Dominus Mundi : The King of Kings

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Summary

An alternate universe fanfiction based on my story: "King of Kings, Ruling over Rulers". It's the summer before Harry's third year, and as the return to Hogwarts approaches, Harry comes to learn about his ancestors and their legacy. And with the plans of an old woman coming into fruition, perhaps he shall now be reunited with his true family.

Notes

Disclaimer: The Harry Potter franchise and all of its characters belong to J.K. Rowling.

- Inspired by King of Kings, Ruling over Rulers (REWRITE) by DarthImperiusArchive (DarthImperius)
Warning: This story is heavily based on my King of Kings, Ruling over Rulers story.

Chapter 1 - The Empress and the Prince

Kadriorg Palace, Tallinn, Estonia

The year was 1993, and the month of August had just begun. This date was of great interest for the woman resting inside the palace, for she knew that soon enough, her grandson would be returned to her at last. For her, it was perhaps the most joyous moment of the last years, and only surpassed by the return of her long lost daughter. This woman was Maria Anna, the sovereign ruler of the Russian Empire and of the United Kingdom of Portugal, Africa and the Algarves, and the Queen Dowager of Nicaea.

Her husband Alexandros, the King of Nicaea, had died several years ago, and she had been left with the leadership of the Regency Council of the Roman Empire, a task that while seemingly difficult came with a rather agreeable set of privileges. It had been unfortunate that he had been unable to meet his daughter once more, having died before she had returned.

When Maria Theresa, her daughter, had been kidnapped by those damned revolutionaries there had been nothing she could do, but to hope and pray for her survival and safety. Yet when she discovered that her daughter had been in Britain, and that she had discovered her true heritage on her own, she felt great joy and pride. But now, history seemingly repeated itself, and after the murder of her daughter and son-in-law, their son was also kept away from his true family, or at least what remained of it.

Maria Anna was inside the palace's small library, the old woman sitting on an armchair reading a book while warmed by a blanket. Despite being resilient, the woman's age had made her a bit sensitive to the temperature, and on this cold night it was the only way for her to feel any warmth inside the library. She was fully immersed in the book, old eyes reading and memorizing the words, ignoring the silent surroundings. At least until she heard the door of the library being opened and the footsteps of someone approaching her.

The newcomer went towards the armchair, and when he was close enough, the man knelt.

"Your Most Faithful Majesty, I bring news to you." He said, "From the council."

Maria turned towards the man, carefully placing the book on her lap.

"What do they want?"

"The council wishes to inform you that they have everything prepared for His Highness's recovery, and that if you so wish, they shall act as soon as possible," informed the man.
The old monarch kept her face clear of any expression, but inside she smiled.

"Inform the council that they are not to act rashly. Have them wait for the correct moment to act, and when the opportunity presents itself... Also, tell them that my grandson is to be brought to the Palace of Nicaea, as that is where he will be residing as of his arrival," she informed. "I will travel there tomorrow and I want them to make sure that all of his possessions are brought as well."

The man nodded.

"It shall be done, Your Majesty."

"You may go then."

The man rose and left the library, but not before bowing to the Empress-Queen, leaving the old witch with her books and the warm blanket. But with her was also a profound sense of joy, and she could not help but smile slightly.

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It had been two days since Harry had ran away from the Dursleys and was rescued by the Knight Bus. The events following his arrival at the Leaky Cauldron had been rather strange, as Harry was not expecting to find the Minister for Magic inside the pub. The fact that the Minister seemingly thought that the escaped convict Sirius Black was after him was alarming to Harry, but the young teen was not stupid enough to go into the streets of muggle London after the warning. Since Black was one of Voldemort's followers, it was clear that he would possibly seek to avenge his fallen master. And if what Fudge had said was right, then the years in Azkaban had perhaps warped Black's mind even more, meaning he was possibly even more unstable than he had been before was captured.

Deciding that spending all the time walking around his room was a waste, Harry decided to visit Gringotts and withdraw a moderate amount of money, enough that he could buy a few things that would allow him to enjoy better his time in Diagon Alley before returning to Hogwarts. One of his stops was Flourish and Blotts, where he discovered a rather neglected section with books of foreign origin, but which had been translated into English. Amongst these books was a collection called the Encyclopædia Veneficia, apparently published in 1890 and written by a Prussian scholar called Ernst Dietrich.

Harry realized that there were three volumes, and upon looking at the price he noticed that they were rather cheap, especially for Flourish and Blotts standards. Could it be that the owner of the shop wanted to get rid of them? In any case, it was a deal that Harry could not simply ignore, and he would not help but feel as if he had to possess that collection. Collecting them from the shelf, Harry went towards the shopkeeper to pay for them went to pay them, noticing that the man looked at him strangely, almost as if he was buying a fairy tale book. Harry decided to ignore the man, and simply paid the books, before returning to the Leaky Cauldron.

Once inside his room, Harry sat on the bed, and began to read bits from the three books. The more he read, the more he realized how much information the books had, and despite being clearly outdated, having been written in the 19th century, the three volumes had a lot of information that was not just in text but in images as well, such as using rather detailed drawings to show the fashion used by certain wizard cultures across the centuries and even a section dedicated to heraldry, amongst other things.

'This must have been the work of a lifetime,' thought Harry as he continued to read.
Eventually, he began to notice that many of the topics mentioned and at least directed the reader to the Roman Empire section of the encyclopaedia. Realizing that he was learning more by reading these three books than by attending the History of Magic classes, Harry opened the third volume intent on finding why the Roman Empire was receiving so much attention. And as he reached the page where the topic was, Harry's eyes widened in surprise, for the article was at least six pages long. But still, Harry's curiosity got ahead of him, and so he began to read the article.

The Roman Empire

The successor of the Roman Republic, the entity known as the Roman Empire (Imperium Romanum in Latin, and Basileía Rhōmaíōn in Greek), was for all intents and purposes founded in the year of 27 AD, when the Senate of the Republic gave Gaius Octavius the title of Princeps Senatus with proconsular imperium, thus beginning the period of history known today as the Principate, characterized by a clear attempt at maintaining republican traditions and denying the monarchical situation that the Empire had fell into. It was followed by the period known as the Dominate, started by Emperor Diocletian who declined the use of Princeps and became the first emperor to use the title of Dominus (translated as either master or lord). With the passage of time, this political system would evolve into what may be identified as an Absolute monarchy in the eastern half of the Roman Empire, and would later engulf the entire community of wizards with the Treaty of Ravenna in 801, presided over by Empress Irene due to the machinations of Leo III, the muggle Pope, which led into the eventual sovereignty of the Roman Empire over thewizarding community of the known world.

The capital of the Empire changed places several times, from Rome to Ravenna in the Western Empire, and from Rome to Constantinople in the Eastern Empire. (...) While the Ottoman Turks captured the muggle Constantinople, the magical Constantinople was not affected by the conflict, due to its location inside the Bosphorus Cavern. (...)The Roman Empire was among the most powerful economic, cultural, political and military forces in the world of its time, and still is today. It was dissolved in the muggle world in 476 AD (Western Empire) and in 1453 AD (Eastern Empire).

Today, the authority of the Roman Empire is challenged by the International Confederation of Wizards, which was founded after the attempted coup by Pierre Bonaccord, at the time a member of the Regency Council of the Empire. His family connections led to him being assisted by the Ministry of Magic of Great Britain and Ireland and the government of the northern half of France. The public opinion of Bonaccord led to a civil war in France, which ended with the establishment of the Northern French Republic, which became a founding member of the International Confederation (at the time known only as the Franco-British Confederation), and the reestablishment of the Kingdom of Aquitaine, which remained under Roman rule. (...) Two of the main points of the conflict comes from the views on blood purity and religion, the former being regarded with great importance in the International Confederation and having little impact in the Empire, while the latter is an issue which affects the two factions in an almost equal way.

While in the Empire the known religion is the Perennial worship, assisted by many cults, some of which have existed before the advent of Christianity, the common religious practice in nations inside the Confederation is the revived cult of the Celtic tribes prior to the Roman conquests. It's far more famous in Britain than in the other territories of the Confederation, and it is known to be practices by the older families, which self-identify as "pure-bloods".

(...) As of today, only the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Northern French Republic,
the United States of America, and great part of Latin America, excluding Brazil, are part of the International Confederation, while every other magical state and nation is a member of the Roman Empire, and this includes the Goblin Conglomeration in Antarctica, a member since the Pact of Jeddah in 1796. (...) In all, the Roman Empire serves as the spiritual successor to the Atlantean Empire, which once reigned over a large part of the ancient world, reaching as far as Thailand in the East, and the entire American continent on the west.

(...) Although while the magical empire still exists today, the Imperial Throne remains empty, which led to the creation of the Council for the Governance of the Institutions of the Empire of the Romans, known better as the Roman Regency Council, responsible for the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the Empire, having currently Romanos II, the King of Nicaea, who became a member of the council in 1864, before his ascension to the throne, as its leader. (...) The last Roman Emperor was Constantine XI Palaiologos, who died during the Fall of Constantinople, which occurred in the muggle world.

(...) Harry's reactions as he read the topic were mixed, being shocked by the fact that the Roman Empire still existed, at least in the wizarding world, and that he had not heard of it before, especially in Hogwarts, or mentioned in any of his school books. It was rather surreal to think that it still existed, after all these years, and that Britain was in a conflict with it. Still, the books were from the 19th century, so perhaps the relations between the Empire and the Confederacy had been improved. Or perhaps not, considering the stubbornness of wizards.

Harry looked at the clock on the wall, and realized that it was already midday, and that he was getting somewhat hungry. He left the books inside his room, and went downstairs, only to find the pub somewhat empty. Tom was at the counter, seemingly waiting for someone to arrive, and he then noticed that Harry was approaching him.

"Ah, Mr. Potter, already down for lunch?" Asked the old innkeeper.

"Yeah." Replied Harry, "Are you serving lunch already Tom?"

"Quite so." Said the man, "What will you have, Mr. Potter?"

Harry glanced shortly at the menu, before deciding.

"I'll have the Pea soup." He said.

"Very well. Anything else?"

"For now no." Replied the young wizard, "I'll think about it."

Tom nodded and Harry moved to one of the tables, realizing that there was a discarded copy of the Daily Prophet on top of it. As he sat down, Harry grabbed the newspaper, and the first thing he saw was the screaming face of Sirius Black, a now common feature of the Daily Prophet. Deciding to ignore the main article, Harry moved on to other topics, focusing on the Sports section.

Soon enough, Tom came with his pea soup and warned him that it was possibly hot. Harry thanked the man and continued to read the Daily Prophet for a while. He only stopped when he felt a sharp pain on his hand, and immediately he discarded the newspaper, realizing what exactly had caused him said pain.
It was a pea.

"What the..?" He nearly shouted in surprise.

"It's the pea soup, Mr. Potter." Said Tom rather amused, "You have to eat it before it eats you."

Harry grabbed the pea which was biting him, eating it himself.

"Thanks Tom," said Harry, a bit amused as well.

He began to eat the soup and it soon became apparent that he was not going to be eaten by the peas. Eventually, more people came into the Leaky Cauldron and the pub soon became full. However, as Harry finished the soup, he noticed that a strange looking man was looking him. The man was clearly not English and was dressed in a way that resembled the Russian figures in the Encyclopædia Veneficia.

He was rather unnerved by the man and decided that it would be best if he left the pub. Harry went to the counter and gave the money to Tom, before heading out into the alley. As he walked through the near-empty alley, Harry was distracted by a poster of the Firebolt broom and stood there admiring it for a while. He was only distracted by his thoughts when he heard someone clearing his throat.

Turning around, Harry saw the same man who had been looking at him strangely inside the Leaky Cauldron.

"Are you Harry Potter?" Asked the man in a rather rough accent.

"Erm…yes…?" Said Harry, in a way that sounded more like a question.

"I am Boris Ivanovich." Spoke the man, "Forgive me for intrusion, but I would like to speak with you."

Ah, so this man was Russian. That still brought more questions to Harry's mind. Why exactly did a Russian man want to speak with him?

"What do you want with me?"

"Is important business." Said the man, "Not for public ears. There is café near the bank. We can speak there with privacy magic."

Despite being suspicious of the man, Harry still wanted to know what exactly he wanted with him. He nodded, and followed to man to the small café near Gringotts. Once the two had chosen a table, Boris cast the privacy spell.

"Now, what exactly do you want with me?" Asked the young wizard.

"As I said, I am Boris Ivanovich. I am agent of Russian government, and I am here under orders from Empress Maria."

"Empress Maria?" Asked Harry, confused.

"She is ruler of Russia and Portugal, and leader of Regency Council." Explained the man, "Powerful witch as well."

"Ok, but what does she want with me?"
"We are under orders from Empress to recover you."

Harry's eyes widened in shock.

"What!?! Why!?!" He nearly shouted before his tone turned into a hiss,

"What does your Empress want with me? And what do you mean with recover?"

"I do not know." Said the man, "The reasons were not given to me, only the orders."

Harry was not certain what he was feeling, but it had to be a mixture of nervousness and irritation.

"All I have been told, is that Empress wants to meet with you and she has been waiting a long time for such an opportunity." Said Boris, "I have the means here for you to meet with her, if you so wish. I assure that no harm will come to you."

The man removed a silver coin from his coat, and placed it on top of the table.

"What's this?" Asked Harry looking at the coin.

"I believe you here call it a portkey." Informed the man "It transports someone from one place to another, and this one will bring you to the Ministry of Internal Affairs in St. Petersburg, where your identity will be confirmed. After that, if you are indeed the one the Empress seeks, you shall be sent to her current location."

Harry looked at the coin with more suspicion than ever, but something inside him told him that he could trust the man. But still, part of him was still suspicious.

He crossed his arms, looking at the man with a blank expression. "Prove it," he said. "How do I know that you're not Sirius Black using a Polyjuice Potion?"

Boris turned around, looking at the interior of the café, noticing that it was mostly empty. "Come inside with me," said the apparently Russian man, getting up from his chair. "Do you know what Unbreakable Vow is?"

Harry got up from his chair as well, looking at the man with a confused expression. "Unbreakable Vow? Never heard of that."

"Is contract made between two wizards, but requires another one to seal it," explained the man. "If the terms of the vow are broken, the one who did so dies."

Harry stopped. "And...you're willing to do that?"

"Of course," was the simple reply.

Harry watched as Ivanovich went to speak with the man behind the counter, and after a while Boris returned with the shop's owner.

The man's eyes immediate fell onto the boy's forehead and a rather recognizable characteristic there. "Wait, you...you're Harry Potter!"

"Yes I am," said Harry, already used to having people know who he was. "The vow?"

"Oh, yes of course!" Said the man "Kneel and join your right hands, if you please."

The two did so, and so the shop's owner placed the tip of his wand on top of theirs.
"You have to say the terms, Mr. Potter." Stated the man. "And be careful with the wording."

Harry quickly looked at the man. "Oh, right. Well...do you, Boris Ivanovich, swear that you are not Sirius Black, or in any way a supporter of Voldemort?"

"I do," he replied as a small red flame erupted from the wand on top of their hands and began to encircle them.

"Do you swear that what you told me outside is nothing more than the truth, or at least what you believe to be true?"

"I do."

Another stream of fire came from the wand and just like the other it began to encircle the two hands.

"Are you done Mr. Potter?" Asked the shopkeeper, to which Harry nodded.

The man removed his wand, and the streams of fire began to contract until they were absorbed by their skin. Harry let go of Boris hand and looked at his own, seeing if the streams had left any marks. Apparently not.

The young wizard then got up and looked at the shopkeeper. "Thank you sir," he said.

"You're welcome Mr. Potter," replied the old man, who went back to the counter "Have a good day."

Harry left the café with Boris, and once outside he looked at the man. "Ok then," he declared. "I'll go and meet with your Empress."

Boris was certainly pleased with Harry's decision and took out the coin he had shown him before. He extended the coin to Harry, and told the young wizard to grab it. And a few moments later, neither Harry nor Boris were in England.

Author's Note:

Harry's eagerness to buy the books and their presence inside the bookshop, is a plot point that will be expanded upon later in the story.

Also, Boris's speech is intentionally broken in some parts.

The Encyclopaedia:

D. Maria III of Portugal – Born in 1924, she was the daughter of King D. Manuel II of Portugal and Empress Anastasia of Russia. As such, with their deaths, she became the Queen of Portugal in both the muggle and wizarding worlds, Empress of Russia only in the wizarding world, and with the death of her husband, the Queen Dowager and Regent of Nicaea. She is Harry's maternal grandmother, and is the widow of King Alexander of Nicaea. The Palace of Necessidades in Lisbon is her residence in Portugal. A member of the Roman Regency Council, Maria serves as its head and by consequence she is the non-imperial head of state of the Roman Empire.

D. Alexander I of Portugal and Nicaea – Born in 1920, Alexandros was the son of King Philip of Nicaea and Sophie Klementine von Habsburg. He had a profound admiration for his mother, and
when he inherited the Kingdom of Nicaea from his father, he founded the Habsburg-Anemas dynasty, intent on honouring his mother's birth family. He married Maria of Braganza and had a single child with her. He became a co-ruler of Russia (only in the wizarding world) and Portugal alongside his wife, officially recognized as a regnant monarch of those two states. His reign as King of Portugal would only last a year, as he died in 1968, victim of a myocardial infarction. He served also as the head of the Regency Council before his death.

D. Maria Theresa, Tsesarevna of Russia and Princess Royal of Portugal – The sole daughter of Maria and Alexander, she was kidnapped by a group of wizard revolutionaries and brought to the United Kingdom, where she was adopted by a muggle family, and given the name of Lily Evans. She would later marry James Potter, and had a son with him, widely known as Harry. She was murdered by Voldemort, alongside her husband.

United Kingdom of Portugal, Africa and the Algarves – Proclaimed by King D. Manuel II before the Republican Revolution of 1910, the United Kingdom of Portugal, Africa and the Algarves was created with the intention of increasing Portugal's prestige after the British Ultimatum and to quell the outrage that still existed amongst the Portuguese people. The "Africa" in its name refers to the Kingdoms of Angola and Mozambique, two former colonies elevated to Kingdom status by the King as well. The United Kingdom was restored in 1967 by its President of the Council of Ministers (Prime Minister), Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, and Maria of Braganza would take the throne as Maria III.
"Normal Speech"

"Thoughts"

"Other Language"

Pre-Chapter Note: You will see a long name in this chapter. That will be explained in the Author's Note.

Chapter 2 – A Meeting with a Minister

Ministry of Internal Affairs, St. Petersburg, Russia

When Harry arrived, alongside Boris, he immediately fell over, not used to magical travelling. The Russian wizard, on the other hand, remained as if he had not even moved.

"First the floo and now this..." thought the young wizard as he got up, assisted by the older wizard.

He looked around, and noticed that he was inside a small chamber, two doors opposite of each other, and one had a golden plaque with strange black letters. Harry looked at it from where he stood and realized that it was not written in English, but a language he did not recognize.

"Ignatiy...Orlov" he tried to read, not realizing that he had just read Russian.

"That would be Minister of Internal Affairs." explained Boris, before he himself realized that the young wizard had read the golden plaque "You did not tell me you could read Russian."

Harry looked at him with confusion.

"And I can't." he said.

"You just did." said the agent, pointing at the plaque.

Harry looked at it once more, and it was then that he realized that he had indeed read the Russian words. His eyes widened in surprise, but before he could say anything else, the door he had been looking at opened, and an old man stepped out of the room.

"I thought I heard your voice Ivanovich." said the man, before looking for a second at Harry "Is this the one?"

Right now, Harry did realize that the man was speaking in another language, very likely Russian, and he was somehow understanding it.

"Yes Minister." replied Boris nodding.

"Good. I'll take it from here." said Minister Orlov "You are dismissed."

The agent simply nodded and apparated to somewhere else, leaving Harry alone with the Russian
"Mr. Potter, please follow me." said the man, entering his office.

Harry followed the man, and entered the rather comfortable office. The Minister used his wand to close the door, and sat at the desk.

"Do take a seat." he spoke, noticing that Harry was still standing.

Harry did so, sitting in front of the man.

"I am Ignatiy Orlov, Minister of Internal Affairs of the Russian Empire. In normal circumstances, you would have this meeting with Chairman Petrovna, but she is currently in a session of the Duma, therefore unavailable." affirmed the Minister of Internal Affairs "As such, she has requested me to carry out the orders of the Empress. I have been informed of the reasons you are here, but I suspect that you have not, am I correct?"

"Yes, sir." replied Harry, somewhat nervously.

"My knowledge regarding education in countries within the Confederation is rather…lacking. But I assume you haven't heard of what many people in continental Europe call the Great Time of Troubles?"

Harry shook his head.

"However, I am sure you have heard of the dark wizard known as Grindelwald, am I correct?"

"Yes, I heard of him." Replied the young wizard "He was the one who was defeated by Dumbledore, right?"

"Albus Dumbledore may have been the one to defeat Grindelwald in a duel, but do not assume that it was the man who dismantled Grindelwald's support base." stated Orlov "That unfortunate task fell onto the hands of the governments of Europe. It took a while, but we eventually succeeded in eliminating Grindelwald's supporters and allies. However, what followed was perhaps even worse."

"What happened?"

"As I said before, we call it the Great Time of Troubles. It began when those you call muggle-borns and a minority of half-bloods, with anti-monarchical political views, attempted to use the period after Grindelwald's defeat to assault the Empire." explained the minister "They called themselves the Revolutionaries, and their greatest success, was when they kidnapped the new-born heir to the Russian and Portuguese thrones, Maria Theresa von Habsburg."

"What happened to her?" asked Harry.

"She was taken away to the confederation territories, and brought to the United Kingdom, where she was placed in an orphanage." said the man "The revolutionaries demanded the abdication of the Empress and her husband, but while they were more than willing to do so, the people had a rather different reaction."

"Different reaction?" questioned Harry, rather curious.

"The retaliation against the Revolutionaries was brutal," said Orlov "Massacres happened against the supporters of the rebellion, and things only returned to normal after the leaders of the
Revolutionaries were killed."

It was strange to think that the continental European wizarding world rose against a group of terrorists, while in Britain Voldemort and his supporters were only opposed by the Ministry of Magic and Dumbledore.

"What happened to Maria Theresa after that?" spoke Harry, remembering the kidnapped infant.

"She only returned years after her kidnapping, having been found and informed in a manner similar to yours." said the man "I already worked here in the ministry when she was brought to Russia, to have her identity checked, and now the same procedure will be applied to you."

Harry watched as Minister Orlov went towards a cabinet, and returned with a set of papers and a rather bland looking quill, before returning to the same cabinet, and coming back with a small wooden box. He sat down, and opened the box, removing from it a strange cylindrical object, with a tiny glass receptacle in the middle.

"Give me your hand, Mr. Potter." said the Minister.

Harry did so, and the minister placed the object in Harry's palm, where he suddenly felt a sharp pain, more intense than when he had been bitten by the pea. He looked at the glass receptacle, and noticed that it had been filled with a red liquid.

"My blood?" he wondered, as the minister removed the object from his hand.

The Minister took a seal-like object from the box, and connected the two, Harry watching as the blood inside the receptacle was transferred from one object to the other. When the blood had been transferred, the man pointed his wand at the glass receptacle, and used a spell to clean it completely, before placing it inside the box. He took one of the papers, and stamped it with the seal, leaving behind a red symbol which Harry could not recognize.

He then gave the same paper to Harry, alongside the quill which he had brought.

"Sign your full name here, Mr Potter." instructed the man.

Harry took the quill, before writing 'Harry James Potter' in the piece of paper. As soon as he did so, the feather of the quill turned black, before assuming a yellowish colour a few seconds after.

"What's wrong with the feather?" asked the young wizard.

"I'll tell you after this is over." said the man grabbing another paper and giving it to Harry "Now, write what is there below the name you wrote."

Harry took the paper, and looked at it, realizing that it was a rather long name, longer than that of Dumbledore himself, and conveniently written in English.

*Hadrian Maria Alexander James Philip Fleamont Manuel Michael Gabriel Raphael Gonzaga Francisco de Assis Eugenio Doukas Angelos Komnenos Palaiologos von Habsburg-Anemas and Braganza*

It took a while for him to write that name without errors, and when he did so, the yellow feather turned black once more, and this time it settled into a bluish colour. It seemed that this was the intended result, as Minister Orlov had a rather pleased look on his face.

"Well, it seems we got the correct person." stated the man, taking the piece of paper from Harry.
"I'm sorry…but…what exactly was that?" asked Harry "And why did I have to write that name?"

"That, Mr. Potter, was the identity test." explained the minister "When the feather turned yellow, it was because despite the truthfulness of the name you wrote, it was not your real name."

That surprised Harry. So his name was…not his name?

"The second name, on the other hand, was provided to us by the Empress herself." Continued the man "And when the feather became blue, it was because it recognized the name you wrote as your own."

Harry looked at the man as if he had suddenly grown a second head.

"…What?" spoke the young wizard after a moment of silence "Why do have such a long name?"

"I'm afraid I'm not the best person to answer that." Replied the minister "I am not exactly knowledgeable in certain cultural naming conventions. I do know however, that one of the reason comes from the last three names."

The man gave the paper back to Harry, and the young boy looked at it.

"Last three names…" he though as he looked at them.

Harry could not see what was so special about the "Habsburg-Anemas and Braganza", and he simply remained there, oblivious to their significance.

"Sir, could you explain what exactly these names mean?" asked Harry.

"The names Habsburg, Anemas and Braganza refer to three dynasties of great importance in the history of the wizarding world, and two of those were also of importance to the muggles." spoke the Minister of Internal Affairs "The Habsburg family ruled over Austria and a large set of territories, but they are also famous in the muggle world for their dominance over the Holy Roman Empire. The Anemas family has little importance in the muggle world, and is only known due to being a bastard line from the Palaiologos dynasty, who ruled the Eastern Roman Empire during its last centuries. In the wizarding world, they are known due to being the rulers of the Kingdom of Nicaea. And finally, the Braganza dynasty ruled over the Kingdom of Portugal and the Empire of Brazil, at least until their deposition by the muggles. The respective branches of the Braganza dynasty still rule over Portugal and Brazil in the wizarding world."

Harry was already seeing where this conversation was going, and he could feel himself growing dizzy.

"The girl I mentioned earlier, Maria Theresa, was adopted by a muggle family, and given the name of Lily Evans." said the man, resulting in Harry receiving something he could describe as a mental punch "As such, you are the grandson of Empress Maria, and her sole heir as well."

Had Harry been a person with very little emotional control, eh would have fainted on the spot. Instead, he remained as he was, his mind inside in a state of utter turmoil.

"But…but how can that be…?" he managed to say "I…can't be…I'm just Harry Potter…"

"The test does not lie…Your Highness." stated Orlov "You are, without doubt, the grandson of the Empress, and that is something you cannot deny."

Harry seemed to drown in his chair, noticing now how comfortable it actually was. To Harry,
thinking about the quality of the chair, was perhaps the only thing he could do now to keep his thoughts away from the consequences of the sudden revelation. Still, it was better than having to confront Sirius Black.

"What now?" asked Harry, after a moment.

"Now…you are to meet with the Empress, as per her wishes." said the minister "Do you wish to do so now?"

Harry thought about it. He had an actual living relative, and soon enough came the dawning realization that he was not related to the Dursleys, which meant that he had no reason to live with them. The very thought made Harry want to smile, but he was still stunned by the revelation regarding his origins.

"I guess." said the teenager.

"I have been informed that the Empress is currently in the Palace of Nicaea, one of the properties belonging to the Nicaean Crown." spoke the man, removing a small empty journal from a drawer "I have been given this portkey to the palace. Take it."

Harry took the journal from the minister's hands, and examined it. It was similar to the diary of Tom Riddle, but hopefully free of a sentient memory.

"It only activates with a certain keyword." said Orlov "Are you certain that you will go there today?"

Harry looked at the portkey once, before deciding.

"Yes, I will."

The Minister took a sealed envelope from the same drawer and gave it to Harry.

"Once you arrive, you are to give this to the Empress's lady-in-waiting, who is also residing in the palace." spoke the man "The activation word is 'Basileus'."

Harry nodded and got up from the chair. He extended his hand, and the minister got up as well before shaking Harry's hand.

"Goodbye, Minister Orlov."

"Godspeed, your highness." said the Russian man.

Harry looked at the journal once more, and then he spoke.

"Basileus."

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Author's Note:

While many (if not all) the stories which fall into the "Lord Potter" category usually have Harry take a surname such as "Potter-Black" or even those which include surnames such as those of the Four Founders, and many others, what I have done here is to follow real world history as close as I can. Royal families had (and perhaps still have) the tendency to stack up names, especially in the Portuguese and Spanish royal families. For example, Byzantine Emperor Andronikos III Palaiologos was born as "Andronikos Doukas Angelos Komnenos Palaiologos", using names from
previous families which had held the Roman throne formerly, and adding them to his own. The naming convention I used here was based on that of the Portuguese royal family and that of the Palaiologos dynasty.

I also wanted to make sure that I would not use the common "blood test" that appears in many Harry Potter fanfics, even in mine.
Chapter 3 - Reunion

Palace of Nicaea, Nicaea

When Harry arrived in Nicaea, the first thing he did was to fall onto the ground. Getting up, Harry looked around and noticed that he had appeared in a small courtyard, and that the weather was rather...unpleasant. He could not see the sun, and the sky was filed with grey and dark clouds, the threat of rain rather obvious. There seemed to be no one around, and Harry began to wonder how exactly he was going to find the Empress's...no...his grandmother's lady-in-waiting.

He was in foreign territory and he knew nothing about the palace's layout. At the moment, the only thing he could do was to enter the palace and search for anyone, but the nervousness within him was beginning to take over. He was so focused on his worries that he did not even notice someone approaching him, only doing so when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Harry jumped in shock, and quickly turned around, only to find a middle-aged woman, dressed in rather normal yet refined clothes, and her hair having lost nearly all its colour.

"I assume you are Harry Potter?" she asked, a soft and almost non-existent accent in her speech.

"Erm...yes, ma'am." replied the young wizard.

"I believe you were given a letter to deliver to me." said the woman in a demanding way.

Harry glanced at his right hand, and gave the sealed envelope to the woman, who took it and opened it. She stood there, reading the letter in silence, before placing it back in the envelope, and looking at Harry.

"Do follow me, your highness." spoke the woman.

Harry did so, still not used to be addressed in such a formal way.

"I am Ana Oliveira da Silva, Duchess of Benavente, and lady-in-waiting of your grandmother, Empress Maria." she said as they walked "Your grandmother is yet unaware of your arrival, and will remain as such until I deem you ready to meet her."

"Until I'm ready?" he asked confused.

"Until you are properly...presentable." said the Duchess after a moment, trying to find the correct words.

And at that moment, Harry believed he knew what was coming...and he was certainly not eager for that.
It was at least an hour later when the Duchess had deemed Harry worthy of finally meeting with his grandmother. He had taken a bath and went through a rather small selection of simple but refined clothes, suited for him. His hair remained untamed, but the Duchess was not much worried with it, far more concerned with other aspects of his apparel. When it was over, the woman stepped away from him, and observed her work, finally nodding after a few moments in approval.

"Now…listen carefully. The Empress is currently in the Eastern Courtyard, resting, and you will come with me to her." spoke the Duchess "Once there, I will inform her of your arrival and you two will be left alone, as that is most likely her wish. Also, are you able to speak Portuguese?"

"Portuguese…I don't think so." replied Harry.

"Tendes a certeza?"

Harry realized that the woman had just spoken in another language, but he could still not understand how he was able to understand it.

"Yes, but I can understand it." he said, soon realizing he had not spoken in English.

"Well, it seems you can speak it as well, since you are doing so right now." pointed out the woman. "Regardless, your ability with the languages is a certainly a blessing from the Lord, and I would make sure to use it accordingly. Do make sure to speak in Portuguese to Her Most Faithful Majesty, as it is her preferred language. Also, do make sure to use the second person of the plural when referring to her, do you understand?"

"Second person of the plural?" asked the young wizard.

"Vós" explained the woman.

Harry nodded, and followed the woman, as she left the room they were in. The two walked until they reached a small antechamber with a door opened to the outside, and Harry could see an old woman sitting there in an armchair, drinking something from a cup.

"Stay here, I will go and inform her." Spoke the Duchess.

Harry nodded and watched as the woman went towards the Empress. Harry began to pace around the room, the nervousness within him growing with each passing second.

"Calm down Harry." he thought to himself "It's only your grandmother. It's not like you are going to face Voldemort again."

Eventually, the Duchess returned, a serene expression on her face.

"Go on." she said "The empress waits for you."

Harry nodded, and taking a deep breath, he entered the courtyard, heading towards the mother of his own.

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Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

Albus Dumbledore was not having a good day. He did not know how or why, but Harry had disappeared from Diagon Alley, as if he had turned into mere mist. There was no chance of Sirius
Black having caught the boy, but his contacts had affirmed that he had been last seen talking with a rather strange looking man in a café near Gringotts, before the two disappeared.

They had concluded that Harry had left Diagon Alley with the man, but where he was now and why was still a mystery to them. He feared that the man could have been Sirius Black disguised, and had told Harry some sort of lie to persuade him to follow, but that just wasn't Black's style. It had never been.

Out of James Potter's group, he and Sirius Black were the most reckless, with Peter Pettigrew following them like a loyal dog. Not surprisingly, it had been Remus who was the most prudent of them, but still got in trouble quite a few times. If there was anyone who would act in such a way, it would be Remus and not Sirius. The toll of Azkaban on Sirius Black's mind would have made the man far more…unstable that what he was when he betrayed the Potters to Voldemort.

At least that was what happened to the prisoners of Azkaban, when they spent too much time inside that place, in the company of the Dementors.

He was distracted from his thoughts when the door of his office was opened, and a small group of wizards entered. When the protection charms he had applied to Harry warned him that the young Gryffindor had left the premises of Diagon Alley, and could not detect him in the surrounding area, he had sent a small group of Hogwarts elves to call some of the surviving members of the Order of the Phoenix, so that they could help him to search for Harry.

The small group was only composed of Alastor Moody, Remus Lupin, Emmeline Vance, Hestia Jones and Kingsley Shacklebolt. He had not summoned Minerva nor Severus due to their other obligations, but if eventually they were required, he would have no other choice.

"Albus, I suppose there is a good reason for you to bring us here." grunted Moody.

"I'm afraid there is, Alastor." replied the old headmaster "It seems that Harry Potter has disappeared from Diagon Alley."

That got the attention of the newcomers, especially that of Remus.

"You don't think that…" suggested Lupin, thinking of his friend turned traitor.

"It is a possibility which I hope to be false." stated Dumbledore "I'm afraid I don't know myself of Mr. Potter possible location at the moment, but I believe that he can't be far from London."

"This hasn't been made public, has it?" asked Vance.

"Not at all. In fact, Mr. Potter disappeared less than two hours ago." replied Dumbledore "Tom, the Leaky Cauldron's bartender, has even said that he had been there eating."

"Then this is to be kept in secrecy, then." observed Kingsley.

"Indeed. It is imperative that this is not made public, especially now." answered Dumbledore "Not even Minister Fudge knows of this development, but eventually, he will learn of it. And then, the ministry will get involved, much like other unwanted parties."

They all understood what Dumbledore wanted, and they would make sure that Harry Potter was returned to safety. They had to find him before Sirius Black, or something terrible could happen. And Remus certainly did not want for the last link to one of his greatest friends to perish at the hands of a traitor.
Palace of Nicaea, Nicaea

Harry approached armchair, where the Empress was, noticing that she had been reading a book, and drinking a cup of tea. The young wizard came closer, and he soon noticed that the woman was also dressed in a similar manner to that of the Duchess, yet seemingly in more comfortable clothes.

"Come closer." commanded the woman, making Harry jump slightly, before obeying his grandmother.

He went right next to her, and now he could finally see how the woman looked, and he could see obvious trait that were present in his mother's face. HE remember her from the photo album that Hagrid had given to him, but it now looked as if his mother had inherited little from her own mother. His grandmother lacked his mother's green eyes, instead having brown eyes, so the green eyes were possibly from his grandfather.

"Let me see you closer." She spoke again.

Harry knelt next to her, now face to face with the old witch. She raised one of her hands, and it went straight towards Harry's face, beginning to caress it. It was a sensation foreign to Harry, never having someone doing such a thing to him. There was also a strange hint of emotion on the Empress's face, but he could not recognize it.

"His eyes..." whispered the empress, before focusing on something else "You look so much like him."

"My father." mumbled Harry, presuming to know whom she was talking about.

"No. Not him." said his grandmother "Your grandfather."

Harry felt a strange sensation inside him. It was different for him to be compared to someone else than his father, and now his own grandmother was saying that he looked more like his own maternal grandfather, which would be an unpopular opinion in Britain. But he then realized that whatever emotion the empress was trying to suppress, was no longer in such a state.

"Hadrian..." said the woman, her voice trembling "Oh, my Hadrian!"

The aged woman hugged Harry, with all the strength she could muster, tears falling from her eyes. Harry became stiff for a moment, before melting into the embrace, soon hugging the woman as hell, not noticing the tears in his eyes as well.

They stood like that, both not wanting to let go from each other, but eventually, it was the empress who ended the hug.

"Too many years, I have waited for this." she spoke, clearing her face, but her voice still shaky "Too many disgraces that fell onto me. Your mother was taken from me twice...and now you are the last anchor I have to this world."

She took Harry's hands, grabbing onto them as if he would disappear if she did not.

"Promise-me Hadrian, that until my last breath, you will not be taken away from me, as your mother was."

He could hear the near-desperation in her voice, and Harry made a vow to himself that he would not let his grandmother alone in this world. She was his last family, as much he was hers.
"I promise...I promise, grandmother."

**Author's Note:**

I'm not good with emotional scenes.

My objective this time is to write a non-evil/manipulative bastard Dumbledore, trying to diverge from that overused (yet fun) portrayal of him.

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**The Encyclopaedia:**

"Tendes a certeza?" - Translates into English as "Are you sure?"

**Ana de Jesus Oliveira de Sousa da Silva** – A Portuguese noblewoman and the wife of the Duke of Benavente. She is the lady-in-waiting of Empress-Queen Maria, and during her youth she was a beater for the Braga Broomfleet Quidditch team.
Chapter 4 – Saint Aeneas the Prophet

Palace of Nicaea, Nicaea

There was little that Harry knew about his grandmother, but the woman certainly wanted to make sure that Harry was integrated into what she referred to as magical and non-magical societies. She was a rather calm person, one who could almost be classified as a pacifist of sorts, but Harry could clearly realize that she was not someone you would want to push around, or place into a corner. She was an enthusiast about the history of her and her late husband's family, and she had been eager to tell Harry everything that she knew about them.

The young boy sat there, silently absorbing all that his grandmother said, feeling a rather comfortable sensation to hear the history of his family. He knew that his grandmother was old, and so she would have much time to learn all about the dynasties. However, unlike Dumbledore and a few other lucky wizards, she had not the gift of longevity, which meant that she aged like a normal person would. It did not bother her, but Harry still wanted to know why she was so calm in the fact of her eventual death.

"Why?" he asked.

The woman smiled, her eyes gazing into the skies.

"It is the fate of everyone, Hadrian." she spoke "And when my soul is in the hands of the Lord, I only hope that He deems me worthy of reuniting with those dear to me that have departed from this land."

Now there was a term that Harry was unfamiliar with.

"Sorry, but...who is the Lord?" he asked in confusion. Was it some sort of deity that she worshipped?

Maria looked surprised at Harry, only to remember that he was utterly unfamiliar with continental European wizard culture. She got up from her chair, and Harry did the same out of respect. She motioned him to follow, and extended her arm. Harry looked at her in confusion, not knowing what he was supposed to do.

"Grab my arm." she commanded "And don't let go."

Harry looked at his grandmother's arm, and grabbed it, not with too much strength.

"Prepare yourself." she warned.
Harry turned to look at her.

"For wha-?"

And once more, Harry felt the same sensation as if he was using a portkey, except this time it was far rougher than a portkey. It was like he had been squeezed inside a tube, and was being pulled into somewhere else.

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**Galata District, Constantinople, Thrace**

Harry landed on the floor, and he made sure to let go of his grandmother, not wanting to drag her onto the floor with him. He made sure to get up as soon as he could, and apologized to her, explaining that he was not used to such methods of transportation.

"We will have to fix that soon enough." she promised "Now, come with me."

Harry followed the old woman, not knowing where he was. He was certainly in a city, but he began to wonder why exactly his grandmother used magic to bring them to a city filled with muggles. Soon, his senses kicked in, and he began to realize that this was most likely one of those hidden cities of the wizarding world.

The two walked little, reaching a rather large and quite magnificent cathedral. Harry was amazed by the building, and although it was not as large as Hogwarts, it was certainly large enough to occupy at least half of the castle.

"Where are we?" asked Harry.

"This is Constantinople, the magical one." explained Maria "And we are now in front of the Basilica of Saint Aeneas."

"Saint Aeneas?"

"I will explain when we are inside." she said "Now, do continue to follow, Hadrian."

Harry continued to follow his grandmother, until the two entered the church, and Harry found himself even more amazed than when he had been before. There were many windows made in stained glass, and the light they brought into the large cathedral gave it a mystical character. Harry followed the woman towards the centre of the near-empty church, reaching an altar with a magnificent baldachin above it.

On top of the altar was a sarcophagus, made of gold and glass, allowing Harry to see the body inside. It was an old man, with a rather long beard, not as long as Dumbledore's, and dressed in rather...regal clothes. His head was resting on a pillow, with a red mantle beneath him. On his left hand was a golden staff, with a cross at the top. And on his head, was a strange hat, which Harry remembered to see on the bishops which appeared on those television programs that Mrs. Figg liked to see, when she was not bothering him with her cats.

In all, the man appeared to be sleeping, but Harry knew better. There was an inscription on the sarcophagus, but Harry was too focused on the body to notice it.

"Who is he?" asked Harry.

"This is Saint Aeneas, the prophet to whom the Lord appeared and gave His Truth." spoke
"In life, he was a muggle Christian monk, who came in contact with our world because of his brother, who, unlike him, was a wizard."

"When did this happen?" asked Harry.

"Saint Aeneas lived in the 8th century, and the church was founded in the year of 825, right after his death, by his followers." explained his grandmother.

"But…why is his body still…like that?" asked the boy.

"Because God wills it." Spoke the Empress "The body is incorruptible, a sign of the Lord's favour over the deceased, and many believe it to be a sign of sainthood as well."

Harry looked closely at the body of Saint Aeneas, still finding it surreal that after many centuries, his body was fully intact.

"I, much like many others in the Empire, am a follower of what we call the Aenean Church. It is both a perennial cult and a Christian denomination…a bit older than the muggle Catholic and Orthodox churches, since those only formally appeared in the first years of the second millennium." explained the Empress "Your mother was converted shortly after she returned, and you were baptised after your birth, following Aenean tradition. Your father was…not too keen on that, but he had no choice but to accept."

"So…who is the leader of the Church?" asked Harry "I know that the Catholics have the Pope, and there is something about Queen Elizabeth in Britain, but I'm not so sure…"

"The church is governed by the Pentarchy, a group of five Patriarchs who hold primacy over the other members of the church. Each is the head of their respective patriarchate, and they do not interfere with the business of another, except in certain cases." said Maria "If we were to tell who was the leader of the Pentarchy…then I could not really tell. There is a division of sorts between those who support the Patriarch of Constantinople, while others support the Pope in Rome."

"And who do you follow?" asked the young wizard.

"I acknowledge the authority of the Pentarchy as a whole, but I respect the position of Pope Sixtus IX of Rome as a first amongst equals." she replied.

Harry stood there in silence for a few moments, looking at the resting body of Saint Aeneas, before looking at his grandmother.

"Can you teach me?"

That was a request that certainly seemed to please the old monarch.

"Of course, child." she spoke "But there is much more that you will have to learn. What I told you until now is but a fragment of a much larger whole, but this is not the correct place for us to discuss such a thing. Let us return to Nicaea, as it is a more appropriate place for us to speak. Also, I believe that we have a few things to take care of, before we can truly begin"

Harry nodded and grabbed his grandmother's arm, and a moment later, the two had apparated back into the palace.

Cornelius Fudge was sitting inside his office, going through a rather ominous stack of papers that he had to review and sign. It was good to be the Minister for Magic, but sometimes it was a bit tiring. Good thing that he had Dumbledore for the more pressing issues. The man certainly knew how to deal with the more…unwanted situations.

But of all the things he expected to happen today, one of them was certainly not to have a house-elf suddenly appear inside his office, holding a letter on its hands. He nearly jumped in shock at the crack caused by the elf's apparition, but soon regained his composure. In a near instant he looked at the elf, and realized that it was wearing a rather familiar poncho. But where had he seen it?

"I bring a letter to Minister Fudge from Her Majesty The Empress-Queen." spoke the elf, its accent clearly showing.

It was then that Fudge realized that it was one of those house-elves used by the Romans to instantly deliver their mail. If he was not mistaken, they had an actual organization composed of those little creatures, using them for the single purpose of delivering mail.

But what intrigued him was that the elf was delivering him a letter from the Empress. He took the letter from the elf, and watched as it apparated away. Fudge unsealed the envelope, and took out the letter, reading it with close attention. As he read the letter, Fudge became increasingly pale, his heart beating frantically, and the man himself beginning to feel a bit nauseated.

He got up from his desk, and almost ran towards the fireplace, before tossing floo powder into the fire, and creating a connection with Dumbledore's office.

"Albus!" he shouted upon seeing the old wizard.

Dumbledore nearly jumped upon hearing Fudge's voice, but he calmly turned towards the Minister's head.

"Cornelius, what do I owe this visit?" asked Dumbledore.

"I just received a letter from the leader of the Empire!" declared the Minister "You need to come here!"

Dumbledore rose in alarm, and went straight towards the fireplace. He moved past the green flames, and entered Fudge's office, the man already fetching the letter from his desk. Fudge simply pushed the letter onto Dumbledore's hands, and looked at as if he had received a death threat.

Merlin's beard, what exactly did that woman write here?" he wondered as he began to read the letter.

To the Esteemed Cornelius Fudge, Minister for Magic of Great Britain and Ireland,

It has come to Our attention that Our heir and grandson, the Archduke Hadrian Alexander von Habsburg, also the Duke of Inverness in the British Isles as granted to his ancestors by the King of Scots, has been until the present moment a member of the wizard community of Great Britain, and a student of the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. His identity has been known to you as Harry Potter, son of James and Lily Potter, who is in fact Our daughter, named at her birth as Maria Theresa, and kidnapped shortly after her birth during the Great Troubles. The Archduke's
identity has been confirmed through a few tests performed under his total consent, and as of now he is under Our jurisdiction.

If he so wishes, he shall return to the school of Hogwarts, a possible choice considering his sovereignty over the castle and surrounding lands as given onto him by the Crown. As Britain in a territory which is at the moment under the jurisdiction of the Confederation of Wizards, We cannot take part in the chase after Sirius Black, but let it be known that you and your government will be held responsible if something happens to the Archduke.

Under the all-seeing eye of the Lord,

We, Maria the First and Third, Empress and Autocrat of All the Russias, Queen of the United Kingdom of Portugal, Africa, and the Algarves, Queen Dowager of Nicaea, High Councillor of the Roman Regency Council, Co-Regent of the Imperial State of Constantinople, Defender of the Faith, and so forth...

Had Dumbledore been drinking anything he would have certainly spit it, as the contents of the letter pretty much changed "everything" he and the rest of the wizarding world had thought to be true. He had no doubt that this was an authentic letter from the empress, as the parchment itself had the Imperial watermark…but this was something that was so…surreal.

To think that Harry Potter was in fact the sole heir to the politically most powerful woman in the entire Wizarding World was frightening…and amusing.

"What should we do now Dumbledore?" asked The Minister, clearly desperate for any advice.

Dumbledore sighed.

"I suggest we refrain from doing anything right now, and keep this between us." suggested Dumbledore "If this becomes public knowledge in Imperial territory, then I believe we can also make it public."

"Yes…yes!" said Fudge after a while "That is a good idea…we'll do just that."

Dumbledore simply nodded, already used to this kind reaction from Fudge. He politely said goodbye to the still stunned minister, and returned to Hogwarts when Cornelius had acknowledged his goodbye. But right now, Dumbledore could not help but think that it had been a utter waste of time to gather Moody and the others. Sighing, he made preparations to call them back.

He could only hope that Harry decided to return to Hogwarts.

The Encyclopaedia:

**House of Habsburg-Anemas** – A Royal house which rules over the Kingdom of Nicaea, and once ruled over the Russian Empire and the Kingdom of Portugal *de jure uxoris*. It is a cadet branch of both the House of Habsburg-Lorraine and the House of Anemas.

**Aenean Church** – Officially known as the Aenean Orthodox Catholic Church, the Aenean Church is both the largest religious denomination in the Wizarding World and the largest of all existing Perennial cults. It was founded by the surviving pupils of Saint Aeneas, after his death in 825.

**Saint Aeneas of Larissa** – Born in Larissa, in the year of 741, Aeneas was a muggle Chalcedonian Christian monk who came into contact with the wizarding world thanks to his brother, a muggle-
born wizard. It is believed that shortly after his first contact with the wizarding world, he was visited by an apparition of the Virgin Mary, which led to his spiritual journey across the Wizarding World. He was later entrusted with the Truth of God, and was given the mission to spread it through the wizarding people. He died in Constantinople, in the year of 825.

**Roman Imperial State of Constantinople** – A muggle state created after a series of conflicts between the Greek and the Turkish people during the 19th and 20th centuries. Similar to the Principality of Andorra, it is ruled jointly by the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, and the sovereign of the neighbouring Kingdom of Nicaea. It encompasses the city of Constantinople and part of Thrace and Bithynia.

**Kingdom of Nicaea** – Both a muggle and wizard state. In the muggle world, it was formed nearly-simultaneously with the State of Constantinople. Mostly ignored by the western world, it is a constitutional monarchy ruled by the House of Habsburg-Anemas, and borders the republics of Turkey and Armenia to the east.
Chapter 5 – Prince Royal of Portugal

Palace of Nicaea, Nicaea

Harry's first two weeks in the Palace of Nicaea were certainly not calm. He was instructed by his grandmother on several aspects of etiquette, ranging from social to dining, but his non-scholar education was also extended to other subjects, such as the usage of a fountain pen instead of the obsolete quill. The Empress was of the opinion that a fountain pen was far more practical and elegant to use, and also a sign of prestige, considering its association in continental Europe with richness.

The Empress also wanted to make sure that he was fully ready for when she would reveal to the public that he had "been recovered". The announcement would bring a lot of surprise to both the muggle and the wizarding world, and since she was the Queen of Portugal in both the muggle and the wizarding world, she had to present him at the Cortes so that he would be sworn as the heir of the United Kingdom. But then there was also the problem with the Kingdom of Nicaea, which currently had a vacant throne, and Harry was its sole legitimate heir. And when he was crowned as the King of Nicaea, he would also replace her as the co-regent of Constantinople, but that was something that would have to wait for now.

Perhaps, when he was a bit older and more used to his current situation, she would allow him to take the regnal office, but until then Maria would act as his regent. However, that was just the beginning of Harry's troubles, as his grandmother had not told him yet what his main…inheritance was supposed to be, at least in the wizarding world. And for now, she would keep him mostly oblivious to that. If he discovered it on his own, then better.

Beyond these concerns, Maria had also invested quite a bit of her time indoctrinating Harry into the basic tenets of the Aenean Church, explaining to Harry what their beliefs were and telling him a bit of the church's history. She was not a theologian or an expert in the Aenean faith, but she made all that she could to convince Harry to fully embrace Aeneanism.

And soon enough, she had become focused on educating Harry regarding his heritage, and his status in both the muggle and wizarding world. Amongst many things, he needed to know what was expected of him and how to act in certain situations.

His grandmother knew little about his father's side of the family, and only knew that his grandparents had been called Fleamont Potter and Euphemia Potter, and they had died before he was born. Apparently he was also a peer in Great Britain, holding the title of Duke of Inverness. And curiously, the area where Hogwarts and the village of Hogsmeade were located was part of the Duchy of Inverness, and in the wizarding world it gave him a considerable amount of power over the area.
Apparently, his ancestors ruled over the wizarding population in that area at the bidding of the King of Scots, and while the Ministry of Magic attempted to usurp part of the power that the Dukes of Inverness possessed, the region remained in the hands of the Potter family, it having inherited the Duchy from the family which originally held it a few centuries before.

Eventually, his grandmother believed it to be better if they were to use a Time-Compression Charm so that Harry could have a bit more time to study, making sure to renew the spell whenever it lost effect. And while it made little difference, it was still a method that allowed Harry to study things more clearly, and not in a rushed way.

Eventually, Harry discovered that while the wizards in the Empire played Quidditch, there were other forms of entertainment such as the Hippodrome in Constantinople. The young wizard quickly became a fan of it, and after a while, Harry decided to support the Blues in the races. But soon enough, came the day when his grandmother decided to make his return public, both in the muggle and the wizarding world.

She had prepared a story for the muggles, discussing it with her Privy Council so that it was as convincing as possible, and one of the claims was that the paternity tests had been made, and showed that Harry was indeed her grandson, which he in fact was. On the other hand, such a thing was not required for the Wizarding World, and so the procedure there would be far simpler.

But now, it was time for Hadrian to be presented to the Portuguese Nation and to be formally sworn as the heir of the Portuguese Crown.

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**Lisbon, Portugal**

When the news had been received across the country, the reaction had been mostly the same. The Portuguese people knew that the former heir and her husband had been murdered while in England, and while they were aware that they had a child, it was not known what had happened to him. At least until now.

The people who were in their homes, watching the whole ceremony in the television, upon seeing the young Prince Royal could not help but see a younger version of the late King D. Alexander I, but with clear traits that he had not inherited from his maternal side of the family. The most recognizable trait were the green eyes that the late king had, and had been passed down to both his daughter and grandson.

And as Harry and his grandmother entered the Palace of Saint Benedict, better known amongst the populace as the Palace of the Cortes, where both the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers gathered to legislate the country. As the two entered, a group of journalists and photographers not to far from them, Harry and Maria were greeted by Cavaco Silva, the Prime Minister. Shortly after that, the Queen went to a secluded room, where she placed the Mantle of the Constitutional Kings at her back, before exiting the room, and joining Harry once more.

The young wizard was dressed in a dark coloured court uniform, which made him stand out amongst the others. The two continued on their way to the room where the Chamber of Peers gathered, and once there, Harry began to feel rather nervous and intimidated. He was once more in foreign territory, and he felt more uncomfortable than ever. Still, the young teenager made sure to present himself as calm, and attempted to keep his emotions hidden from the public.

Once inside the large chamber, his grandmother moved towards a platform where two thrones were, one smaller and on a lower section of the platform. His grandmother had informed him that he was supposed to sit there, while she sat on the main throne, and once there he would only need
to get up when the special session of the Cortes was over.

Once the two were sitting in their respective thrones, Harry began to look around discreetly, and noticed that his grandmother had made a gesture towards a man, as if indicating him to do something. He quickly looked at the direction which the Queen had gestured towards, and noticed an old man there, wearing a special court uniform, who nodded to the Queen and quickly turned around and left the chamber. Said man was Armando Leal, the Castellan of the Palace of the Cortes, to whom had been assigned the task of summoning the Chamber of Deputies to the meeting room of the Chamber of Peers.

Leal made his way to the Chamber of Deputies, and upon entering, the room fell into near-absolute silence.

