La Canzone de la Luna

by Herald_of_Dreams

Summary

'Song of the Moon' AU. Werewolf!Harry After the end of the war, Harry disappears. When he returns to the magical world along with his 12 year old son, the changes will be fast and shocking. Especially for one trying-to-blend-in Remus Lupin. SLASH, het, non-descriptive MPREG, mild violence and language. OCs and werewolf culture galore. RLHP, SBSS, Dramione.
Beginnings

Title: La Cazone della Luna (Song of the Moon)
Genre: Drama
Main Characters: Remus Lupin, Harry Potter, OC
Secondary: Sirius Black, Severus Snape, various, OCs
Summary: After the end of the war, Harry disappears. When he returns to the magical world, the changes will be fast and shocking. SLASH, het, non-descriptive Mpreg, mild violence and language.
Pairings: Remus/Harry, Sirius/Severus, Dramione! Neville/Luna
Warnings: Read the summary for the major things. Don't like Slash or mpreg? Don't read! And did you see that thing flying out the window? Yep, that's canon saying goodbye!

The night was cold, a bone-deep chill that felt oddly foreboding. It was a night like this that had taken James and Lily Potter from the magical world. Even the date was the same, October 31st. All Hallow's Eve, the only difference was the fact that this night was 21 years later. Tonight the chill wasn't that of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, as most of the wizarding world still called him. HE had been dead for 3 years and would never again cause a night of terror.

On this night most of the wizarding world slept peacefully, oblivious to the fear that swept through the minorities. Most would remain in that state of peace for the rest of their lives, unaware of the way the Fates had changed for so many tonight along with the bloodshed from a vicious battle that had threatened to erupt into a full war.

Gwen stood outside her simple home, furred ears pricked toward the distant howls. The sounds sent shivers down her spine; she'd already seen one survivor of the massive battle that still raged under a pure full moon. No doubt she would see a few more this night as members of the largest feral pack escaped the massacre. It didn't matter, the worst news had already been delivered by the raspy breath of her guest, who had used his dying breath on the words, Cadeyrn is dead. The gentle, powerful man who had led the largest of the free werewolf packs was gone.

The tawny-coloured wolf lowered her head in respect to the dead Alpha. Though she was not formally of any pack, Gwen had met and respected the man. Cadeyrn was of Welsh origins, his name was old Celtic for 'battle king'. A contradictory term for a male who had above all treasured and fiercely guarded the peace of his pack. He'd paid for that peace with his life now and there was no one to protect the survivors.

It was tragic, to lose such a powerful Alpha. The tragedy had been well-voiced with mournful howls that had caused tears to spill down Gwen's cheeks nearly two hours ago. It was only made worse by what the survivor had told her. Gwen had been part of the pack's happiness when two years ago Cadeyrn had found his mate in London. There had been a huge celebration throughout the pack.

According to her now-deceased guest, the pack had been waiting an even greater joy. The mate of their Alpha was with child, according to were-healers it was a healthy male child. For a male submissive to conceive so early into a new bond had been considered a blessing. And now, now it was unknown whether or not Cadeyrn's mate had even survived.

Gwen snarled in anger, furry ears pressing to her skull as lips lifted from her canines. Fenrir Greyback was a menace. He gave the whole of lycan society a bad name to the wizards. He was no lycan, not to the People. To them he was curet, feral. To be called curet was an insult, a lycan who acted more like an animal. He was little more than a corpse to the People and after tonight he would
have a death sentence over his head.

Cocking one ear toward the northeast she listened. When no other noises reached sensitive ears besides the rustle of the leaves in the breeze and the footsteps of a small animal she sighed. No more would come to her tonight, either they had escaped elsewhere or the massacre had been total. She had one last thing to do before she could go in for the night.

Taking a deep breath she tilted her fine head back and howled. The sound was melancholy and haunting, echoing through the trees. It was one long, steady howl that lasted for as long as she could draw breath; the only fitting way to grieve for Caderyn of the lycans and his legacy.

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Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry had changed. The regal old castle had sustained incredible damage during the war; its climatic final battle had all but destroyed half the structure. At the moment, Remus was unsure of what he thought about the decision to change the appearance of the school. He could tell what some thought of it right off. Take Pomona Sprout for example, the woman had set her bags down and was staring up at the school in outrage.

Severus Snape's complete lack of expression revealed nothing, as usual. The ex-spy still had the habit of guarding his emotions, though his near-black eyes were far more expressive than they used to be. According to Sirius, the man himself was much more expressive than he had been during the war and his snarky behaviour was improving steadily. Remus took his friends' word on that one; Severus was his choice for a fiancé after all.

Remus' lifelong best friend was looking up at the school with a noncommittal expression, grey eyes taking in the mixture of the old stone building and the new upper wing made of steel and glass. Pomona was warming up to the difference slowly; it helped to improve her mood when she saw the expanded greenhouses. Plus she was only acting as an advisor this year, having decided that 50-plus years of teaching was enough.

Madam Pince and Pomfrey had retired as well. Remus would not miss the snapping witch who had guarded the Library for who knows how long, but he was fond of Poppy and would miss her idle conversations after the full moons. The staff had undergone massive changes, most of the teachers from Remus' days had died or retired. He was glad about the ones who remained, however. They were his friends and fellow Order survivors; some were still former teachers from his days as a student.

Hogwarts had added a few classes and teachers as well. The school was offering apprenticeships this year for a few subjects, so former students had been applying for their selected Masteries. Each professor offering a Mastery apprenticeship was allowed to take only two apprentices, so the competitive nature of the applications and the vaunted position was considered a point to gloat about.

Just the other day the Daily Prophet had published a list of classes and teachers. It was interesting to see his name on the list as a permanent member of the staff.

_Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry will re-open January 1st, 2001 with the following instructors and classes:_

Minerva McGonagall, _Headmistress_

Bathsheba Babbling, _Ancient Runes_

Aurora Sinistra, _Astronomy_
Septima Vector, *Arithmancy*

Filius Flitwick, *Charms & Head of House (Ravenclaw) Mastery Apprenticeship(s) available*

Firenze, *Divination*

Egon Carse, *Defense Against the Dark Arts*

Neville Longbottom, *Herbology & Head of House (Hufflepuff)*

Remus Lupin, *History of Magic*

Hermione Granger-Malfoy, *Librarian*

Draco Malfoy, *Muggle Studies*

Luna Lovegood, *School Nurse*

Severus Snape, *Potions & Head of House (Slytherin) Mastery Apprenticeship(s) available, Deputy Headmaster*

Sirius Black, *Transfiguration & Head of House (Gryffindor), Mastery Apprenticeship(s) available*

Solon Sparr, *Dueling & Weapons*

Unlisted was Argus Filch, who had somehow survived the war and still stalked the school with his seemingly immortal cat, Mrs. Norris. The most noticeable change in the courses offered was the removal of Care of Magical Creatures and the addition of Dueling and Weapons, which promised to be an interesting class.

Minerva was walking in their direction as quickly as her old bones allowed, smiling brightly. Thank Merlin the twinkle was absent; Remus had started to wonder if that went along with the position as head of the school. Stopping next to Remus she looked back at the school and said, "So what do you think of the modern addition?"

"Umm," Remus mumbled, he'd never been quick to think of a reply.

"That's the way I feel as well, it will take some time getting used to. Your new classroom is bright and airy, in any case. The blasts took out the old History of Magic room; I think that's the reason for old Cuthbert's disappearance. I wouldn't have been surprised to learn that his spirit was somehow attached to that dratted classroom."

Turning to him with another smile she said, "What do you think about the staff?"

He grinned. "I'm honestly delighted at that, Minerva. All the youngsters deserve their positions. I think Lucius Malfoy probably would be throwing a fit if he knew his son was teaching Muggle Studies and married to a Muggleborn witch though!"

"That was an entertaining position to fill," she agreed, smiling. "We'll see how long Egon lasts in the Defense position; maybe we can finally break the one-year curse." Her face fell for a moment. "Of course," she whispered, "you know who I really wanted for that position, don't you?"

Remus' throat tightened and he nodded. "He would be great for it; after all he taught a bunch of students while he was still attending school."

"I wonder where he is?" she murmured.
"Harry will show when he's ready," Sirius said brightly, making Minerva jump. The new Head of Gryffindor house stood just behind her shoulder and didn't look at all contrite about eavesdropping on their conversation.

Sirius remained firmly optimistic that Harry would come back, though Remus had seen him in his less convinced moments when he worried for the godson who had left without a word, note or warning two days after killing the Dark Lord once and for all.

The papers had a field day when they discovered he'd disappeared, printing all sorts of wild theories about what he was doing and where he was currently located. Remus privately understood why Harry had gone; the young man was obviously done putting up with reporters following his every step.

What had been so startling and worrisome for the survivors was exactly how thoroughly he'd covered his disappearance. There had been no hint of his presence anywhere in the magical world for the past 3 years. They could only hope that wherever he'd gone, he was safe and happy. It was the least he deserved after the war. Some didn't feel the same way, however.

Hermione had reported with disgust how both Ron and his sister Ginerva had been prying into every lead about Harry's location. Ginerva in particular had been avidly pursuing him, to the disgust of the surviving adults. They all knew about her and her aspirations. She wanted Harry's status and family inheritance, not him. If disappearing hadn't given her a clue, they would be more than happy to help her along.

Remus' sensitive ears caught a faint rustling and he turned his head. A familiar owl was flying in his direction. Grinning, he set his bag down and offered an arm to the elegant great horned owl. This particular owl belonged to a werewolf friend of his named Rhys. The name was Welsh for 'enthusiasm' and it described his personality to perfection.

Opening the parchment his amber eyes scanned the letter. His face paled and his eyes widened in shock. Toward the end of the note his fingers tightened on the parchment until his knuckles turned white. He looked up, stunned, to see Sirius and Minerva watching him with worried eyes.

"Is that from Rhys?" Sirius asked, curious. He'd met the hyper werewolf once and found that he liked the bubbly personality and cheerful sense of humor.

Remus nodded, still unable to speak past the shock of what he'd just read. Minerva looked at him and said briskly, "What's going on? You look like you've just walked through a ghost."

"I've described the structure of the werewolf society to you, haven't I?" he asked.

Hermione looked curious, as did her husband Draco. The blonde looked at him with silvery-grey eyes and said, "Even if you have, would you mind doing so again?"

Remus nodded. "There are essentially three factions of the werewolf hierarchy. One is wolves like me, who choose to live amongst Muggles and wizards, trying to blend in as much as possible with those around us. The second is the group Fenrir belongs to. They fight our restrictions with every fiber of their bodies, trying to upset the magical government."

"There's a third as well?" Hermione asked, surprised. "The only ones I've heard of are the two you've described."

"The third is called by the majority of wizarding society the feral packs. They remain outside of wizarding borders and away from the Muggle world, building small sanctuaries and cities that
magical members of their group can make Unplottable to all but a werewolf. They're very friendly people, but fiercely protective of their family packs and lifestyle."

He waved the letter, continuing. "The friend of mine who wrote this letter is from a feral pack in North England. He acted as a guide during the war when I was doing reconnaissance amongst the packs, trying to gain allies."

"To the Ministry of Magic the three groups are lumped all together in the category of werewolves, but they are highly incompatible with each other. If you were to put it in terms of wizards, it's like the Ministry is trying to group light and neutral wizards in with Death Eaters."

Draco grimaced, as did Severus. "That doesn't sound possible."

"It's not, but any attempt by lycan negotiation group to change or modify the Edicts has fallen through. Wizarding society is highly prejudiced about my kind and refuses to believe we have different groups. That may not be a luxury they can afford now."

"Why?" Neville spoke up for the first time, looking immensely interested.

"Because according to this letter I received, the werewolves may be looking at a civil war," he said grimly.

"What could cause that?" Sirius asked, shocked.

Remus' eyes darkened. "In my travels through the feral packs, I met one Alpha in particular who struck a chord. He led the largest feral pack in Wales. He was what the werewolves call a 'pureblood' werewolf, meaning that he was born to lycan parents. His name was Cadeyrn."

Minerva's eyes narrowed. "You are talking about him in past tense."

"Cadeyrn led the largest feral pack in one country, but he was the leader of the feral representation. Until Halloween of this year, that is. Fenrir challenge him to an Alpha combat, a battle of honor," Remus spat the last word.

"Fenrir doesn't know the meaning of the word honor," he continued bitterly. "It is supposed to be one-on-one combat. Fenrir was losing and he knew it. He signaled one of his lieutenants who circled around behind Cadeyrn and ambushed him. With a broken spine there was no way he could fight back and Fenrir played around with him before killing him."

Sirius winced. "I'll bet his pack wasn't happy about that."

"They attacked the moment Fenrir's helper split the line. According to Rhys it was a massacre. Both Cadeyrn's Betas were killed, along with countless others. The survivors have regrouped in one of their shielded emergency camps, but they've decided to leave Wales. At the moment one of the lieutenants is in charge."

"You said Cadeyrn was the leader of the feral group?" Severus asked.

Remus nodded grimly. "And with him dead, the feral packs are furious. They're almost ready to declare war against Fenrir's group. Fenrir is now officially curet."

"Curet?"

"Curet is Italian for feral, but when the werewolves use it it's an insult. It means they are more animal than human and the werewolves are a proud society. They call themselves the People and to be curet
is to lose your status as a human being. In short, Fenrir just signed his death warrant with the feral faction."

"I used to have an open invitation to visit Cadeyrn's pack," he finished heavily. "Rhys last sentence is a warning to stay away unless otherwise notified. Fenrir has subdued a large group of Cadeyrn's pack and they're trying to ferret out the traitors amongst the packs. He says that with the situation right now he might not be able to guarantee my safety with the feral packs."

"I had no idea their society was that complex," Hermione murmured.

"Most don't," Remus replied. "If they did it would break their pretty perception that we aren't animals like they've classified us as."

"If the lycans start a civil war there's no way the wizarding world will be able to stay out of it. Especially if Fenrir attempts to push blame of attacks onto the feral packs," Sirius sighed. He stared at the tiny piece of parchment and said, "That's a lot of worry to pack into such a small piece of paper."

"Indeed," Remus sighed. "Well, it won't be happening immediately. The feral pack has to replace Cadeyrn first, then they have to unite the other feral packs. That takes a great deal of time, especially since the feral packs are going to be even more wary of outsiders after this mess."

He stared up at the school and thought, *I am glad I chose to be a teacher over getting involved with the packs. This is going to be a mess one way or the other.*

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**Names:**

**Cadeyrn:** Welsh for 'battle king'

**Gwen:** Welsh for 'fair/blessed'

**Egon:** German for 'edge of a sword' fitting for a DADA teacher **Carse:** change one letter and you get curse. Not too original but he won't be around long.

**Solon:** Ancient Greek for 'wise' **Sparr:** obvious. Weapons and sparring

**Rhys:** Welsh for 'enthusiasm'
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Alden Evans stood at the sink of his two bedroom home, washing dishes as he looked out the window. A smile crossed his face as he watched his 11 year old son scrape a big pile of leaves together. He was supposed to be clearing the yard, but even though he'd made four piles already the yard didn't look much clearer than it had.

After he'd scraped the pile of leaves together he walked back toward the fence. Turning around, he stared at the pile with a serious expression. Racing forward he leaped into the air and came down in the leaves, reminding Alden of the way feathers scattered when a pillow seam burst. The leaves scattered everywhere, but his son stared around at them with a beaming smile.

His precious Cadfael looked happy and healthy under the late August sun, eyes jewel-bright and alive with laughter. Alden shook dirty-blonde hair and finished his dishes, wiping long, slender hands on a towel before heading out into the yard. He placed a stern look on his face and said seriously, "Now that you've built five piles and scattered leaves everywhere, it's time to go. You'll get to finish your task after lunch."

Eyes of an intense greenish-blue widened and Cadfael looked up at him guiltily. Alden resisted a smile, the boy looked irresistible with a few pieces of leaves in his hair which was so dark a red they were nearly lost in the soft, wavy tresses. Cadfael widened those expressive eyes a little more and Alden could swear he saw a lip trembling.

"No," he told himself sternly. Don't give into the puppy-face. Of course he's good at it; it doesn't mean he can get away with it.

"Cadfael Sirius Evans," he said sternly. Moisture shimmered in those eyes and that dratted lip trembled a little more.

He did the only thing he could do when faced with that look. He caved, utterly and completely. Crouching down he looked into Cadfael's bright eyes and sighed. "All right, you'll do it tomorrow."

When Cadfael smiled brightly he was quick to add, "But I'm going to help so that you actually do them tomorrow."

"All right, Papa," Cadfael mumbled in his sweet, clear voice.

"Now get rid of those puppy eyes and let me get the leaves out of your hair."

Cadfael hopped up, moving so easily that he couldn't help but envy the smooth movements of his young son. To be 11 again… Reaching up he plucked a few leaves out of his son's silky hair. Chuckling he said, "You looked like you were enjoying yourself. I remember hopping in the leaves at Hogwarts, out near the lake. It's best when they're nice and dry, otherwise they don't crunch."
Cadfael giggled a clear, happy sound. "Remember when you jumped in that pile of leaves when I was five, Papa? The ones that were wet?"

Alden Evans, known to the wizarding world as Harry James Potter, groaned in exaggerated exasperation. "The ones that stuck all over my clothes, you mean?"

His son burst into laughter and added, "The squelch they made when you landed was funny, Papa."

"I'll bet it was, imp! I swear to Merlin you knew those were wet," Harry growled teasingly.

"Well..." Cadfael said with an innocent smile, "Someone might have put a little water on them before you came outside."

Harry gaped at his son and then started to laugh. "You little sneak! You are certainly the grandson of a Marauder. I bet you're going to cause your teachers to go white rather than grey!"

"I can't believe I'm finally going to Hogwarts," Cadfael said excitedly. "It was so hard to wait this last year."

"I'm sure it was, my little prince," Harry said fondly. "I might have to visit the school on your birthday."

"As you or as Alden?" Cadfael asked, hopeful.

At the look in his Papa's glamoured hazel eyes that fell. "You know it's too dangerous for me to come as myself, little prince. There are bad people out there; you're not safe if I come as me."

Cadfael sighed. "I know Papa. I just miss it where you can look normal, like it was when we visited Rhys and the North England pack."

Looking into his son's wistful eyes he said, "Come on, imp. Let's go to Diagon Alley and get your supplies."

Cadfael leaped into his arms, hugging him with all his strength. Had Harry not been a werewolf his son's strength might have hurt him, but the hug felt like a gentle squeeze. He stood and checked the wards on their home before he looked at his son and said softly, "Hold on. I'm going to use apparition."

Cadfael groaned. "I hate apparating."

"I don't particularly like it either, but neither one of us is any good using a Floo."

Wrapping an arm around his son's thin shoulders he concentrated on the Leaky Cauldron. They disappeared with a loud crack, appearing with another one just outside the front door. This was Cadfael's first trip into Diagon Alley and his son blinked in surprise at the dingy exterior. "This is the Leaky Cauldron?"

"Don't judge-" Harry began.

"A book by its cover," Cadfael finished impatiently, waving a small hand. "Still Papa, it doesn't look like much, does it?"

With a small smile Harry said, "No. I never thought very much of it either."

He led Cadfael through the pub, nodding a polite greeting to old Tom. Most of the patrons watched them warily, Harry's green eyes were flecked with amber and showed quite clearly that he was a
werewolf. Harry ignored them; he was used to the stares and mutters by now. It had been hard at first to get used to people judging him by his race, now he knew them for the arrogant idiots they were.

Reaching the alleyway he tapped the correct brick with his wand before tucking it back into his easy reach holster. He'd started wearing it everywhere he went, there was no telling when he'd run into another anti-lycan protester like the one who’d attacked him five years ago.

After retrieving some money from his Gringotts vault, Harry led his son to Madam Malkin's. They bought the required robes, making sure the insides were lined in silk so that Cadfael's sensitive skin wouldn't be irritated by the fabric. Cadfael frowned when the woman named the price, but Harry simply paid in silence. He shrunk the packaged robes and put them in a backpack they'd bought for Cadfael at the store adjacent.

Cadfael's frown grew a little more as they bought a dark green (Cadfael's favorite colour) trunk with brass plating, the required Potions ingredients and blades with wood handles and parchment, quills and ink. Every single one of the shopkeepers had charged a great deal more than usual for the items.

It was only after they'd bought his familiar, a black owl with amber coloured eyes that he spoke up. "Papa?"

"Yes, little prince?"

They'd stopped for lunch at Florin Fortescue's parlor and Cadfael was finishing off the hot fudge sundae that his father had ordered as a treat. Harry was looking over his son's school list, making sure they retrieved all his necessary items. The only thing left were his schoolbooks and wand. After a moment Harry decided to leave the books for last, Cadfael would go crazy when they entered Flourish and Blotts. He loved books, with a passion that rivaled Remus Lupin's love of chocolate.

"Why do you pay the price they demand?" Cadfael said finally. "I was watching in each store, and they charged you nearly double! Why don't you say anything?"

Harry looked up; staring into his son's confused blue-green eyes. There were little flecks of amber as well, showing his agitation with the subject.

"What are we, Cadfael?"

"Lycans, of course. But Papa," Harry held up a finger.

"We are lycans. And for the most part, the people here are human. There may be a few veela, vampire or other creatures mixed in, but the vast majority is human. Humans believe we are little better than animals, Cadfael. They charge their prices and sneer at us because it gives them power. They need that power because of lycans like Fenrir and the rest of his group. They need that power because they are afraid."

"Papa, it's not right!" Cadfael insisted.

"No, no it's not. But it's what they believe and they are holding onto that belief with every fiber of their being. Because if it's not true, then they've treated a large majority of the population like little more than slaves for no reason. And if I've learned anything in my time in the magical world, it's this. The wizards hate to admit that they are wrong. They will lie, deceive and point the finger at anyone else to avoid admitting they don't know everything."

"Is that why the feral packs like Father chose to live the way they do?" Cadfael asked quietly.

Harry's eyes darkened in grief, the amber swirling brighter and more fluidly through the green. "That
is partially the reason why, yes."

Cadfael bit his lip. "I'm sorry Papa."

Harry looked up, startled, to see tears in his son's eyes. He held out an arm to his son and Cadfael sank into it, resting his head on Harry's shoulder. Running his fingers through familiar dark red hair he said softly, "Don't ever apologise, Cadfael. You know I don't mind telling you about your father."

"It upsets you though," Cadfael replied, muffled by Harry's shirt.

"And the way your father died will always upset me, Cadfael. Some part of me will always grieve for Cadeyrn, though I see more of him in you every day it seems. He would be very proud of you, little prince."

Cadfael swallowed a lump in his throat and said, "I wish I could remember him at all, Papa."

Harry's eyes shimmered with unshed tears and he kissed his son's silky hair. "I wish you could too, little prince. But he was killed the night before you were born. My precious angel, who I am so lucky to have."

"I'm the lucky one Papa."

Harry left the payment on the table, taking the moment that he searched for the coins to blink the tears out of his eyes. He led Cadfael to a familiar old shop with peeling letters. Old Ollivander had survived the war, healing nicely from the wounds he sustained holding off Death Eaters who attacked Diagon Alley. That same wand sat on the cushion in the window and the air inside still hummed with magic and tasted of dust.

Cadfael barely resisted jumping when Ollivander appeared, but Harry had heard his shuffling footsteps. Intelligent silver eyes he'd once thought creepy looked at his changed appearance. "Harry Potter, an honor. It was 22 years ago that you came into my shop and bought your wand. Holly and phoenix feather, 11 inches. Still working for you?"

Without hesitation Harry replied, "Fabulously, Ollivander. It is my son who needs a wand this time though. He's about to enter Hogwarts for the first time."

He felt Cadfael shiver a little when Ollivander's grey eyes caught his. "A magically strong son, this one. Such bright intelligence in those eyes. I wonder which wand will choose you today, young master Potter."

"Ollivander, I would appreciate it if you would call us by the last name Evans. I am hiding my true self to protect Cadfael here."

"Of course, Mr. Evans. Cadfael is it? A strong name, that. Welsh for 'battle prince', isn't it?"

"Yes sir," Cadfael replied, feeling proud that his voice didn't quaver. "In honor of my Father, Cadeyrn."

After that came a quick progression of wands. The one that finally worked for Cadfael was pure black and shot a ribbon that shifted from blue to green into the air along with showers of gold and silver sparks.

"Oh well done!" Ollivander said enthusiastically. "Well done indeed, I've had this wand in my shop for well over fifty years, waiting for the right person. Your wand, young Cadfael, is actually made of obsidian stone with an ebony wood handle. Rigid and powerful, 12 inches in length. The core is
three intertwined hairs of a Grim, veela and a werewolf friend of mine."

They paid three gold Galleons for Cadfael’s new wand, which Harry told his son was the same amount as his 22 years ago. Harry also insisted on buying his son a holster which was sized for his wand and placed on his right wrist. Cadfael was one of the rare lefties in the magical world, same as his father.

After that the only thing left was Flourish and Blotts. Harry was right; his son went crazy as he saw all the books. They picked up his textbooks first and then Harry let his son get three that weren't on the list. Cadfael didn't seem to notice the increased price for the volumes, which relieved Harry. Their lifestyle was a hard one, but Harry was determined to give his son the best childhood possible.

They left, Cadfael chirping happily as he asked his papa whether or not he could stay up a bit tonight to peruse his new books. Harry ruffled his son's dark red hair affectionately and didn't reply. With a crack the pair disappeared.
Hogwarts

Chapter Summary

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Remus Lupin wandered through the halls of Hogwarts after making sure nothing had changed in his office. His office. That had taken some time to get used to, even after 12 years. He had held the position of History of Magic for that same amount of time, now it included Head of Ravenclaw house. Filius had departed this world for the next 4 years ago; it had been the unanimous decision of the other Professors to hand him the title before the start of the next year.

Severus and Sirius were happily married and their bickering sounded fierce enough to make students tremble. Those that knew the pair heard the loving undertones to their arguments. It had shocked Sirius into a dead faint when he'd found out 5 years ago that he was pregnant. They spoiled their daughter Adhara Eileen Black-Snape near rotten. Remus had to admit he wasn't much better; the girl was his only godchild. A little heartbreaker she was, with dark blue, near black eyes and soft, wavy black hair.

They'd only found out the month before that Sirius was pregnant again. This time they'd caught it in the first month, unlike with Adhara, whom had remained hidden from the healers for near 4 months before her bright, sparkling magical presence had been confirmed. They were hoping her new sibling would be a boy, though they were sure Adhara would be hoping for a girl.

Hermione had giggled herself to the point of incoherency at Sirius' reaction the first time around. But then, she'd been 5 months gone with her own child at the time. Draco had given his giggling wife a long, amused glance and rolled his eyes. They'd given their son the moniker of Aelius Thuban Severus Malfoy and promptly named a startled Severus and Luna godparents. The boy had pale brown eyes and even paler hair than Draco.

Neville and Luna had taken a conservative approached and named their daughter Gemma Alice Longbottom. They'd named her godparents as Sirius and a startled Minerva. Gemma was a sweetheart, quiet and introspective, easily motivated with a treat. She had just turned four last month. Looking at the passage of time he headed down to the Great Hall, amazed that another year was already here.

As he wandered down the stairs he avoided the cynical part of his mind that congratulated him on avoiding thinking about his own relationships, or lack of. It wasn't lack of interest but the simple fact that none of the people he'd been with appealed to him in a more permanent way than an entirely temporary experiment. Sirius dryly joked that he'd passed on the title of 'anti-commitment' on his bonding day.

It wasn't that, Remus just hadn't found the someone he was willing to give that much commitment to. Severus had come to his defense, reminding his beloved that there was nothing wrong with 'having a higher standard'. Sirius had jibed back with, "Yeah, that's why it took Draco so long to see that what he wanted was under his nose!"
Remus ignored Sirius' comments and continued living his life as is. He knew who he wanted that someone to be, had known since 1994. It had been more than inappropriate at the time, so he'd quelled his feelings for the young teen and waited, quietly and patiently, for the boy to reach acceptable age. After that, the only thing he had to worry about was the reactions of his friends.

It had been a shock when he'd fallen in love with his best friend's son. Even more so when he'd considered the matter and realised the first time he'd felt something for Harry was when he'd met the 13 year old on the train after the Dementor attack. He'd felt pride and love in the boy's accomplishments that year, not the least the Patronus that had repelled over a hundred Dementors. That wasn't to say he didn't have his fair share of exasperated amusement at the boy's stunts during the rest of the year.

When Severus had handed him the Map he'd help make and he'd seen the comments written on it, it had been all he could do not to burst out laughing. He'd never figured out what the last part James and Sirius had added on was about until then. Trust the two pranksters to charm it to insult anyone who didn't know the password!

Shaking his head he walked into the Great Hall and made his way to the staff table, taking his customary seat between Sirius and Hermione. He felt quite sure in saying he wouldn't have the Map to deal with this year. It had disappeared along with Harry 12 years before. Of course, he shifted uneasily; Harry could have married and had a child old enough to attend Hogwarts by now. Dealing with his own insecurities was a nightmare and if Harry had moved on he could safely say he would remain unmarried and un-bonded until the day he passed from this world.

