you can get around here for 7 grand.” The three quickly crossed the street to follow her.
“An Ouroboros. Indeed. All right, get behind me.” Jo ordered Henry as she and Harry pulled their guns. He shoved the door open, giving her a clear line of fire but they were shocked to find an upscale reception area with music playing. “I wonder what they’re selling here?”

“*Youth. Vitality. Vigour. Welcome to Aterna. I'm Dr. Frederick Gardner. Let me ask you one simple question... Do you want to live forever? I thought so.*” The man on the tv smiled and Harry and Henry both stared at it in disbelief.

Abe exhaled sharply as he came down the stairs to see Henry working away. “I thought you were gonna get out of this dungeon of death.”

“I'm not studying death. I'm doing research on a wonder drug... a modern-day fountain of youth.”

“Speaking for all of us septuagenarians, I must ask, does it work?” Abe finished coming down the stairs to watch him work.

“It's too early to tell, but my instinct is probably not. I can't even decipher what's in it.”

“What have you found so far?”

“Well, it seems to be a blend of hormones mixed with concentrated doses of vitamins and minerals and some sort of mammalian cellular matter. Beef protein, perhaps?”

“Sounds delicious. Maybe I should try it.”

“Oh, I'd be careful. The decedent looked great had the body of a man half his age, but his brain was full of holes.”

“Ah. Well, maybe I'll hold off. Age gracefully, like you.”
“Thank you, Abe.” Henry looked up and smiled at his son.

“You don't look a day over 200.” Abe laughed. “All right, 250.” He snickered and headed back up to the shop.

Detectives. There you are. I've spent all night distilling and separating the compounds found in Aterna.”

“Sounds like a real bender. And?”

“Traces of ubiquinol, idebenone, fluoxymesterone, and extracts from astragalus membranaceus.”

“I have no idea what you just said.” Harry stared at the ME in confusion despite the fact he knew very well what those things were.

“Dr. Gardner mentioned some of the premium compounds found in Aterna. These are cheaper variations. He's been cutting corners. And if he is, he may have put in something that caused real damage to his patients' brains.”

“Like eating holes through them?”

“Exactly.”

“Except Dr. Gardner isn't Dr. Gardner. I pulled his prints from his business card. His real name is Harold Price. Zero medical training. Two years ago, he had a wellness clinic in Miami, where two of his patients died mysteriously. He shut the clinic down and disappeared until now.”

“If there's something lethal in Aterna, we have to close that clinic down. I already filed for an injunction. You better pack your swimsuit.”

“Excuse me?”
“Oh, we have to pay the doctor a house call. He's in the Hamptons.” Harry grinned and Henry nodded.

Harry collapsed onto his couch, what a case! The things people put themselves through trying to stay young and beautiful. He didn’t understand it, then again maybe he would one day when he was able to age again. He liked working with Martinez, she was good. He’d have to wait and see on Hanson till he came back from sick leave. Doctor Morgan was interesting. The man spoke and dressed like someone from an earlier time and yet this world held no magic he could find. So he was just an odd duck.

Harry looked at the box on Hanson’s desk and then shrugged it off, getting to work on his reports. They were one of the things he didn’t like about being a cop. He eventually finished and got up to refill his coffee cup. He turned to walk back and frowned, walking over to Hanson’s desk to look closer. “Lieutenant!” he called and Reece left her office.

“Potter?”

“I think we need the Doc up here. Unless packages are meant to bleed.”

“Call him.” She called and Jo, who had just walked in, quickly dialled. A few minutes later he left the elevator and walked over to examine the package.

“I don’t suppose this gift came with any sort of note?”

“No, seems like somebody just came in last night and left it.” Harry answered before going to check with another officer.

“Yeah. On my desk.” Mike shuddered.
“Cameras didn't see anything.” Jo grimaced as Henry removed the contents. “Is that a...?”

“Human heart.” Henry finished for her.

“Hey, I brought you some wetnaps.” Harry handed them over to a grateful Mike.

“Thanks. You know, most guys who kill a person want to get away with it, right? Yeah. So if you cut someone's heart out, why send it to the cops?”

“To impress you. Crying out for attention like a child.”

“Son of Sam, BTK.” Harry agreed.

“Just like our killer, they were all psychopaths. And they all contacted the police at some point. Which is also how they managed to get themselves caught.”

“We're talking major crowd control. I need every additional unit you can spare. Have any of the press gotten in here yet?” Jo asked and Harry shook his head.

“No, and we're trying to keep it that way. So we've got a copycat killer on our hands?”

“Mm. A studious one. I've never seen a copycat with this level of precision before. The man who did this must have studied the original crime for hours, down to the last tiny detail. Every element of this body mirrors Jack the Ripper's murder of Mary Kelly in 1888. She was the last and most brutal of his crimes.”

“Cops catch the guy after that?” Jo asked as her phone rang.

“No.”
“It's for you.” Jo held the phone out to him and Henry took it.

“Hello?” he moved away and Harry stared at the body. He’d never been in London at the right time for Jack the Ripper but the man’s crimes were known even in the 24th century. He just didn’t understand how anyone could do this to another person.

“So, Mary's roommate gave us a copy of her client list. We're going through it now. Did you find any prints?” Harry asked as he leant against Lucas’ desk in the morgue.

“None. I'm afraid there isn't much I can tell you about this killer, except that he was too smart to leave anything behind.”

“Well, that's the frustrating thing about psychopaths. You got to wait for them to make a mistake.”

“Unfortunately, Jack the Ripper didn't make any mistakes. Neither did our killer. I've been comparing the body to the original crime notes on the case.”

“You have a copy of the original crime notes?” Harry asked in amusement.

“Well, before Jack the Ripper, medical examiners didn't exist. It was the birth of our profession. Anyone who slices open a body should study it. And, by the looks of things, our killer studied it, too. Every nick, every cut, is exactly where it should be. Six-inch sternum incision, femur dislocation, even the wrist laceration... seems to be a defensive mark on her wrist. Three inches wide in the shape of a s...”

“Doc?”

“The killer isn't Jack the Ripper.”

“Well, yeah, he has been dead for probably a hundred years now. What did you find?” At least he hoped the monster was dead.
“A mistake. The original Mary Kelly had a cut on her wrist in the shape of a semicircle. But one newspaper, the Manchester Herald, wrongly reported it as a star.”

“Okay, so our killer probably read that article on the Internet.”