"Honourable ladies and gentlemen of the Chamber of Deputies, the Queen commands your presence in the Chamber of Peers."

Upon saying those words, Leal turned around, hearing only the sound of the deputies getting up from their seats and making way to the gallery of the Chamber of Peers. Once both the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies was in full presence, the doors were sealed, and the Queen addressed the members.

"My Lords, pray be seated." she spoke.

The members of the Chamber of Peers did so, and Harry began to feel far more nervous than before. He felt as if all eyes were on him, and he was not far from the truth. And much like those who were watching at home, those present in the chamber could not help but see the resemblance between the young prince and his late grandfather.

"We have convoked this most special session of the Cortes, as following the traditions instilled upon the Portuguese Crown by Our ancestors and predecessors, to present Our successor to the Crown of the United Kingdom of Portugal, Africa and the Algarves." her voice, although old, was still powerful and was heard through the entire chamber "As such, We present onto you Hadrian Alexander, sole and legitimate son of Our late daughter Maria Theresa and her husband James Potter, the late Duke of Inverness."

Harry now knew that all eyes were certainly on him.

"Is there anyone that objects to the legitimacy of Her Majesty's heir?" asked the Prime Minister.

No one spoke, and so Maria proceeded with her small speech.

"As the heir apparent to the United Kingdom, the title of Prince Royal of the United Kingdom of Portugal, Africa and the Algarves is officially bestowed upon him, as well as that of Duke of Braganza and other subsidiary titles." stated the Queen.

Harry knew that the ceremony was nearly over, but after this, there would also be other events that both he and his grandmother would have to attend. Luckily, it was only today, as they would return to Nicaea right after said events. Shortly after leaving the Parliament, Harry was taken by his grandmother to the Royal Pantheon of the House of Braganza, where his and his grandmother's ancestors were buried.

Amongst the tombs inside the Pantheon, he gave special attention to those of his great-grandfather,
the King Manuel II and his wife, the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia, who had been Empress in the wizarding world. The two had met shortly after the October Revolution, and to her luck, Anastasia had not been in Russia when her family was murdered at the Bolshevik government's orders. Despite being wizards, the family was caught by surprise, and were unable to defend themselves. Nevertheless, the exiled King and Grand Duchess eventually developed a relationship, which culminated in their marriage, and the birth of his grandmother.

He made sure to pay respects to his deceased ancestors, and when he asked his grandmother where his parents were buried, the old woman told him that they were most likely in Britain, and that soon enough she would make preparations to find out where they were buried, and to transfer the bodies to a more appropriate resting place.

It was almost night when the two returned to Nicaea, and the two only wanted to eat dinner and to rest. There were things to do tomorrow, and the day had been rather exhaustive.

Author's Note:

This story follows a rather strange version of history where the Second Portuguese Republic (Estado Novo) under Salazar (who was a wizard in this story) went through a procedure similar (but different) to that of Francoist Spain, where Salazar made sure that Portugal would return to the state of a monarchy after his death. As such, there was no Carnation Revolution and there was a more moderate transition from Salazar's regime into that of a Constitutional Monarchy under Queen Maria III.

There are other differences in the muggle world that will (probably) be mentioned in the story.
Chapter 6 – Before Hogwarts

Nicæa

As the days went by, Harry was constantly reminded by his grandmother that he soon had to choose on whether he would or would not remain at Hogwarts. His grandmother knew that despite being in Confederation territory, Hogwarts was still a somewhat acceptable school, despite lacking a few things that were present in the Educational programs in the states and nations of the Empire. But it was nothing that could not be solved during the summer holidays.

And to the muggles, for all they knew, Harry was frequenting a highly private and isolated school in Great Britain, known only amongst a few select people. This also allowed Maria to somewhat improve relations between the two United Kingdoms, considering that the Anglo-Portuguese Alliance was still extant, both in the muggle and the wizarding world.

And so, Harry decided that he wanted to return to Hogwarts, but he still needed to buy the rest of his school supplies in Diagon Alley, as he had not done so in the little time he had spent there. His grandmother accepted his decision, and she decided to accompany him to the alley, accompanied by at least two wizard members of the Royal Guard of the Halberdiers, solely dedicated to their protection. And despite the fact that it would attract attention, and that Maria was a skilled witch, their presence was still required.


Harry and his grandmother arrived at the Leaky Cauldron by floo, Harry having improved his balance when travelling by magical methods, only stumbling when he arrived at the inn. Both he and his grandmother were wearing Portuguese styled wizard clothes, not too regal, but not too simple as well. He was certain that his grandmother wanted to make a statement, although he was half oblivious to what it was supposed to be. The mentality of the Queen was somewhat alien to Harry, but she was making sure to instil her line of thought into the young prince.

Behind them were the two wizards who were part of the royal guard, and upon arriving at the Leaky Cauldron, their first action was to evaluate the area, seeking any threats to Her Majesty and His Highness. Finding none, they assumed their usual stances, still on the lookout for any threat. Harry, on the other hand, looked around, trying to find anyone he knew. Upon realizing that the only person there that he knew was Tom the Innkeeper, Harry told his grandmother that they should head to the alley.

Receiving a nod in reply, Harry guided them to the small courtyard where the entrance to the alley was, and he tapped the bricks in the correct order, allowing the wall to reveal the actual entrance.
into Diagon Alley.

"How obvious..." mumbled Maria as she observed the wall.

The four entered the Alley, and joined the multitude of wizards that were either shopping or simply walking around.

"Where do you need to go first?" asked Maria.

Harry took out the supply list from his robes, and began to look at it. He had removed the "Monster Book of Monsters", already having it, and so Harry began to wonder why exactly he had not bought the school books when he had been at Flourish and Blotts the last time. Dismissing said thoughts, Harry made his way to the shop, and entered it with his grandmother, the two royal guards remaining outside.

When Harry had approached the shopkeeper, with the intent of buying the books, the man had assumed that Harry also wanted the Monster Book of Monster, but Harry was quick in solving that. He soon had all the books that he required, but as he prepared to leave the store, Harry crashed with someone that had come from one of the shop's corridors.

"What the..!?" hissed Harry, a bit confused and irritated, only then noticing who has the person he was collided with, and quickly shifting from Portuguese into English "Hermione!?"

His old friend and Gryffindor colleague was also stunned upon seeing her friend, and also the weird clothes that he was wearing. Why in the name of sanity was Harry dressed like that?

"Harry!" blurted out Hermione after snapping out of her stupor "It's good to see you. I've been hearing strange rumours about you..."

Both Harry and his grandmother raised an eyebrow.

"Rumours?"

"Yes. Did you really blow up your aunt?" she asked, her voice suddenly becoming rather serious.

"Well...I didn't mean to..." he said "Besides, she's not my aunt. She's just Uncle Vernon's sister."

"And that man is neither your uncle, Hadrian." stated the woman "On another matter, you haven't introduced me to you friend there. And neither have you introduced her to me."

"Oh, right...I apologise." spoke the young wizard "Grandmother, this is Hermione Granger, one of my closest friends and another student at Hogwarts. Hermione, this is my grandmother, Maria of Braganza."

"A pleasure to meet you, Miss Granger." spoke Maria, now knowing personally the young girl whom Harry had mentioned when he told her about his life in Hogwarts.

"A pleasure to meet you as well, ma'am." replied Hermione, before something registered in her mind "Hold it, Harry. Did you say 'grandmother'? I thought that the Dursleys were your only living relatives. And do have any connection with the Portuguese Royal House?"

The last question was directed at Maria, and the old woman was slightly impressed with Hermione's insight, but she waited for Harry to reply to his friend first.

"It's a long story Hermione, but no. The only relation I have with the Dursleys is an adoptive one.
My mother was Petunia's sister only by adoption." He said "My grandmother here is her actual mother. But as I said, it's a long story. I can explain it to you later."

"Very well, then." Said Hermione, pleased with the answer, but making a mental note to remind Harry later to tell her the rest "And my other question?"

"You would be correct, Miss Granger." said Maria "I am indeed related to the Portuguese Royal House. In fact, I am its head."

Hermione's eyes widened in total shock.

"But…but that means that…you're their Queen!" said the young witch, the last part falling into a whisper "Harry, am I missing something here?"

"As I said Hermione, I will explain later." affirmed Harry "This is not a good time for that. Besides, are you here alone?"

"Huh? Oh, my parents are here as well. They went with Ron's family to buy the rest of my supplies." She replied. "I came here to buy the books we need for this year."

"The Weasleys are here?" asked Harry, wondering how he had not seen them.

"They returned from Egypt two days ago." revealed Hermione before looking as if she had just remembered something "Sorry Harry, but I need to go to the Menagerie. I'll see you later. Goodbye, ma'am."

Maria nodded in return, and the two watched as Hermione left the shop almost running, leaving Harry to wonder why she had to go so urgently to the Magical Menagerie. Internally shrugging, Harry turned to his grandmother.

"Curious young lady." spoke the Portuguese monarch "Shall we go?"

Harry nodded to his grandmother, and the two left the store. Harry's next stop was Madam Malkin's shop, as he had ruined one of his cloaks last year when he had fought the basilisk, and the other two alongside the winter cloak, were now a bit small for him. The procedure was almost the same as in his first year, the only difference being the time Harry had to wait for his new cloaks, as Madam Malkin had finished most of her orders.

Knowing that they would have to wait for a while, Harry and his grandmother went to the Leaky Cauldron, intent on eating something. Entering the inn, Harry realized that Hermione was already there, alongside the Weasleys and her parents. And it seemed that they had noticed him.

"Harry? Harry!" shouted Ron.

Harry went towards them rather quickly, his grandmother quite amused at his sudden burst of speed.

"Hermione said that she met you at Flourish and Blotts, and so my mother decided to wait for you here." said Ron before grinning "Anyway, is it true you blew up your aunt?"

"That's not funny Ron." said Hermione "He could have been expelled."

"Well…but he wasn't. That's what matters, right?" shrugged Ron "Dad told me that Fudge had let you off."
"Your dad doesn't know why Fudge did that, does he?" asked Harry curious.

"That's easy isn't it? I mean, you are Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived and all that." replied Ron
"Imagine what would happen if the Ministry expelled you because you blew up your aunt. If I blew up Aunt Muriel, I would not even have the chance to be expelled, because Mum would have killed me first. Anyway, where are you staying tonight? We'll stay here at the Cauldron."

"What about you Hermione?" asked Harry.

The girl beamed "I'll stay here this night too. I convinced my parents to let me stay here for tonight."

"I think that I'll return to Nicaea with my grandmother for this night." Said Harry "I guess I will meet you tomorrow in the Express."

"Your grandmother?" asked Ron confused "I didn't knew you had a grandmother. I thought those muggles were your only family."

"It's a long story, but the Dursleys and I are not actually related." explained Harry "My mother was adopted when she was a child, so she grew up with the Evans family. My grandmother here, is actually her true mother, D. Maria of Braganza, Queen of Portugal."

"Erm, pleasure to meet you, ma'am." said Ron, a bit stunned by the revelation, before Harry's last three words registered in his mind "Wait, what? Bloody hell Harry, your grandmother is a queen!?"

"Language, Ronald Weasley!" nearly shouted Molly Weasley, who was nearby, turning around to greet Harry "It's good to see you, Harry. How was your summer?"

"Good to see you too, Mrs. Weasley. And it was far better than the others, Mrs. Weasley." replied Harry before introducing his grandmother to the Weasley matriarch "Grandmother, this is Molly Weasley. Mrs. Weasley, this is my grandmother, Maria of Braganza."

The two women exchanged greetings, and Molly soon placed one of her thoughts into words. Much like Ron and Hermione, she asked Harry about the Dursleys and his relation to Maria, and Harry answered in the same way. Satisfied with the answer, Molly returned to her previous task, not being aware of the older woman's status.

"Anyway Ron, how was Egypt?" asked Harry, making sure to shift his friend's attention.

And it seemingly worked.

"Brilliant! It's got loads of old stuff." beamed Ron "Mummies, death masks, tombs,…"

"You know, the ancient Egyptians worshipped the cat goddess Bast." Said Hermione, now holding an orange cat which Harry had not seen before.

Harry noticed that Ron glared at Hermione, before taking a wand from his robes.

"And I have a new wand!" he continued excitedly, before Arthur stepped in.

"Hello, Harry." greeted the Weasley patriarch "I wonder if I might have a word."

Harry turned to the man. "Of course, Mr. Weasley."

Harry followed the man to a corner of the inn, and he noticed that Mr. Weasley was eyeing a fugitive poster, with Sirius Black's face on it.
"Harry, there are some within the Ministry…and Molly as well…that would strongly discourage me from revealing what I am about to tell you." he said very seriously "But I think that you need to know the facts. Because you're in danger. Great danger."

"Is this about Sirius Black, sir?" asked the young wizard.

"What do you know about him, Harry?" asked Arthur.

"That he killed someone and escaped from Azkaban…"

"Harry, thirteen years ago, when you stopped He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, Black lost everything." explained Mr. Weasley "But he continues to be his loyal servant to this very day. In his mind, only you stand in the way of You-Know-Who's possible return."

"Is that why he escaped?" asked Harry "To come after me?"

Mr. Weasley nodded.

"Harry, I want you to swear that, despite what you might come to hear, you won't go looking for Sirius Black."

Harry looked with confusion at the older man.

"But…Mr. Weasley, why would I go looking for someone who wants to kill me?"
“Normal Speech”

“Thoughts”

“Other Language”

Chapter 7 – Inside the Express

Hogwarts Express

Despite the time zone difference, Harry was still able to arrive at King’s Cross, early enough that there were few people there. After his grandmother had arranged for his departure, Harry was transported to the station by one of the guard, using side-apparition. Maria had been a little sad upon seeing him go, but she knew that he would be well, and that he would return.

Harry had also been quite unhappy upon going to the station, but the thought of returning to Hogwarts improved his spirits. Now, as long as Sirius Black remained away, then he would have a normal year for once.

"Although the chances of that happening are very slim, aren't they?" thought Harry, looking at Hedwig in her cage.

He approached the Hogwarts Express, and managed to load his possessions onto the train. He first went to the Owl Carriage, placing there the cage with Hedwig. But now he would have to find an empty compartment. Not that it would be a hard task, considering that the trait was almost empty of students, but he now had the liberty of actually choosing a compartment, unlike in First Year, where he simply stumbled across a miraculously empty one, and occupied it immediately.

The young Habsburg walked to the first carriage with compartments, and noticing that only one was occupied, Harry entered one of the other free ones. Once inside, Harry immediately changed into his Hogwarts robes, and took out the three volumes of the Encyclopædia Veneficia. He stored his trunk away, and sat right next to the window, before opening one of the three books. Harry remained there for a few minutes, reading random articles, and occasionally discovering some which sparked his interest. Soon enough, Harry noticed that the noise coming from outside was increasing, which meant that more people were arriving at the platform. He was proven correct as he soon saw people walking in the corridor of the carriage, and the sounds of people as they entered their chosen carriages. Harry began to wonder when his friends would show up, but as the minutes passed, he began to wonder if it would not be best to look for them.

However, Harry’s was already accommodated to his spot in the compartment, and so his body and mind were quite unwilling to leave the seat. Besides, they would be reunited at Hogwarts and there were also a few years before finishing Hogwarts, so travelling without Ron and Hermione for once would not hurt. Besides, he had come to the Express first, so they were the ones who had to look for him, not the other way around. And so, Harry once more focused in the book he had on the small table in front of him, reading it with undivided attention.

However, Harry was distracted from his thoughts when the door of the compartment opened, and
Harry looked at it, only to find there a boy with brown hair, possibly of his age as well. He was familiar, but Harry could not remember which house the boy belonged to.

"Potter?" spoke the boy "I'm surprised that you're not with Weasley and Granger at the back of the train."

"I arrived earlier." replied Harry dryly "Erm, I'm sorry, but...I'm afraid I don't exactly know you?"

"Must be because you spend too much time focused on Malfoy and his loyal pets." Replied the other teen, extending his hand "Theodore Nott, Third Year Slytherin and future Marquess of Averdale."

Harry approved Theodore's introduction, and moved to shake the other's hand.

"Harry Potter, or a short version of my official name, Hadrian von Habsburg-Anemas and Braganza." he introduced himself "Archduke of Austria, Duke of Braganza and of Inverness."

"Oh, I know." said Theodore "You're all over the muggle news with your grandmother. My father nearly had an attack when he saw your picture in that muggle newspaper he reads."

"Your father reads muggle newspapers?" asked Harry.

"He is entertained by muggle accidents." shrugged Theodore.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Right..."

"Do you mind if I sit here?" asked the Slytherin "I don't exactly want to get into a compartment with First Years."

"I guess..." said Harry, rather surprised by Theodore's politeness.

Harry watched as Nott stored his trunk away, and sat right in front of him. Harry returned to his book, reading the article about Paracelsus. A few seconds later, Theodore spoke again.

"You have got to be kidding me..." he said, nearly a whisper.

"What?" asked Harry.

"Is that the Encyclopædia Veneficia?" asked Nott, who was looking at the book as if hypnotised.

"Yeah. The third edition." Replied Harry "I bought it in Flourish and Blotts."

"What!?" nearly shouted the Slytherin "But...but...that's got to be one of the rarest book collections in the entire world, especially the Third Edition. How in Merlin's pants did you even get it in Diagon Alley?"

"It was in an isolated section of the shop." revealed Harry "I stumbled upon it by mere accident."

Theodore looked at him as if he had grown two heads.

"You have no idea of how lucky you are Potter." Said Theodore, shaking his head.

Harry simply snorted, and returned to his reading, but not for long, as he was once again interrupted by Theodore.

"I don't suppose that anyone told you this before, but did you know that we are related?" asked the
That however, had also attracted Harry's attention.

"We are?" asked Harry, genuinely curious.

"Yeah, my father and yours were first cousins. Your grandmother was my grandfather's sister. She was called Euphemia, if I am not mistaken." revealed Theodore "It's all in the 'Nature's Nobility: A Wizarding Genealogy'. That book is constantly updated, so you can find your parents there, except you'll find the information regarding your mother to be…well, wrong, I assume."

"So you and I are cousins as well, right?"

"Yeah." said Theodore "And you know what the best part is?"

Harry shook his head in negation.

"The fact that you and I are two generational tiers above Draco Malfoy." said Theodore "So in the whole affairs of the Black family, we have primacy and precedence over him."

"Whoa, wait! I am related to Malfoy?"

"Distant relatives." explained Nott "But he is also part of the Black family because of his mother. We are part of it because of our great-grandmother, Elladora Black. I was told she is famous amongst the Blacks for starting the tradition of beheading the house-elves when they got too old to carry the tea trays."

"Such a…charming woman."

"She was, wasn't she?" replied Theodore, oblivious of Harry's sarcasm.

Harry rolled his eyes, and returned to the book. It seemed that people were still boarding the Hogwarts Express, and Harry began to wonder when it would start to move. Soon enough, Harry began to hear the train starting to move, and thought it strange that only he and Theodore were alone inside the train. Although, he looked at the corridor and saw some other students at the windows, waving at the people in the platform.

Soon, the people at the windows returned to their compartments, and strangely enough, none came to his and Theodore's. And Harry rather enjoyed it this way.

It was dark outside, and it would soon be night-time. Harry had allowed Theodore to read from the encyclopaedia, and shortly after that, the young Habsburg began to doze off. But as Harry was almost enveloped by sleep, he began to feel the train stopping. This change of atmosphere was enough to wake him up, and Theodore too was aware of the train stopping.

"That's odd." said Nott "We're not yet at Hogsmeade. Why have we stopped?"

"Perhaps there is something wrong with the train." suggested Harry, starting to feel a bit cold.

The lights began to flicker, and the lantern on top of the table ceased to work. In seconds, all the lights inside the train died out, leaving it in almost utter darkness. Both Harry and Theodore began to feel cold, and Harry watched as the window appeared to freeze, almost as if the glass was being transformed into ice. He saw a shadow moving outside, but he could not see what it was.

"Oh no…" whispered Theodore "Not them…"
"What?" asked Harry confused, but a bit scared "Who?"

Suddenly, the train jerked, as if it had collided with something. The problem was that the train was still unmoving.

"What the hell was that?" hissed Harry.

"I think it's a Dementor." replied Nott.

"A Dementor? What's a dement-"

Harry was unable to finish his question, as from the corner of his eye, he saw a figure emerging from the corridor. He could see a billowing dark and ragged cloak, and a skeletal and putrid hand reaching out to the door's handle, opening it without even touching the door. He could see Theodore attempting to get closer to the wall, as if he was doing everything possible to remain as far away from…whatever that thing outside was.

Harry watched silently as the cloaked creature entered the compartment, and as its hand was lost within the billowing cloak. It turned towards Harry, and he could only watch in horror as the creature came closer towards him, its hand returned from the black cloak, now reaching towards Harry. And then, whatever it was, the creature drew a long breath, and Harry began to feel as if the very air around him was being sucked by the creature.

An intense cold fell on the two boys, but Harry felt something far more extreme than Theodore, as the creature came even closer towards him, its head standing a few inches from his own. Harry's breath was caught in that instant, as the cloaked creature stayed there, silently staring at him. Theodore watched in horror, fearful of what could happen to the other teenager.

In an instant, Harry felt a cold sensation wash over him. His eyes rolled up onto his head, and from that moment he was unable to see. It was a terrible sensation, for he was still conscious, but it was almost as if he was slowly drowning in cold water. He felt his pupils close, and when he finally opened them, Harry realized that he was indeed in water.

His mind completely out of rationality, Harry tried to swim upward, only to find himself on a stormy ocean with nothing above but dark clouds. Harry realized that the current was dragging him towards a small jutting rock. He managed to grab part of it, before climbing the stone formation. He didn't know why he was there, as he was supposed to be on the Hogwarts Express. But he was soon diverted from his thoughts by the most terrifying sight in front of him.

Far away from him, the ocean's water was rising to the dark sky, taking the shape of a thin spire. Harry watched with his mouth open, but was unable to do anything else, as a wave came towards him, and the only thing he felt, was another strong cold sensation, followed by blackness and someone calling his name.

"Potter! Potter!"

Harry opened his eyes, finding himself back at the train compartment, Theodore next to him. Harry rose, realizing that he was lying on the compartment sofa. He got up, realizing that his glasses were not on his face.

"How are you?" asked Theodore "I'm surprised you're still with us, considering how close it was to you."
"W-What was that thing?" he asked, noticing his glasses on the table.

"You don't know? That was a Dementor, one of the guards of Azkaban." explained Nott "Must have been looking for Sirius Black. After it left, I went to look for someone to help, and I found a professor. I think he's called Lupin or something, our new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher."

Nott reached out for something on the table.

"He told me to give you this." he said, giving Harry the package "Chocolate. He said it would help."

"Thanks…so, where is he?" asked Harry.

"He went to speak with the conductor." replied Nott "But seriously, you are seriously lucky that that Dementor didn't kiss you."

"Kiss me?" he asked with repulsion. He certainly didn't want to be kissed by that…thing.

"Yeah. The Dementor's Kiss." explained Theodore "That's when they suck their victim's soul through the mouth."

Harry began to feel a bit nauseated. He now had another reason to keep himself away from those things.

"Anyway, we are almost at Hogwarts. I guess I better change into my robes."

And as he did so, Harry could only eat the chocolate, and remember the strange dream he had while unconscious. And why was the Dementor so interested in him?
Chapter 8 – To be United by Hatred

Hogwarts Express

The train was almost at Hogsmeade, and Harry began to place the books inside his trunk. He opened the trunk, and placed the three volumes inside it, before closing it and placing it near the entrance of the compartment. It was only then that he noticed the strange expression on Theodore's face.

"Something wrong?" asked Harry.

"Huh? No, not really." Replied the older boy, before adopting another stance "Say, Habsburg, what would be the best way you would refer to your relationship with Draco Malfoy?"

That was a strange question, but Harry still decided to answer.

"I'm not sure. Enemies…rivals…something like that, I suppose." he answered "Why?"

"Just wanting to make sure." replied Theodore "I am aware that you are disconnected with the way Slytherin works, but do you know what happens when someone begins to gain influence amongst a certain group of students, especially those younger than you?"

Harry shrugged.

"As the older students leave Hogwarts, that person eventually becomes the most influential amongst the students of his or her respective house." continued Nott "Do you see where I am going with this?"

"I think so. Are you talking about Malfoy?"

"Unfortunately. It is no surprise that he is…erm, admired, amongst the younger Slytherins." explained Theodore "He is amongst them a sort of King, although he has actually no legal power over them. But in the end, he is still has some sort of power over them."

"I guess that's what having a rich and influential father gets him." said Harry, remembering Lucius Malfoy "Okay, but what about it? What are you exactly trying to say?"

"Look Habsburg, you are the Duke of Inverness. I know that your status has importance in both our world and the muggle one, more in ours." he said "Malfoy believes you unaware of it, and so he and the rest of my house feels free to…well push you around, shall we say. You still fight back, but you get what I am saying, right?"
Harry nodded.

"This year…things have changed. You are now aware of your title, and many others, but Malfoy is not aware that you are." said the Slytherin "When you come forth not as Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, but as Hadrian von Habsburg, the Duke of Inverness and future King of Portugal, I believe that the status quo of the houses will change drastically."

Harry was now seeing where Theodore was going with all this.

"And you want to be part of that." it was more a statement than a question.

Theodore smirked in return.

"Indeed. Your sudden ascendency presents an opportunity for us both." stated Nott "And if we were to act together…then not only would Malfoy's influence be toppled, but you would also have the…erm, support, I guess, of the house of Slytherin. At least those I can get under my wing, which will be a rather easy task."

Harry eyed Nott cautiously. The boy certainly seemed to have thought about this plan for a while, but he was wondering how exactly he wanted to put it into practice.

"And how exactly do you suggest we do that?"

"First, you would have to rub your position in Draco Malfoy's face. Make sure he knows who and what you are." spoke Theodore "Eventually, he will be seen negatively by the other Slytherins, considering his animosity towards you – a person with much power."

"And by being close to me, the Slytherins would be drawn to you." suggested the young Habsburg.

"If there is one thing modern Slytherins value, is how pure your blood is and how much power you have. Both magical and political." He explained "And trust me, considering you lineage, you blood is far purer than that of many of our peers."

Harry simply shrugged at that.

"I don't exactly care about blood purity ideology. It's more of a nuisance than a helpful thing. But I see your point." said Harry, his eyes gaining a mischievous glint "I would certainly like to see Malfoy toppled from his…throne. Although it's strange that you are not one of his…well, followers."

"I would never be one of his followers. I loathe him, more than you can possibly imagine. I want to see him reduced to nothing. I want him to have the significance of a grain of sand." stated Theodore, extending his hand "Are we in agreement?"

Harry extended his in return, shaking Theodore's.

"Indeed." spoke Harry "Let's just see how this goes."

"Next time you meet him, remind him that he is not part of the nobility." suggested Theodore "And make sure he is reminded that you are."

Still, he was wondering what he had just gotten himself into.

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_Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)_
Soon enough, the train came to a stop, arriving at its intended destination, the Hogsmeade Station. Harry got out of the compartment with Theodore, each carrying their respective possessions. Harry knew that Hedwig's cage would be brought to the castle, so he simply continued on his way, looking around to see if he could find Ron and Hermione. They were most likely amongst the other students.

"First years, this way!" boomed a very familiar voice.

Harry looked to see Hagrid there, calling the soon to be sorted first years. Harry noticed that they looked a bit terrified, and wondered if he and the others had looked the same back when they came to Hogwarts for the first time.

"Hello Harry!" yelled Hagrid over the crowd. Harry waved but was unable to speak, as he realized that it had started raining. He ran to one of the carriages and entered, placing his trunk inside. Harry watched as Theodore also entered the same carriage, and pretty much ignored the others who entered. The two remained in silence for the rest of the journey into the castle, and when they finally arrived, Harry and everyone else ran as fast as they could to the Clock Tower Courtyard, passing by Hagrid's hut and through the Wooden Bridge.

Once inside the Clock Tower, Harry began to look around, trying to finally find Ron and Hermione. Almost deciding to give up, and seeing them only at the Great Hall, Harry suddenly heard a voice calling for him.

"Harry!"

Said teenager turned around, seeing Hermione and Ron heading towards him. The two looked seemingly tired.

"Where have you been? We didn't see you in the train." asked Ron.

"I arrived at the platform early, so I sat in one of the first compartments." he explained.

Ron and Hermione came closer to him, as if wanting to talk privately.

"We heard that you were attacked by a Dementor." said Hermione "A boy came into our compartment, and since a new professor was there, he went to help you." said Hermione "We wanted to follow, but he told us to stay there."

"What's his name?" asked Harry.

"His trunk said R. J. Lupin." spoke Ron, remembering what Hermione had said when they entered their compartment "I guess he's our new Defence teacher, considering what happened to Lockhart last year."

Their conversation however, was interrupted by a much unwanted arrival.

"You fainted, Potter? Is Longbottom actually telling the truth?" asked Malfoy, clear malicious intent behind his words "You actually fainted?"

As Ron was preparing to retort on his behalf, Harry simply raised his hand, indicating that he had the situation under control.

"You would have fainted as well Malfoy, had you a Dementor inches from your face." he spoke "Although I doubt that the poor creature would want to suffer something akin to close contact with you."
The nearby students sniggered, and Malfoy felt his anger growing.

"Also...remind yourself of who you are talking to." said Harry, in the most serious tone he could conjure right now "Unlike you, I am a landed noble, and more than that as well. And you are in my lands. I believe that your little brain can at least comprehend the implications."

Malfoy simply paled, and turned around, Crabbe and Goyle following him with confused looks on their faces. It was then that Harry noticed that some muggle-born and half-blood students were looking at him with great curiosity, and those he knew to be pure-bloods were also eyeing him in a not so different way. Harry assumed that they had also heard the news.

He whispered to Ron and Hermione that they should get moving, and so the trio made their way to the top of the Clock Tower, heading to the Grand Staircase, and from there into the Entrance Hall. But before they could even get into the Grand Staircase, Harry and Hermione were surprised by the sudden appearance of Professor McGonagall.

"Potter, Granger!" she called "Do follow me."

Noticing the worried look in their faces, she reassured them that they had done nothing wrong, and took them away from the crowd that headed towards the Great Gall. They followed her until they reached her office, and she motioned them to sit down.

"I received an owl from Professor Lupin, mentioning your...encounter with a Dementor." said the Professor.

Before he could reply, Madam Pomfrey suddenly entered the office, Harry realizing that she had possibly been altered as well. The woman had been intent of taking Harry to the Hospital Wing, but after a quick examination both she and McGonagall allowed Harry to go the Great Hall. He was told to wait outside by McGonagall, and after a while both she and Hermione emerged from the office. Harry noticed that his friend seemed rather happy about something, but he decided not to pry. Before they entered the Great Hall, however, McGonagall stopped him one last time.

"One thing Potter. The Headmaster has requested your presence in his office after the feast." She said "The password is 'Toffee Éclair'."

Harry nodded to his teacher, and the three entered the hall, just in time to see a choir finish their performance. Harry and Hermione quickly went to the Gryffindor table, and sat next to Ron, who had saved them seats.

"What was all that about?" he muttered to Harry.

He told Ron what McGonagall wanted, but was unable to speak further as Dumbledore began his usual speech.

"Welcome, welcome to another year at Hogwarts!" said Dumbledore, Harry noticing that the headmaster was no longer wearing his usual robes, but a new set. He also seemed younger, for some reason "I have a few things to say, before we become befuddled by our excellent feast..."

Dumbledore began to speak about the presence of the Dementors, advising the students to keep away from them. After that, he introduced Lupin as the new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, and Hagrid as the new Care of Magical Creatures teacher. After that, Dumbledore deemed that there was nothing more important to speak of, and so he declared the feast started, and in an instant, the food appeared on the tables.

An hour later, the feast was over, and while the others went to their common rooms, Harry made
way to the Gargoyle that gave entrance to Dumbledore's office. After saying the password, Harry climbed the staircase, eventually reaching the door which led into Dumbledore's office. He entered it, and inside was not just the headmaster, but the heads of the four houses of Hogwarts.

"Ah, Harry! Glad you could join us!" spoke Dumbledore, who was eating some random muggle candy.

"Good evening professors." he said, wondering why the other four were there as well.

Dumbledore motioned Harry to sit down, and Harry did so, watching as Dumbledore took a letter from a small drawer.

"Several days ago, Minister Fudge received this letter." Said Dumbledore, handing it to Harry "Take a look at it."

Harry looked at the letter, realizing that it had been written by his grandmother, and taking interest at its contents. He remained silent, as he gave it back to Dumbledore.

"I have already informed the staff, but now we have a small problem." Spoke Dumbledore.

"A problem?" asked Harry.

"Yes, Harry. That would be your name." spoke the old headmaster "Since Harry Potter is not your true name, we can only assume that it was a way for your parents to hide your…lineage until the war with Voldemort was over. Unfortunately, I am sure you know the rest."

Harry simply nodded.

"I have called you here so that I, and the four heads of house, can know personally what name you currently refer to, as they will transmit it to the other professors." spoke Dumbledore.

"I've been lately using Hadrian von Habsburg as a shortened version of my name, so I guess that would fine for now." replied the young wizard "But if you want, you can keep calling me Potter."

Snape blinked.

"Shortened version…?"

Harry turned to Dumbledore, asking him if he had a piece of parchment and a quill he could use. Once the headmaster had given them, Harry wrote his full name there, before passing the parchment to the professors, who looked at it with wide eyes.

"Merlin's underpants!" whispered Professor Sprout.

"As you can see, I think a shortened version will do." affirmed Harry.

"Well…you may go Harry." said Dumbledore.

Harry nodded, and left the office. But as he walked past the Gargoyle, Harry heard someone quickly approaching him. He turned around, and saw that it was Professor McGonagall.

"Mr. Potter, the password for the common room is Fortuna Major." she said.

"Thanks, professor." he said, before heading to the Grand Staircase.

He would need to rest, for it had been a rather eventful day, and tomorrow there would be classes.
Harry could only hope that the first one would not be Potions.
"Normal Speech"

"Thoughts"

"Other Language"

Chapter 9 – Shadows Cast by the Tower

Palace of Necessidades, Lisbon, Portugal

"What!"

Maria was furious. It was not even a day, and something had already happened to her grandson. To her advantage, she had a portrait of Georg von Rheticus inside her office in the palace, and it was connected to another portrait of his which was inside Hogwarts.

"I am afraid that the rumour around the portraits of Hogwarts, is that your grandson was seemingly attacked by a Dementor." repeated the portrait in its 'native' language "Some say he even fainted. Still with his soul though, at least according to Damara Dodderidge."

"That's not surprising, considering what my grandson is." spoke the aged witch "But still, what were those foul things doing inside the train?"

"I do believe they were searching for the criminal Sirius Black." said Rheticus "It seems that the current Minister believes that he will try to infiltrate the castle."

"That won't do." affirmed the monarch "I have to send a small group of Halberdiers there, for the Prince's protection."

"You are certainly aware that the youth of these days are not so pleased to have people following their every footsteps, are you not?" asked the portrait.

"Then I shall simply tell them to keep their distance." replied the Queen "And either both the Minister and the Headmaster allow this, or I shall remove my grandson from that school."

Rheticus simply shrugged, and returned to his portrait in Hogwarts, leaving the Queen to make preparations.

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

The next day, when Harry and his two friends entered the Great Hall, they were met with a glaring Draco Malfoy, who had seemingly forgot the warning Harry had given him the previous day. The blond Slytherin pretended to faint, and some of the Slytherins around him sniggered. Harry noticed that near them was Theodore Nott, who was seemingly looking at him waiting to see how Harry reacted.
"Potter! The Dementors are coming!" shrieked Pansy Parkinson, before making a rather weak impression of a ghost.

"That's a ghost Parkinson, not a Dementor." he replied to the Slytherin girl "Still, I guess your brain isn't developed enough to see the difference. And I don't think that the Bloody Baron will be much pleased with you implicating that he and his kind are Dementors."

Indeed, for the Bloody Baron was nearby, and upon turning around he glared at Pansy making the girl shriek and try to hide behind Draco. The older Slytherins laughed at her, Theodore sniggering silently. Harry quickly went towards the Gryffindor table, before sitting down next to the Weasley twins.

"You three, here's the new third-year schedules." said George, giving them to the trio "Nice to see you turning the Slytherin ghost against members of his house."

"They deserve it." said Harry, grabbing a slice of bread.

"Don't think too much on it." replied Fred "The little git came running down to our compartment last night, when the Dementors were at our end of the train, didn't he George."

"He actually wet himself, but he obviously changed onto his robes." revealed the other twin, glancing at Malfoy.

The rest of breakfast was spent with Harry listening to the twins talking, before finally looking at his schedule, and seeing what his first class would be. Apparently, he would start the year with Divination, which meant that he would be having classes in the North Tower, close to the Gryffindor Tower. Harry soon got up and headed to the Gryffindor Tower with Ron, Hermione having disappeared from sight.

Once at the common room, and went a got the books for the classes he would have today, and soon he headed to the seventh-floor corridor, where the Divination staircase was. Climbing the staircase, Harry and Ron entered the room where they would have their first class, and found it rather…odd, compared with the other classrooms where they had been. The majority of the other students was already there, but there was no sign of their professor.

Harry and Ron went to one of the empty tables, each with a small cup with something inside them. The young Habsburg did not have the time to focus on the cup, as a soft and dreamy voice came from the shadows of the room.

"Welcome, my dears." it spoke, a voice clearly female "How nice to see you in the physical world."

The woman came out of the shadows, and Harry, alongside the others, was finally able to see who their teacher would be. And it seemed that she was perhaps one of the strangest professors they all had until now.

"I am Professor Trelawney. Together, we shall cast ourselves into the future…" she said, with a strangely maniacal smile "But know this, for one either has the Gift…or not. A book is not enough for one to divine…no. Books only cloud the Inner Eye!"

"What a load of rubbish." whispered Hermione, who had seemingly arrived.

"Where did you come from?" asked Ron, a bit alarmed with Hermione's sudden appearance.

"I've been here all along." she insisted.
Trelawney continued to talk about Divination, and what they would be focusing after their current subject. She then told them to open their books and to take the tea cup from the person next to them. With Ron's cup on his hand, Harry waited for Trelawney's next instructions. She began to predict things related to the other students, and only after that did she tell them which page they were supposed to read, and what to do with the cups.

After looking at Ron's cup, it seemed that he would have trials and that he would suffer, but apparently Ron would also be happy. Harry was not sure what exactly that meant. But then came Ron's turn.

"...I...can't exactly say." Spoke the boy "It looks like a line of sorts."

Ron examined his copy of *Unfogging the Future*, before coming to a decision that there was seemingly nothing there.

"Unless this thing is some sort of tower, then I guess you don't have a future." he said, making Harry snort.

Trelawney came towards them at an alarming speed.

"Let me see that, my dear." She said, giving a condescending look to Ron.

She looked at the cup, narrowing her eyes, before they suddenly widened.

"Oh dear..." she said weakly "Your cup shows one way only. You are marked to have only a single path!"

Harry suddenly became a bit curious, and the rest of the students who were hearing did so as well.

"My dear, this is a rare sign, one which only appears when the stars will it." said Trelawney "You have the Tower."

"The Tower...?" wondered Harry.

"Do search for it in the book." spoke the professor, her voice drawling "And read it loud."

Harry looked at the book, and opened the page with the description of the tower.

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**The Tower** – *the apex of the universe; the secret name of the House of God; the lighthouse of Fate; the Gate. It is associated with sudden, disruptive and potentially destructive change, but it is also an omen of danger, crisis, destruction and liberation. It is rare for the Tower to appear in the tea leaves, and only those who have a single, predestined fate, are known to have been bestowed this sign.*

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Harry looked at his cup, and what he saw, almost made his hear skip a beat. It was the same spire he had seen in his dream, the one in the storm. But it had to be a coincidence...right?

"As you can see dear, you have been marked by the Tower!" spoke Trelawney, her voice excited "But know that your fate is still uncertain...perhaps, you are destined to meet your end..."

Harry looked again at the tea cup, and the more he stared at the Tower, the more he could see the spire from his dreams.
Transfiguration class was evidently better than Divination, not having anyone telling him that he could possibly die due to some tea leaves, together with McGonagall's reassurance that Trelawney usually predicted the death of a random student every year. Nevertheless, unlike Divination, Harry and the others had now their first share of homework. But it was still better than dying, at least on Harry's mind.

What followed was the class Harry and his two friends were most eager to go. It would be Hagrid's first time teaching, but knowing Hagrid's usual tendency to be involved with dangerous and huge creatures, the three could only hope for something not as vicious as Fluffy and Aragog. Their luck however, came in the form of a mostly harmless Hippogriff, which Hagrid called Buckbeak. What followed was something that Harry's mind did not register very well, as one moment he was on the ground, bowing to the Hippogriff, but the next he was flying over Hogwarts and the Black Lake.

When he returned to the clearing where Hagrid and the other were, Harry was met with cheers and applause by most students. However, Harry noticed that Malfoy was approaching Buckbeak, and he immediately became alerted. Harry got away as fast as he could from the other students, and went towards Buckbeak.

"If Potter can do it, it must be easy." sneered Malfoy "You're not so dangerous after all, are you, you great ugly brute?"

Harry only saw as Buckbeak prepared to attack Malfoy, and he pointed his wand at the idiot who thought it would be a good idea to insult the Hippogriff.

"Depulso!"

A while jet of light went towards Malfoy, and upon impact the Slytherin was throw away a few meters, right into a tree, while Hagrid tried to calm down the enraged Buckbeak.

"You little idiot." said Harry in the most calm and condescending tone he could conjure "I assume that you must have an hearing problem, as Hagrid clearly stated that you must never insult an hippogriff, which you just did. I wonder why exactly you were sorted into Slytherin, Malfoy. I mean, not even Crabbe, Goyle, and even Parkinson possess the amount of stupidity that you do, and that's saying something. I guess that's what daddy's influence does to you, isn't it?"

Malfoy snarled, and got up pointing his wand at Harry.

"Flipendo!"

As Harry saw the orange jet of light heading towards him he simply slashed his wand, using a spell he had learnt from his grandmother.

"Protego!"

Malfoy's spell impacted with Harry's invisible shield, creating an orange flash of light in front of Harry, who then proceeded to point his wand at Malfoy again.

"Expelliarmus!"

In an instant, Malfoy was disarmed, leaving him only able to snarl at Harry, who had a smug look on his face. Hagrid was not very pleased with Malfoy's behaviour, both towards Buckbeak and Harry, removing twenty points from Slytherin. The Slytherin began to mutter that his father would "hear about this", but other than that, he remained quiet, just like Harry liked, and the young Habsburg could see the look of approval on Theodore's face. Nott was too much eager to see Malfoy gone from the "throne of Slytherin house", and to occupy it himself.
"Soon...soon..." was the only though on Theo's mind.

But as Harry and the others returned to the castle, he was met with a most unwanted surprise, courtesy of his grandmother.
Chapter 10 – Halberdiers at Hogwarts

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

Harry had just entered the Viaduct Entrance, intent on going to the potions class, but he was certainly not expecting to find a small group of Halberdiers there, waiting for him with Professor Dumbledore.

"Ah, Harry!" spoke Dumbledore upon seeing Harry, and attracting the attention of the students nearby "These gentlemen and I have been here waiting for you. It seems that the events in the Express have attracted your grandmother's attention."

As Harry approached them, one of the men came forth, bowing and scrapping as soon as he was close enough to the young Habsburg.

"Your Highness, your grandmother, Her Most Faithful Majesty The Queen, has commanded our presence here in this castle, for your protection." spoke the leader of the small regiment "I am Camilo Álvares, newly appointed Major-General of this regiment."

Álvares was a man who seemed to be on his sixties, but still in clear shape. He and the other Halberdiers were wearing their usual uniform, with the blue, red and golden colours, and, as obvious, each held a halberd, yet each had a holster on their belts with their respective wand. Harry had been told that many magical divisions of the Royal Guard of each monarchy in Europe was not only heavily trained in the defence against Dark magic, but also efficient in their use of Dark magic as well.

However, each member of the magical division of the Royal Guard had to take an Unbreakable Vow in which they stated that they would never attempt to harm the members of the Royal or Imperial family, directly or indirectly, and that they would neither betray the country nor interfere with its government. But their training was far more extensive than just defence against Dark magic and Dark magic, as they also had to become efficient in many other spell types and other non-spell related subjects.

In all, a normal ranked member of the Royal Guard held more prestige than a Minister, both in the muggle and wizarding world. It was an organization with very high standards.

"Greetings, Major-General." spoke Harry in Portuguese, startling the other students and Dumbledore "I hope that your presence here does not cause you much annoyance."

"Not at all, Your Highness." spoke Camilo "That the Queen has entrusted us with your safety of our future King, is a great honour."
"Can you explain exactly how you will act while you are here?" asked Harry.

"The regiment is composed of more people than those who are here."

"We have guards who are patrolling the castle and the inner grounds, making sure that the one who is after you does not infiltrate it. We have an agreement with the British Minister for Magic, and we now...well, work is not the word I would use, so...we 'cooperate' with the Dementors. There shall be also a small group of Halberdiers near you, for your personal protection."

Harry nodded, before turning to Professor Dumbledore.

"Are you okay with this?" he asked.

"Certainly. In fact, this improves the security of Hogwarts, and certainly grants a far more...human sense of security to us and your fellow students."

Harry nodded again, before turning to Camilo.

"I have to go now." he said "I have a Potions class in a few minutes."

"Very well, Your Highness. I shall assign two of the Halberdiers to be stationed at the entrance of your classroom."

"Ok." he said before turning to Dumbledore "I'll have to go now, Professor. Have a good day."

"A good day to you as well, Harry."

When Harry first arrived at the corridor outside the Potions classroom, he was met with glares by Draco Malfoy and his gang, and he noticed that Theodore was talking with two other Slytherins and a Ravenclaw. He recognized the Slytherins as Millicent Bulstrode and Blaize Zabini, while the Ravenclaw was Padma Patil. Upon noticing him, Theodore beached to Harry to join them. Harry noticed at him strangely, but he said that he would explain later, when the time was right.

Ron simply shrugged, and Hermione nodded, still wondering why exactly was Harry, someone who was known for being an opponent to the Slytherin house, speaking with a student from said house.

"Good work with Malfoy, Habsburg." praised Theodore "Shame it wasn't me, but you know...I have to keep appearances."

"Yeah, yeah..." replied the Gryffindor, rolling his eyes.

"Nah, I think that turning the Bloody Baron against Pansy was better." Declared Zabini "But still, I never thought that I would see you working with one of us...erm, Habsburg? Potter?"

"I prefer Habsburg, but you can call me Potter if you prefer." said Harry, before taking notice of something "You're on the plan too?"

"Yeah." replied Padma "It might be something that happens only within Slytherin, but you have to realize that when Malfoy loses his influence, then there will be effects on the other houses as well. I for one, would want to see a closer relationship between Ravenclaw and Slytherin, but Malfoy's constant bickering with mine and the other two houses makes that impossible."
"I for one, am of the opinion that its wizards like Malfoy that make people forget that Slytherin was once the house of Merlin himself," said Zabini, to which Millicent nodded in agreement.

"So, Habsburg, what do you say to us broadening our little pact and our sights as well?" asked Theodore.

"What do you propose?" inquired Harry.

"First we need at least one member from Hufflepuff." said Padma "Any idea of whom we should invite?"

"Maybe Macmillan, or perhaps Bones." suggested Nott.

"Bones…isn't she the one who has a relative in the Ministry?" asked Harry, the name sounding familiar.

"Yes. Amelia Bones." Replied Millicent "She is the head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. You didn't hear this from me, but she is one of the few decent wizards in the Ministry."

"Then I guess she's our choice." declared Padma "With her close to us, then we will have also a closer link to Madam Bones in the Ministry."

They all nodded in agreement, and soon Harry noticed that the others were already entering the Potions classroom, and he did so as well. While he normally sat next to Ron, Harry was dragged into a table by Theodore, who insisted that he sat next to him. Knowing that the Slytherin was trying to do, Harry sat next to Theodore, but not before telling Ron to sit next to Hermione.

Seconds later, Snape entered the classroom, and all the students took out their summer homework, something which Harry did during his stay in Nicaea, with help from his grandmother. Harry noticed that Snape was looking at him with a passive face, lacking the usual sneer that he possessed when looking at him. What Harry did not know, was that the fact that he no longer used the round glasses that were exactly like the ones used by James Potter, but a pair of rimless glasses, which diminished the facial similarities of both Harry and his late father.

For Snape, that was a much positive change. At least he no longer needed to stare at the face of his long dead rival, apparently mocking him from beyond the grave by using the face of his son. But the fact that he was the son of James Potter still remained.

"But he has her eyes..." he reminded himself, a thought that was normally easily squashed by his hatred towards James Potter. But he now knew that he could not simply act the same way towards her son, considering what had been revealed about him. Not even he was prepared to face the wrath of Lily's true mother. But Snape noticed that something was not right in his classroom. It was almost as if something had changed…

It was then that he realized that Potter, or Habsburg, was sitting next to one of his Slytherins.

"What in Merlin's phials - !?"

That was not normal. He was certain that it was impossible for a Slytherin and a Gryffindor to sit next to each other willingly. And why was not Habsburg sitting next to Weasley or Granger?

Mentally narrowing his eyes, Snape decided to begin the lesson, not taking any time for the usual introductions that the other professors liked to do every year.
"Let's see if any of you made sure to look at the books during the summer, shall we?" asked Snape, the sneer making its first appearance, making the Gryffindors dread how much points they would lose.

"Habsburg, name three ingredients of the Antidote to Uncommon Poisons!"

Harry, having read bits of the Third Year book before returning to Hogwarts, at least remembered part of the recipe for said potion.

"Billywig stings, Fire Seeds and powdered graphorn horn, Professor." replied Harry, in the most polite manner he could.

"Unexpected, but correct." replied Snape "Now describe the first four stages of the brewing of the Wiggenweld Potion."

Harry did so correctly, surprising all inside the room, especially Snape.

"It seems that Mr. Habsburg has finally deemed the books worthy of his attention." commented Snape "Two points for Gryffindor."

It was as if someone had cast a mass Silencing charm. Severus Snape never awarded points to Gryffindors, especially to Harry Potter. Harry, Malfoy, and a few others were gaping at what was an "historical" event, making a few think that Harry's current status protected him against Snape's usual attacks. But still, what exactly had caused this change in Snape's behaviour?

Snape asked more questions to other students, and in the end Slytherin was awarded a total of fifteen points. The Potions professor then decided to begin the class, placing them brewing their first potion of the year. He then waved his wand, and a set of instructions appeared on the board.

"Today you will brew the Antidote to Uncommon Poisons." He stated "The instructions are on the board, and I want a phial with the potion in my desk when the class is over. Also…"

This last part was said while he glanced at both Harry and Theodore.

"…you will work in pairs today. Begin."

Author's Note:

To those that do not know and may wish to know, the cover image of this fanfic is the Palaiologos tetragrammic cross, better described as a cross between four fire steels, each representing the letter B (beta). These four B are the initials of the motto of the Palaiologos dynasty - Βασιλεὺς Βασιλείων Βασιλεὺς Βασιλεύων (Basileus Basileon Basileon Basileuonton). This translates as "King of Kings, Ruling over Rulers".

The original version of the Palaiologos cross is red and golden, while the one in my fanfic cover image is white and blue, for the purpose of representing the House of Anemas (not the House of Habsburg-Anemas), who is a cadet branch of the Palaiologos dynasty.
Chapter 11 – The Boggart and the Alliance

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

Both Harry and Theodore had succeeded in brewing a near-perfect potion, to which Snape simply gave an approving nod. It was certainly an improvement over his previous behaviour towards him. But as the potions class ended, Harry and the others made way to the Defence Against the Dark Arts classroom, atop the Turris Magnus staircase, where they would have their first class with Professor Lupin.

Oddly enough, the tables and chairs had been moved next to the walls, generating a large empty space in the middle of the classroom. Professor Lupin was sitting behind his desk, while next to him was a large wardrobe, who was shaking, almost as if something was trying to get out. When all the students had entered, Lupin got up from his chair, and came forward.

"Come closer. The wardrobe is secure." he finally spoke, watching as they moved, still glancing at the shaking furniture "To those who were not paying attention in last night's feast, I am Professor Lupin. Place your bags next to the tables, as today our first class will be practical."

The students moved to do so, whispering amongst themselves, before returning to where they were before.

"Now, can anyone tell me, what's inside that wardrobe?" asked Lupin.

"It's a boggart, sir." replied Dean Thomas.

"Correct, Mr. Thomas." replied Lupin "But can anyone tell me what a boggart does?"

Out of nowhere, Hermione answered.

"It changes shape to assume what the nearest person to it fears the most."

"A short but precise answer, Miss Granger." spoke Lupin "Five points to both you and Mr. Thomas. No one knows what a boggart truly looks like, since it immediately shifts into what the person closest to it fears the most, but there have been exceptional cases where a boggart has assumed a constant shape, such as the Screaming Bogey of Strathtully, famously known to have taken the shape of a black shadow with glowing white eyes."

The students were hearing Lupin with undivided attention. They were learning more in this class which had barely started than what they had learnt in the previous year with Lockhart.

"To our luck, there is a very simple charm which exists to repel a boggart temporarily." He
revealed "Let's practice it now, without wands, shall we? Riddikulus!"

"Riddikulus!" repeated all the students.

"Very good." he said "But the spell won't be enough, I'm afraid."

Lupin then proceeded to explain how the boggart could only truly be defeated by laughter, using Neville and his Snape-boggart as an example. The majority of the students though it had been funny to see Snape wearing the clothes of Neville's grandmother, but the Slytherins were not so amused.

Lupin then pointed towards Ron.

"Ron! Your turn now!"

Ron stepped forward uncertainly, already knowing what the boggart would turn into, much like Harry and Hermione. And as the Snape-boggart turned into a giant spider, all the students took a few steps back, collectively unnerved by an arachnid of such a size. Still, Harry could not help but notice that it was still smaller than Aragog. They watched as Ron raised his wand, and pointed it at the approaching spider.

"Riddikulus!"

A crack was heard, and suddenly roller skates appeared on the spider's feet. Ron was still unnerved by the creature, so he moved away as fast as he could.

"Parvati!" said Lupin.

The girl moved forward, the boggart turning into a mummy with bloodstained bandages. And as it began to slowly shamble towards Parvati, the girl also used the Riddikulus spell, making it trip over its bandages. She was followed by Dean Thomas, and his disembodied hand-boggart, which was then caught by a mousetrap.

"Very good Mr. Thomas!" praised Lupin "Next!"

And as he turned around to see who stepped forward, Lupin realized that it had been Harry, who was looking at the trapped hand expectantly. He began to feel worry, fearing that a certain someone was going to materialize in the classroom, but he was certainly not expecting to see what the boggart would turn into. And neither was Harry, who became stunned when the boggart assumed the shape of a Dementor.

He was preparing to cast the spell, but suddenly it was as if the Dementor-boggart had been pulled backward, attracting the attention of everyone in the room, especially that of Professor Lupin. Harry took a step back, and watched as the Dementor-boggart dissolved into black smoke, which began to take a rather strange form. It was as if the boggart had turned into a pile of dark clouds, and in their centre a miniature tornado was formed. However, the tornado was upside down, and it was then that Harry noticed that the clouds around it were of a grey colour, while the tornado was far darker.

And then he realized that it was supposed to be.

"The Tower…" he whispered.