Minerva sat down in the center chair and said, "Solon has gone to retrieve the 1st years. Remus, I have something to ask of you."

"Go ahead, Minerva," he replied with a nod to his old Head of House.

"I have decided to continue Albus' tradition of accepting all students. We are going to be gaining another werewolf this year. I was going to ask if you'd mind keeping an eye on him, making sure he settles in all right?"

"Of course," Remus replied, surprised. "What's his name?"

"Cadfael, Cadfael S. Evans."

Solon Sparr was an impressive individual, standing at an even 7 feet. The scars on his face and body were testament to a long, hard life spent at war and cultivating his skills with weapons. In his own way, he was more intimidating than Severus. The task of escorting the 1st years had fallen to him upon his hiring, Hagrid having fallen in the war, defending a group of 2nd years from Death Eaters in Hogsmede.

Remus watched as he led the group of first years to the small stool, lips twitching in a smile. It made him feel very old to consider it had been 42 years since he'd sat there, listening to the whispers of the Sorting Hat. Out of the corner of his eye he watched Sirius tick off something on his fingers and the man grimaced. "42 years?" he muttered.

"Old, aren't we?" Remus said wryly.

The hat went through its song, Remus letting his mind wander to that time in his past, standing there anxiously waiting his turn, happy for a chance to belong. Then Solon began popping off names. Ravenclaw had gained 2 new students, Slytherin 3, Gryffindor 3 as well and Hufflepuff 1 when Solon called out, "Evans, Cadfael!"
Remus sat up straight as a young boy moved forward. Slender and serious, with pale skin, blue-green eyes and the darkest red hair he'd ever seen. His movements were very calm, but Remus could see his hands shaking a little. He sat quietly, feet moving to lock around the legs of the stool. Solon placed the Hat on his head. He didn't jump, so Remus figured his guardian or parent had told him what to expect.

Very quietly, eyes still locked on the boy, he said to Minerva, "He's one of the pureblood werewolves. It's why his eyes don't show the amber like normal. They'll only show with great emotion."

"Hm, where do you think he'll end up?"

"I'm not sure," Remus replied.

"I wonder which group he'd associated with?" Hermione asked.

"It's impossible to tell from appearance, though a great number of the pureblood werewolves are feral. It allows them to raise their families in peace, away from the Edicts."

It took only a couple minutes before the Hat shouted, "RAVENCLAW!"

Young Cadfael jumped slightly before standing and handing the Hat to Solon. Robes automatically trimmed in vivid sapphire blue he made his way to the happy, cheering Ravenclaw table. Just before Cadfael sat Remus saw his eyes move along the Staff Table. They landed on him, widening momentarily before he nodded slightly.

Remus smiled back, earning a brilliant smile. Cadfael dropped into his seat and began to chatter to one of the other 1st years.

"He singled you out quick, didn't he?" Sirius commented.

"To one raised with the knowledge of the werewolves my appearance is obvious," Remus replied.

"Ought to be easy to keep an eye on him, considering he's in your house," Draco commented from Hermione's other side.

The meal was a quiet, cheerful affair. Remus let his gaze slide along the Ravenclaw table every once in a while, watching with a small smile of remembrance as Cadfael chattered happily with his peers. The boy was familiar, somehow. Something to do with the color of his hair… Shaking his head he dug eagerly into the whipped chocolate mousse, ignoring Sirius' snort of amusement. Chocolate was good.

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Adhara- Arabic. 'The Maiden', a star in Canis Major. Eileen- honors Severus' mother. Also is English for 'desired'.

Aelius- Ancient Roman for 'sun', honoring Lucius which is Ancient Roman for 'light'. Thuban- Arabic for 'the snake' a star in the constellation Draco.

Gemma Alice Longbottom- Gemma is English for 'gem or precious stone'. Alice is for Neville's mother.
History of Magic: November

Chapter Summary

Time skip from September to November. I still don't own Harry Potter.

Remus leaned back in his chair, studying the now-empty classroom. His next class was the first year Ravenclaws and Slytherins. Minerva had changed the schedules around her first year as Headmistress, making sure that Gryffindor and Slytherin only combined in the older years. Throughout their younger years, all the houses had inter-house unity firmly reinforced in their young, impressionable minds.

It worked to astonishing success. By the time the two houses interacted in classrooms, they had formed friendships and even relationships with their formal 'rival' house. Quidditch matches had nowhere near the brutality that had shown even when Harry had been in school, settling into an enjoyable, cheerful competitive nature. Considering that the Captains of Gryffindor and Slytherin were dating each other, it would be an overstatement to say that Quidditch had become something far more pleasant over the past 12 years.

It showed in the classrooms as well. Severus had a routine that was well-known to the students by now and copied by some members of the staff. In all of his classes, he would pair students from the opposite houses together all year on their group potions. It helped that his own snarky demeanor had changed greatly; there were no more instances of a child's boggart being their much-feared Potions Master. Plus, first and second years only learned theoretical and techniques. They never touched so much as a knife until 3rd year.

Remus looked forward to his 1st year class. Cadfael Evans was a bright child, logical to the extreme and yet willing to listen to contrary views. His blue eyes sparkled with intelligence and wonder. Remus was looking forward to this class especially; he was going to be discussing the power structure of the werewolf clans. He had no doubt this would make most of his class curious and spark a few well-chosen comments from one of his favourite 1st years.

The Ravenclaws began to file in the door. Some of them would smile at him and chirp a cheerful 'good afternoon, Professor'. He smiled at them in return, occasionally asking one or another about their previous classes. It was funny how well he was suited for being Head of Ravenclaw. This group of bright intellectuals were also fiercely clever pranksters, there were a couple older years who could have given James and Sirius a run for their money during their school years.

Cadfael was talking quietly to a pair of fellow Ravenclaws, a bright-eyed girl and a fairly bored-looking boy. He slipped into a first-row seat, taking a moment to look out into the bright November sky. He seemed preoccupied, riffling the edge of the pages in his thick history book. He was faintly agitated and Remus was surprised to see a few flickers of amber in his dark blue eyes.

Once all the students were accounted for he read roll call, taking a moment to catch each student's gaze. Once that was done he put the parchment down and stood, walking around to lean against the front of his desk. Crossing his arms loosely across his chest he said, "Today you will not need your books. Instead you might want to take out a quill and parchment, as I have yet to find the book I want you to read for this particular session."
The students all dropped books back into their heavy book bags, withdrawing quills, ink and parchment in a series of crinkles, ruffles and chinks. All but Cadfael, who merely put his book away. He was one to take notes whether or not Remus mentioned it, writing swiftly with his left hand even as he listened attentively to Remus' lecture.

"Today we are going to be discussing the power structure of werewolf society. First of all, who can tell me how many major groups exist within that broad category?"

He walked over to his chalkboard and wrote *Ravenclaw* and *Hufflepuff* in clearly legible handwriting. Turning back to the group he noticed a few hands up. Pointing to one near the back he said, "Miss Abbott?"

"There are three, sir."

"Correct," he replied, "five points to Hufflepuff."

On the board, five tallies appeared next to the house name. This had become one of Remus' most effective ways of controlling his classes. Looking at his students he said, "What are the general names for these three groups?"

"The legal, feral and *curet*," Cadfael put in.

"Correct, Mr. Evans. Five points to Ravenclaw."

The five check marks had barely appeared when a hand went up toward the middle of the Hufflepuffs. "Mr. Burke?"

"What does *curet* mean, Professor?"

Remus smiled. "Good question, Mr. Burke. Can any of you answer him?"

A hand shot up near the back of the Ravenclaws. "Miss Zabini?"

"*Curet* is Italian for 'feral' sir. But that doesn't make sense. Why would there be two groups called feral?"

"When werewolves call another *curet* it is an insult," Cadfael's voice was almost harsh as he replied. "It means they have lost their status as a human being and are little more than animals, like Fenrir Greyback."

The way Cadfael said Fenrir's name startled Remus. There was an intense hatred there, far beyond any emotion he'd ever heard from the young lycan before.

"Five points each to Mr. Evans and Miss Zabini. Five points also to Mr. Burke, that was a very good question to ask."

"Who can give me a rough estimate on how many werewolves from the combined packs supported Lord Voldemort during the Second War?" Remus asked.

"Less than a third, sir?"

"Thereabouts, Miss Thomas. Five points to Hufflepuff. Even amongst the *curet* there was not a unanimous decision to help Voldemort on his rise to power."

The class continued thusly, with students from each house contributing questions and answers as Remus discussed the general layout of the werewolf society with them. He was delighted by their
interest and announced pleasantly at the end of class that they would be continuing the subject through the start of winter holidays.

He departed the classroom, headed for the Great Hall. He was following Cadfael and was surprised when the youth headed for the front doors instead of the Great Hall. Cadfael looked around the courtyard with agitated eyes, searching for something that was, to Remus' eyes, not present.

Cadfael closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. A second later they popped open, swirling gold and dark blue. Setting his bag on a bench he took off at a run, headed for the grounds. Startled, Remus hesitated only a moment before taking off after the boy.

It was a good thing the students were all eating lunch, as anyone watching Cadfael now would be openly suspicious of him being not entirely human. He was running at a pace that even Remus had trouble keeping up with, moving with fluid ease and youthful power. He stopped abruptly, inhaling again. Turning left he resumed his pace, heading straight for the castle gates.

As the black iron gates came into sight Remus' sensitive ears picked up a soft whimper. He realised why a moment later. Lying crumpled on the grass just beyond the gate was the body of an adult. Burns and bruises covered pale skin and crimson splashes covered more of the clothing than was in any way an accident.

The figure had dirty blonde hair and looked to be quite slender and of small stature, even when standing at full height. Cadfael sank to the grass on the opposite side of the gate, staring at the figure with worried eyes. Timidly he reached a hand through the bars and took one of the long-fingered hands in his.

"Cadfael," Remus asked once he gained his breath back, "is this person related to you?"

"He's my papa," Cadfael replied in a quivering voice.

Startled, Remus looked from the crumpled blonde figure to the dark-red head of Cadfael. Making a decision, he waved his wand in a complex movement over the gates. They glowed momentarily bright red before the colour faded. Opening the gate with a whispered, "Alohomora," he slipped through and carefully picked up the unknown werewolf.

He walked back through the gates, relocked them and set the wards again. Turning toward the castle he sent his Patronus bounding toward the castle with a message for Minerva. She would have felt the wards die when he moved to unlock the gates.

Turning to the gold-swirled blue eyes of his favourite student Remus said quietly, "Come on, Cadfael. We're going to take him to the Hospital Wing. Try and calm down before we get back to the castle, your eyes are quite golden at the moment."

Cadfael nodded and stood, letting out a shaky sigh. Fortunately, it was a long walk back and by the time they reached Cadfael's books the youth's eyes were back to their dark blue-green. Remus led the way to the Hospital Wing, surprised by the amount of people there waiting for them. Severus, Sirius, Neville, Draco and Hermione were all there along with Luna and Minerva.

"Your Patronus said you found him just beyond the gates?" Minerva said briskly as he set the unconscious form down so Luna could begin her scans. He stepped back and nodded.

"Do we know who he is?" Severus drawled.

"He is, and I quote, Cadfael's 'papa','" Remus replied.
Said first year stood at the end of the bed, looking worried. Cadfael was biting his lower lip, dark blue eyes focused unwaveringly on his parent.

Luna stepped back, a slight frown on her face. "I'm having trouble getting my scans to read him. Cadfael," she asked the small boy, gaining his attention, "is there any magic I should know about on or around your papa?"

Cadfael hesitated. After a long moment he mumbled, "He wears a really complex glamour, Healer Longbottom."

Luna looked startled. "Why would he wear a glamour, Cadfael?"

Cadfael's lower lip quivered. "He says there are still Death Eaters and people like Fenrir who would hurt us, especially me, if they knew who he was."

Minerva's eyes narrowed. "Mr. Evans, who is your father, exactly?"

Cadfael looked at his father and lowered his head. He mumbled, "Sorry papa," in a soft clear voice and looked directly at Minerva. "His name is actually Harry Potter, Headmistress."

Minerva's jaw dropped, as did several others. Luna turned back to the figure lying on the bed and flicked her wand. The glamour disappeared slowly but surely. Dirty blonde hair turned jet black and tumbled softly to a softer chin. The figure lost an inch or so in height and the skin went paler than it was before. By the time it was done, the figure lying unconscious in front of them was a very familiar one.

Luna treated the surface wounds with brisk efficiency, which allowed the rest to stare at Harry's unconscious form in shock. Where had he been hiding for the past 12 years and, foremost in Remus' mind, since when was Harry James Potter a werewolf? While they were thinking, Cadfael pulled himself up onto the bed next to Harry and lay down against his shoulder, curling quietly up against his papa.

Recovering from her shock, Minerva asked Cadfael, "Why would Fenrir be after your papa?"

"He wants to kill him," Cadfael said in a quivering voice. "To finish what he started 12 years ago when he killed my father."

"Your father?" Hermione queried, surprised.

"My father was killed the night before I was born," Cadfael answered, not looking at them. "His name was Cadeyrn."

Remus' head snapped up and he stared at Cadfael in shock. Cadfael's father was Cadeyrn, the murdered leader of the feral packs? Shaking his head he muttered to the others, "No wonder Cadfael's dark red hair and blue eyes looked familiar."

Addressing Cadfael, he said softly, "I met your father once, Cadfael. You look a great deal like him."

"That's what Rhys of the north England pack says too," Cadfael replied. "We spend some time with them occasionally. Only when papa knows Fenrir is far from there, though."

And there's the reason why Rhys didn't want me to come and help after Cadeyrn died. His pack was protecting Cadeyrn's mate and son, Remus shook his head. It was really weird to have a great deal of questions answered all at once.
"Harry needs to rest," Luna said briskly. "Cadfael, I want you to return to your classes. I don't mind if you spend your evening meal here with your papa, though I doubt he'll wake until tomorrow afternoon at the earliest."

Cadfael looked like he wanted to protest, but one last look at Luna and he sighed. Pecking a quick kiss on Harry's cheek he said, "Bye papa." He dropped off the bed and headed into the Great Hall to grab a quick lunch.

"We might as well leave," Minerva said softly. "Luna, will you alert me or another Professor when he wakes?"

"Of course, Headmistress. I have a feeling he will be happy to see us, though maybe not under these circumstances."

Hermione snorted softly. "He does seem to spend an absurd amount of time in the Hospital Wing, doesn't he?"

Remus lingered for a long moment, looking at the sleeping form of the long-missing Harry. Finally he departed, heading reluctantly to the Great Hall. He needed to eat something before his afternoon classes. He was looking forward to tomorrow; after all, it was a Saturday. He had a feeling Harry would have an interesting tale to spin.
The Hospital Wing

The first thing Harry was aware of was how heavy his eyelids felt. With great effort he pried them open and immediately flinched due to the bright light. He took a long moment to adjust and found himself staring at familiar mint green curtains. How often had he lain in the Hospital Wing of Hogwarts and stared at the privacy of a curtain screen? He felt immensely relieved that he had managed to Apparate here; he had worried that due to his injuries he wouldn't make it.

The next thing was the feeling he was being watched. He flicked his gaze to the right and resisted a grin. Yep, he was being watched all right. By a little girl; a girl with some very familiar features. Rich black hair that could only be described as silky framed a lightly-tanned face and very dark blue-gray eyes. Her eyes widened. She'd apparently noticed him looking at her.

"Is your name Harry?" she asked pertly. A precocious girl, for sure.

"Yes it is. What's yours?"

"Adhara. Papa says you surprised them yesterday."

"Oh?" he replied, trying not to sound amused. She sounded like she was scolding him. This was definitely Severus' daughter.

"Adhara! You'd better get back to the dungeons; your parents are looking for you."

Remus Lupin strode through the doors, looking at the black-haired girl in amusement. Adhara started guiltily and smiled up at him. Remus snorted and said, "That look doesn't work on me and I'm just your godfather, silly thing. Go use it on your parents."

The little girl hopped from her chair and scampered off. Harry waited until she'd disappeared to snicker softly and ask, "How old is she?"

"Almost five. She keeps all of us on our toes; between her and Aelius I don't know who gets into more trouble."

"Oh I'll bet Severus loves that!" Harry said, snorting in laughter.

"Do you know who her other parent is?" Remus asked, lips twitching.

"No. She seems familiar for another reason, I just can't think why."

"That's because her other parent is Sirius."

Harry had a feeling his jaw had dropped to the floor. His expression must have been comical because Remus was openly chuckling. "No way."

"Yes way," he replied. "I told Sirius 'if you're willing to put up with him 24/7 that's your decision. He was pretty determined to get us to get along. We do now, for the most part."

"Severus and Sirius? I never would have guessed." Harry shook his head, stopping fairly quickly with a slight wince.

Footsteps padded quietly into the Hospital wing. Seeing the Healer's temporary absence the young intruder poked their head around the curtain. Harry beamed when he saw Cadfael looking at him. Seeing that his papa was awake he immediately hopped up onto the bed and gave him a small but
warm hug.

Harry ran his hands through dark red hair and smiled as he kissed his son's temple. "Hello my little prince. Are you liking your classes?"

"I love them!" Cadfael chirped as Remus looked at Harry oddly at the nickname. "The library's huge! I borrowed *Hogwarts, A History* last week. Did you know Salazar Slytherin was a Parselmouth like you, papa?"

"Yes, little one," Harry grinned at his son. "Who's the Librarian these days?"

"That would be Hermione Malfoy," Cadfael replied, Harry blinked at the last name. Hermione *Malfoy?* She must have had a huge falling out with Ron then.

"She was a friend of mine from school," He informed Cadfael.

"Papa," Cadfael asked seriously, "why were you outside the gates?"

Harry sighed and scowled. He *really* didn't want to think about this yet, but Cadfael deserved an answer. "Fenrir tracked us down again, little prince. Don't worry about it, please? You concentrate on your schooling and I'll worry about that. I was able to save your art stuff and our important things."

Remus' eyebrows had shot up into his hairline as Harry spoke. Cadfael buried his head in Harry's shoulder and muttered, "Why can't he leave us alone, Papa?"

"Sorry, Cadfael. That's my fault. I think he's irritated that I survived the attack 12 years ago."

"Will you stay here for a while?" Cadfael asked hopefully.

"It's quite possible," Harry said in agreement. "I'll need to talk to the Headmistress, I don't want to intrude."

Cadfael snickered. "She looked shocked when I said your name Papa."

"I'll bet she did, little prince. She hasn't seen me since before you were born."

"Why were you gone that long?"

Harry coughed and said, "I had my reasons, little prince. It's a Saturday, go find your friends. I'm not leaving anytime soon, I think."

Remus waited until he couldn't hear Cadfael's footsteps anymore before he arched an eyebrow at Harry and said, "Nice evasion. I don't think Minerva or the others are going to let it slide, however."

Temporarily Harry's eyes flashed golden before he said tightly, "I know that. I just don't want to explain my reasoning to my 12-year-old son, who, as you may have noticed, already worries far too much."

"He's one of my favourite students," Remus said pleasantly, leaning back. "Always up for a good debate and full of curiosity."

"What subject do you teach?" Harry asked.

"History of Magic. I've taught it for 12 years now, been Head of Ravenclaw house for 4 years, since Filius died."
"Who teaches Charms now then?"

"Sirius' cousin Andromeda. She's only doing it for a year, then we have to find another Charms professor. I don't know how we're going to replace Filius."

"Neither do I, Remus," a feminine voice replied.

Harry watched Minerva walk around the corner and pull up a comfortable chair. She still used her walking stick, courtesy of the Stunners sent at her during Umbridge's reign. She didn't appear to have changed much, a few more wrinkles around eyes still framed by square glasses and a few more gray hairs in the still severely pulled back bun.

"Hello Minerva. The position of Headmistress seems to suit you well. Who teaches Transfiguration now?"

"That would be Sirius Black. A more fitting Head of House for Gryffindor I couldn't have chosen," she added dryly.

"I just met his daughter," Harry said with a grin.

Minerva chuckled. "Adhara is a sweetheart, quite precocious. She is definitely Severus' little girl, however. She has all of his mannerisms down to a tee."

"Wait until you meet Gemma and Aelius. That trio can cause quite a bit of damage if they get it into their clever minds," Remus said wryly.

"Didn't they get into your office just before the start of term?" Minerva asked, trying to cover a laugh with a smile.

"It looked like a Muggle bomb had gone off along with a couple of hurricanes," Remus sighed. "Took forever to fix and re-organise things."

"Who are we waiting on?" Minerva asked.

"Severus, Sirius, Hermione and Draco. Luna cleared us for a half-hour if Harry feels up to it."

"I think its more of whether or not you feel like listening to me talk about this for half-an-hour," Harry retorted irritably. He couldn't help his tone; he hated talking about Cadeyrn and the pack massacre.

Neither of the others commented on it, and they were saved from awkward silence by the arrival of Severus, Draco and an extremely hyper Sirius. While the two ex-Slytherins politely greeted Harry Sirius bounded forward and hugged him. "I knew it! I knew you'd come back when you felt like doing so."

Harry laughed softly at his hyper godfather and watched as the trio grabbed chairs and made themselves comfortable, chatting with Minerva for a moment. Hermione breezed in just as they were quieting down, she looked mature and elegant, beautiful in her own way. The formerly bushy hair had been permanently straightened in 7th year and she wore a cool cream blouse and dark tan A-line skirt.

"Sorry I'm late, one of the 2nd years tried to get away with having cocoa in the library," she scowled. "As a result, one of the older Charms texts will need to be rebound and said 2nd year has a month's worth of detentions with me."
Harry laughed softly. "Some things never change, do they? You have found an ever-vigilant guardian of the books, Minerva."

"Why do you think I offered her that post?" Minerva's lip quirked as they all laughed at Hermione's protectiveness toward her beloved books.

Her expression grew serious as she turned to Harry. "I think the perfect place to start would be with exactly when you were bitten."

"That happened when I was forced to go back to Privet Drive for Christmas in 6th year. I'd been avoiding the house since Vernon had one of his business partners over for a dinner."

Harry sighed. "It had been a relatively clear day and then on my way back it started snowing heavily. I didn't exactly have the warmest of coats so I ducked into an underpass to wait until the snow dissipated a bit. The next thing I know I'm being flung into a concrete wall. It was Fenrir. He laughed, taunted me for a bit and disappeared after he'd bitten me."

"I knew the Ministry would throw a fit if Harry Potter registered as a werewolf, so I used the alias Alden Evans. I'd used both the name and the glamour before as part of my training with Albus. I don't know how I managed to hide it through the rest of that school year and 7th year; there were a couple close calls where I thought students had figured it out."

"It's a wonder nobody else ever figured it out," Sirius commented. "I was around you quite a bit in your 7th year, what with plotting against Voldemort and all. I think I would have been able to spot most signs of a lycan, considering I grew up with one as my best friend."

"Well," Severus drawled, "we all know how observant you can be sometimes."

Sirius gave him a half-hearted glare and attempted to swat the back of his head. Severus ducked and he got Hermione's shoulder instead. "Hey!" she yelped, moving her chair a bit closer to Draco's.

They all chuckled at Severus' smug expression and Harry continued. "I left after graduation because I wanted to get away from the reporters and people on the streets. I was tired of being the light-side's poster boy and wanted to disappear for a bit. It was amazingly easy to do so once I found a way to cover the scar. The amber in my eyes proclaimed my lycan nature and due to the bite my eyesight had fixed. I went ahead and put a bit of dark red dye in my hair and disappeared into the Muggle world for the most part."

"I was working in the Muggle world as well, helping a small bookstore that was short-handed. It worked well for me, they didn't care that I had to take off two days every month as long as I let them know ahead of time. The magical world was another story. In July of 99 I was in Diagon Alley picking up some supplies. I'd neglected to bring my wand with me and I highly regretted it when I was attacked by anti-lycan protesters."

Harry rubbed his left arm as he continued. "They could have killed me easily. As it happened, they'd just broken my arm when I heard some yelling and a couple Stunners went flying into my line of sight. One of my rescuers picked me up and the next thing I knew we'd Apparated to who knows where."

"That was dangerous, Harry!" Hermione exclaimed, face pale. "I hope you carry your wand with you now."

"Always. I never should have gotten out of the habit after the war, but I thought it would be hard to explain why I was carrying a stick around in the Muggle world."
Minerva looked quite interested in his tale. "Where did they take you?"

"Wales. We'd just appeared when the person who'd picked me up set me on my own feet and Apparated again. I don't know where he went and needless to say I was confused. The figure next to me had dark red hair and even darker blue eyes. He introduced himself as Cadeyrn, a 'pure' werewolf. He said we were in Wales, which was the location of his pack. As he was leading me to another who could heal my arm he went on to explain that this was the largest of the feral packs and I was more than welcome to stay as long as I liked."

Harry smiled a bit as he remembered. "I learned a great deal about the feral packs. I was astonished at how complex the werewolf society really was. It took a bit to learn all their rules and rituals, but the friends I met and Cadeyrn especially were always willing to answer my questions. I probably asked as many if not more questions than our dear Hermione would have."

They all laughed softly. Hermione blushed at the comparison; she really had asked possibly a few too many questions at school. By 6th year she was a self-acknowledged know-it-all.

"After I'd been there 6 months Cadeyrn said that if I wished to return to my life in the Muggle world he had a member who was going into Muggle London and could take me back. I decided to stay."

"What happened to you that you were in such bad condition, Harry?" Minerva asked. Harry was relieved; he didn't want to talk about the night he'd lost Cadeyrn yet. It was hard enough to look back on the pleasant times before his bonded mate had died.

"After I'd left the feral packs I had to move around a great deal, more for Cadfael's safety than my own," Harry scowled. "It wouldn't have been as many moves if Fenrir didn't have the annoying habit of tracking us down after a while. How he got past my wards this last time I have no idea."

"He got smart this time. I've killed my own fair share of his lieutenants over the years, this time he warded my door to prevent my escape and set our place on fire. I smelled the smoke and realised what happened. I grabbed Cadfael's art set my photo albums and set about trying to get out. I ended up throwing a dictionary through the window in my 2nd floor bedroom and jumping."

He expelled a deep breath in annoyance and said, "Fenrir had been expecting that, of course. I got into a mild scuffle with him until I managed to get past my own Apparition barrier and left. Until I woke up I had no idea I'd managed to successfully Apparate to the gates of the school, I think I passed out the moment I appeared."

"You're always doing crazy things, Harry," Hermione said fondly, shaking her head in amused disbelief.

"How many times have you run into and successfully gotten away from Fenrir, Harry?" Remus looked curious.

"At least seven," Harry said with a sigh. "I know exactly why he's doing it, of course. He's afraid of Cadfael. Cadeyrn was one of the most powerful pure werewolves in existence. Every one of the lycans I've talked to says Cadfael is nearly his exact double."

That tidbit turned out to be the last thing he said. At that precise moment Luna walked into the Hospital wing, wearing a Healer's outfit and a frown. She scolded the group of teachers and the Headmistress before firmly shooing them out of the room. She looked so reminiscent of Poppy that Harry meekly took his potions along with a dosage of Dreamless Sleep.

He slipped into slumber with a soft sigh. For a little while at least he didn't have to worry about
Cadfael or their living situation. He knew it would be waiting for him when he woke, along with dozen new problems, probably.
Two Days Later

Harry had been released from the Hospital Wing yesterday. At the moment he was wandering up the stairs to speak with Remus, who had mentioned he had a free period this morning. The occasional student racing by to get to their next class gave him little more than a passing glance, not even paying any attention to his amber-flecked eyes. Harry was glad he'd let his fringe grow out; his famous scar was only visible if one really looked for it.

He knew the others were curious about his situation and the death of Cadeyrn but Harry wasn't sure he wanted to speak about it yet. He was more than slightly tense and felt he had a good reason to be. Yet again he and Cadfael were out of a home. He tended to rent from magical people; the damage Fenrir caused when he inevitably caught up was hard to explain to a Muggle landlord. There were very few wizards in the world that were willing to rent to a werewolf. Harry had never thought about buying his own property, his funds were difficult enough to keep lasting.

Harry had inherited a substantial sum from his parents, but the cost of the Wolfsbane Potion for Cadfael, his own medications and food were high. He'd been lucky to rent small two-bedroom flats for a reasonable price as it was. He had lost his employment in the Muggle world when he'd chosen to stay with the feral packs and his more recent employers hadn't understood about him taking care of his son as a single parent.

Harry wouldn't change it for the world, however. Cadfael was everything to him, there was nothing he wouldn't do to protect his son and give him the best life possible. For his son he would put up with bigoted humans and Dark wizards, for him he would continue to flee from Fenrir instead of turning back and attacking the curet leader. It was difficult to turn away from Fenrir; he wanted nothing more than to make the man pay for what he'd done to Cadeyrn.