“Possibly. But the Manchester Herald folded in 1889. It's unlikely there would be any online copies. In fact, there is only one place in the city that might have their records.” Henry smirked and Harry frowned before grinning.

“The library.”

“Looks like she was sawed in half across the abdomen, exactly like the Black Dahlia.”

“We're standing in the middle of the park. Our killer had to carry her in. Hey, fan out. Look for a blood trail.” Mike called and as the newbie Harry joined uniform in looking for a trial but there was nothing to be seen. When he returned they were pulling a piece of nylon from her mouth.

“In the '60s, there was a serial killer who broke into women's homes. He strangled them with a stocking, and then he tied it into a bow.”

“Yeah, the Boston Strangler.”

"Soul Slasher" comics, issue 37.” Mike agreed and Harry grimaced, how anyone could read those things he didn't know.

“So, our killer already picked out his next crime.”
“E.S.U. is approaching the house.”

“Okay, according to the computer, the suspect is online right now.” Harry called as he looked at the monitor.

“Copy that.”

“Hands up! Whoa! Whoa! Down on the ground! On the ground now!”

“Hey! Hey! What the hell?! What's going on?!”

“Suspect is in custody. E.S.U. is slapping the cuffs on him now.”

“Will somebody tell me what the hell is going on.” The man demanded as he was cuffed.

“Hey! Hey! Hanson, the computer says the suspect's still typing.” Harry called into his mike from the van where he was monitoring things.

“What the hell is going on here?!?”

“Hey, hey. Who else is in this house?” Jo demanded.

Harry stared at the teenager in interrogation. He was just a kid and yet he’d kid two women and for what? He looked like your typical teenager, if a bit angrier than some. He left the room and headed towards his desk only to stop and listen to the fight going on between the parents. Okay so things were making more sense now with parents like that. Poor kid. Ouch, and now Henry had given them a target by stepping in. Not a smart move.

Harry split off from Jo as they made their way through the building, looking for the father. Harry
headed towards the basement only to pause as he heard an unfamiliar voice. He used a little magic to make the voice clearer.

“Hello, Henry. I didn't want us to meet like this.” The voice sighed. “But when I saw your partner go in upstairs, I... I got worried. Your partner's bound to find you. And if you die in front of her that's no good for anybody. You can thank me later.” The voice finished and then there was a gasp and clatter and Harry rushed down only to find no one there. What the hell?

“Made up a batch of blueberry scones... your favourite. Thought it might help to have some comfort food after last night.”

“Look, I appreciate it. But nothing puts off my appetite quite like being murdered.”

“You know, I-I-I don't mean to minimize your death, but as far as being stabbed, breaking your back, and almost having your secret exposed, well, I'd say the situation ended relatively well.”

“I'll be sure to write Adam a very nice thank-you note.” Henry chuckled and then sighed. “You know, the way he did it... When he cut my throat, it was so cold, so callous.”

“Yeah, well, in his defence, he had to act quickly. I mean surgically. Of course, it proves that he does really know about your, um... Condition.”

“You're right. He knows everything about me, which means he knows about you.”

“Well, so? So what if he does? Only means he knows that I'm a regular schnook like everyone else.”

“Oh, please, Abe. I've seen what this man is capable of.”

“Now, listen. There's no sense in worrying about me, all right? Not me. Besides, I have, um, scarier people to see today.”
“Such as?”

“I’m off to see the Frenchman at the hospital. I owe her an apology. If I’m not back by tomorrow... Call the police.” Abe called as he left and Harry removed his magic with a frown. So Henry had been in the basement and so had this ‘Adam’ character. Whatever Henry’s ‘condition’ was would need looking into.

“Good evening Detective.”

“Evening Lucas, the Doc still here?”

“In his office.”

“Thanks.” Harry walked over and knocked on the door, making Henry look up. “Hey Henry, want to join us for drinks?”

“Us?” Henry asked curiously.

“Jo, Mike, Lucas and myself. Come on Doc, spend some time with the living for a while.”

“Very well, I shall meet you outside in five minutes.” Henry gave in to the look of pleading. Five minutes later they were heading for the local cop bar, talking about anything except work.

“Is that guy naked?”

“Yep. Call it in.”
All Henry could do was sigh as the officer made the call but to his relief he recognised the car that soon pulled in. Harry got out and flashed his badge. “I’ll handle it from here guys.”

“Whatever you say Detective, have fun with this one.” They removed the cuffs and handed Henry over.

“Come on Doc.” Harry went to the trunk and grabbed a pair of sweatpants out of a bag, tossing them to Henry who quickly pulled them on.

“I can explain.”

“Don’t need to, I really don’t want to know.” Harry drove to the antiques store and pulled over. “Just don’t do it again, or get caught doing it. I won’t be able to cover for you all the time.”

“Thank you Detective.”

“Go home, get some sleep Henry.”

“Ahem.” Mike cleared his throat as the two bantered.

“Ah, detectives. We’re ready for you. Raj Patel was killed with a single-edged sword. The thrust went through his back and exited his torso... A swift, clinical murder.” He lifted the body to show them and they grimaced.

“Jeez. Look at that. All that to steal a cab?”

“What can you tell us about Raj?” Harry asked, ready to take notes.

“Well, driving is sedentary work, but judging from his recent striae on his bilateral overhangs...
Stretch marks on his love handles. And his erythematous subcondyle...”

“Sunburn on his elbow.” Lucas translated.

“And his lack of haemorrhoids...”

“No translation necessary.”

“All suggest that he hadn't been a cabbie for very long. Oh, by the way, Detective Hanson, you might consider a standing desk for that condition.”

“What... condition?” he asked and Harry snickered. Mike’s phone called so he moved away. “Uh, hold on. Hanson here.”

“Uh, what did you get off the tox report?” Harry asked.

“Came back clean. No drugs. No alcohol. One little blip here... He was recently given a hepatitis B vaccination. Which is standard for medical professionals, but unusual for a cab driver.”

“Yeah, young cabbies often have a second job. Maybe he was working at a hospital, too.”

“Have you had any luck in finding the cab itself, detective? It may no longer be... on Manhattan.”

“Good guess, doc. Water cops just spotted something submerged in the Hudson right off of pier 40. It's... it's our taxi. They're pulling it out now.” Mike told them once he’d hung up.

“Guess that’s out cue.” Harry put his tablet away and followed Mike out.