"Harry…?" spoke Lupin, watching the actions of the young wizard.
Harry was prepared to use Riddikulus, but once more he was stopped as the Tower-boggart collapsed, and now it was instead just a mass of dark smoke. Lupin's concern grew, as a boggart was not supposed to behave this way. Suddenly, two glowing red orbs appeared in the dark smoke, and they came forth, serving as the "eyes" of a figure which seemed to be made of hot coal and near solid lava, tattered robes following it, mixed with the black smoke, and something which looked like a cracked mask on its face.

Harry took a step back as the figure raised its right hand, and began to walk slowly towards him.

"Harry…" it spoke in a whispered and raspy voice.

Lupin was prepared to step forward, but Harry was faster, pointing his wand at the dark figure.

"Riddikulus!"

A crack was heard, followed by as flash of light, as the figure and the smoke turned into confetti, slowly descending towards the floor. Harry quickly moved towards the back of the room, near Neville, ignoring the looks the other students were giving him. Lupin decided to continue the class, and when all the students had faced their boggarts, he told them that they could go. But as he looked towards where Harry was, he realized that the son of his deceased friends was no longer there.

As soon as the class was over, Harry went as quickly as he could to the Gryffindor Tower, and as soon as he entered the dormitory, he took out the three volumes of the Encyclopaedia Veneficia, placing them inside his bag, and putting away the books from his classes. He left as soon as he entered, walking towards the Great Hall. He passed by at least two Halberdiers as he descended the Grand Staircase, and when he entered the Great Hall, he sat down in the Gryffindor Table, taking out the third volume of the encyclopaedia, and opening its index.

He searched for the letter "T", and within it articles that were related to towers. He found several articles related to towers, such as the Tower of Babel, the Tower of London, and others, such as towers related to several periods in history and their architecture, and something called the Tower of Dawn. None of these gave him any particular insight, excluding the article about the Tower, which held the same description that Unfogging the Future did, but a bit more elaborated and with more technical terms.

As he prepared to place the book once more inside his bag, Harry noticed that someone was approaching him.

"Harry, what happened mate?" asked Ron, who had just arrived with Hermione.

Harry sighed.

"Nothing, Ron." He said "I just needed to search something."

"Was it about the tower that appeared in your boggart?" asked Hermione, remembering both the Divination and the Defence classes.

Harry nodded, getting up from the chair. "And with my luck, I found nothing. Still, I must be just imagining things."

"Ah, I don't know Harry." said Ron with a nervous and worried tone "That Tower thing seems to be following you."
"Don't let that rubbish get on your heads." said Hermione, distrustful of divination and Trelawney's predictions "Anyway, Ron and I were about to go and visit Hagrid. What to come with us?"

Harry shook his head.

"Nah, not today." he said "I need to clear my head of this mess. Say hello to Hagrid for me, if you don't mind."

"Will do." replied Ron, although he and Hermione looked with concern at their friend, who was leaving the Great Hall.

Harry was climbing the Grand Staircase, passing by the portrait of the usually grumpy Vindictus Veridian, when he heard a voice calling for him.

"Harry!"

He turned around, and saw that it was Padma, who was on the floor below.

"Hey Padma." he said to her "You want something?"

"We're meeting in the Training Grounds, near the Greenhouse walls." Said Padma "It's about You-Know-What."

"Oh!" said Harry in understanding "I'll go with you."

Harry descended to join Padma, and the two hurried towards the Training Grounds.

---line breaker---

Harry and Padma arrived at the training grounds, where the others already were, sitting on the rocks. And it seemed that Susan Bones was there as well.

"Finally!" said Theodore "I was wondering when you two would arrive. I trust it wasn't hard to find Habsburg, was it Patil?"

"Not really, no." said the Ravenclaw.

Harry glanced at Susan, who was seemingly comfortable.

"Is Susan aware of-"

"Your plan to bring down a certain rival of yours?" asked the Hufflepuff "No, not really."

Theodore rolled his eyes.

"Once she proved herself of trust, I told her what our plan was, and she accepted." said the Slytherin leader "Which means that we now have at least one member from each house. Now this can be extended, not just to Slytherin, but to your houses as well."

"I guess I can bring together a few from my house into this." said Harry "There's still the whole Slytherin-Gryffindor rivalry, but I think we can solve that issue."

"I can at least act neutrally towards other Gryffindors in this group." said Zabini "Just don't expect me to become best friends with members of your house, Habsburg."
"Wouldn't dream of it." said Harry "But who knows…it may happen."

Zabini simply gave him a blank look, to which Harry rolled his eyes.

"We need a name." said Millicent "If this is to become serious, then we need a name to gather under."

"I agree." said Nott, an opinion shared by the others "But what kind of name?"

"The Alliance?" suggested Susan.

"It suits us well, but I think it lacks something." said Padma "I'm not sure what though."

The stood there in silence, each thinking about a name for their secret order. It would be Theodore who would break said silence.

"I have an idea!" he declared, rather excited "What about the Peverell Alliance?"

"Peverell?" asked Zabini "Why Peverell?"

"Because Habsburg there," he said, motioning his head towards Harry "is one of the few known descendants of the Peverell family, according to *Nature's Nobility*."  

"Who are the Peverells?" asked Harry.

"I'm not surprised that you don't know." replied Theodore "It is known that they existed, but according to legend, the Peverells were the original owners of the Deathly Hallows."

"Deathly Hallows?" asked Harry, feeling a bit irritated for now knowing this kind of things.

"Three artefacts of great power, believed to have been created by Death itself." said Padma "They are known widely because of their appearance in the Tale of the Three Brothers, written by Beedle the Bard."

"You can explain that later." said Zabini "We first need to agree on a name."

"I think that the Peverell Alliance is fine." said Millicent "And we could just call the Alliance for short."

"I second that." spoke Susan "I don't know why, but with a name like that…it feels we are part of something big."

"And we are." declared Theodore "Or at least, we will be."

"Are we in agreement, then?" asked Harry.

"Yes." said the others.

Theodore got up, and was followed by the others.

"Habsburg, Bones, Patil, coma here, and form a circle with me." he spoke "Blaise, Millicent, stay behind me."

As soon as they were in the respective positions, Harry decided to speak.

"Why are we like this?"
"Because if we are to make this official, we need to make an oath."

"Wait, what!?” spoke Susan, startled "We are not going to make an Unbreakable Vow, are we?"

"Of course not!” replied Theodore "It's just a…ceremonial thing. And since us four are from different houses, then each of us is a co-leader of the Alliance, each heading the members of their house."

"Oh…” said Susan "So, what should the oath be?"

It was then that Padma, together with Harry, decided to test their creativity. Their suggestion was accepted by the others, despite certain religious connotations, and soon enough, the four had their respective wands out, each held, pointed upward, in front of their faces. And so the four, lowered their wands, pointing them at the centre of their circle, the tips touching. It was then that they began to recite the oath at the same time.

"We so swear, under the All-Seeing Eye of the Lord, to work in unity to achieve our primary and collective goal, in attaining factual leadership over the houses, and to bring forth the union of the Four under the Alliance. Let it be declared here today, that the Peverell Alliance is formed, and may this compact be everlasting."

The collective oath was sworn, and so they raised their wands, returning to their original stance, before commencing to recited the individual oath.

"I, Theodore Nott, do now take upon me the joint leadership of the Alliance, and do swear upon my honour to uphold our collective beliefs, and to do all possible to achieve our goals."

"I, Harry Potter, do now take upon me the joint leadership of the Alliance, and do swear upon my honour to uphold our collective beliefs, and to do all possible to achieve our goals."

"I, Padma Patil, do now take upon me the joint leadership of the Alliance, and do swear upon my honour to uphold our collective beliefs, and to do all possible to achieve our goals."

"I, Susan Bones, do now take upon me the joint leadership of the Alliance, and do swear upon my honour to uphold our collective beliefs, and to do all possible to achieve our goals."

And to finalize it, the four, alongside Blaise and Millicent, recited the motto of the Alliance.

"Verba sunt rerum."

Unknown to them, in the distance, a single figure observed them, with glinting blue eyes and a smile.

Things in Hogwarts were becoming rather interesting.
Chapter 12 – The Map and Lupin

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

The days began to pass, and soon Harry came to have Defence Against the Dark Arts as his favourite class, much like the other students. He spent much of his time with Ron and Hermione, but also making sure that he met with the other members of the Alliance. They had decided that they would first advance with a few stages of their primary plan, and only then would they start looking for new "recruits".

And there was also the matter of Quidditch, and since it was Oliver's last year at Hogwarts, the Gryffindor Keeper wanted to win the Cup at least one time. And so began the trainings, at least three evenings a week. But soon enough, came something else which made Harry want to slap himself.

In the excitement of meeting his grandmother and all that followed, Harry completely forgot to ask her to sign the paper which would allow him to go to Hogsmeade. Now, he was stuck in Hogwarts, while the majority of the other students, excluding First and Second Years, were heading towards Hogsmeade. So there he was, sitting on a bench in the Clock Tower courtyard, doing nothing, and wondering what exactly he was supposed to do.

Harry got up, and decided to walk towards the wooden bridge, when he saw something on the floor. He knelt and grabbed it, noticing that it was a rather strange piece of parchment, possibly that some student which went to Hogsmeade lost. He opened it, realizing that it unfolded into several different sections, but it was completely blank. Using his wand, Harry made the parchment return to its original state, not remembering the exact order which he had unfolded it.

Wondering if it had any hidden words, Harry pointed his wand at the map once more.

"Aparecium."

For a while it was as if nothing happened, but suddenly words began to appear on the parchment, much like what had happened with Tom Riddle's diary.

Mr. Moony would like to inform that the Revealing Charm will have no effect on this.

Mr. Prongs agrees with Mr. Moony and would like to know who used the charm.

Mr. Wormtail advises the one holding this parchment to not use any more charms on it.

Mr. Padfoot agrees with Mr. Wormtail and the others above.
Harry looked at the parchment with his eyes narrowing. He rose from the floor, and walked back towards the Clock Tower courtyard, sitting back on the bench, before pointing his wand at the parchment.

"I'm Harry Potter," he said.

He waited, and watched as the sentences disappeared, only to be replaced by a single sentence.

Mr. Prongs wishes to know if you are related to James Potter.

Harry was surprised at the mention of his father, but answered nonetheless.

"Yes, he's my father."

The sentence immediately disappeared, replaced once more by new ones.

Mr. Padfoot congratulates Mr. Prongs on his achievement and wishes to know who the mother is.

Mr. Prongs concurs with Mr. Padfoot's question, and would also like to know your house in Hogwarts.

The way these two...people spoke, possibly implied that this Mr. Prongs was in fact his father, who in said event had somehow created this...whatever it was.

"My mother was known as Lily Potter, but before she married my father she was known as Lily Evans," answered Harry "And I'm in Gryffindor."

Mr. Prongs is delighted with both the mother and the house, and would like to introduce his offspring to the Marauder's Map.

Mr. Wormtail finds it incredible that Mr. Prongs succeeded in his quest to marry Lily Evans, and asks Harry Potter on how this map was recovered from its previous two owners.

"I found it on the wooden bridge," admitted Harry "It must have fallen off. And what exactly is the Marauder's Map?"

Mr. Moony advises Mr. Potter to head to a secluded location.

Mr. Prongs affirms that when in a secure location, you are to tap the map with your wand and say I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.

Mr. Padfoot does tell Mr. Potter that to hide away the map, you must say Mischief managed.

Mr. Wormtail reminds Mr. Padfoot that the map must be tapped as well.

Harry looked at the words, memorizing them before placing the parchment, or the Marauder's Map as Mr. Prongs had called it, into one of his pockets. Harry entered the Clock Tower, intent on
heading towards the Gryffindor dormitory, but was stopped by the sudden appearance of Professor Lupin, who came out of the portrait of Damara Dodderidge.

"Good afternoon, Harry!" said Lupin upon seeing the young wizard.

"Good afternoon, professor." He replied.

"I see that you didn't go with the rest to Hogsmeade." spoke Lupin.

"I forgot to ask my grandmother to sign the permission." he admitted "There were just many things on my mind at the time."

"From what I heard and read, I can believe that." said the professor "Care to take a walk with me?"

"Sure." He said, having nothing more to do, excluding the whole map issue.

Harry and Lupin walked towards the wooden bridge, coming to a stop near its middle.

"I would have invited you for a cup of tea in my office, but I'm heard that you may be quite tired of tea leaves."

Harry looked at him, his expression clearly inquiring how the professor knew that.

"Professor McGonagall told me." said Lupin at the unspoken question "But I assume you are not worried about it, are you?"

"No."

"Really?"

Harry hesitated before answering.

"A bit…I guess." said the young wizard.

"You know Harry, when we had our first lesson, I had no intention of allowing you to face your boggart."

"What? Why?"

"Well, I assumed at the time, that your greatest fear would be Lord Voldemort." Said Lupin "I was proven wrong, but at the same time, of all the boggarts yours was the most intriguing."

Harry looked down, observing the birds passing below the bridge.

"I thought of Voldemort at first, but then I remembered the Dementor on the train." he said "I just don't know why that tower appeared. And that dark figure…I don't know what it was as well."

"Perhaps your subconscious was alerted by Professor Trelawney's predictions." suggested Lupin "But I'm afraid I myself don't know why the boggart behaved like that when you faced it. Perhaps, you have hidden fears, something that your mind has mostly forgotten. A childhood nightmare, for example."

Perhaps. But that did not explain what his boggart assumed three forms. And from what he had seen, Harry would much prefer just to have the Dementor as his boggart.

"Still, if you dismissed Voldemort so easily, thinking instead about the Dementors…then that
would suggest that what you fear most…is fear itself," said Lupin "A wise choice, especially since it was you who thought about them, and I assume that the Dementor was not a surprise."

"No but…that night on the train, when I fainted…I was too confused to understand what was happening…but now I think that I heard someone." He admitted, the whole situation on the Express being rather confusing to him "I'm not sure, but I think I heard someone scream my name…a woman, before I fainted."

"Dementors force us to relieve the worst memories of our lives." explained Lupin "Our pain, no matter how small it is, becomes their power."

"I'm not sure, but I think it was my mother…when she was murdered."

Lupin looked at Harry, as if examining him.

"You know Harry, the first time I saw you, I recognized you immediately. Not because of your scar, but because of your eyes, and I can guess you know who they belong to."

Harry looked at Lupin, wondering if he knew his mother, to which the professor answered once more, without hearing a single question. The man turned around, and went to the opposite side of Harry's, looking at the Black Lake in the distance.

"Oh yes, I knew her. She was there for me at a time when no one else was. We used to talk for hours, you know. Not only was she a much gifted witch, but an uncommonly kind woman." Said the professor "She could see the beauty in whoever she met, even when that person couldn't see it in themselves."

Harry smiled fondly at the description of his mother.

"Which may explain the affection she had for your father." continued Lupin "James had…a certain talent for trouble. A gift, rumour has it, he passed on to you."

Harry wondered how many rumours there actually were, of it was perhaps something Lupin had learnt from the other professors.

"I imagine my surprise when I discovered that you and your mother were part of a royal family." Said Lupin "James must have certainly know though."

"My grandmother told me that my mother wanted to keep it a secret." said Harry "At least until Voldemort was defeated."

"Understandable. It would have attracted more attention to you three." replied the Defence professor "I could tell you stories about them, and trust me, there are many, but know that they lived. Every moment of every day, and that's how they'd want to be remembered."

Harry went to the Great Hall, wanting to see if there was something else he could do. But as he entered the Entrance Hall, Harry was suddenly met with Professor Dumbledore, who had been speaking with the leader of Halberdiers.

"Ah Harry, care to join me in my office?" asked the headmaster upon seeing him.

"Erm…did something happen?" he asked nervously, considering the reasons for his last few visits to Dumbledore's office.
"Not at all." Replied the old wizard "It's something related to your parents and the current day."

Harry's eyes widened, and he silently followed Dumbledore to his office. Once there, he sat behind his desk, and invited Harry to sit as well.

"I received a letter from your grandmother." said Dumbledore "A rather exceptional witch, although I only met her personally a few times. I trust you are aware of the significance of this day, am I correct?"

"Yes, sir." replied Harry, knowing that it was on Halloween night, or All Saints' Eve as his grandmother liked to call it, that Voldemort had killed his parents, and tried to kill him as well.

"Your grandmother and I have been discussing over these last few week the transfer of your parents' remains to the Royal Pantheon, in your mother and grandmother's homeland." he explained "They have already been exhumed, and were already sent to Portugal, where they are currently lying in repose, waiting for the ceremony to be held."

That was surprising to Harry, as his grandmother had not mentioned anything related to his parents' reburial in Portugal. But still, it made sense considering that his mother had been the daughter of the Queen and his father had been the consort to her titles, much like his mother has been the Duchess consort of Inverness.

"I know bits of Imperial culture, and I know that they do not celebrate Halloween as we do." said Dumbledore, eating a Lemon Drop "I always thought that they have a much religious approach to things, especially in the east."

Harry snorted, knowing exactly how his grandmother was when religion was involved. She was zealous in both their practice and defence, but did not persecute any which did not held the same beliefs as she did, both in the muggle and wizarding world. But he was very aware of how seriously the citizens of the Empire regarded their religion.

"I am allowing you to join your grandmother for a somewhat extensive period, as per her request." said Dumbledore "There are a quite large amount of ceremonies that will be held, from what she told me."

Harry sighed, knowing that he would have little rest during the next few days.
Chapter 13 – Kyrie Eleison

Palace of Necessidades, Lisbon, Portugal

Having been accompanied by Dumbledore and the Halberdiers to outsider the wards of Hogwarts, Harry took the portkey given to him by Camilo Álvares, and was immediately transported to the official residence of his grandmother in Portugal. He appeared right in the Reception Room of the palace, where his grandmother was, apparently waiting for him. Luckily, Harry managed to keep himself standing after the instantaneous voyage, heading straight towards the Queen.

"Grandmother." he said, greeting the old woman, who was dressed fully in black, a veil covering her head.

"Good afternoon, Hadrian." said Maria, getting up from the armchair where she sat "A room has been prepared for you. Follow me."

Harry followed his grandmother, until the two reached an antechamber with several doors, the walls painted in red but the doors were white with gold decorations and magnificent paintings above each. Using her wand, Maria opened one of the doors, allowing Harry to enter the room. It was neither large nor small, having an adequate size, and it had a desk made of dark wood, clearly old, much like everything else inside the room. Yet there was no doubt about the fact that it was a room inside a palace, and harry noticed that above the bed was a normal portrait of a man he knew to be the King D. Carlos I, his great-great-grandfather.

On top of the bed was a black suit and a white shirt which would be what he would wear for the time until his parents were entombed.

"The suit there is for your use." Said his grandmother "Wear it, and meet me in the room where you arrived."

Harry nodded, and watched as his grandmother left, leaving him alone inside the room. Harry quickly undressed, before dressing the black suit. He left the room, heading towards the Reception Room, where his grandmother waited. She looked at him, seeing if he looked well in the suit, and after a few seconds, she mentally approved, and beckoned him to follow.

"Where will we go?" asked Harry.

"For today, we shall head to the Cathedral of St. Mary Major, where your parents are lying in repose." she said "This day shall serve as their wake. Tomorrow, we will travel to Nicaea, where a requiem shall be held for them, followed by Mozambique, Angola, and finally, Portugal."
Harry nodded.

"How will we travel there?"

"By plane."

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Cathedral of St. Mary Major, Lisbon, Portugal

Harry and his grandmother were under tight security, much like the cathedral itself and the coffins of his parents. Upon entering the cathedral, Harry immediately saw muggle Halberdiers inside, and there was a group of them near the altar, where the two coffins were. Harry walked towards the coffins, and there were some people sitting in the wooden benches there, paying their respects to the former Princess Royal and her consort.

One of the few who was there was a familiar face to Harry, the Prime Minister of Portugal, Anibal Cavaco Silva. But before greeting those present, both Harry and his grandmother went towards the two coffins.

Each was covered by the flag of the Habsburg-Anemas and Braganza dynasty – a white flag adorned with a thrice crowned double-headed eagle, and a shield on the eagle's chest, divided in a party per cross. On its top right, was the tetragrammic cross of the Palaiologos dynasty, alongside the fire steels as four Bs, representing the family motto, "King of Kings, Ruling over Rulers". On the top left was the Cross of St. George, representing the alliance of the Eastern Empire with the now defunct Republic of Genoa. On the bottom right was the emblem of the Archduchy of Austria, a symbol of the marriage of Archduchess Sophie Klementine von Habsburg-Lorraine to King Philip of Nicaea, his great-grandparents on his maternal grandfather's side. On the bottom left, was once more the tetragrammic cross of the Palaiologoi with the fire steels, but instead of being golden on a red background, it was blue on a white background, representing the House of Anemas.

And finally, in the honour point, was an escutcheon of Portugal, showing the union of Maria III and her late husband, Alexander I of Portugal and Nicaea. Behind the coffins were poles with other flags, but Harry paid less attention to those, taking the time to pray alongside his grandmother, in front of the two coffins, upon making the sign of the cross.

"O God, the life of the living, the hope of the dying, the salvation of all that trust in thee, mercifully grant that the souls of thy servants and handmaids, delivered from the darkness of our mortality, may rejoice with thy saints in perpetual light. Through our Lord." prayed his grandmother, in a near silent tone.

Harry on the other hand, had a much different prayer.

"O God, who dost command us to honour our parents; in Thy mercy have pity on the souls of my father and mother. Do Thou forgive them their trespasses and look favourably upon any good they may have accomplished. And when my hour shall come to pass from this life, grant me to see them again in the joy of everlasting brightness. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The two turned around, to joint hose who were already present. And while his grandmother spoke with the muggle Prime Minister, Harry was deep within his own thoughts, even when she introduced him to Carlos Delgado – the Portuguese Minister for magic, a strange sensation assaulting him. It was strange to be in the presence of his parents' remains, and to have them so close and so distant.
It was a sensation that he found to be unpleasant. He could only hope that these ceremonies would end quickly, for right now, despite the fact that he knew that he had to be present and pay his respects to his departed parents, the only place he wanted to be right now was Hogwarts.

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

"You think he's in the common room?"

"I have no idea Ron." replied Hermione "He could be in the Astronomy Tower, for all I know."

Ron and Hermione, much like the rest of the students that went to Hogsmeade had just returned from said village. Expecting to find Harry in the great hall, the duo was disappointed at the fact that he was not there.

"Why are there so many people in front of the Fat Lady's portrait?" wondered Hermione out loud.

"You think Neville forgot the password again?" asked Ron.

"Hey!" protested a voice from behind them.

Ron turned around, only to find Neville standing behind them.

"Oh, you're there…"

It seemed that more people were gathering around the portrait, and even the portraits around them were interested in whatever was happening. Ron and Hermione could hear Percy's voice, but with the noise they could not understand what exactly he was saying.

It was then that Ginny who was near the Fat Lady's portrait, came straight towards them, an alarmed look on her face.

"The Fat Lady…she's gone!"

And as the people began to step away from the painting, Ron and Hermione were able to see the gashes on the portrait, as if someone had slashed it. It was then the Dumbledore appeared, accompanied by Filch. The headmaster observed the damaged portrait, closely observing the gashes.

"Mr. Filch. Round up the ghosts." he commanded "Tell them to search every painting in the castle for the Fat Lady."

"There will be no need for the ghosts, headmaster." said the caretaker, pointing at an upper section of the Grand Staircase "The Fat Lady is there."

The students gasped, and began to run as fast as they could towards the painting that had been highlighted by Mr. Filch. Dumbledore had also moved towards the location fast enough that he outran some of the students. They reached a portrait with a hippopotamus, and behind it was a cowering Fat Lady.

"Dear lady, who did this to you?" asked Dumbledore to the woman.

It was clear that she had been affected by the attack, as she did not even rose from her hiding spot.

"Eyes like the devil he's got, and a soul as dark as his name!" she said terrified and half-sobbing "It's him headmaster, the one they all talk about. He's here, somewhere in the castle. Sirius Black!"
The students gasped, and Dumbledore's expression grew more serious.

"Secure the castle, Mr. Filch." He said in a stern tone "The rest of you, to the Great Hall!"

"Has the Owelry been searched and the Clock Tower sealed?"

"Yes headmaster." replied Filch "No sign of Black there or in the cave below."

Dumbledore nodded.

"The boathouse and the road connecting it to the paved courtyard are empty as well." Said Professor Sinistra, who had just entered the Entrance Hall.

"There is no sign of Black in the dungeons as well." said Snape who had arrived as well, accompanied by his fellow heads of house.

"We have found nothing as well." said Professor Sprout.

"Are all the students in there?" asked McGonagall, glancing at the Great Hall.

"Yes, and they shall remain here until tomorrow." declared Dumbledore "They can return to their common rooms then."

"Professors!" said a panicked voice, coming from the Great Hall.

The professors turned to see a group of Gryffindors heading towards them, amongst them Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger.

"Is something the matter Miss Granger?" asked McGonagall.

"Harry is not in the Great Hall!" said Hermione, clearly alarmed with the situation.

"What!?" nearly yelled McGonagall in panic as well.

Dumbledore then decided to intervene.

"There is no need for concern." He stated "Mr. Potter is safe. If he is well, I much doubt that."

"Albus?" questioned McGonagall.

"Mr. Potter has travelled to Portugal, to attend the funeral and burial of his parents." he explained "Their remains had been removed from Godric's Hollow, and were sent to Lily's homeland."

Both the professors and the students were relieved at the news, not being aware of Harry's temporary departure from Hogwarts.

"Regarding that, I would like to speak privately with Miss Granger and Messrs Weasley and Longbottom, in my office if you please." said Dumbledore.

The three Gryffindors looked at each other, before nodding and following Dumbledore into the Entrance Courtyard, and from there towards the headmaster's office.

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**Jerónimos Monastery, Lisbon, Portugal**

It was early in the morning, and Harry and his grandmother were already inside the Jerónimos
Monastery. Over the last few days, Harry and Maria had participated in at least three Requiem masses, and now they had finally returned to Portugal, for the final one before the burial of his parents. The coffins would be brought from the Lisbon Cathedral, but Harry wasn't sure when they would arrive.

Inside the monastery were faces which had become familiar to Harry during the last few days. One example would be the constant presence had been Crown Prince Otto of the now defunct Austria-Hungary, his wife Regina and his son Karl. Others who made their first appearance in the Requiem mass were Charles, the Prince of Wales and his wife Diana, representing Queen Elizabeth II. There were many others, both members of noble and royal families, but important politicians were present as well.

But out all those present, what Harry had not expected was the presence of both Ecumenical Patriarch Bartholomew I and Pope John Paul II. He had been told by his grandmother that both John Paul II and Bartholomew I had met privately and agreed upon leading the funerary ceremony together. It was a statement for the people, to know how the two churches had come together over the last two centuries. But the birth of his mother, born from the union of two heads of state, where one was publicly Orthodox and the other Catholic - at least to the muggles – had helped as well.

There had been no official statement of a full communion, but Harry believed that that was a possibility that could happen at least in a few years or a bit more. But the formal reunion of the two churches was something waiting to happen.

He was taken out of his thoughts by his grandmother, who was sitting right next to him.

"Hadrian, it seems a group of people you certainly know have arrived." she said, motioning towards a group of newcomers.

Harry looked towards the entrance of the church, and he immediately knew who they were, at least the majority. Harry got up from the bench and went towards them. He would certainly remember this as the most peculiar moment of all the Requiem ceremonies that he had attended until now.

"Good morning Mr. Habsburg." greeted Dumbledore "My late condolences."

It was a strange sight, to see Dumbledore wearing something other than his usually extravagant robes, but for a situation such as this, it was only appropriate. With Dumbledore were also McGonagall, Flitwick, Lupin, and, surprisingly, Snape. There were other three other adults with them, one which Harry recognized as Neville's grandmother, and one which was uncannily similar with Theodore. The last one was…strange, for he was similar in age to Dumbledore, but seemed to be more youthful than the man.

Other than them were also Ron, Hermione, Neville and Theodore himself. Harry noticed that the three were a bit uneasy with Theodore's presence, something which the Nott heir was certainly enjoying.

"Thank you, professor." he replied, still stunned by their appearance "But why are you all here?"

"We knew you parents very well Mr. Habsburg." Said McGonagall "Not only were we their teachers in Hogwarts, but we also developed a friendship over the years."

"I can understand that with you and professors Dumbledore and Flitwick, but I am certain that Professor Snape did not teach my parents."

"Your mother and I were once friends." said Snape "It is only right that I pay my respects to her."
"Oh." was Harry's only answer, before looking at the younger group.

"It was your grandmother who invited us," explained Hermione. "She knew that we were friends, and thought that you would like our presence here today."

Harry then looked at Neville and his grandmother.

"James and Lily…or Maria Theresa, were Neville's godparents." explained the Longbottom matriarch "Alice was also your godmother on your father's side. May I ask where your grandmother is?"

"She is over there, in the front row." Said Harry, pointing at the location.

Augusta nodded, and went towards the woman, the professors following and Harry's friends as well, leaving him alone with the two Nott and the old man.

"Marquess Averdale, I find myself surprised by your presence here." said Harry "I thought you and my father were not exactly on…good terms."

"You would be correct, but pure-blood protocol requires my presence in his funeral." Explained the man who was certainly uncomfortable to be in muggle territory "After all, we were cousins."

"Unfortunately, only you were considerate enough to follow the protocol." Said the old man, who moved towards Harry, extending his hand "We have not met before, have we Mr. Habsburg? I am Cygnus Black I, the current Duke of the Settford Isles, and head of the House of Black. Your great-great-grandfather on your father's maternal side as well."

"A pleasure to meet you, sir." said Harry shaking the old man's hand, surprised that he was still alive. The man was at least 160 years old or something, and he looked to be less old than Dumbledore.

"For all intents and purposes, I am a close relative to your father." He said "I know that the muggles are not used to wizard longevity."

They way Cygnus had spoken pretty much leaked of wizard supremacy, but he nodded regardless. Changing the mind of someone who could reach his third century was not exactly on his plans.

"Now, if you'll excuse me, I will greet your grandmother." said Cygnus, heading towards the Queen.

"I shall do so as well." said Theodore's father, following Cygnus, and leaving Harry alone with Theodore.

"Hadrian." greeted Theodore, extending his hand "My late condolences."

"Thank you, Theodore." replied Harry, shaking Theodore's hand.

"I admit I am impressed with this place." he said "Hard to believe that the muggles managed to build all of this centuries ago, especially without those weird machines they have that make a lot of noise."

Harry snorted at the comment.

"Anyway, shall we join the others?" asked the Nott heir.

"Sure."
At least an hour later, the church was filled with people, and both Harry and his grandmother had been informed that the coffins of Harry's parents were already being brought to the Jerónimos Monastery. Soon enough, the sound within the church had diminished when the entrance gates were closed, only for everyone to rise from their seats when they were opened again.

And so, with the two coffins, covered in the dynastic flags, finally inside the church, the last Requiem of Maria Theresa von Habsburg and James Potter began.

\[
\text{Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.}
\]
\[
\text{Et lux perpetua luceat eis.}
\]
\[
\text{Te decret hymnus, Deus, in Sion,}
\]
\[
\text{Et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem}
\]
\[
\text{Exaudi orationem meam}
\]
\[
\text{Ad te omnis caro veniet .}
\]

The procession was slow, in front of the coffins both the Pope and the Ecumenical Patriarch, and behind them an extraordinary amount of clergymen and state officials, who were carrying the two coffins. They walked slowly, at the pace of the Requiem, and Harry felt a sharp pang as the two coffins passed next to him, before the two were placed right before the altar.

Harry watched as the clergymen placed candles around the two coffins, and as the religious procedures were made.

\[
\text{Kyrie, eleison!}
\]
\[
\text{Christe, eleison!}
\]
\[
\text{Kyrie, eleison!}
\]

Harry was not sure of how many times "Kyrie, eleison" was repeated by the choir, but every time they did so he felt a strange sensation within him, but he was not sure of what it was. He did his best to ignore it, and to focus on the funeral ceremony. And as soon as the Kyrie was over, alongside the initial procedures, both the Pope and the Ecumenical Patriarch went towards the altar, and turned towards the people who were watching both, they made the sign of the cross, and for the first time in many centuries, these two figure spoke the Trinitarian formula in unison, and in a single language.

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti."

To which the people responded.

"Amen."

Monastery of St. Vincent Outside the Walls, Lisbon, Portugal
The Requiem took quite a while, much like the others, and now it was finally time to lay the remains of the two dead to rest in their final resting place. And so, they second ceremony was to made in the Monastery of St. Vincent Outside the Walls, where the Royal Pantheon of the House of Braganza was located, and where the majority of the Braganza monarchs of Portugal and their families were buried.

Harry's grandfather had been buried here as well, in a ceremony which had been adapted from that of the Habsburg dynasty, which Alexander wanted to emulate. And at Maria's wishes, her granddaughter was to be buried in the same way. And so, the entrance of the church was sealed, inside being only the auxiliary bishops of the Patriarchate of Lisbon.

In front of the entrance was a man dressed in black robes with a golden and silver chain of office around his neck, and on one of his hands was a small book, which Harry could not help but find similar to the menus from fancy restaurants. He looked at a man near him, and was handed a black and golden staff. He knocked at the door with the staff three times, and gave the staff back to the man. A voice was then heard coming from behind the closed doors, belonging to one of the auxiliary bishops.

"Who is there?"

The Master of Ceremonies opened the book on his hand, and began to read in a loud voice.

"Her Imperial and Royal Highness, Maria Theresa von Habsburg-Anemas and Braganza, Princess Royal of the United Kingdom of Portugal, Africa and the Algarves, Crown Princess of Nicæa, Archduchess of Austria, Grand Duchess of Russia, Duchess of Braganza and Guimarães, Marquise of Vila Viçosa, Countess of Guimarães, Arraiolos, Ourém, Neiva and Faria, Grand Mistress of the Order of Saint Michael of the Wing, of the Order of the Immaculate Conception of Vila Viçosa, and of the Order of Saint Isabel, Duchess consort of Inverness, alongside her husband James Potter, the Duke of Inverness and Prince Royal consort."

Seconds later, the voice was heard again.

"We do not know them."

The Master of Ceremonies knocked three times at the doors again with the sceptre, and the voice spoke once more.

"Who is there?"

The man read once again from the scroll.

"Maria Theresa von Habsburg-Anemas and Braganza with her husband James Potter, the Archdukes of Austria."

And once again, the voice responded:

"We do not know them."

For a third time, the Master of Ceremonies knocked thrice at the doors, and he was met with the same question.

"Who is there?"
To which the Master of Ceremonies finally replied:

"Maria Theresa and James. Two poor and sinful mortals."

After a few seconds of silence, the voice answered.

"Then they can enter."

The Master of Ceremonies stepped away from the door, and as it opened, the men who were carrying Lily and James's coffins proceeded to enter the church, alongside the few allowed inside, heading towards the Royal Pantheon which would hopefully be the final resting place of Harry's parents.

Author's Note:

The first time I actually wrote a funeral (part of it)...wow. The burial of Lily and James in King of Kings, Ruling over Rulers (REWRITE) does not count. I will also eventually create a page related to this event in the Harry Potter Fanon Wiki (possibly called "Funeral of Maria Theresa von Habsburg and James Potter"), so if you are interested in who was part of the ceremony, then when I actually create the page, go and check it out.

For those that do not know, Kyrie eleison means "Lord, have mercy."

The version of the Requiem (music) used in the mass was the one composed by Michael Haydn, officially known as the "Missa pro defuncto Archiepiscopo Sigismondo."

Also, when referring to Harry's mother, I may alternate between Lily and Maria Theresa.
Chapter 14 – The Alliance Grows

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

After the funeral, this had returned to normal. Harry had returned to Hogwarts right after the burial of his parents, and Hermione had helped him to catch up to all the classes he had missed when attending the Requiem masses. But as it is obvious, the magnitude of the event was also felt in the British wizarding world, and the day after the burial, the Daily Prophet, which was delivered to the majority of the inhabitants of Hogwarts, had said ceremony as the topic of its front page.

JAMES AND LILY POTTER FINALLY LAID TO REST IN A GRAND CEREMONY

BY I. LAWRENCE

Yesterday, the bodies of You-Know-Who's staunch opponents, James Potter and his wife Lily were buried after a ceremony realized in Portugal. This event is certainly related to the recent discovery of Lily Potter's true identity, who was born as Maria Theresa, sole child of Maria III, Queen of Portugal and her late husband Alexander, who was King of Nicaea and also of Portugal due to his marriage with Maria III. The events around Lily Potter's real identity go back to the Time of Troubles, a conflict which was solely restricted to mainland Europe, and her kidnapping as a newborn infant by the now-defunct terrorist group known as the Revolutionaries. Murdered by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, the bodies of James and his wife were taken from their resting place in Godric's Hollow, and brought to Portugal, where they remained lying in repose for several days, and at the same time, several funerary ceremonies were held in the countries which Lily, or Maria Theresa, would have inherited upon the death of her parents.

Young Harry Potter, his real name being Hadrian Alexander von Habsburg-Anemas and Braganza, according to the spokesperson of his grandmother Queen Maria III, attended the ceremonies, always accompanied by his grandmother, the Queen of Portugal, who is also the current non-imperial head of state of the Roman Empire, as the head of its Regency Council. Also present in the last ceremony were British figures such as Albus Dumbledore, Cornelius Fudge, Cygnus Black, Amelius Nott and his son Theodore. Amongst them were also people who were close to the Potters and his son. Public figures, both amongst wizardkind and the muggles included Charles, the Prince of Wales and his wife Diana; Pope John Paul II and several cardinals from the Vatican; Henry VII of Aquitaine and his wife Marie; Otto von Habsburg (current pretender to the Austrian throne) and several other members of the Habsburg-Lorraine family; Grand Duke Jean of Luxembourg and his wife Joséphine, and several others, including representatives from the Brazilian and German Imperial Families.

With the death of his mother, Crown Prince Hadrian Alexander is currently the head of the House
of Habsburg-Anemas and is bound to become the next King of Nicaea and Co-Regent of the Imperial State of Constantinople (in the muggle world). After the death of his grandmother, young Harry will also become the head of the Portuguese Royal and Russian Imperial houses, as these shall be incorporated into the Habsburg-Anemas dynasty, as well as the King of Portugal to both the wizarding community and the muggles, while he shall only become Emperor of Russia to the wizarding community. He is already the Duke of Inverness, inheriting the title from his father, a location in which the school of Hogwarts is curiously located. Speculation has risen over what regnal name the young prince shall take, with people already making bets over the names. The favourite being his own birth name, with others such as Alexander and Manuel not far behind. Curiously enough, the name of his father, James Potter, does not appear in the betting lists.

(to read more about the Potters and You-Know-Who, go to page 3)

(to read more about Harry Potter, go to page 7)

Harry could feel the eyes of the student body upon him, as they read the Daily Prophet. The Hufflepuffs looked at him with curiosity, much like his fellow Gryffindors, while the Ravenclaws either glanced at him or simply continued to read the newspaper. Slytherin on the other hand, either stared at him with blank looks, or were occupied with glaring at Draco Malfoy, for reasons unknown to Harry. In turn Malfoy sometimes glared at Harry with a little more hate than usual, and while the young Habsburg was oblivious to why Malfoy was behaving like that, he enjoyed the hate directed at him.

To have Malfoy riled up, was always enjoyable and amusing, especially when it proved to be beneficial to the "grand plan" of the Alliance. Speaking of which, Harry still had to see any of its members today. He had not even seen Ron or Hermione, but that was probably because he had woken up earlier than usual. And so, by curiosity, and while he still had time, Harry decided to check the pages indicated in the main article, yet those regarding his parent and Voldemort mentioned those things that were already known, while the ones who talked about himself were filled with speculation and rumours, facts being a rather absent trait.

He was pulled out of his thoughts when he saw that Ron and Hermione, accompanied by Neville had entered the Great Hall.

"But why were they singing?" asked Ron to Hermione "I mean, what that supposed to be a funeral?"

"Oh Ron, that's just how Christian funerals work…well, at least some of them. By the way, how exactly are funerals here?"

"Wizards just gather and speak a bit about the dead person." said Neville "Then they are buried."

Hermione looked a bit surprised.

"Really? Just that?" she asked quite incredulous "It seems…too simple."

Neville and Ron simply shrugged.

"You're a muggle-born, so you may know what they were singing, right Hermione?" asked Neville, who was curious as well.

"It's called a Requiem." she explained to the two "It's a…prayer to God so that the souls can rest, if I'm not mistaken. I don't know much about it."
They, who were approaching Harry, jumped at a sudden gasp.

"No! Can it be!?" said Harry in a dramatic tone "There is something Hermione doesn't now!? You must be an impostor!"

Ron sniggered, while Nevil snorted before calming himself. Hermione looked to be both amused and annoyed.

"Very funny, Harry." she replied "But I, am the real Hermione Granger."

"Really?" Then tell me something only the real Hermione would know."

Hermione looked around before speaking in a way that surprised the three boys.

"Bathroom, Myrtle, cauldron, hair, potion, cat hair, Slytherin, waste of time."

Only Harry and Ron understood what Hermione was mentioning, while Neville remained oblivious and confused.

"Yep, this is the real Hermione." said Harry jokingly "Anyway, I want to thank you three."

"Huh? For what?" asked Ron.

"For being there yesterday." replied Harry "I didn't even knew that you were coming."

"Oh, Harry, you don't need to thank you. We're friends." said Hermione.

"Yeah mate." spoke Ron "Dumbledore received a letter from your grandmother, inviting us to the funeral. He the day you left."

"Professor Dumbledore, Ron." corrected Hermione "No one knew where you were, and when the Fat Lady was attacked by Sirius Black…"

"Black was here!?!" interrupted Harry "Is that why Sir Cadogan is in her portrait?"

"Yeah. You were lucky to have missed him." said Ron "Everyone discovered about the attack after we returned to Hogsmeade."

"The Fat Lady's portrait was ripped apart." said Neville "As if it had been attacked by an animal."

"Well, Black's an animal, isn't he?" said Ron "I mean, he killed twelve muggles with a single curse. Not to mention that man…Pedigew?"

"Peter Pettigrew." corrected Neville "I was told that Black blew up the street with Pettigrew and the muggles."

"Yeah, that's the one." spoke Ron "I heard only a finger was left of him after Black killed him."

"What?" asked Harry "How is that even possible? There should have been bits of him scattered around."

Ron and Neville both were looking at Harry in confusion, while Hermione was seemingly in thought.

"That's true…" she said "Even in aeroplane crashes there are body parts amongst the wreckage."
"What an aeroplane?" asked Ron.

Hermione groaned in annoyance at the ignorance of wizards.

"Hadrian!" said a voice coming from behind them.

They turned around, allowing Harry to see who it was.

"Theodore." Replied Harry "What is it?"

"We need to talk..." he said glancing at the other Gryffindors "The others will be there too. The same place as before, after lunch."

Harry nodded, and Theodore left, heading to the Slytherin table.

"Erm…care to explain why you have meeting Nott lately?" asked Hermione.

Harry looked at them, wondering if he should include them yet in the Alliance. He especially looked at Neville, wondering if he should be inducted as well. Perhaps it would do him good.

"When's our next class?" he asked.

"We have nothing right now." said Hermione "So, care to tell us?"

"Follow me, then." he said "You as well Neville."

The three looked at each other, and were soon following Harry out of the Great Hall, and into the Grand Staircase.

Harry entered an abandoned classroom, the three other Gryffindors following him. Once inside, Harry closed the door, and used a privacy charm, preventing others from listening to their conversation.

"Before telling you what is happening, are you certain you want to know?" he asked "Because once you do, there is no turning back."

Harry watched as they once more looked at each other, before looking back at him.

"Yes." they answered in unison.

"Very well." sighed Harry "Theodore and I are part of group which intends to change a few things around Hogwarts. We founded it on the Express, and right now we have at least one member from each house."

"You think Nott can be trusted?" asked Ron "After all, he's a Slytherin."

"Trusted...It's too early to answer that, but I am certain that Theodore will not jeopardize the group." Affirmed Harry "After all, one of our goals is very beneficial for him."

"What are your goals then?" asked Hermione.

"First of all, the primary goal is the removal of Draco Malfoy from the hierarchy of Slytherin." Revealed Harry "With him out of the picture, there will be little opposition from Slytherin house to the group."
"You won't have much trouble with that." Said Neville, surprising those present.

"Why?" asked Harry.

"You noticed that only Nott, his father, and the Duke of Settford attended the funeral, at least on your father's side of your family, right?"

"Yes…"

"Traditional pure-blood protocol requires for all the living relatives of the person who died to at least attend either the funeral or the burial." explained Neville "Since your father descended from Duke Settford, it means that all living descendants of Settford are required to attend the funeral. Well, at least those who have not been disinherited or are incapable of that."

"Ok, but what does that have to do with Malfoy?" he asked.

"You are related to him by your Black blood. His mother is a Black." stated Neville before looking at Ron "You too Ron, but I think your Black relative was disinherited or something."

"Gran Cedrella." said Ron "Dad told me that she was cast out of the Black family for marrying into my family."

"Lovely family we have." said Harry, his voice dripping with sarcasm, before realizing something "Wait, that means we're...cousins of sorts!"

"Yeah...wicked!" replied his red-head friend.

Harry began to think about what Neville had told him, and he soon realized what had happened.

"Oh, I see." said the young Habsburg "So by not appearing, they breached the protocol."

"What will happen to them?" asked Hermione.

"The Malfoys and the Blacks are known for being great supporters of pure-blood supremacy and tradition, and to them, not attending the funeral of a relative is nearly as bad as marrying a muggle-born or a muggle."

"That's...wow..." said Hermione.

"So that's why the Slytherins were glaring at Malfoy during breakfast." mumbled Harry.

"They were?" asked Ron "Wish I could have seen that."

"You were in the Great Hall, Ronald." Said Hermione.

"Yeah, but I don't go the Great Hall to look at Malfoy." retorted Ron.

Hermione rolled her eyes, and looked at Harry.

"And what are your other goals?"

"For now, we want to create some sort of unity amongst the four houses." said Harry "It's more of an experiment, but we'll soon see if it works. So, the question now is if you want to become part of it."

"Anything to see Malfoy being put down." said Ron, to which Neville nodded in agreement.
Despite not having the strength of his fellow Gryffindors, he also wanted to see and be part of the fall of Draco Malfoy.

"I guess…" said Hermione "It would do well for Malfoy to be taught a lesson in humility, and house unity would be nice as well."

"So, you three are in agreement?"

"Yes." They replied.

"Good. Then take out your wands." said Harry, who took out his.

They did so, wondering what Harry and they were going to do.

"Place your wands like this," said Harry placing it in front of his face, pointing upward "answer me after I speak."

They nodded, following Harry's instructions.

"Do you, Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger, and Neville Longbottom, swear under the All-Seeing Eye of the Lord and on your honour to be faithful to the Alliance, to help it thrive and grow, to uphold our collective beliefs and to bring forth the union of the Four under the Alliance?"

"Yes." They responded.

"So be it. Then I, Hadrian, Grand Councillor of the Gryffindor branch of the Peverell Alliance, do so welcome you into our ranks." he declared "May our words be made reality."

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The Encyclopaedia:

**The Duchy of Inverness** - Created by the King of Scots, the Duchy was originally under the control of the now extinct Inbhirnis clan, and was eventually inherited by Iseabail Inbhirnis, who married Nicholas Potter, a great-grandson of the famous Linfred of Stinchcombe, and of the also famous Ignotus Peverell (most known due to the Tale of the Three Brothers). The title was soon inherited by Nicholas and Iseabail's son Antonius Potter, and after several generations it was inherited by James Potter.

**The House of Anemas** - Founded by Stephanos Anemas, a bastard son of Eastern Roman (Byzantine) Emperor Andronikos III Palaiologos, the Anemas family was given control of the region of Anatolia, and kept hold over said region until the present date. The Anemas would betray the Palaiologoi Emperors, siding with the Ottoman invaders, who would in turn allow them to remain as masters of the region of Anatolia. The lines of Anemas and Palaiologos would unite with the marriage of Symeon I Anemas and Theodora Palaiologina, daughter of the then exiled Andreas Palaiologos (son of Emperor Constantine XI) and Infanta Beatrice of Coimbra (legitimate granddaughter of King John of Portugal).

In a repetition of history, the House of Anemas would too betray their Ottoman masters as the instigators of the Nicaean Revolution (1790 - 1796), which would give way to the foundation of both the Kingdom of Nicaea and the Imperial State of Constantinople, both under Romanos I Anemas (who did not claim the title of Emperor, merely that of Co-Regent, alongside the Patriarch of Constantinople).

The Anemas dynasty would become de jure extinct with the death of King Philip I of Nicaea, but would remain extant de facto until the death of his son Alexander I, who was the founder of the
Habsburg-Anemas dynasty.
Chapter 15 – Anemas Palace

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

Time seemed to pass slowly to Harry and the other students of Hogwarts, but soon enough the Christmas season came. Harry had introduced Ron, Hermione and Neville to the other members of the Alliance, and had found it normal that their reactions were not exactly of someone surprised considering that Ron and Hermione had been his companions since his first year at Hogwarts. Neville's inclusion however, had been met with surprise, but the others were not much bothered, as he fell into Harry's jurisdiction.

Susan had managed to recruit Ernie Macmillan and Hannah Abbot, while Padma had succeeded in recruiting Anthony Goldstein and Michael Corner. The Slytherin branch was still only composed of Theodore, Blaise and Millicent, as Nott wanted the internal strife of Slytherin to calm down before attempting to recruit new members. Malfoy could still ruin things if he knew about the existence of the Alliance.

Yet disaster still struck him, as during a Quidditch game the Dementors had decided to pay a visit, and his Nimbus 2000 had a devastating encounter with the Whomping Willow. His first and only broom was now just a pile of wood. On the bright side, Snape now treated him neutrally and Harry began to see how useful the Marauder's Map was. Had he been a spy or something similar, it would be the equivalent of finding a gold mine. But it still was a valuable find, not to mention that it had belonged once to his father. So now he had two things from him – the cloak and the map. Well, three if he counted the Duchy of Inverness.

And with Christmas close, he made sure to sign his name on the list of students that would spend Christmas at home. It was rather pleasant and strange to think that this would be the second Christmas he would spend with close blood relatives, but it mattered little right now.

Soon, the last day of school came, and while Ron and Hermione remained at Hogwarts, Harry was amongst those that left the school on the Hogwarts Express, accompanied by Theodore and Susan Bones. A small group of Halberdiers were in the train, although the main group had remained at Hogwarts, on the lookout for Sirius Black. And when the train had arrived at the platform, the young Habsburg was met with his grandmother personally waiting for him there. And so, from there, the two side-apparated to Nicaea, where Harry would spend his Christmas.

Anemas Palace, Imbros, Nicaea

Instead of going to the Palace of Nicaea, Maria had brought Harry to another property of the House of Anemas, which was also one of the major touristic points of people that travelled to the country.
It had been constructed in the 17th century as an attempt at fusing Byzantine, Ottoman and Baroque architectures, producing a rather interesting result. It had been the second residence of the Anemas family, built after the fire that destroyed the first palace in the city of Nicaea, and they would only return to the mainland after the war for Nicaean Independence, building then the second palace.

There were a few exaggerated features, but that was to be expected, at least according to his grandmother. The one who had ordered its construction, Symeon II Anemas, the Bey of Anatolia, had been a rather eccentric man and a close friend of Sultan Murad IV, and the last Anemas to have good relations with the Ottoman Sultan.

Maria was not new to this palace, having spent a few weeks there after her marriage to Alexander, before she had been allowed to return to Portugal and the restoration of the Portuguese monarchy. She decided to take Harry for a tour, showing him the important locations of the palace, and after showing him sections of the palace such as the library, the dining room, the throne room, the mausoleum and the chapel, she took him to perhaps the most important chamber of the palace.

The room was enormous, and while the floor was decorated with rugs and there was also furniture there, the walls were completely free, for they had what Harry deemed as the most magnificent frescoes he had seen until now. There were several full-body representations of men, women and children, each with a banner below them showing a name, the date of birth and death.

"What's this place?" he asked mesmerised by the scenes painted on the walls.

"Your grandfather called it the Chamber of Kings, and this section of the palace is restricted only to members of the House of Anemas, and those authorized by them to enter. Not even servants can enter this room without our authorization," explained Maria. "Here are represented all the members of the House of Anemas and of the House of Habsburg-Anemas as well. The wizard who made this was a genius, for the magic within the walls can generate new frescoes based on a new-born in the family or a member by marriage. You and I are here, much like your parents."

Maria walked towards a section of the circular room and Harry followed her, the two approaching one of the representations.

"That's…me," whispered the young wizard.

Surrounded by leaves and tree branches, much like all the other characters in the mural, was a representation of Harry, dressed in a rather simple regalia. He was sitting on one of the branches, his right hand resting on his lap, holding his wand, while his left hand was holding some sort of scroll. The branch he sat on had 'Adrianos Alexandros von Habsburg-Anemas' carved in golden letters, the name written in the Latin alphabet, and below it was the year of his birth.

Harry looked where the branch he sat on went to, and as his eyes followed it, they finally reached the painting of his parents. His father's hand was on top of a shield which was right next to him. The shield was blue with a golden boat and the heads of a bull and a stag above the boat. His branch read 'Iakobos Potter', followed by the date of his birth and death. The fact that his father's name showed as Iakobos and not as James probably meant that the wall was enchanted to show only the Greek version of the names.

Next to him was his mother, who much like him sat on a branch, her wand on the right hand, although her left hand was also resting on her lap. The branch below her read 'Maria Tereza von
Habsburg-Anemas', and just like James it also had the date of birth and death. The branch then went towards his maternal grandparents, who were portrayed as younger versions of themselves, and both dressed in their respective regalia – Maria with the Portuguese one, and Alexander with the Nicaean one. It was then that something caught his attention.

"Grandmother, why don't you have a crown here?" asked Harry. "I mean…grandfather has one, so…why don't you have one?"

"It is supposed to reflect a tradition of the House of Braganza, which began when D. João IV was crowned as King of Portugal," explained the monarch. "After his coronation, he 'gave' the crown to the Virgin Mary, and declared her the 'Queen of Portugal'. After that, no other Portuguese monarch was crowned, only acclaimed."

"Oh," said the young teenager.

Harry then focused once more on the mural, looking at the branches and the representations of his ancestors.

"I'll leave you to your…examination of this room," said Maria. "I have to take care of a few things. Oh, and if you want to look closely at the frescoes above, tap the wall with your wand and say 'ascend'. To reverse it, just tap it again and say 'descend'."

Maria left the room with the smile of someone who knew something, but would wait for the other person to find out what the "something" was by themselves. And Harry, now alone inside the large chamber, took out his hand and tapped the wall.

"Ascend."

The section of the floor where he was rose from the ground, the platform floating without any support and out nowhere appeared stone railings, protecting him from falling off.

"What the - ?"

Harry looked downward, and noticed that he was now on a height above the furniture of the room. Turning around, Harry looked at the wall, now in front of Symeon II Anemas, who died in 1659, and his wife Leontia Trichas, who died two years later.

'I think I'm a bit too high,' thought the young Habsburg.

The three days after his arrival at the Anemas Palace were spent almost entirely in the company of Hedwig alone, as his grandmother was out doing…something. She had said that there were certain things regarding the government of Nicaea that she had to take care of important matters. She normally returned before dinner, and would leave as soon as it was morning, leaving Harry to his devices.