He slipped into Remus' office, looking around the bright and airy room. The mixture of modern and old-fashioned was a bold move of Minerva's. It was also one Harry approved of. In so many ways the wizarding world was stagnant, never moving forward or back, stuck in the old ways. Not that he wanted to remove the traditions; he simply wanted the magical world to evolve a little. It would help their Statute of Secrecy if wizards didn't wear clothes from the 1800's in Muggle areas, for one example.

Looking around Remus' rooms he was impressed. Remus had the best office in the school beyond the Headmistress' own. One entire wall was glass, shaded with a spell to adjust and filter out the brighter rays. The view looked out over the Black Lake and Harry was surprised that it was an unimpeded view. He'd half-expected to see bookshelves on every wall. Instead there was a small coffee table and two squishy chairs near the glass, two walls were floor-to-ceiling bookshelves and the last had picture frames covering every square inch. The desk facing the windows was almost an afterthought.

Remus was seated in one of the two chairs, wearing a cream cashmere sweater and dark blue jeans. His blonde-brown hair was neatly combed back except for the stubborn fringe that swept almost into his eyes. He looked up and saw Harry, a broad smile spreading across his face. He set down the book and his parchment and gestured to the other seat. Harry walked forward and sat down gingerly, surprised into letting out a soft sigh at how comfortable the chair was.

"Good morning, Harry. I'm glad you decided to venture up my way."

"Morning Remus," he smiled in response. "Grading a paper or doing research of your own?"
"Research," he admitted with a grin. "I've been discussing the history of the werewolf power structure with my 1st years. I've been trying to combat any of their preconceived notions about us early on."

Harry raised his eyebrows slightly in surprise and said, "I would imagine you've received no small amount of Howlers due to that topic."

"Just a couple from some of the purebloods," Remus replied. "I'm glad to see the students are keeping an open mind, in any case. Would you like some tea?"

"Sounds wonderful," Harry replied.

"Spica!" Remus called. A small house elf with bright blue eyes appeared. Harry blinked at her appearance. Most wore some sort of towel or other such garment. This little female wore a russet brown blouse, gold skirt and a small, neat white apron.

"What can Spica fetch for Master Remus?" she squeaked cutely.

"A pot of tea and some biscuits would be wonderful, Spica."

"Spica will be having that back in a moment!" She disappeared with a 'crack' and reappeared just as quickly.

After she'd set the tray down Remus smiled at her and said, "Well done, Spica."

She beamed and disappeared again. Remus looked over at Harry's inquiring glance and chuckled. After pouring two cups of tea he said, "Spica legally belongs to me. Minerva asked if I would take her after she was born to one of the female house elves here at the school. Her name is actually the brightest star in the constellation Virgo."

"She speaks better English than most house elves I've met. Is that something you've taught her?"

Remus nodded. "I made it a term of her employment to me that she be educated. She also must wear nice, neat clothes and isn't allowed to punish herself if she makes a mistake. She had been bound to me for 8 years now."

"Seems like she cares a great deal about you," Harry commented, taking a sip of his tea.

"I believe she does. Harry, may I ask you a question?"

Harry sighed softly but nodded.

"Why didn't you tell anyone, especially me, about the fact that you'd been bitten?"

Harry hadn't been expecting that question. "I didn't want it to get back the Ministry of Magic. That and I figured enough of my life was public knowledge, I didn't want to deal with prejudice during the war."

Remus sighed and nodded. Harry looked at him and a startling thought hit him. "Remus, you didn't think I didn't trust you, did you? I would have been glad to have had someone to turn to, or some form of company on the full moon. Remus, look at me!"

When startled amber eyes met his almost golden ones Harry said firmly, "Remus, I would trust you, any day, with my life and or that of my son Cadfael. It was not an issue of trust, I promise you."

Startled, the other wolf merely nodded. Harry sat back and closed his eyes, struggling to get the wolf
under control. When he felt safe to do so, he opened them again. Remus was looking at him with an odd expression on his face and suddenly his eyes widened. "You're not on the Wolfsbane Potion, are you?"

At the very name of the potion Harry crinkled his nose in disgust. "No, neither is Cadfael during the summer. I don't intend on taking it, either. I never did amongst the feral packs. The wolves hate it."

At Remus' skeptical, frightened expression he sighed. Unconsciously reaching out and covering the other lycan's hand with his, he said, "Remus, if you weren't so scared of the wolf you would as well. You never stayed amongst the lycans long enough to learn how to co-exist with the wolf. You're fearing shadows. As long as you fight the wolf, you will lose any fight you get into with a feral or curet werewolf."

Remus looked startled and offended. He pulled his hand away from Harry's and stood. "I must be headed down to the Library. Perhaps we can meet at another time," he said stiffly.

With a sad sigh Harry stood and made his way to the door. Looking back at Remus amber eyes he made a decision. Tensing powerful muscles he waited until he could sense Remus right behind him. Spinning around he grabbed Remus by the shoulder and pulled his feet out from under him. Remus hit the floor with a thud, Harry's hand on his neck.

"If you were more aware of your wolf and his warnings, I wouldn't have been able to catch you off-guard," Harry said softly, before walking out of the room, leaving Remus, shocked and breathless, on the floor of his office.
Stubborn like he was, it took Remus three days to go wandering around the grounds, looking for Harry. He had spent those three days considering just how easily Harry had taken him down and ruefully deciding that Harry hadn't been offending his prickly pride when he'd said how easily a true werewolf could take him down. He hadn't been dealt a blow like that in years, not since before the end of the war. What really rankled was the fact that Harry was so delicate looking! The hard, fast blow he'd landed had more than taken the wind out of him.

After searching around the castle he went looking for Harry on the grounds. Sure enough, he was sitting out under a willow by the lake, his longer hair easily hiding the famous scar. He was reading a book, turning the pages idly as he passed by the time until Cadfael's class finished. He would meet his son for lunch every day in the Room of Requirement, asking about the 1st year's classes and his friends. Cadfael seemed overjoyed to have his papa around and eagerly chatted about the school.

Remus got close enough to read the title of the book and was unsure of whether or not to be amused at Harry's choice of light reading. On a glossy silver spine was embossed the title and author, *Learning From Our Mistakes: A Comprehensive Look at the First and Second Voldemort War* by none other than Blaise Zabini, a former Slytherin. It was historically accurate, enough that Remus had added it to his required texts for the 7th years. Blaise Zabini had been one of a few Slytherins (Draco Malfoy was another), that had turned on their parent's goals and schemes and stood with the Light in the war.

It had a few truly exclusive photographs; Minerva had dug up Alastor's copy of the original Order of the Phoenix for one. Blaise had pried a copy of the assembled D.A. from Colin Creevey as well as another from Severus of the Order during this last war. The last four pages listed the dead Order members as well as the Death Eater's victims, with the killer and cause of death listed if known.

"May I ask your reasoning behind reading something you lived through?" Remus asked lightly.

Harry looked up and answered, "I find that reading something like this answers questions that I've been wondering about. Have you decided I wasn't insulting your prickly sense of pride yet?"

Remus groaned in embarrassment, staring into mischievous green eyes. "How do you do that? I only came to that conclusion myself this morning!"

"I would think I've been around you enough to know the way you think, Remi."

Remus blinked at the nickname but didn't comment, as Harry looked embarrassed enough that he'd said it out loud. Instead he took a seat next to Harry on the grass, flopping back onto the ground with a sigh. Staring at the white clouds passing by overhead he said, "It made me think, after you left," he confessed. "I have never been so easily taken out of a fight in my life, unprepared or not. It made me wonder if my friends amongst the wolves could do the same."

Harry set the book down and lay back as well with an expressive sigh of contentment. After a long moment he turned burning green eyes on Remus and said, "What was your conclusion?"

Remus tore his gaze away from the intensity of those eyes and said, "I think I knew all along that they could, I was just always relying on the fact that they were my friends. But I can't rely on that forever," he finished somberly. "I've denied for so long what I am, but it could get me killed."

"I know where you can start the changes," Harry snapped, sounding mildly irritated. "What I am'."
You are a human being, not an animal. If you keep talking like that you're going to start sounding like the poster child for the Department of Magical Creatures."

Remus felt a low growl rip through his throat and knew without a reflective surface that his eyes had gone golden. Harry just stared defiantly back until the snarl ripped into audible volume. Only then did he reluctantly tilt his gaze down. When he looked up there was an immensely satisfied expression on his face. "Much better," he murmured approvingly.

Reaching out he pressed something into Remus' hand. "This is a portkey, activated when you say the phrase 'la cazione della luna'. It will take you to some of the People that are willing to help you get to know yourself better. Your 'whole' self, Remus," he added the last when Remus opened his mouth to protest.

When Remus opened his mouth to ask something, the puzzled expression on his face made Harry say softly, "The entity that Sirius titled 'Moony' is not a separate personality, Remus. You'll see what I mean when you leave."

"What about my classes?" Remus protested.

"Remember the lesson plans for the next four weeks Minerva had you draw up this morning?" Harry smirked.

"Damn," Remus grumbled. "12 years later you come back to us and you still have the staff wrapped around your fingers."

Harry laughed merrily, amber flecks seemingly swirling through his eyes. "I think I can follow your outline for a month, Remus. Don't worry, I won't get your students into trouble too much."

Remus groaned, making Harry chuckle as he stood and picked up the tome from the grass. "Go on Remus. Do the right thing for yourself for once."

Looking down he blinked in surprise. The Portkey was a medallion of translucent metal with a crescent moon made of pearl and moonstone and an onyx wolf's head. He tightened his hand down on the medallion and felt for his wand before murmuring the key phrase.

Harry turned back just in time to watch Remus' outline glow before he disappeared. With a faint smile on his face he trekked into the castle and up to Minerva's office. Waiting for him were Minerva, Sirius and Severus. Looking at the three with a triumphant expression he said, "Remus took the Portkey."

Sirius spun in a cheerful, exuberant circle as Minerva smiled and said, "I knew he would. Remus is very curious and has long fought against the wolf in his head. I know he gets tired of doing so."

Severus grew annoyed with Sirius' energetic antics and reached out to grab his wrist. In a quick tug he pulled the former Gryffindor against his own body and wrapped his arms snugly around his waist, keeping him still. Sirius pouted momentarily before a wicked grin crossed his face and there was a very quick pop! The grim made it two steps away from Severus before he flicked his wand and a collar appeared along with a leash in his hand.

Sirius hit the end of the leash and was spun around to face Severus. Spotting his predicament he whined pathetically before sinking with a growling grumble at his bonded's feet. Harry covered his mouth to resist a snicker of laughter and instead looked at Severus questioningly.

"He was like this with Adhara as well. While most become moody and tired he becomes overly hyper and active. Between him and Adhara I'm hard pressed to say which one is more child-like."
Sirius whined and barked at the last comment, looking at his bonded with a clear scowl on canine features. At the scolding expression Harry lost it and promptly began laughing. Trying to control the humour he asked, "Why doesn't he just change back?"

"The collar prevents him from doing so for at least four hours," Severus replied. At the smirk on his face both Minerva and Harry started laughing, while Sirius lay at Severus' feet and whined, clearly pouting.
Remus' feet hit earth and his body promptly followed. He managed to roll to his side and then back, but it was a narrow thing. He reflected wryly that he had done a Harry Potter. It was no secret that Harry could barely stay on his feet after Portkey or Floo. He was usually well balanced however, so the lack of grace informed him the Portkey had gone a long ways. As he sat up he wrapped his hand around his wand and stared at the trees and rocks around him. Where DID you send me, Harry? Standing cautiously he groaned softly at the soreness in his body. No doubt he would be nursing a couple of interesting bruises.

Someone laughed softly behind him and he spun around, cursing his preoccupation. Normally his enhanced senses meant it was almost impossible for another to sneak up on him. Standing behind him, attired in casual jeans and a t-shirt was a very familiar face. The sharp, hawk-like features tilted to the side as rich chocolate brown eyes considered him for a moment. "So Harry actually convinced you to come, Remus? It's been a long time, old friend."

"Rhys?" he said in disbelief. Shooting a wary glance at the other presence in the clearing he stepped forward and gave Rhys a warm, one-armed hug. "Where in Merlin's name am I, anyways?"

"Italy," the so-far quiet stranger rumbled. "The People aren't persecuted here, so this is an ideal place for those that wish to be simply left alone. My name is Daeyd, by the way. I was one of the survivors from the massacre after Cadeyrn's murder."

Remus nodded in greeting and replied, "Remus Lupin. I met Cadeyn once; I don't recall your face."

Daeyd grinned; it looked more like a snarl at first until you noticed the curve of his lips. "I was running patrol around the perimeter that night. I was probably the last of the survivors to see Harry that night. Went flying past me with two of Fenrir's lieutenants hot on his heels, apparently not for the last time from what we've heard."

"Daeyd is one of the survivors that decided to stay with us," Rhys explained as they started walking. The other alpha's brisk pace had Remus struggling to keep up. "Most either came to me or hid in one of their sanctuaries. I'm sure Harry knows where they are, but he's unlikely to mention it without talking to them first. He certainly wouldn't drop another in their midst unless they were someone he wanted dead."

With a slightly dry mouth Remus replied, "That's reassuring, I guess."

"It should be," Rhys gave him cagey grin. "We might work you to the bone but you'll leave here alive. The remnants of Cadeyrn's pack are vicious toward strangers, as you can probably understand."

They walked in silence for a long moment before Rhys turned to him. With an amused, teasing expression he said, "I tried for years to get you to pay more attention to the wolf. I guess I should have set Harry on you, you must actually want to listen to him."
Remus could just about say what Rhys wasn't, but he ignored it. Harder to ignore was the slight burn on his cheekbones. Rhys noticed it and snickered slightly. Remus cleared his throat and said, "So you moved your pack to Italy?"

"Nope," he replied cheerfully, popping the 'p'. "Daeyd and I came here about a week ago when we received a letter from Harry. He was going to Portkey you here in the next week so that we could give you a crash course on actually listening to your senses rather than just manipulating them for your uses."

"So when do we get started?" Remus asked.

"YOU start the moment we get back to camp. That should give Daeyd and I enough time to work out a schedule for other things."

Startled, Remus said, "What would take that long?"

"You don't know yourself very well," was the enigmatic reply.

Remus bristled slightly at the alpha's words, but eventually calmed. Just like Harry's words, these weren't pointed at doing harm. They were just statements that he didn't understand as of yet. Hopefully he would soon or he was going to be in a world of confusion.

When they reached the small, very spare campsite Rhys motioned to a chair. "Either sit or lay down, which ever you feel more comfortable being in for long periods of time. Open your mind and relax. I can do minor Legilimency, enough to guide you to the right place."

Still confused, Remus looked around and spotted a tree. He sat down and leaned against it, the familiar posture from school as much a comfort now as it had been. Rhys knelt in front of him and said, "Close your eyes and relax, Remus."

Warily, Remus did as asked. To his surprise he saw a small, bright light. He pushed his conscious toward it, curiosity overwhelming the faint caution he felt. As he approached it the light grew, slowly increasing until it was the exact same height and width as his body. Reaching toward it felt like putting his hand in water or gel, a cool rippling sensation followed by weightlessness. Making a quick decision he pushed all the way through.

To his surprise he fell a short distance, landing crouched on his feet. He was on an open field, bright in summer sun, tall grasses waving in a small green ocean. A deep inhale brought sensations of saltwater, honeysuckle and peppermint. Unless he was greatly mistaken, this was the field he'd often ran through as a child, not half a mile from his childhood home. But this is impossible, he thought. I'm supposed to be in my own mind!

Behind him a warm, somewhat familiar voice said, "Hello Remus."

He spun around and stared. I must be going crazy… He was staring at himself. Only this Remus looked far younger and healthier than he did now. The scars he was so self-conscious about were thin lines, there were barely any flecks of grey in the rich gold-brown hair. This Remus exuded power and control, with glowing topaz coloured eyes and a fit, muscular frame that was filled with confidence even at a stand-still.

"Where am I?" he asked.

Other-Remus gave a warm chuckle and said, "You really don't know your own mind do you? This is your mindscape, what others see when they use Legilimency on you. Buried in this open field are your memories and life experiences, all your emotions and regrets, everything that makes you who
you are today."

Regarding the other warily he said, "And who are you?"

A full-out laugh greeted this question. "You think you're going crazy?" he guessed.

"Yes," Remus answered reluctantly.

"I am someone who has been waiting a long time to speak with you, Remus. I am you in essence, you as you should be. I am the other half of your personality, the voice of reason and experience. I am you, Remus. Since it would be confusing to call me that as well, let's go with the nickname Sirius gave me, hmm? Call me Moony."

Remus inhaled sharply. "You're the wolf in my head, the one that fights to gain control on the full moons."

Moony rolled his eyes skyward in exasperation. "If you would actually listen to what I say once in a while, you wouldn't have to argue with me at all," he looked straight at Remus. "You wouldn't have to be in pain at all, nor would you ever have to take that poison or worry that we may hurt someone you care about."

"You may hurt someone," Remus corrected, unsettled by the wolf's gaze.

Moony snorted. "Let's get one thing straight, Remus. However much you may wish, there is no YOU and ME. There is only one mind, one conscious. There is only US. If you would have realised that years ago, you wouldn't have to worry for so long. It's why you've aged so fast and deteriorated in strength. It's why others are able to sneak up on you or beat you in combat. If you actually listen to me and do what I say, you will end up looking like I do."

"I don't wish to hurt people," Remus protested. "I do not wish for the carnage and bloodshed I've felt in you."

"I don't wish for it either, Remus. You've listened to too many of the books and lectures. We wolves are not the creatures of violence we're portrayed as. We're not the bad guys, no matter how many children's stories and horror films say so. If you actually listen to me, you'll be able to control your form and change when you wish, without the pain and agony you currently endure."

Moony started to walk away with a long stride that would match Rhys and Daeyd. Turning toward Remus he said, "Come, walk with me. All I ask for is some of your time and an open ear. It's not like I can hurt you or anything."

Remus stared at him for a long moment. Weighing the pros and cons he sighed and muttered, "This has got to be the strangest thing I've ever done."

"Believe me," Moony called, "it will get stranger soon."

Shaking his head, Remus briskly strode toward Moony and walked through the long grass. This would be strange to see from the outside, he mused as he walked away with his mirror image.
Italy: 12 Days Later

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter.
A/N: Hopefully I got the Latin bits correctly.
meus amicus: 'my friend'
meus socius: 'my comrade'
luna liberi: 'moon children'

In a forest clearing two figures moved in a silent, deadly circle. Had it not been so lethal it would have passed as a dance, but the wary strength and power in the two opponents was not one of warmth or friendliness. They moved with grace and power, never turning their back on the other, never showing any weakness. The one with ebon-coloured locks struck with fierce swiftness and the other darted back and to the side with an apparently effortless ease.

Had any of Remus' Lupin's friends (or enemies) from his native England been able to see him at the moment, they would have been shocked at the change in his demeanor. The normally warm brown eyes that had flashed with amber were now solid amber flecked with gold. There was a constant hint of another conscious staring through; the Alpha wolf he had fought for so long was enveloping his every thought and action, melding as one with his human mind. The scars had already begun to fade and he was gaining back the weight he'd lost in solid, rippling muscle.

He kept his eyes locked on Daeyd, constantly aware of the Beta's presence. Though Daeyd's natural position amongst the wolves was a second-in-command, he was a formidable fighter and kept the Alpha on his toes. Daeyd was the type of wolf that Remus had gone out of his way to avoid before, a male that exuded power and confidence. Rhys had told him quietly that Cadeyrn had been lucky as Daeyd had more than enough power to attempt and overthrow an Alpha, but the other had been completely dedicated to Cadeyrn's pack and the Alpha himself.

Daeyd's solid gold eyes flickered with a strange mix of lazy amusement and intense concentration. The first couple of times they'd tangled like this Remus had been thrown to the ground with embarrassing swiftness. Their little game of attack and parry had been going on for over half-an-hour this time, yet neither one showed any sign of exertion or a lapse in concentration. Remus Lupin may be a bookworm still in his essential nature, but he was swiftly becoming a powerful, fit and deadly one.

Remus struck, lashing forward with one arm in a move that would have dislocated his opponent's shoulder. Daeyd dodged narrowly, Remus had felt the brush of his skin. The Beta was a distractingly handsome individual and showed as much humility as Sirius about it: none. He preferred to wander around in a rugged pair of faded blue jeans and nothing else, which revealed a delicate network of faded scars. Black, silky hair and gold eyes crowned olive-toned skin that was burnished to a deep golden brown from exposure to the sun. The only detraction to his appeal was a pair of scars from another werewolf's claws that lashed diagonally across his right eye.

Damage caused by witches, wizards and even the darker curses could all be healed, but for some reason the marks caused by another wolf always left scars. The ones on Remus' face and shoulder were testament to the few times he'd run into Fenrir or one of his lieutenants. Daeyd had far more of
the thin scars, detailing the difficult life of a second-in-command and a border guard. It had been many a wizard or werewolf's undoing to underestimate the Beta.

Remus spun tightly on one foot to avoid Daeyd's return sally and had to bend straight backwards in order to avoid a fist that would have undoubtedly broken his nose. Seeing an opportunity he lashed out with his left foot and caught the other behind the knees. Daeyd hit the ground with a solid 'thump' but instead of wasting time making sure he stayed down Remus instantly drew his concentration inward and let go of the wolf entirely.

With a joyful howl the creature surged forward, bringing with it a burning heat. The first few times Remus had tried this it was quite painful and slow; now it took little longer than a change for an Animagi. As soon as his front paws hit the ground Remus lunged forward with a downright frightening snarl. Daeyd's upper lip curled in a return snarl and he flipped over three times, by the third he was little less than four feet from Remus and had been replaced by a dusky gray wolf.

Daeyd snarled and lunged forward, teeth closing with an audible 'snap' on the empty air where Remus' paws had been moments before. He leapt over the top of the Beta, hitting the ground and flipping around to face the Beta, feet skidding slightly on the damp ground. The sun was beginning to set, but neither wolf paid any attention, they could see just as well at night. Instead Remus lunged forward and slammed the full weight of his slightly taller body into Daeyd's ribcage.

The move paid off, the lighter animal was flung to the ground. Before he could even think of moving, Remus aggressively followed his falling body and pinned to wolf to his back, snarling 5 inch canines so close to the other's throat it would take the smallest of snaps to tear into his jugular vein and cause irreparable damage. He growled deeply, the sound rumbling through his lungs and throat. The growl had a deeper authority to it than a normal growl of irritation; this was the demand of an Alpha for the defeated wolf to submit.

After a long moment Daeyd turned his head to the side and let out a soft whine of submission. Remus backed up ten paces and slowly returned to his human body, a deep sense of satisfaction putting a slight smirk on the edges of his mouth. Remus blamed the smugness mostly on the delighted and slightly cocky mental celebration from Moony. Still, this was the first time he'd defeated Daeyd in one of their confrontations.

Daeyd changed back a little more quickly than Remus, though he remained crouched on the ground. He gave Remus one of his rare smiles as he straightened up, a couple of bones in his back making a painful cracking sound as they popped. "Well done," he admitted in a slightly husky voice. Daeyd was a born werewolf and like many of his fellow People a great deal of his mannerisms and vocals were decidedly canine.

"You still came close to getting me," Remus admitted, recalling a few of the close calls. It was frustrating, he was getting better but he still had a long ways to go if his technique would be anywhere near as automatic as Daeyd's. "I wouldn't have stood a chance against Rhys."

Daeyd snorted. As they began to walk in the direction of camp he said flatly, "If you hold out for perfection you will die, Remus. This is about making the connection between you and 'Moony' stronger than it was. In that respect, you are already more than you ever were."

They walked in silence for a couple of minutes before Remus plucked up the courage to ask, "Were you there the night Cadeyrm died?"

Daeyd came to a halt in the middle of the path. When he looked at Remus, golden eyes glowing in the faint light, the other was struck by the open pain and grief in his face. Just as swiftly it hardened into a violent anger and he spat, "Yes, I was there. If I ever catch up with that curet, he will wish he
"What has he done to make you so angry with him, meus amicus?" Remus asked.

Daeyd blew out a long breath and replied, "Besides breaking the battle circle and destroying our peace? You know the People are close-knit. We give our dead their respect and a burning with the five elements: earth, air, water, fire and starlight. That *curet* Fenrir desecrated Cadeyrn's body. He had the head removed and sent to our People by messenger. Because of him we cannot lay our Alpha to rest with the respect and dignity he deserves."

Remus felt sick. Even he knew of the death ceremonies the People held so highly. Fenrir had done to one of his own kind what was expected of a *wizard* or hunter, not one of the kin. All in order to taunt the feral pack about a loss they still keenly felt.

Not entirely sure what prompted him, Remus said, "If my aid can help you, *meus socius*, you have it."

Daeyd gave him a surprised and grateful look and they began walking again. The Beta turned golden eyes on him and said, "What brought this on, Remus?"

"*We luna liberi* must stick together, Daeyd. Fenrir has brought too much dishonour and fear on the People, it must come to an end sometime." It was strange, but this wasn't just words to Remus anymore. The People were his kin and he had turned his back on them for far too long. He would return to the wizarding world, but the People had his help. No questions asked.
"And that, my dear 3rd years, is what led to the Ministry creating the werewolf 'Registry'," Harry finished, gazing at the class full of Slytherin and Hufflepuff students. He was surprised to see that not a single individual had drifted off in what had been known as 'nap time' in his own years.

"Professor Evans?" A quiet Slytherin girl spoke up, "Is there something wrong?"

"Wrong? No. I had just gathered the impression from former students that this was considered a 'nap' of sorts."

"Not since Professor Lupin began teaching here," a Hufflepuff boy said simply. "He makes history interesting; most of the students love his classes, if not his tests."

Harry laughed. "If he gets to the stage where you like his tests as well, the teachers will no doubt be suspicious. I was a student once and I never remember liking a test, even if I liked the class."

Remus' magical chime that signaled the end of class went off and over the sudden sound of shuffling paper and books he called, "Homework for next class, read chapter six of your new textbooks and summarize the main points of the Registry."

Once they had all filed out he made his way to Remus' office and flopped gracefully into one of the chairs. He was staring out over the grounds of Hogwarts as he debated what to do for Cadfael's break. He knew they could just stay here at the school, but he didn't want to impose on Minerva's hospitality any longer than necessary. It was not just a matter of pride, Easter and the end of the school year seemed only moments away and they would need a home of their own for the summer.

With Fenrir slowly yet surely attempting to hunt him and his son down, any home they chose would be extremely short-term, 6 months at the longest. Harry hated uprooting Cadfael like that, but until the curet leader was dead, he couldn't risk his son. If he lost Cadfael on top of Cadeyrn… he shuddered. It was best to not even contemplate the idea. He was not going to lose his beloved son.

When he heard movement behind him he assumed it was Spica. The first time Remus' little house-elf had popped into the room she'd startled him so badly he almost attacked her. She had profusely apologised for setting off 'Master Harry's senses' and once he'd calmed down enough to reassure her a little, gone right along with her dusting and cleaning of Remus' office.

So when he turned his head toward the sound, looking for the little elf, he was surprised into standing when faced instead with a very different figure.

"Remus?" he asked, stunned. Sure he'd expected Remus to improve a bit once he stopped fighting his guide, but this was almost a complete turnaround from the slightly mousey, rounded-shoulder lycan he'd last seen almost exactly a month ago.

The other gave him a lazy grin and walked forward, closing the distance with the long, powerful strides oddly reminiscent of a wolf on the prowl. The scars on his face were fading slowly but surely
and the grey that had been liberally sprinkled through gold-brown hair was now almost gone, the colour darkened as if burnished by sunlight. It was his eyes that convinced Harry of the difference, however.

Before Remus had left, his eyes had been a faint amber colour with a normal pupil. The gold colour that proclaimed his status of lycan had been faint and the canine presence barely noticeable. Now however, they were headed to a richly intense gold-tinted topaz colour, the pupil permanently enlarged, which only added to the intensity of his gaze. There was a definite presence of a wolf behind his eyes as well, a lazy but quick-witted canine intelligence and awareness.

"Welcome back," he finally said.

"Thank you. How were my students?" Remus, rich, mellow voice was slightly huskier than normal and Harry backed a pace, putting a little more distance between the dominant and himself.

"They've been doing well," he replied. "One of your students today mentioned that History of Magic was becoming a favourite subject."

Remus looked pleased at that and his grin widened. "History was always one of my favourite classes, with Binns teaching it I preferred individual study, however. Any subject can be entertaining if the teacher knows how to make it interesting."

Harry backed another half-pace and bumped lightly into the sturdy chair he'd been sitting in. He swallowed slightly as Remus closed the distance between them again, leaving less than a hand-span between them. The intense eyes caught his directly and Remus' expression became a great deal more serious.

"I must thank you again, Harry. I owe you more than I will ever know for this opportunity. I have never felt this confident or at ease with myself since the day I was bitten. This life is not painful for me, not any longer in any case."