Harry glanced over at Reece’s office where Henry was. He hadn’t intercepted the call this time
which meant everyone knew what had happened. He hoped she wasn’t too hard on him. But what was his thing with swimming in the river? Finally, Henry emerged looking sheepish but obviously not in trouble.


“We have a name?” Henry asked as he examined the body.

“Richard Smight. Landlords say he’s lived here for about five years. Keeps to himself, mostly. Looks like he was autopsied, right?”

“But this wasn't an autopsy. An autopsy can only be performed on the dead. This man was still alive. The autopsy was the cause of death.”

“Do you see any connection between this guy and Raj?”

“Yes. Both men were killed with incredible precision. This man was cut open with a drop point blade, like a hunting knife... no. Exactly like a hunting knife.” Henry backed away in shock and confusion.

“Hey. What’s up, buddy?”

“Excuse me.” Henry stripped his gloves off quickly.

“Henry.” Jo called as he left.

“What's up with him?” Mike looked between his partner and their trainee.

“He uses a hunting knife.” Harry answered, looking very worried.
“Henry, tell us everything. No more secrets.” Reece ordered.

Henry sighed. “I have a stalker. Began a few months ago with an anonymous call. I thought it was nothing to worry anyone about. Just a lonely person with an obsession with death. But I soon realized that he was disturbed... Insane, really. He believes that he's immortal.”

“Immortal?”

“Yeah.” Henry chuckled but there was no humour in it. “I stopped talking to him, and I thought it was over, but when I saw the second body, the autopsied man, I realized that my stalker was the killer and that he'd done it using my tools.”

“Why were you leaving town?”

“Because I thought it might stop him. He's obsessed. If I'm here, he will kill again.”

“Lieu, Henry was with me when we found the body.” Harry offered.

“You can't think that he would p...” Jo started but Henry cut her off.

“I should have told you. You have... You all have every reason to suspect that it was me.” He stared at the table top.

“Henry? We're gonna catch this son of a bitch. This guy got into our building. Get me surveillance on the O.C.M.E. And then lock it down. I want a task force up and running A.S.A.P. This is our priority. Dr. Morgan, I know you've been through a lot. But I'm gonna need the autopsy on that last victim. Give me something to catch this killer.” Reece ordered and Henry nodded, going to work on the victim.

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“Harry?”
“Yeah?”

“He worked very hard to incriminate me. Did you ever think it was me?”

“Henry, you are a lot of things, but a killer is not one of them. Don't worry. We've got this covered. People don't just disappear in New York these days. You're safe.” Harry grinned at him, trying to reassure him and Henry just nodded. Harry frowned in concern and then quickly finished off the search he was running before grabbing his gun and jacket, going after him. Unfortunately, he got stuck in traffic for a bit so Henry beat him to the store by a good ten minutes. He found the door open which was odd considering how late it was. His hand slipped to his gun as he moved silently through the store. He paused and then headed for the basement following the sounds of a scuffle. He walked down the stairs to find the suspect and Henry locked in a fight. He aimed but couldn’t get a shot without hitting Henry. Finally, Henry pushed the man back and Harry put two rounds in him. Walker dropped to the ground and Harry jumped the last stairs, moving to check he was dead before holstering his gun. “Henry?”

“He’s dead.”

“Yeah, come on.”

“Henry!” Abe yelled as he came down the stairs.

“He’s alright. Go get a blanket please Abe.” Harry asked and Abe went to get one even as Harry led Henry back upstairs. He sat him down and Abe appeared with a blanket they draped over Henry. “Stay with him, I have to call this in.”

“Of course.”

Harry made the call and then stayed close, not liking how shocking the doctor was. Jo was the first to arrive and soon the store was full of various emergency services.

Harry officially hated shooting reviews. As far as they knew Harry had never shot anyone before. They wanted to be utterly sure it was a justified shooting. In the end Jo and Henry had stormed in and made sure the panel knew he’d had no choice. But he was on mandatory leave for two weeks.
to be sure he was psychologically okay which did kind of suck. He forced himself out of bed and turned his laptop on. Too many unanswered questions were piling up about Doctor Morgan so it was time to find some answers. He set a program he had made to search for any past or present mentions of Henry Morgan before going to make breakfast. What he found when the laptop beeped was a shock. There were several articles, starting in 1814 when Doctor Henry Morgan was lost at sea while aboard the Empress of Africa. All of the pictures looked like Henry and there was no way it was mere family resemblance.

“Is that the telephone directory?” Henry asked as he sat down and drank some of his tea before opening the paper. “If that's your way of telling me you want the sports section...”

“There are dozens of Weinraubs living in this very city. The chances are I'm related to one of them.”

Henry sighed in understanding. “Of course. How thoughtless of me. Now that you know your original last name...”

“I can find my family tree. Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey. Here's one. Lives on Park Avenue. Park Avenue! We can start uptown and work our way down. Wait a minute. No, no. No. I'm the one who's being thoughtless now. I...”

“Don't beat yourself up. I'm used to being ignored at the breakfast table.” Henry managed a strained smile.

“No, no, what I mean is, I don't need a family tree to tell me who my real pops is.”

“Oh. Nor I my real son.”

A knock sounded downstairs and Abe got up. “Probably a customer, finish your tea.” He headed downstairs and opened the door when he recognised the visitor. “Detective! Good to see you. How are you?”

“I’m fine Abe, thank you. Is Henry here?”
“Of course, a body?”

“No, just wanted to talk to him.”

“Come on in.” He led Harry up the stairs. “Henry, visitor!”

“Detective Potter, to what do we owe the pleasure.”

“I was hoping to talk to you.”

“Of course, please sit.”

“Want some breakfast or tea?” Abe called.

“Tea would be wonderful, thanks.” Abe got him a cup and then went downstairs to open up.

“So how can I help you Harry?”

In answer Harry laid down printouts of the articles he’d found. “Do you remember the serial killer copycat case a few months ago?”

“Of course.” Henry forced he words out, fear coiling in his gut.

“When we went to the Frenchman’s Jo and I split up. I went to the basement but I heard a one-sided conversation. But when I went down no one was there. These articles all have a picture of a man who looks identical to you. You speak as if you’re from a different century, you dress like it too. Then you keep skinny dipping in the river too. So who or what are you Doc?”

Henry stared at him in horror. How had he found all those articles let alone pieced it all together. “Does it matter?”
“I think you’re a good man but I’ve been wrong before.”

“I’m a Doctor!”

“So where a lot of monsters through history.” Harry pointed out.