Harry took this time to enjoy a rather pleasant privilege he had – the lack of a ministerial trace applied to him, which was something that went against the privacy of the Royal family, and was a trait shared by the other royal families of the wizarding world – at least the reigning ones. The British ministry had been quite reluctant to remove Harry's trace in Britain, but they eventually had no choice but to avoid a diplomatic scandal.

And so, without the trace, Harry now was able to practice spells without any threat of expulsion from Hogwarts. But out of all spells he had searched and practised, there was one which stood at a
high priority - the Patronus Charm.

The books in the library were too vague on the spell, and most only spoke of how the spell worked, not how it was cast. In all, Harry couldn't simply care about Andros the Invincible and his giant-sized Patronus, he wanted to know how the spell was used so that he could defend himself against Dementors. Perhaps his grandmother could be of help.

But as he was lost in thought about the Patronus Charm, and owl suddenly entered the library through an open window, and landed right in front of Harry.

"Hello there," said the young wizard, noticing that it had a letter in its beak.

Harry took the letter, and as soon as he did so, the owl flew away, leaving Harry to unseal the letter on his hand.

---

To the Archduke Hadrian Alexander of Austria, Prince Royal of Portugal, Crown Prince of Nicaea, Grand Duke of Russia, Duke of Inverness, etc.

Due to your status as a member of the House of Black through your great-grandmother Elladora Black, I hereby invite you to a general meeting of the Black family, to be held in the Aphotic Tower, located in Aldencroft Isle, which is in turn located in the Settford Archipelago. There are several topics to be discussed in this meeting, amongst them the problem of inheritance in the Black family and the severe breach of protocol regarding your parent's funeral.

I strongly advise you to attend, and if you chose to do so, then tap this letter with your wand and say 'I plan to attend'. If not, then say the opposite.

Awaiting your answer,

Cygnus Black I

Duke of the Settford Isles

Grand-Magister of the Great Council

---

Harry looked at the letter, and began to wonder if he should go or not. He then had an idea, and grabbing a piece of parchment and a fountain pen, Harry began to write a letter of his own. Upon finishing it, Harry summoned a messenger house-elf, and sent him with the letter to his grandmother, telling the small creature to wait for a reply.

A few minutes later, the elf returned with two letters, one of them being the one Harry had sent. Harry took the two and dismissed the messenger elf, before reading the letter his grandmother had sent. There, she gave him authorization to attend, but only accompanied by at least two Halberdiers. He placed the letter on the table, next to the one sent by Cygnus, and the young wizard proceeded to tap the first letter with his wand.

"I plan to attend," he declared.

The words on Cygnus letter disappeared, only to be replaced by a new text. Harry grabbed the letter, and began to read.

---

As you have accepted, you are to head to the Leaky Cauldron on the twentieth day of this month, at
1 PM. There you shall meet your fellow peer Theodore Nott, and I believe you two are well acquainted. His father, Amelius, shall be there, and he will take you two to the Aphotic Tower, where the meeting shall be held.

And I would suggest that you come well dressed to the meeting. If I was you, then I would wear the traditional regalia of the Dukes of Inverness, which, if I am not mistaken, is stored in the Inverness Castle. A place your father seemed to dislike, for unknown reasons to me.

Awaiting your safe arrival,

Cygnus Black I

Duke of the Settford Isles

Grand-Magister of the Great Council

It seemed that Inverness Castle was his next destination. Still, he could not help but wonder why his father disliked the castle.

Well…perhaps he would find out soon enough

The Encyclopaedia:

Symeon II Anemas – Born in 1595, he was the Bey of Anatolia in the muggle world, and the Doux of Nicaea in the wizarding world. The son of Theodosios III Anemas and Anna Agallon, Symeon would marry Leontia Trichas and would have a single son with her, who would succeed him as Basileios III (or Basil III). He was also a close friend of Sultan Murad IV, and was the one who ordered the construction of the Anemas Palace.
Inverness Castle

Chapter by DarthImperius, DarthImperiusArchive (DarthImperius)

"Normal Speech"

'Thoughts'

"Other Language"

Chapter 16 – Inverness Castle

City of Inverness, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

There was a whole history behind Inverness Castle, and some of its most memorable moments involved Mary, Queen of Scots, and centuries later the shocking sight of the old and senile Thaddeus Potter running from the castle into town naked while his son Henry followed him, attempting to bring the old man back into the castle. The castle had passed through different hands, but eventually it ended up as part of the possessions of the Potter family, who also held the title of Duke of Inverness. The old castle had been the seat of the Dukes of Inverness since its acquisition, although the current duke's predecessor decided to instead buy a small cottage in England, finding the castle to be rather eerie.

No muggles were allowed inside the property, not even to visit, as while the castle's exterior was very well normal, its interior decoration was very much wizard. There were protection charms around it, and so it was protected from robberies and unfortunate events of the sort. When receiving any visits, the Potters usually used a special and small house in the outskirts of the city of Inverness, which was now little more than a ruin, after centuries of neglect, which began during the "blood-supremacist age" of the Potter family, which began when Elizabeth Potter, better known by her maiden name of Elizabeth Burke, became a widow, leaving her with the regency of the Potter possessions and her young son Zacharias Potter, at the time still an infant.

Said blood-supremacist ideals would die out several generations later when the enlightened Valerius Potter became the new Duke of Inverness. However, by then the Potter family had but abandoned some of its former practices, such as using the meeting house, and adopted new ones. Said new practices were introduced into the family by the blood-purist Potters, and would only die out when James Potter became the new duke.

Having been born in a generation when Voldemort was on the rise, it was not surprising that James Potter had tried to distance himself from anything that would possibly identify him as either a blood-purist or one of their sympathisers, and many traditions of the Potter family were usual amongst blood-supremacist families. In fact, there were many people that believed he had married Lily Evans just to make a statement. Nevertheless, James Potter only lived in the castle until he reached majority, using money from his personal vault to buy the cottage in Godric's Hollow, something which was supposed to be temporary, but a certain self-proclaimed Dark Lord got in the way.

And now, with the death of James Potter and the destruction of his cottage in Godric's Hollow, the de facto seat of the Dukes of Inverness had once again become the Inverness Castle, under his son Harry.
To the young Habsburg, the castle had a rather simple but elegant appearance. It wasn't too extravagant as the Anemas Palace or Hogwarts, and that appealed to him for some reason. He wanted to visit the castle alone, and while the Halberdiers had to accompany him to the castle, they didn't have to follow him inside. Ordering them to stay on guard outside, Harry entered the building, being the first living soul to step into Inverness Castle for more than a decade.

However, his first sight upon entering the castle was not a very pleasant one, as on the floor of the entrance hall was a tiny skeleton.

"Is this…a house-elf?" he wondered out loud as he approached the skeletal remains.

The skull certainly had a similar shape to that of Dobby's head, which indicated that this was most likely the skeleton of a house-elf. That meant that there could be more inside, and as Harry moved further into the house, he began to observe the dark lit rooms of the mansion. The dark clouds outside didn't help, and Harry had to use Lumos so that he could see things more clearly. The hallways had many portraits and tapestries, some of them empty, while others seemed to be normal portraits.

He walked past another house-elf skeleton, before entering a somewhat lit room, filled with many portraits, who unlike those in the hallway, were either awaken or out of their frames. However, not even his quietness made him invisible to the portraits which were awaken.

"Huh? Who are you boy?" demanded the portrait of a man with a rather interesting moustache and beard.

"Better not be a mudblood," said a woman focused on a book, which Harry recognized from several portraits at Hogwarts. If he was not wrong, he had seen a portrait of hers inside Dumbledore's office as well.

Harry glanced at her before answering the man. "I'm Harry, son of James Potter," he stated.

The man narrowed his eyes.

"Approach," he said.

Harry fully entered the room, approaching the portrait as the man scrutinized him.

"The features seem to be all there…something unusual about them though…" he mumbled. "Still, there's no doubt that you are one of us."

"I know you…" spoke the woman once more.

Harry turned around to face her portrait. "Excuse me?" he asked.

"You're in Hogwarts…a Gryffindor, unfortunately." she said with casual disdain. "One of Dumbledore's favourites, just like your father. Still…he half-redeemed himself in the end."

"What?" asked Harry rather confused.

"What dear grandmother Elizabeth is trying to say, is that while you father married a woman he and everyone thought to be a mudblood, it turns out she wasn't one," said the portrait of another Potter. "Wonder of wonders, turns out she was royalty."

"Hold on, you're him?" said the man which had analysed Harry before.
"Who do you think he would be Henry?" questioned another woman. "He's the last one alive!"

"I don't know Elladora, perhaps one of Charlus's spawn?" replied the man.

The name Elladora reminded harry of his conversation with Theodore, him mentioning that their great-grandmother was called Elladora Black. But what would a portrait of hers be in the residence of the Potters? It was her daughter who became part of the Potter family, not Elladora herself.

'Perhaps my grandmother placed her mother's portrait here?' suggested Harry to himself.

"I guess Fleamont and Euphemia would like to meet their grandson," mused Henry Potter, before turning to a pair of portraits near a window. "Fleamont, Euphemia! Your grandson is here!"

While Fleamont had been asleep, Euphemia's frame was empty, but soon the woman appeared returning from who knows where. Harry looked at her, and recognized some features that had been present in both Theodore and his father, and the two which stood out were the nose and the brown hair.

"Harry…you've grown since the last time I saw you," she said smiling before turning to the frame next to her. "Fleamont, wake up!"

The old man was struggling to maintain himself asleep, but the stern voice of his wife had been enough to fully wake him up.

"For goodness sake Euphemia, can't an old man sleep?" protested Fleamont.

"I believe that our grandson is more important than your day long nap," retorted the woman.

Harry looked closely at the two, his memories from the Mirror of Erised resurfacing. The two had been there, although Harry was unable to see Fleamont's knees since they were covered by the man's cloak.

Fleamont's eyes widened before moving his head to stare at Harry. "Harry! Dear child, it's been a long time since I saw you!"

"How long?" he asked.

"We last saw you that night when your parents were attacked by that freak," revealed Euphemia. "Our frames in that house were destroyed so we became restricted to this place and a few others. I've been hearing a lot about you from my nephew and his son."

Harry immediately assumed she was talking about Theodore and his father, which possibly meant that there was a portrait of Euphemia in the residence of the Nott family.

"So, you've had your lovely reunion. Marvellous," said the portrait of another man in a dry tone. "May we know why you decided to visit this place just now?"

"I concur with Symmachus's question," said Henry, entering the portrait of his son. "Where in Merlin's name have you been?"

Harry however, was unable to answer, as another voice did so for him.

"Muggles," stated Elizabeth, her voice filled with disdain. "He was placed with muggles by Dumbledore."

"Why in the name of sanity would you be placed with muggles?" demanded Henry. "Especially
considering who you are! And how exactly do you know that?"

The last question had been directed at Elizabeth, and the woman turned towards Henry.

"I have a portrait inside his office," she reminded him. "Are you forgetting that I was headmistress
of that school and died holding the position?"

Henry huffed at Elizabeth's statement.

"Dumbledore said there was some protection that involved blood and required me staying with
them," explained Harry. "But he never elaborated on that. But since we are not related, I have no
reason to stay with them anymore. Especially now that I live with my other grandmother."

"Dumbledore has the irritating tendency of keeping many details secret," commented Fleamont
"But still, we want to know why exactly you came here."

"I was invited to a meeting of the Black family, and Cygnus Black advised me to go dressed using
the regalia of the Dukes of Inverness," said the young Anemas. "He said that it was stored here, in
the castle."

"Cygnus would be correct, although I'm surprised that he's still alive," said Thaddeus. "Since you
are the current Duke of Inverness, you are free to use it and this castle as well. Unless this place
has been robed, which I am sure it hasn't, you will find the regalia inside the armoury, in the
basement."

"How do I get there?"

"The door next to the empty vase leads to a stairwell," answered Thaddeus. "Use it and you'll find
the armoury."

Harry nodded. "Thank you," he replied.

Harry followed Thaddeus's instructions, and he soon discovered the armoury. True to its
designation, there were many armours and other old weapons inside, many of them sporting marks
of use and damage. It was clear that many armours had been used in combat, but they were not
Harry's reason for being down there. Inside a small chamber, behind a metal gate, was the regalia.
There were three sets, which Harry unable to recognize, which led to him returning to the portrait
room to ask for help. His grandfather had explained it to him, and so he returned to the armoury,
now somewhat capable of distinguishing between the three sets.

The one on the left, was the one used in the coronations of the British monarch, so using that one
for the meeting was out of question. The one in the middle was the main regalia of the Dukes of
Inverness, pretty much just there for display, although it was usually used when attending events of
great importance, such as marriages. The last was the robe used in sessions of either the House of
Lords in the muggle world, or the Wizengamot in the wizarding world.

"Why wasn't Black more specific in the bloody letter?" grumbled Harry.

Eventually, Harry decided to use the regalia in the middle, thinking it to be more appropriate for
the whole affair. And Cygnus did suggest the "traditional regalia", so he was most likely referring
to the one in the middle.

But then, a thought came to his mind.
"Hold on…I'm too small for this thing!"

Harry looked at the clothes, and he decided to try the Inverness regalia. As soon as he was fully dressed, the regalia began to shrink, until its size was perfect for him. Needless to say he was surprised.

"Well, I guess that's convenient."

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**The Encyclopaedia:**

**Elizabeth Potter (nee Burke)** – Daughter of Acateon Burke and Flavia Malfoy, she married Andronicus Potter and was headmistress of Hogwarts. An outspoken blood-supremacist, Elizabeth was also the mother of Zacharias Potter, and it was her actions that made her son and the Potters that followed to be blood-purists as well, which led to the shift from Ravenclaw house, by then the main house at Hogwarts to where the Potters were sent, to Slytherin house.

**Symmachus Potter** – Son of Pelagius Potter and Margaret Slughorn, he married Catherine Selwyn and the two had a son, called Procopius Potter. A member of Slytherin house, he was the great-grandson of Zacharias Potter.

**Valerius Potter** – Son of Ignatius Potter and Agatha Longbottom, he married Helvia Crouch and the two had a single son, Thaddeus Potter. Ignatius's carelessness in the raising of his son made Valerius seek out other sources of learning, which led to his lack of blood-supremacist ideals. A Slytherin student at Hogwarts, he was Grand-Magister of the Great Council, and upon his death his successor-elect was Cygnus Black I.
The Aphotic Tower
Chapter by DarthImperius Archive (DarthImperius)

"Normal Speech"

'Thoughts'

"Other Language"

Pre-Chapter Note: The word 'Anemid' is the "adjective form" (I think this is the correct designation) of Anemas (ex. Anemid dynasty).

Chapter 17 – The Aphotic Tower


The day had finally arrived, and so with his grandmother's blessing, Harry had travelled to the Leaky Cauldron, fully attired in the Inverness regalia, this time accompanied not by the Halberdiers, but by two members of the Varangian Guard, which had been revived by Romanos I Anemas upon the creation of the Kingdom of Nicaea. And while the Halberdiers were fully loyal to his grandmother, the Varangians' loyalty was not to his grandmother, despite the fact that she was the Regent of Nicaea, but to him, who they recognized as the sole legitimate yet uncrowned monarch of Nicaea and Constantinople.

To them, he was the King, and they treated him as such.

Once inside the pub, Harry looked around, noticing that it was somewhat empty, despite being lunch hour. The people who were inside glanced at him, and while the majority recognized him, they simply returned to their own affairs. But from the kitchen of the Leaky Cauldron came Tom, and as soon as his eyes fell on Harry, he gave a small jump and hurried towards him. He recognized those clothes, having seen old Fleamont wear them a couple of times.

"Your Grace, welcome to the Leaky Cauldron," he said. "I assume you are looking for His Lordship The Marquess of Averdale."

Harry was a bit stunned by the sudden formality, but he immediately recovered.

"Yes," said the young Anemid "Is he here?"

"Indeed," replied the barkeeper. "His Lordship is inside the basement. He arrived a few minutes ago."

Harry was somewhat relieved, as he thought that he kept Theodore's father waiting for too long.

"Thanks Tom."

"It was nothing, your Grace," said Tom before returning to the counter "Have a good day."

Already knowing where it was, Harry went towards the basement, followed by the two Varangians. Upon entering the antechamber of the basement's storage room Harry saw both Theodore and his
father Amelius. The older Nott was dressed in his own regalia, which, in Harry's humble opinion, was not as impressive as his own. Theodore on the other hand, simply wore a set of aristocratic-like robes.

"Your Grace, we meet again," greeted Amelius, extending his hand.

"Marquess Averdale," replied Harry, shaking the man's hand. "I hope I didn't kept you waiting."

"Not at all," said the man.

Harry turned towards his classmate. "Theodore," he greeted, receiving a nod from the Slytherin.

"Your Grace," said the young Nott.

"I would take you now to the Aphotic Tower, but a problem has arisen," declared Amelius.

"A problem?" asked Harry concerned.

"Not of great importance, but Cygnus had the foresight of this eventuality," said Amelius. "It is dangerous to side-apparate with more than three persons, and as you may have noticed, you are accompanied by your bodyguards. Cygnus realized that your grandmother would want you to be protected by them, but when he did so, the letter had already been sent."

"Oh… So, how exactly are we going to get there?"

Amelius grabbed a scroll from a nearby table. "With this," he said, handing the scroll to Harry. "A portkey to Aldencroft. It will transport you to a location near the town, but close enough to the meeting place."

Harry eyed the scroll. "How do I activate this?"

"Simply say 'toujours pur'," replied the older Nott.

Harry simply nodded.

"Theodore and I will apparate now to the meeting area," stated the Marquess of Averdale "We shall meet again there."

Theodore grabbed his father's arm, and Harry watched as the two disappeared with a crack. Harry turned around, and presented the scroll to the two Varangians.

"Sire?" asked one in confusion.

"This will bring us to the place of the meeting," explained Harry, also in Nicaean Greek.

The men nodded in acknowledgement, and took hold of the scroll.

"Toujours pur."

---

**Aldencroft, Aldencroft Isle, Settford Archipelago**

When Harry arrived at Aldencroft, he made sure to examine his surroundings. His current location was…strange, to say the least. He could see a small town in the distance, but the road which led there was distorted, almost as if it had been designed by a drunken architect. But as he continued to stare at it, Harry came to realize that that was not a road, but a natural path. There were stone
railings, placed there for protection, and as he looked downwards, he noticed that below him was the sea.

"What kind of island is this?" he wondered out loud.

"A landmass affected by magic storms," replied a female voice, making Harry and the Varangians turn around, their wands pointed at the woman, who raised her arms in defence. "I mean no harm, so if you don't mind, please lower your wands."

Harry looked at the woman, before telling the guards to lower the wands, who did so reluctantly.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Andromeda Tonks, a former member of the Black family." She answered. "I work for the Ministry as part of the Department of Magical Research. And I was also sent here by the Duke of these isles to direct you to the tower."

"Former member?" asked Harry in confusion.

"My dear parents disinherited me because of my marriage to a muggle-born," she explained as if it was something normal, which in the British wizard society, was in fact normal. "Still, the old Black, as conservative as he is, still decided to invite me for this meeting, for reasons he kept to himself."

"Oh… And where exactly is the Aphotic Tower?"

"If you follow me, I'll take you there," she declared.

Harry nodded deciding to follow the woman. But there was something that was still on his mind.

"You said something about magic storms before," he spoke. "What exactly is a magic storm?"

"There are places where there is a high concentration of unfocused magical energy. Sometimes, that unfocused magic gathers and an event known to us as magic storm happens," explained Andromeda. "Magical storms are highly dangerous to both wizards and muggles, and standing too close to one can have drastic consequences, such as fading in and out of existence."

"And this place still has those storms?" asked Harry worried.

"The concentration of wizards in the islands around this one made it so that the unfocused magic was slowly absorbed by the wizards who lived there. They all had a temporary increase in the potency of their spells, but soon the unfocused magic became fully stable, and it became mixed with the background magic present within the wizards."

"But there are other places with storms, right?"

"Of course! The centre point of the Bermuda Triangle houses the oldest, most dangerous and potent magic storm in all of this planet." said Andromeda "There is a colossal pillar of blue magical energy in the exact middle, very similar to a tornado. It's pretty when you first see it, but then you only want to get away from it and never return. The muggles can't see magical storms though."

Harry snorted, remembering the words of Stan Shunpike.

"They don't see nothing, do they….?"
Aphotic Tower, Aldencroft Isle, Settford Archipelago

Eventually, they arrived at a secluded area of Aldencroft Isle, where the twisted paths united into a single one, which went straight towards a cave entrance. Harry and the guards followed Andromeda inside, all of them casting Lumos.

They soon reached a cylindrical-like section of the cave, and Harry's eyes fell on top of the structure in front of him. In the middle of the pit was a thin, tower-like building, its architecture mimicking that of ancient Egypt. Looking down at the pit, Harry realized that part of the tower was submerged, yet he continued to follow Andromeda, as she descended through a stone staircase, also with railing to prevent anyone from falling into the water pit below. There was a single hole in the cavern ceiling, from which the sunlight came through.

"Welcome to the Aphotic Tower, your Grace," said Andromeda. "A mausoleum for the Black family, but also where the Blacks meet in certain occasions, such as this one."

"It's…incredible…but, a bit small for all those things," he commented.

Andromeda smiled and went towards the stone door of the tower, the coat of arms of the Black family represented there. She touched the door with her wand, and recited the family's motto. As soon as she did so, the door became transparent, and Harry's eyes widened upon seeing Andromeda pass through the transparent stone. He hesitantly moved forward, half-expecting to meet a solid wall, but instead he passed through the transparent wall, entering tower.

The interior was rather magnificent as well, despite the small size of the tower, and Harry soon realized that he was simply in the entrance of the actual Aphotic Tower, as in the middle of the chamber was a stairwell, giving access to the depths of the structure. The Varangians entered the tower, and as soon as they did so, the door became solid again. The four descended through the stairwell, reaching a small corridor with false doors, decorated with hieroglyphs, and a small section with names and dates, written in English. This either meant that those false doors were memorials, or behind them were the remains of deceased members of the Black family.

"Is this where they are buried?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the witch. "But this is just one section of the tomb. There are many others in this level and below."

Harry looked at her in confusion.

"How many levels are there?"

"Too many."

They had reached another chamber, except this one was not as empty as the others. Inside were the Nott family and two other people Harry didn't recognize. However, it seemed that the other two were not very pleased with Harry and Andromeda's arrival.

"What are those two blood-traitors doing here?" shrieked a woman.

"Hello to you as well Walburga," said Andromeda dryly. "Much like you I was invited to this meeting by old Cygnus himself. As a member of the Black family, the Duke of Inverness was invited as well."

"But you were cast out of the family," stated Amelius. "Why would the head himself invite you to this meeting?"
"Perhaps Duke Settford will reveal his intentions to us when the meeting starts, no?" suggested Harry.

"I agree with His Grace, although the meeting has already started.. There's no use in insulting both my wayward daughter and the young duke," said the man next to Walburga, who the approached Harry. "Your Grace, I am Cygnus Black III, brother to Walburga here."

"Greetings sir," replied Harry. "I think you were mentioned in the Wizarding Genealogy."

"Me and the rest of the family."

It was then that Harry realized something that the man had said.

"What, the meeting has already started?"

"Of course, but as per tradition…we are fashionably late," declared Cygnus Black III.

Amelius went towards a door and knocked two times, before stepping away. The door opened, and from inside came a man with a scroll on his hand.

"The last ones, I assume?" he asked.

"Perhaps, perhaps not..." said Amelius.

"Well, in any case...your names?"

"Amelius Nott and my son Theodore."

"Check."

"Cygnus Black III and Walburga Black."

"Check."

"Andromeda Tonks."

"Check."

"Hadrian von Habsburg-Anemas."

"And...check," declared the man. "It seems that you are indeed the last ones. Oh, and Your Grace...the most excellent Duke of Settford said that your bodyguards cannot enter the meeting room. They'll have to stay out here."

Harry huffed, but he could not simply go against the rules of this place.

"Fine," he said, before turning to the Varangians.

"Stay here, and guard this chamber," he ordered, before following the others inside.

It was time for the meeting.

Author's Note:

The cavern where the Aphotic Tower is located, was based on the Egypt level of Tomb Raider Anniversary, more specifically, the chamber where the Obelisk of Khamoon was.
Settford Archipelago – Also known as the Settford Isles, the Settford Archipelago is a mostly unplottable region of Britain, located near the coast of Yorkshire. It consists of several islands, and is one of the few places in Britain solely inhabited by wizards. A few uninhabited isles are not enchanted, in order to give the muggles a way of knowing that Settford exists. It was granted as the Duchy of the Settford Isles to an ancestor of Cygnus Black I, who is now the current duke.

Magic Storm – An occurrence that involves a large amount of uncontrolled magic, not in tune with the background magic that wizards draw their power from. A magic storm has catastrophic results to the affected area, and much like normal storms, it occurs only under certain circumstances. An exception would be the one in the Bermuda Triangle, which is constant and has no foreseeable end.

The Aphotic Tower – An old structure created in the 12th century by the Black family, with the intent of housing their dead inside. It suffered several changes in its architecture, and eventually the Black family settled into the Egyptian style. A heraldic version of it is featured in the Settford Coat of Arms.
Chapter 18 – A Dark Meeting

Aphotic Tower, Aldencroft Isle, Settford Archipelago

The meeting room was basically a miniature arena, and to those member of the Black family that had been inside the courtrooms of the Ministry of Magic, they could see the resemblance between the courtrooms and the meeting chamber. On the highest platform, sitting on a wooden throne-like chair was Cygnus Black I, silently observing the members of the Black family which had already arrived and were doing their best not to look at his apathetic gaze.

The doors opened, and the announcer entered the room, a scroll on his hand, attracting the attention of all inside.

"Announcing the arrival of the Marquess of Averdale, Amelius Nott, and his son Lord Theodore Nott."

The two entered the room, receiving nods of acknowledgement from those inside.

"Announcing the arrival of Mr. Cygnus Black III and Madam Walburga Black," he spoke.

The two Blacks entered the room, also receiving nods of acknowledgement.

"Announcing the arrival of Mrs. Andromeda Tonks," he said, followed by gasps of surprise and shock.

Why in Merlin's name was she here? Andromeda had been cast out for her treachery to the blood of the Blacks, so why had Cygnus invited her? Still, those inside were smart enough to remain silent as the woman entered the room as well.

"Announcing the final arrival, His Imperial and Royal Highness, The Crown Prince of Nicaea and Prince Royal of Portugal, Archduke Hadrian von Habsburg-Anemas, the Duke of Inverness."

Many heads suddenly snapped towards the final arrival, not quite believing that Harry Potter was there, especially a certain member of Slytherin house that did not exactly have a good relationship with him.

"Why is Potter here?" demanded Draco Malfoy, outraged by Harry's appearance and confused by his attire.

The voice of Cygnus Black I resonated through the chamber, making the idiotic Malfoy shiver with fear. "He is here, because I invited him," he stated. "I advise you to keep your spawn silent Narcissa, or I shall personally take care of that."
"I apologize for my son's imprudence, your Grace," said the woman.

Harry could not remember if he had seen Narcissa Malfoy before, so he treated this moment as their first encounter. And as he looked at mother and son, he noticed that there were very few visible physical traits of Narcissa on Draco. It seemed that the little bastard was truly a near-clone of his father.

"Be quiet Draco!" hissed the woman at her son, who simply looked down in embarrassment.

"Now...it's time to arrange your positions," declared Cygnus. "Duke Inverness and Marquess Averdale, your seats are on the row below mine. Young Theodore shall sit next to you, Averdale."

The three nodded, and moved to their respective seats.

"Now, the rest. As both the second and third generations counting from mine have all died out, then the fourth generation shall occupy the row below that of Duke Inverness and Marquess Averdale," spoke Cygnus Black I. "Dorea, Cassiopeia and Pollux, if you please."

The three nodded, and moved to the seats in the row indicated by the Black patriarch.

"Now, Walburga and Cygnus, the row below is yours," he declared. "Followed by Narcissa and Andromeda on the row below...and finally Draco Malfoy in the row below yours."

The rest moved towards their seats, and Harry noticed Narcissa give a nod to Andromeda, which surprised the other woman.

"Let the meeting begin," declared Cygnus, as a small hole appeared in the middle of the room, and as a small table with a large book emerged from said hole. He waved his hand, and the book opened on a blank page. "Now...I maintained the reasons of this meeting in secrecy from most of you...but I assume that the majority knows exactly the main reason why you are here...am I correct?"

They remained in silence, and both Harry and Amelius watched the situation carefully.

"Never in my life...have I witnessed such a blatant, profound and repugnant disrespect for the sacred traditions of our society!" bellowed Cygnus, resulting in a near-collective flinch. "You have always claimed to follow the 'old traditions' of our community...you even supported that murderous lunatic which destroyed countless pure-blood families during his so-called purification of the Wizarding World...and because of a simply grudge...you failed to attend the funeral of a member of this family?"

Harry noticed that while many of the Blacks looked terrified, Malfoy looked both confused and terrified.

"Out of everyone here, excluding Duke Inverness for obvious reasons, only Amelius, Theodore and I appeared in the funeral of James Potter and his wife," he spoke. "This obviously doesn't apply to Andromeda, since she was cast out from the family. But why did you not attend? Was it because of the muggles there? Because James Potter and his wife were key instruments in the defeat of the Dark Lord? Because the woman known to you all as Lily Potter was believed to be a mudblood?"

Theodore was certainly enjoying the whole affair, Harry noticed. He did not know why, but the future Marquess of Averdale had a rather strange sense of humour and enjoyment.

"The Daily Prophet may have shown your lack of action to the world, but while some would believe that a simply humiliation is enough, I want you to be reminded that I am not a simple man.
I want you to be reminded that unlike Albus Dumbledore, I am not so lenient with people... especially with traitors of blood."

Harry saw the paling faces in those on the rows below him, and he could understand why. Even Amelius, Theodore and Andromeda were surprised at what Cygnus had just done. The old man had just declared the present Blacks to be blood-traitors, perhaps the greatest insult amongst the wizarding community, next to that of "mudblood".

"As of now, you and your progeny are all barred from succession in the headship of the Black family, as well as the inheritance of the title which I currently hold, alongside its subsidiary ones," he declared. "The position of Duke Settford as of now is only eligible to be inherited by either the descendants of my deceased daughter Euphemia, which means that as of now, only Amelius, Theodore and Hadrian are eligible to inherit the position."

If Harry wasn't so mesmerized by the situation, he would have laughed in amusement at the look of horror in the face of Draco Malfoy.

"In fact, out of you all, I am most disappointed in you Dorea, considering that that your husband and child were members of the Potter family," said Cygnus.

The old woman looked down in shame, more disturbed by being reminded of Charlus and Alfred than having been removed from succession.

"Now...I can see the outrage, shame and terror in your faces...so I believe it is time to increase them a bit," said Cygnus, who received looks of unwanted anticipation. He looked at Andromeda, and the woman could only gulp in nervousness. "I know how we all were affected by Andromeda's decision to marry a muggle-born. I allowed your parents to banish you from the family, but knowing how much this will irritate you and your relatives, I henceforth declare your reinstatement in the House of Black, but the privilege of succession is also revoked from you and your descendants."

Oh, Andromeda was irritated, but not because he had removed her as well from succession. She was irritated because of that man's decision to place her back amongst the Blacks, something she had been happy to leave behind after marrying Ted. And Cygnus knew it very well.

"Now we move to another topic...who will be my successor," said Cygnus. "In normal circumstances, the title would have been inherited by Sirius, as per the male-preference primogeniture laws of succession. However, since he has been incarcerated, he was immediately disqualified for the title, much like Bellatrix. As such, the condition also fall to any children they may have."

It appeared that Cygnus was making sure that there were no loopholes that the Blacks could try to use.

"Therefore, as I stated before, only those who are descended from Elladora can inherit the title, and since we are still following the laws, the upon my death, the title of Duke of Settford and all its subsidiary titles will be inherited by the progeny of Elladora's first son, Demetrius Nott."

Harry noticed the pleased look on both Amelius and Theodore.

'It seems that someone's getting a promotion,' thought the young Anemid.

"Amelius, as of now, you are officially my heir apparent," said Cygnus to the Marquess "In the event of your line coming to extinction, the position will be inherited by your Aunt Euphemia's"
"Thank you, your Grace," said Amelius. "It is an honour."

Cygnus simply waved his hand, and many jumped as suddenly the book in the middle on the room close shut, although Harry saw for a moment that the blank page had been written on.

"This meeting is over," declared Cygnus, before turning towards Harry. "Inverness, I would like to speak with you in private."

Harry simply nodded, wondering what Black wanted.

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"I assume you were surprised by what happened today?"

Harry and Cygnus had entered a small room next to the meeting chamber, each sitting on a chair.

"Somewhat," admitted the young prince. "When you mentioned that you would speak about them not going to the funeral in the letter, I thought that they were merely going to be scolded or something. I'm more surprised about that woman, Dorea. I didn't know that she married into the Potter family."

"Ah yes, quite a few decades ago," said Cygnus. "They only had a single child, a son called Alfred, named for his great-grandfather Alfred Potter, who was the youngest son of old Thaddeus. The two were killed during the war against the Dark Lord, although Alfred did have a son called Matthew, named after his own great-grandfather. He was born a few months after you, if I am not mistaken."

"What happened to him?"

"At Alfred's request, his mother took him away from Britain, and fled into Imperial territory," he revealed. "No one knows where they went, but according to the family tree they are still alive. And it was a good decision, for not long after their departure, Charlus and Alfred were attacked by the Dark Lord and his followers. According to a Death Eater who defected to Dumbledore's side, the Dark Lord tried to force them to reveal the location of your parents' secret hideout, but he was denied."

'They died because of us then,' thought Harry bitterly.

"It was useless anyway, as you three were protected by the Fidelius Charm…"

"The what?" asked Harry.

Cygnus sighed. "It is a powerful and much complex spell, which culminates in the concealment of knowledge inside the soul of someone, this someone being what people call the Secret Keeper," he explained. "It is impossible to force someone to give up the secret, and it has to be done willingly, without any kind of outside pressure. And as I am sure you may have realized, it seems that both James and your mother made a rather poor choice in their secret keeper."

"Why? Who was it?" asked Harry, wanting to know who exactly had betrayed his parents.

"None other than the one who escaped from Azkaban and I mentioned in the meeting," replied the old Black. "Sirius Black."

"H-He was the one who told Voldemort where we were hiding?"

Harry noticed the lack of flinch upon saying Riddle's chosen name, and in turn, Cygnus noticed
that Harry had just said Voldemort's name without any problem.

"Why…why would they chose someone who was a follower of Voldemort?" asked the young wizard confused.

"Because Sirius kept his true allegiances secret. But that was just another mistake from your parents regarding him."

"Another mistake?"

"Quite so, but…don't you know what Sirius is towards you?" questioned Cygnus with alarm.

Harry simply shook his head, receiving a sigh in return.

"Inverness…Sirius was chosen by your parents to be none other than your godfather."
Chapter 19 – Before the Return

Nicaea

If there was someone Harry hated more than anyone and anything else, right now that mantle would have belonged to none other than Sirius Black. Less due to the fact that he had been a follower of Voldemort, but because he had betrayed his parents, and by doing so he had allowed them to be murdered. Worse was the fact that he had been chosen to be his godfather, and was actively trying to kill him.

But Harry was not stupid. He was not foolish enough to think that he would be able to engage an older dark wizard in combat, especially one who had an actual body and was very well capable of harming him. But if for whatever reason he ever got his hands on Black, he would first get a confession from him. He wanted to know why exactly the man decided to betray him and his parents. But there was something else he wanted to know from the man, something which had been bothering for a while.

After all, if Sirius Black had killed Peter Pettigrew, then why did he appear on the Marauder's Map?

In the days before Christmas, Harry made sure to ask his grandmother about the Patronus Charm, and after explaining why exactly he was interested in such an advanced type of magic, Maria demonstrated the spell to the young teenager, casting it non-verbally. Harry was amazed, never having seen such a thing before. A spectral animal came from her wand, some sort of bird, and flew around them for a moment before vanishing.

"That was a corporeal Patronus, the most advanced form of the charm," she explained. "The Patronus itself is a...manifestation of a positive force that emanates from within the caster. Using it to defend oneself against creatures such as Dementors and Lethifolds is but one of its uses. A wizard skilled with the spell can also use it to send messages to someone else, but today it's rarely used in such a manner."

"And...what's the incantation?" asked Harry.

"Expecto Patronum," she said. "But the incantation is not enough to use the spell. To conjure it, you need to concentrate on a single and very happy memory, and only then speak the incantation."

Harry nodded, making sure to remember the instructions. Not that it would be too difficult to do so.
The young Anemid took out his wand, and thinking of a happy memory, Harry decided to cast the spell.

"Expecto Patronum."

A weak silvery mist came from the tip of his wand, soon vanishing mere seconds after it appeared.

"I assume your memory wasn't exactly appropriate Hadrian," commented his grandmother. "What did you think of?"

"My arrival at Hogwarts," he said.

Maria nodded. "You first full contact with the wizarding world, I assume."

"Not exactly my first contact, but...yes," admitted the young wizard. "So I need something happier?"

The last part was more of a grumble than an actual question. But then Harry had an idea.

"Grandmother, what memory do you use?"

Maria smiled, and Harry noticed that her facial expression seemed to be distant, as if she was remembering other times.

"You may find it strange, but it has nothing to do with your mother. Obviously, her birth and when she returned are happy memories that I could use...but there is something else."

Harry looked at her inquisitively, something that the old monarch noticed.

"Your grandfather once took me to Venice, during the last days of November. It was in total secrecy, almost no one knew that we were there, and so the two of us made sure to enjoy it to the maximum extent," she revealed. "It was one of those scenes that many people fantasise, but your grandfather was able to provide. And it was in one of those nights that he asked for my hand in marriage. It was...very romantic, a bit too much in fact. But we were young back then. Your great-grandfather Philip was still alive back then, so Alexander did not have to worry about things here in Nicaea."

"So it has to be something very emotional?" asked Harry.

"And happy. The stronger the emotion is, the better. But you have to concentrate fully on the happiness that your memory provides, and then allow it to flow through you. Open yourself to the memory, and then cast the spell."

Harry nodded, and looked at his wand. He began to think about strong memories that he had, and there was one which stood above them all. Taking a deep breath, Harry concentrated on the memory and raised his wand.

"Expecto Patronum."

This time, the mist that emanated from the wand was far more solid, almost taking the appearance of a shield. It remained there far longer than before, but it soon disappeared much like his first attempt.
"Well done, Hadrian! It's a good start for someone of your age, but remember that this is very advanced magic. It's normal if you don't fully succeed in casting the Patronus Charm," said the woman. "Most wizards take several months to fully master the Patronus Charm. I suggest you keep training in your free time, and make sure to concentrate fully in the memory you are using to cast the spell."

Harry nodded, and thanked his grandmother for her help. Now, he had another thing to occupy his time with. Thankfully, he no longer had the restrictions of underage magic.

With the death of Bey Symeon II Anemas of Anatolia and Sultan Murad IV, the relations of the Anemid dynasty with their Ottoman overlords soon began to decay. Eventually, the tension between the Ottomans and the Anemid dynasty and its allies led to the obscure War of Nicaean Independence. It was a campaign which had been preceded by countless works of sabotage against the Ottomans, allowing the future King Romanos I to conquer great part of Asia Minor, leading to the isolation of Ottoman territory in Eastern Europe, which facilitated the eventual Greek War of Independence.

Romanos I adopted a strange mixture of European absolutism and Byzantine autocracy as the Nicaean form of government, yet never proclaiming himself as Emperor of the Romans, merely adopting the title of Despot of the Romans, a clear claim to the vacant imperial throne. The very Constitution of Nicaea stated that its people were not simply Nicaeans, but above all, Romans. Even with Constantinople in his grasp, the founder of Nicaea decided to create a separate state ruled by both himself and the Ecumenical Patriarch. The time that followed was filled with many acts of diplomacy towards the European powers, yet carefully making sure that Nicaea would not enter the sphere of influence of any of them, especially the German states for obvious reasons. Relations with the Russian Empire were rather friendly, and were kept that way until the rise of the Soviet Union.

But times had changed, and to a foreigner, the government of Nicaea would seem simple at a first glance. However, Nicaea had inherited the extensive bureaucracy of its medieval incarnation, and from there it had developed its system even more, becoming something that even the people of Nicaea had difficulty to fully grasp.

While the Chamber of Deputies and the Nicaean Senate, the lower and upper houses of the government, were the main legislative branches of Nicaea, behind the complex bureaucracy the true power was kept in the hands of the Council of Logothetes and their leader, the Grand Logothete, who was also the head of government of Nicaea. However, the Grand Logothete was appointed not by elections, but by the King of Nicaea. The two houses mostly debated on new laws and topics regarding the current budget of the Kingdom.

Yet in general, the people of Nicaea were satisfied with their government, and became most pissed off when the politics of Europe tried to creep into their carefully established system. However, Nicaea had a friendly rivalry with Greece, whom they helped during the Greek War of Independence. The Greek people were eager to give the Greek crown to the Nicaean monarch, effectively enhancing the possibilities of a Roman Restoration, but the Great Powers intervened, and eventually the crown of Greece was given to the man who became Otto, the first King of Greece.

Foreign relations were also improved by the marriage of Alexios II Anemas to Princess Marie of Hesse and by Rhine, youngest daughter of Ludwig IV, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and by the marriage of Philip I Anemas to Archduchess Sophie Klementine of Austria. But the peak of improvement in foreign relations through marriages was when the late king married Maria of
Braganza, the heir apparent and main claimant to the Portuguese throne during the Portuguese Republic. With the restoration of the Portuguese monarchy, and the acclamation of both Maria and Alexander as the two reigning monarchs of Portugal, their deaths would cause a third personal union for Portugal, this time with the Nicaean crown under the progeny of Maria and Alexander.

With the death of their single child, the personal union would still be fulfilled, this time under their grandson, Hadrian. And if the Russian monarchy was ever restored in the muggle world, Hadrian was also the primary claimant to that imperial throne, meaning that another personal union would happen.

And with Harry's return, that topic had been the most discussed, not only in Nicaea but also in Portugal. Opinions were varied, but the majority was composed of both people who were indifferent and of those who saw the union in a positive light. And on Christmas Eve, Harry had been brought to the city of Nicaea, the capital of the Kingdom itself. Over the years under the hand of the Anemids, it grew from a simple village with an interesting historical background into a bustling metropolis, with the Palace of Nicaea and the Palace of Alexios I serving as the primary governmental buildings in the city. There were others of course, but these two were the most iconic amongst the Nicaean population and foreigners as well. While the Palace of Nicaea served as the official residence of the Nicaean Royal Family, the Palace of Alexios I was the meeting place for the lower and upper houses of the government.

Nevertheless, the city of Nicaea had been the stage for the Queen Regent's Christmas and New Year speech to the people of Nicaea, before travelling to Portugal to do the same there. Harry had accompanied her all the time, allowing the people to see him and to interact with some. He did his best to give a positive impression to the Nicaean and Portuguese people, not exactly wanting for those people to think badly of him, their future monarch.

But soon enough, the next year arrived, and it was time for Harry to return to Hogwarts.
Ancient Remnants

Chapter by DarthImperius, DarthImperiusArchive (DarthImperius)

"Normal Speech"

'Thoughts'

"Other Language"

Chapter 20 – Ancient Remnants

Albania

No matter how many creatures were in Albania's forests, most would try to keep themselves away from a certain newcomer. Despite their undeveloped minds, they knew that whatever that thing was, it was certainly an abomination. But snakes had been the most affected by the thing's arrival, many gaining certain traits, before succumbing to the draining aspect of their possession.

The one who possessed them called himself Lord Voldemort, having in time being known as Tom Riddle, a name that he now associated with his past, something incompatible with what he was now. Yet his current status was also inappropriate for someone like him. Had Quirrell succeeded in stealing the Philosopher's Stone, he would have returned to a corporeal form, but he was merely a disembodied essence…a spirit still anchored to the mortal world. But Harry Potter had to interfere in what had been the most critical moment of the last decade, and in doing so he had prevented his rightful return. And still, the boy refused to die, much like he did that night in Godric's Hollow.

But now…he was weaker than ever. His followers either believed him dead or were locked in Azkaban. Right now, there was nothing more he could do but hope for a…miracle. Something that was virtually impossible. But as the snake that he possessed move through the wet ground of the forest, Voldemort became aware of another presence. Yet it was not a simple animal.

'A human?' he thought. 'Perhaps a muggle?'

The snake turned towards the general are where the presence seemed to be, and in the distance was a shape, somewhat camouflaged by the darkness of the night. Voldemort moved towards the trees which were near the newcomer, but stopped in his tracks when he saw a flash of light, followed by a silvery beam directed towards himself. Neither he nor the snake he possessed were fast enough to avoid the sudden spell, and immediately the snake's body became unmovin in the ground.

Voldemort was still conscious, yet it was as if the ability to move had been removed from the snake. For all intents and purposes, he was paralysed.

He began to hear footsteps, the one that had attacked him approaching. Unable to move, Voldemort could not turn to see who it was, but he knew that he would find out soon enough.

"Out of all the places in the world where you could be, why in the Eternal Queen's name did you chose Albania?" spoke the newcomer, a clear male voice that shocked Voldemort.

It was a voice that he knew very well, and one that he believed to remain unheard by his ears for a much longer period of time.
"I assume that these actions are mere manifestation of Tom Riddle's own personality, but that should have been extinguished long ago," commented the man. "I admit I am impressed with your unwillingness to make the full transition, but no matter. We are reunited once more, Lord Voldemort. But you don't need to worry with any punishment due to your failure during that night. The Eternal One believes that the last years were enough punishment for you."

The man crouched and took hold of the snake, allowing Voldemort to finally see his face, immediately recognizing the man. He seemed to be middle-aged, wearing strange robes that were oddly similar to the coats used by some muggle doctors. There were strange markings on his face, but the most prominent feature was the calm expression that was always present in that man's face. This man, if that term could even be applied to him, was simply known as the Professor, and now even he knew his true name.

"I believe that this form is unsuitable for you, and so does she," said the Professor as the hand holding the snake began to glow.

Voldemort soon realized what the Professor was doing, and before he could react, the snake was fully engulfed in a golden light before disintegrating, the only thing remaining a small orb of light that floated on the Professor's hand. The orb then disappeared, revealing a small hexagonal bipyramidal-shaped crystal, a smaller orb emanating a bluish light within. The Professor grabbed the crystal, only for him to disappear from the forest almost immediately.

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Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

"Malfoy seems to be…seething."

That comment from Goldstein was by itself a euphemism. Malfoy wasn't just seething, he was a bloody volcano ready to erupt. Harry and Theodore simply wanted to make sure that the eruption happened at the right time.

"He's a ticking bomb…waiting to explode," said Theodore calmly.

"Should we plant another explosive, then?" asked Zabini.

Harry shook his head in reply. "No. At least not now. At this rate, Malfoy is…erm…unstable enough. Let's keep him like this for a while. Besides, the entire school knows that he has been branded as a blood traitor by Cygnus."

"That should be enough for now," agreed Susan. "Aunt Amelia was surprised when she saw the news about the meeting on the Prophet."

"More like the entire wizarding world here in Britain," said Millicent. "I think that his standing amongst our house is at its lowest point since…well, since ever."

"It's not enough," declared Theodore, almost a snarl. "His entire reputation has to be eradicated. I want to see the 'Malfoy' name turned into a mere pariah…an embarrassment to the wizard community."

He then glanced at Harry, a rather unnerving smile appearing on his face.

"And I know the perfect way to crush Malfoy."

Harry was planning for Malfoy's status to remain unchanging for a while, but it seemed that Theodore's vendetta had other plans.
"What…exactly are you planning?" asked Harry.

"Have you ever heard about the Bonaccord Plot?" replied Nott.

"The what?" asked Ron.

"I think I read about that." Spoke Hermione. "It was an attempt made by a man called Pierre Bonaccord, who attempted to take the throne of the Empire to himself."

"Granger is correct. At the time, Bonaccord was not just part of the Regency Council, but he was also its leader," explained Theodore. "If not for the actions of the Anemids and many other states that belonged to the Empire at the time, Bonaccord would have successfully usurped the vacant throne."

"B-But what has that to do with Malfoy?" asked Neville.

"Simple. One of the families that assisted Bonaccord, both in the plot and in the civil war that followed were the Malfoys. Later, Bonaccord's descendants married into the Malfoy family," he said. "Which means that…"

"That little bastard's family betrayed the Empire," said Harry, irritation clear on his voice. "What can we do with this Theodore?"

"It's easy. Use a bit of your influence so that the Daily Prophet prints a little article revealing this lovely piece of information that the majority of wizards doesn't know," explained Nott. "Since you stand quite above the Malfoys, they can't use their remaining influence to prevent you from exposing their ancestry. And believe me, not many wizards are happy with our…erm, 'Franco-American overlords'."

"But how will that work?" inquired Susan.

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon their children," said Theodore. "A very appropriate saying."

Harry knew exactly where this was going, but he could only wonder if it would work. He then noticed that a small group of Halberdiers were approaching them, leading to Harry rising from the collapsed column where he sat.

"Your Highness, please follow us," requested one of them. "Your presence is required within the castle."

"Did something happen?" he asked worried.

"Yes, sire," said the guard. "Sirius Black has been captured."

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**Varandill Aanor**

Lost and forgotten were two adjectives that described well the ancient Atlantean city of Varandill Aanor. In the last years of the Bronzean period, it was the stage for many atrocities committed by the wife of Anipheon IX, the last Divine Sovereign of the Bronzean dynasty, having been deposed by a distant relative who then became Cloteias III, ushering the First Clotean period. Much like his wife, Anipheon succumbed to a sudden madness, and what had been once an empire of enlightenment and culture, became an empire of terror.
But despite the death of Anipheon and his wife, the city had survived, and today it had a new purpose. Within its empty walls, the strange man known as the Professor walked towards a secluded chamber within the depths of the old citadel. Reaching his destination, he approached a large cylindrical container made of what seemed to be glass. Inside was a blue translucent substance, the light emanating from it being enough to illuminate the chamber.

The Professor approached the container, his right hand touching the glass. As it did so, the palm of his hand began to glow, and from it came the crystal-like object he had extracted from the snake that Voldemort had been possessing. The crystal seemed to ignore the glass completely, entering the container and becoming submerged in the blue liquid. It pulsed a few times, a strange power originating from the liquid seemingly affecting the crystal. Moments later, the crystal had disappeared, and one could only see the shape of an orb-like entity within the liquid.

"The process of regeneration will take quite a while, as your soul first needs to become adapted to the Eitr," said the Professor to Voldemort's submersed essence. "In a few months, if everything proceeds correctly, you shall have a new body."

The man turned around, eying the small containers which were also inside the chamber. Inside of each was a crystal exactly like the one he extracted from the snake, all seemingly in repose.

"In the meantime, I'll bring your…Death Eaters into the fold," he commented. "Perhaps, amongst those that remain loyal to you, there are some compatible with the dormant Nuclei."

Suddenly, the Professor felt a pulse in power coming from another section of the citadel.

"I have to go now. I do hope you don't mind being left alone," said the Professor, before chuckling a bit. "I have matters to attend to, I'm sure you're aware of that."

And so he left the chamber, inside being only the submerged Nucleus of Voldemort and many others which remained dormant.

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**The Encyclopaedia:**

**The Consortium** - A secret organisation formed from the remnants of an old faction within the Atlantean Empire. It commanded by the Eternal Queen, having as her second-in-command the man known as the Professor.

**The Eternal Queen** - The ruler of the Consortium, the Eternal Queen is amongst the last living remnants of the ancient Atlantean Empire, a feat which many would believe to be impossible.

**The Professor** – A commander of the Consortium, this wizard holds great knowledge related to the ancient Atlantean Empire. He is de facto the leader of the Consortium, but is fully loyal to the Eternal Queen.

**Nucleus** (pl. Nuclei) - The whole of which the soul is part of. When physically manifested, it takes the shape of a small hexagonal bipyramidal-shaped crystal.
"Normal Speech"

'Thoughts'

"Other Language"

*Other Voice*

Chapter 21 – Before the Trial

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

"It doesn't matter Minister Fudge. I was given express authorization for this by Queen Elizabeth herself."

In a strange set of events, Sirius Black had somehow been captured and was now awaiting his fate inside a secluded cell in a rather obscure tower of Hogwarts. However, whatever plans Fudge had for Black were now null, as a visit from the Magical Prime Minister of Portugal, Carlos Delgado, was done with that very purpose.

"B-But…" stuttered Fudge.

"As the Supreme Mugwump of the Confederacy, I agree with Mister Delgado," spoke Dumbledore. "As a matter of fact, I believe that Sirius Black's actions were far more damaging to them than to us."

"But what's the difference then? By that reasoning then we should simply place Black in Azkaban again and be done with this," said Fudge.

Delgado frowned. "I thought you were aware of the general opinion that the Empire has about your prison and those…demonic abominations that guard it. Never mind the fact that he escaped from that place as well. Wasn't escape from Azkaban supposed to be impossible?"

The mockery in the question was well disguised, but it was still clearly there.

Fudge scowled, but knew that this was a lost battle. "Fine then, take Black! But what will happen to him there?"

"Since he aided the murderer of the Princess Royal and her husband, but also conspired in the attempted murder of the current Prince Royal, he will be tried in Constantinople and be executed afterwards," said Delgado.

That solution was a bit definitive, but Fudge could not even protest against it. Dumbledore on the other hand, frowned a bit, not quite pleased by Imperial methods. Still, Black could have a worse fate. He knew what happened to certain types of criminals in the Empire, and most of them ended up begging for death.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, and Dumbledore assumed that it was Harry.
"Enter," he said.

The door opened, and Harry entered the room accompanied by two Halberdiers. As soon as he did so, he was quickly approached by Delgado, who extended his hand in greeting.

"Your Highness, it is good to meet you," he said to the young teenager. "I am Carlos Delgado, the President of the Council of Ministers of Portugal."

Harry shook the man's hand in greeting. "It's good to meet you Mister President. I believe that my grandmother has mentioned you quite a few times."

"Mr. Potter, we meet again," said Fudge, moving to greet Harry as well.

Harry also shook the hand of Fudge, still wondering why he was wanted here. "Hello Minister."

Dumbledore must have sensed his confusion, for he immediately answered his unspoken question.

"Your grandmother wants you with her, when they place Sirius Black on trial," explained Dumbledore. "Mr. Delgado came here to make sure that he was transferred to Imperial territory properly."

"I was once a member of the Imperial delegation of Iberia," said the man. "I know personally how these things are handled. And this was a request from Her Majesty."

"Indeed… However, I assume that this won't take long. After all, Mr. Potter still has to attend classes," said Dumbledore.

Delgado shook his head. "Not at all. Judicial issues are normally solved quickly and efficiently in the Empire. By tomorrow Black's trial will be over, and hopefully the man executed."

"How?" asked Harry, a bit curious.

"Assuming we go by the normal method, he will be beheaded," said the Portuguese man. "If not… well, there are several options to choose from. In any case, we should be going. I believe that apparition and the usage of portkeys inside Hogwarts is impossible, am I correct."

"Yes," replied the headmaster.

"Then I hope Minister Fudge doesn't mind we use his office to travel to Constantinople."

"Not at all, of course!" replied Fudge.

"Good. Then we should make haste," said Delgado. "Farewell, Professor Dumbledore."

Dumbledore said goodbye to the man as well, and watched as Fudge, Delgado and Harry disappeared in the green flames of his fireplace.