Harry blinked, trying to break the intensity of Remus' gaze. When he couldn't he managed to tear his eyes away from the Alpha's and said softly, "You are welcome, Remus. I had to offer you the opportunity to improve the quality of your life. Sirius had told me, years ago, how hard it was for you and the pain you went through on the full moon. I couldn't not offer you the chance."

"Regardless of why," Remus' breath ghosted past his ear, making him shiver, "I thank you. Because of your offer, I understand both myself and the People better than I ever have."

Harry lifted his head again and froze. Remus was so close to him that he could feel the heat off of the other and each quick inhalation flooded his nose and lungs with the deep, pungent scent of pine, verbena and citrus that was uniquely Remus. The office was filled with it as well, but it was diffused with the scent of wood, parchment and lemon cleanser that Spica used. However, with the source of the scent so close it was literally overwhelming.

He looked up at the other, grumbling in his head at the degree of unfairness at being almost half a foot shorter than the older man. All thoughts fled when Remus bent his head and placed a soft, chaste kiss on his lips. He answered it tentatively, prodded on by the overwhelming and appealing scent and a deeper feeling of absolute peace. He hadn't felt like this since he'd been with Cadeym.

His last thought stopped him cold. With considerable effort he broke the kiss and said firmly, "I'll leave and let you settle back into your quarters. The third years were the last class of the day. I'm sure the others are going to be thrilled that you're back with us again."
Harry bolted from the room, regardless of the fact that he confined himself to a quick walk. He headed for his temporary quarters on the 3rd floor, knowing that his son would be there, waiting for him so that they could discuss the happenings of the day. He took the long walk as an opportunity to settle his wild emotions.

The kiss he had just shared had been incredible, but Harry was scared of the feelings that accompanied it. That feeling of safety and comfort hadn't been present since the death of his mate Cadeyrn. He hadn't been with another since, focusing on raising his young son. Plus there was Fenrir, who seemed able to track him down with ease. No, despite the feelings he may have for Remus (the attraction had been there since his 5th year), he wouldn't put the other at risk. It would be best, he decided, to remove temptation for a while.

He would contact the remnants of Cadeyrn's pack and see if he and Cadfael could stay there over Christmas. They could always visit the school or Grimmauld Place for Christmas Eve and Day. Smiling at the idea of spending time with his pack, Harry spoke the password to his quarters and prepared to deal with a hyper and excited Cadfael. His son had a few friends amongst the pack and would be delighted to see them again.
Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter.

Latin:
luna liberi- moon children
parum unus- little one (a private joke between Daeyd and Harry)
ultum diligo- much loved
parvulus- child

Harry walked briskly toward the end of the school wards, Cadfael next to him. His son's eyes glowed in excitement, he had been a four-year-old child the last time the pack had seen him. Undeniably there was a bit of nerves as well, his father was so well-known and beloved to the pack and he didn't want to disappoint. Harry on the other hand was both relaxed and excited; he knew the pack would love his precious son.

He had explained his trip to Minerva and secured permission to both leave the school and return by Floo, something that was rarely used outside of family emergencies. It had been more common in times with the Dark Lord and his followers. Now that threat had passed for everyone but him and his son. The only remaining Death Eater happened to be the most dangerous of the lot in his opinion. Harry firmly believed Bellatrix Lestrange had lost more than just her sanity in Azkaban.

They passed through Hogsmeade mostly in silence; though Cadfael looked curiously around at the buildings he wouldn't be able to enter for another two years. A glitter of amusement and mischief lit those eyes as he noticed the Hogsmeade branch of Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes. Business had figuratively exploded for Fred and George over the years; so much that they'd driven Zonko's to the wizarding version of bankruptcy.

"You won't be entering that store for another two years, so don't even think about it, little prince," Harry said sternly to his practically bouncing son.

Cadfael deflated slightly, walking along in silence for another ten yards or so. Then he spoke up, "Papa, why are we leaving so close to Christmas? I thought you wanted to spend Christmas with the people at the school."

Harry couldn't explain the exact details to his son, so he replied, "I wanted to visit the pack. It's been a long time, little prince. You were barely four when they saw you last. We will be coming back for the rest of the holiday on Christmas Eve, however."

Cadfael beamed. "I'm glad, I like them a lot. I just thought there was another reason, since you've been avoiding looking at Professor Lupin for the past few days. I like him; he makes me feel very safe and comfortable."

Harry could feel the heat attempting to spread across his cheeks so he said quickly, "What do you think of Adhara, Aelius and Gemma?"

Cadfael burst into soft giggles. "They're so funny, Papa. It's hard to believe I was ever that small, though I hope I wasn't as bossy as Adhara!"
Harry snorted. "She is much like her father Severus in that regard, Cadfael. I'm sure you've noticed how many of his mannerisms she's picked up."

"The glare, the way she frowns, some of her speech patterns," Cadfael was nodding as he spoke. "Professor Black was just saying the other day that he hopes the new baby won't be as much a double for his husband as she is. He said that it was bad enough with two of them!"

Harry couldn't resist the small laugh, though it was odd to hear Cadfael calling Sirius 'Professor Black'. "I'm sure Severus had much to say on that comment. There's a phrase that says 'opposites attract'. They're the prime example of that!"

Cadfael was still laughing as they passed the barrier and Harry stopped in a small clearing. "It's time to Apparate, Cadfael. Come over here and try to stop laughing. The pack would wonder what I've done with the little boy they knew to get him into a giggling fit!"

Cadfael groaned at the word 'Apparate'. "Why do we have to Apparate again, Papa?"

"Because the pack placed Anti-Portkey wards around their lands. They don't want mass groups able to show up in their area. After the way your father died they're very suspicious of strangers. Stick close to me and hold on."

Cadfael sighed, grumbled and nodded. He walked over to Harry and wrapped his arms around his waist. His silky hair was almost the exact same colour as Harry's wine-red shirt. He smiled down at his son and said, "Relax, Cadfael. The pack loves you just the way you are, so be yourself and have fun."

Concentrating on where they needed to go, Harry barely heard the loud 'crack' that signaled the successful Apparition. Where they had been standing moments ago was only occupied now by snow swirling in the breeze of their departure.

When they appeared again, the snow had gone from around their ankles to almost knee deep. Harry took a deep breath of the clean, forest air and started forward. Cadfael walked along beside him and suddenly shivered. "It's cold, Papa."

Harry came to an abrupt halt, cursing to himself. Looking at his shivering son he said, "I'm sorry, Cadfael. I completely forgot the warming charms when we left the school."

He waved his wand in a broad motion that encompassed both himself and his son and Cadfael sighed in relief. Harry wanted to as well when he felt the lingering cold disappear from his toes finally. I am such an idiot sometimes, he thought irritably.

They walked into the trees, moving about 200 yards before Harry stopped again. He inhaled sharply and smiled. Looking at his son he said, "Close your eyes Cadfael. See if you can sense what I can."

Cadfael closed his greenish-blue eyes and inhaled deeply. After a long moment he said, "There's a path!"

Harry smiled. Only the People can sense this path, Cadfael. It leads to Rhys' village. Do you still wear the medallion I gave you when you turned four?"

Cadfael nodded, fingers momentarily brushing his shirt where the medallion lay against his skin. "If you are ever in trouble or I tell you to go to a safe place, I want you to hold that medallion and say 'luna liberii'. It's a Portkey that will bring you straight to Rhys' village. Promise me that if I tell you to use the Portkey you will do so, Cadfael. I couldn't stand it if any harm came to you, little
"I promise," Cadfael whispered. Harry nodded and began walking again, looping an arm around his son's shoulders.

They walked in silence together until they reached the edge of the wards. Harry nodded to his son and they carefully stepped through the shimmering barrier. He could feel the lingering tendrils of magic that were reluctant to release him. They were only about five feet inside the barrier when he heard footsteps. He came to a halt, pulling Cadfael closer to him.

From the distinctive 'crunch' of the snow he knew that whatever was approaching them it was something massive. It walked on four legs, not two and the presence and smell were vaguely familiar… "Daeyd, is that you?"

A pair of glowing eyes appeared through the brush to his left and he stayed absolutely still, letting the breeze carry his scent to the wolf. He could sense the slight displacement of magic as the wolf disappeared and a black-haired figure stepped through the trees.

"Harry? Is that really you?"

Tears nearly blinded Harry as he stared at the only Beta of Cadeyrn's pack to escape alive. "Daeyd, I've missed you so much.

Daeyd was standing in front of him in three massive strides and he easily threw his arms around the dominant. Daeyd had been one of his closest friends amongst the pack, a constant and steady guardian and welcome face. He had last seen the dominant just after Cadfael was born, before he had set off to make sure the last remnants of Cadeyrn's pack were safe. Daeyd had been like Cadeyrn's brother and the Alpha's death had struck him harder than anyone perhaps Harry himself.

Daeyd emotionally whispered, "I am so glad to see you again, parum unus."

Harry scowled and said, "You're the only one who gets away with that name anymore, Daeyd. But I missed you as well."

His eyes lighted upon Cadfael and widened. He smiled sadly and said, "Hello Cadfael. You are ultum diligo here and very welcome. I have not seen you since you were a small babe."

Cadfael smiled shyly back at the tall lycan. Harry gestured his son forward and said, "Cadfael, this is Daeyd, one of your father's best friends and the only living Beta from our pack."

Cadfael's beautiful eyes lit and he breathed, "You knew my father?"

"Very well, parvulus. I will tell you about him later. For now, we had best be moving if you wish to see Rhys before dark."

They followed Daeyd, the Beta's normally long, rangy strides shortened for the benefit of the smaller submissive and the very young pack member. In what seemed like mere seconds the 'village' was suddenly sprawling out before them. The different 'homes' of the lycans were all situated in a natural series of rock caves. Those with magic had created torches on the walls and fireplaces. Some with greater talent had gone through and carved windows and niches for natural sunlight. The main chamber was a massive room with a large central fire pit and beautifully carved stone benches. Directly above it was a massive glass window, spilling sunlight down into the room during the day.

The powerful bit of Transfiguration had been the work of Rhys' grandfather. The stone benches and tables that appeared to grow from the floor had been his mother's work. Rhys was a fourth
generation feral lycan. His family had been cast out of magical society when both his great-grandfather and great-uncle had been bitten. Instead of staying in a world that hated them, the pureblood brothers had left and formed their own peaceful colony in the wilds of England.

Rhys himself sat at one of the stone benches, staring moodily into the flames. He was singing softly to himself in Latin, the language of the People. After a moment Harry recognized it as one of the few ballads he actually remembered. It was the story of the last Resistance by the wolves as a united front, just before the implementation of the Registry. It was a hauntingly sad tale, meant for three male voices.

Daeyd cleared his throat and Rhys looked up. When he saw Harry and Cadfael his eyes widened and he smiled joyously, practically leaping from his chair. He approached Harry and kissed his forehead lightly. It was a greeting only allowed to the Alphas of the various packs, for Harry's rank was technically higher than any wolf but the Alpha.

"It has been too long since you spent a winter ceremony with us, Harry. We have missed both you and your precious son."

Harry sighed, closed his eyes and let tears roll down his cheeks. He had made the right decision to come here. No matter how much time he spent in the wizarding world, this was home. He wrapped his arms around Rhys and relaxed against the other's warmth and strength.

This would be a time that he and his son would cherish. He no longer had any doubt of that. Here, with his pack, he would relax and heal the most. As it was meant to be.
Remus Apparated outside Grimmauld Place, startled as always by the difference in the old townhouse. The door used to be black with a silver snake-head knocker. Now the knocker was gone entirely and the door was painted an eye-popping shade of what Sirius had said was called, 'Candy Apple Red'. Had Walburga Black seen the colour her son had chosen she would have surely shrieked at the top of her lungs at the offensive ‘Gryffindor’ colour in her noble home.

However, Walburga Black wasn't anywhere inside Grimmauld Place. The woman had neglected a small detail that Severus had pointed out with a very gleeful smirk. She may have attached her portrait with a Permanent Sticking Charm, but she hadn't protected the wall. It had been with immense satisfaction that Sirius and Remus had destroyed that particular wall. Severus had proven his more sadistic nature when he'd come along with a can of Muggle paint thinner. He had dumped the entire can on Walburga Black who had shrieked her indignation and fury as her portrait literally melted away.

Completely destroying and remodeling Grimmauld had proved highly therapeutic for Sirius. One memorable occasion was when Sirius had gathered all the fancy silver-lined and embossed crystal and china tableware and set about smashing it into tiny pieces with a crowbar. Kreacher had come along protesting and muttering as usual. Fed up, Sirius had promptly sold the aged house-elf to a pureblood couple from Australia through his contacts in Knockturn Alley from the war.

Severus' touch was evident throughout the house in many subtle improvements. One of which was the mudroom where Remus was currently kicking off his shoes and putting on the comfortable pair of house slippers in the slot labeled 'Remus'. There was a rack above it where he could hang his cloak and jacket as well. Just as he finished hanging up his coat there was a small ‘pop’ and button-nosed Winky appeared.

When it had become apparent that Severus and Sirius would need some help around Grimmauld just after the birth of Adhara they had contacted Minerva and transferred ownership of the previously disgraced house-elf to the Black-Snape family. Winky flourished in her role and her stern gaze could make even Severus meekly do as she said.

"Winky will take your bags up, Mister Remus," she squeaked.

"Thank you, Winky," he replied, trying not to laugh in exasperation. She called Severus and Sirius 'Master' and Adhara 'Mistress', but though he had tried his hardest Remus couldn't get her to reduce 'Master' to just Remus. 'Mister Remus' had been her lowest compromise.

Looking around he noticed the spots for Draco, Hermione and Aelius were already filled, as was Minerva's. Looked like he was last to join the group, as usual. No matter when he left the school he was usually last to arrive here, even if just by a few minutes.

He noticed two new additions directly to the right of his spot. Written with obvious care in Sirius' handwriting were 'Harry' and 'Cadfael'. He swallowed as he stared at Harry's name, wondering if
the placement was a casual hint from Sirius. Or at least as casual as Sirius could be, which wasn't much. Either way, it reminded him of what had happened when he returned from his stay with Rhys and Daeyd.

To put it bluntly, he had no idea what had gotten into him. Moony had kept prodding him forward until he'd thrown his previous caution to the four winds and acted purely on his instincts and desires. While that was fine normally, it most certainly was not fine in the case of attempting to share his attraction with his young mate.

Suddenly he froze. Leaning his head against the wall behind him he resisted both a groan of exasperation and a blush. So that was why Moony had been prodding him so persistently whenever he thought of Harry. The wolf was bound and determined that the younger man was the only fit person for him romantically. While he had long decided that, having an impatient wolf in the back of his head was going to make subtlety a great deal more difficult.

Putting his thoughts of Harry to the back of his mind he left the room, heading down the short hallway to the large, comfortable family room where everyone was most likely gathered. Sure enough, there they were, sharing both conversation and laughter. Adhara and Aelius were putting together a simple puzzle on the floor. It was more accurately described as Adhara bossily telling Aelius how to place the various pieces ("No, this way! See?").

As he approached Sirius looked up and yelped happily, "Moony! You finally made it. Come and sit, have some tea or we have some of that good Belgian hot chocolate you like so much."

Licking his lips at the very mention of the hot chocolate he sat down and chose to ignore Sirius' teasing smile. It was a well-known fact that he was obsessed with good chocolate. He was teased mercilessly for it both here and at the school. Even Severus had commented once that he wouldn't be surprised if Remus slept with a bar of chocolate under his pillow.

"The hot chocolate would be appreciated. I don't want to chance caffeine right now, it's getting late."

"I always found it funny that no matter how early you leave you're usually the last to arrive," Hermione smiled at him, eyes flicking briefly over to where her son played on the floor.

"I had to stop and pick up a last minute gift at Diagon Alley, so this time I at least had an excuse," Remus replied with a return smile.

"Ohh?" Sirius' expression was vastly curious, "Who for, dear Moony?"

Keeping a straight face he said, "One overly curious and not-so-subtle canine."

Hermione and Minerva both began to laugh at the pouting expression on Sirius' face. After a moment grey eyes sparkled with good humour and he said, "What do you mean, not-so-subtle? I can be very subtle!"

"In comparison to what, a blunt axe?" Severus jabbed lightly at his partner. Sirius scowled ferociously as Minerva, Draco and Hermione burst into laughter. Remus was tempted to join but he held his tongue. He was, after all, sitting right next to Sirius.

Quickly attempting to avert Sirius' indignation he asked, "Do you know what Adhara's sibling is?"

As quickly as Sirius had frowned he began to smile and lowered his arms protectively to his waist as he replied, "It's a little boy. Adhara was excited, though I wonder if that's not because she'll have a younger brother to boss around."
They all laughed and said small whirlwind ran up and threw herself into Severus' arms. "We finished the puzzle, Daddy." She noticed Remus and beamed at him, "Hi Uncle Remus! Papa was wondering when you would arrive. Did Cadfael and his Papa come with you?"

The last question almost made Remus splutter in embarrassment. Where would that bright little imp get that idea?

"Adhara," Severus scolded, "wherever would you get that idea?"

"Cadfael likes Uncle Remus a lot, he's always talking about him. He's nice to me, plays games with me in the Library and stuff. Besides, I saw Uncle Remus kissing Cadfael's papa not that long ago."

Remus' cheeks began to flame bright red as he squirmed under the sudden curious gazes of his companions. Mentally he grumbled and groaned over the bright inquisitive nature of a combination of Severus Snape and Sirius Black. Said child jumped off her Daddy's lap and ran out of the room, calling to Aelius as she went.

Of course she left, Remus thought ruefully, she said what she wanted to say. Mischief Managed, as the Marauders would say.
I still don't own Harry Potter.
NOTE: Some nasty imagery and past violence mentioned. Also, I don't mean to offend anyone by the mentioning of the gods and rituals in here. It's the lycan belief system in my head, nothing else.

Rhys' Pack (December 23rd)

It was the morning, rather afternoon, after a full moon. Sunlight shimmered on the snow, blindingly bright in places. Laughter filled the crisp, cool air as the teens and younger wolves played outside. It was the cheerful chirping of a wintering bird that woke Harry, however. He lay in the soft fold of blankets, resisting the urge to get up until he absolutely had to. It wasn't hard and he shut his eyes, content to drift off again for a few minutes.

He was woken again by the familiar ringing sound of the kitchen bell signaling lunch and the excited chatter of the youngsters as they trooped inside to feed their boundless appetite. Said appetite seemed to sustain a nearly equal amount of energy. For a moment Harry envied the younger members of the pack and their easy acceptance of their lives. Not to mention the fact that they seemed unaffected by the stiffness and joint pain the adults dealt with after running around under the moon.

Harry sat up reluctantly, looking around his simple room. The People had little time or money for idle luxuries, yet their lifestyle had a rustic elegance to it. Totally in harmony with the Mother, they relied on the Old Ways that the wizarding world had turned from with the gathering storm of Christianity. While most wizards didn't believe in any religion, the People of the Moon diligently followed the true ways, educating their children in a rich history mostly by word of mouth and daily lessons.

For example, the simple wood bed Harry lay on was carved as taught by father to son for generations, following ceremonial procedures that had been in the People's history since the beginning. The beautiful and exquisitely soft fur blankets had been removed from the animal that wore them only after a prayer of goodwill and thanks had been offered to the Goddess and the Father.

To the People, there were 3 main 'gods'. The Father of Storms, the bringer of good harvest and punisher of those that chose to ignore the Old Ways was the first. The 'Goddess' was Gaia, the Earth herself, bringing life and nourishment to the People. She was protecting yet those that ignored Her felt the power of her displeasure. The last was Luna herself, the Moon Mother. To the People she was as real as another member of the People and the gentlest of the gods. She brought them a single night of pain but shone sweetly over them the rest of their lives, silent witness to their happiness, their pain and the small pleasures they felt in life. She witnessed their first breath and their last, finding their mate and losing, she was balance.

Most of the People knew the technicalities of their 'disease', but to most of them it was a way to know the Goddess and Mother better, a way to let go of the shallow desires of the world and
consider that which was truly important. It was both a simple and addicting lifestyle, one that had appealed greatly to Harry after the concerns of the wizarding war.

Cadeyrn had shown him this simpler life and had showed him their traditions, escorting the neophyte through their ceremonies with endless patience. It had seemed to Harry that Cadeyrn had always relived their beauty through his unveiling eyes, taking the greatest pleasure in his boundless wonder and breathless awe at their life-changing power. Harry had quickly come to love their traditions, ceremonies and life as much as Cadeyrn. He had found his place here amongst the People, a place where he was seen as simply Harry.

In the sweet, quiet evenings with his mate, especially as Cadfael had begun to grow within him, Harry had taken the most comfort in listening to his dominant's voice. He had been like a sponge, absorbing all the old tales and songs with a relentless enthusiasm. Cadeyrn had been more than willing to amuse him, beginning to teach him the tales and songs after he had finished with the ones he knew. And then Hallowe'en had come along again, or as the People referred to it, Samhain.

Harry remembered begging with Cadeyrn, outright begging with him to ignore Fenrir's claims. The curer leader wouldn't follow tradition and ritual unless it suited him. Fenrir had been the one to bite Harry during the wizarding war, he could recall at least a dozen times when he had faced the creature. Cadeyrn hadn't listened, had trusted in the Father and the Goddess to protect him and had lost his life for it.

Fenrir hadn't been content with destroying the peace of the feral packs. No, he had dishonoured the People and incurred their wrath even more with his next actions. He had desecrated Cadeyrn's body, carving it into several pieces left for the carrion crows. It had been Daeyd who had found what remained of the feral leader's body.

Harry, weak from the pain of birthing Cadeyrn's son, had been anguished at Fenrir's actions. Because of Fenrir they couldn't give Cadeyrn his death rite, releasing his spirit to the Mother under a new moon with a funeral pyre. Fenrir had prevented them from honouring Cadeyrn with one of the rituals and ceremonies he had loved and been raised by.

Pushing the all-too-painful past out of his mind, Harry swung his legs off the bed and gingerly touched the floor. He nearly yelped aloud, the stone was cold. Quickly he buried his feet in the soft fur 'shoes' the People made, sighing happily and wriggling his toes in the soft suede interior. He stood, making his way to where his soft fur robe hung.

Not all the People had this luxury even, but Harry was special in their eyes. No matter that Cadeyrn was dead, he was an Alpha's submissive and would be considered so for life. In the eyes of the People he had a rank second only to the Alpha and woe unto the person that ever attempted to lay a finger to him in anger, quick retribution waited for the one stupid enough to do so.

Harry had protested that sort of treatment at first, until Cadeyrn had explained its tradition to him. Alphas were respected and honoured above all others as was their due; they were the leaders of their packs and ensured the safety and survival of the packs' bloodlines. Their life was a sacrificial one; they ensured the peace of others by giving up their own. Alphas were heavily relied upon as a form of justice in the packs and a counselor of sorts, willing to lend an open ear to the pack's problems and needs.

The Alpha's submissive was their one form of selfishness. The submissive was precious and beloved by the packs due to the fact that they were the ones responsible for ensuring that the Alpha's own bloodline continued. They carried the future of pack leadership in their fertility. They were the beloved of the leader and seen as an extension of sorts to the Alpha's position.
There were a few rituals and ceremonies an Alpha couldn't perform due to his dominance and sheer masculinity, their submissive could. In the society of the People, the submissive (male or female) was seen as a living testament to the Mother and her fertility rites. It was the submissive who sang the lead chant at Beltane, their most important spring ritual. The submissive also presided over the blessing of newborns and the Ritual of Naming; they provided the concrete stability and anchor to pure love in a bonding ritual as well.

Harry had taken part in a few rituals and ceremonies in his time as Cadeyrn's mate; it was safe to say that he'd never been more terrified than when he'd led the Beltane chant for the first time. To him the most joyous of rituals were those for the newborn pack members and their Naming. To welcome a new life into the pack and be present for the naming of the bright new presence was overwhelming and amazing; no matter how many times he would do it.

While he had been thinking about his role amongst the packs Harry had been strolling through the broad caverns and as a result he finished his internal thoughts at about the same time that he entered the vast room that served as the main chamber for Rhys' pack. Sighting Daeyd over in one corner he procured an earthenware plate and a lump of freshly-made bread along with some cheeses and fresh fruits before making his way over to his friend.

Daeyd's warm golden eyes met his and he said, "Morning's blessings, Harry. Have a seat, please."

As Harry sat he replied, "Morning's blessings to you, Daeyd. Though I believe it's a little late for morning!"

Good humour danced in the Beta's eyes as he replied, "Tradition pays no attention to time and I think this is about as early as morning gets for us adults after running around under the Mother's light!"

"True," Harry replied, biting into the warm bread and feeling it practically melt on his tongue. The People called this 'ambrosia bread' and it was one of the most flavorful breads Harry had ever tasted. Just the smell of freshly-baked ambrosia bread was enough to make his mouth water. It was made with honey and ginger and several other spices. Harry had a recipe for it but it never tasted the same when it hadn't come from the People's simple stone ovens.

"Your rambunctious Cadfael is out there running with his friends. Gwen said to tell you she made sure he bundled up before going outside."

"I will make sure to thank her. Sometimes I wonder about that child's sense of self-preservation. He would have run out in the first snow barefoot if I'd let him!"

Daeyd gave a warm chuckle in answer. "He is young. Give him a few years and he will begin to think of other things besides the eagerness to play in the first snow."

"Don't remind me," Harry groaned, "I have a hard enough time wrapping my head around the fact that he will be a teen in two years without reminders of what I have to look forward to! I only hope he doesn't yell quite as much as I did, I feel I damaged a few eardrums over the years."

He gazed at the bread. Mentioning his awful temper from his teen years always brought up Grimmauld Place and along with Grimmauld came thoughts of Remus and exactly why he had fled here for the holidays in the first place.

"Parum unus, you are going to burn a hole through that bread if you keep staring at it so. What is on your mind?"

Harry sighed heavily before he replied, "My life and future, Daeyd. There are several possibilities
and I must admit one of them pleases me greatly."

"Would that possibility include a mate for my favourite submissive?" Daeyd asked one black eyebrow arched suggestively.

Harry blushed at the look and his wayward thoughts and whispered, "Possibly. I don't know if I can trust those thoughts however, it seems inconsiderate to my memories of Cadeyrn."

"Sit next to me, Harry. What I wish to say is for your ears only."

Harry stood, moved around the table and sat next to Daeyd. The Beta wrapped his arm around Harry's waist and guided him to rest his head against a firm shoulder. Harry felt content and relaxed in this position, he trusted Daeyd with his life. Daeyd hesitated for a moment, thinking greatly about his words before he spoke.

"Once, not long ago, one of the pack members asked me why I never pursued you myself as my mate. I was startled by their question and it took me a moment to reply. I came to two reasons. One of which was the fact that I regarded you too highly as a sibling of sorts, I do love you but it is deep like the blood in our veins, not heart-deep. The other was that I do not rank highly enough for you."

Harry had to interrupt. "I would be content with one whom I love, whether they hold Alpha or none at all!"

"Hush, parum unus. I know this, but in my eyes you deserve the best of us and nothing less. After that conversation I thought a great deal about you and Cadeyrn. I remembered what you had and the way your eyes lit when you were around him. I decided that though you two greatly loved, it was not a soul-love. I knew at that moment that there was someone else waiting for you, someone who could give you all the love and happiness that you should be given."

Harry's eyes closed and he quietly resisted a sheen of tears, knowing what Daeyd said was accurate. Though he had loved Cadeyrn with all his being, theirs had not been a true souls-bond or that between life mates. They had been mates and that had been the extent of their bond.

"As for your memories of Cadeyrn, I would say that my blood-brother would be happiest knowing that you were happy, Harry. Your time with him was short, but it was long enough for all of us to see how he took his joy in watching you, you truly came into your own amongst us and I believe he reveled in watching your transformation. It was what pulled him to you in the beginning, you know. He saw your beauty and strength hidden behind walls of pain and weariness."

"It is just hard, Daeyd. When I realised I felt safe with this one, a safety I hadn't felt since Cadeyrn I feel I just panicked. It's why I came here for the holidays besides wanting to see all of you. I feel comforted and secure here, plus I miss your wisdom and insight."

Daeyd's arm momentarily tightened around his waist and he said, "I missed your quiet presence as well, along with your strength of character and that beautiful imp you call a son. Tell me, do I know this individual that has you so confused?"

"If you have forgotten him already than you have a short memory, Daeyd."

Daeyd ruefully groaned and chuckled. "I do not miss your not-answers however, parum unus. Let me think for a moment..."

He was silent for just a few minutes and then Harry felt the shoulder under his head rumble with a cheerful laugh. "Ah, would I be correct in saying the name Remus Lupin, then?"
Harry blushed. "You would be correct."

"What did he say or do to make you turn such a lovely colour, Harry?"

"He kissed me," Harry admitted.

"He's a bold one then. I liked meeting him, for such a short time together he struck me as a trustworthy individual, very intelligent and loyal. Now that he is on his correct path, a remarkable Alpha as well, a worthy mate for the most precious submissive. You do realise you would have to introduce him to the remnants of our pack if this goes further, correct?"