Henry hesitated but in the end he knew there was no other choice so he told Harry everything. When he finished he waited for his fate.

“I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

“All the pain you’ve gone through. It’s tough, watching those you love die all the time.”

“You make it sound like something you’re experienced.” Henry frowned and Harry sighed.

“Let’s just say I’ve been around a while.”

“Harry?”

“Something like three thousand years, give or take a decade or two.” He wasn’t exactly sure since he hadn’t been to Gringotts in a while to confirm but it didn’t matter. It didn’t feel that long to him.

“What happens now?”

“We go on with our lives and I know enough to help cover for any oddities.”
the first thing Harry did was shore up Henry’s identity. There were a few gaps that could be exploited and he made sure they were dealt with. So when the Faceless popped up they couldn’t find anything on the good Doctor to blackmail him with.

When the Empress of Africa was found Henry turned to Harry for help in finding out what happened after he died the first time. It was a relief to finally know that the slaves he had tried to free had made it and some even still had descendants around. When Adam delivered the gun that had killed him Henry gave it to Harry to keep, not willing to test Adam’s theory yet. If it did work, he didn’t want Abe to be left to grieve him or Jo or any of those he had become close to. Harry took the gun and hid it but not before ensuring it was safe with a lot of spell work.

Henry stood frozen to the spot. If he moved Adam would shoot Jo but if he didn’t then Adam would shoot him and reveal his secret to Jo.

“Henry move!” Jo yelled but she was unarmed and he couldn’t let her be hurt.

“Young Henry, do you want her to know the truth about you?” Adam asked, gun aimed right at Henry’s chest.

Jo didn’t know what was going on or how Henry knew that guy but she knew something strange was going on. She trusted Henry, she did. She cried out in denial as the gun fired and Henry dropped. She moved to his side, supporting his head as he gasped for breath. “Hold on.” She pleaded, hands covering the wound to try and stem the bleeding. A second shot had her flinching but she wasn’t hit. She looked over to see Adam down and Harry running over.

Harry slid her hands under hers. “Call 911.” He ordered and she pulled her phone before collapsing. Henry made a choked noise and Harry looked at him. “She’s okay, just sleeping.” He assured him. He began pooling magic into the wound and then the temperature plummeted. Harry tensed, knowing what it meant.

“You have failed and corrupted your purpose. Your life is forfeit.” Death intoned and Adam cried out, writhing before going still, his body remaining. Death then turned to them and Henry coughed before sitting up, leaning against Harry but he could breathe again. “I chose well with you Henry Morgan; you have fulfilled your purpose.”
“Purpose? Who are you?”


“This world has no people like Harry’s. To ensure balance a champion was needed. The first choice was an error. You have proven to be a far better choice.”

“But why me?”

“Because you are a good man.”

“And those are hard to find.” Harry agreed.

“For your service you may have one wish within my power to give.”

“Mortality?”

“Another will be chosen to take your place.”

“No.” Henry denied, he could not curse someone else to this existence. He looked at Harry who shrugged and then over at Jo’s unconscious form. “Her husband.”

“Very well. Stay on the path Henry Morgan, do not fall as he did.” With that Death was gone and Henry groaned in pain. Jo got up and dialled 911 as if nothing had happened.


Two weeks after Henry had gone back to work three men walked in while he was talking with Jo. She gasped and went pale, taking a step towards them. “Sean?”
“Jo.” He answered and she threw herself into his arms.

“I don’t…. how?”

“We needed Mr Moore for a case but it is done now.” One of the men flashed a badge and she nodded. They left and everyone crowded around the couple. Harry saw Henry slip away and followed.

“It was a very selfless thing you did.”

“Was it?” Henry asked as they left the building.

“Why her husband? Why not your wife?”

“Bringing Abigail back would only prolong the agony when I was forced to watch her die one day. I couldn’t do it just like I couldn’t let anyone else carry this curse.”

“I understand.” Harry smiled sadly.

“You never said how you knew him, Death.”

“I was fifteen and I pissed him off by dying before my time. Now I serve him to make amends.”

“But that wasn’t your fault.”

“Maybe not but at least I know this will end one day and then I’ll be with those I love.”

“For that I envy you my friend.” Henry admitted.

“You’ll be free to one-day Henry, I believe it.”
The End.
Harry smiled as he watched the kids on the dance floor. He could just imagine the looks on the faces of his Professors if they had danced like that at the Yule Ball. American teenagers were very different to how he remembered being at that age. For once he wasn’t a cop or doctor or any other well-paying job. Instead he was a bartender at the only teen club in town. Sunnydale was a nice, quiet little town…. with seven cemeteries. That was beyond creepy. There had to be something wrong with this place, beyond the cemeteries, since the place made his skin crawl. He glanced at the clock and then nodded at the other bartender before slipping outside for his brief break. He leant against the wall and enjoyed the almost silence of the night. He slipped deeper into the shadows as the door opened and two people emerged, too interested in each other to notice him. He sighed but left them to it….until they guy screamed. He moved instinctively and then blinked as he saw the woman’s face. She snarled as he pushed the boy back inside, her face hideously deformed and eyes yellow. He took in the fangs and sighed again. “Lumos Maxima.” He intoned and the alley lit with bright light, making the vampire scream and turn to dust. Definitely something wrong with the town. Harry headed back inside and saw the boy grabbing a redhead the same age away from the guy she’d been talking to, obviously babbling at her. Harry looked at the guy and moved closer, grabbing his leather jacket while sending a jolt of magic straight into his unbeating heart and he turned to dust. Soon the group of teens picked up another boy and then a blond girl joined them. They left and he followed, invisible, to ensure they all made it home safe.

Jesse collapsed on his bed, still terrified. If it hadn’t been for that guy he’d be dead or something right then. Buffy had tried to brush it off but he knew she knew something about it. He yanked the blankets up and curled into a ball, shivering from fear and shock. He didn’t see the man who gently soothed him into a deep, dreamless sleep with magic.
Harry made sure the poor kid would sleep well before returning to his own apartment to sleep.

Harry walked through the town, invisible, taking in the differences between Sunnydale during the day and at night. How had he not noticed this before? Then again he was at the Bronze tending bar most nights and when he wasn’t he was tucked up in bed. He’d really only been out during the day when the town was almost creepy in how stereotypical it was. It looked like a town from a TV show or something. Now he had finally found its dark secret. As he walked he came across what he assumed was this world’s version of vampires as well as strange beings, most of which seemed very willing to attack the few humans who were brave or dumb enough to be out. Taking the vampires out without ever being detected was beyond easy, some of the other creatures took more work. At least this explained why he was there.