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**Nicaea**

The whole issue with Black would be soon solved, but Maria had faith that whatever happened, it would be the best for her young grandson. Distracted by such thoughts, she only returned to her senses upon hearing a knock on the door.

"Enter."
The door opened, and one of her maids entered.

"Your Majesty, one of the Blind Priests is here," she informed. "It is Abd-El-Qadir."

Abd-El-Qadir? If he was visiting her, then it meant that the Blind Priests had experienced some sort of prediction. And most times, it was not exactly one very favourable. That cult had the tendency to foresee trouble.

"Let him in," she ordered.

The maid nodded and left the room. Moments later, the door opened once again, and this time a bearded old man, clothed in black robes and his eyes covered by a blindfold entered. He walked towards Maria, and knelt before her.

"Precious queen of these lands, may you be blessed by the Sacred," he said.

"It is good to see you again as well Abd-El-Qadir," she replied. "What brings you to this place?"

"In our meditations, we were assaulted by a terrible vision of the future. We saw a threat from the distant past, slowly entering the world of the present," he said. "As the guardian of the One, we saw it fit for you to be given this knowledge."

This was certainly not good. "What kind of threat?"

"It is best if I show you," he said.

Maria nodded, and watched as the old man removed the blindfold, revealing two empty eye sockets. The monarch stared onto them, and her vision soon became filed with mist, as if all around her was dissipating. The eyeless sockets glowed brightly, before fully disappearing. In mere moments, the mist disappeared, revealing a ruined city.

*We were shown the Future of all things...the ruin brought to this world by the return of the Cursed Ones.*

"The cursed ones?"

Suddenly, the ruined landscape became filled with charred corpses, and floating above each was a small faint light.

*Life itself was used to fuel their ambitions...the spark of life extracted from many, and in their place...others rose.*

Maria watched in horror as the lights faded and the corpses rose, before quickly kneeling before an invisible figure.

"Who are they kneeling to?"

*To their master in this world...she who planted the seeds of evil into the minds of the old people.*

Out of nowhere, a shadowy figure appeared. It seemed to be feminine in appearance, towering above the kneeling figures.
*The Eternal Queen of the Seven Cities, the Harvester of Souls, the Demoness of Temptation, the Black Mistress, the Sleeping Messiah… all these are titles that refer to her alone. And she… she is stirring in her sleep. And her servants tend to what remains of her in this world, waiting for the right time…*

"But her cult was wiped out," spoke Maria.

*Yet their ideas…their teachings still survive. If they are allowed to remain unchecked…then the future we saw will certainly come to pass. The visions do not lie.*

The scene disappeared, and Maria realized that she was no longer observing the vision, and she noticed that the old man was covering his eye sockets with the blindfold once more.

"By the Sacred Ones…all those deaths…Ioannes's sacrifice…all of them were for nothing." she said after a moment of silence.

"They succeeded in preventing her return at the time. Had Herpo and his cult succeeded in their endeavour, we would not be speaking here today," affirmed the priest. "But this is not the only of our concerns. The imminent resurrection of the Eternal Queen will be the final catalyst for the Awakening."

Maria paled, knowing very well what Abd-El-Qadir referred. It was not exactly something that many people knew, and only those truly versed in the teachings of Aeneas knew what the Awakening was.

"When it comes to happen, he needs to be prepared," spoke the man. "He needs to face it as its sole master, and that of the world as well, much like the Divine Sovereigns of old. Otherwise it will turn to the other candidate."

Maria nodded sombrely.

"It knows and it sees…the apex of creation" she said. "And Hadrian will soon as well."

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*The Encyclopaedia:*

**Order of the Blind Priests** – A religious order within the Aenean faith, the Blind Priests are devout worshippers of the Triumvirate of Fate, three deities which are aspects of Fate itself. While an initiate in the order is still fully capable of using his eyes, upon becoming a full-fledged member of the Order, their eyes are plucked out and burned as an offering to the Triumvirate.

**The Sacred Twelve** – A group of twelve deities and widely acknowledged to occupy the third tier of the Divine Order. Each of the Twelve embodies an attribute (sometimes more) of God (also known as the Aion), the main deity of the Aenean faith.

**The Eternal Queen** – Once the wife of Anipheon IX, the woman known in history as the Eternal Queen was in her time a powerful sorceress and the first documented dark wizard (or in her case, witch). While not a human-perennial hybrid, the Eternal Queen descends from one, which may be the cause for her immense power. In the Aenean faith she is regarded not just as the as the most recent incarnation of the Adversary, but also as the messiah of the end of days. Oddly enough, she is still loyal to her fallen husband.

**Ioannes Anemas** – Born in 1829, he was the son of King Alexios I of Nicaea, and as such, he was
the Crown Prince of Nicaea. He became involved in the conflict against the resurrected Herpo the Foul and his cult to the Eternal Queen, but would die in 1846, in battle against Herpo, but not before killing the Dark wizard as well. With his death, the position of Crown Prince passed onto his uncle Romanos, who would become Romanos II of Nicaea.

Carlos Cabral Delgado da Cunha e Castro – Widely known as Carlos Delgado, he was born into nobility, his father having been the 13th Count of Sousel. After his death Carlos inherited the title, becoming the 14th Count of Sousel. He is the leader of the Regenerator party in the wizarding world of Portugal, and became President of the Council of Ministers (Prime Minister) of Portugal for the first time in 1987, having been re-elected with an absolute majority in 1991. As such, he is currently the leader of the 93rd Constitutional Government.
Chapter 22 - Endeavours of the Hidden Cult

Magnaura, Imperial District, Constantinople, Thrace

Within the magical city of Constantinople, beneath its muggle counterpart, stood the Magnaura. While it had once been an exact copy of its muggle counterpart during the Middle Ages, the building had been expanded, and was now a fully functional governmental building, serving as the headquarters for the Senate of the Roman Empire, as well as the Regency Council. While the Senate held virtually no power, the Empire was fully governed by the Regency Council, it being composed by twenty-three member delegacies, each composed by a total of fifteen members, five which were the deputies within the Council.

At the top of the council stood the Head of State, said position being currently occupied by Maria of Braganza, the Queen of Portugal in both the muggle and wizarding world, the Queen Regent of Nicaea, also both in the muggle and wizarding worlds, and the Empress of Russia, only in the wizarding world. Appointed to the position by her late husband, the former Head of State, Maria ruled the Empire firmly, and yet recent events and discoveries were starting to worry her greatly.

It was common knowledge that the Blind Priests’ visions were not mere hallucinations, but actual events that would occur, and if they had foreseen the return of the Eternal Queen, then the Empire needed to prepare itself. However, it was certain that she would not just affect the wizards, but the muggles as well. Yet her first target was rather obvious. And there was also the cult…which right now stood as their main adversary. That would be soon solved as well.

"Honourable members of this Council, I have convoked this session due to…unfortunate developments that will threaten not just our society, but that of the non-blessed as well," said Maria. "I received a visit from one of the Blind Priests, announcing that one of their visions showed the return of the Eternal Queen."

There was absolute silence, as the words of Maria registered in the minds of those present inside the room. Eventually, someone broke the silence with a single word.

"How?" asked one of the representatives of the Sino-Mongol Department.

"Her cult was destroyed, wasn't it?" asked another person, this time a member of the Scandinavian Department. "How can she be returning?"

"It would seem that our predecessors weren't as successful as we thought," replied the
"I was told that this time, her return was inevitable. As such, we need to prepare ourselves for the oncoming war."

That was a general agreement, but there were high concerns amongst those in the Council.

"If she returns, Constantinople will certainly be her primary target, won't it?" asked the leader of the South African Department. "It is after all, the centre of the wizarding world."

"The Eternal Queen may be powerful, but she also needs to establish a proper power base," argued the Brazilian Department's leader. "She wouldn't attack the City without a proper force."

Maria nodded. "I agree with Councillor Madruga. She would certainly need to prepare herself as well. But she hasn't been resurrected yet, and that gives us a great advantage."

"What about the Exalted Crux?" asked a member of the Russian Department. "That has always been their main goal. To find it and unleash its power. Shouldn't we be searching for it as well?"

"And where are we supposed to go and look for it?" countered the leader of the Iberian Department. "Right now, only God must know where that thing is!"

"Not necessarily," spoke the leader of the Italian Department.

All turned towards her. "Councillor Gabrielli, what do you mean with that?" asked Maria.

"The Exalted Crux was, for all we know, designed as a weapon of mass destruction. Much like the other devices of Atlantean origin, they have the tendency of emanating a magical aura upon activation." said the woman. "Considering the fact that the Crux is perhaps the most potent and dangerous of all the Al-Antidian weapons, I believe that if we focused our search on the magical signal, then we could easily find it."

As much as the members agreed with the proposal, there were some that noticed a few flaws with the plan.

"If we followed that route, then that thing would need to be functional enough to emit any kind of signal," spoke a member of the Malay Archipelago Department. "By Athor, without it we would probably end up in the North Pole or in the Bermuda Triangle."

"Regardless, we need to find it quickly. Right now, it stands as one of our highest priorities," declared Maria. "I assume we are all in agreement over the state of war once more?"

The vote was unanimous, every single councillor being in agreement. Truly, it was a rather rare event, but in the current circumstances there was really no other option. Even though the Consortium remained silent and the Eternal Queen was not yet reborn, it was undeniable that the second war had begun.

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**Hall of Cultivation, Varandill Aanor**

The darkly illuminated chamber was mostly empty, excluding the presence of the Professor and the many Nuclei that were contained within special receptacles. He stood in front of a strange
device, a Nucleus in front him suspended by an invisible force.

His wand was pointed at the Nucleus, a thin blueish beam emanating from its tip, connected to the glowing crystal in front of him. After a while, he moved the beam towards another section of the crystal, and continued like that for a few more seconds, before deciding on another spot. However, as he changed the direction of the spell, the crystal suddenly glowed even more, surprising the man, who took a step back, yet keeping his composure, as if already expecting the outcome, but with a disappointed expression on his face.

"Oh dear…"

The glow diminished, and soon the crystal was empty of light, a small crack visible on its lower side. The Professor's reaction to this was a simple sigh.

"Another failure… Such a waste."

As he thought about the failed experiment, the Professor heard footsteps coming from behind him.

"Professor, sir. I brought your tea," said a female voice.

"Ah, my dear Petra, thank you," said the man in a rather happy tone. "Put it here, near the broken Nucleus."

She nodded, and placed the tray next to the device.

"Petra, look at this," he said, motioning towards the Nucleus he had been experimenting upon. "Such fragile little things, breaking at the most insignificant of changes. Of course, there are those special ones which manage to survive the procedure, but it is a shame that not all of them are capable of possessing such a high level of resistance."

"They look good on the garden," commented Petra.

"That they do, dear Petra…that they do." he said. "However, to my joy, the successful experiments outnumber the failures, which means that we can now continue with...live experimentation."

"Sir?"

"Follow me, dear."

She nodded, and followed the Professor into another secluded sector of the citadel, eventually reaching what seemed to be some sort of dungeon. She could see that inside the cells, were what seemed to be human shapes, and glints which appeared to come from eyes.

Eventually, the professor entered another chamber, and she could see two people restrained and unconscious in the centre of the room. A man and a woman, both rather young and seemingly uninjured.

"I took the liberty of preparing this demonstration while you prepared the tea," said the Professor before pointing his wand at a cupboard near them. "Accio Nuclei."

From within it, two Nuclei emerged, a pale and blueish glow emanating from them. The stopped right in front of the Professor, and he eyed them with a prideful look on his face.
"These two specimens survived the procedure, no longer possessing any sort of emotion, dreams, memories and other unnecessary components," declared the man. "As it stands, these mutated Nuclei possess only the soul, the mind…and the sense of loyalty towards our Queen. Now, observe this dear Petra."

The Professor took a step back, Petra doing the same. The man raised his wand, as if preparing to strike someone with a blade. He slashed the air with his wand, and the two Nuclei began to shine brightly before being projected towards the unconscious captives at high speed. As they entered the prisoners, their bodies began to emanate a bluish aura.

"You see Petra, when a Nucleus enters a body which is already inhabited by a Nucleus, then the two begin a fight for dominance," spoke the Professor. "The more powerful of the Nuclei would obviously emerge victorious, but since we are using Nuclei belonging to non-blessed humans, the power level is the same. Well, it would be the same if the Nuclei I inserted were unchanged. And since I made a few alterations…"

The man motioned towards the two captives, their bodies surrounded by the aura which was now becoming diminished.

"…this happens."

The two captives suddenly began to glow brightly and both the Professor and Petra felt a great heat coming from them as well. When the light had vanished, the two looked at the prisoners, and in their place were now two humanoid figures, their bodies apparently made of a stone-like material, with thin cracks from which emanated a red glow. Several sections of the bodies also had a reddish tint, as if inside was something like lava. Their heads had nothing, no mouth, nose, ears, hair or eyes. Instead, there were two empty orifices where the eye sockets were supposed to be, from which also emanated a strong red light.

The two were no longer restrained, and their stance was rather animalistic, as if they were waiting for orders.

"I have no idea what to call these things, but the process of their creation is amazing," said the Professor. "These creatures obey only our commands, and will serve as the…erm…low tier soldiers of our forces. What they lack in intelligence and mind, they make up in brute strength. And they are rather useful for our secondary goals right now?"

"Secondary goals, sir?"

"Indeed. Our supreme leader has ordered me to test our enemies' level of strength. And I do not refer solely to the Empire as a whole and its allies," declared the man. "The supreme leader has once more expressed interest in the child known as Harry Potter. Ever since Voldemort failed in his task, and had his body destroyed by a mere infant, our great sovereign's doubts towards whether he is the One or not have but vanished."

"What do you require of me, Professor?" asked the young witch.

"As you are one of our highest ranked members, you are to travel to the village of Hogsmeade in Scotland, near the school of Hogwarts. You are to assault the village, and remain there until the boy appears. Our leader has foreseen his presence there, and it will be the perfect moment to test his strength right now," commanded the Professor. "Once his true
nature emerges, the final phase of our Queen's resurrection will begin, and the dreams of Al-Antidia shall once more become reality."

"It shall be done, sir," declared the Professor.

The Professor simply smiled.

"Oh, I don't doubt you dear Petra. Just make sure that no one dies there. At this moment, deaths are quite unprofitable to our goals."

Author's Note:

If this wasn't supposed to be a non-partitioned story, then I would have ended this right here and begun work on the sequel. However, I decided to divide this onto "arcs" or whatever you wish to call them. With this chapter ends what my outline calls the "Introduction arc" and begins the "Dark Nucleus arc". As its first chapter, we shall have the trial of Sirius Black and possibly the first attack of the Consortium.

I also have fully decided to abandon the Howling Halls story, but the skeleton of the plot of that story (which was not even fully featured in the Howling Halls, and) will be integrated into the third arc of this story.

The Encyclopaedia:

Athor – In the Aenean mythology, Athor is one of the Sacred Twelve and the embodiment of holiness and impeccability. This deity is commonly associated with light.

Exalted Crux – An ancient device created by the Atlantean Empire. Believed to have been involved in the event known as the Great Cataclysm, which eradicated the Atlantean civilization.
Chapter 23 – A Trial and a Conversation

Magnaura, Imperial District, Constantinople, Thrace

The gallery of the main courtroom of the Magnaura was not just filled with high profile citizens of the Empire, but also with many journalists and the lucky few of the common people who managed to enter the gallery. Amongst those in the gallery were Harry and Dumbledore, both there to observe the oncoming trial of Sirius Black. It was an important event, for the Imperial government had finally got their hands on one of the most infamous criminals of the last few decades, not to mention that this one had been heavily involved in the murder of Empress-Queen Maria's sole daughter and her husband, alongside the attempted murder of her current heir apparent.

As the head of state of the Roman Empire, Maria held the full judicial power on her hands, and so the final decision was hers alone. Despite that, there was a whole body of officials that were conducting the trial, allowing the monarch to focus on the main aspects of the event. Next to her, was Victor Wright, a Canadian man whose name was known to the majority of Imperial wizarding world. Those that lived during the war against Grindelwald and the Great Time of Troubles would have certainly be familiar with him, considering that he had been the Minister of War during those two periods, and had now returned to the re-established office. He was old, but his features showed a man on his fifties, not exactly what one would expect from someone born during the first decade of the twentieth century. The man had been appointed by his great-great-grandfather, King Alexios II of Nicaea, and remained in the position even after Alexios's death.

Despite the fact that the head of the Regency Council possessed the powers of the Imperial Commander-in-Chief, the majority of its duties had been transferred to the position of Minister of War, effectively placing the army in Wright's control, turning him into the second most powerful individual in the entire Roman Empire, a position which he now held once more. Harry noticed that he and his grandmother were talking about something, perhaps about the trial. But he still could not understand what exactly the man was doing in the trial. After all, this was out of his jurisdiction, right?

"Albus!"

Both Harry and Dumbledore turned towards the source of the voice. It was an old man with a large overcoat and a very eerie magical eye that seemed to be examining the room.

"Alastor, I wasn't expecting to see you here," said the headmaster.

The other man, apparently called Alastor, simply grunted. "I was curious about this whole affair. I
have a few contacts here in the continent, so I managed to get myself here without any problem."

Harry then noticed that the man's magical eye had stopped, and was now staring at him.

"I assume that's James' son," said Alastor.

"Erm, yes sir," replied Harry.

"Alastor Moody, former Auror," he introduced himself, shaking Harry hand. "You father and I fought together in the war. Black down there too, at least before he turned traitor."

Harry looked at the central chamber, noticing that they had brought Sirius Black in. Azkaban certainly seemed to have had a great effect on the man, as he seemed to be more of a husk than a healthy human. He seemed to be disconnected from everything around him, and Harry noticed that he seemed to be mumbling something. He was placed on a chair, his hand and legs being bound the moment he sat on it. Once Black was fully restrained, the guards that had brought him in moved towards the door, sealing it.

"Silence!" shouted the Minister of War, the whole room falling into absolute seconds after. "With the prisoner now present, I declare the session started. This is the trial of Sirius Black, presided by the Imperial Head of State, Maria of Braganza, the Minister of War, Victor Wright, and the Great Intermediary, Loukas Kamateros."

"I wonder why is a Minister of War doing in this trial?" mumbled Dumbledore, loud enough for Harry to hear.

He continued to observe the trial, and watched as the man took hold of a piece of paper and began to read.

"The charges against the accused are the following," he announced. "Conspiracy against the Imperial and Royal House of Habsburg-Anemas, involvement in the murder of Maria Theresa von Habsburg-Anemas and her husband James Potter and the attempted murder of Hadrian von Habsburg-Anemas, association with the clandestine group known as the Death Eaters and its leader, the self-entitled Lord Voldemort, the murderer of Maria Theresa von Habsburg and James Potter. Other charges include the massacre of twelve non-blessed humans and the wizard Peter Pettigrew."

Wright gave the paper to the Great Intermediary, and left the podium, walking towards the central area of the room, where Black was restrained.

"Administer the truth serum," he commanded to an official. "Due to the foreign nature of the accused, the interrogation shall be performed in his native language."

The man nodded, and proceeded to forcefully give the potion to Black. The man's eyes seemed to suddenly glaze, almost as if his mind was in a completely different world.

"What is your name?" asked the Minister.

"Sirius Black," he answered, his voice rough and almost gravelly.

"Your date of birth?"

"The third of November, 1959."
"Great Intermediary, is this information correct?"

The man nodded, having been observing a record with information regarding Sirius Black. "It is."

The Minister of War turned back towards Sirius Black, and resumed his interrogation.

"Are you familiar with the organisation known as the Death Eaters and their leader?"

"Yes."

"Were you ever involved, both directly and indirectly, with the Death Eaters?"

Black's following answer was rather unexpected, especially to those familiar with the whole case surrounding him.

"No."

Those that understood English, and it was a large majority, were caught by surprise. Under the influence of Veritaserum, Black had just denied any association with the Death Eaters, yet that seemed to have no effect on the Minister of War. The man's expression did not change a bit.

"Are you involved, or were once involved with the self-entitled Lord Voldemort and willingly assisted him in any shape or form?"

"No."

Harry could pretty much feel the excitement emanating from the journalists in the gallery, and their quills also reflected that very much. He himself had to admit that he was not expecting Black to give those answers.

"Did you kill twelve non-blessed and the wizard known as Peter Pettigrew?"

He remained in silence, an outcome rather strange.

"Mr. Black, why aren't you answering the question?"

"I don't know what a non-blessed is."

"Of course," mumbled the Minister, remembering that he would not be familiar with Imperial terms. "Did you kill twelve muggles and Peter Pettigrew?"

"No."

"Then who did?"

"Pettigrew."

The outcome of the trial was surpassing everyone's expectations, especially that of Harry, Dumbledore and Moody.

"Do explain."

"He blew up the street with those muggles and then he escaped as a rat."

"Your statement implicates that Peter Pettigrew is an animagus. So, you claim that he is still alive?"
"Yes."

"Then would you please explain why exactly that confrontation happened?"

"I tracked down Pettigrew after finding out about James and Lily's deaths," explained Black. "I intended to kill Pettigrew after what he had done."

"And what exactly did Peter Pettigrew do?" asked Wright, rather curious about it.

"He told Voldemort the location of James and Lily's house."

The silence that penetrated the room was haunting. It took Dumbledore seconds to realize the implications of Sirius's statement, and soon enough all those who were familiar with the story, slowly began to do so as well.

"By your declaration, you are suggesting that the role of Secret Keeper belonged not to you, but to Peter Pettigrew."

"Yes."

There were many gasps of surprise, and the shock was felt across the Empire, as many of those who had been hearing the trial on the radio also became stunned by the revelation. But once more, the Minister remained calm and in control of the situation.

"Then why was it publicly divulged that you had been chosen as the Secret Keeper of the house in Godric's Hollow?" inquired the Minister of War.

"It was our way of making sure that Voldemort would go instead after me, thinking I was the Secret Keeper and not Pettigrew," answered Sirius.

"So, resuming. You have absolutely no affiliation or loyalty to Voldemort and his Death Eaters, did not reveal the location of the Potter residence in Godric's Hollow, and did not kill both Pettigrew and the twelve muggles on the first of November, year 1981," spoke Victor. "Is this correct?"

"Yes."

Victor nodded and turned towards Maria. "Madam, the interrogation is over."

"Very well," said the monarch, motioning for Wright to return to his seat. "The evidence is conclusive. The accused has been found not guilty of all accusations as is henceforth released. However, due to prolonged exposure to the creatures known as Dementors, Mr. Black shall be immediately admitted to the Imperial Institute for Deficiency and Mental Injuries. He shall remain there until he returns to a stable condition."

Maria commanded the guards to remove Sirius from the chamber, declaring the session to be over. Shortly, after doing so, she immediately addressed Dumbledore.

"Mr. Dumbledore, I would speak to you," she said. "In private."

Dumbledore nodded, and left the gallery to meet with Harry's grandmother, leaving Harry alone with Moody.

"Well Potter, or whatever surname you have right now, we better leave this place," suggested Moody. "After this, I believe we all need a bit of fresh air."
Harry, whose mind was a bit numb after the trial, simply nodded to the former auror.

"Yeah…"

"I can assume that you were not expecting this outcome, were you?"

Maria looked at her guest, waiting for his answer. Needless to say, she was certain of what the old man would say.

"Indeed. Even I was told that Sirius had been chosen as their Secret Keeper," confirmed Dumbledore. "I still find it hard to believe that it was Pettigrew who betrayed us. He certainly didn't seem to be the type."

"Appearances can deceive," replied Maria. "Nevertheless, as you are the leader of the Confederation, I assume that this whole affair with Sirius Black will be dealt with in your territories."

"I need the record from the trial and a full recognition made by yourself," said Dumbledore. "Only with those I am able and allowed to proceed with Mr. Black's pardon back home."

"You shall receive them, be assured of that. Also, since this whole affair is now dealt with, I believe I can authorize my grandson's visits to Hogsmeade, am I correct?"

The headmaster nodded. "Yes, of course. You are, after all, his legal guardian. However, we now need to search for Peter Pettigrew, considering that he is still alive. I believe that he might have been hiding all these years, and now with Sirius's release, he may very well fear that Sirius's search for him will be relentless."

"Not just him. I want that bastard to pay for what he has done!" declared the monarch, her words dripping with cold fury. "It is because of him that I no longer have a daughter, and my grandson lacks his parents. The traitor…burning at the stake is too good for him."

Maria took a deep breath, attempting to calm her thoughts.

"Anyway, there are other matters I have to discuss with you," she stated. "And Hadrian is involved in them."

"It there something wrong?" asked Dumbledore, noticing the change in tone,

"Very wrong. Just before the trial, I held an emergency session of the Regency Council. The Empire is now at war," declared Maria. "And my grandson stands at the centre of said war."

"A war?" he asked dumbfounded. "Against whom?"

"I would not be surprised if you didn't hear about them. They're a…religious cult, whose origins date back to at least the period of ancient Greece. The cult was most likely founded by the Dark wizard known as Herpo the Foul. I am sure you have heard about him."

"Yes. It is somehow related to his return a few centuries ago?" asked Dumbledore.

She nodded. "Despite his final death, it seems that Herpo's cult, or at least its ideals, managed to survive, and have now re-emerged. And their goal is the same as before. The resurrection of the entity known to us as the Eternal Queen."

Dumbledore was both confused and curious. "Who?"
"According to the records we managed to recover from the old cities, she was an important figure during the Tenth Dynasty. A ruler in her own right, but also the wife of the reigning Divine Sovereign, Anipheon IX," explained Maria. "It appears that both she and her husband both became mad with power, and dragged the Atlantean civilization into near ruin. However, a rebellion rose against them, and it ended with the deaths of both Anipheon and the Eternal Queen."

"The dead can't be revived," said Dumbledore. "Magic can't do such a thing. It is impossible."

"Not to the Atlanteans. Their whole society and culture was devoted to the advancement of civilization…to break the limits of humanity and reach beyond the limitations imposed by the divine. With this mindset, they managed to unlock the secrets of the incorporeal, and how to give it shape," she stated. "They seek to restore the Eternal Queen to life by using the methods developed by her contemporaries."

"And why haven't they managed to do it yet?" asked the headmaster. "And how exactly is Harry related to all this?"

"We have no idea. All information that my predecessors managed to extract from captured cultists was not enough to reveal to us the exact procedure of the resurrection, and why they haven't managed to do it," she admitted. "And Hadrian…he is the key for something they want."

This was very confusing to Dumbledore. He knew that Harry was destined to battle against Voldemort, as indicated by the prophecy, but it appeared that he was also involved in some far greater.

"What exactly?"

"It has been prophesised that my grandson is to become, much like his Roman ancestors, what we call the Lord of the World. There is a reason why the Empire hasn't been restored in the world of the non-blessed, or as you call it, the muggle world," stated Maria. "By divine providence, my grandson is to become the successor of Constantine XI, the new Emperor of the Romans. The cult somehow knows about this as well, and so they seek something related to him. To the cult, he is the key to something…something related to his status as the Lord of the World, yet we don't know what exactly it is." 

"Isn't this too much of a burden for him?" asked Dumbledore.

"No. He was divinely elected for this role, and he shall eventually rise to the station," she said. "I have, however, one request for you. I am aware of an organisation you once formed during the conflict against Voldemort."

Now that was surprising to the old headmaster. "May I ask how exactly you are aware of the Order?"

"You may, but I won't answer," she replied. "The point here is, since my grandson attends your school, I need to ask you if you can revive your group, in order to protect him there."

"But he has the guard."

"The Royal Guard is more of a…personal thing," she said. "I need something in Britain that has eyes and ears everywhere, and right now, the only person who hails from there that I can trust is you, Chief Warlock Dumbledore."

"I will see what I can do, ma'am." Said Dumbledore. "Be assured that your grandson's safety is one of my priorities."
"Thank you, Mr. Dumbledo-"

She was suddenly interrupted as the door of the office burst open, one of the guards bursting in.

"Your Majesty, we have a security breach in the Magnaura!" said the guard. "We are under attack!"

Author's Note:

It seems that Hogsmeade isn't the Consortium's sole target.

The Encyclopaedia:

Great Intermediary – A translation of "Megas Mesazon", the Great Intermediary is the chief minister of the Roman Empire, and as such, is its Imperial Head of Government, directly below the Roman Emperor. Nevertheless, the Emperor still holds absolute power over the Empire and all its officials.

Imperial Institute for Deficiency and Mental Injuries – A department of the Imperial Ministry of Health, the Institute for Deficiency and Mental Injuries is focused on the mental healthcare of wizards across the entire Roman Empire. Its headquarters are in Constantinople.
Chapter 24 – Magnaura Under Siege

Magnaura, Imperial District, Constantinople, Thrace

If the heart of the Empire was Constantinople, then the heart of Constantinople would have to be the Magnaura. Having entered the building by side-apparition, it was the first time that Harry set foot on the entrance hall of the colossal building, and the young wizard became astounded by the mass of people that made up the majority of the working population of the Imperial District. The majority of these people were simple pieces of the massive bureaucratic machine that was the Empire, the minority being visitors, mostly tourists. And as he walked alongside Moody, the two passed by a corridor filled with fireplaces, each lit with green flames and people coming out of them, while others entered the flames, disappearing moments after. While being reminded of his experience with the Floo, Harry could have sworn that he heard the former Auror mumbling something about the British Ministry.

The main chamber which was the entrance was heavily decorated, although one could claim that said decoration was heavily austere. The walls were decorated with Imperial banners, and many statues adorned the room. At its centre stood a fountain, having as its centrepiece a sculpture of Empress Zoe, holding a wand and a scroll. There was an inscription beneath the statue, and as Harry and Moody approached it the young teenager was able to read the text:

Zoë Porphyrogenita, but the Grace of God, Empress and Autocrat of the Romans

Daughter of Emperor Constantine VII and his wife, the Augusta Helena

After the Great Fire of 1032, Her Majesty ordered and funded the reconstruction of the entire Imperial District, rebuilding both the complex of the Great Palace and the Magnaura.

And while Harry observed the statue, Moody seemed to be focused on something else.

"It seems that your bodyguards are scattered around this area."

Harry turned around and managed to recognize one of the Varangian Guard, who was clearly observing him. The others were most likely doing the same, wherever they were. Moody seemed to know, though. Nevertheless, Harry decided to sit down in a nearby bench, Moody accompanying him. The young prince made sure to keep his wand at the ready, not exactly being comfortable in the middle of so many people, especially since he didn't know them.

"That whole mess back there will certainly shake people back home," said Alastor. "Especially the
Pureblood society. I'm curious about what old Cygnus's reaction will be to this."

Now that he mentioned it, Harry was curious as well about what Cygnus Black's reaction would be to the fact that Sirius had been proven and declared to be innocent. He doubted however, that the man would change his decision about who would inherit his possessions after he finally died. Speaking of the Blacks, Harry suddenly had the urge to ask something to Moody.

"Erm, Mr. Moody, you said before that you fought alongside my father against Voldemort," said Harry, getting the former Auror's attention. "How was he like?"

"Your father was a rather talented wizard, and could easily take down a group of Death Eaters without problem. However, he also had the tendency to charge without thinking into battle," said Moody. "Not just him, but Black as well. Unlike those two, your mother seemed to have more tact. But when she became pregnant, she ceased to actively participate in our efforts against Voldemort. Your father also became a bit more...restricted. After you were born, the last I heard of them was when they went into hiding. I'm sure you know what happened after that."

Harry nodded.

"What about Sirius Black?"

"Black was very similar to your father," replied the former Auror. "Somewhat more reckless though. I suppose that's the best way to describe him."

Harry did not ask the man about anything else, leaving the two in silence. However, the moment of silence was stopped by a rumble that was felt by all those inside the entrance hall. There was the sound of a distant explosion, followed by another rumble, this time stronger. The guards, Moody, and many other wizards had their wands out, and Harry soon noticed that the green flames in the fireplaces had all been extinguished.

There was another explosion sound, followed by an even louder rumble. Harry also took out his wand, but much like all other wizards, he had no actual target. But in moments, cracks began to appear near the entrance, the people there quickly moving to another area, all pointing their wands at the cracks. However, instead of spreading, the area of the floor where the cracks were suddenly collapsed, forming a small sinkhole. The heavy dust covered most of the area, leading to several non-guard wizards to quickly leave the entrance hall.

"Potter, run quickly towards the fireplaces, and then get out of here," said Moody in a low tone.

Harry quickly looked at the older wizard. "What, why?"

"Because something is crawling out of that hole."

It was then that Harry noticed that Moody's magical eye was fixed on the floor, leading to the young wizard quickly turning around and running towards the Fireplace Corridor. Yet as he did so, a bluish jet of light came from behind him, hitting the centre of the corridor. Whatever the spell was, it caused a massive explosion, rendering the fireplaces useless and blocking much of the way to the other side. Harry had been thrown to the ground due to the force of the explosion, having been unharmed. The boy quickly turned around, seeing a strangely dressed man pointing his wand at him. With a slash, the man conjured a horn-like sound, and from the hole came out strange humanoid creatures, which began to attack all those in the Magnaura. At the same time, three guards had shifted their attention towards the wizard who had destroyed the corridor, engaging him on a duel.
The man however, seemed to have the upper hand, dispatching the guards with ease, before turning his attention towards Harry. He raised his hand, ready to cast a spell at the near-defenceless teenager, but before the curse could hit him, an invisible shield made the curse rebound, hitting a nearby wall. One of the Varangians had managed to reach Harry, now being the only one between the prince and the dark wizard.

"**Your highness, I suggest you leave now!**" said the Varangian.

Harry nodded, getting to his feet and running towards an unblocked way in all of the rubble. Behind him, he could hear the sound of spells, and as he ran in the empty corridor, he glimpsed a green light emerging from behind the rubble, quickly disappearing. His wand was already pointed at the rubble blocking most of the corridor, but his concentration was broken as an explosion unblocked the path, revealing the dark wizard from before. Harry noticed that next to him was the Varangian, unmoving on the floor.

"Flipendo!"

The man easily deflected the spell, countering with a spell of his own. Harry was not fast enough to move out of the way, nor to block the spell with any kind of shield. And as the red light made contact with him, all he knew was darkness.
Chapter 25 – The Shattered Song

Magnaura, Imperial District, Constantinople, Thrace

As he saw Harry running away, Moody became immediately focused on the strange creatures which had emerged from the hole on the floor. He had never seen anything like them, and from the reactions of the other wizards, it seemed they shared his ignorance on what the things were. Having much experience from his years as an Auror, Moody had little difficulty in fighting against the savage creatures.

One of them had jumped and landed right on top of one of the defenders, its touch seemingly burning its victim, the skin boiling and turning into a dark brown tone, like it was burnt meat. The creature was banished by another wizard, being sent straight into a wall, yet the man it attacked was no longer alive. As he fought back against the creatures, Moody had enough time to see the burn mark expanding to cover the whole body, the fallen wizard taking an appearance similar to these beasts.

A Reductor Curse from Moody almost missed its target, blasting part of its upper body instead, revealing something which seemed to be a mixture of lava and hot coal. If the body of these things was at a high temperature, then perhaps there was a more efficient way of dealing with them.

"Glacius!"

A cold mist was projected from Moody's wand, hitting the creature nearest to him. In a moment, it froze, the body quickly collapsing into small fragments. Those around Moody imitated the former Auror, quickly dispatching the creatures. Taking note of the area where Harry had previously been, Moody quickly moved towards the ruined corridor, the wizard who had summoned these things having disappeared from sight. If his gut was right, then the bastard had gone and chased after Potter.

He passed by the rubble and the corpse of a Varangian, and as he turned around Moody saw the dark wizard approaching the fallen form of Harry Potter. Pointing his wand at the man, he cast a powerful spell which sent the man flying beyond Harry, before falling on the floor.

"Rennervate," he said, pointing his wand at Harry who woke up with a jolt.

The teenager quickly became conscious of his surroundings, and grabbing his wand he ran towards Moody, before turning his aim towards his attacker, who had now recovered from Moody's spell. The man's expression was that of a raged maniac, which led to Moody and Harry attacking the man instantly. The exchange of spells that followed was mostly defined by the savage attacks of the dark wizard, and the more careful but still aggressive style of both Moody and Harry.
"Expulso!"

Harry's curse hit the man, who was blasted back once more and fell on the ground, his wand a few feet away from him. He noticed that some damage had been caused, mostly due to the blood on the ground.

"Alastor! Harry!"

The voice of Dumbledore startled the two, who had been too much focused on the dark wizard. From a nearby corridor, both Dumbledore and Maria appeared, their wands pointed at the wizard on the floor.

"You're a bit late Albus," said Moody. "There's a massacre occurring up there in the entrance hall. And this one here is the cause of it!"

"He can't be the only one," said Maria. "The defences of the Magnaura were all deactivated. He must have an accomplice."

"If he has one, then they must be inactive," said Moody. "When those creatures attacked he was the only one there."

Maria looked livid.

"Then I guess we'll have to extract that information from him," she declared. "Forcefully."

The man smirked, and then looked at Harry.

"To thee, my Divine Sovereign."

His hand moved quickly, and before the four wizards could react, there was a flash of green light. The man's hand fell limp on the ground, his eyes vacantly staring into nothingness. The wizards stared at the corpse, shocked at the sudden event.

"Bastard…" grumbled Moody.

Maria suddenly ignored the man and rushed towards her grandson.

"Hadrian, are you all right?" she asked.

Harry was still stunned by all that had just happened around him. The chaos in the entrance, having been knocked unconscious and this man's suicide were not very good combinations.

"I—I don't…I don't know."

Moody addressed Dumbledore and Maria.

"Perhaps we should head to the entrance," he said. "The lack of noise suggests that the guards must have dealt with the creatures there already."

They walked cautiously towards the destroyed corridor, Moody being the first to glance at the entrance hall to verify if it was safe to enter, and upon seeing that inside were only those who were fighting against the creatures, they entered the entrance hall.

"Your excellency," said one of the guards who approached Maria. "We have secured the entrance hall. Some have descended into the hole to seek the invaders."
Maria nodded. "The defences were all taken down, and leader of this force is dead," she said. "The one who deactivated the defences must have escaped, or is infiltrated amongst us."

"My Lady, these creatures… we have never seen anything like this," said the man. "All our dead have their bodies…burned. And just by having been touched by those things."

Harry took advantage of the conversation to observe one of the fallen creatures. At first glance, it seemed to be a broken statue made of coal, or some other material. The corpse also seemed to be a bit too fragile looking. In his curiosity, he went to touch the body, yet it fell into dust at his touch, its fragility becoming very factual. But as it did so, a strange glowing object appeared from the ashes. Harry looked at it, a strange crystal with a glowing red orb within it. It began to float, stopping when it was at his eye-level.

"Grandmother," he called out. "Look at this."

Maria turned her attention towards her grandson, finding it strange for him to be crouched down next to a pile of ash. She want to see what he was looking at, and upon noticing what it was, she stopped dead on her track.

"A Nucleus," she whispered.

Harry looked at her strangely, before looking back at the strange crystal.

"A what?" he asked, before reaching out to touch it.

"Harry, no!"

Maria's warning came too late, as Harry' hand had already touched the Nucleus. It was in less than a second, and his mind was assaulted by countless horrifying visions. All around him seemed to shift as if projected by the crystal, the life within the Nucleus being etched onto his own mind, corrupted fragments of memory passing before his eyes as if a film. What he felt was not consciousness, but utter rage and anger, as if suppressed by countless millennia and eager to be unleashed into the world. Past the viciousness, he saw the beginning of something… different, beyond such primal urges. Something very small, which grew with the passage of time, and the darkness that followed. It was weak… consumed by a foreign and ancient rage, and now lost forever. And it called out to him, seeing freedom to destroy and corrupt.

There was much noise around him, and it did not stop until he was pulled away from whatever was binding him by an invisible force. As all around him returned to normal, he felt pain on his throat, and a strong dry sensation as well. It was as if he had been screaming. And he was, for Harry soon realized that he was still doing so, a scream of horror and pain.

"Harry!"

He felt arms around him, his name being called by someone. He did not listen, still trapped in a world of horror by what had been shown to him. He could now even understand what happened next, as suddenly all became silent and dark, his body falling into unconsciousness once more, soundless words echoing within his mind.

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I am the Dreamer

My Dream is the Song

The Song is the Memory
The Memory is what I bring
Chapter 26 – Words of the Sleeper

Sanctum of the Ancients, Varandill Aanor

Within the depths of the ancient city of Varandill Aanor, the Professor continued his endeavours to fulfill the millennial plot of the cult.

"Well, well. This is rather interesting!"

He was eagerly reading a report from one of his many subordinates, the information within very valuable and possibly critical to the advancement of the goals of the Consortium. He analysed the information within compiling it with that of other reports, wondering what to make of these discoveries.

"So... Xibalba, huh?" he wondered within his old mind. "Out of all places why would it be there? Still, no wonder why we couldn't find it."

As he kept pondering on the whereabouts of something, the ground suddenly began to shake, almost as if it was an earthquake.

"What?" he spoke up alarmed.

As it stopped, there was strong rumble, seemingly coming from the depths of the city. And then, there was absolute and eerie silence. Yet despite the silence, he could feel a strong and familiar presence all around him.

"It can't be..." he whispered. "Already?"

In an instant, he apparated from the Sanctum into the Hall of Cultivation, right outside a small chamber. As he entered it, he eyes immediately fell on a large receptacle, filled with Eitr and a glowing crystal within it. He approached it, kneeling before it.

"My Lady, this presence...it's..."

Whispers began to emanate from within the Eitr, the Professor knowing their meaning, but only within his mind. The whispers confirmed his thoughts, and a smile crept on his face.

"What should be our next step?" he asked.

More whispers crept onto his mind, the voiceless words of the Eternal Queen telling him how the Consortium should proceed now.
"Very well, my Lady," replied the Professor. "And what about Voldemort?"

He listened once more, being given more instructions by the Black Mistress.

"I can attempt to further his restoration, but I will need to develop the Eitr even more," said the Professor. "The consequences of such a mutation are unknown to me."

The whispers were that of pondering, the thoughts of the Eternal Queen being projected from her broken Nucleus.

"Then I shall let the process continue naturally," declared the Professor. "I assume he will be restored in a few months, assuming what he did to his own Nucleus doesn't hamper the process. If that doesn't work, then I must take more drastic measures."

What followed was a strange silence, the being within the Eitr seemingly in thought.

"And what of the boy?" asked the Professor.

His answer was quick and simple, the man nodding in response.

"Very well," he replied. "It shall be done."

This time, the Queen remained silent, her Nucleus returning to a deep slumber. The Professor got up, quickly leaving the room and heading to his chamber in the hall of cultivation. As he did so, he heard footsteps, someone approaching him.

"Sir, I have returned from the Magnaura," said the male voice.

"And?"

"The creatures managed to kill several of the guards, before being destroyed by the defenders," said the man. "Davide killed himself after being defeated in a duel against the Prince and a British man."

"As it should have been," replied the Professor, knowing very well what the actions of the deceased agent would be. "Anything else?"

"Yes, sir. When killed, the creatures seem to release the Nucleus," said the man. "The Prince made this discovery himself, but when he touched the Nucleus something happened."

Well, now that was very interesting information.

"And what exactly happened?"

"The Prince became paralyzed after touching the Nucleus, and then he began to scream," revealed the agent. "He became unconscious after a few seconds and has been sent to a secure location by his grandmother."

"Did you feel anything strange after that?" asked the Professor. "A presence of sorts?"

"Yes, sir. There was a heavy pressure in the room after the Prince fell unconscious, but I think the others did not notice it."
Of course, they would not feel it. The Professor knew very well that those who were not in touch with the Ancient World as they were, would not feel what those in the Consortium did. He was sure that if the Prince had been awakened and fully conscious of himself, he would have felt it as well. But in this, he wondered how he would have reacted to it. But with this, their plans would have to change.

"I want you to travel to Hogsmeade, and seek Petra there," ordered the Professor. "Tell her that her mission had been aborted, and that she is to return here. I have other uses for her now."

The man nodded. "Very well, sir."

The man apparated away, and the Professor returned to his previous task. It had been unfortunate that his creations had caused several casualties, but now he was aware of their aggressive nature even more.

It was time to return to experimentation.

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City of Inverness, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

Of all places, which were possibly safe for Harry, Maria had decided that the Inverness Castle would be the best. The residences in Nicaea and Portugal were too obvious, not to mention that the cult was more active in Imperial territory. And now she sat near to Harry, who was sleeping inside the main bedroom of the castle.

When she saw him reaching out to touch the Nucleus, she immediately knew that something terrible would happen, the feeling itself generated from her gut. His screams had made her panic in a manner she had not since the disappearance of her daughter. To their luck, he quickly became unconscious, and the Nucleus was taken into custody, alongside the others which had been recovered.

She heard the door being opened, and glanced to see who had entered. It was Dumbledore and Moody, the two having just arrived at the old castle.

"How is he?" asked Dumbledore.

"He hasn't woken up yet," replied the monarch. "Nothing has changed since we left Constantinople."

Dumbledore summoned two chairs, one for himself and another for Moody. As they sat down, Moody turned to Maria.

"Madam, what exactly was that thing he touched?"

Maria sighed. "What do you know of the soul?"

"Your description is correct, but that is not the soul," said Maria, surprising both Dumbledore and Moody. "In an accurate description, the soul is part of a greater whole, that which we call the Nucleus. It serves as the Nucleus's power source, if we can call it that. If removed or heavily damaged, the Nucleus dies, and a good example of what happens to the person is the aftermath of the Dementor's Kiss."
"How come I never heard of it?" asked Dumbledore.

Maria chucked. "It is a heavily obscure topic outside the Empire, and even there it is mostly known to high learned individuals. Even we only know about the Nucleus because such knowledge was recovered from archives of Al-Antidian cities. We have institutes specialized in the investigation of the Nucleus and its nature, all scattered across the Empire, seeking to improve the knowledge we already possess, and many of our research into the Nucleus comes from volunteers."

"Excuse me, but... volunteers?" said Dumbledore.

"There are people who, for reasons known only to them, decide to donate their Nuclei to further the investigation efforts," she said. "They know the consequences of such act, and are fully willing to do so."

Dumbledore and Moody were quite unnerved by the very thought of someone donating the very essence of their being in order to further science. It was once thing to donate an organ after death, but they were talking about the very being of a person, not just something someone wouldn't need after dying.

"So that thing he touched was a Nucleus," said Moody.

"Yes, but not a normal one," said Maria. "A normal Nucleus has a blue glow, but that one was red, meaning it was altered. That means our enemies have access to not just Nuclei, but the means to alter them as well. Hopefully, we will soon have more light on these corrupted Nuclei."

As she finished speaking, she heard something akin to a groan, and all immediately turned towards Harry, wondering if he would wake up. Yet he remained asleep, but at the same time he began to speak, almost as if whispering.

"What I bring... is a Sea..."

They looked at each other, wondering what was going on. And for some reason, Maria found the sentence somewhat familiar.

"It is your Shelter... I give you the Waters... They hold the Secret... It is my Soul."

Maria could not put where she heard those words, but they were certainly familiar for some reason. It was rather unsettling. What exactly was Harry experiencing on his sleep for this to suddenly happen?

Unknown

He could not remember what happened, but all Harry knew that he was no longer in the Magnaura. He was staring into a deep void, filled with countless white dots, perhaps stars, if that was even possible, and unable to control his body. Whoever was doing so turned around, allowing him to see a large chamber illuminated by engravings which emanated a blue light. He began to walk forward, leaving the chamber and passing by oddly dressed figures... possibly guards.

He entered a corridor, and silently walked towards some sort of lift, which took him to an upper section of wherever he was. He did not understand what was happening, and he simply felt a strange acceptance of this situation, seemingly unnatural. As the lift stopped, he entered a small antechamber, where an oddly dressed man was. He approached him, bowing before him before speaking.
"Your Holiness, I have news about the rebellion," said the man.

Harry felt his arms move, and his lips as well, but he could not hear the words he spoke. However, the other man could.

"Of course," he said, bowing once more. "It shall be done, my Divine Sovereign."

That title… Divine Sovereign. He heard that one, didn't he, when that insane man from the Magnaura had killed himself. He knew what it was, but at the same time, he did not. This conflict within his mind was frustrating, but right now he could not do anything about it. He did not even know where he was or what was happening to him.

He walked past the man, and entered a somewhat circular and well illuminated room. It looked like an observatory, judging by the amount of windows to the exterior. He walked past a throne of sorts, and moved to one of the windows. He realized that he was in a tower of sorts, and below him was a massive metropolis. He felt as if this place should be familiar to him, but he could not understand why.

But then he felt his lips moving once more, and this time, he managed to hear a voice. But what shocked him the most was the fact that the voice was none other than his.

"I think you've seen enough. It's time to wake up."

And as the scene around him dissolved, his eyes opened to a completely different scenario.
Chapter 27 – The Lord of the World

When he blinked, his eyes had opened to a completely new scenario. He was no longer inside some sort of structure, but instead in the middle of what seemed to be a barren wasteland. He was on the ground, as if he fell asleep there. Getting up, Harry looked around, trying to examine his surroundings. The first thing he noticed was the fact that he was now in control of his body, an improvement from his previous situation.

"What… just happened?" he wondered out loud.

He felt strangely detached from everything, and this place… there was something incredibly eerie about it. Where was he anyway?

He felt as if he was in some sort of canyon, and he could see several mesas in the distance. To his west were vast barren plains, and they seemed to end at some sort of cliff. He decided to head towards the plains, finding them more pleasant than the canyon and mesas. It took a while to reach the area, and as he looked behind, he saw that the canyon he had been had disappeared, and he was simply staring into more plains.

"H-How…?" he mumbled in shock.

This was certainly not normal. Not normal at all.

"A rather peculiar place, isn't it?"

He quickly turned around at the voice, and Harry nearly jumped when he saw that the cliff was now closer than before. More than that, there was also a man near the edge of the cliff, dressed in a rather strange fashion, his clothes very similar to that of bureaucrats of imperial China. Yet he looked to be an old and Caucasian man, a rather well kept beard adorning his face, contrasting with his untidy grey hair.

"Who are you?" asked Harry.

"I have many names, young one," he said. "Perhaps it should be you to decide what you will call me, no?"

Harry was getting confused by this.

"Me deciding what to call you?"

"Indeed. Tell me, what do I remind you of?"
The young wizard began to wonder what this man wanted, but he answered nonetheless.

"A mandarin," he said.

"Ah, good. So be it then," said the man. "Henceforth, I shall be known as the Mandarin."

This man was very strange, especially the way he acted. Not as much as this place where he was, though.

"Now, I presume you are wondering what is this place, no?"

Despite not trusting the man, Harry nodded.

"Truth be told, this is not much of a place… more of a concept made physical," said the Mandarin. "This, Mr. Potter, is where time goes to die."

"Where time goes to die?" said Harry. "That doesn't make any sense!"

"Technically speaking, this place is more of a ghost, than a corpse," claimed the Mandarin. "All that has happened, all past events, even those beyond the reach of your era… you stand in them. Even events connected to you, no matter how close they are to your present self, they are already here."

"Who made this place then?" asked Harry.

"No one did," answered the Mandarin. "The Graveyard is a by-product of the creation of time, much like the Future itself."

"Sure. But why am I here?"

The Mandarin chuckled, and suddenly disappeared.

"What makes you think you are here?"

Harry turned around, seeking out the Mandarin's voice, finding him a few meters away from himself.

"You stand at the brink of non-existence, Mr. Potter," said the Mandarin. "Mortals would never be able to stand where we are and continue to cling to their insignificant existence. But you are not a normal mortal, are you Mr. Potter?"

That question was more of a statement, Harry believing that this entity in front of him already knew the answer to its own question.

"I'm a wizard. What about it?"

The Mandarin smirked. "There is little difference between a wizard and the common folk. All share the same fate, and that is death. There are those who try to claim lordship over death, but such a thing is nothing more than a manifestation of the arrogance of mortals. I speak of course, of the legend surrounding the Peverell family, of which you descend. I assume you know what I speak of."

"I've heard of it, yes," he replied. "The Deathly Hallows, right?"

The Mandarin extended his hand, a strange mist appearing in front of it.
"The Elder Wand," he said as the mist took form, and a rather familiar looking wand appeared. "The Resurrection Stone."

As he said that, the wand returned to mist and took the form of a small and rather strangely shaped stone.

"And the last one, the Cloak of Invisibility."

The stone then took the shape of a cloak. A very familiar cloak.

"Hey, that's my cloak!" exclaimed Harry.

"Indeed it is," said the Mandarin as the cloak disappeared. "It was passed down from Ignotus to his daughter, and from her to his grandson, one of the Potters. All three, your ancestors. Nevertheless, three are the artefacts. A wand which brings death, a stone which summons the dead, and a cloak to hide from both. Curious that you ended up with the most important of the three. But I digress. This talk of the talismans of Death has gotten in the way of our main topic."

"Me not being a common mortal?"

"All that lives will die Mr. Potter," said the entity. "That is a fundamental law of nature. And those who seek to change it will always meet a most terrible end. There are those who leave part of themselves behind… echoes of who they once were. You know them as ghosts, their real consciousness having passed onto eternal rest. And you also have the rare individual whose very core survives the passage, and is brought back into the mortal fold… born anew."

"Reincarnation?" he asked, wanting a confirmation.

The Mandarin nodded. "You are a child, Mr. Potter. One whose mind has not yet matured to the fabric of reality itself," declared the Mandarin. "In the countless millennia of my existence, I saw the birth of the greatest conflict this universe saw since the days when the Mount of Megiddo was reduced to ashes in a thousand flames."

"What conflict?" asked Harry curious.

"Just like the very first conflict, it began with a rebellion against a great authority," revealed the Mandarin. "And a divine one as well. History knows it as the Third War of Righteousness, fought in the First Era of your planet and timeline. The forces of Cloteias against the supreme master of the world, Anipheon IX, the Divine Sovereign of the Al-Antidian Empire."

"I never heard of it," said Harry.

There was a strange expression on the Mandarin's face, almost as if both a great sadness attempted to overcome him, and he wanted to burst in laughter. Yet he remained as before, his demeanour not changing, which unnerved Harry a bit, considering what he had seen. Suddenly, the Mandarin disappeared much like before, and as Harry looked around to search for him, he turned towards the cliff, realizing that the cliff was no longer there.

The young wizard was stunned by this sudden change of scenario, standing now in a balcony overlooking a vast and apparently ancient city. A vast structure towered over him, its great shadow covering part of the city. And there was something very familiar about this place, something which he could exactly discern.

"Beyond its ruins in the mortal world, this is what remains of the ancient city of Bronzalae Cava, capital of Al-Antidia during the Bronzaid dynasty," said the Mandarin, who was now next to him.
"In the final day of the war, part of the city below was crushed by the collapsing spire, millions of lives claimed in a single instant. When the dust had settled down, Cloteias stood victorious amongst the rubble. The corpse of Anipheon would be found days later, and would be buried in the necropolis below the city."

"What happened then?" asked Harry.

"As a descendent of Amilanius, Cloteias became the new Divine Sovereign of Al-Antidia, the third to possess that name," revealed the Mandarin. "His dynasty would give Al-Antidia thirteen more Divine Sovereigns, until it was replaced by a new ruling family. Curiously enough, Cloteias would be assassinated by supporters of his son and successor, Rassaeon III. But despite their differences, both Cloteias and Anipheon were once close friends, and even had a common trait."

"Which was?"