Harry flushed scarlet at the 'precious submissive' comment and groaned at the last. "Yes, Daeyd, though I don't even know if it would go that far."

"What does Cadfael think of him?"

"He trusts him and respects his judgment. Cadfael told me the day we came here that he felt safe around Remus and Cadfael adores his classes at school as well."

Daeyd sighed. "I think in the end you can trust what no one says but yourself, Harry. Your heart is already fond of him and your voice softens when you say his name. By your own voice you have said you felt 'safe' with him. You are going to see your friends on the 'morrow yes?"

"For at least Christmas Eve and Day, yes," Harry replied.

"Then I say go to him and trust your heart, parum unus. It will guide you, for you possess one of the purest hearts I know. When you bring him here I will make sure he knows what waits should he hurt our precious one. Though I will probably have to argue that right with the rest of the pack while you are gone," Daeyd's eyes sparkled with mischief and amusement as he finished.

Harry groaned. "You, Daeyd, are worse than my godfather Sirius. And that is saying something!"

Daeyd merely laughed and took another bite of his ambrosia bread.
12 Grimmauld: Christmas Eve

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter.

When Harry first Apparated himself and Cadfael to Grimmauld, he thought he'd gone to the wrong place. Staring at the bright red door with a gold handle he blinked once and then twice. Of course, it was impossible that he'd gotten the address wrong; the bright gold number 12 on the door confirmed that. He vaguely remembered Minerva mentioning that Sirius and Severus had remodeled, but the change was still a shock. Placing a hand on Cadfael's shoulder, he steered his son toward the door.

Glancing around the mudroom he knew this had to be a sign of Severus' influence, the man may have gotten less uptight over the years, but he was still extraordinarily clean and organised. He quite quickly found his name and Cadfael's and noted with embarrassment that Sirius had put his place directly next to Remus'. Helping his son out of the heavy coat and shoes he shoved Cadfael lightly toward the entryway.

The answering feminine squeal of delight let him know that Hermione must have been sitting so that she faced the doorway. Harry felt slightly bad about abandoning his son to her excited, cheerful mothering but he gratefully used her distraction to slip out of his own shoes and coat and re-tie his hair back, it had blown in his face due to the brisk breeze this morning. Finally he steeled himself (and his sensitive hearing) for impact.

A head of bushy brown hair was all that he saw before she slammed into him with a shriek of laughter and delight. He winced and would have covered his ears except for the fact that she had his arms pinned to his side. Turning his head to look at Draco he gave the blonde a long-suffering look at which the Malfoy Lord snorted behind his hand before politely prying his excitable wife off of her friend.

Sirius was trying desperately not to laugh this entire time, but when he saw the relieved expression on Harry's face he lost it. Harry arched his eyebrow at his godfather and listened in amusement as the longer Sirius laughed, the more bark-like the sound became. Severus glared at his husband in annoyance before casting a quick, silent Silencio. Sirius immediately stopped laughing and gave his husband a hurt look, which Severus ignored.

Minerva rolled her eyes at the pair and offered Harry a warm hug, which he gladly returned. "We missed you at the school, Harry. Several of the students asked where Professor 'Evans' had gone to."

Harry gave a small smile and said, "We missed you all as well, but it had been a long time since Cadfael saw his friends amongst the pack and I haven't seen them in a couple of years myself."

"How are they doing?" Remus spoke up for the first time, looking interested.

"Well," Harry answered, eyes shimmering in memory, "they have found welcome amongst Rhys' pack and have reunited with the last members who became scattered the night Fenrir attacked."

"Have they gotten any closer to solving their leadership problem?" Sirius asked, having regained his voice.
Harry shook his head. "No, they have yet to solve that problem. For now they are trusting the judgment of Rhys and Daeyd, though there are a few that protest following a Beta, no matter what his abilities as a leader are."

Harry chanced a glance to see where Cadfael had disappeared to and found his son sitting on the floor, engaging Adhara and Aelius in putting together one of Adhara's more difficult puzzles. He smiled a little as he watched his son skillfully interact with the two smaller children, intercepting and distracting any arguments before they started.

Looking up again he caught Remus' gaze for a second and held it before blushing faintly and turning his gaze to Hermione. He caught Sirius grinning like a madman in his direction and wondered what he was so pleased with. He watched out of the corner of his eye as Sirius grinned pointedly at Remus, who glared for a moment before looking away, a faint flush colouring his skin.

*What was all that about?* Harry wondered. Instead of asking, he gratefully accepted the glass of mulled wine Minerva offered and fell happily into conversation with those he considered his family.

They had arrived just before dinner and after eating retired to the sitting room, where a warm fire and full stomachs contributed to a sleepy, relaxed atmosphere. Harry wasn't too full to snag a treacle tart from the table before leaving however, nor for the mug of hot chocolate and miniature marshmallows Winky passed out.

At 7:30 Hermione stood and led a sleepy and protesting Adhara and Aelius out of the room to get ready for bed. Half an hour later Harry nodded at his son, who stood and offered everyone a cheerful goodnight before kissing Harry's cheek and disappearing as well. Minerva gazed after the 12-year-old and said, "How long did it take you to get him to go to bed without protesting?"

Harry's eyes were full of mirth as he said, "One day when he was about 7 he started protesting when it was time for him to go to bed. I finally chose to simply let him stay up. He drifted off at about 11:30. I put him in bed and promptly woke him at the usual time, which was 7:00 in the morning. He was a bit tired and grumpy all day and after that I never had a problem with him whining about bedtime."

Hermione had just returned and laughed at what he said. "If I could put up with a grouchy Aelius I would be tempted to do the same thing when he's a bit older. Unfortunately, he's just as bad as Draco was during school when he's tired!"

Draco offered his wife a half-hearted glare at the comparison as everyone else laughed. Severus in particular was quite amused and at the betrayed glance from his godson he admitted, "Draco, even I have to agree that you were a little spoiled, obnoxious brat in school. You improved due to the War and even you know it."

Draco grumbled but finally agreed. They sat around and talked for another hour or so before Sirius failed to suppress a jaw-cracking yawn and apologised before heading off to get ready for bed himself. Severus followed after what passed as his cheerful goodnight, Minerva resisting for another half-hour.

Harry finally decided to head off himself and Remus offered to show him where his room was. As they walked he kept eyeing their surroundings before Harry said finally, "I know this is Grimmauld Place but its hard to believe this is the same as that gloomy old home."

Remus chuckled in agreement before replying, "I know the feeling. I keep waiting for Sirius' mother to start shouting at someone for knocking on the door. I think remodeling this place really helped Padfoot finish his recovery from Azkaban and his family's expectations though. He's happier than
I've seen him in a long time."

"If anyone deserves it, he does," Harry replied quietly, opening the door Remus indicated.

Speech was rendered impossible after that however, as he stared at the interior of his rooms. He walked inside, staring around in shock at the beautiful and spacious private sitting room and bedrooms. One of the doors had the name Cadfael written on it in Sirius' calligraphy, it was currently shut. The sitting room had a pair of French glass doors that opened directly into a large back garden, obviously for use on a full moon.

Harry walked quietly to the doors and placed a hand on the frame, looking outside at the undisturbed beauty of the snow-covered scene. The snow seemed to pick up the smallest amount of light and sparkled invitingly.

"They did all of this for Cadfael and me?" he whispered in shock.

Remus' mellow voice came from right behind him and he nearly jumped. "You are Sirius' godson, he wanted to give you a place where you would feel welcome and at home. This is his way of saying so unobtrusively."

"Since when did Sirius become subtle?" Harry replied lightly.

Remus' chuckle sent warm air ghosting across his neck and he was unable to resist a shiver. "I believe it may have been Severus' suggestion."

Harry answered with a soft laugh of his own. As he spun around and pressed his back to the glass neither him nor Remus noticed the closed bedroom door crack open just a hair.

Once again Remus was so close Harry could feel the heat coming off him. This time he neither backed down nor showed any sign of hesitation. He boldly met the Alpha's gaze and made his body relax. He could hear the faintest bit of a growl in Remus' throat and knew it came from what the wolf would see as defiance. An Alpha would see defiance as a threat and act accordingly; in this case it meant he would want to force Harry to submit.

Remus was now so in tune with the wolf that he moved without the slightest hesitation. He cupped the side of Harry's face with one powerful hand and kissed him, hard. It felt good and Harry's initial plan to continue to resist crumbled. However, unlike the situation at Hogwarts he refused to remain passive and kissed back just as firmly.

When it finally broke off Remus' eyes glowed faintly in the dim light and there was surprise and something else in his golden-topaz gaze. Harry remained exactly where he was, enjoying the calm, protected aura his own wolf was emitting and refusing to feel guilty for it. Just as his own breathing was coming back under control Remus asked,

"What changed, Harry? The last time this happened you chose to disappear with Cadfael for a couple of weeks."

"My visit with the pack was not simply because I missed them, Remus," Harry replied, surveying the other through half-lidded eyes.

Remus seemed to gain control of his confidence and his voice under Harry's gaze and said softly, a half-growl still evident in his voice, "Do you want to continue this, Harry? If not, say so as I have no desire to push you into something that makes you uncomfortable."

Harry gave a breathy chuckle and replied, "Remus, the emotion this gives me is the farthest thing
from nervous. I would most certainly not mind continuing it and seeing where this goes."

A lazy smile crossed Remus' face and he murmured, "Good." He kissed Harry's forehead lightly and
brushed another soft kiss to his mouth before he said softly, "Good night, Harry."

"You as well, Remus," Harry replied in kind.

When Remus was gone Harry smiled warmly and headed for his bedroom, murmuring a spell to
stoke the fire as he went. Under the cover of the spell the bedroom door clicked shut again, hiding
the pleased smile of one satisfied 1st year.
12 Grimmauld: Christmas Day

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter.

Warnings: one swear word.

When Harry woke on Christmas Day he was smiling. For the first time in his life since Cadeyrn's death he felt joy in his life other than just purpose. He loved his son, there was no question about it, but his life had been lonely without another in it. From the way Cadfael had been acting around Remus his 12-year-old son would have no problems with their relationship. He hoped that it would be a lasting one; he readily admitted he could easily see himself with Remus in his future. His lips twitched as he imagined their life together, if he had his way about it Cadfael would have a few more siblings as well. Somehow he thought Remus wouldn't be objecting to a few more children.

He stood slowly and made his way to the private shower. He was still amazed at this gift from Sirius and Severus. He knew Sirius cared about him as his godson, but to offer them a home with no questions asked or time limit was awe-inspiring for him. It took a great deal of pressure off his shoulders as well, since it solved the problem of housing for him and his son. At least until summer, when he was determined to go back and spend a few weeks with the pack. He had missed the People and Cadfael needed to know more about his heritage. He was a child of a very old 'pureblood' werewolf family, after all.

Once Harry was done with his shower and had dried his shoulder-length hair he poked his head inside Cadfael's room. He wasn't surprised in the least to find it empty. No doubt his pre-teen was downstairs entertaining Adhara and Aelius. He smiled softly at the thought, once again imagining Cadfael with his own younger half-siblings. If Harry hadn't spent so much time with the People he would be worried about how quickly his mind was turning to his possible future children. However, he knew it was one of the things about being a submissive; most of their lives were dedicated to the newest and youngest members of a pack.

For Harry it was a peaceful lifestyle after the War. After taking so many lives fighting Voldemort he was more than happy to take care of the new lives and bring a few into the world himself. Harry had a Healer's hands and had apprenticed to the were-healer of Cadeyrn's pack during his time with them. He was about halfway through his training and had done just about everything from healing wounds gained scouting to helping a midwife deliver a new child.

When he reached the bottom of the stairs he headed into the dining room, offering Remus a warm smile as he slid into a chair next to the other. Sirius had a knowing grin on his face and Severus simply rolled his eyes at his bonded's antics. Hermione was also smiling and Cadfael's blue-green eyes seemed pleased. Minerva had gone back to Hogwarts for Christmas Day as they had exchanged gifts last night. Harry was wearing one of his, a beautiful yet simple platinum and gold chain bracelet from Remus.

They had settled into chairs in the sitting room while the kids were on the floor playing with a new interactive puzzle Aelius had gotten from Remus when Winky popped into the room, looking quite upset.

"I apologise Masters, but they simply refused to leave! They said they knew Master Potter was here
and wanted to speak with him."

Harry looked up toward the entrance and froze in shock and anger. It was Molly, Ron and Ginny Weasley. He stared at them without expression, forcing himself not to react in disgust to the way Ginny was openly eyeing him.

He had never seen her as anything more than Ron's little sister, perhaps as a sister he never had, but not anymore. Her obsession with becoming the wife of the famous Harry Potter had driven him from her more thoroughly than anything could, along with the fact that he was gay, for Merlin's sake! He had told her this at the end of his 6th year but she refused to see it, claiming that he couldn't possibly be gay if he had dated Cho Chang. One date, he'd reminded her, and I thought her kiss was wet. That should have been an indicator right off the bat.

Cadfael had gotten up and moved in his direction. Harry wrapped an arm around his son's waist and smiled reassuringly at his son. There was no mistaking what he and his son were at the moment, Cadfael's expressive eyes swirled with gold and Harry's own eyes had darkened and changed with his agitation. He noted Ron's lip curling and resisted a smart remark. Instead he addressed Molly, voice cold enough to freeze a fire solid.

"Since you have so imperiously ignored the wishes of the Black-Snape family elf and intruded upon our Christmas Day why don't you go ahead and say why you're here?"

Sirius was sitting stiffly in Severus' embrace, held back from standing and giving the Weasleys a piece of his mind by the arm around his lower waist. Severus' eyes were expressionless as usual and the disdain was clear on his face.

"We had heard you were back in the magical world Harry," Molly fluttered. "We wanted to come and say hello. Everyone would love to see you come around the Burrow and Ginny was ever so pleased to hear you've returned."

"First of all," Harry said coolly, "I will not be coming around the Burrow. My family and friends are here at Grimmauld. Secondly, I don't recall letting you know I was here and I dislike the implication that I'm back in the wizarding world. Third, I don't know what ideas your daughter has filled your head with, but I never saw her in a romantic light. I most certainly would not want her around my son."

Molly looked wide-eyed at Cadfael and his son stared stubbornly back. The lift to his chin and expression in his eyes nearly made Harry laugh and he heard Remus cover a snort of laughter with a hasty cough. That was an expression his mother had been well-known for, and it meant trouble.

"Who is this little dear?" she said sweetly, smiling at Cadfael.

"My name is Cadfael and I'm 12 years old, Mrs. Weasley," Cadfael's voice had a bit of bite after being addressed like he was 4.

Molly blinked and Ginny said a bit savagely, "Who's his mother, Harry?"

Harry narrowed his eyes at her and decided to be quite blunt. "I am, Ginerva. I recall telling you in no uncertain terms that I wasn't interested in women all the way back in my 6th year."

Ginny gave a high and rather flat laugh. Cadfael's eyes had narrowed in dislike as he looked at her. "Funny Harry, but I know you just said that because Ron was jealous of all the attention you were getting that year."

"It's no joke," Harry bit out. "I'm gay Ginerva and Cadfael Sirius is my son. Unfortunately his father
died just before he was born, but I did love him."

"So you're not only a werewolf but a gay one at that?" Ron spoke up rudely, entering the conversation. "The Ministry would be interested to hear that, since I know you're not on the Registry."

"Wrong," Harry spat, staring at his old friend with rising anger. "I am on the Registry, just under the name I've been going by for the last 13 years. If you and your family have nothing left to say, I suggest you leave," he nearly growled the last, voice vibrating as the wolf attempted to surface.

Perhaps they had heard the danger in Harry's voice, or at least they had come to the conclusion it was time to leave. Either way the Weasley trio said a curt goodbye and swept out of the room, escorted out of Grimmauld by a now very huffy-tempered Winky.

Harry pulled Cadfael close to him and kissed his son's forehead, inhaling the scent of his son as he attempted to calm down. It was difficult, the wolf was extremely close to the surface after that aggravating conversation. Eventually his shoulders relaxed and he smiled at his son, shooing him back over to Adhara and Aelius, who were waiting for him to continue their puzzle.

Throughout the rest of the day he pushed the conversation to the back of his mind, debating darkly on what action the Weasleys would take now. Unfortunately their first step was obvious. They would expose both Harry and his son as werewolves. Cadfael didn't have to Register until 15, he had been hoping to give his son a life of some anonymity until then. He cursed the majority of the Weasleys quietly under his breath. He knew Bill, Fred and George would be on his side.

It looked like his life of peace as Alden Evans was over. Damn.
Harry stood on the platform, watching the scarlet steam engine. He hadn't thought he would be here again, not at least as himself. However the matriarch Weasley and her youngest two had been as good as their word. The very next morning after Christmas Day the Daily Prophet main headline had screamed, **Harry Potter- The Boy-Who-Lived a Werewolf!** It had been written by Miss Joy in Scandals Rita Skeeter herself. Harry had debated informing the Ministry that she was an unregistered Animagus, but the damage had already been done. Harry had lost the peace that he had been trying to keep for both him and his son.

Now he stood on the platform openly, ignoring the chattering and whispers as much as he could. Cadfael was faintly upset, but it was more on his Papa's behalf than his own. He smiled at his son, ruffling the soft dark red hair. His precious prince beamed up at him with his dead father's dark blue eyes and for once Harry didn't feel the bone-deep ache that usually came with a reminder of his dead mate. Daeyd's words had been true and he could feel that small tingle that he hoped was a true mate's bond between himself and the wolf that stood next to him, glaring obliquely at the bolder gossipers.

He reached out and lightly squeezed Remus' hand, giving the other a small quirk of the lips to show that he didn't mind the conversations around them. The train let out a blasting whistle and he winced, resisting the urge to cover his sensitive ears. Remus did the same from next to him and Cadfael grimaced. Hugging his son's shoulders Harry said, "That's the warning whistle, little prince. You'd better get on the train unless you want to be left at the platform."

Cadfael sighed and said, "Yes Papa. Will I see you at the school sometime this term?"

"Possibly," Harry murmured in reply.

Choosing to take the answer positively, Cadfael beamed. He kissed him on the cheek and darted off, looking for his friends and fellow Ravenclaws. The train departed slowly, pulling out of the station at quarter past eleven. Once their children were out of sight the various witches and wizards began making their departures with a series of rapid *popping* noises. Most of them were gone when Harry turned to Remus and kissed him gently on the mouth. Remus locked his arms around his waist, delaying Harry's departure.

Harry didn't notice the embrace until they broke from the kiss and he chuckled softly. "Hanging on any tighter isn't going to keep me from going, Remi. As much as I dislike it, I do need to make this trip to the Ministry."

Remus grumbled softly, warm breath huffing against his skin in the cool air. "Doesn't mean I have to like it, does it? I just can't believe that some of the Weasleys would do this to you. Haven't you given up enough for the wizarding world?" His arms tightened even further around Harry's waist.

"Apparently not," Harry dryly replied, full well knowing it had been a rhetorical question. He knew he ought to be spitting mad, but Remus' current sulky, possessive behaviour was making it difficult to not laugh.
Having a feeling Remus would be annoyed if he laughed at him, he dropped another quick kiss to his lips and teased, "Besides, it would be bad form if the students beat a professor back to the school, especially considering you can get there in a few minutes. And from what I saw back at Grimmauld, you still have a bit of packing to do."

Remus finally let him go and said, "See you soon, hopefully. Though they may be prejudiced idiots, do try and leave the Magical Creatures Department in one piece, all right?"

Harry swatted the alpha's shoulder playfully and said, "My temper isn't that bad, Remus John Lupin!"

"Somehow," Remus replied with wry humour, "I'm not convinced about that, Harry. You are Lily's child, after all."

Harry broke loose, laughing at Remus' scandalised expression. "The sooner I go to the Ministry the sooner I'll be back and tell you why I went there in the first place!"

He wriggled his fingers in a slight wave and disappeared. When he hit solid ground again he was just inside the Atrium of the Ministry of Magic. After the war with Voldemort had ended the Ministry had enabled Apparition to and fro, but it was restricted to a single area near the back of the long hallway. The distasteful 'Magic is Might' statue had been taken down, replaced with a large 'M' carved of granite. On each side of the letter were the names of those who had fallen in the war.

Harry dodged the other patrons, submitted his wand to the inspector and entered one of the golden-grilled elevators. He exited on level four, which the cool female voice announced as "Department of Regulation and Control for Magical Creatures."

Entering the small office, he wrote his name on the clipboard and leaned back against the wall, gazing at the others waiting there. Inhaling deeply he was able to identify several werewolves; the youngest of which he was sad to see was a five-year-old girl. She was sitting in a chair attempting to not rub her arm, upon which was branded an identification number for the Registry. Harry didn't need to look down to see that his was 08911370AE. He would remember that number, burned into his skin with a silver pen, for the rest of his life.

The little girl was taken away by her mother a few moments later. Harry hoped she would continue to be treated the same as always, but ultimately it depended on her parents and was out of his hands. He still bit his lip and watched her go for several long moments; he disliked the idea of any child being mistreated, especially after his own home-life.

That was one of the main pros for living with the feral packs. Youngsters never had to submit to a harsh society that treated them like little more than animals. He watched the receptionist from beneath lowered lids, gritting his teeth quietly against a growl at the way she treated several of the attendees. He could tell when she was speaking with the werewolves, not just by scent. She refused to touch their skin. His lip curled slightly, as if they would contaminate her just by the slightest contact.

Once she had finished with three others she looked down at the parchment in front of her and her eyes widened. It would be an imperceptible movement to any normal person, but none of the people in the room besides the witch was the wizarding equivalent of 'normal'.

"H-Harry Potter," she stuttered out.

He pushed himself away from the wall and strolled up to her. With a curt nod he said, "I need to change the name that is attached to my Registry number." He pulled up the left sleeve, exposing the silvery numerals on the inside of his arm.
She studied the numbers for a long moment and then turned to a file. "Werewolf, obviously?" she said in a condescending voice.

Harry gritted his teeth and replied in a cool voice that could have frozen the desert, "Obviously."

She pulled out the paper and stared at it for a moment before sniffing, "That number is registered to an 'Alden Evans' on our papers."

Resisting the urge to roll his eyes or ask if she was being deliberately obtuse he said slowly, "That's why I want to change the name it's registered to. I was going by an alias that I used during the war."

She had the nerve to pull on a latex glove before pulling his arm to her and studying the number closely. She murmured a few incantations as well, before narrowing her eyes. "Well, it certainly seems to be the genuine number. However, I cannot re-register a number in our files. You will have to register under your given name and we can change the letters to the appropriate ones."

He pulled his arm out of her grip, just brushing her fingers on the ungloved hand as he did so. She squeaked in fright and he snorted before saying icily, "Madam, I think you know full well it is the bite that creates a werewolf. As for re-registering, I will do so another day."

He spun neatly on his heel and walked out of the room, garnering a few stares from others in the room as he did so. Huffing under his breath he returned to the Atrium and headed for the Apparition point. What a waste of time and patience, he snorted. Patience enough to deal with the Ministry he would probably never develop.

A/N: If you can guess where his registration number comes from you get virtual cookies of your choice! Also, for an interesting tidbit, the name Fenrir is that of a wolf-monster who is the son of Loki, a god in Norse Mythology. He frees his father and helps bring about the apocalypse by swallowing the sun and moon.
1 Year Later: June 23rd

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter. Also, big time skip. 1 year plus 5 months.

Cadfael bolted through the empty class hallways, not bothering to slow down as he skidded around corners. It was the end of his second year, classes had finished the day before and his Papa had finally gotten word from Rhys' pack. Excitement had his eyes shimmering yet he slowed to a walk when he came to Remus' office. The older lycan had told him he could call him by name as long as they weren't in class. It had been funny doing so at first, but he was comfortable with it now, almost a year later.

He took a deep breath and attempted to appear as if he hadn't been running through the hallways, which technically was still forbidden as students had yet to depart. He rapped on the door and waited quietly, as patient as an almost 13-year-old could wait for a positive reply. Lucky for him Remus had heard the quiet knock and answered quickly.

He entered the room and took a moment as per usual to enjoy the gigantic window on the far wall. When he looked for Remus the older man was sitting at his desk, arms resting on a gigantic pile of papers, smiling at Cadfael's fascination with the view. Cadfael caught his gaze and smiled brilliantly. Not only was Remus his Head of House (not to mention his favourite teacher), he had also been seeing Cadfael's Papa for the past year. Cadfael hadn't seen his Papa as happy as he had been the last year in his lifetime.

Since his father had died just before he was born, Cadfael had no memories of him and as such there was no precious image to be threatened by Remus' position. Instead he happily studied his Papa and how he acted and cherished the presence of that form of father figure in his life. Remus didn't attempt to control him or limit his actions; more often than not he would quietly debate it with him and bring Cadfael around without resorting to orders.

Happily he said to Remus, "Papa got word back from Rhys and he says you're welcome to come with us!"

Remus studied Cadfael as the almost-teen was looking out the window, wondering what he was thinking. Cadfael proved to be introspective and clever, though he was prone to a stubbornness that could rival James and Sirius combined. He had been given a lot of time to study the young wolf over the past year, as Harry had taken over Defense when the previous teacher had suddenly chosen to retire in the middle of the year. Their meetings had been limited to school holidays and weekend mornings in one office or the other, but Remus had learned much about both Harry and Cadfael and their lifestyle.

When Cadfael finally imparted his news with a bright grin he couldn't control an inward shake of his head. The Ministry of Magic had seemingly gone insane over the past year. Remus no longer felt welcome or safe in the wizarding world during the summer, when he was outside of the school's protection.

Harry had gained a lot of enemies and scorn when he'd refused to re-Register, according to the Ministry that meant he was now a rogue. Registration was now mandatory for all wolves aged 5 and
above, Cadfael had been forced to Register over the winter holidays in order to stay enrolled in Hogwarts. Minerva had fought that fiercely but the Minister and the Wizengamot had overruled her and said that the Board of Education had the final say on who was allowed to attend Hogwarts. It was becoming more of a privilege to attend Hogwarts than a right like it used to be. Their fear of another Voldemort or someone worse than him was making them ostracise anything and anyone different.

When Harry had heard that the teachers of the school were no longer allowed to stay for the full summer as they had for the past however many hundred of years he’d become alarmed and contacted Rhys, asking if the alpha would mind Remus coming with them. Not only had he asked for permission for Rhys' own pack, but from Cadeyrn's own who were still in hiding after their alpha's death. The idea of meeting Harry's original pack where he was held so highly made Remus nervous, but he was glad at the same time.

True, it meant they would miss the first birthday of little Rigel Severus, Adhara's little brother, but Sirius had already laughed that off as he said, "He'll be one, he won't even remember it later on!"

Over the past year Remus had integrated so smoothly with Harry and his son that it startled him at times. He and Harry still had their arguments and every once in a while Cadfael would show the pre-teen temper that Harry was dreading but for the most part it was so flawless that he at times had to remind himself that they weren't already his family.

Smiling at Cadfael he said softly, "That's good to hear, Cadfael. When do you and your Papa plan on leaving?"

"Papa figures the end of the week will suit, that way he can finish packing his stuff and line out a basic outline of the classes he gave this past year for his replacement in case the Ministry won't let him come back. We'll go by Portkey, apparently Rhys gave him a special one that ends up in the middle of the territory rather than the outskirts like when we Apparated there during holidays."

"That will work," Remus agreed. "We're leaving after breakfast I assume?"

"Yes," Cadfael replied. A teasing light entered deep blue eyes and he said, "Speaking of food, its dinner time. According to Minerva a certain someone's favourite dessert should be showing up. Something with dark chocolate I think…"

Remus laughed and his eyes lit up. "I'm on my way, promise. Tell Minerva she won't have to worry about me working through dinner again. I only did that once!"

"Once…" Cadfael agreed as he left, "a week."

Remus' sputtering laugh followed him out the door and back into the hallway.
July 6th: Wales

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter.
ultum diligo unus: much loved one
redimio vestigium: binding mark
carus: beloved
curet: feral

I got the mythology of Rome from The Children's Book of Myths and Legends retold by Ronne Randall. It's the only copy I have even though I love mythology of all sorts (and most certainly don't qualify as a child any more).

Remus Lupin stood next to Harry, Cadfael on his other side. He breathed in slowly and out again in a nervous huff. They were just outside the borders of Rhys' pack, preparing to Apparate to the outskirts of Cadeyrn's pack. Harry smiled at him, really just a slight quirk of the lips but it made him feel a bit better. He entwined Harry's hand in his and relaxed. Apparently the largest pack of ferals had gone down to Italy, where many of their kind had come from. It would be a journey of two separate Apparitions; the first would take them to Southern France.

Harry knew exactly where they were going as did Daeyd. He looked momentarily over to the black-haired Beta, who was chatting with Cadfael, a warm smile on his lips and in his deep gold-tinted eyes. The ferals didn't trust easily and for Remus to gain their approval to visit meant a great deal, according to Daeyd. Apparently having both the Beta and their dead Alpha's mate vouch for him helped a tiny bit as well.