“This world is older than any of you know. Contrary to popular mythology, it did not begin as a paradise. For untold eons demons walked the Earth. They made it their home, their... their Hell. But in time they lost their purchase on this reality. The way was made for mortal animals, for, for man. All that remains of the old ones are vestiges, certain magicks, certain creatures.” Giles lectured as they all sat around the table in the school library.

“And vampires.” Buffy interrupted.

“Okay, this is where I have a problem. See, because we're talking about vampires. We're having a *talk* with vampires in it.” Xander argued, glancing over at his best friend who still seemed to be in a bit of shock over nearly being eaten.

“Isn't that what we saw last night?” Willow asked.

“No. No, those weren't vampires, those were just guys in thundering need of a facial. Or maybe they had rabies. It could have been rabies. A-and that guy turning to dust? Just a trick of light.” Xander gave her a look. “That's exactly what I said the first time I saw a vampire. Well, after I was done with the screaming part.”

“Oh, I-I need to sit down.”
“You are sitting down.” Jesse pointed out and she blinked.

“Oh. Good for me.”

“So vampires are demons?”

“The books tell the last demon to leave this reality fed off a human, mixed their blood. He was a human form possessed, infected by the demon's soul. He bit another, and another, and so they walk the Earth, feeding... Killing some, mixing their blood with others to make more of their kind. Waiting for the animals to die out, and the old ones to return.”

Harry frowned as the lights cut off and people started complaining and wondering what happened. He moved out from behind the bar to take a look at the fuse box but then a large man, scratch that, vampire jumped up on the stage.

“Ladies and Gentlemen! There is no cause for alarm. Actually, there is cause for alarm. It just won't do any good.” There were screams from the crowd as they saw Luke's face. He laughed.

“I thought there wasn't any band tonight.” Harry heard a girl comment as he pushed through the panicking crowd.

“This is a glorious night! It is also the last one any of you shall ever see. Bring me the first.” A vampire brought the doorman to Luke.

“What do you guys want, man, huh? You want money? Man, what's wrong with your faces?”

Luke grabbed him by the throat, he wrapped his other arm around the doorman's head. “Watch me, people. Fear is like an elixir. It's almost like blood.” He bent to bite him only to look up as someone jumped onto the stage. He took in the slender man and smirked, waving on a minion to deal with him only to stare as the dark haired man spun and took them out easily.
“Sorry, but no pulse, no service.” Harry snapped angrily, ready for a fight. Only to stop as a vampire dropped down between them.

“Oh, I’m sorry, were you in the middle of something?” Buffy called as she leant over the railing.

“You!” Luke snarled, totally ignoring Harry now that she was there.

“You didn't think I'd miss this. Did you?”

“I hoped you'd come.”

“Be right down!” She practically chirped before leaping down to land on a pool table.

Harry back off, sensing something between the two so he moved to help thin the crowd of vampires. If she got into trouble he’d step in again,

A vampire attacked from her right and Buffy grabbed a pool cue while flipping off the table. When she landed she thrust it into her attacker and let go. He began to fall and burst into ashes. “Okay, Vessel boy.” She slipped out of her jacket. “You want blood?”

“I want yours! Only yours!”

Buffy shrugged. “Works for me.” She glanced over to see a man fighting the vampires…. wasn’t he the bartender? Oh well, made things easier for her. She got onto the stage and the fight began.

At the back of the Bronze Giles, Willow, Jesse and Xander finally broke in.

“Hurry!” Giles ordered.

Xander and Jesse ran in to see what’s going on. “C'mon! Let's go! C'mon! C'mon! C'mon! C'mon!” they called as they split up amongst the crowd, pushing them towards the now open door.
“Hurry up! Come on! Through this door! Come on! This way!” Giles whispered, urging them out.

Buffy spun around and landed a backhand punch on Luke's face, knocking him into another pile of stuff, dazing him. Buffy turned to see a vampire grab Xander. She grabbed a cymbal from a drum set and threw it at the vampire like a Frisbee. Xander saw it coming and ducked, the cymbal decapitated the vampire. “Head's up!” Xander called with a grin and Buffy shook her head.

Jesse backed away from a vampire, heart pounding in fear. After nearly being eaten these monsters terrified him, but he’d had to come with the others, he couldn’t back out. He shakily held his cross up and the vampire hissed but then laughed. “Scared boy?” it asked and Jesse swallowed. The vampire shoved his arm aside and Jesse fumbled with his stake. It was knocked from his hand and the vampire leant in. Jesse closed his eyes but then stumbled back to find the same man from the alley.

“You.” He gasped.

“Watch your back kid. You should go.”

“I have to help.”

Harry hesitated and then sighed. “Alright, stick with me.”

“Master! Taste of this... and be free!” Luke called as he grabbed Buffy and moved to bite her. She sensed his proximity and snapped her head back to land a head-butt on his face, knocking him off of her and back to the wall.

She turned to him, winded. “How’d it taste?” she grabbed a metal stand from the band and he smirked.

“You forget; metal can't hurt me.”

“There's something you forgot about, too. Sunrise!” She threw the stand at the window behind Luke. He ducked, and it broke the window behind him. A bright light poured in through it. Buffy spied the stake she dropped on the stage and picked it up. Luke got up and shielded his face with his hands, expecting to be burned. He stopped when he realized it was only a bright lamp. Buffy lunged at him from behind and jammed the stake home. “It's in about nine hours, moron!”
Luke staggered around the stage, face locked in shock. He fell from the stage and exploded into ash.

She stared at Luke's ashes. She lifted her gaze to meet the gazes of two vampires that had Xander. The vampires panicked and ran. Buffy hopped down to the floor. Giles and Willow met her.

“I take it it's over.” Giles looked around the trashed club.

“Did we win?”

“Well, we averted the Apocalypse. I give us points for that.”

“One thing's for sure: nothing's ever gonna be the same.” Xander looked around and then relaxed when he saw Jesse at the opposite side of the room. His best friend smiled tiredly at him and Xander grinned back.

Xander followed Jesse, confused but willing to go along with him. He hung back as Jesse knocked on an apartment door and then it finally opened. Xander hesitated, the guy looked vaguely familiar.

“Can I help you?”