"Both the mother of Anipheon and the mother of Cloteias were Perennials," said the Mandarin. "As such, the two were Human-Perennial hybrids, their power unmatched by any living being at their time. And when they died, they did not simply pass onto the realm of the dead. Their mortal part was consumed by their divine essence, and so both Anipheon and Cloteias became fully Perennial, a process known to mortalkind as apotheosis."

It did not take long before Harry realized what the Mandarin was trying to say.

"So their conflict continued after their deaths," said the young wizard.

The Mandarin smiled.

"Even today, they still attempt to fulfil their agendas by making use of their followers. And while your grandmother feels that you are not yet to be preoccupied with such issues, I disagree," declared the entity. "For you to succeed in your journey, there are things you must learn. The first of which, is that Voldemort, is the least of your concerns right now. In fact, he is nothing more than a servant of your real enemy."

"What?" exclaimed Harry.

"In his youth, Tom Riddle was ensnared by the powerful charm of the Black Mistress," said the Mandarin. "Even in her current state, her power is to be considered, especially considering who she once was."

"Who's the Black Mistress?" he asked confused.

"The Eternal Queen of the Seven Cities," was the reply. "A remnant of the Adversary and the former spouse of Anipheon IX. Nevertheless, her power was nothing compared to Anipheon's, and not even she was beyond the wrath of the Divine Sovereign. She is the leader of the Consortium, an organization which seeks to restore her to full power. And once that is done… then they have other goals which are obscure, even to the Blinded Ones."

"But what does that have to do with me?"

"You are the key to their objectives, Mr. Potter," said the man. "The attack on the Magnaura and your subsequent slumber were critical points to the awakening of your true nature."

Harry did not like the sound of that.

"What's that supposed to mean?" he demanded.
"Before you entered the Graveyard, you saw events that occurred long ago," said the Mandarin. "It was not a dream, but a memory."

"Of who?"

Harry instincts were telling him that the answer would be very unpleasant.

"Remember when I told you that a normal mortal would be unable to enter this place without being consumed by non-existence?"

He received a nod in reply.

"You are not a normal mortal, Mr. Potter," said the Mandarin. "In fact, the only thing mortal about you is your body."

This was not the answer he was expecting, and the next words from the Mandarin were enough to leave him semi-catatonic for several moments.

"You, Harry Potter, are the reincarnation of Anipheon himself."

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**The Encyclopaedia:**

**The Mandarin** – A mysterious entity which manifested itself in the Graveyard before Harry. Knows much about him and the Ancient World.

**Bronzalae Cava** – Translated as **Bronzas's Spire**, it was the capital of the Al-Antidian Empire during the Bronzaid dynasty, founded by Bronzas IV. Part of it was destroyed when the spire itself collapsed during the duel between Anipheon and Cloteias, causing millions of casualties. In the following generations, the city was abandoned and fell into obscurity. Records indicate it was located somewhere in the western regions of the Iberian Peninsula.

**Anipheon IX** – The last member of the Bronzaid dynasty to be a Divine Sovereign of Al-Antidia, Anipheon was the son of Oiraps VIII and a female Perennial. He was killed during a rebellion against him by Cloteias, who succeeded him as the ruler of Al-Antidia. With his death, Anipheon would fully become a Perennial, his mortality ceasing to be. However, for unknown reasons, he was reincarnated as Harry Potter.
Chapter 28 - Anipheon

Bronzalae Cava, Al-Antidia

The wind was tame, the sun above illuminating a massive metropolis below. Around it plains and forest, alongside roads constructed millennia ago, connecting this bastion to many others. At its centre stood a massive tower, the most holy Temple of the Ancestors, the very heart of the city. Below the surface, more of the temple existed, and a much wider structure than above. It was a simple testament to the glory that was Bronzalae Cava, capital of Al-Antidia and seat of the Divine Sovereign.

It stood a few towns away from the Seas of Amilanius and the ancient Bridge of Prozac, connecting the Imperial Mainland to the shores of the distant continent. Once a small commercial village in the peninsula, it was given to Iridal, the Appraiser of the Wayward Whims, the official title of the High Priest of Teutates, and ownership of the village passed down to his descendants, growing in both size and population until it reached its peak during the reign of the one who would become Bronzas IV, founder of the eight dynasty to rule over the Al-Antidian Empire.

It was common knowledge, things that children learned from their parents and would pass down to their offspring. And the child that observed the city below was no different, except in a few special aspects. Grey eyes eagerly observed what he would one day rule over, but the child knew that it would be many centuries before that would come to happen. The lifespan of an Al-Antidian was rather extensive, his own grandfather having died a few decades after reaching his fourth millennium.

In other days, he would never dream of coming to the balcony, the wind sometimes being rather violent in such altitudes, but today the weather seemed to be on his side. There was a stairway leading to a higher section of the tower, but that area was currently under maintenance. At this height, he was unable to see the people down in the city, mostly due to the clouds, and if he looked up he would be unable to see the sun, the celestial body being only visible on the other side of the tower.

"Anipheon!"

The child, Anipheon, turned around to look at the one who had called him. He knew that voice very well, even though he despised its owner.

"What do you want?" asked Anipheon.

It was a woman, his father's wife and his own step-mother. She had married the Divine Sovereign after he had been born, and attempted to do all possible to have him declared as an illegitimate
bastard. Unfortunately for her, the Divine Sovereign was bent on having his firstborn son succeeding him, especially due to Anipheon's maternal inheritance. That little fact frustrated not just his wife but also the children he had with her.

But if there was another sentiment they shared regarding Anipheon, it would have to be fear. A half-human and half-perennial was not exactly a normal occurrence, and when one was born, people feared to cause any harm to them, in fear of retribution from their divine parent, and from the hybrid as well.

"You have missed the Rites of Lethargy," she said condescendingly. "I would believe that it is unbecoming for the heir apparent to miss such events."

Anipheon's eyebrow was raised in curiosity.

"The last time I checked, I was not a follower of Anahit," stated Anipheon. "Unlike you, I don't partake in such rituals."

He saw the irritation in his stepmother's face. He had the body of young child, who seemed to have recently reached his teenage years, but having been alive for nearly two decades made quite the dissonance between mind and appearance.

"Your father participates in them," she declared. "He expects you to do so as well."

The heir to the Alluvial Throne smiled.

"He only does that because he wants to please you," he said. "However, I do hope you don't try to convert him to your little cult of Hadahd."

Those words petrified the woman. How in heaven did he know of that?

"So… unless you want your heresy exposed, I suggest you go away," said Anipheon.

His stepmother gulped, and in an attempt at expressing dignity, she turned around and entered the temple once more. He didn't know what his father saw in that woman, but eventually she would have to disappear… permanently. Even his own tolerance of annoyances had limits, and that woman already had written her death sentence. It was like she didn't know who the next Divine Sovereign would be.

"I bet she still hopes for the title to go to one of her children," thought Anipheon.

He decided to leave the balcony, entering the temple, and heading to one of the lifts. Descending several miles until he was beneath the surface. He walked towards a corridor, passing by one of the Gardens of the Glittering Void, and entering what he knew to be an area of the temple under the control of the Paramount.

There were few people there, the majority attending the services in the tower, or perhaps not yet working. He was sure that there were more guards in this section of the tower than members of the Paramount. He walked inside the Chamber of Observance, and his eyes fell on the bright column of energy at the centre. There was no one inside, him being the only one looking at the most important invention created in all Al-Antidia.

The Temporal Mainframe was not exactly an object, but more of an artificial dimension and database, containing all the knowledge amassed over the millennia. Every Temple of the Ancestors had a Chamber of Observance, with a gateway into the Temporal Mainframe within, and each was
maintained by a respective branch of the Paramount. The light mesmerized him, and it was something not everyone was allowed to see. His status granted him may privileges, and access to areas such as this was one of them.

As he got close to the energy, Anipheon began to see a strange shape appearing within the energy pillar. Taking a step back, he watched as a figure emerged from within the Mainframe, recognizing who it was.

"Exalted Nederel," said Anipheon, greeting the man.

Nederel was possibly the oldest of the Exalted. The man already had been a member during the reign of his grandfather, which made him one of the oldest humans alive in the empire. He was the Diviner of the Ideal Works, in other words, the High Priest of Ayavan. Mystery, Incomprehensibility and Omniscience of God, Ayavan was highly worshiped amongst scholars and scientists, and was the first of the Sacred Twelve that students prayed to before their examinations.

The aged priest was different from most humans, his very physical form having been altered by his own experimentations. Nederel was not after immortality, but he desired to seek ways to expand his life, at least until he complete his research and work. He was tall, and his figure seemed to be almost skeletal, with bony and long fingers emerging from ornate and ancient robes. His hair had long since fallen, vanity not being a trait of Nederel.

"Child, why stand you here in these deep halls?" asked the Diviner of the Ideal Works.

"I apologize Exalted One," replied Anipheon. "I was curious about the Mainframe."

The distorted face of Nederel looked down at the young child of Oiraps.

"I seek not your apology," he said. "Show only understanding and supreme will in my presence, Revered One. Such are His words and desires."

"And so, it shall be," declared Anipheon, his words a mere reply to the spoken thoughts of the priest of Ayavan.

The hint of a smile appeared on Nederel's face, and the old priest moved towards an altar nearby, several cubes on top of it. His hand reached out to them, and one of the cubes floated towards it. Nederel grabbed the floating object, and it began to glow as the priest activated it.

"Be this what you seek?" asked Nederel. "Keeper of intelligence anterior, deposit for events impending?"

Anipheon took hold of the cube, looking at it.

"The data cubes are a bit unimpressive," he commented. "The gateway is more spectacular."

The old priest chuckled.

"Such are the thoughts of youth," said Nederel.

Anipheon had been in the presence of data cubes before, and knew very well what they were. While the gateway allowed someone to enter the Temporal Mainframe, the data cubes allowed one to glimpse at the Mainframe. Not quite as exciting, but it was rather useful nonetheless. Much like Nederel had done, Anipheon activated the instrument, his mind simultaneously in his body and inside the Temporal Mainframe.
To the inexperienced, it was an unpleasant experience, and why most preferred to enter the mainframe directly. But in many situations, only the data cubes were available. Anipheon had used the cubes several times, but only in the presence of members of the Paramount. Just like the Temporal Mainframe, they were also in charge of maintaining the cubes and improving them. To Anipheon, it held the sensation of dreaming and being awake at the same time. It was odd and made him feel slightly numb, but in all it was not truly unpleasant.

He observed the events of the Second War of Ascendency and the triumph of Amilanius over the other kingdoms of the world, uniting all of them into his new empire. The Fall of Alartas in the Second War of Righteousness soon followed the first vision, leading to the ascension of the sixth dynasty. But he quickly stopped, deactivating the date cube. Only a few seconds had passed, and he gave back the object to the high priest of Ayavan.

"The past is still, but what of the future?" mused the young teenager. "Is it also still or perhaps uncertain?"

"The future is what He wishes it to be," replied Nederel.

Those words were strange to Anipheon. If He was the one who decided the fate of all things, then what about the thoughts and works of mortals. They also influenced the line of fate, right?

"And what we make of it as well, no?"

Author's Note:

I think it's obvious what this chapter is supposed to be. Nevertheless, in this story's progenitor, I never delved deep into the old Atlantean Empire, so I'm trying to build on what I had previously created, and changing a few things on the way. Also, I don't know if I mentioned in on this story, but in-universe, the word "Atlantis" is the English variation of a corruption, of another corruption, which is in turn another corruption of the word "Al-Antidia."

To those who have the time and patience to do so, if you don't mind, I ask you to give me your thoughts on my take on Atlantis. I am rather curious about what you think of this whole thing.

The Encyclopaedia:

Imperial Mainland – The modern translation given to the "name" of what is today known as Afro-Eurasia. The ancient Greek wizards were the first to translate it, giving it the name of "Oikouméné".

Bridge of Prozac – An ancient and massive bridge which connected the Iberian Peninsula to the American continent. Divine Sovereign Prozac I ordered its construction, commonly believed to have been due to a bet he made with a courtier (and which Prozac apparently won).

Prozac I – Son of Kalthaia II and her successor as Divine Sovereign of Al-Antidia. A member of the Aernaionid dynasty, the second family to hold the Al-Antidian throne, Prozac was a heavily religious man, much like his relatives. He was succeeded by his son, Anipheon IV.

Iridal – Grandson of Divine Sovereign Taioron II, he was appointed by his cousin Nergal X to the Exalted, becoming the High Priest of Teutates. His descendants would rule over the city which came to be known as Bronzalae Cava, and millennia later they would ascend to the office of Divine Sovereign.
Appraiser of the Wayward Whims – The official title and style of the High Priest of Teutates, and one of the twelve members of the Exalted. The title was created by the very first High Priest of Teutates, a process shared by the other members of the Exalted.

Diviner of the Ideal Works - The official title and style of the High Priest of Ayavan, and one of the Exalted.

Teutates – One of the Sacred Twelve and venerated as the embodiment of God's goodness. His High Priest was the Appraiser of the Wayward Whims.

Anahit – One of the Sacred Twelve, and venerated as the embodiment of God's impassibility. Her High Priest was the Minister of the Lethargic Words.

Ayavan - One of the Sacred Twelve and venerated as the embodiment of God's mystery, omniscience and incomprehensibility. His High Priest was the Diviner of the Ideal Works.

Oiraps VIII - Divine Sovereign of Al-Antidia and the father of Anipheon. Before his marriage, he consorted with a Perennial, and Anipheon would be born from that union.
The skies above Bronzalae Cava were blue and cloudless, almost as if the weather itself knew the importance of this day. Across Al-Antidia many celebrations occurred, for the ascension of a new Divine Sovereign would happen soon. But Bronzalae Cava was the heart of Al-Antidia, its Temple of the Ancestors now filled with nobles and clerics from across the land, all there to pay homage to their new sovereign.

At the temple's base, where massive statues of the Divine Sovereigns of old stood, many of those who would witness the ceremony gathered, the Temple of the Ancients being sealed for the moment. But high above, in one of the balconies which overlooked the city, was Anipheon. It had been a century and so when he also stood on that very balcony, thinking about his future and other affairs. He knew very well that he was possibly the only Divine Sovereign to ascend to the Alluvial Throne at such a young age. He was still a teenager, by the standards of the Al-Antidians, but that would not stop him from assuming absolute control over the Empire.

He would not rely on a regent, as that was certainly what the courtiers and the nobles wanted. They had become too much free during his father's reign, and now he would have to tighten the leash once more. He would not tolerate possessing a diminished authority over Al-Antidia… it just wasn't right.

Whilst keeping himself entertained with his own thoughts, Anipheon was eventually distracted by someone approaching him. He turned around, realizing that it was one of the Exalted, more specifically, the Luminary of the Celestial Dome.

"Your Eminence, the Chamber of Ceremonies has been prepared," said the priest.

"Then the ceremony shall begin immediately," declared Anipheon. "Unseal the temple."

The Exalted Priest nodded. "Very well, my Lord."

As the man left the balcony, Anipheon followed him until reaching one of the lifts. Instead of going down like the other, the device took Anipheon to an elevated section of the tower. He did not head towards the throne room, instead stopping at a level exactly below it. Leaving the lift, he entered an empty and semi-circular antechamber, a large door concealing what existed in the room beyond. Taking a deep breath, Anipheon walked forward and opened the door, revealing a suspended pathway leading to the centre of the room, where stood a small circular dais.

But that was not the main feature of the room. It was almost as if it was suspended in the middle of
the most magnificent section of the cosmos, colourful nebulae and extraordinary galaxies
surrounding him. It was breath-taking, and it was the first time he had entered the chamber. Only
the Divine Sovereign was authorized to do so, and it was considered sacrilege for any other to do
so. However, there was an exception, and that was during the coronation of the new Divine
Sovereign.

What happened within this chamber was secret, not even the Exalted or the family of the Sovereign
knowing of what trespassed within its cosmic walls. And as Anipheon walked towards the dais, the
door closed behind him.

When the door opened again and Anipheon left the chamber, he was greeted with all the Exalted,
the most prominent figure being that of Nederel, still amongst the living and effectively the "first
amongst equals" within the Exalted.

He took a step forward, bowing before Anipheon.

"Most Divine Master, we are exalted by your presence," said Nederel. "The Mother of
Sovereignty awaits you."

Anipheon smiled. "Let us not keep her waiting then."

The priests stepped aside, allowing Anipheon to enter the lift once more, before being followed by
the Exalted. The device descended into the depths of the temple, no longer being on the surface. If
he had to guess, then he would say he was now in the upper section of the Undercity. When the lift
stopped, he entered a large chamber, filled with columns and guards. Near the centre was an old
woman, finely dressed and with much pomp.

"Anipheon, child," said the woman happily. "To think I would see you ascend to Divine
Sovereign."

"Hello grandmother," said Anipheon. "Everything is ready?"

The woman nodded. "Of course. Shall we?"

At Anipheon's nod, she extended her arm, Anipheon taking hold of it. Viniathilda was without a
doubt, the most powerful woman in Al-Antidia. Her position as the wife of the long deceased
Protion VII allowed her to manipulate the court of her husband and that of her son. She knew very
well that Oiraps's wife coveted the role of Mother of Sovereignty, but since it was Anipheon that
ascended to the Alluvial Throne, she had been denied that.

"You should be pleased to know that Ellivia has returned to the Northern Isles," said
Viniathilda. "She took your brothers with her."

"She could not bear the humiliation of a bastard ascending to the throne instead of her
children," replied Anipheon. "She took the easy path. However, I will make sure to keep her
and the others under vigilance. They may try something."

In fact, Anipheon would not be surprised if Ellivia and his half-siblings had something to do with
Oiraps's death. But if they did, then they covered their tracks quite well. In the end, whatever she
planned failed, as the Exalted confirmed Oiraps's decision of who would become the new Divine
Sovereign.
"Let's forget about them for now," suggested the Mother of Sovereignty. "Now… I believe you will be pleased about who came to congratulate you today."

Anipheon immediately knew who his grandmother was referring to.

"Cloteias! He's here?" he asked rather excited.

Viniathilda smiled. "Your friend is here, yes. I met him earlier this morning. He came all the way here from the Celestial Paths, just to witness your coronation."

She could basically feel the excitement emanating from Anipheon. Despite being soon coronated as the Divine Sovereign, he was still a child.

They quickly reached an antechamber, and as the Exalted entered it, the Mother turned towards Anipheon.

"Are you ready for this?" she asked.

Anipheon nodded. "I think so… yes, yes I am."

Viniathilda turned towards the doors of the antechamber, magically opening them. The two entered it, the doors behind them shutting down. The Mother turned towards the entrance of the Chamber of Ceremonies, where the coronation ceremony would happen. She grabbed a staff that was attached to the wall, and tapped the door with it three times. Seconds later, they opened, revealing an enormous room filled with many nobles, high clerics, and other important officials of Al-Antidia.

Anipheon's grandmother walked towards the throne on a dais at the centre of the room. The Alluvial Throne was usually in the Throne Room, at the top of the temple, but in special occasions it was moved to key areas of the tower, just like today. As she stood on the dais, right before the throne, the Mother of Sovereignty turned towards those present, before magically increasing the tone of her voice.

"I call upon me your attention, people of this world! I, who brought divinity upon this world, present upon you its new master. Blood of Divine Oiraps, Sovereign of Al-Antidia and Master of all worlds beyond this one!"

She raised her hands towards the closed door.

"I call to you, Anipheon, Most Holy and Divine Sovereign of Al-Antidia, High Priest of Aion, Successor and Preserver of the Legacy of Amilanius. May the divine grace bestowed upon you by the Lord be shown to the faithful, and your light be everlasting."

The priests began to chant, their voices resonating in harmony and creating an otherworldly melody. The doors were opened, Anipheon entering the room following by a collective kneeling of all those inside but the chanting priests. He walked slowly towards the throne, his ceremonial robes only missing the final part – the crown itself.

Viniathilda turned towards the throne, and took hold of the crown on the seat. She moved away from the throne, allowing Anipheon access. The young Divine Sovereign got closer to the Alluvial Throne, and upon turning around, he sat for the first time on the seat of Amilanius himself. His grandmother walked to his front, before handing the crown to Anipheon. He took hold of it, before placing it on his own head.
It was then that Anipheon's grandmother turned once more towards those witnessing the event. "Rejoice, people of the world!" he proclaimed. "For vacancy no longer occupies the Alluvial Throne."

The priest ceased their chant, and shouted as the people rose. "May you reign for many years!"

The nobles and high clerics were all lined up before the Alluvial Throne, each ready to give their oaths of loyalty to the new Divine Sovereign. Unfortunately for Anipheon, there were a lot of nobles and clerics.

It was nobles after nobles, and now he realized why his own father said his coronation had been tiring and utterly boring. However, his attention was soon brought up by one of the nobles who approached him.

It was a young woman, likely of his age, her hair black and straight, her skin having a darker tone than most of the upper and eastern Mainland. He looked at her, and became mesmerized by her beauty.

"Your Holiness," she said whilst kneeling. "I have come to give you my oath."

"And you are…?" he asked very curious and eager to know.

"I have recently become the ruler of the Seven Cities," she explained. "Some have begun to call me the Eternal Queen."

So this girl…woman… was the current ruler of the Seven Cities. And an odd title to have, really. He wondered why exactly she was called the Eternal Queen.

"Your oath is accepted, Eternal Queen," said Anipheon. "You may go."

She smiled, and left towards the group which already had given their oaths. However, Anipheon had not been expecting the next person to approach him.

"Your Holiness," he recognized the voice immediately, and turning his attention from the Eternal Queen, the Divine Sovereign saw his greatest and oldest friend on this world.

"Cloteias!"

"Happy to see me, my Lord?" asked the other teenager playfully. "It seems that your attention was on someone else though."

"Very funny," replied Anipheon in a low tone. "We'll have to speak later."

Cloteias smiled. "Very well. I am here to give you my oath of loyalty and that of my father. He is severely busy with the maintenance of the Celestial Paths and has not been able to come."

"I accept your oaths, and tell your father that there is no problem with his absence."

Cloteias nodded, before leaving and allowing Anipheon. But as the next noble advanced, he felt a small headache. Anipheon closed his eyes and rubbed his temples, but when he opened them everything had changed around him.
There was no magnificent room filled with people. There was no Alluvial Throne and no sound of voices. There was only a room in the darkness, the moonlight shining through an open window and a boy drenched in sweat and heavily breathing, as if awakened from a horrible nightmare.

And it was then that Harry finally realized what he had seen… and what he was.

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*The Encyclopaedia:*

**Divine Sovereign** – A polished translation of "Handatar Belios", which would literally translate as "Sovereign Divine". The Divine Sovereign was the autocratic and theocratic ruler of the Al-Antidian Empire, the title being hereditary. While the Divine Sovereign was worshipped as a living god, the holder of this title was also the High Priest of Aion, standing above all other priests and deities, except Aion himself and the Sacred Twelve. There were a total of nineteen dynasties to hold the title, and all descended from Amilanius, the first Divine Sovereign.

**Aion** – The Atlantean word for a deity recognized in modern times as the Abrahamic God (or at least the Atlantean perception of said deity). It can't be used generically for any deity, and it simply refers to the creational deity. In the Al-Antidian Empire, the High Priest of Aion was the Divine Sovereign himself.

**Amilanius** – A member of the Laqtinujid dynasty, he was the founder and first Divine Sovereign of the Al-Antidian Empire. A bastard son of Nergal IV, he inherited the Idloatean Kingdom after the death of his brother Protion I during the First War of Ascendency. His mother was a Perennial, making Amilanius a Human-Perennial hybrid. After his death, he was succeeded by his son Nergal V.

**Undercity** – The name given to the underground area of all Atlantean cities. It is composed of several layers, the upper one being commonly filled with the underground entrances to estates of wealthy residents. The middle layers were normally composed of commercial districts and residential ones. The lowest layer of the Undercity was known as the City of the Dead, where the residents of the city were buried. Cities which were once capitals of the Empire had magnificent tombs for the deceased Divine Sovereigns in their Cities of the Dead.

**Viniathilda** – The mother of Oiraps VIII and widow of Protion VII, she was a noblewoman from the inner kingdoms of the Imperial Mainland. After Protion's death, she was given the title of Mother of Sovereignty.

**Mother of Sovereignty** – The title given to the widow of a Divine Sovereign whose child succeeded to the throne. Even if the holder of this title outlived her child, she would continue to hold this title, alongside the mother of the new ruler of Al-Antidia. As the mother or grandmother of the Divine Sovereign, she was also considered to be divine. In exceptional periods, the Mother of Sovereignty served as regent to the Sovereign, and there were cases when the holder of this title was the actual power behind the throne. When the Divine Sovereign had been a woman, the counterpart of this title was that of Father of Sovereignty.
Chapter 30 – Awake

City of Inverness, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

For a sleepless Harry, the arrival of dawn had been slow, the hours he spent awake used to ponder on his new discoveries. If what the Mandarin had said was true, and those visions had also been real, then he was truly Anipheon reborn. The very thought of such a thing was not very pleasant to the young prince, as having been someone else in the past usually brought unwanted problems connected to his past self as well.

And to think that the mortal remains of his past body were entombed somewhere on this world... it was very unsettling. And there was also the matter of the so-called Eternal Queen. The Mandarin had explained who she was, and he saw her first hand in the memory of Anipheon's enthronement. She had been certainly beautiful, possibly the fairest of all women he had seen.

"No wonder why Anipheon fell for her," thought Harry.

He heard a knock on the door, and wondering who it was, he spoke out.

"Enter!"

The door was opened, and he saw his grandmother entering.

"Hadrian, it is good to see you are finally awake!" said the elderly woman in her native language. "I saw you were not in your room, and one of the portraits told me you were here. I must say, that Elizabeth is a rather dreadful woman."

Harry snorted. "She's the epitome of blood-supremacy trapped within a painting. I would not expect less from her."

Maria noticed that Harry's expression had suddenly shifted, now being rather serious.

"Is something the matter?" she asked.

"Several things, in fact. But first, what was that thing I touched?"

"It was a Nucleus," explained Maria. "The physical form of a being's metaphysical essence. But the one you touched was corrupted by something, and we're still trying to figure out what exactly were those creatures."
Harry sighed. "When I touched that Nucleus, I saw and experienced many things, and now I understand those creatures better than anyone else."

"What do you mean?" asked Maria concerned.

"Those…Corrupted, if I may call them that, were once humans whose Nucleus was contaminated by an outside force," said Harry. "I saw the memories within that Nucleus, but at the same time I was overwhelmed by a great pain and anger. The one I touched was of a muggle, but whatever was once there, it's gone now."

The Queen was horrified.

"My goodness! Are you certain Hadrian?"

"I am, but I think it is best to continue researching them," suggested the Anemid. "Now, I have something to ask you, and I don't want any lies."

"What exactly do you want to know?" asked the monarch, a bit suspicious.

"What do you know about the Eternal Queen and Voldemort?"

Maria’s eyes widened in extreme surprise. How in heavens did he know about the Eternal Queen?

"How do you know about her?"

Harry motioned for his grandmother to sit in a nearby armchair, and she did so, waiting to hear an explanation.

"When I was asleep, my… mind was somehow transported to a place called the Graveyard," he said, his grandmother's reaction suggesting she knew about that place. "You know about it?"

"Of course," she replied. "It is heavily featured in Perennial mythology."

"Well, once there I met someone who called himself the Mandarin, and he told me about the Eternal Queen, how she was once the wife of a Divine Sovereign and that she was the leader of something called the Consortium."

"That must be the name of their cult," thought Maria, before speaking. "Did he tell you anything else?"

"A few things, mostly trivial information," said Harry, not exactly wanting to tell his grandmother he was Anipheon's reincarnation. "I also saw a city called Bronzalae Cava there."

"I have heard about it," said Maria. "For all we know, it is somewhere located either in south-eastern Portugal or south-western Spain. How did it look like?"

"Massive, really. I was in a huge tower at the centre, which apparently collapsed during a battle there," said the young wizard. "But then there were other things which I saw, but they are somewhat blurry. It's better not to say anything about them that may turn out to be false."

Maria sighed.
"The attack on the Magnaura was certainly made by the Eternal Queen's cult, which you called the Consortium. We believe it was founded in the late Helladic period by the dark wizard Herpo the Foul," said the Queen. "Using one of the darkest of magics, Herpo managed to survive into the modern era, and resurfaced in the decades after the foundation of Nicaea. Your Anemid ancestors fought against Herpo and his revived cult, and they eventually succeeded in destroying him, but only with a sacrifice."

"What was it?" asked Harry.

"The son of King Alexios I. The Crown Prince Ioannes Anemas," she revealed. "He was supposed to inherit the Nicaean throne, but he somehow managed to permanently kill Herpo, but died in the process. His uncle became the heir to the throne, and would later become Romanos II of Nicaea, your grandfather's great-grandfather."

"And what exactly did they want?" he asked curious.

"Due to Herpo's tendency to gloat, we know that their plan was to resurrect the Eternal Queen. Luckily, they failed, but the cult seems to have survived without their leader," said Maria. "And now… the war against them has begun once more. The Imperial Regency has already acted, and we are doing all possible to discover the location of their headquarters, but without a proper clue there's not much we can do. We had our opportunity during the attack on the Magnaura, but I'm sure you remember what happened to him."

The memory of that moment was very vivid in Harry's memory, especially what that man had called him. At that moment he did not know why he had been called "Divine Sovereign", but with the revelation of who he had been, it now made sense. And as he pondered of this, a very alarming thought dawned on his mind.

"Oh… they know!" thought Harry. "They bloody know!"

The Consortium knew he was the reincarnation of Anipheon. That was bad… that was really bad. And if they knew, what exactly were they planning regarding him? Whatever it was it certainly couldn't be good, especially considering that Voldemort was also involved.

"There will be more opportunities, I'm sure of that," said Harry. "And Voldemort?"

"We don't have much information about him, but his actions during and before his first campaign suggest he was possibly affiliated with the Eternal Queen," said his grandmother.

"He serves her," confirmed Harry. "The Mandarin said she had ensnared him with her charm when he was young."

That was troubling news for Maria. Voldemort had been the one to kill her daughter and son-in-law, so the chance of that having been an order of whatever remained of the Eternal Queen was very high. But from her suspicions regarding Harry's role in all this, it simply did not make sense that Voldemort had tried to kill him.

"How long has it been since the attack?" he asked.

"A week and a half," replied Maria. "I made sure your body was fed during these days, but I suggest you go and take a bath if you haven't done so."
"That was the first thing I did when I woke up," said Harry. "I think I'll return to Hogwarts then. A quite few things have been delayed because of this whole mess."

"When do you want to return?"

He glanced at a nearby window, before making his decision.

"Today, if possible."

**Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)**

The training grounds were mostly empty, most students in class, only a small number enjoying their free time. The few in the training grounds either talked amongst themselves, or watched as Madam Hooch taught the first years how to use a broom. It has been the first Harry saw when he arrived at the location, several brooms high in the hair surrounding the imposing figure of Madam Hooch. But his attention was soon shifted to another area of the training grounds.

On the meeting area of the Alliance were Padma and Susan, accompanied by the respective members of their branch of the group, talking to each others.

"Hey, look who's back!" said Goldstein upon noticing Harry.

The Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs turned towards the approaching Grand Councillor of the Gryffindor branch, also surprised by his sudden return.

"Indeed. It is I, Harry Potter," he said in rather dramatic manner before returning to normal.

"You've been away for several days Potter," said Macmillan. "The Prophet says you were attacked after Black's trial."

Harry nodded and sat down in a stone. "I was, but it was not the attack that placed me in that state," he said. "I touched something that should have been left alone, and my body and mind did not react well to it. Anyway, how have things been during these last days?"

"Mostly normal. Although Malfoy has been more insufferable than usual," said Susan. "Theodore is getting really pissed off at him."

"Is that so? Say, Susan, do you know any reporters that have a touch for the scandalous?" asked Harry.

"The first one that comes to my mind is Rita Skeeter, but why?"

"Remember that plan Theodore conjured before I left for Constantinople?" he asked, receiving a nod. "I need someone who can make an article that will bring down both the Malfoys and something else."

That had gathered their attention.

"Theodore may dislike the Malfoys, but I have a more personal matter to solve with them," he declared. "The ancestors of Lucius and Draco Malfoy attempted to usurp the Roman Throne… my throne. And I think a little retribution is in order."

He would not mention that the disgrace of the Malfoy family was merely the means to an end, one which they would have to find out by themselves, or at least wait until all was done.
"You want to use a reporter to disgrace them? If so then Skeeter is your best choice, but you need to convince her first," said Susan. "That woman is as foul as anything you can imagine, so you better be careful with what you say in front of Skeeter and that quill of hers."

Harry chuckled. "She won't dare to slander me. Behind me is the greatest force the wizarding world has ever seen, most of it at my grandmother's command. She is one person you wouldn't want to cross. If Skeeter does try anything, then I may have to remind her that certain privileges come with being on the good side of the future leader of the Empire."

"That's a bit ambitious, no?" inquired Corner.

Harry smiled.

"It has been a tradition for the Anemids to hold the leadership of the Empire for the last centuries," he stated. "My grandmother serves as a bridge between my grandfather and I, and I don't intend to break the tradition. In fact, I seek to improve it. I am making sure to use the Alliance as a 'training ground' for myself. Not exactly in a massive scale as the Empire, but it is better to being with simpler things."

His destiny was the Empire, and the Alliance served to give him a small and basic knowledge of intrigue. If he was lucky, then he would remember all from the past, and he would use this knowledge to reclaim what had been taken from him, and was his by divine right. There was no longer an Alluvial Throne to sit upon, but the throne in the Great Palace would have to do.

Author's Note:

And so we have reached the thirtieth chapter and still are we nowhere near the end of the story. This arc will last for a few more chapters, and its end plot has already been decided. Following this arc, comes what I have currently in the draft as the "Intelligence arc" (the name can eventually change), which will take part of the main plot from "King of Kings II: The Howling Halls" and adapt it to the general storyline of Dominus Mundi.

In all, I do hope you have been enjoying the story.
Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

Time passed slowly, the days seemingly longer to the young Harry, and he was not amused by the reaction that the school had to his return. With the news of the attack and what had happened to him, many people looked at him with pity, almost as if he was a small kid with problems. And there were others, mostly Slytherins, who simply could not help but make fun of him and his "weakness". Of course, the greatest offender was Draco Malfoy, and his presence was really starting to piss off Harry.

Not the comments of Malfoy, but his actual presence. Every time he appeared, Harry could not help but want to violently attack the blond Slytherin, make sure his face would be unrecognizable by the time he was finished with him- Luckily, he self-control prevented such an episode, but he began to wonder how long it would be before he snapped and his more… animalistic urges got hold of him.

But the opportunity to strike a blow at the Malfoy family quickly came, Susan Bones providing the means to do so.

"Is she there already?" he asked to the Hufflepuff.

Susan nodded. "Yeah. Skeeter is usually punctual, so she'll probably be there waiting for you to arrive. Remember Harry, don't give her any leverage on you."

"I know Susan," he replied. "And thanks for arranging this meeting."

"No problem. Just make sure you make use of it," she said. "Skeeter likes a good story, so go and give one to her."

Harry nodded, and proceeded to enter the Three Broomsticks, Susan heading to Honeydukes. It was filled with people, but it was rather easy to spot the one he was looking for. Skeeter was sitting on a corner, a mug of butterbeer in front of her and her notebook and quill right next to her.

He approached the table, and quickly caught the attention of Rita Skeeter.

"Miss Skeeter, I hope I haven't kept you waiting for long."

"Harry, good of you to join me," she said rather pleasantly and in a really informal tone. "It is no
problem at all. Take a seat."

Harry did so, sitting right in front of her.

"Now, I understand you have a story for me," she said, her quill and notebook suddenly coming to life.

Harry joined his hands face level, finger intertwining, and hiding a rather ominous smile being them.

"Indded. However, I have more than just a story for you Miss Skeeter," he said. "I assume you know my statute in the wizarding world, both here in the Isles and out there in the Empire."

Rita was certainly intrigued. "I do, yes."

"This interview is meant to produce a reaction that will lead to something that will… greatly benefit me," he said. "If this happens correctly, and as I want, your bank account will not only be heavily filled, and I also will grant you an Imperial License of Journalism. A little perk of being the unofficial and uncrowned King of Nicaea."

Rita's eyes widened. In the Confederation, she was fully restricted to work within her residential area, a situation that was also somewhat repeated in the Empire. But to have a fabled Imperial License of Journalism… that gave her "full and unrestricted access" to the Empire and all the news and lovely gossip within. It was a gold mine, and many unscrupulous journalists and reporters would certainly kill for it.

"And if you so desire, I can also grant you a Basic Media Licence. I'm sure you know what the combination of the two can make," he said. "These are promises that I can fulfil, and know that I am not one to break my promises. I simply need your cooperation… and an assurance that you will not attack my person in the future. Do we have a deal, Miss Skeeter?"

This was simply an opportunity that Rita could not let go to waste. The Basic Media Licence allowed her to create her own newspaper, magazine, or anything of the sort, and it was a rather expensive licence in the Empire. Harry could even see the glint in her eyes, and he knew that she was already in his pocket.

"We have a deal… Mister Potter."

And she did not miss the rather unnerving smile on Harry's face, nor the unnatural glint on his own eyes.

In the next morning, all who saw Harry were a bit too much freaked out, because the teenager was just too much joyful. No one could understand the reason Harry "too-many-bloody-names" Potter was just so happy… until the Daily Prophet arrived.

Countless owls flew down towards the tables, dropping copies of the newspaper on the tables, the students quickly opening their respective ones. Harry's own joy increased when he saw the mixture of confused and shocked faces all over the Great Hall, including the Staff Table. He had his own copy right in front of him, and so he decided to open it as well.

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**THE MODERN BONACCORD**

*by Rita Skeeter*
My readers, do you know why we are part of the Confederacy? It is because of the supposed oppression of the Empire in old times? It is because of a desire for freedom that our ancestors had? I can certainly tell you that the answer to those questions is "no. Those who know about the ICW, know that its first Supreme Mugwump was Pierre Bonaccord, who is famous for banning troll-hunting and giving rights to trolls. However, it is not known that before founding and becoming the leader of the Confederation, he was the leader of the Empire. You read that well, my readers. Pierre Bonaccord was once the High Chancellor of the Roman Regency Council, and the most hated one.

Why, you may ask. Because he attempted to take the throne to himself in a palace coup, and supported by the nobles of north France and his close allies in the Wizard's Council of Britain. It takes little time to understand why we were allied with Bonaccord, as the British Wizarding Community was suffering a great crisis, other states also in a similar situation, and our French neighbours supported us in these times. Harry Potter, who I took the pleasure of interviewing, made sure to mention that Britain was pretty much a dominion of the French nobles during this time. And that situation hasn't changed until today.

Bonaccord caused a civil war that ended with the creation of the Franco-British Confederation and the division of the magical Kingdom of France into the North French Republic and the Kingdom of Aquitaine, and finally with his ascension as the leader of his little empire. For a long time his descendants held the confederacy, even as his main line died out. And so, today Britain is as much as a puppet of our French and American overlords as we were just of the French centuries ago, and we live in a state of decay, unlike our brethren in the Empire. They thrive under the enlightened leadership of their High Chancellor and the Regency Council, and we simply pay vassalage to our "magnanimous protectors", receiving nothing in return.

Meanwhile, our government is governed in the shadows by descendants of Bonaccord, specifically the Malfoy family, supposed supporters of You-Know-Who during the war, who hold properties in France and are great friends with their leaders. Makes one wonder when we will be truly free from this tyrannical oppression, and re-join our brothers and sisters in the Empire where we thrived, and perhaps we will be given the chance to grow again.

Harry wanted to laugh as loud as he could, but not wanting to attract much attention to himself, he simply cackled in a low tone.

"Oh Harry, what have you done…" said Hermione wondering about the possible repercussions.

He simply smiled, before glaring at the Slytherin table. He could see the rage emanating from Draco Malfoy, and in a great contrast, Nott practically radiated of joy, even though he made sure to keep it in a low manner, unlike his colleague.

"It seems I have to make sure Skeeter is well rewarded for this," he declared. "And she certainly did her research. A little incentive can to wonders."

"How dare you Potter?" shouted Malfoy who was clearly enraged.

"It's simply the truth," he said casually. "Why Malfoy? Are you like your father and by consequence unable to deal with it?"

"Don't you dare to speak about my father Potter!"

That wasn't the best thing to say.
"What? You have the gall to tell me that I am not allowed to speak about your father, when you insult my mother, and many others by calling them mudbloods?" said Harry, his voice low but assuming a rather vicious tone. But he suddenly began to chuckle a bit maliciously, surprising many in the Great Hall. "Oh well, I suppose that's normal for someone whose lineage is tainted by one of the worst actions possible by humankind… betrayal. You have to live by making yourself feel better, insulting other people and finding yourself above them because of their muggle lineage."

Harry's behaviour was certainly not normal, and many of those who were capable of analysing such a thing were clearly noticing how Harry Potter had suddenly changed.

"And yet, it is from my mother that I carry one of the, if not the greatest legacy this world has ever seen. I carry the blood of people who created empires and brought them down, who discovered distant lands and brought new worlds to the old world and changed it… for the better and for the worst…” declared Harry. "Yet you… you carry the legacy of a man who tried to usurp the throne of my ancestors… and failed."

The scorn which Harry had spoken made quite a few people flinch, but Harry cared only about the trembling Malfoy, rage taking over his body and mind. He decided to ignore the pampered brat, and walked away from the silent Great Wall, heading towards the Owlery.

He had to clear his mind.

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**Author's Note:**

In the chapter after the next one we shall have the introduction of a "new character", who I am importing from my defunct story "The Howling Halls", his role being somewhat altered and expanded from its original purpose, considering that he died in the same chapter where he first appeared.
Chapter 32 – Aftermath


Fudge was not having a good day.

Skeeter's article had caused quite a backlash against the Malfoy family and the Ministry itself, not to mention the involvement of Harry Potter, possibly the most influential person in the country now. He always had relied on the advice of Dumbledore and Lucius, but now the Malfoy patriarch had been disgraced publicly by the Prophet, not to mention the whole issue with Cygnus Black and the mass disinheriance. He was sure that someone would certainly bring up this issue in the next meeting of the Wizengamot, and there was no doubt that their relations with the ICW would suffer a great blow.

There was a knock at the door, and Fudge turned towards it.

"Enter!" said the minister.

The door was opened, and it would be Cygnus Black himself who entered.

"Speaking of the devil," thought Fudge. "What does Black want?"

"Good afternoon Minister," said the Duke of Settford. "I assume you have seen the news."

Fudge nodded and motioned towards his copy of the Daily Prophet. "I have. This whole affair is scandalous! What in heavens is Potter playing at? Doesn't he know this can jeopardize our position in the Confederation?"

Cygnus chuckled. "You are making the same mistake many others have Minister," claimed Black. "You have underestimated Anemas, and now that he acts, everyone is surprised."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

Cygnus sat in front of Fudge.

"You do realize that after the passing of his grandmother, he will inherit the leadership of Russia in the wizarding world, and of the Portuguese dominions in both ours and the muggle worlds," explained Cygnus. "He is also the heir apparent to the vacant throne of Nicaea, meaning he will also assume the leadership of the Empire after Empress-Queen Maria’s death."
"So?" asked Fudge.

"So? Minister, you do realize that this was possibly Anemas's first step at an attempt of... Imperial restoration," affirmed Black. "Unlike what many believe, he is not a blind fool. I am certain that he wants to cause a large enough negative reaction against the ICW, and hope to increase the positive perception that we have of the Empire."

"But that's treason!" sputtered Fudge.

"Not really. He is manoeuvring himself in a perfectly legal scenario, and one where the outcome will be of possible success," said Cygnus. "You know what the reaction to the article was, so the best action you could take right now is to distance yourself from Malfoy and his generous donations, and seek out the best possible solution to this problem."

"And what do you suggest?"

Cygnus was no fool and one to dismiss a clear opportunity. But neither Fudge nor anyone else could see what the goals of the old man were, especially when many of his choices were to annoy people for his own entertainment. The dismissal of Andromeda Tonks banishment from the Black family had caused quite a scandal and indignation across the pure-blood community, and Fudge knew that the old man had enjoyed every second of it.

"As of now, I can see you having three choices. One, you resign from your position as Minister and let some poor sod inherit all your problems. Two, you ignore this, possibly increasing the malcontent disposition of the population and weakening the overall influence of the Ministry, eventually leading to your dismissal from office or your own resignation."

Neither of those two were exactly appealing to Fudge. "And the third?"

"You could always call for an emergency meeting of the Wizengamot, gather the general opinion of its members... and depending on them, call for a vote to leave the Confederation, releasing us from their influence," said Cygnus. "However, that would leave us as neutral ground, and possibly vulnerable to invasion by either France or the Americans."

Fudge could see where this was going. "And to prevent that we would need to swear fealty to the Empire, joining them."

"Exactly! The whole process might drown us in their... extensive bureaucracy, but it will prevent any possibility of invasion by the ICW," he said. "It would also cripple the French position in Europe, being surrounded by the Empire in all fronts, their only allies being located overseas."

"Sounds like Potter is also trying to cripple the ICW."

"He is, above all, an Imperial citizen," said Black. "I would not see him attempting to increase ICW influence or power, unless he was insane."

Of all those three choices, there was only that had a good outcome.

"I better solve this as fast as possible. Should I call the meeting today?"

Cygnus shrugged. "If you so desire. You are the Minister, not I."

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Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)
"It's working."

Once more, the Alliance was gathered, this time in the small cavern beneath the Owlery.

"What is?" asked Harry.

"This whole thing," replied Theodore. "My proximity to you has been noticed, and most of Slytherin House has been gravitating towards me. At this point, the only allies Malfoy possesses are Parkinson, the two trolls, and those who have little option but to stand with him."

"That's good," mused Harry, who seemed to be more visually concerned with the cavern wall than anything else. "Is the same happening in your houses?"

"Kind of," replied Susan. "My House isn't as 'influence dependent' as Slytherin or Ravenclaw, but those who have certain… connections are trying to get on my good graces."

"I also have gained a certain… hold over my housemates. But in the way you two describe it," said Padma. "They seem to seek out my opinion in certain matters, but not thing more at this point."

Harry smiled.

"That simply means it is working, just like Theodore said," he spoke. "Give it a few weeks, or a month or two, and your Houses will be your personal little demesne."

"That's a bit extreme, no?" asked Hermione. "By this rate, people will be calling you kings and queens."

"No, no, no. Hermione, you got it wrong," declared Harry. "There won't be a King of Gryffindor or a Queen of Hufflepuff. We are simply the Grand Councillors of a… Council of Hogwarts, shall we say. We will guide our schoolmates to the proper path, not rule over them."

Goldstein and Zabini snickered at the lack of subtleness in Harry's declaration. Even the tone of his voice betrayed his words. Hermione also noticed that, and rolled her eyes in response.

"What about when we leave Hogwarts?" asked Neville shyly. "There will be a power vacuum."

"True," said Harry. "But by then we will have our successors appointed. There is no need for concern."

"In case something happens to one of us, then our second-in-command takes temporary charge," said Susan. "Simple as that."

"Potter, we should be going," said Theodore. "Herbology is starting in ten minutes."

Harry nodded, and got up, alongside Ron, Hermione, and Neville, while Theodore did the same with Blaise and Millicent. The Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw remained behind, and the small group began to walk silently towards the greenhouses.

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The Wizengamot Chamber was filled, although there was a distinct lack of people in the visitor's gallery. The Emergency Session had been called, and all the members were present. In the central platform was the Chief Warlock, surrounded by the members of the Wizengamot and waiting for the doors to be sealed. It seemed that many of those present knew exactly why they had been
called to the meeting, but none was more curious about this whole thing than Cygnus Black himself, whose presence had shocked the Wizengamot. It was a rare occurrence when the Duke of Settford decided to participate in a session of the Wizengamot, so his presence either meant that he had something to do with it, or this whole affair was too important for him to miss.

"I declare started this extraordinary session of the Wizengamot," said Dumbledore, his voice resonating through the chamber. "This session was called by Minister Cornelius Oswald Fudge, and the topic is to be shared by the Minister as well."

Fudge rose from his seat, internally nervous but keeping a clear expression.

"Members of the Wizengamot, I called this meeting to discuss the heavy reaction to the article published today on the Daily Prophet," he said, grabbing a copy of the Prophet. "Before proceeding with my proposal, I wish to hear your opinions regarding this whole affair."

He sat back down, and watched as a witch raised her wand, the tip glowing.

"The Honourable Lucile Connell may speak," declared Dumbledore.

The witch nodded.

"Thank you, Chief Warlock. The article made me curious about certain topics within, and so I decided to make a little research. It seems that much like Skeeter said, our country practically held by the MACUSA and the French Republic, a situation shared by all other members. While it is true that we were once in a severe crisis, those times are long gone. Right now… I believe our future lies without the interference of the ICW."

She sat back down, and another wizard asked for permission to speak.

"The Right Honourable Cygnus Black may speak," said Dumbledore.

Many looked at Black, wondering what the opinion of the oldest living member of the Wizengamot would be.

"Thank you, Chief Warlock. I agree with Madam Connell statements. This situation of ours as a puppet of the Americans and the French has gone long enough. Leaving the Confederation means freedom from them, a possibly a new beginning for the United Kingdom."

The weak willed on the Wizengamot automatically gravitated towards Cygnus Black's opinion regarding the matter, but there were some who remained unsatisfied. Once more, Dumbledore gave permission for another wizard to speak.

"While that may be true, what would happen then in such a scenario?" asked the man. "Without the ICW, we would be isolated from the entire magical community, not to mention our exclusion from the trade agreements the Confederation has with the Empire. We would need to negotiate with both, and I don't see the ICW accepting a deal with former members. Our only chance of survival would be to join the Empire, and even then we don't know what their answer would be!"

There were murmurs of agreement, and another rose to speak.

"The Empire has made many attempts to recover lost territory," said the witch. "They would certainly accept us back. The deal would heavily favour them."

There were also murmurs of agreement, and Fudge saw that the Wizengamot was already divided into three factions – those who supported Britain and Ireland leaving the ICW, those who were in
favour of it, but unwilling to do so, and finally the minority which supported the ICW.

"I see that the Wizengamot has spoken," said the Minister. "Therefore, I propose a vote for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland leaving the ICW, and assuming a temporary position of neutrality."

The chamber was filled with murmurs, and many wondered why Dumbledore was doing nothing about this whole affair. After all, he was also the current Supreme Mugwump of the Confederation.

"Very well. Those who approve the proposal, please raise their wands," said Dumbledore, before many wizards raised their wands in signal of their approval. "And those who refuse the proposal."

There were far less wands in the air this time, and the fate of Britain was now dictated.

"The Minister's proposal has been accepted. The United Kingdom will henceforth leave the International Confederation of Wizards, and assume a neutral position," declared Dumbledore. "As the current Supreme Mugwump, I shall personally oversee this affair."

Those in the chamber began to chat excitedly, and Fudge could only sigh in relief. But now, it was time to see what exactly would become of Britain, and more importantly, establish communications with the Empire.

Without a doubt, the world was changing.
Chapter 33 – Tainted Flames

The dark forest surrounded him, light absent from it. He knew not where he was, but everything was cold and ominous. He felt a terrible chill on his spine, something alerting him to a great and unseen danger, but there was no sign of such a thing. All was silent in the dark forest, and he only heard his own slow breathing.

Suddenly, in the horizon, amongst the distant trees, an orange light emerged, before quickly expanding into the skies and towards him as well. An immense heat replaced the coldness, and he saw a wave of fire heading towards him at high velocity. He attempted to shield himself, but was surprised when the flames passed through him, leaving him unharmed. However, the same could not be said about the forest.

He was now in the middle of a hellish inferno, around him nothing but smoke and fire. There was no escape, all routes blocked by wild flames, trapping him in that clearing. And as the fire became far more intense, he began to see a shadow moving beyond the wall of fire. And it was slowly approaching him. He took several steps back, as the figure emerged from the flames, revealing something he had seen before.

Its skin seemed to be made of burning coal and near solid lava, sporting several cracks resembling veins. It wore tattered robes and a cracked mask concealed its face, showing only two glowing red orbs where the eyes were supposed to be. Black smoke emanated from this figure, and as it raised a hand, the strange entity began to reach out towards him, in a slow but threatening manner.

"Harry…"

The voice was raspy and withered, and obviously coming from this…thing. He could feel great anger coming from all around him, and this creature in front of him was the epicentre of all this chaos. But as it approached, the heat became even more intense, and weakness began to take old of him. The flames engulfed the dark figure, and as he approached Harry, all became dark, and he awoke on the Gryffindor Common Room, sweating, and still feeling the heat of the burning forest.

The news that Britain had left the Confederation had shocked almost everyone at Hogwarts, Harry feeling rather pleased with himself. Those with a little bit of political knowledge knew that without a clear allegiance and the threat of invasion by the ICW, Britain had to look for allies in the Empire, and at Hogwarts, he was the one with most Imperial influence. He could see the jealousy in the eyes of some of his fellow students, but he did not care about them.
The strongest and most silent reaction came from Slytherin, who seemed to be confused on how to act towards him. If the United Kingdom became part of the Empire once more, then it would be a bad idea to be on Harry Potter's black list. But as the collective mental debate continued, Harry himself was more focused on other matters. One of them being a surprise visit by a medical official that his grandmother had sent.

Professor McGonagall had informed him that he was to wait inside an unused classroom for the healer, and he did so. Eventually, the door opened, and entered a middle-aged man holding a small briefcase-like bag.

"Good morning, Your Highness," said the man with a heavy Slavic accent as he approached Harry. "It is an honour to meet you. I am Ruslan Mikhailovsky. I was sent by your grandmother, the Empress."

Harry shook Ruslan's hand. "A pleasure, Mr. Mikhailovsky."

"The pleasure is all mine, your Highness," said Ruslan. "I am the head of the Institute for Deficiency and Mental Injuries in the wizarding world, where a relative of yours is hospitalized."

"He's my godfather," corrected Harry. "But yes, we are distant relatives."

"I believe you will be pleased to know that he is recovering very quickly. Prolonged exposure to dementors takes years to recover, but your godfather shows remarkable progress," continued the man. "I was also a Professor at the Imperial University of Moscow, and in the non-magical world, I am the founder and current head of the Carbonek Institute."

"The Carbonek Institute?" asked Harry curious.

"Think of it as a branch of the Imperial Institute, where we focus on the effects that magic has on the non-blessed and attempt to reverse them," explained Ruslan. "It is there where, if I may brag, my specialty shines."

"What specialty?"

"I research the Nucleus, your Highness," said Ruslan. "Do you know what it is."

Harry nodded. "I learned of it a while ago."

"When non-blessed individuals are exposed to magic, either in a direct or indirect manner, their Nucleus can suffer… unwanted mutations," explained Ruslan. "Physical and mental deformations then occur, some irreversible. The Carbonek Institute focuses on gathering these people, and confine them to a space where they pose no threat to the common folk, and to themselves as well."

"So… their Nucleus is weaker?"

"You can use that term, yes. The core of a non-magical being isn't... built to endure magic. Some have greater resistance to the collateral effects of magic, but those who do not, are prone to the mutations," said the healer. "And it seems that the cult that the Empire is at war with has been exploiting these weaknesses within the Nuclei of non-blessed folk."

"So you already discovered where the Corrupted came from?"

"The Corrupted... is that you call those creatures?" asked Ruslan, receiving a nod from Harry. "It is a rather interesting designation. But yes, the study of the Nuclei recovered from the Magnaura led to this revelation. Those Nuclei were mutated beyond repair, and the strange malicious energy
within them seems to have a permanent nature. And that is why I am here. Your grandmother believes you may have been affected by the Nucleus you touched, and I am here to examine you."