Harry simply closed his eyes and that was all the warning he offered before they were ripped away from Wales and dumped in France. He stared around the mountainside cliffs they'd appeared on the top of in awe. They were completely surrounded in trees and the endless green of grass and moss in every direction. Staring down from what felt like the roof of the world was a very humbling experience. He could see a tree not far from where they stood that was probably thicker around than a giant's torso.

After obviously waiting for Remus and Cadfael to catch their breath Daeyd walked over to Remus while Harry took his place next to his son and disappeared with a small 'pop'. At Remus' puzzled look he explained, "The pack will be much worried and anxious about seeing their dead Alpha's mate and son. It is best to hang back a little. You have already gained their permission to come and visit, you will gain their trust easily enough. It helps a great deal that you have stuck to the People's traditions with courting the ultum diligo unus of the Pack."

Remus flushed a little but was glad he'd stuck with the traditions as well. Not simply for the approval of the Packs either. Tradition meant a great deal to the People, it was what they felt made them more than simply animals. There were traditions and Rituals for every aspect of life. When he had initially tried to stay with the People he'd seen one of the Rituals. Without knowing the background and the why of it the whole thing had struck him as barbaric and he'd fled the Pack without staying to hear the explanation.

It was that sort of thing that had gotten him into trouble with his inner Guide. Harry knew each and
every one of the Rituals and traditions of the Packs and he'd gladly explained them to Remus over
the past year, answering his questions and soothing his initial reactions without taking offense.
Remus' lack of knowledge of the People had been one of the reasons why this journey hadn't been
taken earlier. Harry hadn't wanted Remus to get in trouble with one of the ferals simply because he
didn't know.

The 'courting' traditions of a possible mate included several things. Aside from holding hands or
offering a hug, the dominant couldn't initiate any form of contact; it had to be the submissive. Of
course, intimate relations were forbidden as well, it was a sign of love and commitment to be willing
to wait until the Bond had been completed. The only time the dominant could take action without
permission of the submissive was when both parties were willing to acknowledge the bond between
them. Even then it was a simple bite to the neck, just enough to break the skin and leave the scent
behind. This bond was called the *redimio vestigium*.

The official Bond was celebrated the next new moon after. Due to the wild magic used in the
Bonding Ritual it was limited to the People only. Even amongst the People it was limited to those of
the ages of 18 and older unless it was a child of one of the Bonded pair, like Cadfael. When Sirius
had heard that he'd sulked and commented, "You two had better hold another then if this goes that
far," which had made both Remus and Harry blush furiously.

Daeyd raised an eyebrow at him and said, "Ready?"

"As I'll ever be," Remus replied, swallowing nervously.

Daeyd snagged his hand and a mere second later Remus' breath was blown completely away as they
appeared in a forest with a loud *crack*.

Not too far from him stood Harry and Cadfael, conversing in low tones with a trembling, faintly
crying female. There was a huge ear-to-ear smile on her face however, showing that the tears were
not of sadness but joy. She had streaks of white through her tawny-brown hair, which was pulled
back to her nape, but she was still a very pretty woman in her own way. She embraced Cadfael,
whispering into his ear and making him smile brightly.

Daeyd caught Remus' eye and said, "Her name is Gwen. She is one of the were-Healers. Before
Cadeyrn died she wasn't formally allied with any group but since then she's come into a permanent
place with the feral pack. She delivered Cadfael, who was almost two months premature. If not for
the fact that Harry fed him almost all his own reserves of wild magic he probably wouldn't have
survived."

Remus looked at her in surprise, taking in the creases of grief around her eyes and the weathered
hands with the long, sensitive fingers of a dedicated Healer. Were-healers were rare and precious to
the People; to have one permanently allied to a single pack was a prestigious mark upon that pack.
The news that she had been neutral until Cadeyrn's death was a surprise as well, but he had a feeling
that had caused many previously undecided lycans to join one or the other.

Gwen looked at him cautiously and he realised with surprise that he had seen those leafy-green eyes
before. After a moment her eyes widened in recognition as well and she said, "Remus Lupin?"

He grinned and replied, "Yeah, it's me. I didn't recognise you until I saw your eyes, however. How
have you been?"

She smiled a little and replied, "Better now than a few years ago, I assure you. So you're the one
Daeyd and our *carus* Harry were vouching for?"
"That's me," he affirmed with a small smile. "Small world, hmm?"

"Indeed. Why don't you walk with me and we'll let Harry, Cadfael and Daeyd see the others?"

He shrugged and agreed. They were walking for a while when he realised they were splitting away from the others. Looking at Gwen he said warily, "Any reason why we're splitting off alone, Gwen?"

"Nothing in particular, no. I was just wanting to speak with you. It seems, if my memory holds, that you were not so in tune with yourself the last time I saw you. The difference is easy to spot if you know what you are looking for."

"Your memory indeed holds," Remus agreed. "The last time I saw you all I did was fight with my Guide. Due to the stubbornness of Harry and a desire to know more I spent a few months with Daeyd and Rhys of the pack in Wales. I am much more in harmony with myself now."

"I am glad to hear that, Remus. I did not like to see you suffer but you refused to listen to my words or those of the packs either, for that matter."

He flushed slightly and ducked his head, rubbing the back of his neck. "I didn't know anything of the People's traditions or rituals, Gwen," he admitted. "I tried to stay with a pack for a while and I saw an Initiation of a teen into the adult pack. Without knowing what it was I saw, it struck me as very brutal and barbaric. I fled without listening to an explanation, determined to ignore my Guide if that was what it wanted."

She sighed and said, "No wonder you were in such shape, Remus. You are lucky Harry convinced you to meet Rhys and Daeyd. I am glad you were at least able to correct the mistake before it cost you your life."

"Gwen," Remus said slowly, "where are we exactly?"

She smiled. "This is the hidden city, called Sanctuary. It's founder lies just there," she waved her hand to a large elegantly carved marble block. The carvings were too intricate to be carved by anything but magic and showed a series of images that blocked out a vaguely familiar story. After a moment he snorted in laughter. It very well should be familiar to him!

"That's the story of the founders of Rome, correct?"

She nodded, smiling back at him. "Romulus and Remus." She led him up the marble block and he gaped. Instead of a marble top it was glass, clearly showing the occupant inside, who appeared to have not decomposed in the slightest. The male inside was olive-skinned with short, dark brown hair and ironically, what was now called a 'roman nose'. His mouth was thin but the creases at the corner showed a mobility that suggested more smiles than frowns. He was tall, if he had been standing in front of Remus he probably would have been about 6' 6" and was broad shouldered as well.

"Who is he?" Remus asked Gwen, immensely curious.

"Sit and I will tell you the true story of the founders of Rome, not the oft repeated Muggle version."

He turned to the broad, low stone benches not far from the marble tomb and sat down, Gwen sitting next to him.

"The Muggles have what they call mythology; stories which help them explain that which they couldn't explain otherwise in ancient times. The story of the founding of Rome has the children of Rhea Silvia and Mars, the god of war being raised by wolves after washing ashore on the river Tiber."
According to Muggles the brothers argued over who should rule the city and Romulus killed his brother in his anger."

"The true story is much more complicated. The beginning is still the same, though the bit about the god of war is false. It is unknown even now, but the common thought is that the boys' father was one of Amulius' favoured generals. Amulius being the brother of the boys' grandfather Numitor, whom he killed in order to rule the ancient city of Alba Longa. They were tossed into the river not out of fear on Amulius' part, but in vengeance and anger."

"The part about the she-wolf is true as well, but she was more than simply a wolf. She was a lycan, a female we all remember only as Arista, a star in the constellation of Virgo also known as Spica."

At that comment Remus jerked a little in surprise and snickered to himself. *Seems you gave your house-elf a royal name, Remus.*

"With the boys was a scroll. It declared them to be Romulus and Remus, the sons of the 'disgraced' Rhea Silvia of Alba Longa. When Arista found them they were close to death after floating in the cold waters of the Tiber. She made the decision to deliberately infect the two boys, making them lycans as well. She brought them back to her home and though her mate initially disapproved, he allowed them to stay. According to the documentation the twins left behind, Arista had just recently lost a child of her own and her mate hoped it would help to heal the void left behind."

"The boys grew up strong, powerful in wild magic and closer than ever seen before, even in twins. When they turned twenty Arista grew ill, her mate had passed a few months before. Knowing she was dying she gave them the scroll and told them what she knew of their past and what she had done when she found them. After she died they journeyed to Alba Longa and Amulius was caught total off-guard and unprepared to deal with their strength. Romulus had begun to show a more ruthless side however and along with Amulius he killed all of his generals, their likely father included."

"Remus had begun to grow more wary of his brother's bloodlust but remained quiet. Their way back was slower and along the way they both found their mates. When they arrived home they began to construct a city on the side of the river. The original clash was over the name, Remus wished to call it Virgo as a form of honour to the woman who had raised them both. Romulus, however, had begun to resent the lives they had led as a whole and disagreed."

"The fatal conflict, on the other hand, came from a different argument all together. Remus wished to open the city to the People as well as normal Muggles and ancient wizards. Romulus, however, wished to restrict the People to one area of the city if they were allowed at all. Tired of his brother's actions Remus called him on his mindless behaviour and called him *curet.* Romulus threw a silver dagger through his brother's heart, killing him instantly. Though at the time, the People weren't yet fatally allergic to silver."

"Remus' oldest son was stricken with grief and anger at his uncle when he heard what had happened. While his mother, sister and younger brother were taking care of arrangements to lay their father to rest he went into the nearby forest and knelt at the base of the oldest tree in the area. He prayed to the Mother, to *Luna,* asking her to help him properly punish Romulus for his father's death. When he came to from his meditation and prayers it was two days later. He made his way to Romulus and confronted his uncle. Romulus killed his own nephew as well."

"Then She appeared. The Mother took physical form in front of Romulus and Remus' grieving family. She struck Romulus to his knees and told him she was disappointed in his actions. He had abandoned the People and killed his own brother and nephew in the process. She said the city he had felt worth more than his brother's life would be called Rome, as a reminder of his own greed."
"It would be ruled by his younger nephew and would be open to wizards and Muggles alike. However, eventually even Rome suffered from his actions and the wizards and lycans were prosecuted and driven from the city by the Muggles. Then she forced him to see his brother's death at his hands. She told him that the People would be punished as a whole for his greed and animalistic actions. They would forever be sensitive to silver and twin births would be rare to almost non-existent."

"Grief-stricken, Romulus collected his brother's body and left the city, heading out into the forest. He reached a clearing some 25 miles North and laid his brother to rest in a glass-topped marble tomb which he carved the tale of the founding of Rome and the consequences of his actions upon. Then he proceeded to found the city that his brother had wished Rome to be around Remus' resting place, calling it Sanctuary. It is said in death he was forgiven by the Mother and laid to rest somewhere in the depths of Rome, which became known as the Eternal City."

Remus stared at the tomb in stunned shock. "You mean to tell me, the man buried in front of us is my namesake, Remus of the twins Romulus and Remus?"

Gwen smiled. "Indeed. As a blessing from the Mother he has been held in stasis in the city he envisioned so long ago, a city of peace and hope for the People."

Unable to speak another word, Remus remained where he was, staring at the marble tomb bathed in sunlight.

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A/N: 2700 words, it's gigantic! Hopefully you weren't bored to death by the wizarding version of the founding of Rome. What do you think of it and the small bit of background on the traditions and rituals? BTW, my two favorite OCs in here are Daeyd and Cadfael, though sometimes I find it hard to write Daeyd's speech patterns.
July 20th: Sanctuary

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter.

To Remus' later everlasting relief and amazement, the People who made Sanctuary their home accepted him mostly without fuss. He had thought the People would be agitated having a male Dominate sired by the curet leader in their pack, but then he realised that amongst the bitten of Sanctuary, Fenrir could be attributed to more than half. Remus was one of his youngest victims however. Most had been in their late teens or early twenties.

Sanctuary was, to put it simply, bliss. The simple, ritual-driven lifestyle of the People held an appeal to Remus that couldn't really be explained. He was surprised to watch how well Harry blended with the People, not to mention exactly how relaxed he was here amongst others. He was one of the most loved and important member to their pack yet he treated every single person exactly the same and possessed a seemingly unlimited patience. Of course, Cadfael still knew how to press his papa's buttons easily enough.

Everywhere the young almost-teen went people watched him with wistful, reminiscing smiles. Though youngsters weren't known as dominant or submissive until their mid-teens, the fact that Cadfael looked and acted almost exactly like his late father Cadeyrn showed the promise of a young, powerful Alpha dominant.

Remus found himself wandering through the large 'city', exploring new portions of it each day, sometimes alone, sometimes with Harry, Cadfael or even Daeyd in tow. The handsome, quick-witted Beta was becoming a true friend and ally, someone he could rely on. Today was no different, though it was alone and with more of a slow, rambling pace than usual. He was debating several different things in his mind; all of them depended on tonight. It was the day of the full moon, thus his senses were far more alert than usual and his eyes swirled a mixture of gold and topaz. His wolf was full of restless anticipation, Moony urging him to do what he was thinking of.

While struggling to keep some sort of control initially, Remus was now so attuned to Moony there was hardly a struggle or a conscious realisation that the thoughts running through his mind weren't quite his own. Remus knew if he looked in a mirror or the clear lake near the middle of Sanctuary he would see the same image as that of 'Moony' in his mindscape. He had hardly aged at all, if anything he'd de-aged about ten years. Strength and energy wise as well as appearance.

It was almost dusk and he turned around, headed for the center of Sanctuary. This place wasn't really a city at all, but it was a beautiful, well-warded safe place for the feral packs. No feral Alpha would give one of the curet or a Ministry-loving werewolf the directions to Sanctuary. Even if they did give it to a wizard, the magic of Sanctuary was not the same as that of the outside world and tended to wreak havoc on normal magic.

Like Rhys' home territory in England, the homes of the People were in huge, hollowed out caves in rock faces just south of where Remus stood. The largest of these caves belonged to Harry and Cadfael, as befitted an Alpha's submissive and son. It was actually a series of caves with large, thick fur curtains. The curtains in both the entryway and the different 'rooms' of all the People were spell-shielded to be impenetrable to sound if fully shut, thus helping the People and their ultra-sensitive
There was one large open cavern near the main open meadow that Remus was walking towards now. According to Daeyd it was for changes in the winter months. Sanctuary occasionally had snowfall and even when there wasn't snow it was fairly chilly in the dark of night. It also functioned as a large meeting or gathering chamber for celebrations and ceremonies. Harry and Cadfael's home was actually just down a medium-sized hallway off the main cavern. Next to it the largest of the structures was the kitchens and dining area where the People ate and socialised at one of the many small wood tables or the few large stone ones.

Just like the regular wild wolves, the People were very socially-based. Pack was family and children were raised and educated by all, even if they each had their own parents. The People left discipline of a young pup to their parent, though they were ready enough with advice and suggestions when asked. Children were precious and the birth of a new pack member was cause for celebration. The entire pack would know the child by scent and sight in their first two months of life.

After a new child was born, the Alpha's submissive would be present for the Naming. The new family was then left alone for the first month and full moon. On the second full moon and the second change of the new pup they would be brought out and introduced, first to the Alpha and his submissive, then to the rest of the pack. In the case of the Alpha's submissive being the parent of the new child, the Beta's submissive or Pack healer would substitute on both occasions. At eighteen months the new pup would join the Youth pack, which ranged in age all the way up to 16.

At 16 the youth could petition to join the Adult pack. In order to do so however, they had to take part in a hunt with a few adults and win a one-on-one battle with the youngest member of the Adult pack. This was the ceremony Remus had seen when he was younger; it had seemed extremely barbaric to watch this teen fighting a wolf in their mid-twenties. The older fighter took no mercy on the younger and blood had flowed freely though only from shallow cuts. What he hadn't known was that the pack healer would fix up both quickly after either win or loss and it was a matter of pride for the young pack member to hold their own and no longer be considered a child.

After they joined the Adult pack there was nothing stopping them from choosing or accepting a mate, though they were usually encouraged to wait until their early twenties for such an important decision. Of course, this was also the age where they could give and accept Challenges, but this was closely monitored. Challenges were battles that could be up to and including to the death of one participant, though the most extreme were saved for unforgivable insults, actions or crimes against another of the People.

Pack Law was a bit rough, but it regulated and controlled the People's lifestyle so easily that most didn't think twice about it. *If only guidelines for the wizarding world were as simple,* Remus mused ruefully.

"Ahh, Remus. Ready for the change, my good friend?" Daeyd suddenly spoke up to his left, startling Remus momentarily. No matter how sensitive his hearing got, the Beta moved to such a degree you just couldn't hear him unless he wanted you to.

"More than ready, Daeyd. The whole pack seems excited for some reason. Care to clue me in?"

"Ah, yes, you wouldn't know. One of our pack members had a daughter two moons ago, the child's second change and introduction is tonight. All are excited because the Alpha's submissive is amongst us for it, which to the pack means routine is establishing itself again. Routine is important in pack life, it became especially so after we lost Cadeyrn."

Slowly the entirety of the pack began to congregate. The low hum of many conversations was a
pleasant background noise. From where Remus was standing he could just see Cadfael's dark red hair amongst his friends in the Youth pack, seemingly oblivious to the gazes of a few young females in the pack. He shook his head, wishing Cadfael luck (and Harry & himself patience) in dealing with a teenager and their problems.

The only ones missing were the parents and their new daughter. They would make their way out into the moonlight after the change. Most of the Youth pack decided to spare themselves the forced Change and were shifting into wolf form, playfully growling and barking at each other or sniffing out a tantalizing scent. The older members of the Youth pack were heading out to hunt, taking the junior members closest in age with them. None of the adults said anything to them, the night was young and they had plenty of time to meet the newest pup.

The full moon rose slow and bright, glowing upon the field through a clear sky. The wracking pain from even a year ago had faded to a slow burn and Remus shivered a little, the sudden heat inside making the air cool against his skin. When the fever reached its highest pitch he closed his eyes and concentrated. He knew Moony inside and out, now it was time to let the wolf the colour of pure, perfect steel loose. It was surprisingly quick, his skin itched as fur grew and tension grew close to unbearable as bones, muscle and sinew shifted. Without the Wild Magic werewolves simply couldn't exist, a human's body couldn't take the constant breaking and shifting of bone and muscle without some form of aid.

Once it was over Remus rose on four massive paws and looked around. The voices hadn't stopped with the change; werewolves possessed something of a collective mind and could communicate with a form of Telepathy. At the moment he was reining in his senses, channeling and controlling the pure instinct that Moony sent through him, a racing awareness along every nerve that made his fur bristle just slightly.

Standing on all fours Moony was extremely tall, reaching about five feet at his powerful shoulders. Next to him the massive black-furred, golden eyed form of Daeyd was looking around, triangular ears swiveling almost constantly as he scanned their surroundings. Moony was a bit taller than Daeyd, the Beta stood about four feet, still a respectable eight feet in height standing on the back paws only.

Werewolves looked much like normal wolves, the canines were longer as well as the claws, the snout was sharper and more slender. Their tails were sleek with a slight bushiness at the tip. The main difference was in the length of their paws. A normal wolf's paws were almost round, about 5 inches average. Werewolves paws were thinner and about 8-10 inches long on the back paws, made to support the upper body if they rose onto their back legs. Even if they did so, one front paw wouldn't entirely leave the ground, the Muggle image of hairy men with wolf-like faces was entirely fable.

After he'd gained control of his inner wolf Remus strolled forward at a relaxed pace, ears pricked upright and swiveling constantly as he stayed aware of his surroundings. Not too far from where he'd been standing was Harry, who nearly glowed under the summer moon. Fur a soft gray with black layered over the top and running down his spine from the tip of a sharp black nose to his long tail, saturating the fur beneath it in random layers; eyes of a glowing golden tone watched his approach. Compared to Moony he was short, standing a little less than Daeyd's four feet. He was slender as well, but Remus knew the slender body covered with soft, glossy fur concealed wiry muscle. (For an image of what Harry looks like, look at my avatar)

A commotion from the edge of the pack caught his attention and Remus turned his head. A tall tan wolf was coming to a halt near the caverns, a smaller brown female stopping next to him. Harry had noticed them as well and was moving in their direction, offering small growls and soft yips in
greeting to those he passed. Remus and Daeyd followed, mostly out of curiosity. Remus had never seen a pack Introduction before and Daeyd was curious about the newest member of the pack.

Remus stopped when he reached the edge of the pack, watching Harry cautiously pause and incline his slender head down and to the left, exposing the neck to the new father. Any other submissive would have dropped to all fours before bending their head, but as an Alpha submissive Harry ranked higher than the others of the pack. The tall tan wolf gave a soft growl and Harry padded forward cautiously, keeping an eye on the new mother.

The sight of the tiny pup cradled against her mother's side would have made Remus smile in human form. She was tiny, a soft tan like her father with streaks of her mother's dark brown. Her fur was very soft and the ears seemed large on her miniscule body. Big golden-brown eyes looked at Harry curiously and her tiny tail thumped softly against the grass.

:What is her name?: Harry's musical high tenor penetrated the Telepathic link after a moment.

:She is called Clara, Alpha submissive,: the mother replied softly.

Harry licked the top of the pup's small head, earning a happy yip from Clara, who in turn licked the bottom of his snout. Harry let go of a small huff in slight surprise and his voice warmly replied, :Welcome Clara of the ferals. May the Goddess be gentle and your life full of joy.: With that, the Introduction was over. Daeyd was the next highest rank and padded over, repeating Harry's last move. Both Daeyd and Remus, who followed, had to exercise a bit more caution around the new father. As fellow dominants they were seen instinctively as a threat to the other male.

The night wandered on, full of the usual conversations, play and hunting of a healthy pack on the full moon. Tonight they were the Goddess' children and they celebrated it, feeling warm and loved under her light. About two hours from moonset and the change back Remus went looking for Harry and found him alone, drinking from a small pool. He moved towards him, pace slowing as he made up his mind.

Harry's head snapped up and stared at him. Something about his intentions must have been clear in his actions as he snarled softly, pulling back the upper lip slightly to expose long, sharp canines. The fur along his neck and back bristled slightly as well and he backed up a few paces, getting away from the water.

Remus gave himself fully over to Moony, knowing the other half of his mind would know how to deal with this better. So in return to the Submissive's defiance he growled, low and full, deep in his throat. It was a rumbling sound, powerful and clearly that of an Alpha dominant. He advanced forward and Harry backed up another step, snarling a warning.

This continued for a few moments until Moony was finally less than two feet from Harry. In response Harry's snarl changed in an instant to a furious growl and he lashed out with one paw. Moony ducked his head, avoiding razor-sharp claws and gave a deep bark, connecting a similar blow of his own and toppling the submissive. Harry didn't stay down, rolling back onto his feet and snarling furiously.

It went for a long time, this slow dance of advance and retreat, blows and parries. Neither were seeking to harm the opposition, merely testing them. Finally Harry struck a blindingly fast blow and knocked the Alpha to his back. Moony remained still, letting him approach. The submissive, proud and assured of his win, moved just a little bit too close. The Alpha dominant struck, knocking Harry onto his back and pinned beneath his own far heavier form. The slighter wolf struggled for a moment, seeking to throw him off before conceding with a soft whine, entire body softening and
tilting his head, exposing the neck.

Triumphanty Moony bowed his long head and bit into the fur and through the skin beneath just where the jaw joined the neck. It bled very little but left a permanent mark. It was a small thing, yet it indicated something much larger. Moony licked the mark and relaxed, letting Remus take over again. Remus would have smiled at the mark in pure joy if possible. The redimio vestigium, the binding mark.

The mark of a mate, his mate. There really was only one way to put his current emotions. Tilting his head back he let go with a single long, loud joyous howl.
Harry stared around the cavernous chamber with a small smile. The high walls conveyed the soft murmurs of conversation extremely well, the cacophony of voices sounding like a low waterfall of background noise. Cadfael sat in front of him on the floor, long legs stretched out comfortably. To his right sat Daeyd, grinning broadly and speaking to Gwen in a low voice.

Harry himself sat on a low stone chair against the back wall. The stone was etched with symbols that dug just slightly into his lower back, reminding him to sit straight on a luckily cushioned seat. He rested his hands casually on the arms and crossed his right leg over his left, calmly watching as the residents of Sanctuary gathered.

Towards the back sat Arden and Gina with their tiny daughter Clara. He smiled, remembering her Introduction just five days previous. Though it had only been five days, much had changed. He raised a hand to touch the *redimio vestigium* that adorned his neck. The mark had turned subtly bronze in colour; it would end up silver after the completion of the Ritual. He smiled softly at the pure happiness that welled up at the thought of the Ritual, tilting his head just a little to his left.

Remus sat next to him, wearing a silk shirt in bronze and a pair of black slacks. He looked incredible to Harry, not to mention nervous as he was worrying at his lower lip. The chair he was sitting in was identical to Harry's in shape, but much more ornately carved. Harry had sat in his chair just once before, the one and only time Cadeyrn had called a Meeting while they were in Sanctuary. He had been nervous as well, back then. Very new to his position of importance, he wanted to make a positive impression on the Pack.

Now Remus was the one nervously hoping for the best. Harry's lip twitched and he restrained a chuckle, wondering how in the name of Merlin Remus could have forgotten that he would be the new Alpha of their pack, not to mention Alpha of the *entire* feral population once they convened *concilium* and he was approved by the other Alphas. There were five total, the High Alpha and his four *tutela*, or guardians. One for each cardinal direction, with the Alpha in the center. Not necessarily so on a map, the main home of the High Alpha's pack was Wales. The Northern Guardian's pack was in Russia at the moment.

Tonight was a meeting, a chance for the people of their pack to learn what Remus was going to become for them. Hopefully it would be a peaceful debate, allowing the pack to clear the air and soothe any concerns or ruffled feathers before Remus ended up slighting a member of the pack somehow. Harry was happy for the chance and knew Remus would be fine, once he calmed down, that is.

He smiled softly at his beloved and said, "Relax, Remi. You will be fine. The pack may be wolves,
but we *are* civilised. If anything you may get into a debate or two," the last was said teasingly, as debates were something Remus was good at.

Remus shot him a slight glare with his golden-amber eyes but they softened after a moment and he murmured, "Damn you and those beautiful eyes. I never have been able to resist them."

"Then you had better hope none of our children have my eyes," Harry replied in like tone, inwardly beaming with joy at the words he uttered.

Remus looked momentarily startled before his words registered, then he smiled just as widely as Harry wanted to. "That is one thing I will never hope for, *meus carus.*"

Their conversation was cut off when Daeyd nodded discreetly at Harry, indicating the last of the stragglers had arrived. Harry stood and swallowed softly, gathering his nerves. He hated speeches to large groups like this, but as he looked he found familiar faces and it helped. Smiling he lifted both hands, palms forward, asking for silence. The pack honoured his request quickly, showing their respect in one of the most basic of ways.

"Welcome, my friends. I cannot put into words how much it means to me, to see all of you here. It has been a very long time, but the Mother has brought us back together, as She always will." Here member of the pack smiled, a few murmurs of assent rippling through the crowd. "Almost thirteen years ago we were split apart due to a tragedy we couldn't have possibly comprehended. We lost Cadeyrn, our beloved anchor, along with so many others. In the ensuing chaos we lost each other, made our separate ways to safety. We were not able to give Cadeyrn the Rites he loved and lived by, but I have a feeling he is safe with the others in any case."

A few heads bowed at this, as several members of the pack remembered Cadeyrn. There were a few in the crowd that had known him his entire life. Harry paused before speaking again, looking to Remus who stood and moved forward, entwining a hand in his. "The path of the Mother is long, but she loves us none the less. I will always remember Cadeyrn; I loved him as much as I thought I could love anyone at the time. I think most of you would agree that he will always live on in our memories and the bright if mischievous presence of our son, Cadfael."

A few chuckled. "I asked for this Meeting tonight, my beloved friends and family. For the past twelve years I have lived alone, but love has seen fit to bless my life again. This past moon, Remus and I completed the *redimio vestigium.* Remus is an honourable soul and he asked me to organise this Meeting as soon as possible. He does not want anything negative to mar what promises to be a much brighter future."

Remus took over here, his voice steady and clear, audible even in the back though he didn't raise his voice above normal speaking level. "I do not seek to replace Cadeyrn. I know what place he holds even still in the hearts of the ferals. I myself only met him once and I agree he was a remarkable person, both as Alpha and a man. What I wish is this; for the People to accept me on my own merits, for your help which I will inevitably require and for your patience, trust and eventual confidence that I only wish what is best for this Pack and the ferals as a whole."

A few ripples had spread during the conversation and finally one of the Pack towards the back lifted his head and looked directly at Remus. He stood and spoke in a cool, reserved voice, "I have heard of you in my travels amongst wizards, Remus Lupin. They say you are conflicted, that you regard your lycanthropy as a curse. I think about this and I find I must ask, what in that personality makes you qualified, in any way, to lead our Pack, let alone all of the ferals?"