“You killed all those vampires at the Bronze. Please teach us.” Jesse blurted and Harry blinked. He looked between the two teenaged boys and then motioned them inside.

Harry watched the two as they circled each other on the mats. After a year the boys had changed a lot, for the better. They were growing up. They didn’t have a choice, if they wanted to fight vampires they had to grow. It didn’t help that a trio of friendship had been broken by what had
happened in the Bronze. Buffy had put her foot down and told the boys they couldn’t help because they were normal but had let Willow stay because she hacked and was now moving into magic. Not to mention Buffy had taken up with a vampire who apparently had a soul, angering both boys. So Harry had taken the boys fully under his wing and the school had gotten a shock at the changes, their grades jumped, their clothes improved and they toned up. They patrolled together, always avoiding wherever the Slayer was to stop another fight from breaking out. Harry just hoped she got a reality check soon that didn’t kill her.

“...”

“It's clear. It's what's gonna happen. Uh, it's happening now!” Giles said and buffy moved closer to his office, wanting to hear only to see Angel pacing and reading something.

“It can't be. You've gotta be wrong.” The souled vampire argued.

“I've checked it against all my other volumes. It's very real.” Giles admitted as Buffy stopped at the door.

“Well, there's gotta be some way around it.”

“Listen. Some prophecies are, are a bit dodgy. They're, they're mutable. Buffy herself has, has thwarted them time and time again, but this is the Codex. There is nothing in it that does not come to pass.”

“Then you're reading it wrong.”

“I wish to God I were! But it's very plain! Tomorrow night Buffy will face the Master, and she will die.”

Buffy just froze, stunned and unable to think.

“Well, have you verified the text?” Angel demanded.

Buffy began to laugh. Angel and Giles saw her and exchanged a look. She slowly started to walk
away from the office door. Angel walked out of the office after her. She stopped by the table and faced them. Giles stood in his office doorway. “So that's it, huh? I remember the drill. One Slayer dies, next one's called! Wonder who she is. Will you train her? Or will they send someone else?”

“Buffy, I...”

“They say how he's gonna kill me? Do you think it'll hurt?” She asked, sounding so young suddenly. Tears were flowing freely from her eyes. Angel tried to hug her, but she put up her hands and quickly stepped away. “Don't touch me! Were you even gonna tell me?” She demanded of her Watcher.

“I was hoping that I wouldn't have to. That there was... some way around it. I...”

“I've got a way around it. I quit!”

“It's not that simple.” Angel whispered.

“I'm making it that simple! I quit! I resign, I-I'm fired, you can find someone else to stop the Master from taking over!”

“I'm not sure that anyone else can. All the... the signs indicate...”

“The signs?” She threw a book at him. “READ ME THE SIGNS! TELL ME MY FORTUNE! YOU'RE SO USEFUL SITTING HERE WITH ALL YOUR BOOKS! YOU'RE REALLY A LOTTA HELP!”

“No, I don't suppose I am.”

“I know this is hard.”

“What do you know about this? You're never gonna die!”
“You think I want anything to happen to you? Do you think I could stand it? We just gotta figure out a way...”

“I already did. I quit, remember? Pay attention!”

“Buffy, if the Master rises...”

Buffy yanked the cross from around her neck. “I don't care! I don't care. Giles, I'm sixteen years old. I don't wanna die.”

Giles was at a loss. Buffy threw her cross down. Angel didn’t know what to say either. She walked out of the library without looking back. Eventually Giles moved to the phone. “Who are you calling?”

“The boys.” He admitted.

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The three males prepared in silence, all dressed in black combat gear and armed with blades and guns. “Am I the only one seeing a problem?” Jesse asked.

“What’s that?”

“We don’t know where the Master’s lair is.”

“No, but I bet I know someone who does.” Xander smirked and Harry shook his head.

“Be careful, we’ll meet you at the school.”

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“Oh. Look who's here.”

“Mind if I come in?” Xander pushed past the vampire who blinked as he actually looked at the boy…no, he may be young but he was no longer a boy.

“Make yourself at home.”

“Buffy's gone to fight the Master.”

“He'll kill her.”

“Rumour has it. Only we're not gonna let it happen.”

“Well, what do you propose we do about it?”

“Look, I know you can find this Master guy. He's underground, right? Take me to him.”

“You're way outta your league, kid. The Master'll kill you before you can even breathe. If you're lucky.”

“How can I say this clearly?” He held up a cross and Angel growled. Xander advanced toward him, and he backed off until he fell onto the couch. “I don't like you. At the end of the day, I pretty much think you're a vampire.” He lowered the cross. “But Buffy's got this big old yen for you. She thinks you're a real person. And right now I need you to prove her right.”

“You're in love with her.”

Xander laughed and shook his head. “Maybe I could have been, but she’s not worth that heartache. I want someone who won’t push me aside.”
Angel eyed the other adult in the group warily, there was something about him that made the
demon inside nervous. The four headed into the sewer and he watched their teamwork in awe and a
little envy, it would be nice to have someone at his back like that. He’d had Buffy but never like
that. They walked for ages before a light shone from an adjoining tunnel.

“What was that?”

“It's too late. He's gone up.” They broke into a run for the Master's lair. Angel got there first,
looking around and then he spotted Buffy. He scrambled down to the floor and rushed to her as
Harry reached the lair's entrance. Xander stopped beside his teacher and stared at Buffy in the pool.
Angel reached her and quickly pulled her out of the water. He held her and tried to listen for
breathing. Nothing. He looked up at the group in shock. “She's dead!”

Xander looked down at them and swallowed hard. “No. She's not dead.”

“She's not breathing.”

“But if she drowned, uh, there's a shot! CPR!” Jesse offered.

“You have to do it. I have no breath.” Angel said and Harry snorted but knelt down.

“So you don’t breathe to speak?” He asked before tilting her head back and breathing into her
while Xander began compressions.

“C'mon. C'mon! C'mon! Breathe! Breathe!”

Angel looked down in sorrow, then looked back up. Xander kept pumping. “C'mon!” he muttered
even as Harry kept up the breathing. After another moment Xander stopped pumping. A second
later Buffy opened her eyes wide and drew a breath. She lay still for a moment as she looked
around with her eyes. “Buffy!”

She turned her head to the side and coughed out a bunch of water. Xander
and Angel looked at each other and smiled. Harry puts his hand on Buffy's forehead gently let some magic out, healing her more fully. She looked up at him, surprised to see. “Miss Summers.” He greeted. She then turned her head to see Xander kneeling beside them with Jesse hovering nearby.