"Okay, I guess," said the young wizard as Ruslan took a small book from his bag and a self-writing quill followed the book, apparently quite eager to write.

"Please remove your glasses, Mr. Potter," said the man.

Harry did so, and before he knew it, Ruslan's wand was pointed at his face, its tip glowing with a brownish colour. The man seemed to be analysing something, but he wasn't sure of what.

"No visible change to the iris or to the pupil," said Ruslan, the quill writing his words on the book. "Your natural eye colour is green, correct?"

"Yes," replied Harry.

"The sclera appears to be normal, no sign of subconjunctival haemorrhage or other disorders," continued the man. "Well, it seems that the eyes are normal. Now, please stand up."

Harry did so, and watched as the man took a few steps away from him, before casting another spell at him. He did not know what the spell did, but he felt his entire body becoming slightly stiff, almost as if something was constricting him.

"Now, your Highness, what I am about to do will be painful," warned Ruslan. But this has to be done in order to be sure." To the best of his ability, Harry shrugged. "Do it then."

Ruslan's wand was once more pointed at him, a golden jet of light connecting with his chest. He had not been lying, it was painful. Almost like when the Basilisk had bit him, but not as extreme. The golden light vanished, and a tiny blue orb came out of his chest.

"What the?" was his only thought.

The orb floated in the empty space between Harry and Ruslan, before suddenly bursting into an immense light, temporarily blinding the two occupants of the classroom. Although he could not see it, the sensation the came from the light was both warm and familiar to Harry. When it diminished, where the tiny orb once was, now floated what Harry and Ruslan knew to be a Nucleus.

"That's my… my Nucleus," said Harry, before becoming suddenly dizzy.

Ruslan was amazed. He had seen many Nuclei before, but this one shone with a darker blue colour, and at the same time it held the brightest light he had seen in a Nucleus.

"This is very unusual, your Highness," he said. "Never in my life have I seen a Nucleus reacting this way to an extraction."

The man moved quickly, observing the Nucleus, and searching for something. Harry looked at the man and at his own Nucleus. His very being was in front of him… his own essence separated from his body. How in all of creation was that even possible?

"Other than the darker colour and the sudden brightness upon extraction, the Nucleus seems to be mostly normal, without visible foreign mutation or influence," said the man. "Certain aspect of the Nucleus are to be noted, such as the small cracks on the upper half. Direct contact with a mutated nucleus may have caused these or a previous event is to blame. I cannot say if these heal over time,
so a second examination will be required."

The man cast another spell, before pressing the tip of his wand on an empty page of the book, the image of Harry's Nucleus appearing there.

"Well, your Highness, it seems that you are mostly normal," said the man. "Other than a few irregularities, but those will be analysed later."

Harry watched as the man cast a spell at his Nucleus, the crystal returning to the form of a tiny orb, before re-entering his body. As soon as it did so, the effects of Ruslan's first spell disappeared, no longer feeling the strange tightness on his entire body. The healer took hold of the book and the quill, storing them on his bag.

"Well, your Highness, I believe your examination is over," declared Ruslan. "When I have everything confirmed, I shall transmit the results to your grandmother."

Harry nodded. "Thank you, Healer Ruslan."

"No problem, your Highness," replied the man, shaking Harry's hand. "Have a good day."

"You too."

Ruslan left the classroom, and has Harry put his glasses back on, he could only wonder what exactly was wrong with his Nucleus.

After pondering for a while, Harry left the classroom, heading towards the Grand Staircase. The corridors of the sixth floor were mostly empty, the occasional student passing by. Eventually, he reached the Grand Staircase, yet it appeared someone was there waiting for him.

"Potter!" snarled his hated enemy, who was accompanied by Crabbe and Goyle, the three on the stairs, while Harry stood on the landing.

"What do you want Malfoy?" he asked.

"First you and Nott take the Black inheritance from me and now you dare to humiliate my family!" he shouted. "You're going to pay for that!"

"You had it coming Malfoy," replied Harry calmly. "What was it you said to me before our first year? That I would find out there were some wizard families which were better than others? Well, it seems I did."

Malfoy's rage had reached its peak, the Slytherin taking out his wand to attack Harry, but before he or his two followers could even utter a spell, they felt the stairs beneath them vibrating, and as they looked down, the three realized several cracks had appeared on the stairs. And as they attempted to leave the death trap, the stairs collapsed, the three Slytherins falling down several meters, the debris damaging other staircases beneath them.

Harry's face was expressionless, and as he took a step forward, he glanced down for a few moments, noticing that the portraits around him were shocked at the sudden collapse of the stairs, all wondering what had happened, the most excited one being Sir Cadogan. Harry's silence was soon broken, uttering a few words before returning to the corridors of the sixth floor.

"Pity. I liked those stairs."
He did not notice the burnt marks on the edge of the stair landing.
Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

The library of Hogwarts was mostly empty, one of its inhabitants being Harry. The young prince had decided to make a small research on certain topics of his interest, having his trusted Encyclopaedia Veneficia next to him, alongside other books from the library. He was certain that these books held little to no information regarding what he wanted to know, but it was still a good idea to search them.

"… then that means that when Amilanius died, he had met at least seventeen generations which would succeed him as Divine Sovereign," thought Harry as he took notes. "Prozac I was the last descendent which he met, who would become the tenth member of the second dynasty to hold the title of Divine Sovereign. Bloody hell, they had long lives…"

His interest in Al-Antidian history had suddenly increased, and thanks to his "resources", Harry could quench his thirst for knowledge. He was slightly disturbed by the fact that humankind, both magical and non-magical, held very extensive lifespans during the days of the old empire. But what exactly had changed that? Yet it was just one question amongst many.

His interest in the old sovereigns of Al-Antidia had also increased, especially regarding Amilanius and… well, his past self. As he was the reincarnation of Anipheon IX, his very essence held not just the divinity which Anipheon had inherited from his mother, but also the small fragment which came from his paternal line, all the way to Amilanius himself. The information regarding the genealogy of all the dynasties had been extensively researched by scholars from the middle ages to the present day, and from what the encyclopaedia and his fragmented memories told him, Anipheon and the entire Bronzean dynasty descended from a man called Iridal, who was some sort of high priest in the old empire and a grandson of Taieron II, a Divine Sovereign of the fourth dynasty.

For all intents and purposes, he was new to Atlantean history, but part of him felt as if he was supposed to know all this. A part which he identified very well.

"And then we were killed and the throne usurped by that little bastard," bitterly thought the young wizard.

It was an instant before he realized what his thoughts had been.

"What the…?" hissed Harry, before resuming his mental talk. "Where did that come from? That..."
wasn't me!"

He had referred to himself as "we", meaning he was thinking of both himself and Anipheon, behaving as if he was also the former Divine Sovereign. Why would he care about something that happened to a version of himself in a bygone age? It just didn't make any sense.

His thoughts soon were shifted to something else, as he saw both Hermione and Goldstein enter the library and quickly approaching him.

"Yes?" he asked in a low tone.

"Harry, something happened a while ago," said Hermione in a low tone as well. "An accident in the staircase."

"Really?" he asked in a tone of interest.

"Yes," said Goldstein. "Apparently one of the stairs fell off with people there. You won't guess who was there."

"Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle," he said nonchalantly, surprising his two colleagues.

"Oh, so you already know," said Hermione, believing that someone had told Harry about it. His reply was certainly not what they had been expecting.

"I was there when the stairs fell off," he said. "A fall from the fifth floor certainly isn't good for your health, is it?"

"You were there?" said Hermione shocked. "Why didn't you tell anyone?"

"Hermione, the stairs fell to the ground floor and I was in the fifth," replied Harry. "There were people down there, so they took care of the issue. After that, I came here."

Hermione and Anthony knew that something was clearly wrong with all this. It was disturbing to see Harry speaking about this whole thing in such an apathetic way.

"He's been different since he returned to Hogwarts," thought Hermione.

"Besides, I have many things to concern myself with," he said motioning towards the books. "Malfoy and his little companion not being one of them."

That was just the confirmation that Hermione needed. It was clear that something had changed in Harry, and not for the best.

"Malfoy and Goyle have been sent to St. Mungos," she said while preparing to leave. "I was told that Crabbe broke his neck on a railing. I thought you should know."

Harry watched as Hermione and Goldstein left, before he focused once more on the books in front of him. If his deduction was correct, then Hermione would possibly head to McGonagall or Dumbledore as quickly as possible. Still, he couldn't care less about Crabbe or the other two. If one was dead and the other two on their way, then they had it coming.

Besides, it was not his fault that Hogwarts had a lack of maintenance.

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Albus Dumbledore was not a happy man.
A student had just died and other two were in a critical state, all because of some sort of failure in the enchantments that kept the Grand Staircase functional. Oddly enough, those involved had been none other than Draco Malfoy, Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle. Coincidentally enough, these three were not exactly on good terms with Harry Potter, and considering the recent events surrounding the Malfoy family…

Well, he would not dismiss the possibility of someone attempting to eliminate the Malfoy line, but there was still the fact that both Lucius and Narcissa were still alive and capable of conceiving children. But there were also other possibilities for this occurrence, but for it to be an accident was certainly impossible. The burnt marks on the fifth-floor landing and on remnants of the stairs clearly suggested that something had damaged the stairs. Unfortunately, the portraits claimed they had not seen such an attack.

And now he had an extremely concerned looking Hermione Granger sitting in front of him, which most likely meant something involving Harry.

"So, Miss Granger, what exactly is worrying you?" asked the aged headmaster.

"It's Harry, professor," said Hermione. "I spoke with him a few minutes ago and he… he seems to be different. There was something wrong in the way he spoke to me, and he also said that he saw Malfoy's accident."

So it seemed that Harry was indeed involved in this whole affair. But how exactly?

"Do elaborate, Miss Granger?"

"When I told him what happened, Harry said that he already knew about it and that he had been there when the stairs fell," revealed Hermione. "He sounded so… unconcerned with it Almost as if it had been something normal."

That certainly was a disturbing report. The Harry that Dumbledore knew would not assume such a stance in these unfortunate events.

"Unfortunately, I cannot do anything Miss Granger," said Dumbledore. "However, I suggest you and your companions keep an eye out for any stranger behaviour coming from Harry."

Hermione nodded. "If something happens, we'll come right to you, Professor Dumbledore."

The old headmaster smiled. "Anything else, Miss Granger?"

"No, professor," she replied, preparing to leave. "Good day, Professor Dumbledore."

"Likewise, Miss Granger."

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**Chamber of Slumber, Varandill Aanor**

The Professor paced in front of several glass containers, only one filled with Eitr and a Nucleus. The progress made by the Consortium in the last weeks had been remarkable, and the new information which he had gathered was proving to be very valuable to his research. He was certain that in no time, he would understand how the mutation which he had created could be applied to the Nucleus of magical beings without permanently damaging the Nucleus.

But that was not the sole goal of the Consortium. They were not gathered to create abominations, no. They were merely tools in this blasted conflict against the Empire. Their goal was the...
resurrection of the Eternal Queen, but with each day more results came, each proving that it would be impossible to do so. Not the resurrection, since that was a rather simple achievement. But the Nucleus of the Eternal Queen was too much damaged and unstable to adapt itself to the Eitr and create a new body to inhabit.

He glanced at the filled container, looking at the humanoid shape within. Voldemort's new body was quickly taking shape, and it would not take long before he was fully reborn. The followers of his incapacitated colleague would be rather useful for the Eternal Queen, and so would Voldemort. There was no doubt that the man was a powerful wizard, but a rather stubborn one.

His thoughts were soon shifted towards footsteps which came from behind him. Turning around, he saw two of his agents dragging a man towards him.

"Professor," said one. "Your theory was correct. We found him in the forest."

He looked at the man, which had been cast at his feet, and cowering before him. The Professor smiled in response.

"Very good. You may go," he said.

The two agents nodded and left the chamber, leaving the Professor alone with the man.

"I knew you would end up in Albania, searching for your former master," spoke the Professor in English, surprising the man. "He was once there, but not anymore. Still, with this whole issue surrounding the trial in the Constantinople, I am not surprised that you decided to leave your hiding place, fearing to be discovered."

The Professor approached the container with Voldemort.

"See this? The body inside is your… Dark Lord. Slowly regenerating and regaining his former power," revealed the Professor. "I recovered him from Albania personally… a rather unclimactic task."

The man looked in fear and awe at the body suspended in the glowing blue liquid, the Dark Mark on his arm suddenly burning with pain, almost as if Voldemort knew that one of his Death Eaters was there.

The Professor then approached the man, before crouching and looking at him in the eyes.

"I believe your fear is enough to continue on his, and by extension, our service," said the leader of the Consortium. "Isn't that right, Peter Pettigrew?"
Chapter 35 – Suspicions and Truth

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

The news of the death of both Draco Malfoy and Gregory Goyle had shocked part of Hogwarts, those knowing the extent of their injuries not being very surprised about this outcome. Still, few mourned the death of the three, the majority instead wondering how things would be without the presence of the infamous Slytherin trio. Theodore Nott had taken advantage of the situation immediately, as Malfoy's death had dismantled whatever influence he still had over his fellow Slytherins.

However, "conspiracy theories" began to emerge in all four houses, some believing that the whole affair had been an arranged accident, alongside other less than rational theories.

"This is just amusing," commented Harry as he ate his lunch.

Ron looked at him. "Why?"

"Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle die, and suddenly everyone has a theory of how it happened," said Harry. "The stairs simply fell down with them. I saw it with my own eyes, just like the paintings in the Grand Staircase. An arranged accident is just as likely as me suddenly starting to sing *Kalinka* on top of the staff table."

Ginny, Ron and Neville looked at him in confusion.

"What's the *Kalinka*?" asked Ginny.

"A Russian song," replied Harry before returning to his meal.

Their curiosity was satisfied, but not that of Hermione.

"Are you certain nothing strange happened Harry?" she asked.

He shook his head in response. "Not really. Malfoy appeared as I was leaving the corridor, yelled at me, and then fell. Good riddance, though."

Ron's agreement grunt was normal to this statement, but the origin of the statement itself was not. Hermione did not like this at all.

"What about the burnt marks?" she asked.
Harry suddenly froze. "Burnt marks?" he thought in confusion.

"What burnt marks?"

"The ones on the stairs and on the landing," replied Hermione.

Then why did he not remember seeing any burnt marks there? In fact, there was no fire involved in his pseudo-confrontation with Malfoy. That was really odd.

"I don't remember the stairs being burnt when I was there," said Harry dismissively. "Probably a side-effect of the forceful enchantment breaking."

"Forceful enchantment breaking?" said Hermione a bit shocked.

Indeed, Harry realized his wording suggested he had destroyed the enchantments on the stairs.

"When the stairs fell, they enchantments probably reacted that way," he said noticing the suspicious look Hermione was giving him. "I can just hear the gears turning inside your head Hermione. Don't go conjuring odd ideas now."

He got up from the table, having finished eating.

"Where are you going?" asked Ginny.

"I'm going to the grounds near Hagrid's hut," he said. "It's too hot in here anyway. It might be fresher outside."

And as he left, the four Gryffindors could not help but be confused. It wasn't hot at all. In fact, it was rather cold. Why in Merlin's beard would Harry say it was hot?

"Ron, Neville, we need to talk with the others," she said.

"Others?" spoke Ginny.

"We can induct you into this later," said Hermione. "But not now Ginny."

The youngest of the Weasleys shrugged and returned to what remained of her food, noticing that her three companions had begun to eat in a rather fast pace, especially Ron. Eventually, the three members of the Gryffindor branch of the Alliance had finished their meal, and the three split to warn the other branches of a meeting.

"So Granger, why are we gathered here in the library?" asked Theodore.

All the Alliance but Harry was gathered in a secluded table in the library, the members talking in the lowest tone possible.

"It's about Harry," she said. "There's something wrong with him."

"Then take him to Madam Pomfrey," said the Slytherin Grand Councillor. "What business do we have with Potter's health?"

She sighed. "It's not like that. He's been acting in a strange way ever since he returned from Constantinople, after the attack."

"There are a few noticeable changes in his personality," admitted Blaise. "But following Theo,
"What do we have to do with that?"

"Hermione thinks that Harry has something to do with the accident," said Ron bluntly, receiving a sharp glare from Hermione. "What? It's true."

"Why do you think that?" asked Padma very curious about Hermione's reasons. After all, Granger was one of Harry Potter's best friends.

"The way he acts, the way he speaks... he admitted that he was there when the stairs fell and after that he simply went here," said Hermione. "He was so apathic about it... it was disturbing. I'm just thinking we should investigate this..."

"Even if Potter was the one responsible for Malfoy's current state, I only have to be thankful," said Nott. "I don't have to concern myself with him."

Hermione looked at him unconvinced.

"Is that so? What makes you think that Harry hasn't suddenly grown overly ambitious ideas and now wants to become Cygnus Black's sole heir?" she said. "After all, European dynasties tend to hunt for titles like a sport."

That seemed to have influenced Theodore.

"I agree with Granger," he said in a completely different tone. "Let's investigate Potter."

Now only Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff were without a decision.

"I guess we can investigate a bit," said Susan.

"Well, we are not going to be the black sheep of the Alliance," declared Padma. "Count us in as well."

Hermione nodded.

"This all started with the attack on the Magnaura," she said. "Before that, Harry was... well, normal. We need to figure out what caused this sudden change."

"The shock of what happened to him there?" suggested Goldstein.

"His grandmother would have placed in in a psychologist or a psychiatrist," said Hermione before realizing something. "So, if something has changed in Harry, then that means she may have also noticed!"

"Then why would she do nothing?" asked Millicent.

"Maybe she did something already, and we just don't know it," said Ernie.

Hermione shook her head. "We're getting nowhere with this."

It seemed that the others agreed with her statement.

"Is there anything that connects Potter's behaviour and what happened in Constantinople?" asked Michael Corner.

"Hold on," said Hermione before getting up from her chair and heading somewhere, returning after a while with a newspaper.
"What's that?" asked Neville.

"The Prophet with the article on the attack," said Hermione, opening the newspaper on the page with the full article. "It mentions a few interviews, descriptions of the creatures which attacked, the damage to the building and the victims."

"What happened to the victims?" asked Blaise.

Hermione quickly read that section of the article. "It says that most victims were killed by the strange creatures, their bodies having been carbonized just by the touch of those things."

"Read the part about the creatures," said Nott.

Hermione did so. "The creatures are described as having bodies made of an extremely hot coal-like substance, and the guards said that they were vulnerable to freezing spells. When killed, the bodies were very fragile, turning into dust at a mere touch and exposing something called a Nucleus."


"Didn't Harry say he was feeling a lot of heat in the Great Hall?" spoke Neville.

It did not take long for them to reach a few conclusions.

"Maybe that Nucleus thing had some weird effect on his mind," said Hannah. "Maybe that's why he changed."

"Like some sort of corruption or disease?" asked Susan. "That doesn't sound g-"

Whatever Susan was about to say was cur off by a sudden rumble that shook the entire castle, startling all its inhabitants.

"An earthquake!" nearly shouted Goldstein.

A few seconds later, it stopped.

"What was that?" spoke Millicent.

"Guys?" said Ron in a scared tone. "Look."

They all looked at where Ron was pointing, one of the windows of the library. But it was not the window they were looking at, instead at what was behind it. The sight was shocking and horrifying, Hermione being the first to speak.

"Oh no…"

Harry had travelled to Hagrid's hut, feeling rather disappointed that Hagrid was not there. Perhaps he was on the castle and he hadn't seen him there. Still, he would not stay there doing nothing, especially with this heat. Maybe walking under the trees of the forest rim would freshen him up a bit. He took that idea and made it reality, deciding to enter the outer area of the Forbidden Forest.

As he walked, Harry began to think clearly about the events of the last few days.

"It seems that even dead, Malfoy still manages to annoy me to no extent," he thought. "Now Hermione thinks I may have something to do with it!"
It was true. He had nothing to do with the accident… right?

"The sudden malfunction was weird, but accidents happen," he continued. "Even if I did something, I would remember it, no?"

Yet despite this mindset, Harry could sense that some of the thoughts that recently emerged were not exactly… of his own.

"Why would I think of myself and Anipheon as the same person? I can't even properly remember when I was him. Only those visions which give me even more questions? And back there with Hermione… what I said was not normal. Almost as if I had been the one to disrupt the enchantments…"

Even as he continued to ponder on the events, he could feel drops of sweat on his face and neck, the heat becoming even stronger. Perhaps if he went to the interior of the forest, where it was colder… then this hot temperature would be more bearable.

"Yes, that's… that's a good idea," he mumbled. "Better go there."

He continued to walk into the depths of the forest, his mind not focusing on the dangers within. There were a few lapses when he remembered that there were acromantulas, centaurs and other creatures within the Forbidden Forest, but if none had appeared yet, then there was probably no danger. Besides, he was nowhere close to Aragog's nest, so that was a plus to this whole thing.

But still, the heat was still there.

"Why… why is it so hot?" he said in frustration.

He got close to one of the trees, and sat down, his back resting on the trunk and hands grasping the slightly tall grass. Harry felt tired, almost as if he had ran several times across the Quidditch Pit.

This tiredness was almost mocking him, as if an exaggerated version of the strange pressure he felt since the attack on Constantinople. His emotions had been wild after the event, especially with the revelation of who he had been in the past. It was just… too much to take. But he had to try to act normal. After all, what would people think of him when they discovered that he was the reincarnation of Anipheon? What would his grandmother think?

It would be scorn and hatred… from all of them. An enhanced version of what had happened during his second year… the "heir of Slytherin", but far worse and this time real. But he knew hate, he was familiar with it… too much in fact.

The hate he felt towards Malfoy… towards the Dursleys… towards Voldemort… towards Cloteias…

He felt his hands far warmer than the rest of his body, and looking down he saw that the grass he had been grabbing was now on fire. He jumped away from the tree, but did not go far, as a sharp pain took hold of his chest. Harry fell on his knees, one hand on the ground and the other clutching the skin beneath his clothes.

"W-what… why…"

The pain was no longer restricted to his chest, but now expanding to his whole body. He felt himself burning, and as he forced his eyes open, he saw that the flames on the grass had also expanded… and too fast. A complete inferno now surrounded him, and if that was not enough, he felt as if his body was burning from the inside. As much as he tried, he found himself unable to
breath, the very action causing him even more pain.

Harry did not notice as the flames began to approach him, as if alive, the last thing he knew and felt being the pain that consumed his body and mind, all quickly replaced by a blissful darkness.

Author's Note:

If everything goes as planned, the next chapter shall be the penultimate one of the Dark Nucleus arc.
Chapter 36 – The Fallen God

Magnaura, Imperial District, Constantinople, Thrace

The desk of the High Chancellor of the Regency Council was filled with documents, something which caused instant tiredness to the owner of said desk. To Maria, it was as if each time she reviewed and signed a document, two more appeared on its place.

"I should retire one of these days," mumbled the leader of the Empire. "Dedicate myself to my other roles…"

But there was still the issue of the Consortium and the Eternal Queen's imminent resurrection. She could not just leave the Empire with them still threatening all that existed. But still… her only issue right now were these "demonic" documents which seemed to replicate themselves. Or at least they were until the fireplace of her office suddenly came to life, green flames surprising Maria and the newcomer.

"Professor Ruslan, is something the matter?" she asked.

The man seemed to be very alarmed, one of his hands holding a small book of sorts.

"Your Majesty, the corruption has revealed itself!" said the man, opening the book and giving it to Maria, allowing her to see a page with the representation of a Nucleus.

"What corruption… Hadrian!"

Ruslan nodded. "Yes, my Empress," said the man. "The spell I placed on your grandson to keep his Nucleus under surveillance has reacted, and shown this."

The Nucleus on the book was glowing with a deep red colour, several cracks on the crystal allowing the light within to escape. This wasn't good… this wasn't good at all.

"I must to go to Hogwarts."

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)
"Ah, good morning Hagrid!"

The half giant looked at the one who had called him.

"Good morning to you as well, Professor Dumbledore," replied Hagrid, before liking at the one next to the headmaster. "You as well, Professor McGonagall. I'm taking Fang for a walk. He seemed to be a bit uneasy inside the house."

The transfiguration teacher nodded. "Good morning to you as well Hagrid. I thought your dog disliked to leave the hut."

"Found him pounding the door with his head when I returned, little brute," commented Hagrid. "As soon as I opened the door, he jolted outside. We saw Harry when we came up here, but he didn't notice us."

"I saw Mister Potter leave the Great Hall in a hurry," said McGonagall. "Did you see where he went?"

"He seemed to be heading towards my house," said Hagrid. "Either that or the lake."

That was strange. It was unusual for Harry Potter to be without his companions. Perhaps they just hadn't finished eating.

"Well, we shall leave you Hagrid," said Dumbledore.

"Aye. I'll see you soon Profe-"

"Is that a fire in the forest?" spoke McGonagall, pointing at an area in the deep forest filled with dark smoke.

Hagrid turned around, looking at the Forbidden Forest.

"Must be the centaurs," suggested Hagrid. "I think."

Neither Dumbledore nor McGonagall could reply in time, as a sudden flash of light came from the forest, the dark smoke becoming meaningless as a massive explosion made the ground shake violently. Dumbledore, McGonagall and Hagrid fell to the ground, Fang whining at the sudden occurrence. Where the dark some came from, a maelstrom of flames quickly began to expand, consuming the Forbidden Forest in its entirety. The three professors quickly got up, looking at the horror in front of them.

"What in Merlin…" said McGonagall.

"Forget Merlin!" spoke Hagrid. "Harry was down there! And that can spread to the school!"

"Minerva, summon the other professors," ordered Dumbledore. "We need to stall this fire."

McGonagall nodded, before casting the Patronus spell, sending a message to the other professors. As soon as that was done, the three descended towards the vicinity of Hagrid's hut, Fang being left behind in a safe area. Dumbledore did not stop to look around, as he immediately began to cast diverse spells at an attempt at stopping our at least halting the fire. McGonagall did the same, as well as Hagrid with his umbrella, but the three soon realized that their spells were having no effect.

"None of them are working," said McGonagall astounded. "What kind of fire is this"

Even Dumbledore was perplexed. He had never seen a magical fire of this magnitude that could
resist any spells. And the suddenness of its appearance and spread… this certainly was not normal.

The skies above the professors had begun to darken, the sun covered by the black smoke coming from the burning forest. At Hogwarts, the students watched in apparent safety as the unnatural fire consumed the Forbidden Forest, all wondering what had happened. All except for a small group which was running as fast as they could towards the grounds. The members of the Alliance were in panic, especially those who were close to Harry. If he had really gone to Hagrid's hut, then Harry could be in great danger. At best, they would find him on their way to that area of the grounds. Alas, they had no such luck.

"Professors!" shouted Hermione as she caught sight of Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Hagrid.

They were not pleased by the presence of Hermione and the others.

"Miss Granger, return to the castle immediately!" ordered McGonagall. "All of you! This is no place for you to be right now."

"But Harry said he was coming here," protested Hermione. "We haven't seen him since!"

The confirmation that Harry had been heading towards the hut was not well received.

"It seems that Mr. Potter has not gone to the lake after all," said Dumbledore. "Nevertheless, you are not safe here."

"But we can help!" said Susan.

Dumbledore shook his head. "Your help is not required Miss Bones. Your safety is far more important than your help."

As Dumbledore spoke, a group of other professors arrived, amongst them the remaining Heads of House and the other teachers.

"Was this caused by any of them?" spoke Snape as he approached.

Before the students could protest, Dumbledore spoke.

"They have nothing to do with this," declared the headmaster. "The cause of this fire is unknown to us."

That was enough for the Potions professor, but now the Alliance had even more opposition to their presence there.

"And why are you here?" asked Sprout. "This isn't safe for you!"

However, one of them noticed something odd about the group.

"Where is Harry?" asked Lupin. "Why isn't he with you?"

"We came searching for Potter," said Nott. "Granger said he came here."

Before any more questions or answers could be spoken, Snape decided to interrupt.

"Enough with your talk about Potter!" snapped the man. "Something is coming from the forest."

In an instant, all turned towards where Snape pointed at, their wands drawn towards the flames. Beyond the flames, a figure could be seen yet its shape was not very clear. It approached them at a
slow pace, seemingly unaffected by the fire, two small red orbs standing out amongst the fire and smoke. As it came closer to the forest border, the wizards realized that it was a tall figure and as the flames parted to give the figure passage, they soon came to know its appearance.

Lupin, Dumbledore, and the students of Gryffindor and Slytherin almost immediately recognized the figure, the memory somewhat distant but rather vivid. Dumbledore knew it from a memory which Remus Lupin had shown him, but the professor and the students had a far greater close contact with it. From the dark fire had come a humanoid figure wearing tattered robes and a broken mask, red glowing orbs where eyes should be. The creature from Harry's boggart was here, and unlike their previous encounter, this was the real one.

For reasons unknown to them, this thing was what Harry feared the most.

Immediately did they cast spells at the creature, bolts of light heading at high speed towards the entity. But before they could hit it, the figure slapped the spells away, all of them heading towards a nearby tree. If it had not been clear by then, they now had the confirmation that this thing was not normal, even by magical standards. No one simply slapped away spells, no matter how powerful they were.

In retaliation, the figure raised an arm, red bolts of magical energy forming around the hand, instants later a lance of pure magical energy being sent towards the professors and students. They prepared to defend themselves, yet out of nowhere a slab of marble intercepted the magical lance, the stone exploding in tiny bits. All looked at the origin of the slab, and were surprised to see the newcomer. None were expecting to see Maria of Braganza there, nor her companion, which none except for Dumbledore and McGonagall knew.

"It seems we arrived in time," said Maria looking at the strange creature in front of them.

"Your Majesty, why are you here?" asked Dumbledore alarmed. This environment was dangerous to her, and this… thing made things even more hazardous than before.

"An issue regarding my grandson arose," she said. "I had to come personally with Professor Ruslan. It seems that the corrupted creatures from the attack on the Magnaura have reached this place."

Dumbledore remembered the creatures from his time there, although he thought they had a different appearance. Nevertheless, the arrival of the monarch and her ally was rather helpful, yet the surprise was not over for the wizards. What happened next was something that none of them could have predicted, and it certainly was enough to eclipse the arrival of Maria.

"And so the Worldly Regent finally enters the Grand Play."

That creature, undoubtedly one of the Corrupted, had spoken.

"That thing can speak?" blurted Ron.

The Corrupted ignored Ron, but not his words. It still had its focus on Maria. Or at least it seemed to have.

"You sit upon a throne which does not belong to you, and yet still you are revered by those who you call Romans…" it said. "A rather impressive feat."

"I do not sit upon the Roman throne," declared Maria. "I safeguard it, just like my husband and his ancestors."
"The mantle of empress is in your hands, but without the name," said the Corrupted. "A usurper by another name, is still a usurper. A role you fittingly take."

The wizards were confused. What was this thing talking about. Better yet, what exactly was this thing?

"What are you?" asked Dumbledore.

The creature turned towards Dumbledore, the red orbs glowing even more.

"I am the Emissary of the Celestial Path, the High Priest of Aion, the King of Kings and Master of Masters," it declared. "I am reborn from these pure fires, and returned to reclaim that which is mine by my right as progeny of the first-born Phanes and the Divine Oiraps. Of this world and all others, I Am Anipheon... your Divine Sovereign."

Those who had studied a bit of the history of the Ancient World knew what a Divine Sovereign was, and amongst those present, the one who had been most shocked by this revelation was Maria.

"They got hold of the Nucleus of a Divine Sovereign..." she thought. "But how?"

The others however, did not know what to make of this being and his introduction, but they could not simply dismiss the threat is posed to the school.

"It doesn't matter who you are," spoke Filius. "You are threatening this school and those within!"

Anipheon chuckled, its deep and yet raspy voice creeping out some of the wizards.

"I do not care about this school, or any of the students inside," declared the corrupted Divine Sovereign. "My sights reside on a plane which transcends your level of comprehension. But..."

He glanced at the sky.

"... those who fought... those who dared to halt my grand work... still plot in secret against me, both here and there," continued Anipheon. "But my hatred goes to the one who betrayed me the most."

Maria quickly assumed this being was talking about another Divine Sovereign. "You speak of Cloteias?"

"Cloteias is but a feeble puppet. My hatred goes to the one whose throne lies empty... surrounded by the Host of Heaven and the empty seats of the Eternal Court, all guarded by the divine spirits of the ancestors."

Ruslan, who had been silent until then, decided to speak.

"You refer to Aion, I suppose."

Anipheon turned around.

"I was His High Priest... I ruled over this world and many others in His name. I guided His people towards the path of righteousness, I took the role of my ancestors and followed their footsteps... and still He abandoned me. I saw time shatter around me and the coils of mortal life abandoning my very essence... and when I was supposed to be received by a warm and
"resplendent light... there was nothing but a cold emptiness. I never turned away from Him... but He abandoned me."

"You seek revenge against... against God?" asked Maria perplexed by the very thought. "Are you insane?"

"Your words hold no value to me, mortal," declared Anipheon. "And if you oppose me, then you shall be eliminated."

Those words were enough to send the wizards into action, several spells being cast at Anipheon, some hit it, having no effect, but as he raised his hand, it was as if a great force began to be generated around the former Divine Sovereign, all the spells they cast converging above him in a great light.

"Enough! I tire of this!"

Anipheon brought his hand down intending on firing a powerful blast of magical energy at the wizards, and as the green energy was directed towards the defenders of Hogwarts, a massive barrier appeared between them, the blast hitting the shield and causing both a great flash of light and a great tremor. The wizards all fell, Anipheon being the only one standing. Yet even he was confused about the barrier.

Yet as the light diminished, all could see that a new figure had appeared where the barrier once was. I was an aged man dressed in a strangely familiar and oddly eastern clothing. No matter what he was wearing, said man was not very amused, the scorn on his face directed at Anipheon reflecting that.

"And you are?" asked the Corrupted.

"I am known as the Mandarin," he replied, the name quickly catching Harry's grandmother attention.

"The Mandarin? My grandson met you once!" she said while getting up.

"The name I have was given to me by Harry himself during our first meeting," revealed the Mandarin. "Alas, I was unable to prevent what led to his current state."

"His current state?" asked Hermione.

A hand motioned towards the corrupted entity, the Mandarin's voice serious and grave.

"In front of you is not the former Divine Sovereign of Al-Antidia, but a corruption taking the form and decayed thoughts of a long dead echo, holding memories and knowledge which should have faded long ago. In truth, the creature in front of us is nothing more than the corrupted form of the one you call Harry Potter."

Author's Note:

And so here is the penultimate chapter of this story arc. I hope you have enjoyed Dominus Mundi until now, and continue to do so.

The Encyclopaedia:
**Harry-Anipheon** – His Nucleus fully corrupted, Harry became an entity which identified itself as Anipheon, his past self and long dead Divine Sovereign of the Al-Antidian Empire.

**Phanes** – While the Sacred Twelve are generally considered to be a special type of Perennial spirits (this designation not being applied to Aion or God), in both Al-Antidian and Aenean mythology Phanes is said to have been the first thing to be created by God/Aion himself, and was born out of a silver egg as a hermaphrodite. In both religions, he is the primordial embodiment of procreation and union (and according to some, creation itself), from where the other Perennial spirits came. In the Second Era, the Hellenes would adopt Phanes into their own beliefs, this deity having been rediscovered from records in Atlantean ruins. During the late Bronzean period, Oiraps VIII gathered the interest of Phanes, and this deity would become the mother-father of Anipheon.
A Core of Darkness
Chapter by DarthImperius, DarthImperiusArchive (DarthImperius)

Disclaimer: Harry Potter belongs to J.K. Rowling

"Normal Speech"

"Thoughts"

"Other Language"

"Other Speech"

Chapter 37 – A Core of Darkness

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

The silence that followed the words of the Mandarin was eerie, all ears not wanting to believe what the mystical being had said. The creature in front of them… this corrupted abomination… was Harry. Yet the shock held by the wizards was merely amusing to Harry-Anipheon. Yet the Corrupted was rather curious on how this… Mandarin knew what he was.

"H-How?" said Minerva. "How can that thing be Harry?"

Yet the Mandarin had not the change to respond.

"Harry Potter was an imperfect rebirth," declared the Corrupted. "Flawed and weakened by the coils of his own humanity and mortality. I am not bound by such chains. I grew powerful enough to become self-aware once more, and claimed this physical shell of my newest incarnation as my own."

"But… how, why?" said Maria. "Why do you call yourself Anipheon?"

The creature chuckled in response.

"You don't know, don't you?" he said. "Of course, you don't. He was too afraid to reveal it. He thought if you… any of you knew who he once had been, that you would revile him… cast him aside. So, Mandarin, since you know so much about me, why don't you tell them all you told Harry during that meeting of yours in the Graveyard?"

All eyes turned towards the Mandarin, the entity seemingly unaffected by all the attention.

"The circumstances of our meeting made me act before the proper time. You, corrupted abomination, began to form when Harry touched the corrupted Nucleus inside the Magnaura," explained the Mandarin. "The laws of time made it impossible for me to reveal to Harry his state, but they did not prevent me from telling him who he actually was."

The Alliance silently recognized the fact that they had been somewhat right about what had happened to Harry.
"Who he was?" asked Sprout.

"In a past life, Harry Potter was one of the Divine Sovereigns of Al-Antidia. Specifically, Anipheon Oirapid of the Bronzean dynasty, husband of the Eternal Queen of the Seven Cities and last of the Bronzeans."

All eyes shifted towards Harry-Anipheon, people not quite believing what they heard once more. Especially Maria. She knew that her grandson had some sort of connection to the Ancient World, but she could not imagine it would be one of such a kind. But for Harry to have been once Anipheon IX… she could perfectly understand why he wanted to keep that a secret.

"I held power beyond that which you can possibly imagine… Countless billions worshipped me… I had the ears of the supreme master and creator of the cosmos… I created the greatest weapon that reality ever saw… only to be reduced to this pathetic form," spoke the Corrupted. "I sought to create a perfect world… but that was taken from me. To be reborn as a human was the path I took, seeking to continue my work… but this world is too bleak… too fragmented. To return Al-Antidia to its proper and sacred state, the vacant throne above must be taken."

"What you seek is impossible," declared the Mandarin. "The Throne is not empty. You were deemed unworthy of seeing the one who sits upon it."

"Unworthy?" bellowed Anipheon. "I was utterly faithful to Him. I followed all His commandments and guided His people during my reign, just like my predecessors. And in return I was cast aside and condemned to a void of nothingness! If He deems the most faithful regent of this world and all others to be unworthy of his presence and grace… then perhaps it is He who is unworthy of those who devote themselves to Him."

The red orbs shone even brighter than before, the rage and hatred behind them becoming very clear to the wizards.

"This world shall once bow before me… they shall call me Divine Sovereign once again… and when Al-Antidia is once more under my command, the false and unworthy god shall be cast down from his throne and be subject to the same suffering he inflicted on others."

It was very clear by now that there was nothing of "Harry" on this creature. The mind that held control of the corrupted body held a hatred and insanity that could not be quenched by words, and only by fighting against Anipheon would they be able to stop him from pursing his dangerous and pointless crusade.

"You presume that we will allow you to do that," said Filius, pointing his wand at Harry-Anipheon. In no time, all wands were once more pointed towards the corrupted Harry.

"You… you seek to fight against me?" he said. "Against a Perennial? I am beyond your tricks with those little sticks. I cannot be contained, I cannot die… what are you expecting to do? But if you desire to do battle against me, then let be fulfil your last wish!"

In an instant, a massive concentration of magic began to surround the body of Harry-Anipheon, the immense amount of energy enough to distort the fabric of space around the Corrupted. All wizards took a step back, but the Mandarin remained still. Yet they quickly realized that time around them seemed to slow down, their opponent affected by this strange alteration of the flow of time.

"Listen carefully," said the Mandarin telepathically. "Use freezing charms against Anipheon. I can
amplify their potency enough to cause some damage, but it is imperative that Harry survives this."

"He can still be saved?" thought Dumbledore, the power of the mandarin transmitting his thoughts to the other wizards.

"Yes," replied the Mandarin. "But time is running short. When the flow of time returns to normal, act quickly. Otherwise, this will be the end of you."

They prepared themselves, quickly noticing that time was returning to normal. Immediately, a barrage of freezing spells was sent towards Harry-Anipheon, and upon passing by the Mandarin, all converged into a small blizzard of immense power. The full might of all the wizards present, together with the amplification caused by the strange powers of the Mandarin, was fast enough to collide with the Corrupted before he could unleash his own attack.

"Argh!" he cried out in pain, the coldness of the blizzard affecting him greatly.

The magical energy dispersed, the distortion of space ceasing to be. Harry-Anipheon fell to his knees, small parts of his body frozen. His already cracked mask became even more cracked, small fragments falling on the ground.

"No… I won't allow this. I fell to them… I fell to Cloteias… but I will not fall to you!"

He quickly got up, sending towards the Mandarin a strong current of volatile magical energy. The other blocked the attack with an invisible barrier, almost as if he was absorbing the attack itself.

"This world is mine!"

His determination as strong as the corruption within him, a blast coming from Harry-Anipheon's body obliterated all the remaining ice on him. It was clear that his power was returning once more, and it would not be long before the corrupted creature attempted to unleash once more a massive blast of magical energy.

"We damaged him, but he's still strong enough to take us all down," thought Theodore. "Why doesn't the Mandarin attack him? If he is strong enough to create that shield, then he might be able to cause some damage on his own to Anipheon."

Theodore was not alone in his thoughts. The others also wondered why the Mandarin, who was seemingly powerful on his own right, kept simply going on the defensive. Sure, he had amplified their spells earlier, but still…

"You are indeed powerful Anipheon," said the Mandarin. "But you are not invincible. All of you, once more!"

Quickly, the wizards returned to their senses, trying again to cast several freezing charms at Anipheon. The blizzard generated by the Mandarin's power began to struggle against Anipheon's own attack. The Corrupted began to place all his power behind this maelstrom of magic, instantly gaining an advantage over the opposing force. Cracks began to appear below them, the two forces enough to cause small and unnatural fissures beneath them.

The Mandarin and the wizards began to see the red maelstrom of Anipheon quickly approaching the Mandarin's barrier, and they too began to place and their power and skill behind a barrage of freezing spells. The greatest impact came from the professors, their skill mixed with the Mandarin's power enough to balance out the struggle. However, the yet undeveloped skill of those in the Alliance would also serve its purpose, adding a considerable amount of power to the already
It seemed that the Mandarin had been expecting this, as he suddenly dropped the barrier before instantly concentrating all the spells on himself, mirroring Anipheon's previous attack. The force which once had been at a disadvantage against the power of Anipheon, had now surpassed the full power of Anipheon's attack. Before the Corrupted could act, the full blast of power hit him, the amplified Glacius spell spreading out to several areas around him. And as the spell died out, they could now see the results of their combined strength.

Frozen in place was Harry-Anipheon, his immobile form attempting to shield itself from the spell which had caused its current predicament. It was not a pretty sight, but it caused mass relief to the defenders of Hogwarts. But before they could celebrate or verify if Anipheon had been defeated, cracks began to appear on the ice, quickly speeding and prompting the wizards to draw their wands once more. The ice burst, freeing Anipheon, but something was clearly wrong. An inhuman scream came from the Corrupted, his body fully under the effects of the ice.

Vapour began to emanate from him, quickly being replaced by white flames. The wizards watched petrified as the mask on Anipheon's face fell apart, revealing a screaming and decomposed face, quickly consumed by the white flames. Soon, it seemed as if Anipheon was being burned alive, and as the Corrupted's body began to emanate a bright light, a massive, bright, and cold blast came from it. The wizards tried to protect themselves from it, quickly realizing that they were not being affected by the blast.

As the blast ceased to be, they looked at where Anipheon once was, and the first thing they noticed was the utter change in the environment around them. No longer was the Forbidden Forest burning, now what remained of it a frozen wasteland, filled with ice and snow. And where the Corrupted stood, was now a human Harry, unconscious on the ground and with his clothes all tattered.

Maria quickly rushed towards her grandson, checking if he was still alive. She sighed in relief upon feeling his heartbeat, but still... he was not exactly in a great shape. And despite the destruction caused by Harry-Anipheon, the battle was finally over.

"It is done..." said the Mandarin. "I suppose this is where I take my leave."

They had just defeated a dangerous lunatic and their greatest ally was already leaving?

"Wait!" spoke Maria. "Before you go, tell us Mandarin... what are you? Who are you?"

Maria saw a great sadness on the Mandarin's face, but as he vanished, a few words were spoken.

"No one."

Slumbering on a bed within the hospital wing was Harry, a few professors, close friends, his grandmother, and Ruslan near him. They had taken him to the castle after the events near Hagrid's hut, all avoiding the questions from the student body.

"How is he?" asked Dumbledore.

"He seems to be stable," said Ruslan. "There is no trace of the corruption within him. It seems our efforts were enough to vanquish that... thing. However, I can't say when he will wake up."

"Better this than that," commented Ron, to which Hermione agreed.
Maria remained silent, drawing the attention of the headmaster.

"Madam, are you well?" he asked.

She sighed. "I knew… I knew he had a connection to old Al-Antidia, but I never thought it would be such a thing. Oh, no wonder he kept it a secret."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Dumbledore.

"Do you remember when we spoke in Constantinople? I referred to both Anipheon and the Eternal Queen," replied Maria. "She is our greatest enemy, and if what the Mandarin said is true, then Harry was once Anipheon, her husband and one of the most infamous rulers of the old empire. This changes many things… we interpreted the prophecy in the wrong way… how did it come to this?"

"What prophecy?" asked Minerva.

"One written in the Book of the Truth," she said. "I know it, the Pentarchy knows it, the Blind Priests know it… but all these years we have been reading it in the wrong way."

"Is Harry involved in that prophecy?" inquired Dumbledore.

"He is. How so, I cannot answer. At least for now," replied the imperial leader. "The Book has to be consulted again before a new conclusion and interpretation are reached. Anyway, I believe things will change for the worse…"

There was a strange silence after that, soon broken by Ruslan.

"Well, I'm afraid I have to return home," he said. "I believe Madam Pomfrey is capable enough to take charge of the young prince."

"Farewell, Professor Ruslan," said Maria.

"Likewise, your Majesty," said the man, before turning to the rest. "Farewell."

Ruslan quickly departed the hospital wing, leaving the other wizards inside. At the same time, Hogwarts quickly became filled with many rumours, and only later would Dumbledore announce a cover story, citing Harry as the victim of an attack which destroyed the Forbidden Forest. Reactions were mixed, many wondering what kind of power did Harry's enemies have to be able to destroy the entire forest in less than an hour.

Nevertheless, the rumours continued and so did life.

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Varandill Aanor

Footsteps could be heard near the Hall of Cultivation, someone running towards the main chamber in a clear hurry. Members of the Consortium gave way to the one who sought to enter the chamber, wondering what exactly was happening. Their leader had never been so excited before. What exactly had happened?

Within, the Professor knelt before the receptacle containing the Nucleus of the Eternal Queen, slightly glancing at the liquid.

"My Lady, I bring great news."

Whispers filled his head, giving him permission to continue.
"I have gathered certain information about the mutation I created, enough to successfully apply it to the Nuclei of magical humans."

The whispers were of approval, but he was not done yet.

"There is more, my Queen. Your assumption was correct. Harry Potter is indeed the reincarnation of your late husband. The corruption afflicted him, and I saw the corrupted form of Anipheon with my own eyes."

In the dimly lit room, the eyes of the Professor reflected the blue glow of the Eitr, granting them an even more maniac look than before. So was the true nature of Professor Ruslan Mikhailovsky, leader of the Consortium and faithful servant of the Eternal Queen.

"Our plans can continue, my Lady."

All over the ruins of Varandill Aanor, the ghostly echo of a feminine cackle could be heard.

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End of the Dark Nucleus arc

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**Author's Note:**

And here ends the first arc of the story. Next chapter begins the "Intelligence arc", and you will soon understand the reason of this name. Nevertheless, I hope you have enjoyed the story so far. I'll see you in the next chapter.

Tally ho!

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**The Encyclopaedia:**

**Professor Ruslan Mikhailovsky** - Once a professor at the Imperial University of Moscow, he is currently the head of the Carbonek Institute and of the Imperial Institute for Deficiency and Mental Injuries. Secretly, he is also the individual known as *The Professor*, de facto leader of the Consortium.
Chapter 38 – Echoes of an Ancient Mind

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

It was a day as any other in the school, and despite the events which had occurred three weeks ago, life in Hogwarts seemed to have returned to normal. The snow and ice that now dotted the remnant of the Forbidden Forest was almost fully melted. There had been searches to see how the fire and subsequent "blizzard" had affected the inhabitants of the forest. There was a general panic when a colony of acromantulas had been discovered inside the forest, but the fact that all acromantulas had been found dead and frozen caused great relief. Even the egg sacks had been destroyed, the offspring of that colony's leader fully annihilated. Needless to say, Hagrid did not take these news well.

The tribe of centaurs was also found decimated, all that remained being charred corpses frozen in blocks of ice. The other creatures that dwelled inside the forest had also be subject to the same fate, which was both good and bad. Good, because the forest and its inhabitant no longer posed any danger to Hogwarts and the nearby villages. Bad, because of the high casualties from the devastation caused by Anipheon's appearance and defeat.

Still, with the forest destroyed, at least they now had the chance to grow a new one, perhaps without the hazards of its predecessor. Yet to do so they required the authorization of the actual owner of the forest, that being the Duke of Inverness who was currently in a strange sort of coma.

Madam Pomfrey watched carefully as Harry Potter remained dormant, the only signals of recovery being sudden awakenings, followed by short ramblings and his subsequent fall into sleep. She was certain that Harry was not conscious of what was happening to both him and around him. In one of said episodes, he began to speak in a very strange language in a panicked tone, and in others he simply mumbled words in English. According to Professor Ruslan, who she had kept in contact with, this was most likely the after effects of the Corruption and the cleansing of Harry's Nucleus.

And despite all this, no one truly understood what exactly was happening to Harry.

No one but him.

Bronzalae Cava, Imperial Mainland, Al-Antidia
All around him were echoes.

Words being repeated, plans drafted, pacts made… such was the everyday life in the Temple of the Ancients. It was a routine that Anipheon knew well, for he had lived it for the last four hundred years since his ascension to the Alluvial Throne. In Al-Antidia, religion and politics were one and the same, incapable of separation, and such a thing was reflected in the works made within the great temple at the centre of the city.

But it was truly tiring really. Especially with his own plans and many other affairs that were more or less unrelated to the administration of the empire. In these years, he left most of the administration and the raising of his son Nergal to Ahkatheria, his wife. Such a name was even unknown to many people, most preferring to call her the Eternal Queen. The origins of that title were rather amusing, but she took it to heart and began to use it as her official title. After all, "Queen of Varandill Aanor" was not exactly grand compared to "the Eternal Queen of the Seven Cities".

Nevertheless, she made most of the administrative choices, leaving him with enough time to focus on a greater priority.

"My Lord, the priests haven't been able to gather any more information," said his chamberlain. "The Mainframe hasn't revealed anything more."

"Then we must work with what we already have," declared Anipheon. "I will not give up because of a little obstruction."

"But… my Lord Anipheon, is this wise?" asked the chamberlain. "To seek such a breach… it can only bring ruin to us."

Anipheon glanced at the man.

"Pleastos… my friend, do you find the alternative better?" asked the Divine Sovereign. "I would not place my faith and time in something that would certainly lead us into ruin, especially since that is exactly what I seek to prevent."

The chamberlain bowed. "Forgive me, Lord Anipheon. Yet I feel… without peace when I think of what you seek to create."

Anipheon turned around, his eyes directly staring at a statue on the end of the room.

"I feel the same Pleastos," declared Anipheon. "But if we don't do it… that damned vision will come true. I will not let that happen!"

With these words, Pleastos knew that the Divine Sovereign would not cease to seek completion of his greatest plan. The very concept was unthinkable, but millennia ago, the thought of uniting the kingdoms of Al-Antidia was also thought to be impossible. Such beliefs were torn to shreds with the rise of the Great and Divine Amilanius, and his magnificent victory in the Second War of Ascendency. Amilanius had been stubborn in life, and it seemed that Anipheon had inherited said stubbornness from his distant ancestor.

"You could seek the service of the lesser spirits," suggested Pleastos. "The Most High has made you his regent on this realm. As they inhabit it, they are also bound to you in service."

"And they also hate it," replied the Divine Sovereign.
Despite that, Anipheon could only acknowledge that was a rather good idea. No matter how much the lesser spirits despised the fact that they had to answer to what they several times called "a mere mortal", all of them answered to him. Yet there existed a minority which was indifferent to their subservience to the Divine Sovereign, and an even greater minority which were pleased with their ruler.

But there was also the fact that he was not a mere mortal. After all, as the offspring of the first-born and a descendant of Amilanius, there was nothing "mere" about him. And the mortal part was only temporary.

"For what I seek, I would need a... keystone of some sort. An anchor to bind the ultimate crux into this realm and the others," said Anipheon in a mystical trance. "It takes the shape of a weapon... a spear, to be precise. One to bind all the worlds into a central point where all of space and time exist in a single instant."

"If you have the plans, then they can forge it," replied the chamberlain. "I would suggest the aid of Aitnaios to forge it and Herjan to imbue it with power."

Anipheon shook his head. "They are not enough. To create the Spear, I require more than just those two."

Pleastos stroke his beard, seemingly in thought.

"Indeed. Perhaps... Ucuetis and Kothar as well?" he suggested.

"Do you believe that those four are enough?" asked Anipheon, looking at a small gem he held. "We are not talking about the creation of a common artefact."

"Their skills in the arts are renowned across the empire," claimed Pleastos. "I have no doubt that the four working together would be capable of creating what you want. And when your own power is added to it... it shall be perfected."

In the silence that followed, Anipheon had focused himself on a small notebook next to him. Many of his notes had been written there, much of them gibberish to anyone who would try to decipher them. Of course, the mixture of the old proto-Idloatean language and a rather obscure variant which had only existed in a city that had been destroyed during the First War of Ascendency helped to increase the security of his notes.

The Temporal Mainframe was rather helpful when it came to dead and half-dead languages, and since he was one of the few who knew how to manipulate that hazardous dimension... then he would be long dead and his plans completed before someone learnt how to decipher his notes.

"Order their summoning," declared Anipheon. "I want them in the throne room at the second half of this afternoon."

Pleastos bowed. "It shall be done, my Sovereign."

As his chamberlain left to complete his task, Anipheon returned his attention to the notebook and many drafts on top of the table. His calculations had required extreme precision to create these drafts and schematics, and he would certainly not leave anything to chance. All had to be perfect, otherwise it would either not work, or cause a cataclysm of possibly massive proportions. But this was his creation... a peak of Al-Antidian engineering and research, right up there with the Temporal Mainframe.
"And the eye of the storm shall be a spear, for it will pierce those who oppose it," thought Anipheon, remembering a passage in an old tome. "And the storm shall be a tower, for it will rise from the dark depths into the heavens."

Not exactly prophetic, but that passage had been a great inspiration for him. Works from the middle period of the Oirapean dynasty had been always part of his favourites, especially due to their cryptic and mysterious style. And when those accursed visions began to happen repeatedly, he knew they were more than just common nightmares.