Remus didn't appear ruffled as he asked, "May I inquire as to your name, for future reference?"
"I am called Conrad," he replied in the same cool, reserved distrustful tone.

"Then, Conrad, I will thank you for bringing up that question in particular, as it was one I wished to address."

Remus looked at the Pack in general and addressed them in a firm, steady voice. "I was five years old when I was bitten by Fenrir Greyback. A mere child, the son of John and Cassandra Lupin. My father had offended Fenrir and the *curet* leader took it out on me, knowing it would be the most damaging thing he could do. I suppose those of you who were bitten can partially understand how lost, miserable and unclean I felt when I woke and was told of my *disease* by a Healer who refused to even touch me."

"I spent my entire school life hiding what I was, avoiding persecution and prejudice because of what I'd become. I was prepared to live my life alone, never risking love or a family no matter how hard my friends pushed me towards relationships, ill-matched though they might be. As a teen, I spent some time amongst a few Packs, but there was no Gwen or Daeyd amongst them, no *magister* to explain what I saw." Remus smiled at the mentioned pair and continued.

"Without my Guide, without prior understanding, what I saw struck me as brutal and animalistic. Those thoughts shaped my life and after graduation I spent time only with packs that were *curet* or very near. These encounters only served to reinforce what I thought I knew about the People."

His face softened into something quiet and reflective, a tone of remembered awe creeping into his voice. "I could not have been more wrong if I tried. When Harry appeared again in the wizarding world, I was shocked. When he confronted me about the Wolfsbane potion and my weakness, I was offended." He grimaced in remembrance. "This was followed almost immediately by a rattled disgust with myself when he knocked me to the floor in a single move."

Some laughter at the image, which was quite amusing to the People. "With the more I learned about the People, the more I have come to love this place, this *life*. I have felt freer here than I ever have in the wizarding world. I regard my lycanthropy as a release, a well-disguised blessing now. I will hold onto this life, onto the love I have found, with every fibre of my being. I may not have had practice leading a pack, Conrad, but I will do my damndest to make sure that I keep you, Harry and this new life as safe as possible."

Conrad looked at him for a long moment. He nodded sharply, once and sat down. Harry knew that the concerns of the pack wouldn't go away all at once, not by a long shot. But this long, impassioned speech on Remus' part had gone a long way to soothe both ruffled and anxious nerves.

Smiling softly at his mate he mouthed, *well done*
August 10th: Sanctuary

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter. If I get bold I may add a different scene to the end, but I would have to up the rating and I like people being able to read my works without fear of overly-graphic scenes. We'll see.

It was almost twilight on the night of a new moon. This would normally not mean anything special to Harry, but tonight it was more than special for him. Tonight he would bond with Remus under the Rituals of the People; tonight they would enter a life-long, unbreakable partnership. After tonight, Cadfael would be Remus' stepson and any of Harry's future children would be Remus' as well. Tonight the ferals of Sanctuary would once again have an Alpha and after concilium, the ferals all over the world would have a leader.

Such a bond as the one they would enter tonight was unbreakable by any means but death, as Harry well knew. He cleared his thoughts as soon as he realised where his musings were going. Tonight was about Remus and his new bond, Cadeyrn was his past and though they had loved, Daeyd was right when he said it was not a soul-love. But this, what he felt with Remus, the way his skin tingled and his whole body seemed to come alive, this was a soul-love. He just knew it.

He stood up, knowing even before Gwen entered that it was time for the ritual bath. With Gwen on his left he walked quietly down through the caverns, bare feet following a familiar path. Most of the pack was outside preparing for the ritual, but those few he passed either nodded and smiled or bowed their head in respect as he passed. Of course, the only ones that crossed his path tonight were Submissives; Harry was forbidden contact of any sort with a dominant until the ritual itself.

He wore a simple robe of soft white that pooled around his feet and covered every inch of skin aside from his head, from neck to wrists to ankles. The simple modesty of the garment underlined the importance of the following tradition. He took a left just past the basic kitchen and descended the stairs one foot at a time, clearing his thoughts. It was important that he focus only on what was coming up now.

As they descended the stairs in the growing darkness Gwen was lighting the sconces on her left, illuminating their path forward and back. As they left she would take a single crystal cup-shaped object from the room below and snuff each light. The area they were entering was used only for two rituals. It was seen twice by a submissive, only once by a dominant.

As they reached the bottom of the stairs and Gwen carefully lit the torches on the wall Harry's breath caught. It didn't matter that he had seen this room twice already; it was as beautiful and simple now as it had been the first time.

He was standing in the entrance of a roughly circular cavern that could hold perhaps 20 people. Directly to his left was a stone table with a pure white silk runner on it and two delicately carved wooden candleholders. In between them were a stack of fluffy white towels and a few sachets of herbs. In front of him however were the centerpieces of the room, two large, carefully carved pools. The first was full of piping hot water from a natural hot spring nearby; it foamed and frothed a little, turning the water a milky white colour. The other was calm, still pool full of the clearest blue water Harry had ever seen in his life, fed from the underground springs that provided water to the more
public bathing pools.

Gwen had stepped over to the table and retrieved one of the sachets and a small container of liquid. Now she moved to stand on his right and spoke in a very soft, calm voice. "You need to keep your mind clear of all distractions, Harry. Most of our Submissives will only see this room twice in their lifetimes, you have now seen it thrice and will do so once more. These springs are some of the oldest in our area. For over 200 years we of the feral pack have used this cavern for our rituals, witnessed only by the Mother herself."

"Into this first pool I now place our harvested herbs of ivy leaves for fidelity, rose petals for love and lily of the valley for persistence," as she named the herbs she tossed them into the water. Then she moved to the other pool and said, "Into this pool I pour the essence of a coral rose for passion, a white lily for purity and baby's breath as a blessing toward family."

Turning to Harry she said with a soft smile, "You will come into this cavern once more, Harry. Then it will be with your mate, when you are 6 months with your first child. Your dominant will only see this room once with the blessing of the Mother; otherwise their very masculinity forbids their presence in such a sacred place. Now you need to listen closely."

"I am listening, Eldest," Harry replied softly, following the ritual. As Gwen was the oldest female of the pack, safekeeping over this ritual was her right and responsibility.

"You will enter the warm pool first. Though it is very hot, you must remain in the water until I tell you to exit. You must dry your body completely before entering the second pool. Your hair must remain dry until you enter the second pool, is that clear? The heat of the first pool will cleanse your body and mind of all impurities and those things that would undermine your new bond such as jealousy, thoughts of infidelity as well as physical cleansing of your body. The second pool is cooler and bestows upon you the future the Mother will see fit to bless you with. Keep your mind clear and only on the present, this is very important."

Harry took the band she offered and tied back his hair. It just brushed his shoulders but he put it into a short ponytail anyway. "I understand Eldest," he answered, clearing his thoughts.

He removed his white robe, shivering a little as the cool air in the cavern touched his bare skin before placing one foot in the water and slipping in. He had forgotten precisely how hot this water was on his sensitive skin but he stayed put, rubbing his skin with his bare palms and a small amount of the sand from the stairs carved into the sides. It was quite warm suddenly and he resisted the urge to get out, clearing his mind and instead focusing on the heat of the water to keep his mind in the present.

When Gwen gave the word he gladly walked up the stairs on the opposite side of the pool, stopping on the small mat in between the two pools. He took one of the soft towels and began to thoroughly dry his skin, encouraged by the sharp chill the cool autumn air caused against his hot skin. He had thoroughly dried his skin he gained a single nod from Gwen and undid the band from his hair, setting both towel and band in a woven basket to his right and descending into the clearer pool. He shivered at the coolness of the water; it was quite a shock to his superheated skin.

He carefully walked to the center and deepest part of the pool, tilting his head back until the water rushed over his closed eyes before moving upright again. He kept his eye closed as he straightened, offering a silent prayer to the Goddess in thanks for the life she had given him thus far. When he opened his eyes again Gwen was smiling and waiting for him with a soft, pale golden robe that fastened in front and was the same type as the white robe, only with draping, teardrop-shaped sleeves that would fall to his knees when his hands were at his sides.

Harry exited the pool and dried himself off, staying on the mat until Gwen offered him the robe and a
pair of small, loose slippers to cover his bare feet until they reached the edge of the ritual setting. She helped him to dry his hair and made sure the robe was straight and properly arranged on his frame. Smiling softly at him she said, "The ritual of Cleansing is complete. Now you move on, to your future and the life you will share with the dominant who waits for you. Come; let us not leave the others waiting any longer."

*/(*\)

The entirety of the Pack ages 18 and older had formed a circle in a single, large clearing. Remus stood in the exact middle, rubbing his palms inconspicuously against the inside of his soft gold robe and hoping he didn't look as nervous as he felt. Next to him was the oldest dominant in the pack, a male named Cassius. The name meant 'vain' and Cassius no doubt had once had good reason for his name. He was still a handsome individual, past 70 years old now with lines on his face and streaks of pure white in his golden hair. His eyes were an unusually pale blue and he possessed a quick and ready smile. Cassius wore white robes, the rest of the pack either sage or pale gold-brown. Gold-brown signified a mated individual, sage for a single.

The only individual not past 18 was Cadfael, wearing soft sage robes and small smile. Since the Ritual had not started he chatted softly with Daeyd, who also wore sage. Remus had been surprised at the robes, he would have thought an individual like Daeyd would have found a mate ages ago. When he had said so Daeyd had given a soft chuckle and pointed to Remus' gold ritual robes before saying that he had time yet, as Remus only now had found his mate.

Cadfael would be taken away immediately following his part in the Ritual by one of the junior members of the adult pack. Bonding Rituals were very intense and sensual, similar to the Beltane ritual which was also limited to adults over 18. Considering that it was the formation of a soul-deep, passionate bond between two individuals of the pack it wasn't surprising that tradition dictated the age of the participants.

There were 15 torches around the clearing, all but four already lit. The first ceremony was the one that claimed Harry as his husband and Cadfael as his stepson, including a small amount of blood. Once this was done Cadfael would be taken away and the Ritual would begin.

Soft murmurs made him look up and his breath caught at the sight of Harry, dressed in the same gold robes as he was and smiling softly. Gwen stopped next to Daeyd, closing the circle as Harry moved forward on his own, stopping less than a foot from Remus. Cassius cleared his throat and all conversation stopped as anticipation built almost simultaneously.

"Tonight we are witnessing a bond, that of an Alpha and Alpha Submissive," Cassius began. "Through the will of the Father of Storms, the Goddess and the Mother herself we will join this pair together in an unbreakable bond for the rest of their lives. Give them an open heart and a clear mind, please. Let those who would wish this pair ill leave the circle now."

No one did. Cassius smiled and said, "So be it. Remus, take Harry's right hand in your left and his left hand in your right, please."

When they linked hands across each other like that Remus could see that Harry's right hand was on top of his and the draping sleeves fell back a little, exposing the faint tattooed mark of Harry's bonding with Cadeyrn. It had faded to a barely visible image on his wrist, rather than the strong, almost dramatic blue-black lines on his pale skin. The mark from their Bonding tonight would be closer to Harry's wrist, on the inside of the old mark.

"Both of you enter this bond of your own free will?" Cassius spoke again.
"Yes," Remus said softly, aware of Harry's voice saying so at the exact same time.

"You promise to honor and respect your bondmate until such time that you are parted in death?"

"Yes."

"You, Remus, promise to respect and protect both Cadfael and the children your bond may be blessed with?"

"Yes."

"And you, Harry, promise to keep loyalty, respect and love in your heart toward your mate?"

"Yes."

"Come forward, Cadfael."

The slender almost-teen walked forward and waited nervously. "You trust and respect the word of the dominant bonding with your parent today?"

"Yes," he said clearly and without hesitation.

"You accept him as the father figure in your life and someone responsible for your health, safety and wellbeing until you come of age?" Cassius demanded quietly.

"Yes," Cadfael answered again, prompting a welling of happiness in Remus at the unhesitating responses.

Cassius turned from Cadfael to Remus and said, "You are willing to prove this in an exchange of blood?"

"Yes," Remus responded calmly.

Cassius picked up a blade with a simple handle and made a small incision on the back of Remus' left hand. He flicked the blood from the blade into a small bowl of clear, pure water and made the same incision on the back of Harry's right hand. Then he approached Cadfael and carefully cut into his palm, dropping four drops of blood into the water. The water now faintly red he added a few herbs and split it into three portions.

The first he handed to Harry, who released his left hand and offered it to Remus. Once the liquid was gone he placed the small bowl back where it belonged and repeated the offering to Remus, who held it for Harry using his right hand. The last was offered to Cadfael, who carefully drained the bowl cradled in both of his hands. The moment he finished a small flash of light filled the clearing and when it settled Cadfael still looked the same, with merely a tint of amber in his eyes and the faintest highlights of golden-brown in his dark red hair.

Cadfael was escorted away at the conclusion of his part in the ceremony as Cassius murmured, "So we have completed the first part of this bonding. Now we will invoke the Father, Goddess and Mother, bringing their blessings onto this bond. For this we need the elements."

Gwen moved forward at a silent signal, taking two of the four unlit white candles that waited in the center of the clearing. She stood and moved to one of the four unlit torches, lighting one candle from the torch next to it. She waited, face calm and quiet.

"Now we two, the physical representations of masculine and feminine, shall bring forth both the
elements and the divine to this ceremony. First I call the cold North, the realm of the Father of Storms, representation of Air!" He lit the northern torch with one of his candles and the flame that leapt from the bracket was white.

"In answer I call the warm South, the bringer of fertility and warmth, representation of Fire!" Gwen answered, lighting the southern torch with a red flame. She then moved West, waiting for Cassius who had moved East.

"I call the East, the temperamental winds, representation of Water!" East was lit with blue flames.

"I bring the final element, the sturdy and protecting West, the solid wind that brings harvest and anchors ritual, the home of the Goddess, representation of Earth!" It was lit green.

The moment the last torch was lit Remus was nearly rocked to his knees by something in the clearing. It was a pressure of sorts, not from any physical presence, but the weight of that other was both heavy and breathtaking.

"Under the eyes of the divine we shall finish this bond," Cassius said quietly. "The words you say now hold more weight than any you will speak in your life, choose them carefully and make no hasty decisions."

His voice grew slightly huskier. "The People are different from humans in many ways, some more obvious than others. One of the most subtle is that while some humans change spouses on whim and fancy, we chose one Mate and it is for life. There is no backing out of the bond you are about to complete, no form of divorce that we hold true. When you complete this bond, you will be more whole than you have ever been in your life, your mind, heart and soul forever linked with the person standing across from you. Under the eyes of the divine who can see the truth in your heart, do you wish for this bond with the one across from you?"

Remus was about to automatically answer and then remembered Cassius' words. He thought for a long moment instead, making sure both heart and mind were clear on his decision. Then he linked eyes with the Elder and said firmly, "Yes."

Harry lifted his gold-green gaze and replied a soft, firm, "Yes."

"Then kiss the claim mark you left on your mate Remus Lupin and follow it with a kiss for your mate, to confirm your mutual choice."

Remus gathered Harry closer in his arms and kissed the mark on his neck before bending his head and placing a kiss on Harry's lips. There was another, brighter flare of light similar to the one around Cadfael and they slowly pulled away, aware of the smiles and clapping from the pack.

Harry gasped slightly and Remus looked down, staring at their still entwined left and right hand. On Remus' own ring finger was a blue-black tattoo of Celtic knots, tiny and amazingly intricate. The same design was repeated on a much larger scale around Harry's wrist, the knots were those of love, honour, family and cherish.

"You are mine, my love," Remus murmured softly, pulling Harry closer.

"Forever," Harry agreed, smiling.

Later they would break away and cement the bond in the most physical way possible, but for now they settled for remaining in a close embrace and accepting the congratulations of those who cared for and supported the new Alpha and the most beloved and precious Alpha submissive.
August 16th: Sanctuary

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter.

Harry woke slowly, reluctantly. He was warm and comfortable underneath the thick fur blankets, listening to the chirping of birds. A human wouldn't have been able to hear them, deep in the caverns where the private quarters of the Alpha and Alpha Submissive were, but it had been a long time since Harry was unable to hear the softest of sounds. A warmth against his back slowly registered and he smiled, turning over slowly onto his other side.

He reached out with one hand and carefully traced his sleeping mate's face. Even just six days after their bonding such an occurrence was rare. Remus was diligent about the cares and concerns of the pack that had accepted him with such profound ease into their lives, welcoming him almost with open arms from the beginning. There had been a few minor disturbances at first, mostly irritated mutters from Dominants who hadn't been present at the time of their Bonding and were annoyed with his choice of a foris, or outsider, rather than a member of the pack.

Things, it seemed, were progressing swiftly now. The tutela had been summoned and were making their way here to Sanctuary for concilium. Harry was looking forward to seeing the Guardians again, Remus was understandably nervous. The biggest scuffle he had caused yet happened yesterday and the only reason why it was causing frayed or ruffled nerves was the approaching meeting.

The High Alpha of the feral packs had always come from this group, normally called the Wales pack, though their home territory was actually in North England. It was their claim to fame, so to speak, that the High Alpha had been from their pack for the past three generations. If the concilium chose another for the rank rather than Remus, what would become of them? It was unlikely they would fade into obscurity; this pack contained some of the oldest and purest wolf bloodlines in the 'pureblood' werewolf society.

Still, to the older members of the pack, it was a cause for concern. And with Remus' newest idea floating around in the Elders' heads, their concerns about the traditional members of the tutela was a valid point. Harry rolled his eyes slightly. If not for the tutela he believed Remus' desire would have raised a few eyebrows at most.

Traditionally, hierarchy of the pack was Alpha, Alpha Submissive, Beta, Beta Submissive, Elders, Adults and Youth. One person in each of the top four positions and that was that. Remus had opened discussion the other day on expanding the Beta position into a Senior and Junior rank. It wasn't such a cause for concern except for in the eyes of the current Beta, the one Remus believed would fill the junior Beta position. It ruffled the feathers of the 20-something year old Beta to be considered a junior at anything.

Remus had already told Harry that if he was able to push this through with the Elders he intended on pouncing on Daeyd for the job. It wasn't merely gratitude, either, though the sarcastic and laid-back wolf had taught him much about his inner Guide and had been a valuable tutor in werewolf customs and traditions. He merely thought, and Harry fully agreed, that Daeyd was wasted on a scouting position when he had that undeniable ability to soothe even the most fragile or offended of nerves. Convincing Daeyd of the same would be another story, however.
Aside from this, however, there was a pressing matter that needed discussing with his mate. Harry had turned in his resignation at Hogwarts at the end of the last school year, but Remus was still considered a member of the staff. They either needed to discuss moving the pack or Remus needed to give Minerva his resignation. Plus they had to make the decision of whether or not to send Cadfael back to school as well.

On the second part Harry felt comfortable still sending his son back to Hogwarts for his 4th year. If letters indicated he wasn't happy or the ever-changing laws at the Ministry were making his education difficult, they could always pull him from school at the winter holidays. Plus sending his son back to Hogwarts would get him out of what was possibly becoming a very dangerous situation. One of the most recent members to come to Sanctuary mentioned that Fenrir was not so far from Sanctuary itself along with two of his senior fighters.

If Fenrir was nearby, Harry wanted Cadfael as far from here as possible. He knew once they convened concilium the feral pack would be ready to finally deal with this problem, permanently. Bringing down the curet leader was long since past due, he was causing problems and hurt for all werewolves the longer he drew breath, seemingly becoming more and more aggressive as he aged. Even though the last time Harry had tangled with the curet leader was almost three years ago, he still vividly remembered just how powerful the wolf was.

Sitting up, he traced the mark on Remus' neck, the one that matched his own. Faintly silver in the light, the original bite mark was still just as sharp as it would have been when he was bitten. Though Harry knew a great deal about his mate, he still didn't know the exact tale of how Remus had been bitten, though he knew he had been very young. He couldn't imagine how traumatizing it must have been for him, nor at times could he even begin to comprehend just how difficult his mate's life had been up until now.

He was startled out of his thoughts when a hand settled over his own tracing fingers, stilling them. Harry gazed into warm, hazy topaz eyes and smiled softly. Remus returned the smile with one of his own, tugging on Harry's fingers and pulling his unresisting form back down against his chest. Harry gladly relaxed against his mate's warmth and traced an exposed scar along his ribcage, earning a shiver.

"What are you thinking about so early?" Remus asked in his softly husky voice. Before he woke his voice had a slight slur to it and was deeper in tone than normal, the sound always earned a small shudder of pleasure from Harry.

"A few things and it's not so early carus. The birds are awake, after all."

Remus chuckled roughly in his ear and said, "I see what Daeyd meant by your 'not-answers'. Your argument doesn't make sense, by the way, as the birds wake at first light, which is very early."

Harry flicked his finger against Remus' side in retaliation, earning a slight jump from his sleepy mate. "Fine," he mumbled, "be technical. How you can manage to win an argument with logic when you've just woken up is beyond me, by the way."

Remus chuckled again and said, "It's a talent. Now what are you thinking about?"

"England. Hogwarts specifically. I think we should send Cadfael back, it's his 4th year and if the Ministry are still being idiots or he's unhappy there we can pull him on the holidays. Plus I keep meaning to ask you if you plan to return to teaching, but you seem to like distracting me."

This time Remus' chuckle had a deeper, sensual tone to it and he replied, "If I recall correctly you don't mind my distractions much, beloved. I agree with you on the topic of Cadfael, by the way."
Sirius and Severus are still teaching, they'd be more than glad to keep an eye on our young eagle. Plus sending him back has the distinct advantage of getting him out of the way, which I somehow sense is going to be important soon. Those reports of Fenrir and his 'lieutenants' current position has me on edge, the pack as well. It's time to bring this to a close.

"On the subject of my teaching position, I don't intend on going back," he continued quietly. Harry struggled out from under his arm at this and straddled his mate instead, so that he could look into the topaz eyes.

"Why, Remus? I know you love teaching and I don't want this position to keep you from doing what you enjoy."

Remus' eyes had darkened just a little with the shift in Harry's position and he said in a quiet, firm voice, "I promise you, Harry, this isn't keeping me from it. I want to give up the teaching position. I've spent my entire life trying to live by the rules of the wizarding world, struggling and harming myself in the process, acting like I didn't know or hear what people think of me and what I am. Cadfael coming to school, you sending me to Rhys and Daeyd, those were the best things that have ever happened for me in my life. This," he waved his hand around their quarters, though Harry knew he was encompassing the pack as a whole and his position within it, "is what I want to do and will do for the rest of my life, happily."

Remus' words put a lump into Harry's throat and he smiled shakily. "All right, carus. You've made it clear. I just wanted to know for sure."

With that he leaned forward and kissed Remus deeply, inviting an eager, powerful response. *Distractions are lovely things*, he mused before concentration on everything other than where he was quickly dissipated.
Even though Remus had been glib and easy-going about the upcoming meeting, he was extremely nervous. The meeting itself had been organized the day after the Bonding, but it took time, even with Apparition, for these extremely powerful wolves to be located and make their way to Sanctuary. However, they were finally here, the four Guardians and their Betas. Eight of the most magically (and physically) powerful people Remus had ever been given the uh-pleasure of meeting, let alone being in the same room with.

The northern Guardian was from Russia, a tall burly man with pitch black hair and eyes that rivaled Severus' for darkness. His name was Mikhail and from the start Remus decided he was definitely not someone to mess with. His Beta was a slightly more slender male with pale blonde hair and cornflower blue eyes. They sat directly to his left.

Next to him was the eastern Guardian, a tall and thin-looking man originally from Japan. The man was named Itsuki. Considering it meant 'tree' in Japanese, it was not only a name but a fitting description. His Beta sat a little behind him and to his right, a male of short and slightly burly figure.

Next to them was the southern Guardian. For some reason Remus got the distinct impression that he and the Australian named Asher would get along quite well. Maybe it just had something to do with Asher's hyper, cheerful personality. The red-head gave off a feeling of cheer and good will and his Beta was certainly the most openly relaxed individual in the room.

Last but not least was the western Guardian; one of the very few female Alphas Remus had ever met. Strong-willed and brown-haired, Elizabeth and her mate and Beta both gave off a distinct 'don't mess with me' attitude. She was from the southwestern United States; Remus didn't know the States very well and couldn't have even thought to guess the distinct area.

Harry broke the silence first. "Welcome back to Sanctuary, my friends," he smiled at all of them. "The last time we met was not under ideal circumstances, we had just lost Cadeyrn, our High Alpha and my first mate. Hopefully this time will be better. Thank you for your prompt responses, I know it can take some time to get things settled and travel this far. This session of concilium was convened for two reasons. First of all, I have found my true soul-mate, my beloved Remus," he smiled up at him and Remus couldn't resist the answering smile, feeling his heart pound with various emotions as Harry spoke.
"Remus is taking over the central leadership for the core pack; our natural home as you know is in North England. With his ascension to this position we finally have five Alphas again and we once again need a High Alpha. Once we do this, the curen leader Fenrir Greyback can finally be dealt with once and for all."

Itsuki and Mikhail both scowled furiously at the name, while Asher and Elizabeth outright growled.

"We can only thank the Mother that monosteriense failed to gain an heir like he has been attempting the past couple of decades," Asher managed to snarl out.

"Indeed," Remus put in for the first time, shuddering at the thought. "The idea of Greyback with a born heir is one I would rather not contemplate. I know we shouldn't judge people based on their parents, but I can't imagine he would raise a child with a decent moral compass, if they had one at all."

Mikhail looked at him with a contemplative expression and said, "You are one who was bitten by him, yes?"

Remus nodded stiffly. "I am. It is a fact I try to forget daily, but you can imagine it is a difficult thing to forget at times."

"How old were you, if you don't mind my asking?" The Russian said again.

"I was six," Remus answered, aware of Harry's startled eyes on the side of his face. He had never told Harry much about his early years, nor exactly how young he'd been when Fenrir had come after him.

"Why would he attack a six-year-old child? Most of his victims were at least ten," Elizabeth asked.

"It was my father's fault he targeted me so young," Remus replied, trying to keep emotion out of his voice. It was still bitter as he continued, "John Lupin may have been my father, but I know his faults better than anyone aside from my deceased mother, perhaps. He was an alcoholic and the more he drank the more offensive and coarse he became. He was in the bar and got drunk enough to start targeting Fenrir of all people with his sniping comments. Fenrir retaliated after more than an hour of nasty comments and was thrown out of the bar. He overheard my father make a parting shot about the 'mangy cur' being where he belonged and was angry, as you can imagine. So before the next full moon he found out where John Lupin lived and I wandered outside on the wrong night."

Asher looked angry, but it was on Remus' behalf. "So you paid for your father's inability to hold his tongue. Please tell me your father's views on werewolves were not expressed in how you were treated after the bite."

"I wish I could," Remus replied slowly, remembering far too many hurled insults and days of rough treatment after that night. "It didn't even slow down his drinking habits, but then again nothing did not even my mother's illness or eventual death."

Asher hissed in annoyance and Elizabeth said, "That is why I have obtained a copy of my Ministry's registry. When the name of a particularly young child is listed, I try to make sure they are okay where they are. Child abuse is unfortunately rather neglected, especially in the case of the magical races."

"What is your plan for Fenrir, Remus?" Itsuki asked, trying to break the atmosphere.

"We hope to lure him to an open area with a large amount of witnesses, ideally before winter or early in spring. Our pack hopes to return home soon, though if it does linger into spring before Fenrir is taken care of I will keep them here another winter. There is no point in returning home if we do so..."
unprepared and too late in the season to take care of our basic requirements."

"You seem to have a level head on your shoulders, for one so new to the position," Mikhail commented. "What is this I hear about rattling traditions?"

Remus huffed an exasperated sigh and explained. "It's mostly bad timing on my part, suggesting this just before concilium. I wish to expand the Beta position into two individuals, a senior and junior. The senior Beta would be the one more likely assisting me with matters inside the pack, while the junior Beta is both helping the senior when necessary and in charge of the scouts and such. If not for concilium the Elders of this pack probably wouldn't bat an eyelash, but they are worried about changing a tradition and the current Beta is the one who would hold the junior position. He is more upset about the junior part of it than anything else, I believe."

Asher's eyes gleamed. "Have you explained it in more detail to your current Beta?"

"I have, but whether or not he's listening is debatable," Remus responded wryly, to a soft snort of laughter from Harry.

"We will make him listen," Asher promised, "especially when I tell him I mean to take your idea home with me. Darren here," he waved to his still cheerful and relaxed Beta, "has been grumbling to me about just such a problem, too many duties for one person. It is a good idea and your Elders need to realize you are here to both protect the pack and lead them forward, not keep the pack stagnant."

Remus was startled by Asher's firm support and said, "Thank you."

Asher smiled in response and said, "You are fairly young still, Remus and I am older than I appear. You are good for this pack and the feral community in general. As long as you remain open to our help and suggestions and don't hesitate in asking when you become frustrated, I am more than willing to declare you High Alpha of the ferals."