“Buffy.”

“Xander?”

“Welcome back.”

Harry dodged a vampire and then cut off a tentacle with the Sword of Gryffindor. They’d been fighting for fifteen minutes straight and all of the kids looked exhausted, even his lot. The only ones not tired were Buffy, Angel and himself. But eventually Buffy left, going after the Master in order to re-seal the Hellmouth. He dusted another vampire and then sent out a wave of fire to take out several more.

“Jesse!” Willow screamed and Harry turned to see the teen with a tentacle wrapped around him, dragging him into the mouth even as he struggled to free himself. Harry apparated and chopped the tentacle off before gasping. He glanced down to find a table leg emerging from his chest before the world went dark.

“HARRY!” the two boys screamed as they saw their mentor impaled by a victorious looking vampire. That look morphed to a brief one of pain as it burnt to death instantly as flames took Harry’s body.

Harry sighed as he wandered the countryside. Who would have thought he would end up in the Seventeenth Century? He was very thankful for his time in places like Asgard as it meant the language was no problem. He had spent the last six months wandering the continent to try and figure out why he was there. So far he had nothing. He had to admit the lack of noise and pollution was nice. He spotted a city in the distance and gently urged his horse into picking up some speed, wanting to make it to an inn before nightfall.
He rode to the city gates and dismounted, walking his horse to the nearest stables and paying for her to be well cared for before following directions to a good inn. He made his way in and paid for a room and hot meal. He lounged in a corner, listening in on the gossip without even needing magic, still having the physical advantages of a host definitely came in handy on occasion. Most of what he overheard was just talk on crops and traders but a nearby table caught his attention with the mention of a witch. He frowned slightly as he heard them go on about the priest questioning her and her lover as well as planning a burning. He finished his dinner and then left the inn, he didn’t care if she was a witch or not, evil or good, no one deserved to be burned at the stake.

He slipped off the main street, becoming invisible as he headed for the church…. compound, there was no better word for it. He felt the wards surrounding it but they didn’t even slow him down as he walked right through them, wards like that were meant for evil and he was a lot of things but evil wasn’t one of them. He found a courtyard with a pyre ready to go and a struggling woman being dragged towards it, screaming for someone called Jean-Claude. He tensed but waited for the right moment to act. In the mean time he reached his senses out to her, confirming she wasn’t a witch but that there was power of a sort, linking her to someone, or something, else. As soon as they had her tied to the stake and moved away he acted. He dropped his invisibility in the shadows and then moved, the first man falling without ever seeing the blade that ended his life. Two others turned to him, one drawing a sword of his own. Harry dealt with him first and then easily dispatched the third before moving to the trembling man holding a burning lamp towards the pyre. “I don’t want to kill a priest but I will if you don’t move that away.” He warned firmly.

“S..stay back monster...the witch must burn!”

Harry shook his head. “Fanatics.” He muttered and then lunged, bringing the hilt down on the man’s head even as he shoved the lamp away. He checked for others and then climbed up the stacked wood to begin freeing the woman. She watched him with wide eyes as he cut the ropes and then lifted her in his arms and jumped down. He set her on her feet and felt a surge of rage as he took in the various wounds and state of her gown. He’d killed those men too quickly.

“Please…they’re killing him.” She gasped and swayed and Harry moved her out of sight of the buildings and let her sit against the wall.

“Killing who Milady?”

“Asher.” She blinked and really focused on him.

“You’re not Jean-Claude….why?”
“My name is Harry. I couldn’t let them kill you, especially like that. Do you know where they have your friend?”

“The dungeons, they wanted us to hear each other.” She admitted.

“Just stay here and stay quiet, I’ll get him out.” He went to stand and she grabbed his sleeve.

“He…. they have not fed him in days. He may attack you.”

“Over missing a few days’ food?” he asked and she hesitated. “No one, human or not, deserves torture.” He stated firmly.

“Vampire.” She whispered. “He is a Master sir; he is very controlled but after this?”

“Do not worry, I will be careful and I get the feeling there will be plenty of people down there to slake his thirst.” Harry stood and moved towards the main church building, becoming invisible once out of her sight, he hadn’t just left her defenceless though, magic would keep her nice and hidden until he returned. He moved into the building and then down the stone stairs to the lower levels. Finding the vampire was easy as he screamed in agony and despair, calling her name. well at least he knew who she was now, Julianna. The guards he came across fell silently and swiftly as he made his way deeper in until he came to a heavy door, bared with crosses. He flicked his wrist and they fell away, the door opening silently. What he saw made his blood boil. A priest was ever so slowly dripping holy water onto his chained down victim.

Asher writhed, he’d given up trying not to scream some time ago. He had felt Julianna’s terror as she was led to the pyre, heard her calling out for Jean-Claude but now there was nothing and pink tears fell from his eyes as he thought of her dead. He deserved this and whatever came next for failing her. He felt the fresh air flow in and opened his eyes to see the door open despite the lack of sound. Had the holy water damaged his hearing? Then he heard a scream and then there was a thud. He was chained to tightly to turn his head and see what was happening.

“Can you hear me?” a voice called softly and he groaned as he tried to speak. “Easy, I’m going to get you out of here.” And then the burn and weight of the chains was being removed until he was free but when he tried to move he screamed again. “Shh…” A warm hand came to rest on the undamaged side of his face and he relished the warmth even as he felt the pain become a distant sensation. He blinked and found concerned green eyes staring back at him. “Clothing will be too painful so you’ll have to go without for now. You going to go for my throat or can you wait to
“Pl… ease…” he managed to croak.

“Very well. I will be back in a second.” The man left and Asher lay there, throat burning at the thought of actually feeding. Soon the man was back with an unconscious guard in his arms. “Here.” He placed the man close and Asher bit down, feeding hungrily. When he was done he felt a bit better and was soon being helped to his feet. They made their way upstairs and out into the courtyard. Asher stared in confusion at the unlit pyre.

“Asher!” A very familiar voice called and for a second he thought he was hallucinating but then his Julianna was standing before him, alive. He reached for her with his good arm and she clasped his hand.

“We need to move.” The man supporting him commanded and then they were moving to the stables. “Can you get the cart hooked up?” he asked her and Julianna nodded, moving to do so. Asher was lowered into some soft hey and then he got a good look at their rescuer. He wasn’t overly tall, most likely shorter than Jean-Claude but with similar dark hair, though worn shorter. He was also lightly tanned and had the greenest eyes Asher had ever seen.