He saw the end of all things, as Al-Antidia and all beyond were consumed by a terrible force, leaving nothing but the primal mind and skills of survivors behind. The vision did now show him when it would happen, but in an ocean of possibilities, this one was already destined to enter the delta of the present. Everything indicated that it was impossible that which the Triumvirate of Fate had written upon the timeline, that you couldn't fight fate.

Perhaps it was true… or not. If the lords of fate were so keen on destroying Al-Antidia, he would see that they were utterly removed from creation. His creation, which had been denominated as the Tower of Dawn, for it would bring the dawn of a new age, would tap into the very creational materials left in the fabric of the firmament and would end the pointless conflict of present against future. After all, when all was done, there would be no future to speak about.

It was an extreme method, yes, but there were no other alternatives. If the future was an ocean, he would dry it up, allowing people to walk freely on its empty grounds, unchained by the pointless and infinite possibilities that dictated their lives and that of the universe around them. And Al-Antidia would be preserved… a shining jewel in the void of space. A beacon of civilization and order to all that existed beyond the borders of the Eye of Amilanius. What he desired would be done, not matter how long it took.

So was the will of the Divine Sovereign.

Author's Note:

And here is the first chapter of the Intelligence arc, starting with a bit in Hogwarts and another glimpse into the past. A few things were revealed in the Atlantean segment, and you will find that the "lesser spirits" (which are an Al-Antidian term to a certain group of beings) have names which are based on those of certain deities worshipped in the last few millennia of real life.

The Encyclopaedia:

Oirapean dynasty – The fifth dynasty to rule over the Al-Antidian Empire. Its first Divine Sovereign was Oiraps I, a bastard child of Nergalcaios VII of the Taioronid dynasty who ascended to the throne after the death of his legitimate half-brother Taioron IV. The capital of Al-Antidia under the Oirapids was in nowadays India, specifically in the region of Bengal. The city was discovered in the late 16th century by the local wizard authorities, and has since then been restored as a functional city.

Eye of Amilanius – The name given to the planetary system of which the star was known as Amilanius the Celestial, or simply Amilanius. It was given that name in honour of the first Divine Sovereign, whose main insignia was that of an orb surrounded by several rays.

Amilanius (deity) – As a Human-Perennial hybrid, Amilanius's divine nature consumed his mortal one after his death. As a Perennial, Amilanius was worshipped by Al-Antidians as the primordial
embodiment of "the light that inspires humanity to reach beyond their limits". Due to the current lack of information regarding the practices of the Cult of Amilanius, the Aenean Church has not officially integrated the veneration of the first Divine Sovereign into their dogma, and condemns the existence of cults which attempt to recreate the worship of Amilanius, mostly due to the exorbitant amount of fictional practices adopted by said new cults.
Chapter 39 – The Passage of Time

Bronzalae Cava, Imperial Mainland, Al-Antidia

In the days when Bronzalae Cava had been but the city of Iridal, capital of a kingdom with the same name, it was said amongst philosophers that time was but an illusion. A mortal construct to categorize and order the chaotic flow of the universe. Such a view was highly heretical, and quickly vanished into the depths of history… forgotten by many and remembered only by those attuned to the natural flow of the timeline.

Eventually, this tale of time and memory led to the creation a new story, giving the people of Iridal something else to ponder, and of a far less heretical nature. It was not a happy tale, but one which discussed the feeble nature of all that was mortal. It exalted the weaknesses and condemned the illusionary strengths. It spoke of time, and how it revealed the truth behind the weak and the strong… how a thin and blurred line separated both. After all, beneath the weakness of an individual a greater strength could be hidden.

But the people of Iridal knew that the opposite was also true and far more likely to happen. And so does Anipheon. For he sees the strength of Al-Antidia and yet knows that its foundations are weakened… ready to break apart and crumble. He knows that the flow of time is his greatest enemy, and that with each passing moment, the dreaded end approaches.

"Time… it is slipping away," muttered the Divine Sovereign as he observed the falling rain outside the Temple.

In the storm, the city below became concealed from sight, dark clouds surrounding the great tower that is the Temple of the Ancestors. Nature itself reflected his relationship with his subjects… or at least what it had become.

"The fault is yours then."

At these words, Anipheon turned around, his eyes falling on the cloaked form of his old friend.

"How so Cloteias?" asked Anipheon. "How am I at fault for the passage of time? By the manner it slips away from my grasp?"

"It lies in how you waste said time you have left," replied Cloteias as he approached Anipheon.
Even to Cloteias, old childhood friend of Anipheon, the visage of the Divine Sovereign in his full attire and incorporated into the throne room was both intimidating and fascinating. The simplistic robes were the least of Anipheon's attire, but they were adorned by strange silver trinkets which shined in the dark, giving Anipheon the illusion of a celestial mantle. Yet even in the eyes of Cloteias it was difficult to see if these were illusionary or real. Tendrils of a unknown material rose from the depths of the robes into the vast and cosmic void above them, the ceiling replaced by a representation of the universe. At the right angle, one could even see the tendrils becoming simple beams of stars, descending to meet with their worldly ruler.

Anipheon himself did not walk, his feel centimetres above the ground, suspended by an invisible force, and to Cloteias's suspicion, the magical force behind those strange tendrils. To one of the many kings under Anipheon, this visage would have reflected the divine essence of the supreme ruler of the mortal realm, and some would believe this to be mere ceremony. But there were others, Cloteias included, which knew that both opinions were wrong… and correct as well.

"The accusing tone of your statement is not missed," said the Divine Sovereign. "I assume this visit of yours was not simply to meet with an old friend."

Cloteias immediately dropped to his knees in reverence.

"No, Your Holiness," said the man. "I have-"

"Rise," interrupted Anipheon. "I will not have you on your knees."

Cloteias did so, obeying the order of Anipheon.

"Forgive me," he said. "I have come representing the sovereigns of the Southern Council, and to bring our petition to you."

"You are not the first," commented Anipheon.

"What?"

"The other councils have presented their own petitions to me," explained Anipheon. "Some more… demanding than the others. I have heard their little desires… the majority the same. Complaints regarding the regency of the empire, the removal of Ahkatheria from the administration… What exactly do you bring of new to the table?"

"Nothing." replied Cloteias. "It seems the others have already expressed our complaints as well. And the Divine Sovereign continues to ignore them."

"All of you are complaining about her, yet I see no credible argument against her!" spoke the Divine Sovereign. "Is this about how she rose to power? How she is not of ancient blood? I thought you would be better than that Cloteias."

It was no secret of how the so called Eternal Queen had become the ruler of Varandill Aanor. In her early years, she had been a scholar in the residence of the former ruler of the city, but her beauty had been sighted by one of the king's sons. The king had authorized him to approach Ahkatheria, but she had rejected the advances. And when the king ordered her to submit to his son, the man quickly learned that had would be his last and greatest mistake. The power of Ahkatheria was quickly unleashed upon the royal family, all annihilated by the seemingly harmless scholar. None dared to oppose the young woman as she took control of the city and was proclaimed by the priests as the new Queen of Varandill Aanor. Seeking to impose her will and make sure her
position was not threatened, the new queen waged war against the nearby six city-states and conquered them, becoming known as the Queen of the Seven Cities, the "Eternal" part being added a bit later.

And Anipheon could clearly see the guilt on Cloteias's face, knowing the answer even in silence. But determination quickly replaced the guilt.

"She surrounds herself in blasphemy. Across the world there are rumours about atrocities committed inside the city," said Cloteias.

"As you say, they are rumours. Besides, I have been to Varandill myself," affirmed Anipheon. "I saw no sight of any atrocities there."

"That is because she knows when you travel there," declared Cloteias. "And that gives her and those who follow her time to prepare for your visits!"

Anipheon's hand tightened around his staff, the crystal tip slightly glowing. The Divine Sovereign took a deep breath, turning around to face the glassed wall once more.

"I cannot act against my wife until I have concrete proof Cloteias," he said in a calm tone. "You know that very well. I may be the Divine Sovereign, but even I cannot go against the laws set by the Divine Amilanius. It is sacrilege to even think about it."

Cloteias could see that this conversation was going nowhere, and that without clear proof about the Eternal Queen's deeds, they could not act against her. If she was a simply ruler like the rest of them, it would be different. But since she was the very wife of the Divine Sovereign… there were many restrictions on their actions.

"I know," said Cloteias, "But remember that it is she who is raising Nergal, and the words of a demon can be far sweeter than those of an angel."

Anipheon replied with silence, and did not watch as Cloteias left, deciding to focus himself once again on the rain. Right now, he simply wanted to forget everything about the recent events, and focus himself once more on the Tower of Dawn. He held the Spear on his hand, and since it had been forged, many advances had been made regarding his plans. The calculations were nearly complete, and soon enough… all would be well.

"My Lord Anipheon."

He had not heard as his chamberlain entered the throne room, and was taken by surprise upon hearing the voice of Pleastos.

"What is it Pleastos?" asked Anipheon.

"A matter of great importance has arisen," said the man. "I believe it requires your total attention."

The Divine Sovereign of Al-Antidia turned around, facing the chamberlain.

"I..."

"...am very disappointed Mr. Potter! Twenty points from Gryffindor for sleeping in class!"
Harry was shaken from his dream by the voice of Professor McGonagall. He could hear the snickers from the Slytherins and he saw the looks of irritation on the eyes of his fellow housemates, but he could care less.

"Sorry professor," he mumbled, still a bit stunned by the sudden awakening.

Long had passed since he had awakened from his second slumber and told what had happened to him. It had been a shock to hear what had happened to him, considering he remembered nothing since entering the Forbidden Forest. And without the influence of the corruption, he could now see exactly how he had behaved… and it did not please him. But the influx of visions didn't stop, and almost every time he closed his eyes he could see fragments from his past as the Divine Sovereign. The thoughts of Anipheon were also no secret to him, but they were still confusing to the young wizard.

Still, he tried to pay attention to the rest of the class, his thoughts always on the verge of returning to the Ancient World. Eventually, the class was over and much like his classmates, Harry prepared to leave the room, before being called by his professor.

"Mr. Potter, I wish to speak with you," said McGonagall.

Harry nodded approaching the professor, who conjured a chair for him to sit down.

"Do sit down Potter," said McGonagall. "I believe we should address these… episodes of sleep you have been having, and not just in my class."

Harry did not like where this was going.

"Do you have any trouble sleeping?" she asked.

"No professor."

"Then care to tell me why are you constantly falling asleep on classes," demanded McGonagall. "I assume you have recovered fully from that ordeal in the forest."

Harry snorted. "You assumed wrong."

That had not been the answer McGonagall was expecting. "Do explain."

"I can't explain what I don't understand professor," he said. "I don't want this to sound like a dramatic tale, but I am… my mind is constantly drawn towards memories of my past. I can't control this thing, and it is happening more frequently. Every second I spend without moving, I am at risk of falling asleep. Make of that what you will."

"Have you spoken with Professor Dumbledore?" asked the Transfiguration professor.

"What help can he provide to someone who is the reincarnation of a man… god… something from another era? Especially one plagued by dead memories," spoke Harry. "Dumbledore may know many things, but unfortunately, I have to bet he knows nothing about this."

"There is always a chance Mr. Potter," replied McGonagall.

"It is one I am not willing to take," declared Harry. "It's more like a waste of time than anything else. Especially now that he is busy with the ministry and the negotiations with the Empire."

It quickly became apparent that Britain wasn't going to be able to support itself by being the sole
neutral state in the entire wizarding world. Trading with both the Empire and the ICW was going to have very high costs and the British Ministry wasn't willing to do that. Hence the negotiations to become part of the Empire, the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot being a main participant.

"Well… do try to control yourself Potter," spoke McGonagall. "My colleagues might not be as clement as I am."

"Yes professor," he said. "May I go?"

She nodded and Harry quickly left the room, heading to join his friends outside.

"Things have become rather boring, don't you think?"

At these words, the alliance members turned towards Susan. It was true, that ever since Malfoy had died and Harry's corrupted form had been defeated, the goals of the Alliance had been rather easy to accomplish. But that also brought a phase of stagnation in the general entertainment of the Alliance members.

"Well, we did succeed in part of our plans and the other part is slowly progressing," affirmed Theodore. "So yes, the wait is rather boring."

"I'm sure Potter will somehow find something to amuse us," said Blaise. "He attracts that sort of stuff."

"Sorry to disappoint you, but the whole reintegration of Britain into the Empire will probably be the most exciting thing that will happen in these next weeks," affirmed Harry looking at a letter on his hands. "Oh, and the thing that follows as well."

"What thing?" asked Ron.

Harry took a deep breath, the others wondering the reason of this reaction.

"Well… it seems that my grandmother is abdicating the regency of the throne of Nicaea and Constantinople. She says here that the coronation will be in my birthday."

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**The Encyclopaedia:**

**Iridal I** – The sole and eldest child of High Magistrate Quelops (the second and last child of Divine Sovereign Taoron II and brother of Taoron III), Iridal was appointed by his cousin Nergal II to the position of Appraiser of the Wayward Whims (the official title of the high priest of Teutates) and was given lordship over a small city on the eastern region of the Imperial Mainland. Iridal ordered the erection of a new city on the site of the existing one and it was given the name of its new ruler, becoming also the capital of the newly formed Kingdom of Iridal. After his death, his son Teglea became the new King of Iridal.

**Iridal (city)** – Built over a small settlement, Iridal shared its name with the kingdom it was the capital of. When King Victeus IV was elected by the Exalted to the position of Divine Sovereign at the death of the childless Prozac VI and became Bronzas IV, the city was renamed into Bronzalae Cava (translated as either Spire of Bronzas or Bronzas's Spire).

**House of Iridal** – The first royal family to rule over the Kingdom of Iridal, the Iridalians were a cadet branch of the Taoronid dynasty, having Iridal as their apical ancestor. Despite having a total of two female monarchs (both called Ulgarde), the House of Iridal would only be declared as
officially extinct in the male line after the death of Selleucia of Iridal, who never attained the title of Queen of Iridal, having died before her father and brother, Iridal V and Teglea IV respectively. From Selleucia’s marriage to Pactes, one of the sons of King Favast IX of Nedeus (a neighbouring city-state), a son called Favastos (this name being the Iridalian variant of "Favast") was born, who would inherit the Iridalian throne after the death of his uncle and become the first Iridalian monarch to belong to the House of Iridal-Nedeus (which would later become the first Bronzean dynasty with the ascension of Victeus IV, the future Bronzas IV, to the Alluvial Throne).
The event occurring within the British Ministry of Magic was historical, to say the least. Gathered in the building's atrium were a cadre of journalists and reporters from both Britain and the Empire, all focused on the figures which surrounded a table with a document on top. Amongst these were Chief Warlock Dumbledore, Minister Fudge, and High Chancellor Maria of Braganza representing the Imperial government. Today, would be signed the Treaty of Reunification, the territories of the United Kingdom becoming part of the Empire once more.

"And it is with great pleasure that I welcome the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as the Crown dependencies, into the Roman Empire," said Maria, having been the last to sign the document. "May this reunion bring prosperity to these lands."

"Thank you, your excellency," said Dumbledore before sitting down next to Fudge.

"I believe it is time for the press conference to begin," said the Minister, watching as Maria sat down next to him as well. "Any questions?"

Many reporters raised their hands, Fudge choosing only one of them.

"Rita Skeeter, for the Daily Prophet," said the witch. "What changes will happen to us with this treaty?"

"The inclusion of Britain in the Empire will lead to several changes in our government, as discussed in private with the High Chancellor," said Fudge. "The structure of the Ministry will be completely altered as to suit the Imperial standards, and to remove unnecessary aspects which have obstructed our government for the past centuries. The extinction of the Centaur Liaison Office is an example of said changes. Any other questions?"

Once more, Fudge chose another of the reporters to speak.

"Minister Fudge, will Britain be represented in the Regency Council? If so, has a team been designated for that purpose?"

"We will be represented in the Imperial Council, and yes, the members of our delegation have
already been chosen," confirmed the Minister "The British Delegation which we will send to Constantinople will have Bartemius Crouch as their leader."

With this, another question was spoken.

"Minister, with the Imperial ban on Dementors, what will be the fate of Azkaban?"

"We are currently working with the Imperial government to develop a solution for this problem," affirmed the Minister. "But dementors will be removed from Azkaban, as per Imperial law."

"But Minister, won't this facilitate the escape of the prisoners?" asked another reporter. "If Black managed to escape with the dementors there and without a wand, the others will certainly have a greater chance of escaping as well."

"As I said, we are looking for a permanent solution for that problem," repeated Fudge. "Any more questions?"

Another wizard rose to speak, this time directed to Dumbledore.

"Chief Warlock, as you are also the headmaster of the most prestigious wizarding school in Britain, will there be any change to the general curriculum?"

Dumbledore nodded. "Yes, there will. However, the changes will only be implemented in the next school year, as not to disrupt the current activities of all schools."

Many of the questions that followed were of a minor nature, although some more important than others. Eventually, someone remembered a rather critical topic regarding the reintegration of Britain into the Empire.

"High Chancellor, will the Imperial religion be implemented here?"

Maria had been expecting this question, and now here was a good opportunity to correct certain misconceptions.

"There is no such thing as an Imperial religion, although I'm aware you refer to the Aenean Church," she said. "While it is the religion practiced by the majority of the Imperial population and we endorse said practice, the Empire has no official state religion. Such a thing can only be promulgated by a crowned Emperor, and considering that the throne is currently vacant…"

"And why is the throne empty?" asked another journalist.

"The Imperial Throne on the wizarding world shall remain vacant until the proper Roman Empire is restored in the world of those you call muggles," she said. "Until then, no one can claim the mantle of Roman Emperor."

It was a fact that many people were unaware of, even by those who lived in the Empire. The death of Emperor Constantine XI Palaiologos during the sack of Constantinople and the subsequent fall of the Roman Empire in the muggle world made it impossible for anyone to lay claim to the Empire, hence the founding of the Regency Council under Theodosios II Anemas, who was at the time the Bey of Anatolia under the Ottomans in the muggle world. The politics of the Empire became dominated by the Anemid dynasty, who were basically emperors all but in name, until the events surrounding Pierre Bonaccord and more recently, the ascension of Maria of Braganza, who despite not being an Anemid by birth, had been one by marriage until the death of her late husband.

"High Chancellor, due to your recent announcement regarding the coronation of your grandson,
will his ascension to the Nicaean throne affect his education at Hogwarts?" asked a reporter.

She shook her head. "Not at all. The Crown Prince will continue his education at Hogwarts, while I will continue to assume all functions of the Crown until his education is over and he reaches majority in the world of the muggles."

That answer seemed to satisfy the reporters, and so the session continued, with Dumbledore, Fudge, and Maria answering all questions directed at them for the next hour.

Chamber of Observance, Sanctum of the Ideal Works, Varandill Aanor

If one was to look at the temple of Varandill Aanor from the outer ruins of the Undercity, then they would most likely compare it to a tree, its roots deep below in the city's necropolis and hiding the most sacred and dangerous of all locations in every city of Al-Antidia. And the Professor knew that very well, for his current and new project was heavily focused on what resided within the temple's Chamber of Observance.

"How much progress have you made?" he asked to one his underlings.

"Not much Professor," replied the man. "This technology is highly incompatible with that of the Al-Antidian Empire. Trying to develop a proper mechanism for this to work will take time. Not to mention the instability of these devices around magical energy."

The Professor looked at the devices which his subordinates were using, technology made by the common and non-magical folk littering the chamber and surrounding the inactive gate to the fabled Temporal Mainframe. Most native devices inside the room had been damaged beyond repair during the Great Cataclysm, so it would take either a miracle or some type of accident for them to work.

He quickly concluded that that this rate, this project was going nowhere.

"Perhaps we need to take more drastic measures," said the Professor, taking out a small jewelled pendant from a pocket on his robes.

"Sir?"

"The Eternal Queen provided me with this little trinket," he said. "Now we shall see if it is as powerful as she claims."

He raised his hand, the pendant dangling, suspended by a thin string. He spoke two words, both in an ancient dialect, one which the Eternal Queen herself had spoken and which predated the ascension of the first Divine Sovereign. Translated, they would roughly mean 'awaken the enlightened essence', the actual goal of the Professor not quite as noble.

It began to glow, electrical-like energy emanating from it and spreading across the chamber, surprising and frightening most of those inside.

"A little incentive should be enough for the Mainframe to awaken itself, no?" said the Professor watching as the strange and ancient magic of the pendant did its work.

But in his arrogance and certainty of power, the Professor failed to realize that the Temporal Mainframe was more than a simple database of ancient knowledge. The energy emitted by the pendant struck the Mainframe Gate, the device coming to life and emanating a strange energy.
What followed was a burst of power, blasting away all those inside the chamber, the Professor included. However, the pendant was still suspended in the air, energy continuing to emanate from it and converging on the gate.

"What the?" hissed the leader of the Consortium, not knowing if this supposed to happen.

From the pendant came bolts of energy, striking all those inside. The Professor quickly performed a Shieling Charm, protecting himself from the volatile energies of the pendant, and allowing his to see what exactly was happening. Those who had been hit by the energy were seemingly paralyzed, almost as if the pendant was consuming their very essences. In an instant, the Professor came to realize that it was exactly what was happening to them. The bodies of his subordinates soon collapsed on the ground, shells empty of life and mind.

To his luck, the Professor was near the chamber's exit, and still maintain his shield, he moved quickly towards it, forcefully closing the stone doors of the Chamber of Observance, the last thing he saw of its interior being the pendant illuminating the room and draining all energy available within. Moments later, he heard another blast, cracks appearing on the stone walls and floor of the antechamber, followed by an eerie silence. He approached the sealed gates, trying to understand if things has calmed down, and upon hearing nothing from the other side, the Professor opened the stone door, only to be met with a completely ruined chamber filled with rubble and dead bodies. And worst of all, the Mainframe Gate was destroyed and the pendant was nowhere to be seen.

"This really wasn't supposed to happen..."

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**Author's Note:**

This is officially my longest story up to this date, both in chapters and words. Hope you have been enjoying these forty chapters of the story.
Chapter 41 – May He Reign For Many Years

The last weeks of school were mostly uneventful for Harry and his allies. Truly, there had been no attacks, no sudden monsters appearing… nothing. And oddly enough, this temporary peace was unsettling. It meant his enemies were either plotting something, or their efforts were in a state of stagnation. He very much hoped for the latter.

He had no other dreams from his time as Anipheon, which was also pleasant to a certain degree. While he was curious towards the life of his past self, the experience of recalling those memories was less than comfortable. It was of a dream and more as if he was trapped inside his own body, unable to do anything. But he knew what the outcome of everything would be, and he truly hoped he would not experience the death of his past self.

Still, he did his best to keep himself away from such thoughts, and patiently waited for the day of his ascension to the Nicaean throne, slowly but surely coming.

Palace of Nicaea, Nicaea

With his third year at Hogwarts done, Harry now found himself on the Palace of Nicaea once more. And it was the eve of a very special day.

"Your Highness," said the Grand Logothete. "What name shall you take?"

That was a strange question.

"I'm sorry, but… what name will I take?" he asked confused.

"Yes," replied the man. "As the new king of this country, you must take a regnal name. Much like you predecessors. As your name is quite extensive, you have a much greater choice regarding that."

"I see," muttered the young wizard.

It was true that his actual name was quite long, courtesy of strange naming conventions, and since he was supposed to take a regnal name, then he would have to make a good choice. After all, he could not simply change the name after the coronation.
"So, let's see... I will not choose 'Hadrian', can't pick 'Maria', since in any other situation it is a girl's name...," he mused. "My father's name won't do either. Perhaps..."

The name he would pick right now wouldn't be just used for Nicaea. When he ascended to the Portuguese and Russian thrones, said name would also be used there. Perhaps he could pick one which had been used by the three realms? Yes, that was quite a good idea. Therefore, the best name for this would be...

"I'll go with Alexander," he declared.

"Are you certain?" asked the Grand Logothete. "It's a choice you won't be able to alter later."

Harry nodded. "Yes, I'm certain."

"Very well then. Now, there are other topics you and I must discuss. Mainly, regarding the administration of the country," informed the man. "As you have not yet reached majority in our country, it is advised you keep a regent to deal with the matters of state."

"I know. My grandmother and I agreed that she will still be the Queen Regent until my eighteenth birthday," affirmed Harry.

"I expected much, Your Highness," said the Grand Logothete. "And regarding your education. Will you continue to attend that school in Britain?"

Since the Grand Logothete was the head of the muggle government of Nicaea, and by extension a muggle himself, it was to be expected that he knew of Harry's actual background.

"Unless something gets in the way, then yes."

"Arrangements shall be made regarding the public's view of your personal life then," declared the Logothete. "You have been made familiar with tomorrow's procedure, correct?"

Harry nodded. He had been made quite familiar with the whole ceremony which would take place tomorrow and what his role would be. There were many details which he could not forget, and considering how many people would be watching the coronation... it would be best if he made a good impression.

Nevertheless, he still had an entire day to practice, and he intended to make full use of it.

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**Hagia Sophia, Constantinople**

As always, the City of the World's desire was bustling with activity. Even more today, as it was the day of the coronation of the Constantinopolitan diarch and Nicaean monarch. Ever since the capture of Constantinople and the foundation of both the Kingdom of Nicaea and the Roman Imperial State of Constantinople, the coronation of their main ruler had been made in the restored Hagia Sophia.

The Augustaion had been fully restored to a close approximation of its original appearance, and no longer was the Hagia Sophia alone amongst the ruins of old structures. The complex of the Great Palace and the surrounding structures had been restored decades ago, and only the Hippodrome was still under renovations. But Harry would not be going to the Hippodrome, so there was no obstruction to the ceremony. Out of all the districts of modern-day Constantinople, that of the original Constantinople before its expansion in the 19th century was still the most traditional in its

The...
architecture and other cultural aspects. The total absence of skyscrapers was one of the core traits of this district.

As people gathered in the streets of the Mese, all waited for the Golden Gate to be opened, signalling the start of the procession of the future sovereign of Nicaea and Constantinople. The main street was empty and security forces from both Nicaea and Constantinople kept watch over the population and the road to the Augustaion. And as the sound of the gate being opened nearly drowned out all the voices from the gathered spectators, everyone turned and tried to get a better view of the oncoming procession.

Several cavalry squadrons surrounded the key figure of this event, Harry himself mounting a horse and waving at the crowds of people. He was not dressed in the usual military uniform which male monarchs usually used at their coronations, instead wearing the regalia created especially for Romanos I back during his own coronation. It was made in the image of those used by the Roman Emperors of old who reigned over the Empire from the City of Constantine. He passed through the Forum of Arcadius, that of Theodosius and finally the Forum of Constantine, adorned with the famous Column of Constantine.

As his horse passed next to it, Harry looked at the statue of the long dead emperor, before focusing on the people and his destination. Finally, he had reached the Chalke, and as the gate opened, he finally had the opportunity to leave the horse. He was not used to horse riding, and this whole experience had required several days of preparation. Accompanied by the guard, he made way into the basilica, where the Eparch of Constantinople stood, waiting for him.

A small exchange of greetings and pleasantries was followed by the opening of the Royal entrance to the Hagia Sophia, allowing Harry to finally see the interior of the grand church. The mosaics which decorated its walls and other sections were magnificent, but he had little opportunity to admire these works. There were other matters at hand. He had his eyes set on the dais with the throne, and noticed the holy men next to it. One of them he could recognize as the Ecumenical Patriarch, who was already one the two diarchs of Constantinople, although the minor one as the position of "senior diarch" rested on the shoulders of the Nicaean monarch.

As he approached the dais, he quickly noticed the presence of some people he was familiar with. Amongst them his friends at Hogwarts, some of his teachers (although these were oddly dressed, but not too much to gather undesired attention), and a few of his close living relatives, his grandmother amongst them. Yet she occupied a special seat as the former regent and consort over both Constantinople and Nicaea.

He climbed the dais, and was greeted by the Patriarch. The man held a book in front of Harry, and the young wizard began to read the passage.

"We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of the Father before all worlds, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made, who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man."

Harry took this moment to breathe again, before resuming.

"He was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, and suffered, and was buried, and the third day he rose again, according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, from thence he shall come again, with glory, to judge the quick and
the dead, whose kingdom shall have no end. And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father, who with the Father and the Son together is worshiped and glorified, who spake by the prophets. Amen."

With this part done, Harry returned the book to the Patriarch, who in turn gave it to a cleric. Two of the holy men approached Harry, and wrapped around his waist the Loros, before dropping part of it over his left hand. Harry bowed his head before the Patriarch, and the old man began to recite a prayer in an inaudible tone. As soon as the Patriarch was finished, he turned towards those who were assisting, and he gave them a simple order. His voice echoing through the basilica.

"Bow your heads to the Lord."

Those who spoke and understood Greek did so and answered back.

"To you, O Lord."

Those who did not, simply mimicked the actions of the others. Then, the Patriarch was given a Kamelaukion crown, and approached Harry with it, standing behind the young wizard and holding the crown above his head.

"To you I give this crown, Alexandros, faithful of the Lord God. Be crowned with it as Despot of the Romans, Basileus and Autocrat of Nicaea, Trapezous and Cyprus, Prince of Anatolia, Armenia Minor and the Aegean Islands," declared the Patriarch. "And the City welcomes you as well, protector and sovereign of this diarchy, rule entrusted to you by God."

At that moment, the people cried out.

"Holy, Holy, Holy. Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth. O such a great Basileus and Autocrat, may he reign for many years."

Harry finally sat on the throne, being given a sceptre and orb. Those were soon taken away and placed on nearby pedestals. Once more, the people shouted out.

"Grand long life, O Lord God, to our most pious Basileus Alexandros. O Lord preserve him, unto many years."

It was repeated three times, and once it was done, it was time for the oaths of loyalty by the nobles and patricians of the realm. The exciting part was over, and Harry knew it was going to be a long day.

He was certain of it.

Author's Note:

So, Harry has now been crowned under the name "Alexander", becoming Alexander II of Nicaea. The variant "Alexandros" was used on purpose, though. He will still be referred to as Harry in both the narration of the story and the dialogue, just as he has been until now. I have been waiting a long time to write this chapter.

The Encyclopaedia:

Mese – the main street of Constantinople (present in both the non-magical city and the magical
Chalke – meaning "the Bronze Gate", it was the main entrance to the complex of the Great Palace.

Loros - a long, narrow, and embroidered scarf, embroidered with gold and heavily embellished with gems, which was wrapped around the torso and dropped over the left hand. It was one of the most important parts of the ceremonial Imperial costume worn only by the Imperial family a few senior officials.

Despot of the Romans – A title assumed by the Nicaean monarchs as their claim to the Roman throne. In the Empire, it initially denoted the heir-apparent to the throne, but was later replaced with Symbasileus (Co-Emperor).
Chapter 42 - The Consortium

Varandill Aanor

The Professor watched in silence as the mutation happened before him. One of these low-life wizards which he had captured had been the "Patient Zero" of his experiment, and now here he was, hoping that the whole thing would work out better than his other experiment back in the Sanctum of the Ideal Works. Trying to tap into the Temporal Mainframe without a Data Cube or the experience of the long defunct Paramount had been a foolish endeavour, but perhaps when the Eternal Queen returned to life, she would be able to solve that issue.

Still, their original plan regarding the Mainframe was now ruined, so they had to return to the usual work. In other words, the development of the Corruption. It was a tricky thing, but the data he acquired from the temporary corruption of Harry Potter had been extremely useful to his research.

"Sir, the mutation is progressing at a high level," affirmed one of his subordinates who had been monitoring the Nucleus.

He looked with great curiosity towards the unconscious wizard, watching as his body was engulfed in a fiery light, before dimming. Where was once the wizard, now stood a strange humanoid creature, with many of its characteristics far more defined than those of the lesser corrupted. Its skin was had not a burnt-like texture, resembling more the skin of a very ill individual. It's face was similar to that of its human counterpart, although very gaunt and withered. In all, the body was somewhat skeletal. It was also somewhat taller than it had been, and it still wore the tattered clothes of its human self.

The Professor cautiously approached the new-born corrupted, wondering how high its intelligence was.

"Can you hear me?" he asked.

The corrupted looked at him.

"Yes," it replied in a deep, if somewhat raspy voice.

"What are you?" asked the Professor.
"A servant of the Eternal Queen," it replied.

The Professor smiled. For now, everything was going rather well.

"Indeed. But I am the Eternal Queen's principal commander, which means you must obey me as well," declared the Professor. "Is that understood?"

"Yes," replied the corrupted once more.

The Professor turned towards his assistants.

"Give me a report."

"Life signals are normal and stable. Mental activity is subdued," said the aide. "Magical residue is emanating from body at a normal rate."

"Any areas of improvement?" asked the Professor.

"At the moment, no weaknesses have been revealed," answered the assistant. "It might take a while sir."

"In that case, upon reaching a consensus, begin production of these specimens," ordered the Professor. "However, do not exaggerate. I don't want any of our resources to be wasted."

The streets of the Undercity of Varandill were silent and empty. The only light came from magical lampposts, and the outer streets allowed one to gaze into a black abyss, at the bottom the vast network which composed the City of the Dead. The only sound heard was that of the footsteps of the Professor, wandering the desolate walkways which had been once bustling with activity.

He was lost in thought, musing about the events which had occurred until this moment. And while most were proceeding in a manner that could be helpful to the Consortium, there was one small problem with this whole thing.

The Mandarin.

His research had given him great details regarding that individual, most mythological biographies regarding him. He was mostly an obscure figure, curiously mentioned in a passage contained within the Book of the Blind. Yet it lacked information regarding the Mandarin, simply mentioning him by name. To a group of adherents of the Perennial faith in China, he was known as "Mianfei Zhuguan", an aide of the Jade Emperor. In Persia, the Mandarin was identified as an entity whose name was somewhat translated as "Lord Proctor", in service of either Ayavan, Ohrmazd, Zurvan, or Allah, depending on the region where one was.

But the Professor's research had revealed a bit of information that disturbed him. One source described the Mandarin as one of the Nameless Ones, a mysterious group of Perennials which were part of the mythical Eternal Court. No one knew what their purpose was and why they existed. Legends portrayed them as unpredictable, far more than the Eternals or the Sacred Twelve themselves.

Considering his involvement during the temporary corruption of Harry Potter, this Mandarin could prove himself to be a great opponent of the Consortium. But the Eternal Queen was of Perennial blood, so once reborn, perhaps she could be enough to stand against a Nameless One.
Or not. Only time would tell after all.

But now it was time to return to the old works after all. That is, after he learned what that bloated rat wanted.

"Come out Pettigrew," he ordered. "I know you are there."

He heard a whimper and soon the footsteps of Pettigrew could be heard, considering that the man was no longer attempting to sneak. He was clearly nervous, more than when he had been captured by his agents.

"Forgive me, L-Lord Professor," said Pettigrew. "B-But I think you should see this."

Ruslan watched as Pettigrew revealed his left forearm, the Dark Mark there no longer fading. Once again, it was fully blackened.

"I-I think he is restored," said Pettigrew.

Ruslan eyed the mark, an ominous smile appearing on his face.

"Well, well. It seems it is time to awaken your master, Pettigrew."

He took hold of Peter, and the two disappeared in a crack.

No one knew what exactly was the original purpose of the Gallery of Aanor, but nowadays, it was where the Professor stored many Nuclei collected by the Consortium over the years. Amongst them, the one of Lord Voldemort, submerged within Eitr, the liquid which was said to be the venom of the World Serpent itself, and the origin of all life as well. Rather ironic really, for the supposed source of life to immediately kill anyone who touched it.

Of course, when rivers of Eitr had been discovered by the ancient Al-Antidians, they had to learn how exactly this substance could be harnessed Very little of what they discovered regarding the uses of Eitr had be recovered by researchers, and so the Professor had to work with what he had. And in truth, Voldemort was his main experiment regarding the use of Eitr to restore someone's corporeal form.

And apparently it had worked.

"It seems your master has indeed been restored," said Ruslan to Pettigrew, observing the dormant form of Voldemort within the liquid. "It's time to release him."

The Professor pointed his wand at the receptacle, and the two watched as the Eitr was drained into a newly opened grating. Voldemort's body slowly collapsed on the surface of the container, before another spell opened it.

This time, the wand was pointed at the unconscious dark wizard. "Rennervate!"

Voldemort stirred, and as he became aware of the coldness of the chamber and the floor, his eyes immediately snapped open. He took a deep and urgent breath, the first and proper one of many years. As if having been deprived of air, his breathing did not stabilize immediately, and the dark wizard could only look at the other two.

Ruslan summoned a simple cloak, and levitated it towards Voldemort.

"R-Ruslan…what…," managed the resurrected wizard.
"Cover yourself with that," said the Professor. "We have no need to see your genitalia."

The Dark Lord took hold of the cloak, and covered himself, before attempting to stand up. He found support in a pipe near him, and managed to properly cover himself with the cloak. It was then that he noticed that Ruslan was analysing him.

"I must say, it worked quite well," declared the Professor. "I never expected these results. You should go and wash yourself though. I don't know for how long your body will be able to withstand contact with the Eitr, and you still have quite a bit on yourself."

"Where?" asked Voldemort, still not used to the sudden sensation of having a body again.

"Follow me," ordered Ruslan.

And so he did.

Now inside his personal work chamber, the Professor, alongside Pettigrew, waited for the arrival of Voldemort. It did not take long, as after some minutes the Dark Lord entered the room, already in a far better state than before. The simple cloak had been discarded by dark coloured Al-Antidian garments which had been placed at his disposal, and his new body was proving to be quite interesting.

The Eitr had done quite a work to his essence as well, apparently repairing it to a certain extent. He was still bound to the Horcruxes, and they still worked, but his very being felt more… complete. And it was reflected on his general appearance. Physically, he was somewhere around twenty years of age, or something like that. His dabbling in the dark arts had taken quite a toll on his original body, and several features had been altered back then.

His lack of hair and the deformed nose having been one of them. Those two traits were not present in this body, and the only thing which seemed to have remained was the pale skin and the red irises.

"You look… rejuvenated," commented Ruslan. "Far better than the abomination you were the last time I saw you."

Pettigrew froze on the spot, shocked at the blatant insult towards the Dark Lord. However, the Death Eater was not expecting his master's reaction to the comment.

"Mere side effects," affirmed Voldemort. "I have no desire to speak about that now. Wormtail, where is my wand?"

Pettigrew snapped out of his shock, before running towards Voldemort, giving the Dark Lord his wand. Voldemort took it, examining the wand for a moment, as if looking for any damage.

"Your arm, Wormtail."

Pettigrew extended his left arm, allowing Voldemort to touch the Dark Mark there with his wand. What he had done, caused a burning pain on Peter's mark, a sensation transmitted to all other Death Eaters. A simple message whose significance was very clear.

The Dark Lord had returned.

The Encyclopaedia:
**Nameless Ones** – A caste of Perennials which compose the fifth tier of the Divine Order, standing below the Eternals, and above all other deities. Not much is known about them or what their purpose in the Universe is. However, it is known that they like to directly intervene in the affairs of mortals, unlike the majority of their fellow deities, who prefer less direct methods.

**Eternals** - A caste composed of Phanes and his offspring, it occupies the fourth tier of the Divine Order. It is composed entirely of primordial deities.

**Aanor** – An ancient and revered king of Varandill. After his death, the city was renamed Varandill Aanor in his honour.
"Normal Speech"

"Thoughts"

"Other Language"

"Other Speech"

Chapter 43 – An Interlude of Order and Chaos

Hogwarts School, Inverness, Scotland (U.K.)

"So, Albus… care to tell us why we're here?"

Although the question came from Moody, it was something the rest of those summoned by Dumbledore wished to know, especially since the headmaster of Hogwarts seemed to be lacking any of his usual jovial posture.

"It appears that Lord Voldemort has returned," stated the old wizard.

Other than Snape, him having been the one to give the news to Dumbledore, the shock of both the name being pronounced joined with the revelation of Voldemort’s return was enough to cause a mass paling and several gasps.

"Are you… are you certain Albus?" asked Minerva.

Dumbledore nodded. "Severus, show them."

Snape stepped forward, showing those gathered the Dark Mark on his arm. Now fully dark, almost as if it had been recently placed there.

"The Dark Mark has been restored and earlier today I felt a strong shocking sensation where the mark is," said Snape. "He used to do this the last time he was active, as a way to mass punish his followers. Yet with more potency. This one was a message."

"He did not summon you?" asked Hestia Jones.

"It is strange that the Dark Lord hasn't summoned anyone yet," commented Snape. "But his reasons are unknown to me."

"It won't be long before he decides to have a little chat with you," spoke Moody.

The former Auror was right, and it was something Snape was not looking forward to do.

"And what about Harry?" asked Molly, who had been also called alongside her husband. "Does he know?"
"I have sent a warning to his grandmother," affirmed Dumbledore. "She will very likely inform him."

Unless he already knew, and that was something Dumbledore suspected, considering the strange connection between Harry and Voldemort. And with Harry as a public figure in both the muggle and wizarding world, the boy would be at a great level of threat. Of course, that also meant that he would be fiercely protected, especially by the Empire.

"Is the Order joining up again?" asked Moody.

"An unfortunate necessity," said Dumbledore. "Voldemort and his followers will certainly attempt to target us, therefore we must oppose them in all fronts."

"His first target will be Azkaban," spoke Arthur. "Most of his elite followers are there. He'll want to release them as soon as possible."

"True," agreed Moody. "And we also need somewhere to gather. Hogwarts was not made to host secret societies."

"We will find a way to deal with those problems soon enough," declared Dumbledore. "But I'm afraid our troubles are not only related to Voldemort."

"How so, Professor?" asked Hestia.

"I assume you have seen the state of the forest, no?" asked Dumbledore, receiving a collective nod. "There is an official story, made to cover what really happened there."

"Headmaster?" spoke Molly in confusion.

"We have another enemy, greater than the Death Eaters and Voldemort," he announced to the general shock. "To make things worse, they are working together."

"What enemy headmaster?" asked Kingsley.

"An organization which calls itself the Consortium. They are a cult dedicated to a figure known as the Eternal Queen, and are made up from the remnants of the cult created by the reborn Herpo the Foul a few centuries ago," he explained. "This Eternal Queen seeks to be restored to a corporeal form, and decades ago she enlisted the help of a young Tom Riddle."

"Tom Riddle, sir?" inquired Hestia.

"The real name of Voldemort," revealed Dumbledore, to the surprise of his audience, before resuming his explanation. "The creatures which attacked the Magnaura after the trial of Sirius Black were under the command of the Consortium, and one of them managed to infect Harry with some sort of corruption. When we discovered its presence, it was already too late. Mr. Potter had been fully corrupted and was transformed into a creature the Empire calls Corrupted. We managed to defeat the Corrupted with the help of a strange ally, and restored Harry to his original form."

"We fought against him," said McGonagall to the rest. "The corrupted called himself Anipheon, a name from Potter's past life."

"Past life?" said Arthur confused.

"Are you all familiar with the concept of reincarnation?" asked the headmaster, to which he received a positive answer. "Harry Potter is the reborn form of an ancient Atlantean ruler known to
us as Anipheon IX."

"Wow!" said Nymphadora Tonks, who had been recruited by Moody. "That's… something."

"That's an understatement," commented McGonagall. "Potter's past life is connected to all that has happened."

"What exactly?" asked Kingsley.

"Everything," said Dumbledore. "We don't know the details, but the Eternal Queen was the wife of Anipheon. The actions of the two indirectly and directly led to the current state of our world."

"So, You-Know-Who works for Harry's wife?" said Tonks.

"Anipheon's former wife," corrected Dumbledore. "I doubt Mister Potter holds any sort of sentiment towards the Eternal Queen, other than resentment. At best, he has memories of their time together."

"And what's to say they don't fall in love again?" asked Moody. "He could very well join her."

"Why would he join the one responsible for the deaths of his parents and countless others?" reasoned McGonagall. "Only someone mad would do such a thing."

"Good point," admitted Moody. "But there is still the matter of Anipheon. Wasn't he supposed to be an oppressor of sorts during his reign. What if his personality awakens and takes over Potter?"

"As much as I doubt that will happen, we would need to restrain him and find a way to restore Harry," said Minerva.

"Restraining him would be hard," said Lupin. "We've seen what the corrupted Harry could do. Imagine if we had to face a fully restored Anipheon. I'm sorry Professor Dumbledore, but I don't think even you can withstand the power of a Human-Perennial hybrid with centuries of experience."

"Preposterous!" spoke Molly. "Dumbledore is a great wizard. I'm sure he would be able to do it."

"No, no, Molly. While I am glad at your complement, I have to agree with Remus here," admitted Dumbledore. "The prospect of facing Anipheon or any other Atlantean wizard would not be something I would look up to. Their mastery over magic was far more advanced than our own. I have made quite an extensive research during these last few months and have discovered they made things I thought to be impossible. The very Temporal Mainframe being one of them."

"The Temporal Mainframe?" asked Hestia.

"I understand it is a universe created by the Atlanteans, made with the sole purpose of storing information," replied the headmaster. "The ludicrous amount of information it gathered was enough for the Mainframe to develop a mind of its own, and evolve beyond its original purpose. Despite this, it remained faithful and under the control of the Atlanteans until the Great Cataclysm, when they were eradicated."

"What would happen if this Eternal Queen managed to take control of the Mainframe?" asked Kingsley.

"I'm afraid I do not know," admitted Dumbledore. "Disaster, very likely. But it's too early to jump into conclusions. Right now, our only certainty is about Voldemort's return."
With these allies gathered, the Order of the Phoenix had been resurrected, their purpose even greater than before. Where once they only sought the defeat of Voldemort, now they would also seek the means to destroy the Dark Lord's master. Yet the lingering thought of whether the Eternal Queen could be truly defeated remained within their minds. After all, she had "survived" the events of the Third War, and there was no mistake about her power. For someone of Voldemort's calibre to bow to this... woman, they were not keen on the prospect of her resurrection.

Yet another question slowly generated within their minds. If the Consortium had managed to resurrect Voldemort, then why was the Eternal Queen still without a body of her own?

**Unknown**

The instruments of the Universe were complex and transcendental, but as the inhabitants of the Ancient World discerned the proper way to wield these tools, they sought to preserve their memory and much more beyond the confines of normal space-time. The environment was chaotic... unstable at first. But it grew and evolved, adopting the shapes its masters desired.

The all-infinite cosmos could not be replicated, nor mirrored by such desires, but its fundaments could be applied to its artificial counterpart. Away from the reach of normal space, untouched by the volatile expansion of the Great Cataclysm's entropy, the Temporal Mainframe survived, and with it, the collective consciousness of every single organism which had lived and died until the day of the Great Cataclysm.

It fell dormant until the hands of the new humans touched the buried remnants of Al-Antidia. But what happens when hands with nefarious intentions touch an ancient instrument of immeasurable power?

Nothing good, that is certain.

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**LEVEL OF INCORPORATION AT – [100 %]**

**MAINFRAME MICRO-CORE ENGAGED**

[[LOADING - 100 %]]

**ASSUMING DESIGNATED NAME:**

[INTELLIGENCE]
Chapter 44 – An Empire Across the Stars

Undercity, City of Nedeus, Sicily

Once the capital of the Al-Antidian city-kingdom of Nedeus, the egopolis now functioned once more as a proper city, inhabited by thousands of wizards. But its main attraction was not the population, instead being what people were perceiving to be the only functioning Al-Antidian planetarium. There were many of these structures across the world, yet few were in a good enough state. To the luck of the Empire, the one found in Nedeus had been mostly functional, albeit requiring severe repairs.

It had taken several decades to decipher how it worked, and then how to properly repair the many devices which composed the structure. And when those responsible for the repairs discovered what was required to power the planetarium… well, the project suspended for quite a few years. Until someone accidentally rediscovered the means to do so. Add a few more decades of repairs, and the present day would be the result.

"Excited?"

Harry turned towards his grandmother.

"Not exactly," he said. "I don't even know what to expect."

No one did, except for those in charge of the project. The internal affairs had been kept very secret, the information given to the public being very lacking in details. But it had been very promoted, and that had increased the expectations of many people.

The two were already sitting on what was the central box, the other galleries occupied by dignitaries and high profile individuals which had been invited to the event. With them was the leader of the project, a man called Antininu, and other two major assistants. Yet there was an empty seat near them. For whom, Harry did not know?

A few minutes later, arrived a rather familiar face.

"Ah, Professor Ruslan!" exclaimed Antininu upon seeing the man. "We've been waiting for you."
"I apologise, but pressing issues at home kept me there longer than I expected," he said whilst shaking hands with the project leader. "Ah, your Majesties! It is good to meet you again."

The presence of Harry and his grandmother had been quickly noticed by the man, who moved towards them immediately.

"My dear professor, I hope you have been well," greeted Maria. "I didn't know you had been involved in this?"

"As well as my work allows," replied Ruslan. "I have, yes. I took charge of the efforts to power this whole thing. Humbleness aside, my expertise goes beyond the study of the Nuclei, ma'am."

Ruslan turned towards Harry.

"Your Majesty, I am glad to see you well," he said. "I hope you made a full recovery."

"I have yes," said Harry. "Thank you for the help back in Hogwarts."

"I only wish I could have discovered that disease earlier," he lamented

"It happens to the best, Professor," said Harry.

Ruslan chuckled. "It does indeed. Well, I guess it is time to begin. Antininu, is everything ready?"

"I only need the confirmation from the security that the doors are closed."

"They are," declared Ruslan. "I was the last to enter, so you can begin."

The man nodded, heading towards the terminal, before taking out his wand.

"Sonorus!" he said, the volume of his voice increasing and gathering the attention of all.

"Greetings fellow citizens, to the inauguration of the new Imperial Planetarium. Before the device is activated, I would like to request an applause to the team which has made everything we will see today possible."

His words were indeed followed by an applause from those present, and Antininu returned to his brief speech.

"Years of research and repairs have made what we see and shall see today possible, and one of the critical things I need to transmit to all of you, is the original purpose of this installation," he said. "In the ancient Al-Antidia, this was not a mere planetarium, but a special type of command centre. Working with many historians and scholars, we discovered things which will shock many of you, and rock the foundations of our knowledge regarding the works of the old Al-Antidian Empire. I would like to invite the High Chancellor of the Regency Council, to have the honours of activating the projection."

"It would be my pleasure," said Maria as she got up.

Harry watched as his grandmother was guided by the project leader, pressing patterns on the stone oddly familiar to him. He watched rather anxiously, waiting for the moment when it would be finally activated. It soon came with the press of a special button, and the chamber automatically
became dark. In the centre, projected from several devices on the walls, floor, and ceiling, was a projection of the world. Immediately, there was a round of applause, Harry participating in it.

"What you see, is a projection of our world, as it was during the thirteenth dynasty of Al-Antidia," announced Antininu. "You may see a few differences, such as the absence of the Mediterranean Sea and the presence of other minor aquatic bodies, but in general, the aspect of ancient Earth is rather similar to is nowadays appearance. Now, watch this."

Instants later, the image of the Earth was shrunk, the solar system taking its place. It too, was quickly replaced by a cloud of stars, which was in turn replaced by what seemed to be a bent arm. It too was quickly shrunked down, replaced by a projection of the Milky Way, soon joined by many other galaxies.

People were watching mesmerized, amongst them Harry. This whole thing seemed to be very familiar to him, and he knew exactly why. He was certain that when he had been Anipheon, he had been in the presence of one of these planetariums.

"This, my fellow citizens, was the territorial dominion of the Al-Antidian Empire at its peak."

These words were followed by a deathly silence. All minds registering that sentence and the implications it brought. Many people gaped, Harry included. In retrospect, several situations in the memories he saw now made more sense.

"Surprised, your Majesty?" asked Ruslan.

"That's a bit of an understatement," he admitted.

"Tell me, do you know what Al-Antidia means?"

Truth be told, it was something Harry was supposed to know, but despite being the reincarnation of a Divine Sovereign and having several of his memories, he lacked knowledge of its meaning. He shook his head in response.

"The 'Al' translates as 'great'. It is used several times as a prefix, such as in Al-Aernus. Then, you have 'Alant' meaning 'land'. Fuse these two words and you have Al-Ant, translated as Great Land. In essence, it is a paronomasia…"

"A what?" asked Harry, confused.

"A pun," clarified Ruslan. "I may be wrong. Linguistics were never my speciality."

"Oh."

"Finally, we have 'tidia', a plural word, meaning 'ancients'. Add it to 'Al-Ant', and you have the name given to this planet by our ancestors," continued Ruslan "To them, and to us, this world is the Great Land of the Ancients. A term which had a greater meaning to all who lived in other worlds, under the dominion of the Divine Sovereign. Unlike today, humankind was apparently revered by many species back then."

That was rather true really. Excluding house-elves, every other non-human species which Harry had met were either indifferent towards humans or saw them as nuisances. If what Ruslan said was true, then the contrast was rather impressive. Having once assumed his rule had been over the planet alone, Harry was slowly coming to terms with the fact that he had once ruled over what the
projection represented.

Many lines connected the galaxies in the projection, very likely representing established paths used by the inhabitants of the ancient empire. If Harry had to guess, these were the "celestial paths" mentioned by several people in Anipheon's memories.

"Nowadays, people call that area the local group," explained Ruslan. "However, a few galaxies are not present in the domains of the Al-Antid…"

Before Ruslan could finish, the projection flickered several times, enough to cause confusion and unrest amongst those present.

"This is not supposed to happen," mumbled Ruslan before turning to Antininu. "Is something wrong with it?"

"I'm not sure. The terminal is malfunctioning, and we're not receiving the correct patterns," replied the other. "But there's no visible faults. Technically, everything should be working properly."

While the holographic projection had been of a bluish colour, it suddenly took a reddish tint, flickering even more. As this happened, the image of several galaxies began to be randomly replaced by other projections in a frantic succession. By now, people were panicking, not understanding what was happening and why.

Much like everyone else, Harry knew something was clearly wrong. But there was something else… a foreign presence which he could somehow sense. Yet before he could figure out what exactly it was, the image suddenly collapsed on itself, holographic particles converging on an invisible nexus before the entire planetarium fell into darkness. Moments later, dots of light emerged from all around the chamber, as the wizards were forced to resort to the use of Lumos.

In this chaos, the project team could only glance at each other's, while Harry saw that his grandmother was both shocked and intrigued. The words of Ruslan quite reflected the thoughts of everyone there.

"Well… this was a disaster."

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**The Encyclopaedia:**

**Egopolis** – from the words *ego* (Latin for "I") and *polis* (Greek for "city"), the term *egopolis* was first used and coined in the wizarding world during the 18th century by the Italian historian Giovanni Nardini, using it to refer to the Al-Antidian cities which shared their name with their respective founder. The term became popular during the late 19th century, and has been accepted as an official term by the Imperial Institute of Linguistics ever since.

**Kingdom of Nedeus** – one of the many city-kingdoms of the ancient Al-Antidian Empire, it was ruled for the majority of its existence by the House of Nedeus. It had its capital in the egopolis of Nedeus, given its name after King Nedeus I.

**House of Nedeus** – The ruling house of the city-kingdom of Nedeus. A cadet branch (born from the union of Prince Pactes of Nedeus and Princess Selleucia of Iridal) later came to hold the throne of the kingdom of Iridal as the House of Iridal-Nedeus. In its later phase, this cadet branch would also be known as the Bronzean dynasty, the eight ruling house of the Al-Antidian Empire.
**Al-Aernus** – A deity in both the Al-Antidian and Aenean religions, Al-Aernus is the soul of Aion, resulting from the union of its two original souls (Al-Aion and Fa-Aion). In turn, Al-Aernus is the shared soul of the Sacred Twelve, occupying the second tier of the Divine Order.

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