Elizabeth smiled and said, "Agreed. I have never wanted such responsibility and you have a good head on your shoulders. Not to mention your mate is one of the wisest Submissives I have ever met, even if he is very young compared to us."

Not one to waste words, both Mikhail and Itsuki agreed as well. Remus practically slumped in his chair in sudden relief and the surprise of being given this enormous responsibility. He looked gratefully at the four tutela and said, "I thank you for your confidence in my abilities and will most definitely need your support as I figure this out. In the end only the Mother knows just what kind of Alpha I will be however."

Harry smiled at him in pride and love before taking his hand and saying softly, "We can still see the faint echoes of who you are and will be, carus and you are already proving their choice to be wise."
September 1st: School Platform

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter.

I need your help finding a few stories! Please let me know author, title or location if you recognize!

This one is a one-shot, Sirius/Remus/Harry. It's an alternate 7th year fic. Harry is graduating and he knows what he wants for a gift, Sirius and Remus. It's a lemon, and all I can remember is that everyone calls Harry 'Angel' for some reason and the password to Sirius & Remus' quarters is 'Delicious Innocent' in Latin or some other language.

One-shot again, Remus and Harry are sharing a private, M-rated moment when Ron finds them. At first he's angry and says some very stupid things to Sirius, who stops him from interrupting. Eventually he changes his mind and decides that he wants something like their relationship (in other words, something with love).

Wizards and witches on the school platform were openly staring. Some were muttering under their breaths, none of their words were kind. Most were staring at a small trio who stood next to one of the back compartments of the scarlet train, a group of werewolves. While the wizarding world was used to dealing with the creatures, most hid their distinctive and very different features from sight, attempting to blend in. These ones however, were almost flaunting their differences, their appearances just short of wild.

Remus Lupin kept his back to the wizards, wishing that it were as easy to ignore their voices. He resisted the urge to glare at them for their words and actions, Sirius was doing enough of that for both of them as he walked up to the trio, smiling and holding small, happy Rigel in his arms. Not too far behind him was Severus, walking hand-in-hand with Adhara and looking around with his fathomless black eyes. His expression was very flat and bland, but Remus could detect a hint of anger at those around them in the tightness of his mouth.

"Ready for your fourth year, Cadfael?" Sirius asked brightly, flashing grey eyes giving away his annoyance.

"Yep," Cadfael enthused, smiling. "I can't believe I'm a fourth year already, time is flying by!"

"It does seem to be," Remus agreed, plucking Rigel from Sirius' arms and making the little boy giggle as he tickled his sensitive back.

Sirius smiled at his son's laughter and said, "Is all your stuff on the train already?"

"Yes," Cadfael replied, adding, "I sent Nona on ahead though."

"Nona?" Sirius asked, confused.

"It's the name he gave the gyrfalcon the pack gave him," Harry explained.
"A falcon?" Sirius replied, impressed. "Aren't they really difficult to train?"

"They can be, but there are some people in the pack who were falconry experts before they were bitten," Remus explained. "They carried on with their work afterwards, training a few wild ones they found in nests to start with. They're much faster than owls and harder to sabotage as the falcons will often attack someone who tries to harm them. All of the pack Alphas posses one as well, mine is a male peregrine named Altair."

Cadfael caught their attention and said, "I'm going to get on the train now, see if I can't find some of my friends."

Harry hugged their son close before releasing him, unable to keep from tugging a lock of dark red hair as he did so. "Be safe and enjoy it, Cadfael. Don't feel like you can't approach Sirius or Severus if you're having problems and if the students are too awful you are more than welcome to come home at Christmas and we'll home school you with the rest of your pack friends."

Cadfael nodded somberly and said, "Love you too, papa."

He turned and hugged Remus tightly. His height surprised Remus; he now came almost to the top of Remus' ribcage. He returned the embrace before letting go and quickly ruffling the teen's hair, earning a grumble and a smile.

Cadfael stepped up onto the train and disappeared with a quick smile, headed off to find his friends. Remus turned to Sirius and said calmly, "I hope things are different than they are appearing already, otherwise he'll be coming home for sure. We're hoping to deal with Fenrir before New Years; I would like to do so before he comes home."

Sirius' eyes widened at the phrase 'deal with' and said in a hushed voice, "The feral packs are united again?"

Remus nodded curtly and added in a slightly embarrassed tone, "They appointed me High Alpha, of all people."

Sirius grinned like mad as Harry slapped his arm lightly and said, "You are doing fine so far, Remus. They put their trust in you for a reason; you are a trustworthy and likeable individual. Quit second-guessing yourself so much and you'll do even better than you already are."

Sirius nodded firmly in emphasis and said, "You're a good man for it, so take care of that pack and that mate of yours, yeah?"

Remus blinked and looked at his best friend, whom they hadn't told about the mating bond yet. Sirius laughed and said, "I know what those tattoos around your fingers mean, silly. There's a similar bond for wizards, remember?"

Harry laughed softly next to him; Remus knew he was remembering his own slight nerves at revealing the completed bond to Sirius. Now as he stared at his smiling friend he couldn't for the life of him remember why. Still, Sirius' casual, happy acceptance of the fact made him breathe a sigh of relief.

Harry leaned against him and smiled back at Sirius. "How is the teaching going?"

"All right, it was more entertaining when you and Remus were there as well. The guy they replaced Remus with is animated enough to keep the students' attention and he seems to be following Remus' lesson plans almost exactly. People keep filtering through the Defense position, the woman who got it this year seems competent at least."
"Even without being cursed that is still a hard position to fill," Harry murmured, shaking his head in wry amusement.

"You did well enough," Sirius reminded him.

"Until I either left or was arrested eventually," Harry rejoined.

"Touché," Sirius admitted.

Remus smiled tightly at his friend and said, "I think we'd better be heading out after the train leaves, I can hear those behind us and a few are debating contacting the Ministry."

"Bloody idiots," Sirius muttered under his breath, shaking his head. "You two are welcome at Grimmauld over the holiday as usual, or you can come to the school anytime. Minerva's been asking about both of you."

The train began to pull out and they watched the scarlet locomotive begin to lumber forward, gathering speed even before it reached the end of the platform, waving lightly in case Cadfael and his friends had found a window compartment.

Sirius and Severus said goodbye shortly afterward, needing to go home and pack their last few things before heading to the school themselves. Remus wrapped an arm around Harry's waist and murmured, "Ready?"

His mate nodded, sighing softly. "Do you think their opinions of us will ever change?"

Remus looked around and said quietly, "Hopefully they will, over time. It will be slow, grudging and with many complaints, but they'll change sooner or later."

With a quiet pop the pair Apparated away. This part of the wizarding world was no longer home to them.
Harry frowned at the message in his hands. It was from Sirius and indicated that Cadfael was having trouble at Hogwarts. Nothing the professors could catch or place blame for, but small things like key papers missing on the morning they were due and many small, annoying pranks. He wanted nothing more than to bring Cadfael home, but the tone of Sirius’ letter indicated that Cadfael's stubborn gear had kicked in and he would refuse to come home at the moment.

Harry put the parchment away for now, standing up and walking in Daeyd's direction. The wolf had been very surprised but unable to give a good enough excuse and was now Senior Beta of the High Alpha's pack. It was quite an honour and meant he would now have to sit in on future concilium meetings. However, they were usually few and far between so he wouldn't have to worry about that in the immediate future.

For now the Guardians were still here, planning with Remus on how best to bring in Fenrir Greyback. So far the best plan seemed to be opening just a small section of Sanctuary to the outside world, lowering the wards that concealed it from the curet like Fenrir and wizards. They were hoping to bring about the leader's end before the Christmas holidays begun, both so that Cadfael could come home and the Guardians could return to their families and packs.

Daeyd had been watching one of the borders with a casual intensity as Harry approached, but he turned and smiled at the smaller Alpha Submissive as he came to a halt near the rangy Beta. He studied the border again and after a moment said, "May I ask what is on your mind, precious one?"

Harry snorted, mock-glaring at Daeyd for the term. "Many things," he replied dryly. "I want my son to come back home, but I don't want Fenrir still alive when he does. I'm contemplating the idiocy of the wizarding world, wondering what they think they'll do to themselves once the magical races have decided to leave. I'm both anxious and excited to know what my mate and the Guardians have planned, on one hand I don't want him risking his hide just after we found each other, on the other I want Fenrir dead probably more than just about anyone here. What about you?"

Daeyd raised an eyebrow at his sarcasm and the long list before commenting with a quirk of his lips, "I think my worries are quite a bit less now, thank you."

"Why are you thanking me?"

"You make me glad for my simple thoughts, parum unus."

Harry reached out and lightly cuffed the Beta over the head, huffing. "You are such a brat, Daeyd! You act hardly older than my son."

The Beta chuckled, replying, "As much fun as this is, precious one, I need to stretch my legs. I'm going to run a circuit, please let your mate know where I am if you see him?"
"Oh I'll see him all right," Harry assured Daeyd, "that's where I'm going next, tracking him down. He's wonderful at this, but sometimes he gets into his teaching or research mode and he neglects to eat and relax a bit as well. He's single-minded to an obsession when he wants to get something done."

The man laughed softly and raced off, shifting in mid-stride to his wolf form. For a moment Harry stared after him and then he walked away, heading in the direction where he'd last seen Remus. He was in the exact same spot, almost the same posture as well and from what Harry knew of his mate, he hadn't left his spot at all to eat or relax. Harry shook his head and walked up to where Remus sat with Asher, laying a hand on his shoulder.

Despite the warning Remus jumped and nearly fell off the wood bench. Asher chuckled deeply, excusing himself and walking off so that the now-embarrassed High Alpha could look at his mate. Harry chuckled softly and said, "Come my love, you most likely haven't eaten recently, hmm?"

Remus flushed a dead giveaway that Harry was right. Shaking his head, Harry led the way to the gather room next to the kitchen, where people came to eat and socialise in bad weather or the evenings. He walked over to retrieve two plates of food from a long table where they waited under the appropriate warming or cooling charms.

Returning to his mate he sat down across from him and offered a plate. Remus took it quietly, digging in without much ado. They ate in silence for a time, before Harry offered a question. "How was your conversation with Asher?"

"It went well; we've been discussing a plan for confronting Fenrir. The other Alpha's agree to the best plan, lowering a few wards near the edge of Sanctuary. He's lurking around anyway with two of his lieutenants just beyond the wards. However, the main difference is I'll be declaring a blood-feud on the death of Cadeyrn on behalf of Cadfael, which means no one, will be able to interfere."

Harry clenched his fists. "I wish you didn't have to be directly involved, Remus. He's absolutely vile and I don't want to risk losing someone else I love to that monster. I can't stop you though; I know you must do this."

Remus studied Harry for a long moment and he took one of Harry's clenched fists in his own. After a moment he spoke, "There is something bothering you, more than my involvement. What is it Harry?"

Harry sighed. "It is just a sense of foreboding. So many things that happened when Cadeyrn died have happened again. Last time I was pregnant with Cadfael, I had just recently been chosen as his mate, Fenrir challenged him to an honour battle and everything was lost."

"How is anything similar this time, Harry? I'm not following you, it seems," Remus replied.

"We have just chosen each other as mates, another battle approaches, the packs have just been reunited and.-" he hesitated.

"And what?" Remus prodded.

Harry paused, stared at the table for a moment. Looking up he stared at Remus with verdant green eyes and said simply, "I'm also pregnant again."
Interlude: October 30th: Sanctuary (High Alpha's Chambers)

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter. A last little breather here before the final chapters.

As per usual, Remus was first to wake that morning. He usually was, used to being up absurdly early and awake at the drop of a pin to avoid either Death Eaters or those wizards that thought Lycanthropy was the foulest thing in existence.

It was pretty far down on Remus' list of personal dislikes, prejudice and bigotry being the first two. It was one of the reasons he was so relieved to have found some place where he could be himself. Sure, he now had to worry about an entire pack, not to mention an entire section of werewolf hierarchy but he had plenty of help and an abundance of well-educated and otherwise open minds.

He was happy to linger in bed however, watching his mate's sleeping face. Ten days ago Harry had shocked him more than he thought possible with the news of the child they were expecting next May. While he understood his mate's trepidation now, even shared it a little, he was also confident it would not end the same way.

For all his positive sides, Cadeyrn had one major fault; his pride in the way the born werewolves were raised and his own skills. Remus was confident of his own abilities but also held a wary respect and healthy amount of caution toward the curet leader. He had spent time with Fenrir over the years and the Alpha's ruthless and bloodthirsty fury was something to be feared.

Not that he was about to cower before the other now. They knew how to block a repeat of that night this time. There would be no intervention from one of Fenrir's lieutenants this time when the battle turned against him. He would fight on his own strength and weakness and that lack of reinforcement would bring on his own fear and eventually, his defeat.

Fenrir fought like a wild thing when cornered with no way out, it was his only flaw in fighting strategies. He was cold and professional when things were going his way, but the moment they turned against him all rationality fled as he abandoned himself to the wolf inside. It was a flaw Remus intended to take to full advantage, once and for all proving to Fenrir that they were not animals who should run on baser instincts.

Once Fenrir was gone, Remus would take some of their scouts and fighters to Wales and see about reclaiming Cadeyrn's home territory from the leaderless curet. Any one of the foul creatures they came across would be killed, no exceptions. Aside from the very young, usually 3 and under, Fenrir conditioned and trained his pack from the time they could run and kill to be ruthless, bitter and wild creatures. There was no reclaiming a werewolf who had gone 'wild'. One moon they would change into wolf form and stay that way, never to reclaim their human body.

The kindest thing Remus and his pack could do when they came across one of those poor creatures was give them a swift death and respite from the painful agony that went with losing your human mind, one fractured thought at a time. To become lost to the wolf had been what Remus had feared all his life until the invention of the Wolfsbane Potion. Every month fighting that raging instinct to kill, to feed on fresh blood and hot flesh. To maim, destroy and wage war on anything and everything in sight.
It didn't happen very often to those who ran with the High Alpha of the ferals or one of the *tutela*, it was all but encouraged amongst Fenrir and the *curet*. *But not for long*, Remus thought. Soon they would lower the wards, Fenrir was creeping ever closer to Sanctuary's hidden location, lured in by the 'leaks' of power the scouts had been overseeing the past week or so.

Fenrir would be gone before the New Year. Remus wasn't a betting man, but he would stake a royal fortune on this. After all, he had already staked his life on it.
I don't own Harry Potter. Epilogue is only thing left.

Hopefully the battle scene wasn't too depressingly short after leading up to this. The point of a short and concise actual battle scene (aside from the fact that I'm bad at writing them) was to remind that this story was more about Remus accepting himself, finding a place and Harry's challenges on the road to a happy life.

They had done it. Fenrir had been lured into a secluded area underneath a few careful wards. He and his lieutenants were trapped with nowhere to go. A lesser man would have just cut his throat out where he stood, not bothering with tradition. But tradition was what separated the feral packs from the curet. Remus stared at his long-time tormentor silently, offering no words to any of the tutela, all of whom stood around him, having decided to stay until the inevitable conclusion with the curet Alpha.

Age hadn't treated Fenrir Greyback any easier in the last 15 years since Remus had last seen him. The hair that had been formerly grey was white, stubble profuse as usual over his unshaven face, golden eyes wild with anger and slight fear. He hadn't recognized Remus yet, much to the other's amusement. Remus wasn't in Fenrir's range of smell and he looked nothing like the meek bookworm he'd been just 2 years ago. Still, the fact that he could stare his sire in the face and not be recognized filled his mouth with a bitter taste.

Not that he wanted to be recognized, but it was a sad statistic that Fenrir had changed so many over the years he simply didn't bother to remember them all after a while. All he cared about was satisfying his bloodlust and carnality, hence the long, curved and dirty fingernails and the unusually sharp canines. What was left of the man in him had died long ago, perhaps even before Remus had been born. Staring now at the man who had made his life a living hell, Remus was surprised that the only emotion he felt was a fleeting stab of pity and very little anger.

He took four steps forward, bringing himself into range of hearing and smell. The containment ward he was isolated in prevented Fenrir from attacking him but still he had to control the reflexive flinch when the other caught his scent and growled lowly. At the lack of reaction from Remus the growl increased to a vicious, scrabbling snarl.

"Do you feel no loyalty at all, scum? What of your 'magic' has me caught now?"

"It's called a containment ward, Greyback. You've been trapped in a small section of Sanctuary, the place you've been trying to find for years," Remus replied. He looked around and said softly, "Glorious isn't it? So close and yet far beyond your reach. As High Alpha of the ferals this is now my territory, curet. We trapped you on purpose, Fenrir. It's time to pay for your crimes against our society."

"They appointed you to replace Cadeyn?" Fenrir barked, then laughed uproariously until he subsided into a hacking growl. "How rich, they replaced the man I murdered with one of my own creations!"
"I am no creation, Fenrir," Remus said coldly. "Tonight is a full moon. Tonight you will die."

"You sound so confident, whelp. Don't forget that I was the one who killed the last High Alpha."

"I never will forget that," Remus promised. "I, Remus John Lupin, do hereby declare a blood-feud against my sire Fenrir Greyback, on behalf of the murder of Cadefyn of the ferals, the orphanage of his son Cadfael Rhys Potter-Lupin and the forced conversion of my Goddess witnessed bond-mate, Harry James Potter-Lupin. Upon this night, the 12th of November I will face you in single combat to the death, bound by this feud and the magic of the Goddess."

Fenrir, Remus noted idly, started out cool and disdainful, but seemed to become paler with each additional line of the traditional contest he uttered, until he appeared to have bleached to bone-white.

Remus had nothing additional to say to the wolf and turned on his heel, striding away with the tutela in tow.

Tonight, he thought grimly, this will end.

Harry entered the warded-off section of Sanctuary that evening with more than a little trepidation. Fenrir and his two lieutenants had been stunned by magic-users amongst their pack before they entered. While the two lieutenants were being thoroughly searched and tied to two sturdy young trees, Fenrir was in a very small circle that was being burned into the grass with magic. The same member of their pack who was burning the grass was also marking the circle with a mix of ash, ivy and blood.

As the holders of the blood-feud against Fenrir, Harry and Remus had both been required to donate blood to a potion the were-healers made. It would be used to make the battle circle, which would be impenetrable upon the rising of the full moon until the conclusion of the contest. Remus hugged him close and breathed in the scent of his hair. He brushed a kiss against his mate's lips and watched a small smile cross Remus' face.

"It will be all right," he promised.

Harry nodded, unable to speak. Remus turned and entered his own circle, careful to not mar the lines. Once the full moon reached it's apex the small circles would disappear, until then they were each bound to their small space. Fenrir had woken from his spell-induced slumber and stared at the lines, snarling apprehensively. The oval battle circle was about five feet wide at it's fattest point and left about 7 feet between the two combatant's circles. It was a close, tight space and would make maneuvering difficult. If one of them stepped outside the lines before the end of the combat (or entered), they would be killed instantly, their lives judged as forfeit. Such was the harsh judgment of the Mother.

"He will be fine, precious one," Daeyd's voice came from beside him and he turned his head, looking into the Beta's dark eyes with apprehension. He could see the same battle for calm being fought in the other's eyes as well, both remembering with ease the last time something like this had happened. Only Cadefyn hadn't used the traditional circle, sticking with an informal one as he had no blood-feud to declare against the curet Alpha.

"It's just frightening," he admitted to the other, forcing himself to speak. "I keep seeing how Cadefyn died and it just can't end the same way, Daeyd, it can't!"

The slightly hysterical note in his voice embarrassed Harry to no end, but Daeyd made no comment, instead drawing him into a comforting and reassuring embrace. They stayed that way until Harry felt his shoulders stop shaking in fear and gathered his composure. Their pack looked to him, he needed
to remain strong and confident.

The *tutela* joined him and the senior Beta, Asher looking unusually somber. The moon would be rising soon; Harry could feel the familiar heat in his body. Finally Mikhail spoke, the man's voice as cool as the frigid North that he guarded.

"We are here to witness the outcome of a traditional blood-feud, declared in the presence of the Goddess by Remus John Lupin against Fenrir Greyback. We have drawn the battle circle according to tradition and you are both on your own. May your wit, strength and cunning guide the true victor through the conclusion of this battle. So be it, so mote it be."

The last part was repeated by all, Harry almost had to force it past his numb lips. He kept seeing Cadeyrn being knocked to the ground by one of Fenrir's lieutenants, his failure to rise from a broken spine and the throat being ripped out by Fenrir. Absolute chaos had followed, along with intense agony for Harry as it had forced the early birth of his son Cadfael. He kept hearing Daeyd in his mind, telling them that the *curet* Alpha had desecrated the body of their slain leader, making traditional burial rites impossible.

*This is for you, Cadeyrn; he thought, for our pack, our son and for you, our beloved leader.*

The change came on smoothly, converting about forty people into wolves of various height, colours and build. Once Harry adjusted he looked up, seeing Fenrir as he was for what he hoped was the last time.

The wolf was massive, iron grey in colour with patches of white hair corresponding to the various scars he had gained over the decades. His muzzle had many gashes on it, including one that nearly tore his upper lip in two. The gold eyes were crazed and defiant, however. There was a bloodlust-driven madness in those eyes, a quick-shifting and pattern less intelligence.

Remus had gathered himself with his usual calm and stood waiting quietly. Harry could see the coiled muscles in his legs and back, ready to spring into motion at a moment's notice. A moment was all the warning they would get before the circles dissolved, freeing the two combatants.

What seemed like far too swiftly later a crackling noise reached Harry's ears. The circles were beginning to dissolve into the ground, their enchantments fading. They faded away with a flash of light, momentarily blinding the two combatants.

To Harry's initial fear, it was Fenrir to gain his sight back the quickest. The iron-grey would sprang forward as if shot from a catapult, hammering into what would have been Remus' back leg had the other not leapt to the side at the last moment. At first the contest seemed one-sided, Fenrir attacking and Remus dodging nimbly out of the way.

However, as the night wore on Harry realized his mate's strategy and would have smiled if possible. Fenrir was becoming frustrated with each narrow miss, his tactics were losing finesse and gaining brutality. Meanwhile, Remus was keeping a level head and dodging out of the way, watching as the *curet* Alpha lost more and more of his rationality.

Finally Remus swung back with one massive front paw, gouging a narrow strip of lines into Fenrir's shoulder. The *curet* leader turned on him and snarled in rage, leaping forward. Remus was too close and couldn't retreat in time, which resulted in the solid blow from the other knocking him off his feet and rolling his body quite close to the outer line of the circle.

Remus regained his feet swiftly and dodged inside and to the left of the next blow, which would have soundly cuffed his ear and the side of his skull. It missed, ruffling his fur and he regained his
footing, soundly inside of the circle. Harry released a breath that he hadn't realized he'd been holding, drowned out by the short howl of frustrated fury from Fenrir, who leapt toward Remus and knocked him off his feet.

He hit the ground not far from Harry's feet, visibly stunned. Fenrir advanced slowly, cocky assurance back in place at his grounded foe. Harry trembled in fear, whining softly. His mate's ear flickered in his direction, but other than that Remus still didn't move.

What happened next came so fast it was almost a blur. Fenrir padded up to where Remus lay and put a single paw on his shoulder, pinning the other to the ground. However, Remus had braced himself against the ground and suddenly surged upright underneath the *curet* Alpha's foot. He put enough weight and power into the movement that Fenrir was thrown away, stumbled and fell. There came a loud crack, a pained yelp and a flash of red light.

Once Harry registered what had happened he was filled with a happy sort of disbelief. Remus had deliberately made himself appear vulnerable, drawing in the arrogant, wolf-controlled mind of Fenrir. When he'd surged up underneath and used his greater agility to throw the wolf off, the heavier weight of the *curet* had sent him staggering and falling over. His head and neck had fallen over the ritual line and the magic involved in the ritual had instantly snapped his neck.

Fenrir was dead.

Once this registered to the rest of the wolves in the clearing there was a bunch of excited barks, yelps and happy howling. The members of their pack who were there all came up to Remus and either touched him with a single paw or bowed their heads in excited respect for their High Alpha before running off to spread the word. The powerful brown wolf that was Asher bowed his head to the ground in Remus' stunned direction and tilted his head back, letting go of a long, musical howl.

Harry bounded forward and nuzzled his mate, reassuring himself he was fine, perhaps a little bruised and tired. Remus licked his nose and he huffed slightly, giving a soft yip before repeating the move. He whirled away then, running to the edge of the warded clearing. Turning back he stared at his mate and barked, invitation clear.

The rest of the night, the rest of their lives, was for them and their family.

After a single look back at the body of Fenrir Greyback, Remus bounded eagerly in his direction and the two wolves raced into the clear November night.
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

I don't own Harry Potter. La Cazone de la Luna (Song of the Moon) has reached it's conclusion. Not long but it gives a glimpse into the peaceful future for Remus & Harry.

Peace, Daeyd reflected, was a beautiful if unusual thing. He certainly wasn't used to it, nor was much of their pack. Even with more than 7 months since the death of Fenrir Greyback, true peace hadn't settled onto the High Alpha's pack for another three months. First, they had to deal with the remnants of the curet pack Fenrir had led, along with those packs that had been his allies.

Still, they had finally dealt with the last of the curet and had brought their pack home after a careful perusal and patrol through their territory. They were home. 14 years after fleeing their territory in northern Wales, they were back. A night of terror and loss that had resulted in a long upheaval and sense of homelessness. It had been the first time Cadfael set foot on the territory that his father had guarded with his life.

Rhys and his pack had been there to welcome them home, a meeting with many tears and a few laughs along the way. Cadfael, with his striking resemblance to his dead father, was a precious and longed-for symbol of normalcy.

They had settled into routine again, making their home territory comfortable and familiar. Their lives were peaceful and prosperous; full moons were a cheerful cacophony of barks, yips, howls and the social life of a very large wolf pack. At least, normally it was. Tonight was special.

The change had already come about a half-hour before; Daeyd stood very still, muscles quivering under his sleek grey fur. He gained a few appreciative looks from Submissives in their pack, but the Beta dominant ignored them. He was content to be alone and cheerfully resisted his Alpha's humorous and good-natured attempts to find him a mate.

Next to him Gwen shivered in anticipation and nerves, her slightly wiry brown fur standing on end along her spine. He gave an amused huff and said: Calm down, Gwen. You've done this before.:

She glared back at him and hissed: It doesn't matter if I've done it before, Daeyd! This is a monumental occasion; the last thing I want to do is mess up.:

He would have argued back, but movement from the caverns in front of them stopped both their conversation and most of the pack as well.

First to stride out was their High Alpha, Remus. The colour of highly burnished steel, their Alpha was proud and formidable sight. Daeyd inwardly grinned, remembering the mousy-haired, hunched figure that he had helped forge into his current shape along with Rhys all those years ago. There was nothing left of that man, a proud, dangerous and beautiful creature of the moon stood there instead.

He stopped muscles quivering and tense. The lean head turned to watch the approach of the others, pride and love visible in his frame.

The glowing white and dark grey form of Harry moved slowly into the light, keeping a careful eye
on two tiny, tumbling dark forms. One of the two pups came to a stop sitting at their father's feet, tilting the tiny head back to look at their proud father. The other remained next to Harry, tiredly cuddling up on top of the Submissive's folded front legs.

Daeyd would have beamed in joy if possible. For the first time in over a hundred years, twins had been gifted to the *luna liberi*. A son and daughter for their Alpha and submissive, who loved the two babies as much as they did the proud older brother. Cadfael trotted over and lay on his blood-father's other side, huffing softly at his tiny brother, who gave a tiny yip and batted one small paw at his brother's face.

Their new son was a dark grey laced with softer whitish-grey fur on his legs and a slight mask on his little face. The tiny daughter, on the other hand, was a deep reddish-brown with a dark grey belly and paws and a tiny dot of white on the tip of her little nose. They were both adorable and much-loved by the pack and their parents.

Nervously Gwen moved forward, dropping onto her belly and tilting her head, waiting for acknowledgement from her Alpha. Remus gave it after a long moment, overcoming the inherent protectiveness of his wolf. Gwen shifted forward, watching the Alpha submissive carefully. Harry was a very gentle wolf normally, but with two tiny babies he was a little more protective than usual.

*:What are their names?: she asked softly.*

*:Our son is Akakios Remus, this little girl is Cassandra Lily,: Harry replied warmly.*

*:Welcome Akakios and Cassandra of the ferals. May the Goddess be gentle and your lives full of joy.:*

She backed away, clearly relieved at having performed the simple ritual correctly. Daeyd moved forward and said the same to the tiny babies, backing off a few feet afterwards. He settled in to watch as the rest of the pack greeted the tiny twins, heart happy and full of peace.

*We live, love and die under la cazon de la luna, the Song of the Moon. Thank you Goddess for this life.*

**Akakios**: (Greek) Innocent.

**Cassandra**: (Greek) Shining Upon Man. Greek myth has Cassandra of Troy being given gift of prophecy by Apollo. After spurning his advances he made it so that no one would believe her prophecies. Ties in with Remus' mythological background and in this story that was the name of his mother.

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