“Wh…o…”

“My name is Harry Potter.” He answered, looking Asher’s wounds over rather professionally. “Sadistic bastard.” He muttered as he got a look at how far the burns went.

“Ready.” Julianna called and they got Asher into the back before Harry clambered up front and took the reins. Julianna sat with Asher, holding his hand tightly, both relieved to be together again.

Harry pulled up next to an obviously abandoned house in the country side and jumped down, securing the horses. “Wait here.” He called and went to check it out, sunrise was coming and they needed to get Asher under cover. Death had a strange sense of humour, first Jesse’s world and now here he was in another with very different vampires. He found a secure enough basement that still had some supplies so he half carried the almost unconscious vampire down and laid him on some transfigured stone that was now a lot softer. He hesitated, could Asher even take his blood considering how changed it was? But then Julianna was giving him her wrist as if she did it every
day and he drank before falling asleep as the sun rose. “I need to see to your injuries.”

“Are you a Doctor Monsieur?”

“Among many other skills.” He admitted and so she allowed him to tend to her. “You love him.” He commented as he was finishing up.

“Oui.” She looked over at Asher. “I do not care what the church says, he is not evil.”

“Those that did this to you both are evil.” Harry agreed. “And you are no witch.”

“How would you know?” She asked and he shrugged before a goblet appeared in his hand, making her gasp. He handed it to her and she looked down to find clear water.

“I have my own talents in that area. Drink and then sleep. I will keep watch.” He stood and she drank the clearest, most refreshing water she’d ever had before curling up with Asher. Harry left them to sleep and went back upstairs to keep watch.


Jean-Claude looked around the deserted church compound, there was evidence of his lovers’ presence but no sign of either of them. Had they been killed and their bodies disposed of already? He had come as soon as word had reached him of their capture. His mother’s burial had been left in the hands of other family as he raced to reach them in time. But no…. he walked to the wall and inhaled, Julianna! She had rested her for a while and there, evidence of Asher as well as a stranger. He followed to the empty stable and then he mounted his horse and took off, tracking the cart. He had to find them! He only hoped they were well when he found them.


Harry tensed as someone tripped the perimeter ward he’d set up. He grasped his sword, sharp eyes looking for the intruder and then he spun and ducked, the vampire missing him. He put his back to the wall and then held his hands out.
Jean-Claude hesitated as the man moved his hand away from his blade, appearing utterly calm despite having been attacked. “What have you done with them?” he demanded.

“Who?” Harry asked, just in case the vampire wasn’t looking for his charges.

“Asher and Julianna.”

“They are resting in the basement. You’re Jean-Claude, aren’t you?”

“Oui.” He relaxed a little but was still very wary.

“Come, I will take you to them.” Harry opened the door and went inside.

Jean-Claude followed cautiously until they reached the basement and then he moved at full speed to their sides. Julianna threw herself into his arms, sobbing, and he held her gently. He then got a good look at Asher and gasped in rage. Asher turned his head away but Jean-Claude released Julianna and moved to his side, tenderly cupping his unburnt cheek in one hand. “Do not turn from me Mon Chardonneret.” He whispered and Asher slowly turned his head back to face his lover. “I should never have left you.” He choked out and Asher weakly shook his head.

“He’s right, all that would have down was given them another victim.” Harry commented from where he was giving Julianna a plate of food.

“They are my world monsieur and you have saved them. What do you ask in return?” Jean-Claude asked.

Harry shook his head. “Nothing. I did it because it was the right thing to do.”

“I find that hard to believe.”

“Believe what you want, I want nothing in return for what I have done.” Harry stated firmly, meeting Jean-Claude’s eyes.
He attempted to roll the mortal, wanting answers only to find his powers shoved back, making him stumble slightly in shock.

“Don’t try that again.” Harry warned coldly and Jean-Claude wisely backed off. This man was no powerless mortal. Harry moved past him and went back to treating Asher to the best of his abilities. With the help of magic Asher’s burns would not be as horrific as they would have been if left to his own healing abilities but he would retain the scars for the rest of his existence. He remained with them for the next month in that cellar until Asher and Julianna were ready to travel. After that he left them and they never saw him again.

With Asher at his side Jean-Claude easily defeated Nikolaos and took over as the Master of St Louis. The three of them were utterly devoted to each other and happy to live well away from Belle Morte’s court. They kept an eye on the growing power of the young Necromancer, Anita Blake, but stayed mostly away from her. They supported Richard Zeeman in taking over the wolf pack and watched in amusement as he courted Anita until they eventually married. Jean-Claude and Asher kept the city safe with Julianna always at their side. Jean-Claude never took a human servant of his own, not wanting to upset their comfortable arrangement. No one seeing the three doubted they loved each other fiercely and so few challenged them.

Harry swore mentally as he took in the site below his hiding place. This was getting a little ridiculous. Why couldn’t he get a break from vampires? The lot below were causing havoc in the city and he wasn’t going to allow it to continue. He waited to ensure they were all present, including the redhead female before unleashing a tidal wave of fire, burning them all. He didn’t have a problem with vampires as long as they didn’t kill, it was obvious to him this had been the beginning of an army and so he stopped it in its tracks. He was really coming to like peace and quiet and this lot had been anything but. And who knew what the army would have been used for? Once sure they were all destroyed he vanished, reappearing in his apartment, slipping back into bed with his fiancé, Natalie. Hopefully the rest of his time in this world would be supernatural free.

Alice froze as the vision hit and the rest of the family tensed, waiting to see if it was news of the army of newborns. She finally blinked in shock. “It’s over.” She whispered and Jasper took his wife’s hand.
“Alice?”

“They’re dead, all of them.”

“The volturi?” Carlisle asked and she shook her head.

“It was a flood of fire from above. Victoria was there too.”

“So she’s dead? I’m not being hunted anymore?” Bella asked from where she was sitting with Edward and Alice nodded. “Good.” Edward kissed her cheek, relieved they wouldn’t have to fight.

The End.

Sorry but Harry dealt with the army without ever meeting the Cullen’s, showing how he can influence events without ever meeting people.

Chapter End Notes

This is now the last chapter of this part of the series. Keep an eye out for 'More New Worlds' coming soon.

End Notes

Let me know what crossovers you’d like to see and if I can I’ll add it.

Harry’s ‘debt’ will be explained in a later chapter of New World, Again.

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